

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

GRAND CHAIN

Fin Pope of Rago was here on business Tuesday. J. H. Morris of Dongola, Ill. was on our streets January 4. A. W. Merwin, of Olmstead was in town on business Monday. J. R. Evers was in Belknap on business the first of the week. The infant child of Tom Little near Oaktown died Tuesday morning. Mrs. John Merchant sold her homestead here in town to J. F. Reichert, Tuesday. Hon. Geo. E. Martin of Mound City was here between trains Monday on business. Mrs. Nan Steers returned Monday from Pulaski where she has been visiting for some time. Mrs. Kate Moore and children have been sick the past few days but are better at this writing. J. M. Jones went Tuesday to Metropolis, Ill. to attend the Masonic school of instruction. Dr. A. W. Tarr attended the Pulaski County Medical society, which met in Mound City Tuesday. Every body read "Oliver Twist" and be ready for Professor Trumon's lecture to be given here at the Christian church on the evening of January 11. Don't fail to attend this.

MOUND CITY.

Mrs. E. S. Miller, who has been seriously ill, is improving. Mrs. Wm. Stern is recovering from a severe and long-time illness. Mrs. Minnie Snyder Overstreet is visiting relatives in Benton, Ill. The Mound City Dancing club meets fortnightly on Thursday evening. Robinson's store—eight miles north—one negro dead and two others in jail. I. W. Reed has established a news depot and confectionery in the Current block. Probate court has been adjourned over 'till next Monday, by Judge John D. Bristow. The directors of the First State bank will hold their annual business meeting on the 13th inst. There are twenty inmates of the county jail awaiting the action of the grand jury next week. Chas. D. Bristow, circuit clerk, has purchased the St. Charles hotel in Beechwood and will have it operated. Ex-Sheriff Charles M. Gaunt will be traveling solicitor for the Enterprise newspaper under its new management. Married, in Mound City on the 1st inst., Mr. Ray Overstreet to Miss Minnie Snyder, Rev. J. M. Sutherland officiating. Rev. W. Baker, formerly of Anna, has been called to the rectorship of St. Peter's Episcopal church and is in charge of the mission. Major Dan Hogan is making a round of the counties in Northern Illinois in the interest of his candidacy for secretary of state. J. T. Polk, owner of the canning factory, has called a meeting of all interested in producing crops for the use of the concern to assemble in Mound City, on the 15th inst., at 2 P. M. A house to house telephone system for the accommodation of the better class of farmers and the business men of the villages is being installed at Olmstead, America, Villa Ridge and their vicinities. Circuit court convenes here next Monday, 11th inst., and Judge A. K. Vickers of Vienna will preside. It has been anticipated that Judge W. N. Butler of Cairo would hold court here this term, but no so. R. B. Cotter, manager of the Metal Bound Package plant, is negotiating for the erection of a number of cottages of the better class five and six-room structures. They will be situated on upper Commercial avenue. Mrs. O. L. Bartlett, wife of the manager of the Bartlett hoop factory, has just returned from her erstwhile home in Eaton, Ind., where she went a week ago to attend the funeral of her venerable father, David Brandt.

EXILED NUNS HERE.

Dominican Sisters Settle in New Home Near Baltimore.

Permanent Convent to Be Established on a Pretty Spot in Maryland and Where They Will Soon Be Shut Out from World.

In a severely unpretentious house, whose uncurtained windows stare blankly out on Mount Druid Hill, Baltimore, the first of the exiled nuns of France have found a temporary shelter. The house is now called the Convent of the Perpetual Rosary, and the sisters are the Dominican nuns of Rouen, whose convent of Bon Secours was closed by order of the French government. It is evidently their intention to settle permanently in the United States, for they have purchased, at Irvington, near Baltimore, 15 acres of ground, on which is a pretty house, containing 16 rooms. The property cost \$28,000, and an architect has been instructed to prepare plans for a chapel and other improvements at a cost of \$100,000. The house is now being transformed into a convent. When all is ready the sisters in the old world will be notified and a general pilgrimage to America will be begun. By that time the convent grounds will be inclosed by a wall 12 feet high, which will shut from the view of the world the Sisters of the Ancient Order of St. Dominic. When the gates have closed on the exiled nuns they will seldom afterward be seen outside their convent grounds.

