CROSSING THE POND

EFFORTS TO REDUCE THE TIME CONSUMED IN TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGES.

RACING OVER THE OCEAN.

CONTESTS IN WHICH COMPETING LINES HAVE BROKEN RECORDS.

ST. PAUL NOW THE CHAMPION

On the Southampton Route—Lucania and Campania Wonderful Ships.

New York Herald.

Whenever the record is broken in crossing the Atlantic ocean there must surely be a flutter in the hearts of the commanders and a determination to do still better. No ship has been allowed to hold fast to the record for a longer time than a year or two, so perhaps the good ship St. Paul will have shortly to look to her laurels. Very like to race horses and race tracks are the fast ships and the trans-Atlantic routes. While the noise of the winning of the Futurity by Ogden is still in our ears, so, too, is the tooting of the whistles announcing to the world that the American steamship St. Paul has won her Futurity, the race of her young life, for this passageway between New York and London, sometimes via Southampton and sometimes via Queenstown, is as much of a race course as is the track on Long island or elsewhere.

The first ship to look over the ground to see what the possibilities there might be was the United States steamer Savannah, in 1819. She was twenty-five days in going from Savannah to Liverpool. The good work she did was to show the way. In 1836 the first entries for the race across the western ocean were made; the racers were the Great Western, 212 feet long and of 1,340 tons burden, and the Sirius, 170 feet long and 770 tons burden. Both were English.

WON BY THE GREAT WESTERN.

The race was a handicap, the larger ship sailing from Bristol three days after the Sirius had taken her departure from Cork. The Great Western won, steaming over a distance of 3,125 miles in fifteen days, at an average rate of speed of 8.2 knots. The next year the British Queen, of 2,000 tons, lowered the record a trifle, but on the whole the Great Western was the mistress of the seas, winning races and money. To win today requires a speed of more than twenty-one knots and a size of 10,000 tons. Then the horse power was about 500; now it is about 20,000.

The year 1840 was a memorable one in the history of the trans-Atlantic race track, for in that year there was organized in England the Cunard company, for the purpose of running a scheduled line of steamers for the transportation of mails, merchandise and passengers between Great Britain and the United States. The first ship this company entered in the ocean race was the Britannia, of 1,155 tons. She beat the Great Western by nearly a day, making the run to Boston in a trifle over fourteen days and a half, at an average speed of 8.5 knots.

To win back their prestige the Great Western people entered a new ship, the Great Britain. She was a novelty for the times, being built of iron, and being propelled by a screw. In 1843 she made the trip from Liverpool to New York in about fourteen and a half days, and clearly beat the Cunard side wheeler Britannia. But this company was not to be outdone, and accordingly entered into the running with the Hibernia, another modern side wheeler, like the Britannia, but 500 tons larger. Her speed was nine and a half knots. This enabled her to hold her own, though not to beat, until 1846, when the Great Britain went on the rocks, and there were left for the time being no other contestants.

The Cunard, receiving a subsidy from the English government for running regular weekly steamers, could well afford to defy competition. However, the line improved its service greatly, adding four new 1,820-ton paddle steamers to its fleet. One of these, the America, is reported to have made the race across against time, and to have smashed the record" by doing the distance in less than eleven days."

AMERICAN GREYHOUNDS.

A notable event at this time was the organization in the United States of the Collins line, under the stimulus of a handsome subsidy from the United States government. This was the first and, until the organization of the American or International line, as it is called, the only important American rival which foreign corporations have encountered in trans-Atlantic steam navigation. The ships of the Collins line were a new departure in model and arrangement, and exceeded in speed and size anything then afloat.

There followed lively times while these rival subsidized mail steamships were for eighteen years doing their best to win the race across the ocean from one another. In the beginnng the steamers were pretty evenly matched, the two new Cunarders being of nearly 2,300 tons, as against the American ship of 2,800 tons. All were side wheelers. In 1851 a Collins ship, the Arctic, called the Clipper of the Seas, gained a victory of several hours over the Cunarders by running over the course from New York to Liverpool in less than ten days; and in the year following, 1852, she crossed in nine days and thirteen hours.

But although disaster attacked the Collins line, it still kept in the running, and with the Adriatic carried the stars and stripes in the lead until the Cunard came to the front with a big new ship, the Persia, of 3,700 tons. On four different occasions the Persia broke the record by making passages across in less than nine days and a half. The Collins people were beaten and retired from the field.

Almost simultaneously with the inauguration of the Collins line was the establishment of the Inman line, to ply between Liverpool and Philadelphia. Other lines soon came on. In 1855 the Anchor line was started, and the year following there came along the Hamburg-American, the North German Lloyd and a French line to Havre. All these lines were more or less on the track, except the Inman, though distanced by the Cunard. For the year 1856 their times were as follows

	From U. S. Days.	Toward U. S. Days.
Cunard	11.03	12.67
Collins	12.03	12.16
German Lloyd, Bremen	14.12	15.00
French, Havre	13.00	13.00
Anchor	13.08	15.12
Hamburg	16.00	15.12

SCREW STEAMERS TO THE FORE.

