A WONDERFUL PRESS.

REFERRING TO THE DAILY JOURNALS OF CHICAGO.

The Splendid Support Given to It by the Merchants of the Place—Comparatively Small Circulation Obtained—Reasons for This—Journalistic History.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, May 31.—If there is anything distinctive about the newspaper press of Chicago it is its commercial character. I mean by this the magnificent support given it by commercial Chicago in the way of advertising—a support which enables the newspaper publishers to print journals of much greater excellence than would be warranted by the earnings which come more directly from the readers. There are only five English morning papers in Chicago, the third city of the country, and yet not one has a circulation as high as 50,000 copies daily. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston there are several journals which print nearly 100,000 copies each. Chicago is the center of a vast country, reached by a score of railroads, and Chicago has a larger population than Boston; yet the combined circulation of the five English morning papers of this city does not equal that of the two leading papers of Boston, nor that of the two leading papers of New York. An explanation of this is easily found. First, the country immediately adjacent to this city, outside the suburban district, is but sparsely populated compared with the rural population of New England and the middle states. Moreover, the people of thriving western towns and minor cities depend less upon the metropolitan press than the dwellers in towns of like size and similar location as regards the nearest great cities in the east. The provincial press is probably better developed and more enterprising in the west, and in catering to and retaining its home constituency has been largely aided by the splendid service afforded it by The American Press Association, which as a purveyor of news rivals the older press associations, and as a provider of general reading matter is without a rival in the world. The second and greatest cause of Chicago's poor showing in the matter of newspaper circulation is the fact that three-fifths of the population here is of foreign birth or parentage, these people being largely non-readers of English papers. Still another cause worthy of mention in connection with the circulation of the morning press is the large circulation enjoyed by the evening press, one journal, a penny paper, selling more than 100,000 copies daily. I have pretty good opportunity for judging the circulation of the papers of Chicago, and my figures run like this for the morning press:

Tribune	45,000
Herald	40,000
News	35,000
Times	20,000
Inter Ocean	17,000

This is a small output, individually and collectively; and had these papers only such advertising receipts as are enjoyed by eastern journals the press of Chicago would necessarily make but poor comparison with that of New York, Boston or Philadelphia. But Chicago is an advertising city; its merchants, wide awake and enterprising, believe in the use of printers' ink and pay immense sums of money therefor. The more favored journals get from twenty-five to thirty-five cents an agate line for their space, and of such lines there are fourteen in an inch. That makes about $75 a column, and reckoning five to fifteen columns sold daily, and from thirty to seventy columns on Sunday, it is easy to see how great must be the revenue of the more prosperous journals. Undoubtedly The Tribune, News and Herald earn more money each year than is necessary to defray the entire expense of running their establishments, excepting only the cost of the white paper used. The Tribune certainly does, for its profits exceed $200,000 a year over and above a lavish expenditure for news. On a recent Sunday The Tribune consisted of thirty-two pages, twenty-three of which were filled with advertisements, and the advertising earnings for the day are said to have exceeded $14,000. Much of this was from the "classified" advertisements—to rent, help and situations wanted, for sale, etc.—of which The Tribune has a monopoly on Sundays. On the same Sunday the other morning papers were but little behind The Tribune, one printing twenty-eight pages, another twenty-four and another twenty. Quite a number of trades firms expend for advertising an average of $1,000 a week, and one merchant has paid for several Sundays past, as is his custom in the spring, more than $2,000 each Sunday for advertisements in the Chicago papers.

FAC SIMILES OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND HERALD.

If any one thinks I am dwelling too much upon the finances of the Chicago press, and saying too little of its news, editorial and literary sides, let them remember that this lavish use of the newspaper columns by home merchants is the distinctive feature of the Chicago press, and that it is the revenue thus afforded which enables the publishers to make their papers what they are.