The Order of St. Dominic is a curious one in that its discipline is a little more elastic than that of most bodies of the kind. The aim of the founder appears to have been to consecrate to the service of the church such talents as men and women possessed, rather than to cloister beings who would thereafter be of little use to humanity, and the Dominican nun who has a talent for art in any form may devote her life to its cultivation. The French nuns embroider the magnificent vestments worn by dignitaries of the church and fashion statues and paint pictures to adorn sacred structures. The order is one of the most progressive in the Roman Catholic church, and there are already many Dominican sisters in American cities.

They visit the sick, teach in school, act as "mothers" in the institutions for founding widows, provide employment for old women and homes for working girls. In appearance they are scarcely to be distinguished from other Roman Catholic orders, for over the ghostly white costume, which is said to have been revealed to St. Dominic by the Blessed Virgin herself, they wear whenever they leave their convent a black mantle, which nearly covers it. Always worn, conspicuously, however, is the rosary, for St. Dominic is credited with having introduced this religious symbol. The sisters decline to discuss their plans for life in this country or the causes which led to their emigration. They declared that they bore no ill will to their persecutors in France, and even regarded the action of the French government with some degree of satisfaction, since it had led to their coming to America and finding an ideal home. Their only desire now, they say, is to retire from the world and fulfill their various missions quietly and without ostentation.

Pontiffs Once Wore Red. There are many people who will doubtless be interested to know that it is only since the thirteenth century that the popes have been accustomed to wear white. Until that time they were always arrayed in the red robes now affected by the cardinals. Boniface VIII, in 1294, however, realizing that the red was no longer a distinctive color of the papacy since his predecessors had accorded to their legates abroad the right to wear it, issued a decree granting to all the members of the sacred college the red robes which they now wear, and decided that white should henceforth be the hue of the raiment of himself and of his successors. The popes, however, still retain from these ancient days the red hat which they wear out of door and the red mantle as well as the red shoes.—Detroit Free Press.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable merit.

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable, Hood's Sarsaparilla Unites the best-known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism—prove Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best blood purifier ever produced. Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

LEBAUDY PUTS ON ROYAL AIRS

Stiles himself Jacques L. Emperor of Sahara, in His Letters—Expects Splendid Reception in Paris.

Jacques L. emperor of Sahara, is making preparations to have himself received at his residence, 6 Rue de Berri, Paris, where will float from the balcony his Saharan flag ornamented with two lions, supporting a shield bearing as a device a laborer pushing a plow attached to a motor.

"His majesty" has been a busy man since landing at Hamburg. He sent a letter to Capt. Jures, of the cruiser Gallie, thanking him for rescuing the five abandoned sailors; he received hundreds of letters and telegrams addressed "Jacques L. Emperor of Sahara," and he announces his intention to imitate Andrew Carnegie, giving a large sum to the arbitration court, which he wishes to pass on the legitimacy of his claim to the new empire.

Lebaudy's plan for religious instruction may displease Premier Combes, for 25 brothers of the Christian Doctrine order and 18 daughters of the Holy Ghost will attend to the religious education of the settlers; also 14 missionaries have been engaged for the capital, Troja, which is still unbuilt. The throne for the inauguration has been ordered from a Paris upholsterer, and Lebaudy's official paper is inscribed "Empire of Sahara, liberty of conscience, force, work, manufacture, commerce, agriculture, labor."

Lebaudy has summoned 11 men, whom he calls "ministers of state," to Glion Switzerland, for consultation relative to his plans; he has secured a quota of colonists and is now preparing for a second waiting list. He is arranging for an army of 100 men, commanded by a lieutenant general, who will draw a salary equal to that of the commander of any army corps in France. The first settlers start on November 15.

Lebaudy will soon visit England to buy a printing outfit and adjustable houses; he will next issue a proclamation to the powers. In the meantime the French press calls on the government to take action against Lebaudy, some calling him a pirate, while all demand that he defray the expense of the government cruiser Gallie, which liberated the men who now bring damage suits. The papers declare it is all like a page from Jules Verne.

PHOTOS OF FREAKS.

