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Wood. Cord wood and stove wood always on hand at GURLEY WOOD YARD, Telephone connection. Hotel Royal Bar. Hayden & Hayden, proprietors. Neat and quiet. Very finest wines and liquors. Superb lunch at 10. Old friends and customers as well new will meet a hearty welcome.

Everybody goes to Joe Lenman's when they want a good meal, or ice cream. The Big Muddy lump is strictly cold-weather coal. Telephone Egan or coal. Buy the "Big Muddy" lump coal. Keep warm and give your imagination a rest. "Telephone Egan for coal."

For the best and freshest beef, pork mutton, veal, spareribs, fish and oysters go to Crippen corner Fifth and Frankling. Our goods and our prices do our advertising, we find it best in the long run. PARKER BROS.

A J. Leslie for first-class watch clock and jewelry repairing. Same building with H. E. Ambold Austin Avenue. You do not have to draw on your imagination while seated at a fire of the "Big Muddy lump." On the contrary, you have to "draw back" from the "generous heat." Remember the Big Muddy and take no other. Telephone Egan for coal.

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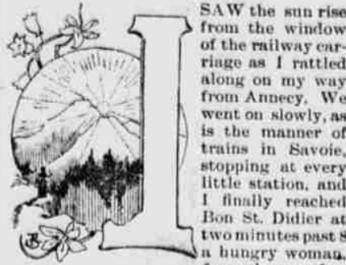
Mardi Gras. Tickets on sale February 28 and 29, good for return passage 10 days from date of sale. For maps, folders, sleeping car accommodations, tickets or any information, please call on or address, J. E. SMITH, Ticket Agent M. K. and T. Ry., No 124 South Fourth street, Waco, Tex.

PARADISE ON EARTH.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON WRITES CHARMINGLY OF LES VOIROIS.

A Place in the Sunny South of France Particularly Adapted to Lovemaking. Honeymooning and Luxurious Idleness—Notes of a Recent Visit.

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I SAW the sun rise from the window of the railway carriage as I rattled along on my way from Anney. We went on slowly, as is the manner of trains in Savoie, stopping at every little station, and I finally reached Bon St. Didier at two minutes past 8 a hungry woman, for whom, after all, nothing better waited than chicory coffee and bad bread. I had to wait till past 1 o'clock p. m. for the Les Voirois wagon, in what was called the restaurant of the station. How to pass those five hours was a problem. Happily I had pen and ink, and I set to work and wrote letters, pausing only to eat a forlorn luncheon of fried veal and sodden potatoes.

To leave Bon St. Didier is of itself enough to raise one's spirits, and I welcomed the "carriage" warmly. I mounted beside the driver and found him a good man and true, properly proud of the beautiful scenery through which he conducts his passengers, and which I was ready to admire to his heart's content.

The ten miles which climb from St. Didier to Les Voirois occupy four hours. Looking at the mountain from the valley below, you fancy it must be like climbing a ladder to get to its summit; but the road winds and doubles, and winds and doubles again—and now you face the east and now you face the west—now you are looking at Mont Blanc, and now at the blue waters of Lake Lemnan smiling below. And as you go on and up, wild flowers thicken about your way, and you get into the sweet breathed shelter of the great fir woods, and your spirits rise with the rising way.

At 5 o'clock you come in sight of the Hermitage—the solitary hotel on this mountain top. The guide book of Savoie tells you it is a "magnificent hotel!"—otherwise I should have said it was the simplest and most primitive place imaginable, but thoroughly neat and comfortable, and pervaded by such a spirit of friendly hospitality that you feel at home at once. The view which the hotel commands is the great thing, and that must be a joy forever. On one side is the Alpine range, with Mont Blanc the crowned king of the whole. On the other you look down to Geneva, which seems like a toy village in the distance, to the blue waters of Lake Lemnan and the mist robed Juras beyond.