Notwithstanding the disparity in numbers of readers, the Chicago press is at least the equal of that of New York, and certainly superior to that of any other city on the continent. The Chicago press is not literary, nor pedantic, nor overburdened with dignity; and yet it is far from sensational, having reached a happy medium between the "everything goes" and "goes like thunder" era of a dozen years ago, and the dull dignity professed by some eastern journals. Chicago papers are well written, though not so well as those of New York or Boston, and are much more discriminative and better balanced than those of the latter city. They are well arranged, no longer offend the eye with typographic monstrosities, nor the moral sensibilities with those things which should not anywhere be printed. It is a singular fact that the leading newspapers of cultured Boston are much more given to sensationalizing than those of Chicago, out here in the rowdy west. As newspapers, pure and simple, the Chicago journals may be said to lead all, not excepting those of New York. To my notion The Chicago Tribune excels any other paper in the United States as a newspaper. Probably it pays more money for telegraphic dispatches than any other, and all the matter which comes pouring in is edited with great care and intelligence. As a purveyor of the news of a day—events occurring in all lands and all places reached by a telegraph wire—this paper is without an equal on the continent. "It has the space and the money, too." All great newspapers are great machines; but they are something more than machines—they have soul and consciousness and quick perceptions and vast resources, mental and physical. In this The Tribune excels. It has a perceptiveness, an eagerness, a timeliness, an appreciativeness of opportunity, and enterprise to improve it quickly and well, possessed by but few journals in this country.

FAC SIMILES OF THE CHICAGO TIMES AND THE DAILY INTER OCEAN.

What I am saying is not intended so much as praise for The Tribune as it is to describe the Chicago press by using The Tribune, its best example, as an illustration. The Tribune leads, but it has not all the excellence in town, or it would be head and shoulders above everything else in its field; and this it is not. The Times is really as good a newspaper, but it is too much of a machine. It is too perfunctory, handling well what comes to it in the ordinary course of business, but failing to reach out with ingenuity and enterprise. It is as much unlike the old Times that Storey printed as it could be. Storey's Times was always turning something up, always startling people; the modern Times does nothing of the sort. Storey used to send men as far as steam and stage coach could carry them if there was any prospect of their finding something good, particularly if it happened to be a rich scandal. It is a fact that The Times once had a professional scandal editor, who handled everything of that nature, traveling from the Rockies to the Alleghenies in search of subjects for his salacious pen. The famous headlines of The Times, which helped make that paper the most notorious in the country, are no more. In their place are seen the most commonplace headings imaginable. It is no secret that The Times is steadily going down hill. It is gradually losing in circulation, partly because of the machine made aspect and partly because of the high price of 5 cents still asked for it, The Tribune and Inter Ocean having come down to 3 cents. The Times is under control of the courts, and is likely to remain there evermore. The concern is now barely paying expenses, and is compelled to take advertising at lower rates than any other paper in town. It is still very popular in the country, where its chief strength lies. In Storey's time The Times was the leading paper of the city; it was most talked about, had greatest influence and circulation. Now it is in fifth place. Could the famous old editor, whose name is still carried at the top of the editorial column thus: "The Chicago Times, by W. F. Storey," look out from his tomb and see his paper as it is, he would doubtless make a superhuman effort to rise from the grave and, setting foot in the office, discharge everybody from office boy up in his old time style. I do not mean to say that the famous old Times is a ruin; it is not quite so bad as that, but unless matters mend it soon will be. Newspapers once prosperous and healthy can withstand a good deal of sickness and hardship and still live, but I should not be surprised if in five or six years the splendid property were to be sold out at foreclosed sale. There are plenty of bright men on The Times staff, but the absence of its controlling genius has given the dry rot a chance to creep in, and as a consequence the paper lacks vicinity and originality. For the first time in its history The Times is now an administration journal. Mrs. Storey, the dead journalist's widow, persisted in fighting for possession of the paper, and the remaining heirs are equally determined to keep her out. Meanwhile the paper is really controlled by Lawyer W. C. Goudy, President Cleveland's confidential adviser in Chicago.

FAC SIMILES OF THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, MAIL AND JOURNAL.

After a long struggle The Tribune managed to overcome the lead of The Times and take place as the first paper of Chicago. It was not able to do this until about the time Editor Storey lost his mental grip. The Tribune is now one of the best newspaper properties of the world. It is capitalized at $300,000, and the 200 shares are quoted at $10,000 each. At that rate The Tribune may be said to be worth $2,000,000. One hundred and ten compositors are required to set the type for The Tribune and 150 on Saturday nights. About 100 editors, reporters, etc., are employed, their work being here in the city. The Tribune is owned by the Medill family, and is determined to have Blaine nominated for the presidency next year.

The Inter Ocean is the remaining paper of the first class—that is, eight pages and high price. It was founded in 1872 by J. Young Scammon, then a very rich man, rated at $3,000,000. Now he could not raise $5,000 in cash. So much for the man who started a newspaper. But it was not the paper which impoverished him. The panic of 1873, a bank failure, too many mortgages, etc., are responsible for his fortune's disappearance. The Inter Ocean grew out of The Republican, of which Charles A. Dana made a brilliant paper, but a financial failure. Millions of dollars have been swallowed up in it, and even yet it manages to live only from hand to mouth and by dint of much drumming and bustling. It is heavily in debt, but its manager, William Penn Nixon, is a genius, and nobody doubts his ability to pull the paper through.