In 1862 the Cunard put forward its first screw liner, the China, of 2,500 tons. To wrest the laurels from the fast-going Scotia and to meet and beat the China, the Inmans put on the track some new 2,700 tons screw ships, but they could not overhaul the old war horse. Until 1864 the Scotia carried the broom at her masthead, for she had literally swept the sea track clear of all competitors.

The year 1864 was an important one in the story of the ocean race track. Then it was that the Inman company entered for the race the City of Paris and the City of New York, fine ships, of about one-third the size of their most distinguished namesakes of the present day. These were the first ships over the course to be fitted with compound engines, and with them they scooped nearly as enviable a record as their modern descendants.

Opposed to them were the most famous of the Cunard ships, the Scotia and the Persia. For those days this was a battle of giants, and the contest was fast and furious. Eight days and fourteen hours, eight days and twelve hours and eight days and eleven hours were some of the times made by the racers as they tore along over the course, sometimes the Cunard ships in the lead, at others the Inman. Finally the veteran of the lot, the weather-beaten Scotia, carried the Cunard colors to victory in a fair and square run to Queenstown in eight days seven hours and ten minutes, as against the City of Paris' time of eight days sixteen hours and forty minutes. This was the record for 1866.

In 1867 the Cunarders put on the course a new ship, the Russia, a screw vessel of about 3,000 tons, and the Scotia was taken off. The Russia was put in direct competition with the Inman City of Paris, and many a fine and well-remembered race was the consequence. At the close of the year the City of Paris came in the victor by more than a good length, making a new record of eight days and four hours from Roche's point to Sandy Hook.

The rival owners in 1869 started the running of new ships of an increased size, the crack of the Inman fleet reaching a tonnage of 5,500 in the City of Berlin. With this ship they again lowered the record, this time to seven and three-quarter days, and held on to this until there appeared in the field a new contestant—the now familiar White Star line. In the White Star line ships there was observed one of the distinctive features of the present greyhound—extreme length as compared with the breadth.

The White Star established a new form, style and interior arrangement which have been largely followed and, of course, improved upon. Their racers were the Germanic and the Britannic, of 468 feet length, 45 feet beam, 5,000 tons burden and 5,000 horse power. These two racers outdid all competitors by crossing from Queenstown to New York in seven days and eleven hours, and for several years they held undisputed sway.

The year 1879 saw some changes. The Cunarders again came into the race, this time with the screw steamer Gallia. Another newcomer was the Arizona, the property of the Guion line, which broke the record, lowering the time over the course to seven days and eight hours.

There were three owners with entries for the season of 1881—the Cunard, Inman and Guion. The cracks entered were the Servia, by the Cunard; the Alaska, of 7,000 tons, by the Guion, and the City of Rome, of 8,100 tons, by the Inman. The Alaska won; time, six days and twenty-one hours. The Servia was a good second.

The year 1883 found no change, except that the Servia dropped to third place. The winner in the races of 1884 was another Guion ship, the Oregon, but she found a worthy antagonist in the America of the National line, a newcomer that soon retired. The Oregon made the record this year of six days and ten hours.

FAST TIME MADE.

In 1885 the Cunard again forged to the front with the Etruria and the Umbria, and easily kept there. The record was lowered to six days two hours. On one of the days of this quickest of passages the Etruria averaged a rate of speed exceeding twenty knots.

The year 1889 saw a return to a certain extent to the old order of things, for once again was the Cunard indisputably in the lead, and again did the Inman; as of old, contest its supremacy, and, in the end, successfully. Now it was that the new twin screw ships, the City of New York and the City of Paris, came upon the track. After a hard and close finish they won, but only to be challenged by the White Star new flyers, the Majestic and the Teutonic.

The year 1890 witnessed a great time upon the trans-Atlantic race track. Four twin screw monster ships were pitted against one another. Two of them were the Inman ships, City of Paris and City of New York, and the other two—the Teutonic and the Majestic— belonging to the White Star. These four ships began their racing in February, of 1890. The Teutonic won for a time in five days, eighteen hours and twenty-eight minutes, a time which some of the onlookers were disposed to question, but she won the race. For 1891 the Majestic, a sister ship, passed under the wire about two hours later, but still won the race for that year. In 1892 the Inman put its steamer City of Paris over the course in about five days and fifteen hours. Then the Cunard came, as of old, into the running to win races, and with the Lucania and Campania, bigger and more powerfully engined than any other ship in the world, scored many triumphs, lowering the record in 1893 to five days and twelve hours, and in 1894 to about five days and eight hours. This time stands today as the best over the track from the Sandy Hook lightship to Roche's point.

