

## THE TYRANT BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

Oh, yes, old friend, I'd gladly spend  
A peaceful time together,  
To idly walk and read and talk  
And love the world and weather.  
But faith, my dear, see who comes here  
To mock at all we utter;  
I take this blow, I humbly go—  
What he commands, that must be so—  
For he is Bread-and-Butter.

How glad the hue of softest blue  
Which fills the sky above us!  
How fair the scene of restful green;  
Ah, sure the gods must love us.  
The bright springtime, the summer's prime,  
The fall we lose as a-butter,  
The winter's birth—yes, all the earth  
Is beautiful, but beauty's worth  
Is naught to Bread-and-Butter.

Alas! sweet art, that we must part,  
But so decries the tyrant.  
Ambition rest, nor beat your breast,  
For you're a vain aspirant.  
Love, go your way. Quick, quick, obey!  
'Tis treason that you utter.  
Why, what are you that claims a due  
Against the power all grovel to—  
The tyrant Bread-and-Butter?  
—Edmund Vance, in the Chautauqua.

## A FIGHT WITH CONSCIENCE.

Story of an Impressionable Youth and a Trained Nurse.

By JOHN FORBES.

Harold Western had been ill for four weeks with typhoid fever, and was now only a shadow of his real self, subject to nervous starts and chills, and with just strength enough to turn in bed.

It was in the chill hours of early dawn that he woke with a start and missed the familiar figure that had haunted his bedside for so long—a blue and white figure with kind, quiet face above it and cool, helpful hands that always did just the right thing.

"Nurse," he called, faintly, and a moment more brought the day nurse from the next room. Her blue and white uniform was gone and her stiff white cap. In their place she wore a soft wrapper, and her hair was plaited in a heavy braid that hung below her waist. She turned up the gas, drew a low stool to the bedside and sat down.

"The night nurse has gone," she began, quietly. "You are so much better we thought I could manage alone. You have slept nearly all night, Mr. Western, and now I shall get you your milk, and you will go to sleep again."

He followed her lazily with his eyes while she lighted the alcohol lamp and put the porringer of milk over it. Then she sat down on a chair, her head dropped on her breast and she slept soundly for five minutes, waking when the milk was hot as easily as though she were some sort of machine adjusted to rest just so long.

"So there were two of you," he said, as she came forward with the milk.

She sat down on the stool by the bedside, holding the drinking tube to his mouth. This action brought her quite close, and he noted, as he drank, the soft sheen of her hair, the delicate curve of her cheek, the long lashes shielding her eyes, the firm, sweet mouth and the strong white hands that were ministering to his needs.

"You are Nurse Dimple," he said, as he finished. "I don't remember the other one."

She showed two dimples as she answered, "Yes, that is what you have called me ever since I came. My name is Wade—Emily Wade."

"I like my name best," he answered.

"Very well, but now you are to go to sleep."

But the patient was not so easily disposed of.

"Nurse Dimple," he began as she turned away, "do patients ever remember what they said and did when they were delirious?"

"I don't know," she answered. "If they do they never spoke to me of it. I hope they do not, for most of them would feel ashamed of themselves if they did."

"You meant that for me, and you know I remember that I insisted on your calling me Harold or I wouldn't take my medicine or my nourishment. And you did it, too. And he laughed weakly at the remembrance."

"I shall call you something worse than your Christian name if you talk any more. Go to sleep. And she passed her hands over his forehead until drowsiness overcame him.

The next two weeks were very lazy to the young man and consisted of long naps with occasional irritating calls to drink gruel or milk.

At last came a morning when the fog cleared from his brain and he woke refreshed. Before him stood the nurse in a fresh blue and white dress and a snowy cap above her soft brown hair.

"A whole egg this time, Mr. Western, and you look as though you could take it."

He took his egg and asked meekly if he might be allowed to talk and was granted ten minutes. After he had learned the day of the week and month he asked suddenly:

"Did that night nurse ever come back, or have you taken care of me alone all this time?"

"Not quite alone," she answered. "Your sister, Mrs. Allbright, sits with you every other afternoon, and Miss Violet Grant takes the alternate day. She sits in the dressing room and rings the bell if you stir. She is too shy to run the risk of your waking and finding her here. She has brought a bunch of these violets every morning early and inquired for you."