Undoubtedly the second journal in Chicago in point of influence and popularity is The Herald, a two cent paper, which is only seven years old, but which is making a great deal of money. Not much money was ever spent on it, either, and its success has been almost phenomenal. It is The New York Sun of the west, lacking The Sun's weaknesses, but also failing to possess many of its prototype's strong features. The strength of The Herald lies in its editorial astuteness, its independence and at the same time its fairness, in its close attention to home news and gossip, its special features of local interest and its model business management. The Sunday edition of The Herald is probably the most popular paper in Chicago. The Herald was started by a coterie of young journalists, who made a success from a professional point of view, but lacked the money to carry their venture long enough to reap the reward. But this is nothing new in the history of newspapers. The Herald excels in the local field, and has a larger circulation in Chicago and immediate suburbs than any other morning paper.

The News is printed both morning and evening. Started a dozen years ago by some young men with a few thousand dollars capital, it is to-day earning a profit of $75,000 a year. The evening edition is the most extensively circulated paper in the west, and but few daily papers in the world excel it in number of copies printed. Each evening The News prints and sells about 115,000 papers. It is almost literally true, as the publishers claim, that "everybody in Chicago reads The Evening News." The Morning News is also a successful journal. It is a singular fact that the morning and evening editions of The News, though owned by the same persons, are managed as distinct properties, financially and editorially. There is a complete staff of editors and reporters for each issue. The News is managed with energy, and, like The New York World, likes to attract attention by doing odd things in a conspicuous manner. An instance is a two page article, illustrated, on the subject of "Chicago rats," printed not long ago. The rodent was written up and pictorialized from every conceivable point of view. The News is also strong on detective work, and its editor is never so happy as when in command of a corps of professional sleuth hounds, running down criminals, elections frauds or official thieves.

Ex-Postmaster General Hatton's Evening Mail is about the brightest afternoon paper in the city, and, after a long struggle, is now able to pay its way. Mr. Hatton has made many friends in Chicago, and has won a great victory in building up his paper in so short a time. The Mail has a circulation of about 60,000 copies daily. Like The News it is sold for one cent. The Mail is straight Republican, but anti-Blaine.

The Evening Journal is the remaining English evening paper. It is the oldest paper in the city and caters to the wealthier classes, enjoying a circulation of about 20,000 among the best people of the city. It is sold at two cents.

There is not one straight Democratic paper in the city. The Tribune, Inter Ocean, Mail and Journal are Republican, the News Mugwump and the Herald and Times Independent, both indorsing the administration. The News, Herald and Tribune print pictures, each having an accomplished artist on its staff. About 800 printers find employment on the English dailies of Chicago, and about 200 editors and reporters. The average earnings of the printers is $25 a week, and of the editors and reporters about $30. The two fast mail trains which leave this city every morning at 3 o'clock carry about 25,000 copies of the Chicago dailies to the people of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

WALTER WELLMAN.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S PROPHECY.

His Son Tells How He Predicted the Rebellion.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Col. John Brown Jaw, the son of Parson Brownlow, the noted fighting preacher of the rebellion, was speaking to me to-day of some of the reminiscences published in Allen Thorndike Rice's book on Lincoln. During the conversation he spoke of the article by the artist Wyatt, who painted Lincoln's portrait for him and who describes a scene in which Mr. Lincoln, looking at a picture of himself over the mantel spoke substantially as follows: "Parson Brownlow says that I am half negro, and if you look at that picture you might think so."

John Brownlow does not believe that Lincoln made any such statement. He says his father certainly never said that Lincoln was half negro, for Parson Brownlow had long held a high respect for Lincoln, and he had had some correspondence with him previous to the time this incident is said to have occurred. Said Col. Brownlow: "There was a statement published over the south that Hamlin was half negro, and it may have been that my father quoted this article, as did many of the other southern papers, and President Lincoln may have said in his laughing way that Parson Brownlow had said that Hamlin was half negro, and, to look at that portrait, one might think that he also had negro blood in his veins.