HELD BY THE AMERICANS.

Over the other route—the one to Southampton—the record is held by the American liner St. Paul, a fraction over six days. This route was traversed in 1894 by the New York of the same line in six days and seven hours. This was after the Inman line had become the American line, or, to be more correct, the International line. When the line changed its name the Paris and the New York hauled down the red ensign of St. George and hoisted the stars and stripes, and the keels of the St. Paul and the St. Louis were laid. Both these American racers have won.

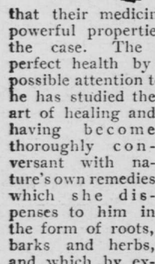
The contestants over this course are the Hamburg-American, running to Plymouth now, and the German Lloyds. In 1893 the Fuerst Bismarck of the former line made the running across from Sandy Hook in six days and eleven hours.

No other ship has thus far been able to be even classed in the running with the new American steamers. Even the old champions of the Queenstown route, the English built Paris and New York, have had to dip their colors to the American St. Louis and St. Paul.

RHEUMATISM.

Distorted Limbs, Swollen Joints, Painful Muscles and a Life that is Unbearable.

WHY CONTINUE TO SUFFER? RELIEF WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. THE FAMOUS KICKAPOO INDIAN REMEDIES ALL POWERFUL FOR THIS MOST PAINFUL OF AFFLICTIONS.



WHEN one considers the exposure and hard life endured by the Indians from birth until old age, and reflects upon the fact that rheumatism is unknown to them it cannot be doubted but that their medicines must contain all powerful properties, which is certainly the case. The Indian preserves his perfect health by paying the greatest possible attention to his body. For years he has studied the art of healing and having become thoroughly conversant with nature's own remedies which she dispenses to him in the form of roots, barks and herbs, and which by experience he has learned to skillfully gather and combine so that at last he has succeeded in obtaining remedies which are recognized throughout the world as the most wonderful specifics for this most dreaded disease.

Kickapoo Indian Oil when applied externally relieves inflammation almost immediately, whereas their famous Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, that great blood, liver, stomach and kidney invigorator, dispels the cause of this trouble in a remarkably short space of time.

Rheumatism, as is a well-known fact, is caused by the accumulation of unhealthy acids in the blood, due to the improper action of some one or more of the great life-giving organs of the body. These when properly treated by such a remedy as Kickapoo Indian Sagwa are easily persuaded to resume their natural functions, and soon dispel from the system these poisons, leaving the patient free from pain, and in every way enjoying health. It should be remembered that none of the Kickapoo Indian preparations contain any poisonous ingredients, and they may be bought of any druggist. Kickapoo Indian Oil 25 cts. a bottle. Kickapoo Indian Sagwa $1 a bottle, six bottles for $5.

"Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe"

Household Words.

"Mrs. Col. Clitheroe." And with the utterance of those words the brown eyes seemed to laugh at their own reflection in the mirror, and as the prettily curved lips parted they showed the perfect teeth. "Do I look it, John? Do I? For I am intensely anxious as to the effect which I shall produce on your friends and neighbors."

The gray-haired, handsome husband shook his head with a smile.

"Hardly, I am afraid, Rose. A casual observer would be more likely to think you were a young lady spending the holidays with her grandfather. Fortunately, however, the residents of these parts know who you are. I expect they will muster pretty strong at church this morning to get a good stare at you."

Rose Clitheroe took her husband's arm as they passed through the gateway of the priory. The colonel had inherited the property from an uncle not long before his marriage.

"It looks more matronly to take your arm, John," she said, laughing. But then her mood changed and she looked grave, adding:

"I do really feel nervous. I don't want these people who have known you all your life to say I am too young and too giddy, and too altogether unworthy to be your wife! Do you think they will be prejudiced against me by my appearance? I chose a bonnet and this long sealskin coat because they make me older than the hat and jacket."

"Don't be anxious, child," and the colonel pressed the hand which rested on his arm. "Unless people are hopelessly stupid and short-sighted they must see at a glance that you are the most charming of young women and I am the most fortunate of men, and blessed together beyond my deserts. But whatever they think and whatever they say, the fact remains that we are entirely satisfied with each other."

"I am more than satisfied," and Rose spoke emphatically. "I often wonder why such happiness should come to me when so many women are miserably married."

It was rather a romantic little story, as things go in these prosaic times, that story of how Rose Dysart became Mrs. Col. Clitheroe when she was eighteen and he was forty-six.

Rose declared that she had been in love with him all her life. Certainly at two years old she had been in the habit of assuring him, "Rosie'll marry you when she's big," whereupon he always answered: "All right, little woman, I'll wait for you."