"She is a little wood violet herself," he exclaimed, gallantly. "But you, Nurse Dimple, are a very rose for freshness this morning. I prefer roses."

"Spare your compliments, Mr. Western. You are getting too well to be teased to talk nonsense." "But if I am allowed to say what I think, I don't mind telling you I shall wish my-

self back into the days of weakness and lethargy, when I made you do what I wished."

"Four ten minutes are up, Mr. Western," Miss Wade said, a little sharply, and she set about tidying up the room with unnecessary swiftness.

Harold continued to gain each day, and, seeing that direct love-making was distasteful to his nurse, and that more careful advances must be made, he turned to studying her likes and dislikes, talking over books with her and getting her to read passages from his or her favorites. Thus a very real and pleasant friendship sprang up between them.

But Miss Wade could not help seeing that the lad was growing to love her, and many long hours at night she debated the question with herself. Harold was much younger than Miss Wade, very handsome and would soon be very rich. It was a temptation to the woman who knew just what the world had to offer her.

She had nursed eight years and knew that two more were about as many as the average nurse could do. Then would come some other to become a matron of an orphan asylum or some similar position, or else she would be obliged to hunt for a chance as companion to some nervous crank or old person. It was not a tempting future to look forward to, and here before her was a chance she would take it.

The thought of Violet Grant always intruded just as she had made up her mind that she would encourage Harold's love-making. "I am afraid she loves him," was the thought that closed all soliloquies.

Little Violet Grant, with her shy tribute of flowers, her patient waiting in the little dressing room and her eager questions about Harold's welfare. It brought Harold's thoughts to a troubled pause, too, whenever he was allowing himself a day dream about Miss Wade. He and Violet had been schoolmates, and he admired her shy, sweet ways and had given her many reasons to think she was dear to him, though he had never directly proposed to her.

"But, oh, dear," he would sigh, "she is just as I said, a violet, while my Nurse Dimple is a full-blown rose. I wish she wouldn't bring those confounded flowers."

Miss Violet was in love in her own way with Miss Wade, too, considering her the savior of the boy she loved so tenderly; the twelve years between them made the nurse seem an impossible rival. She chatted with her quite freely one afternoon, telling her how pleased she was that Harold would be dressed and on the veranda in a day or two. "I owe you so much, Miss Wade," she finished, with a pretty blush and eyes full of tears.

Miss Wade went up to her own room with hot cheeks. "And you planned to rob her," she scolded at her reflection in the glass. "Well, that's over, you mercenary wretch," and with the same firm expression she wore when controlling a delirious patient she went downstairs.

Harold was asleep when she came into the room, and he looked boyish, even with a six weeks' growth of silky beard on his chin. "What a fool I was to think the boy could be happy with me or wouldn't hate me in a year," she thought and laughed grimly.

The next day Harold was well enough to be dressed and wheeled out on the veranda. It was a June morning, and Violet Grant came up the path with her arms full of roses.

"I overheard you say you liked roses better than violets, Harold," she said, simply, "and, oh, I am so glad to see you getting well."

Harold took both her hands and pressed them warmly, reddening suddenly with something like shame.

Miss Wade came out just then with a magazine in her hand and declared she would have to read them a story, else they would talk too much for her patient's good. So Violet produced a bit of embroidery, and Harold leaned back luxuriously in his chair and quietly studied the two before him.

Violet was small and very fair, with faintly pink cheeks which blushed easily and prettily, and big blue eyes that had never lost their baby expression of depth and innocence. Her hands were very small and slender and handled her embroidery floss as though meant for such work only. She wore a pale pink muslin that floated about her softly, making it seem as though she perched on her chair like a butterfly. One tiny pointed toe tapped the floor as she rocked back and forth. The big blue eyes sought Harold's and smiled frankly and happily, while the color deepened in her cheeks.

Harold answered the smile and turned embarrassed toward the reader.

In her he saw a face and figure we often describe as comfortable, and to such we turn instinctively in time of distress of any kind, but at other times fail to admire.

"How big she is 'side of Violet," thought Harold, "and how much older she seems out here in the sunlight than she did when I was sick. Why, she must be 30. What a fool I was!"