"My father," continued Col. Brownlow, "foresaw the war years before it occurred. When I was at college in Virginia the election of 1856 took place, and my father wrote me in regard to the result. He spoke of the election of Buchanan and said: 'In four years from now we will have another presidential election. The Democratic party will divide and will take one candidate from the north and another from the south. They will be defeated and a Republican will be elected. The south will not submit to this, and the cotton growing states will secede. I don't think Tennessee will go out of the Union, nor will the other border states. The north will not consent to this secession, and we will have a war of several years' duration.' All of this prophecy came true, and I would give $100 if I had in my possession that letter, the contents of which are photographed on my memory."

THOMAS J. TODD.

A New American Prima Donna.

[Special Correspondence.]

CLEVELAND, O., May 31.—Miss Amelia Louise Groll, the young singer who is engaged by Carl Rosa to sing in London during the queen's jubilee, is an Ohio lady. She is scarcely 23 years of age and is a striking type of a blonde. She studied at the Cincinnati College of Music when 17, and at 19 carried off the highest honors of that institution. She traveled for a season with an opera company through the western states in 1885. In 1886 she went to Paris and studied for the stage, at the same time singing in an English church. After a year of hard study she went to Berlin and Vienna, and sang acceptably at both places. During the last carnival at Rome she sang under the management of Zöfondi. She also sang in Bologna with success, the Gazzetta dell' Emilia, of Bologna, praising her voice and execution. Miss Groll has received many flattering offers to visit America, but it is not likely that she will return to the United States for several years. When her season in London expires, she is under contract to go on a South American tour. She will then return to Rome.

MISS GROLL.

Quite Too Enthusiastic.

Wife—What do you think of the new girl, John?

Husband—Was that her that just let me in?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Well, she's just a daisy.

Wife (coily)—Think so?

Husband (enthusiastically)—Think so! Why, she has a complexion like a moss rose, and eyes like—like—I don't know what. And her teeth are splendid, too.

Next day when John went home to dinner he was let in by a girl with a complexion like polished ebony, eyes as large as saucers and teeth like two rows of piano keys.—Boston Courier.

At Coney Island.

Hotel Proprietor—What yer doin' down here?

Guest—I got a little chilled in the surf, and I was directed to the engine room to warm up.

Proprietor—Oh, I see. Well, perhaps you'll find the boiler behind you more comfortable than the ice cream freezer.—Tid Bits.

A Remarkable Memory.

"Did you hear that Miss Highkicker has married old Moneybags?" said a New York gentleman to a friend, as the lady in question—or rather the questionable lady—tripped down the stairs of a fashionable residence.

"No, it isn't possible?"

"Yes, he is married to her. She confessed the whole history of her life to him, including all her flirtations."

"You don't say! What a wonderful memory she must have!"—Texas Siftings.

A Heartless Joke.

"I say, Dumley," whispered Featherly Sunday afternoon, and he looked cautiously about, "How would a bottle of ale strike you?"

"Oh, Featherly," responded Dumley, with an earnestness that was pathetic, "if you can put me outside of a bottle or two of ale you need only name your reward."

"Say no more, but come with me," said Featherly.

A moment later he said to the drug clerk: "Two bottles of ginger ale, please."—New York Sun.

FISHERS FOR COD.

SECONSETT, A VILLAGE ON THE FURTHER END OF NANTUCKET.

How the Husbands and Fathers and Brothers Go Down to the Sea in Little Boats and Brave the Dangers of the Deep with Stout Hearts.

[Special Correspondence.]

SECONSETT, May 30.—Nantucket is somewhat remote at this time of year; but the fishing village of Seconsett, at the further end of the island, eight miles from Nantucket town, is remoter. We have now no railway, no stage, no regular mail, no telegraph, no store, no postoffice, no hotels open, no church services on Sunday. Our store is opened for the public convenience on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Our population numbers about forty souls and bodies. There are 120 empty summer cottages, all of which will be full of occupants in a few weeks.