The child's passionate devotion to the handsome officer was quite an amusement to her parents. But when his regiment was ordered off to India, and they saw the little face grow white and thin, and heard her heartbroken sobs, they laughed no longer. Even after she ceased to cry for "Rosie's colonel" she never forgot him.

The pretty baby had grown to a tall, slim girl of thirteen when these two friends met again. By that time Rose Dysart was a pupil at a small and select boarding school in the environs of Paris, and on one of the frequent visits which her father and mother paid to their darling they came, by chance, across Col. Clitheroe, who also was spending a few days in the gay capital.

"How is Rosie? Has she forgotten me?" were among his first questions.

Mrs. Dysart laughed.

"Rose is at school at Neuilly. Come with us this afternoon, and then judge for yourself whether you have been forgotten."

The girl had not grown stiff and shy. She was immensely delighted to see her friend again, and she told him so. He joked her about her baby overtures toward him; he reminded her of how she would drag a footstool across the room and by its aid climb to his knee and busy her small hands with his hair, on the pretext of making him "nice and tidy."

"I have grown gray since those days," he said with half a sigh. Whereupon Miss Rose declared that she liked gray hair best.

Each seemed to please the other; they seized in a moment on each other's meaning, they appeared to divine each other's thoughts.

"I shall come again," said Col. Clitheroe, when the visitors' hour was over, and study must begin. "I see that you and I shall be excellent friends, as we were eleven years ago."

However, he made no second visit to the "pensionnat" at Neuilly-sur-Seine. His old uncle's illness recalled him suddenly to England, and Rose Dysart was a finished young lady and about to be introduced into society before she had the pleasure of meeting her colonel again.

This girl's face was not strictly beautiful, but it was a charming face. She was immensely admired, both by men and women. And there must be something lovable as well as lovely in a young lady of seventeen when those of her own sex express sincere admiration and can praise her whole-heartedly.

"She will certainly marry young," said elderly people, but it never occurred to any of them to suppose that this sunny-faced Rose Dysart would refuse three eligible men because she loved a middle-aged colonel.

Like many other parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dysart seemed to regard their daughter as little more than a child. They scarcely realized that others viewed her differently.

"Of course, like other girls, Rose must go into society," they said, "but we hope it may be years and years before we have to part with her."

And they were quite delighted that she should refuse her first three offers of marriage.

It was in the spring and just before her eighteenth birthday that the Dysarts left their pretty Sussex home for a furnished home at Eton place, which they had hired for the season at a somewhat exorbitant rent.

To the great joy of Rose, Col. Clitheroe was one of the first callers. He also was in town for two or three months, having, during the previous year, buried his old uncle and inherited the property.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Dysart to him, with the familiarity of a friend of long standing, "you really ought not to remain unmarried. Try to remember that you are depriving some woman of an excellent home and a still more excellent husband! A man in the prime of life—well off, good looking, retired from the army—where lies the hindrance?"

"Simply in this," replied the colonel. "I have never been in love, and I should be afraid to marry now that I am past the tender passion. You see there is no 'three years' system' in matrimony. It has to be till death do us part."

Mr. Dysart laughed.

"You must not be allowed to remain a bachelor, my dear Clitheroe. I shall look round for some nice woman of about five-and-thirty, and try my 'prentice hand at match-making."

"No; don't you get married, colonel," exclaimed Rose, who was in the room. "I like you best as you are. Indeed, I think changes are almost always disagreeable. It is pleasanter for things to go on pretty much the same. I mean to remain single all my life so as never to have to leave father and mother."

"You will be reconciled to leave us when the right man and right moment arrive," said Mrs. Dysart. "You may not think so now; girls never do before they are really in love. But in all probability the time will come when, of your own wish and will, you will go away from us."

Rose shook her head.

"I can't think so, mother. However, let us talk on some more interesting subject—of my being presented, for instance. Can you picture me, colonel, making my courtesy and kissing the hand of royalty? I hope I shan't turn awkward and shy at the last moment. I ought not, for as a little girl, with a counterpane in place of a train, I have practiced my manner over and over again."

They all laughed.

"No, I scarcely think you will be shy," said Col. Clitheroe. "Besides, the moment makes the man, they say—so, of course, it makes the woman."

The important day came. Rose Dysart was simply, yet elegantly, dressed, and her fresh young face won its fair share of notice as she waited among the crowd of debutantes.

Then followed six weeks of gayety; concerts, opera, dances, garden parties, riding in the Row; nevertheless the girl was glad when her father decided to return to the country before midsummer.

Everything seemed beautiful and endeared by absence. The trees had exchanged their first freshness of tender green for the ripeness of summer beauty; the hawthorn and bluebells were over and done with, but the foliage of the woods seemed lovely by contrast with Hyde park.