And he turned once more toward the girl of 18 with a love glance that sent the blushes racing over her sweet face.

At the close of the story Miss Wade went in to make an egg and Violet rose to go.

"I shall be 21 next week," said Harold, "and then I shall have something to tell you Violet, my Violet," he whispered, as she gave him her hand. "I promised father I wouldn't engage myself till I was 21, but I don't promise not to love any one. Do you love me, Violet?"

"I'll tell you next week," she answered, with a laugh, and ran away, blushing.—Chicago Record.

## QUANT AND CURIOUS.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the North Pole.

Whales' teeth form the coinage of the Fiji Islands. They are painted white and red, the red teeth being worth about twenty times as much as the white. The native carries his wealth round his neck, the red and white of his coinage forming a brilliant contrast to his black skin. A common and curious sight in the Fiji Islands is a newly married wife presenting her husband with a dowry of whales' teeth.

William Smith, who was released a few days ago from the state penitentiary in Colorado where he had served a two-year term for obtaining money under false pretences, found a rather interesting reception awaiting him outside of the prison gates, where he was immediately arrested on a charge of larceny. This offense was committed before he had served his two-year term. On account of the poor health of the prisoner Judge Palmer exercised great leniency in sentencing him. The deputy sheriff marched him to the county jail, where he was sentenced to languish for a term of one month.

An interesting antiquarian discovery is reported off the east coast, at Sandlemers, England. During the last low tides the ebb has been assisted by persistent favorable winds to such an extent that large tracts of coast have been left bare and cleared of shingle, so as to expose the peat for observation, with the result that the habitat of an old-world colony of lake-dwellers has been revealed. The old piles are standing, and the rough-hewn tree-trunks of the platform are still there, showing the tool marks and evidences of morticing and jointing. Another colony of lake-dwellers is known to have existed near by.

Probably what was the most unique celebration ever given a home-coming soldier from the Philippines occurred at Mulvane, Kan. Private F. W. Phillips of Company H, Tenth Pennsylvania, had written home from the Philippines that he would give a month's salary for a piece of mother's pie. He said all the other boys in his regiment were in the same fix. Just before Phillips reached Mulvane the women of the town joined together and cooked a pie six feet in length and four feet wide. It was placed on a table in the centre of the opera house and all the people in town gathered to meet the returning soldier. The condition was made that he eat the whole pie that night. He had no trouble in fulfilling it and called for more.

## A Soldier's Victory.

"I tell you," shouted the old gentleman, "I'll not give my consent. I'm not the man to buy a pig in a poke or decide a case after hearing but one side of it. I don't believe he was ever a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's the false pretences. I'm a veteran and I know a soldier when I see him. I'll give him marching orders the next time he calls."

"But, papa, see how straight he walks and what a trim figure he has. And he has told me about lots of battles."

"Bosh! There haven't been lots of battles since he was big enough to fight. I tell you he's a false alarm. I'll try him yet. I'll bet a house and lot that he can't go through the manual of arms."

"But he can. He took a cane and showed me the whole thing. It was just grand."

"What in creation do you know about it? You couldn't tell the difference between a 'right shoulder, shift,' and a 'double quick.' Did he enlist from Detroit?"

"No, Chicago."

"Oh, of course, some big city where it would take time to look him up. He's a fraud."

"Do listen, papa. He knows all about you grand army people, and says that you're the finest, bravest, most intelligent military men that ever kept step to fife and drum. He likes beans and coffee for cold lunch, and every night he was here he turned the lights out at 10 just from force of habit."

"No! And he said that about us veterans, hey? Well, I'll have a talk with your mother." —Detroit Free Press.

## CAUSES OF NIGHTMARE.

### FRESH DATA WHICH THROW A NEW LIGHT ON DREAMS.

How Character Can Be Read by These Visions Within Certain Limits—Pleasant and Unpleasant—Made to Order—Dreams Given to Us For a Good Purpose.

"Recent experiments, which do not seem to have found their way into popular print, throw a tremendous amount of new light upon dreams," said a well known specialist in nervous diseases a day or two ago to a New York Herald reporter. "For instance, it is shown very satisfactorily how character can be read from dreams within certain limits, and how dreams can now be made to order by applying certain stimuli. Then, there is no end of fresh data explaining causes of hideous nightmares and ordinary dreams, as well as of supposed premonitory visions during the sleeping state."