Specialty Has Proved Lucrative to Photographer in Gotham—"Takes" Only Living Curiosities.

Not far from the Cooper Union is a photograph gallery devoted almost entirely to freaks, says the New York Times. Sometimes a few pugilists get in there, but as a general thing they patronize a shop kept by an ex-pugilist a little further down the street.

In the freaks' shop you will find at almost any hour of the day giants and dwarfs, skeletons and fat men, but many pin cushions and sword swallowers—in fact anything that is included in the museum and circus line, on exhibition from ten cents to one dollar. Nothing in the way of a legitimate freak escapes. But once let an outsider—that is, a man whom the patrons of the show do not consider a genuine freak, like the sole Martinique survivor, at Barnum's—get in there, and he gets no picture.

The photographer began with picking up chance freaks in the circus about ten years ago. He personally sought out freaks and took commission on the number of photographs sold in the shows. The freak photographer doesn't do that now. He knows that he has a facility for photographing freaks better than anybody else, just as others excel in sporting scenes and some in handsomely gowned women. Every man, of any good, in every profession has his strong point, and this man's is in posing freaks to the best advantage. His name is on pictures sold in freak shows in New York or anywhere else this side of San Francisco. His bank account would compare favorably with the bank accounts of many fashionable photographers.

House on the Rocks.

Once upon a time there was an ambitious man who desired to found a great and prosperous house, so he worked and worked, and then worked more, and after that continued to work.

While he worked and accumulated wealth to his desire, he saved and invested and reinvested over and over again, while a large family was growing up under his roof.

Finally he and his children found themselves firmly grounded in the Four hundred, and had no fear of any social winds or floods that might beat against their house.

Moral: A house to stand must be founded on "rocks"—N. Y. Herald.

DEVICE FOR LUNCH CARDS.

Considerable Ingenuity Displayed in Arranging for Fashionable Country House Affairs in the East.

At a luncheon recently given at a fashionable country house the place cards were prettily suggestive of the various nationalities of the young women guests, says the Chicago Chronicle. Each card was an oblong of white drawing paper and painted in water colors with a bar of music from a song characteristic of the particular country, an appropriate bit of landscape being combined with it. Thus the young woman of English descent had a bar of "God Save the King" on her card, and above it a tiny hedge with wild roses painted at the edge of a meadow. The German young woman had the "Watch on the Rhine" for her bar of music, and a miniature view of the famous river and one of its famous castles.

The girl who had a noted French ancestor received a card having a bar of the "Marseillaise" painted on it and a bit of bridge over the Seine. The Scotch lassie had "Here's a Health to Prince Charlie" for her song, and a tiny figure of a Highlander crossing a moor on her card. The girl of Irish extraction had a bar of the "Wearing of the Green" and a border of shamrocks. The American girls received "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and a sketch of the Reliance at anchor as a card decoration. Several of the girls were of New York Knickerbocker stock, and a bar of an old Dutch song, with a sketch of a historical New York locality, were cleverly put together to make up their cards. A bow of orange ribbon tied them.

FIERCE BAND OF INDIANS.

Some of the Curious Beliefs Concerning Our Government Entertained by the Night Hawks.

The Night Hawks are a band of Indians in the Cherokee nation who are incorrigibly opposed to the abolishment of tribal relations. We gather from a story in the Vinita Chieftain the following beliefs of these Indians: They say they will not file on their lands, because they did not enroll when the Dawes commissioners took the census. They claim the United States government has nothing to do with them, and that the secretary of the interior has no power, and that England will come across the water and destroy this government. England will bring suit against the United States for them, and Uncle Sam will give them back their courts, and that England, Germany, Spain and Cuba will see that this is done.

They claim to have a secret attorney in Washington, and that the president of the United States and Mr. Hitchcock do not know who he is. They claim their attorney is from London. They say this country will never be allotted without their consent. They pin their faith to the old treaty of 1767. They say they have a treaty with Great Britain dated 1117, on the 41st day of February. Any one who reveals a secret is to be killed like a dog. Some of them claim the Night Hawks will be in Aela next year. Those of them who voted this year are to be exiled to New Mexico. Their lawyer in Washington will have the Indian agent order the Indian police to remove them.