Col. Clitheroe was to be one of the after season guests at the Dysarts' country house; he followed them within a fortnight of the departure from Eton place.

Was anything troubling him? Was he unwell? Those were the questions they asked him, for he did not seem so cheerful as usual, and he was apt to drop into fits of musing, so that even the voice of Rose made him start as one does who returns suddenly from the land of dreams to realty.

The fact was that he had promised to execute a commission which was distasteful to him.

"Colonel," a bright-faced guardsman had said to him one day, "I'll tell you a secret. I am in love with Rose Dysart, and I shall never care for another girl. Now, you and my father were boys together, and you are the oldest friend I possess in the world. Say a good word for me, will you? She thinks you infallible on every point; she has told me herself that there is no one like you."

Colonel Clitheroe worked vigorously at a tuft of grass with the toe of his boot for some moments before answering.

"Have you spoken for yourself?" he suddenly inquired.

"Not in plain words. Every time I try and get round to the point, there seems a difficulty, but I would try my luck again and again if I thought I might win Rose in the end. Speak for me, won't you, colonel?"

"If a favorable moment comes, but I don'e see what my recommendation can do for you."

"Hasn't she known you all her life, and doesn't she think you worth any number of young fellows put together?" said Rawdon. "The chief subject of conversation when we dance or when we sit out together seems to be the perfections of Col. Clitehroe, and I've had to tell her all I could think of about you when the regiment was out in India. After exhausting facts I try fiction, seeing that it is the only way to win a smile," and the young fellow laughed.

The gray-haired man of six-and-forty was thinking over this conversation as the train carried him down to Sussex, but he thought of it even more as soon as Rose, in her bright young beauty, stood before him.

Harry Rawdon was a good fellow enough, but not good enough for the Dysarts' daughter! Who, indeed, would be worthy of such a wife?

"Nevertheless," reflected the colonel, "I knew his father when we were both boys at school. I must do my best for Harry, and one of these days I will sound Rose on the subject and get an idea of the state of her heart."

Opportunities of private chat were not difficult to find.

Mr. and Mrs. Dysart regarded Col. Clitheroe as a sort of venerable friend with whom Rose might be sent to walk, talk or ride without outraging even the narrowest notions of propriety.

Yet the colonel felt a shrinking from mentioning the subject of young Rawdon's desires, and from speaking up for his many excellent qualities. He liked much better to talk over "dear old times," as Rose called her golden days of childhood.

"I must have been a positive nuisance to you, wasn't I, colonel?" she said one day as they paced side by side the terraced walk while waiting the summons to breakfast. "I know I was always running after you, yet you never seemed cross and bored."

"I should think not, indeed," and the colonel laughed. "Your advances were so flattering. I could not reckon up the times you assured me you intention to marry me when you grew big enough. Ah, child," and now a smile followed the smile, "I suppose one of these days I shall stand among your wedding guests—and I don't think I shall enjoy that ceremony a bit."

"You will never be a guest," and now Rose colored, yet held out her hand as bravely as when she was a child. "Colonel, I am going to do something dreadful, I suppose. Please never tell anyone; and please say 'no' if you would rather give that answer. But I am big enough now and I tell you exactly what I did when I was two years old: 'I'll marry you'—or I shall certainly never marry anyone."

And in that moment Colonel Clithroe knew that though his hair was plentifully streaked with gray and though his face had lines on it which nothing but the passage of years can trace, he loved Rose Dysart as a man loves only once in a lifetime.

It was only when he told Mr. and Mrs. Dysart of his good fortune that he remembered Harry Rawdon's commission.

"Never mind!" said Rose. "Your recommendation of him as a husband would not have been of the slightest use. I have loved you first and last and always—ever since I was two."

That is how there came to be a young, bright girl, who, bearing the title of Mrs. Colonel Clithroe, walked by the side of her elderly husband one sunny Sunday to the accompaniment of the church bells. Snow in his hair—summer in her face, yet they were happy, with a happiness which is the portion of very few of the men and women whom the world considers well matched.

HARMONY OF NIAGARA FALLS.

There Is Music and Rhythm in the Roar of the Great Cataract.

Eugene Thayer, the well-known organist, says the Trinity Record, has published an analysis of the music of Niagara Falls. He says:

"It has ever been my belief that Niagara had not been heard as it should be, and in this belief I turned my steps hitherward. What did I hear? The roar of Niagara? I heard nothing but the perfectly constructed musical tone, clear, definite and unapproachable in its majestic perfection, a complete series of tones, all uniting in one grand and noble unison, as in the organ."