"I have an instrument which has lately been used to penetrate deep into dark and unexplored chasms of dreamland. Technically, it is known as the ophthalmoscope, but I often jokingly refer to it as my dream telescope. It is ordinarily used for careful examination of the inner mechanism of the eye. It has aided in showing that much of the real food for dreams is contributed by opaque particles upon the eye, which in the waking state appear projected into space as twisted bottles, drops, lines, black spots, etc., often mistaken for natural objects."

How, then, can the dreamer see in the dark? That is easily explained. Few people realize that the human body normally has the glow worm characteristic of self illumination. Yet it is true. Phosphorus exists in all healthy bone, tissue, muscle, blood and nervous gray matter. As is well known, phosphorus emits light. So does the protoplasm in every cell of the body. So do calcium sulphide, boric sulphide and chalk, naturally found in the body. So do teeth.

### THE EYE ILLUMINATED.

"As oxygen is being constantly brought to these ingredients through the lungs and circulation, light is being generated inside every part of the organism. The eyelid, as well as the inner eye, thus becomes illuminated to a degree imperceptible in the waking state. Some people have been known to be so phosphorescent as to be normally luminous anywhere in the dark. This is so especially in certain diseases, such as phthisis and during 'luminous sweat.'"

"Foreign substances upon the eye throw their dark shadows, and suggest objects which set the dream mechanism in motion. Particles in or upon the retina seem when the eye is closed to be five or six feet distant. The same is often true of shadows due to folds in the cornea, shadows of twitching blood vessels and their capillaries within the retina. Indeed, increased blood pressure through the retina is known to cause various spectra."

"In our dreams we see more than we hear. In a storm portrayed in a dream we see the lightning but seldom hear the thunder. Likewise we hear more than we feel, feel more than we taste and taste more than we smell while dreaming."

"However, we have all noticed what dream images have been suggested by noises. The sharp banging of a door suggests a dream in which the report of a gun is heard. During sleep the ear receives innumerable vibrations, or molecular sounds, imperceptible in the waking state. These, as well as shadows, furnish food for many inexplicable dreams."

"How sensations of touch and of temperature so act during sleep is little known. I know a man who upon feeling a hot water bottle placed at his feet dreamed that he was walking upon hot lava. In another such case Mexicans were holding the subject's feet to fire to make him confess the secrets of alchemy. A woman so treated imagined herself a bear being taught to dance over hot iron plates. If you want to have some fun, try this experiment upon some unsuspecting friend."

"A cold application will probably suggest walking on snow or ice in the bare feet. This often occurs when the feet become uncovered. Then there is the very common dream of walking about the street divested of your lower apparel, and of suffering great embarrassment at being so discovered. When you dream this note that you have kicked the covers off your legs. Another common dream is that of flying through the air. This is due to a draught blowing over the body. The sensation suggests to the backward dream reasoning that the body is moving through the wind."

### EFFECTS OF SMELL AND TASTE.

"Likewise with the sense of smell. I heard of a physician who when required to spend the night at the ill smelling house of a cheesemonger dreamed he was sealed up in an immense cheese, where an army of rats were running over his body."

"Taste will act similarly. Former Surgeon-General Hammond tells of a young woman who put aloes on her thumb to cure her baby habit of sucking that member. She dreamed that she crossed the ocean in a vessel of wormwood and that she tasted its bitterness whenever eating or drinking. In Europe, she imagined a physician treated her with ox gall, and the Pope ordered her to eat a piece of Lot's wife turned to salt, from whom she broke a thumb, which she put to her mouth. When she awoke she was sucking her own thumb, and all of the aloes had disappeared."

### CAUSES OF NIGHTMARE.

"Nightmares are similarly suggested by fatigue, changes in circulation, hunger, thirst, and especially by indigestion, which gases of the stomach

press against the diaphragm and act indirectly upon the heart. Pains caused in this manner will appear in nightmares to be due to some accident. Often the nightdress collar is accidentally tightened or the head has assumed such an angle as to interfere with circulation, causing a smothered sensation, which suggests hanging or falling from some high point, and being unable to breathe the while.