The site of this hotel has many a legend connected with it. It is called "The Hermitage," because it was formerly the retreat of certain hermits who founded a convent there. But its traditions go much farther back than that. Long ago, when



WROTE LETTERS WHILE WAITING.

the world worshipped the gods of Olympus on this very spot, the pagans erected a temple to Venus. In this temple was an oracle of much note, and, long after Christianity had conquered the valleys, Paganism still reigned on these heights and the mountaineers used to come to the Venusberg to consult the oracle. But at last a certain godly bishop of Geneva was so scandalized by these performances that he led a band to overthrow the temple and break the statue of the goddess, and so, henceforth, the oracle was dumb, and poor Venus lost her shelter. But Satan was not disposed to quit his old haunts, so he entered the country and tore in pieces all pious travelers who refused to deny the name of Christ and the apostles. But this could not last.

One day while hunting in the mountains that good Christian, Chevalier Amedee de Langin, encountered this satanic wild boar. The boar devoured the servant of de Langin in a trice and wounded the chevalier himself, when the noble gentleman uttered a vow that if he were delivered from death he would build on the spot a chapel and consecrate it to the Holy Virgin. This excellent offer was accepted by the higher powers, and the wild boar forthwith expired under the sword of the knight. The Sieur de Langin erected the chapel according to his vow, and beside it he built a hermitage, whither he retired from the gay uses of the world and passed the rest of his life in penitence and prayer. In the chapel he set up a statue of the Virgin, of which the figure was black, while the face was gilded. This "Black Virgin," as she was called, worked many miracles, one of which was in favor of a beautiful girl named Brigitta.

Brigitta was a shepherdess, and one of the hermits saw and loved her—for, alas, sin enters sometimes even into the abodes of the holy. Brigitta herded her sheep quite near the Hermitage, which was a pity,

for it was putting temptation in the poor hermit's way. Suddenly he rushed out and caught her in his arms, and she cried aloud on the Black Virgin, and with her cry she gave a leap—an awful leap—over the near precipice. The hermits all rushed forth and sought for her, and found her an hour later quite unharmed, for the Black Virgin had sustained her in her fall and deposited her gently at the foot of the precipice. And do I not know that this is true, for I have seen the rock whence she jumped, and they call it to this day the "Saut de la Pucelle"—the Maiden's Leap.

After this wonderful miracle the chapel was repaired and the Black Virgin was set bravely upon her pedestal and people came to seek her favor more numerous than ever. Hermits of high degree sought refuge for their bodies and peace for their souls in the Hermitage, and all went well until 1709, when the monastery being burned, the hermits had to retire to Anney and the Black Virgin was taken to a church in Boege, where I believe she reigns still.

Since that time the mountain top of Les Voirois has been given over to more worldly uses, though there is still a chapel there near the ruins of the old one, and the good cure lives in his little house near by and gathers from among the guests of the hotel a small congregation of the faithful for his daily morning mass in the little chapel.

Some years ago, I don't know just how many, Dr. Lombard, of Geneva, wrote a good deal about the immense benefit to be derived from mountain air, and called much attention to Les Voirois, the air of which place seemed to him of so remarkably invigorating a quality that he greatly deplored the absence of any accommodation there for visitors. Thus it came about that one of the mayors of Boege built the hotel called "The Hermitage," and threw open to the public this spot, which I think I may justly call a "Paradise on a Hill-top." The view of Mont Blanc from Chamouny is not at all comparable for beauty with the nearer view from Les Voirois. The prospect there is the noblest and most beautiful I can recall anywhere—indeed it is said by the much traveled to be one of the most beautiful views in the whole world.

On the east is the whole chain of which Mont Blanc is king. And you never see these glorious mountains twice under the same aspect. Sometimes the air is so clear that they seem preternaturally near, and



ALONG THE WINDING ROAD.

that means that a storm is threatened. Sometimes the lower mountains are covered with clouds, and you would fancy a great inland sea rolled before you, out of which Mont Blanc lifted, like a strange god, his snow-crowned front. I have risen to see the golden glories of the sunrise break over these mountain tops. I have lingered to see the afterglow of the sunset flush them with rose color as soft as lines the heart of a sea shell. I have seen them with a full moon hanging in the clear sky and bathing them with pale splendor till they seemed like hills in ghostland. And morning, noon and night their beauty thrills me with an ever fresh surprise.

The wonder is that people live here just as they live down in the lower world. I see them flirt and gossip and play billiards, and laugh at bad jokes and smoke their indifferent cigars just as if this were not Paradise, and the gates of some golden heaven did not open just above the heights.