Mr. Thayer then describes at some length the compound nature of a given tone, and illustrates the overtones or partials of the lowest C of the thirty-two-foot pipe of the organ. Then he continues:

"I had long had a suspicion that I should hear all this at Niagara when her wonderful voice should first greet my ears. It was just as I had supposed. How should I prove all this? My first step was to visit the beautiful Iris island, otherwise known as Goat island. My next step was to stand on Luna island, above the central fall, and on the west side of the American fall proper. I went on the extreme eastern side of the island in order to get the full force of the larger fall, and sat among the rapids. Next I went to the Three Sisters island.

"With more or less variation of pitch at these and many other points, I heard everywhere the notes of the chord of G, only four octaves lower.

"I arrive at my conclusions both theoretically and practically. Let me first call attention to the third and fourth notes, D and G.

"The ground note, G, was so deep, so grand, so mighty, that I never could realize it or take it into my thought or hearing, but these two tones, only four octaves lower, were everywhere, with a power which made itself felt as well as heard.

"But, it will be replied, these two notes were too low to be detected by the sense of hearing. How did I determine their pitch?

"I first caught the harmonic notes above them that were definite in pitch, and then, counting the number of vibrations of these lower two notes, easily determined their distance below.

"And here comes a curious feature which proves that Niagara gives a tone and not a roar. The seventh note, the interval of the tenth, was of a power and clearness entirely out of proportion to the harmonics as usually heard in the organ.

"Were the tone of Niagara a mere noise this seventh note would be either weak or confused or absent altogether.

"What is Niagara's rhythm? Its beat is just once per second."

GIVING PHYSIC BY SUGGESTION.

Interesting Experiments in Medicine That May Produce Great Results.

Dr. Luys, a member of the French Academy of Medicine, expects startling results from a series of experiments which he claims to have carried to a successful conclusion. The doctor believes that it is possible to administer drugs without compelling the patient to swallow them, says the Baltimore Sun. In brief, he contends that by throwing the subject into a hypnotic state the medical influence of the drugs may be injected into his system by merely presenting the dose, in a glass tube, near his eye, his ear, or his neck. One peculiar feature of the doctor's experiments is the fact that the drug has a different effect when held on opposite sides of the subject's head. For instance, pepper presented on the right side caused an expression of pleasure, but when presented on the left side the subject showed anxiety and worry. Equally different effects were noted when sulphate of morphine, heliotrope, fennel, ipecac and pure water were applied.

This confirms, so the doctor says, the theory of Charcot, that there is some magnetic difference between the right and left side of a person under hypnotic control. If Dr. Luys succeeds in administering drugs by hypnotic suggestion, it is possible that the days of the "learned apothecary" are numbered. Humanity will no longer be compelled to swallow the pills and mixtures of the druggist, but will be able to get relief from a small quantity of the remedy introduced into the anatomy only by suggestion. The doctor notes that when a tube of pure water was held at the right side of a hypnotized patient's head it was followed by "horrified shrinkings and convulsions." When it was presented on the left side the expression of the subject's face indicated a most agreeable sensation. There is a wide and singularly useful application of pure water which may be made in the case of those festive gentlemen who find their joy in the "flowing bowl" with disastrous consequences next morning. The bibulously inclined subject would "make a night of it" off a tube of water held to the left side of the face, and on the morrow he could complete the illusion by applying it to the right side and getting the jim-jams. Then he could recover and renew the jag ad libitum. Dr. Luys may turn out to be a great reformer.

Only Wants a Chance.

A Chicago burglar said to Sheriff Pease the other day: "I've cracked more than seventy safes in my time. But I've never used anything except powder, dynamite and nitroglycerin. If I live to finish this bit at Joliet, I'll do a little work afterward that will astonish the boys. I can cut through almost any safe in Chicago inside of two hours with electricity, and without making enough noise to waken a cat. I got that pointer from the electrical display at the world's fair, and I've been working at it ever since. It is entirely feasible. I'll prove it to you by and by."

William II. as an Architect.

St. James Gazette.

As a statesman, soldier, sailor, preacher, painter, and musician the Kaiser has afforded to the contemporary world successive glimpses of his many-sided genius. It is probable, however, that posterity will be most concerned with William H. as an architect. He is endowing Berlin with a couple of buildings which bid fair to rival in their colossal proportions the monuments of Nineveh and Babylon. On the far from ample space at the end of the famous Unter der Linden avenue, between the Schloss and the museum, is being reared the new Lutheran Cathedral—a gigantic structure in the form of a Greek cross. The dome, it is said, will eclipse that of St. Peter at Rome, and only in the length of the nave will the older basilica have any advantage in size. As the scaffolding already indicates, this mass of stone, embodying a curious variety of styles, must completely crush into insignificance the adjoining palace. To complete the work of effacement, the Brobdignagian memorial of William I. is in process of erection within fifty feet of another front of the castle. The huge hemicycle, which forms a sort of pedestal, runs up to a height of nearly eighty feet and dwarfs everything in its neighborhood. However uneventful his reign may prove, William II. will certainly have left his mark on the Prussian capital.