OLD AGE REVEALS ROMANCE.

Love Story Brought Out by Sixty-Fourth Birthday of a New Jersey Woman.

A sad romance is brought to light by the recent celebration of the ninety-fourth birthday of Miss Mary Ann Terhune, who lives with her aunt, Mrs. Harvey Green, at Orange, N. J. Miss Terhune has never been married because of a vow she took when she was 20 years old.

She is the daughter of the late Garrick Terhune, of New Brunswick. She was engaged to be married to a young physician of that place. The day had been set for the wedding when the physician was stricken with an illness that soon caused his death. Miss Terhune then declared that she would never marry. The aged woman has outlived nearly all of her immediate relatives, and now, although her age has made her feeble, it is her proud boast that in all her life she has never required the services of a doctor. She posed for her picture the other day for the first time since she was a young girl.

TO ADD "STOCKING ROOM."

Up-to-Date Chicago Bank to Install Apartment for Use of Female Customers.

A decided novelty in the shape of a "stocking room" is to be a feature of the new Jackson trust and savings bank, which is to be opened in Chicago soon. The room is intended to secure women customers for the bank. This statement was made recently by one of the organizers of the institution.

A "stocking room," he explained, "is not, as its name would seem to signify, a place where women's hosiery is sold, but simply a room in which she can reach her money without embarrassment. When a woman patron visits the new bank she will not be compelled to admit with a blush that she would like to make a deposit of money, 'if you men will turn your heads.' She can go to the 'stocking room' and transfer her cash from her stocking to her pocket book."

In Kansas City recently one of the banks installed a "stocking room," and it proved so successful that the women depositors grew rapidly in number. A Hopeless Case. "At least you will try to celebrate Thanksgiving in the proper spirit," said the jovial person. "I suppose so," answered the man who is constitutionally gloomy; "but I don't see much prospect of success. If I don't have a turkey and mince pie dinner, I'll feel slighted; and if I do, I'll have indigestion."—Washington Star.

HAIR TELLS CHARACTER.

Color of Hair Said to Indicate a Person's Temperament.

Many people believe that blonde, or light hair denotes affection and dark hair constancy. A person without hair is not devoid of character, far from it. The disposition of the average bald-headed man is to show such solicitude for the welfare of others, that he neglects himself. A germ causes baldness. Prof. Sabouraud, of Paris, France, inoculated a rabbit with Dandruff germs, causing it to become totally bald in five weeks' time. To rid the scalp of these dangerous germs it is necessary to apply Newbro's Herpicide.

"Destroy the cause—you remove the effect." Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

HUMAN ILLS DUE TO SOAP.

Writer in London Times Starts an Interesting Discussion—Views of the Specialists.

A short letter printed in the London Times stands out among such all-absorbing topics as the possibilities of war in the near or far east, the fiscal question and other matters of grave interests. The writer of this letter refers to the announcement that a royal commission is about to be appointed to investigate the physical deterioration of the English people.

He proceeds, says the New York Sun, to declare the conviction that this deterioration is due to the excessive use of soap, which removes the natural oil given by the Almighty to protect the body, and thus exposes it to rheumatism, chills, disease and dirt.

The writer boasts that he has not used soap for 30 years, while all the time he was doing the hardest kind of work at sea, and yet he never had a twinge of rheumatism or any other ailment.

The appearance of this letter was the signal for a general press investigation into the philosophy of soap. Physicians, dermatologists, complexion specialists and even recruiting sergeants have been interviewed on the subject, with the result that soap comes forth victorious and is declared to be an absolute necessity of life under modern conditions.

The Lancet admits that soap is not calculated to make the skin supple, because it removes the natural oil, but cold cream is a remedy for this.

"Nevertheless," said the Lancet, "not a few people manage to maintain personal cleanliness without the use of soap at all."

HER SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Put Her Ticket Away So Safely It Was Hard to Get When Wanted.

She was going on a journey—the first she had ever taken alone. At least that was the inference naturally deduced from her actions, writes Elliott Flower, in Brooklyn Eagle.

She was reading and trying to look like an old traveler, when the conductor came along.

"Ticket, please," said the conductor. "Oh, yes. I have one," she answered brightly. "That's all right; it's safe."