I must own that of all places I have ever seen this would be the very Garden of Eden for lovers. In every direction paths lead up or down among the fir trees—paths soft with the fallen leaves of many a vanished year. The air is full of the sweet, balsamic odor from the myriads of trees. The climbing is just steep enough to give excuse for the constant service of a helping hand; and here and there are seats on which to sit and dream while the tempered sunshine sifts through the green boughs, and the happy, unafraid birds call to each other over your heads. I am sure the world hardly holds so charming a spot for a honeymoon as Les Voirois.

I have seen one pair of lovers there who had been married for twenty years, and had not got over honeymooning yet, and still made the most of their opportunities as if they had been newly betrothed. I suppose it was the influence of the place.

It is cheap bliss, moreover—for the highest price any one pays for room and board is two dollars a day, and the denizens of the star chambers under the roof pay but \$1.40. The hostess prides herself and with good reason on the excellence of her table, though it would seem a difficult thing to supply it thus liberally on the top of a mountain nearly as high as Mount Washington. You cannot possibly spend any money there for frivolities, since shops and their temptations are of the lower world. The far off cares and tumults of that lower world do not vex you. On the heights, why should you listen for vain rumors from below?

In the two weeks I was there no drop of rain fell. Suns rose in glory and set in splendor. Soft winds shook out the balmy odors from the balsamy trees; flowers sprang up by the million in the meadows, and I felt like saying to those afar off, "Come hither, for here is the Garden of Eden, and here shall the sad Peri find again the lost Paradise." LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

What Whalebone Really Is.

Owing to a popular misconception this substance, whose more appropriate name is "baleen," has been called "bone," while it really contains no bone whatever in its composition. It resembles rather a number of hardened hairs cemented together by a sort of gum. Chemically it consists of a basis of albumen hardened by phosphate of lime, the latter, however, in very small quantity. It takes the place of teeth in certain species of whales, especially the Greenland and southern whale.

A full grown Greenland whale yields about a ton of the substance. The whaling vessels usually bring it in pieces of ten or twelve blades each, but sometimes, if the voyage is long, the sailors have time to strip off each blade and divest it of its hairs. In preparing them for use the blades are cleaned and softened by boiling for about two hours; while still hot they are fixed in large wooded vises and shaved into the required sizes.

These slices or strips are dried smooth by steel scrapers and polished with either emery or dry quicklime. Besides its original usage in stiffening corsets and the waists of ladies' dresses, whalebone or baleen is employed in making walking sticks, snuff boxes covering telescopes and whip handles, and even making some kinds of artificial flowers. The fibers detached in slicing the blades are used instead of bristles in cheap brushes, and sometimes instead of hair in stuffing mattresses.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ancient Laws and Lawmakers.

In ancient days nobody but a lord was deemed worthy to establish rules of conduct for the people, and very crude rules they were too. The Greeks at the time of the Trojan war, the Jews, the Irish and the Anglo-Saxons placed a money value on every crime which man committed. Thus it cost about \$65,000 of our money to murder a king and only \$4,000 to kill a priest. If the fine was not paid, then the friends of the king or the priest could fall on the murderer and kill him. If one man scratched another's face he had to pay for it. Such were the laws of the lords, but as civilization advanced and the common people got seats in legislative assemblies, criminal jurisprudence took on dignity and wisdom. Now we have good laws and virtuous lawmakers, as a general thing, but we still maintain the notion that a lord is better than anybody else.—Cleveland Leader.

Often Longed For.

Little Boy (pointing to window of rubber store)—What's them? Mamma—Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get wet. Little Boy—I wish I had one. Mamma—Why, what for, my dear? Little Boy—To wear when you wash me.—Good News.

A baggage car containing every piece of scenery and every costume of the "A Fair Rebel" company was recently burned. The company had to suspend business for a month.



Kept up for years—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's addressed to you, if you have Catarrh. It's a reward of \$500, if they can't cure you, no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing—an offer that's made in good faith by responsible men.

Think what it means! Absolute confidence in their Remedy, or they couldn't afford to take the risk. A long record of perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases—or they couldn't have faith in it. It means no more catarrh—or \$500. If you fail to be cured, you won't fail to be paid.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get \$500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

The World is Better for It.