Holland's Queen.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is not likely to become engaged very soon if a little speech she is said to have made recently is authentic: "I am very fond of my subjects, and I hope to please them in every way, but if they think they are to have a voice in the selection of my future husband they never made a greater mistake. If they take any extreme measures I shall be more determined than ever, for I am resolved they must not coerce me into a marriage which is distasteful. I shall not marry unless I am allowed some voice in the matter."

Persian Lamb Coats.

A novelty in fur coats is made of glossy Persian lamb lined with white satin, fitted closely at the back and loose in front, where the edge is cut in squares, which lap over an ermine vest. The bottom is slashed in the same manner, but not very deep, and the sleeves are of black velvet shirred in at the armhole, finely tucked below, and quite plain below the elbow, with fur cuffs. The collar is wide and square, and soft ends of cream lace fall over the white vest.

Satisfying Her Majesty.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Not many years ago, according to the annals of the India office, a queen's messenger or some other inferior official was robbed, though not injured in any way, on the road to Cabul, and the British government of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months. But at last the emir wrote: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."

If Your Food Distresses You Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It aids the stomach to digest the food, and does away with that full feeling after eating.

THE DEMON OF HURRY.

He Robs the Great American People of Flesh, Energy and Good Digestion.

The one thing the American people never do is to rest.

Nearly everybody we meet seems to be in a continual state of nervous excitement or possessed of a feverish energy to finish what they are about and get on to other work; that is why so many people lose their health, energy and ambition, become thin and dyspeptic or fall victims to nervous exhaustion.

We live in a hurry, eat in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry, and it is not surprising that we finally break down. It is for this reason that most of us stand in constant need of something to build up the system, and enable us to stand the severe strains to which we are subjected.

As a means of preventing the debilitating effects of worry and overwork, many eminent physicians recommend the use of a pure stimulant at meal time. Pure malt whiskey has been found to give the best results, and experiments have proved that the safest and best of all whiskies is Duffy's pure malt. This is because it is no ordinary whiskey, but a pure medicinal stimulant which gives stimulative nourishment to the whole body. Its health-giving effects are speedily shown in a clear skin, a brighter complexion, and increased strength.

Enquire, and you will be surprised to find how many friends of yours are also friends of Duffy's pure malt whiskey.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Phillips' California Excursions.

Two through cars weekly from St. Paul via the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad, "Albert Lea Route." Tuesday's car runs via Kansas City, and thence through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Thursday's car runs via Omaha and through Colorado and Utah. For full particulars apply ticket office, 396 Robert street, corner Sixth street.

Phillips' Upholstered Tourist Cars Are the Most Popular.

More California passengers travel in Tourist cars under Mr. Phillips' management than in any other way. The Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad has the exclusive right to operate Phillips Tourist Cars, which makes that the favorite line. They combine cheapness in ticket rates, superior finish of cars, select class of patrons, excellency of road bed, the best route and gentlemanly and experienced managers to look after the travelers.

Cars now leave St. Paul at 9:15 a. m. every Tuesday, via the Southern Route, arriving at Los Angeles Saturday afternoon; and at 7 p. m. every Thursday via the Scenic Line of the World, reaching California in four days.

To insure good accommodations, arrangements should be made as far in advance as possible. Consult J. H. Whitaker, C. T. A., Ryan Hotel Block, before concluding arrangements.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and After Nov. 19th, All Soo Line Trains Will Arrive and Depart Union Depot as Follows.

Daily New York and Boston limited, leaves at 7.20 p. m., arrives at 8:45 a. m.; except Sunday, Wisconsin division local leaves at 9:05 a. m., arrives 5:40 p.m.; daily, Minnesota, North Dakota and Pacific coast points, leaves 9:20 a.m . arrives 6:45 p.m.; except Sunday, St. Croix Falls accommodation (Broadway depot), leaves 6 p. m.; arrives 9:15 a. m.

Par Excellence California Route.

Phillips' excursions, every Tuesday and Thursday, to California points via Albert Lea route. Through cars, finely upholstered, polite attendants, cheap rates. Apply 396 Robert street, corner Sixth street, for full information.

Now That the Money Question Is Settled

You can again resume your patronage of the Wisconsin Central Lines when going to Ashland, Milwaukee, Chicago or the East and South. Pullman cars, cafe buffet cars, service strictly first-class. Call at city ticket office, No. 373 Robert street.