"Pleasant as well as bad dreams can be made to order. Experiments prove that hideous faces seen in sleep may be replaced by attractive ones if the subject is made to gaze long and steadily at a beautiful picture just before the eyes are closed in sleep. Experiments have also shown that dreams of certain colors can be induced by causing the subject to gaze steadily at disks or through glass of the same color, shown in such a way as to cause surprise just before retiring."

"Experiments further show that cold compresses applied to the head will banish bad dreams. A layer of cotton wool, similarly placed, will, by raising its temperature, make dreams more vivid and intelligent. Placing the sleeper on his right side will make his dreams absurd, extravagant and of a remote time; on the left side, reasonable and of a recent time. Experiment also shows that placing a candle in the otherwise dark room of the sleeper will serve often to dissipate bad dreams."

### ENFORCED BY ASSOCIATION.

"Experiments further show how dreams are enforced by association. A man who, while traveling in a certain place always used a peculiar perfume, invariably dreamed of that place when a drop of this perfume was placed upon his pillow. Another important fact lately brought out is that many people on awakening from vivid dreams retain these dream images in their eyes. These dream images can be retained until the position of the eye is changed. This phenomenon may account for many supposed ghosts seen immediately after awakening, when the parent dream images have not been retained in memory. Dreams and hallucinations have the same radical cause."

"It has been said that dreaming is a normal, temporary insanity. Elaborate notes lately made on thousands of dreams show that the dreaming brain, like the savage brain, has but feeble appreciation of cause and effect. Simple resemblances of form, color, sound, etc., will bring together dream images without sensible relationship. Bad dreams are sometimes so vivid as to drive men permanently mad. Cowper's madness is said to have been due to this cause."

"A characteristic of dreams of the aged is that scenes portrayed to them in the present are usually composed of influences figuring in younger days. It is also found that dreams almost invariably appear to be in the present time, that they occur most frequently during the light morning sleep, that those after four o'clock are more vivid than those before, and that the deeper the sleep the less we participate in our own dreams. Did you ever note that you never see your own face in your dreams?"

"I have told you that character can now be read from dreams. At least, this possibility is indicated by these researches. The data show that the greater the individual development of the subject, the more rich and varied his dreams. The uncultured seldom dream, and when they do, their visions are usually limited to crude repetitions of experiences of the previous day or week. Recent investigations of the sleep of idiots and imbeciles show that they are poor dreamers."

"Criminals are found the same. No sleep is like the proverbial 'sleep of the just' as that of the murderer. Even during the night following his crime he is not apt to dream."

"The best dreamers are usually the best thinkers and the best sleepers. Absence of dreams often is a premonitory symptom of mental and nervous disease. Diseases which exhaust the organism and depress the emotions diminish dreaming power. I might also add that women are found to dream more than men of their own age—unmarried women more than those who have husbands."

"A man once told his son, a small child, where he had deposited his will and where it might be found should he die. The son grew to middle age before his father's death. He had forgotten about the will, and after worrying about the settlement of the estate for weeks, dreamed one night that his father appeared and revealed the hiding place. Evidence of witnesses present when the disclosure was actually made could not convince him that the dream was but a rejuvenation of memory."

"Dreams are given to us for a good purpose. Their function is to exercise regions of the brain left idle in the waking state. They certainly vary the grinding monotony of a uniform, workaday life. There is a new theory that premature age may be hastened by dreamless sleep. The circumstances of each man's life determine what sort of repose his consciousness should enjoy during sleep. Hence, things which interest us most during the waking state seldom enter our dreams."

### Two Kinds of Sickrooms.

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?"

"Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength."

"I see, sir. Your conception of a sickroom is a slaughter-house; mine is not." —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

## OLDEST PICTURES OF MANKIND.

Earliest Known Drawings of the Human Profile Discovered in Egypt.

Long centuries ago, in the "early dusk and dawn of time," at a period which was ancient in the day of the Pharaohs, some primeval artist in the



OUR RACE'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.

land which is now Egypt scratched upon a potsherd the picture of a man and a woman.

Pleased was his tribe with that image—came in their hundreds to scan—Handled it, small it and granted: "Verily, this is a man."