"Let me see it, please." She looked startled.

"Do—do you have to see it?" she asked.

"I can't let you ride unless I see your ticket," explained the conductor.

"I—I never thought of that," she said, nervously. "Everyone cautioned me against losing it, so I—"

"So you promptly lost it!"

"Oh, no. I have it. I told you so before. I know where it is, but—"

She looked up at him anxiously, but the conductor was obtuse. Perhaps he was not a married man.

"Oh, what's that?" she exclaimed, suddenly, pointing.

There was a wish of skirts as he looked in the direction indicated. When he looked back at her, wondering, she was holding the ticket out to him.

"Take your old ticket," she cried, hotly, "and I hope you and your old road go to smash!"

Bit of Wall Street Life.

Life is not all stocks and bonds and margins down in Wall street. The other day a reporter opened the door of a prominent broker's office, and was startled to behold three brokers and two clerks on their knees on the floor around a small but self-possessed kitten. The kitten, was sitting with her tail curled around her front feet, paying not the slightest attention to any of them, while two of the brokers purred ingratiatingly, the clerks meowed, and the third broker fired her with a steely glance. As the reporter paused in the doorway and gazed in amazement, the kitten rose languidly and made her way between two of the brokers over to the waste basket, where she began playing with a bundle of papers. Then explanations were forthcoming. "We found her outside," one of the brokers volunteered, "and got her some milk and brought her in here. We were betting on whom she would go to. The conditions were that we could make any conditions we wanted to, but we were not allowed to move or to call her. The bet is off," he added, regretfully.—N. Y. Sun.

Mistake in a Street Car.

Said a man on a street car who had already given up his seat as he nudged a familiar friend who still kept his: "Why don't you get up and give the woman a seat?"

She, who was standing, glared at him.

"Sit!" she said, "I will have you know I am a lady!"

"Ah! Beg your pardon, madam," he replied politely, "I do, you for a woman!"—Portland Oregonian.

Mrs. Hayfork (in country post office)—Anything for me?

Postmaster—"I don't see nothin'."

"I was expecting a letter or postcard from Aunt Spriggs, tellin' what day she was comin'."

Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did you see a postcard from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sallie?

"Yes; she's comin' on Thursday."—Petoskey (Mich.) Lyra.

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Steamboat and Ferry Landings Opposite.

Two Blocks From All Railroad Depots.

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Uncle Joe's "GLAD HAND"

BAR, a Strictly First-Class Saloon, Next Door to Hotel.

W. F. SMITH'S NEW JEWELRY STORE

For New and Up-to-date Christmas Gifts Consisting of Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass, China, Etc.

Fine Repairing a Specialty.

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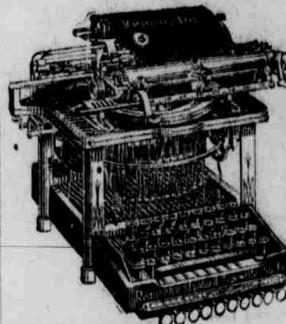
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You don't always have them when the shirts come back, but if you patronize us you will have reflected in the bosom the polish which pleases. Not the highly glossy coating over a yellowish shirt, which betokens poor washing or bad water, but the clean, well finished bosom, bands and cuffs.

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D. BOWES, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

In seven years, it is said, there has been one instance of legal execution in Utah, and that took place last month, when a convict murderer was allowed to decide for himself whether he should be hanged or shot. He naturally preferred shooting, and was speedily dispatched. A strange feature of his trial was that testimony against him was admitted which was supposed to be directed by revelation from the heavens. Some parts of Utah have evidently not shaken off all their old traditions and superstitions.

A VEST-POCKET DOCTOR.

Never in the way, no trouble to carry, easy to take, pleasant and never failing in results are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. A vial of these little pills in the vest pocket is a certain guarantee against headaches, biliousness, torpid liver and all of the ills resulting from constipation. They tonic and strengthen the liver. Sold by Metzger's drug store.

Goldsmith: Every absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.

Years ago you never heard of a pendicilia. Why? Because grandfathers and grandmothers used Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea as a preventive. 25 cents, tea or tablets. Paul G. Schuh & Son.