Homeseekers' Excursions

Tuesdays, Nov. 17, and Dec. 1 and 15, via Chicago Great Western (Maple Leaf), at rate of one fare for the round trip, with $2 00 added, to nearly all points in Iowa, the Southwest and South. Good twenty-one days. Stopovers on going trip. See C. E. Robb, C. P. and T. A., Fifth and Robert streets.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE

To Los Angeles and California

Is the Chicago Great Western (Maple Leaf Route). A handsome new Pullman Tourist Sleeper leaves St. Paul every Tuesday at 7:30 a. m., running through to Los Angeles via Kansas City and the Santa Fe route, without change, arriving at Los Angeles the following Saturday at noon. This is positively the shortest route to California, and the only one that avoids any Sunday traveling. The cars are as complete and comfortable as the standard Pullman, while the rates are very much lower. Full information will be furnished gladly by C. E. Robb, City Ticket Agent of the Chicago Great Western Railway, corner Fifth and Robert streets.

THROUGH CALIFORNIA SERVICE

Via "The Milwaukee."

A fine Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car now leaves Minneapolis at 8:25 and St. Paul at 8:35 every Saturday morning and runs through to Los Angeles, Cal., via Kansas City and the Santa Fe System, without change, arriving at destination 1:25 p. m. following Wednesday.

The journey via this route is through a very interesting portion of America, and the hardship incident to winter travel through the more northerly climate is avoided.

Rate per double berth $6.00 through. For berth reservations, further information as to rates, etc., apply to "THE MILWAUKEE" agents, or address J. T. Conley, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Change of Time—Soo Line Trains.

Daily, Boston, New York and Eastern points, leaves, 7:20 p. m.; arrives, 8:45 a. m.; except Sunday, Wisconsin division, local, leaves, 9:05 a. m.; arrives, 5:40 p. m.; daily, Minnesota, North Dakota and Pacific coast points, leaves, 9:20 a. m.; arrives, 6:45 p. m.; except Sunday, St. Croix Falls (leaves Broadway depot), 6 p. m.; arrives, 9:15 a. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN,
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
TONIGHT Tuesday and Wednesday.
First time in St. Paul of Chas. Frohman's production of the Laughing Hit
THOROUGHBRED
By Ralph Lumley, direct from the Garrick Theater, New York, with
THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE
And Its Great Cast. Original Scenery and Appointments. Prices, 25c to $1.00. Matinee, Wednesday, 25c and 50c.
Nov. 23—Sol Smith Russell.

GRAND POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE.
NEVER BETTER THAN NOW.
GUS J. HEEGE, —IN— A Yenuine Yentleman.
Matinee Wednesday.
Coming—Saved From the Sea.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

ST. AGATHA'S CONSERVATORY Of Music and Art.
26 East Exchange St., St. Paul.
Piano, violin, guitar, banjo and mandolin taught. Lessons given in drawing and painting. Call or send for prospectus.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the Postoffice, St. Paul, Nov. 16, 1896.

Free delivery of letters by carriers at the residence of owners may be secured by observing the following rules:

First—Direct plainly to the street and number of the house.

Second—Head letters with the writer's full address, including street and number, and direct answers to be directed accordingly.

Third—Letters to strangers or transient visitors in the city whose special address may be unknown should be marked in the left-hand corner "Transient." This will prevent their being delivered to persons of the same or similar names.

Fourth—Place the postage stamp on the upper right-hand corner, and leave space between the stamp and directions for postmarking without defacing the writing.

Persons calling for letters in this list will please say they are advertised, otherwise they will not receive them.

ROBERT A. SMITH, Postmaster.

Adams Miss Winnie	Anderson Axel
Affpolder Ernest	Anderson Mrs Chal
Allen Mrs Lizzie	Anderson Miss Elma
Altmann Miss Teressa	Anderson Miss Mary
Anderson Miss Ada	Anderson R H
Anderson Miss Amanda (2)	Andrews C E
Ball Mrs E L	Bjornass Miss Lina O (2)
Ballschmeiede Miss Carrie	Blackstone Miss Louisa
Baldwin W T	Bozol Joseph
Bander C T	Bolan Joe L
Banning J W	Boldin Harvey
Bargdahl Ed	Boorland Miss Mary
Bareau Herbert	Booth Auther S
Beamer L D	Borr Mrs C B
Becker Miss, 1261 Como Boulevard	Bongie Louis N
Bell H C	Brackett E S
Bell Mrs Jim	Brandt Geo C
Benedict A J	Brissel Miss Maude
Benedict C H	Brown David (2)
Bense Mrs Maggie	Bruener Mrs, Holly at
Benson Miss Anine	Burnell R P
Besser George	Butterfield Mrs Mary
Carpenter C Whitney	Clark T L
Carr W E	Clauson Miss Lizzie
Carroll Frank	Cole Dan
Capser M Sr	Cole Miss Winifred
Ch