A few months ago, when excavations were being made in a little unexplored part of Egypt, one of the relic hunters came upon this potsherd. Little was thought of the find at the time, but the finder, an archaeologist of Berlin, was showing it the other day, along with his other Egyptian relics, to a German savant, who at once became interested in it. The savant begged to be allowed to take the potsherd home and study it more closely. His request being granted, he did so, and now he has given his opinion that the drawings on the potsherd are the oldest representations of mankind in existence. He believes that they are at least 300 years older than anything of the kind discovered before. The Egyptologist who owns this relic calls the pictures "The First Man and Woman."

A reproduction of the pictures is given here. It will be noticed that the man wears a "goatee" and that the woman in the case has a prominent nose. They were evidently people of standing in their day and generation, leaders of society, or king and queen, perhaps, when they sat for their portraits to the Egyptian Ung.

### Stored Energy.

"You didn't act with your usual fire and enthusiasm," said the acquaintance.

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "an actor sometimes finds it necessary to husband his powers for a supreme effort. I was saving myself for the argument with the manager when the box office receipts are counted."

### The Bad Penny.

Again the Bad Penny turned up. "I'll make you look like thirty cents!" cried the other, losing all patience.

"Wouldn't that be counterfeiting?" inquired the Bad Penny, with a malignant leer.

Of course the end did not justify the means, particularly in the federal courts.—Puck.

### For the Fair Automobileist.

Paris may properly be called the home of the automobile. There can be no doubt that it has won its way into the heart of the Parisienne, who misses no opportunity to take long rides around Paris and into the country. Even stormy weather will not deter her from venturing out, and in order to have protection against the rain the smart tailors of the French



A PARISIENNE'S MOTOR CAR COSTUME.

capital have designed a very serviceable costume. A fair idea of it can be had from the illustration. The costume has a military appearance. It is made of dark gray waterproofed covert coating with stitched leather strappings.

The most costly leather in the world is used for the strappings.

A. H. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Chicago.  
Jno. A. Scott, D. P. A., Memphis.

## A Paying Proposition.

Readers who want all the news—reliable—fresh—well arranged—just where you can always find exactly what you want—clearly printed and ably edited—embodying a complete record of current events, subscribe for

## The Times-Democrat.

conceded the Leading Newspaper of the South, powerful in its influence and far-reaching in circulation.

Daily...\$1 a month, \$12 a year  
Sunday...\$2 a year  
Semi-Weekly...\$1 a year

The Times-Democrat,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

## Every Man His Own Doctor.

By J. HAMILTON AYERS, M. D.

A 600-page Illustrated Book containing a storehouse of information pertaining to diseases of the human system, their treatment and cure with simplest remedies, together with an analysis of courtship and marriage, rearing and management of children.

Also valuable prescriptions, recipes, etc. Mailed postpaid to any address on receipt of price, SIXTY CENTS.

Address  
Atlanta Publishing House  
125 Lomb St., ATLANTA, GA.

## Mississippi Valley

Railroad maintains  
Unsurpassed: Daily: Service  
between  
NEW ORLEANS & MEMPHIS,

connecting at Memphis with trains of the Illinois Central Railroad for  
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville,

making direct connections with through trains for all points  
NORTH, EAST AND WEST,

including Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., and Denver. Close connection at Chicago with Central Mississippi Valley Route, Solid Fast Vestibuled Daily Trains for  
DUBUQUE, SIOUX FALLS, SIOUX CITY, and the West. Particulars of agents of the Y. & M. V. and connecting lines  
Wm. Murray, Div. Pass. Agt., New Orleans.  
Jno. A. Scott, Div. Pass. Agt., Memphis.  
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.  
W. A. KILLOD, A. G. P. A., Louisville.

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

THE GREAT TRUNK LINE  
Between the  
North and South.

Only direct route to  
Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and all points  
NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

Only direct route to  
Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans  
And all points in Texas and the South west.

## Double Daily Trains

Fast Time  
Close Connections.

Through Pullman Palace Sleepers between New Orleans and Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago without change, making direct connections with first-class lines to all points. The great steel bridge spanning the Ohio river at Cal. is completed, and all trains (night and passenger) now run regularly over it, thus avoiding the delays and annoyance incident to transfer by ferry boat.

A. H. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Chicago.  
Jno. A. Scott, D. P. A., Memphis.