The world is better because of such a remedy as Ballard's Snow Liniment, because this article relieves it of much pain and misery, and we are thus enabled to enjoy its brighter side. It positively cures all forms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sick Headache, Lame Back, all Sores and Wounds, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Poison, Eruptions, Corns, Weak Back, and all pain and all inflammation on man or beast. Its the best because its the most penetrating. Beware of all white liniment which may be palmed off on you for Ballard's Snow Liniment. There is none like it. Sold by H. C. Risher & Co.

Steam Sausage Factory.

Fresh Fish. Fresh Lard. Fresh Oysters. Fresh Spare Ribs. All Kinds Meats And Sausage. Cheap for Cash. J. C. Stafford.

We give employment to more people and have more teams engaged in delivering our "justly celebrated Big Muddy lump" coal than any other dealer in the city. Telephone Egan for coal.

Dr. Geo. P. Mann, dentist. Full sett of upper or lower teeth, \$12.50.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The NEWS is not responsible for nor will it pay any bills unless authorized by a written or verbal order from the manager.

No. 1411.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McLennan County, Greeting: F. E. McClain Administrator of the Estate of F. M. Mesfield Deceased having filed in our County Court his final account of the condition of the Estate of said F. M. Mesfield Deceased together with an application to be discharged from said Administration. You are hereby commanded, that by publication of his writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of McLennan you give due notice to all persons interested in the Account for final settlement of said Estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the March term, 1892, of said County Court, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the Court House of said County, in Waco on the first Monday in March 1892, when said Account and Application will be considered by said Court.

Witness my hand and seal of office, at Waco this 3rd day of February 1892. J. W. BAKER, Clerk County Court McLennan County, Texas, by T. H. Brown, Deputy.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McLennan County, Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Jas. R. Sparks by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in McLennan County once in each week for four successive weeks previous to return day hereof, to appear before the Honorable District Court of McLennan County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof to be held in the Court House in the City of Waco, on the first Monday in March, A. D. 1892, then and there to answer the Plaintiff's Petition, filed in said Court on the 28th day of January A. D. 1892, wherein Martha J. Sparks is Plaintiff, and Jas. R. Sparks is Defendant, File No. of suit being No. 5849. The nature of the Plaintiff's demand is as follows, to-wit: A suit for divorce for separation from the bonds of matrimony based on the ground of cruel and abusive treatment, desertion and failure to support. Herein fail not, and have you then and there this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF SAID COURT, at Office in the City of Waco, this 25th day of January, A. D. 1892. ATTORNEY: Z. F. BEASLEY, Clerk District Court, McLennan County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McLennan County, Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Helen C. Crosby by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in McLennan County once in each week for four successive weeks previous to return day hereof, to appear before the Honorable District Court of McLennan County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof to be held in the Court House in the City of Waco on the first Monday in March, A. D. 1892, then and there to answer the Plaintiff's petition, filed in said Court on the 28th day of January, A. D. 1892, wherein E. L. Crosby is Plaintiff and Helen C. Crosby defendant. File No. of suit being No. 5848. The nature of the Plaintiff's demand is as follows, to-wit: A suit for divorce from the bonds of matrimony based on the grounds of abandonment. Herein fail not and have you then and there this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF SAID COURT, at Office in the City of Waco, this 25th day of January, A. D. 1892. ATTORNEY: Z. F. BEASLEY, Clerk District Court, McLennan County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of McLennan County, Greeting: You are hereby commanded, to summon by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks prior to the return day hereof in some newspaper published in McLennan County, Texas, George Miller to appear before the Honorable District Court of McLennan County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be held in the Court House, in the City of Waco, on the first Monday in March, A. D. 1892, then and there to answer the Plaintiff's Petition, filed in a suit in said Court on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1892, wherein Alice Miller is Plaintiff, and George Miller is Defendant, File No. of suit being No. 5823. The nature of the Plaintiff's demand is as follows, to-wit: If said Plaintiff seeks a judgment for divorce on the grounds of cruel treatment, and abandonment, by defendant for three years HEREBY FAIL NOT, and have you then and there this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF SAID COURT, at Office in the City of Waco, this 25th day of January, A. D. 1892. ATTORNEY: Z. F. BEASLEY, Clerk District Court, McLennan County, Texas.