Seconsett a few weeks hence will have a population of 400 or 500. Its twenty able bodied men are now off in the boats yonder cod fishing. You can just see them on the hazy ocean, one man to the boat—mere bits of black outline on the water. The black upright dot on it is the fisher. On a calm day that is all the Seconsett wife or maiden sees of husband or lover. They put off at certain times of tide when the fish bite best. Sometimes they are all afloat by 5 in the morning, and a beautiful picture it is to see these dots riding on the broad sheet of golden radiance cast on the sea by the rising sun. One man will pull these "dories" on the very edge and sometimes in the very crest of a big wave tumbling on the beach. I have had some boat experience on various seas, but I never saw such skillful handling of a boat by one man in ocean breakers. Watching his chance as he comes in with perhaps 200 or 300 pounds of codfish, he will put himself in the right place atop a heavy breaker and let it shoot him almost high and dry on the beach. I saw yesterday boats so coming in whose bows, as they were shot forward, projected two or three inches over the beach they were being rolled on by the sea behind them. These Seconsett fishers are as careless of these tumbling masses of water as are the mammoth seal in the breakers of the Farrallone Islands off San Francisco. I have seen them anchored and fishing on the Pochick Rip here where, as the long breakers rolled in, they were apparently all out of water one moment and under it the next. Pochick Rip is at certain turns of tide an ocean Hell Gate, roaring, foaming, seething. Compared to it the East river Hell Gate is a mere wash bowl of maritime agitation. Further out at sea, off Seconsett, are Bass Rip and the "Old Man's Back," dreaded by sailors, and in whose sands lie many a vessel's bones. These sands are about a mile from shore, their presence being indicated now and then by the gleam of white foamy breakers. You see dimly a mast sticking out of water. The natives one morning about six weeks ago saw three masts where now you see but one. They found out eventually they belonged to a three masted schooner from Bangor, loaded with lime. She strayed on the shoal at night. Nothing has ever been heard of the crew. They went down with her or were capsized in the breakers after taking to their boat. These events are relatively common here. These shore sands are full of wrecks, some completely buried out of sight and many yards from where the sea is now pounding pebbles into sand.

The fishermen's cottages at Seconsett are maritime constructions on land. Some are over a century old. In cases the builder would not allow himself a window bigger than a stern port. A man of Nantucket, who has lived on the sea seven tenths of his life, can't bear to see daylight streaming through a window as big as a barn door. It looks insecure, and in case of a storm a sea might be shipped through such an expanse of window glass. The streets here were not laid out. They came up or drifted in of themselves. As a result they narrow and widen in sudden and eccentric fashions. Since the village has become a summer resort attempts have been made to regulate them and make them behave themselves in something like town fashion. But the line will straggle like an old fashioned general training. Sometimes the hen coop is at the front—sometimes the house. Then they've stuck names on every little gap between two cottages and called it a "lane" or "street." Such attempts to be a town remind one of a small boy in his pa's pants. The result is neither good for the boy or the trousers.

The cod fisher's "dory" is the result of a great deal of experience and study for fashioning a craft for rough water and ocean beach landing. They came into use about twenty odd years ago. Stern and bow rise a foot higher than the waist. There is a small area of elliptically shaped flat bottom. A flat bottom slides easily up and down the sandy beach. A keeled bottom cuts in and furrows. If the "dory" is swung by a wave broadside to it is still swept up the beach on a mere scum of water. If a keeled bottomed boat is swung broadside to she sticks, rolls over and the next wave may smash her sides. The next wave only slides the "dory" further up the sands. These are very important considerations where, instead of a pier landing, smooth water and a flight of steps, you have only a swash of tons on tons of foam and sea green water every twenty seconds. The "dory" is the most difficult boat afloat to capsize.

Of course, every one knows that codfish are salted and dried in the sun. But every one does not know that a codfish must be handled about twenty times before it is cured. It must be put under cover in damp weather or it will spoil. It must be put under cover at night, for the nights here are always damp. It won't dry properly in every shade of sunshine. If the sun is too hot it cooks the fish and ruins its flavor. If the sunshine is hazy or semi cloudy it won't answer. The fish are always going on and coming off the "drying stages." Now you may see why it is that the weather is an article of such importance here.

How little here do we care or know of the great, troubled, miserable world on the continent. The family with whom I am staying do not take even a weekly paper. We do not want one. We don't see the necessity or advantage of having the catalogue of the world's miseries, murders, suicides, fires, plagues, smashups and burglaries dumped on us fresh every morning. We have events enough here. Yesterday Levi Coffin caught seventy cod. The day before our hen came off her nest with only four chickens.

We set a new hen last night. Somebody has let foxes loose on the island, and they are killing hens at an alarming rate. We keep a great many hens here. The town pump is being repaired. Besides this the island is on fire. It has been on fire for days. It's a scrub oak, meal vine and dry grass fire. It has covered miles of the bare, bleak island, rolling up a great cloud of smoke as it eats its way to windward, about three miles from us. By night it glows a line of flame in the rolling hill brows. The Seconsetters are not much alarmed unless it gets into the swamp, about a mile from the village. There are no houses or fences where it has burned, and it has blackened many a mile of hill side.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

A Fair Inference.

"Pat, you've been drinkin' again." "Beggin' yer pardon, but I've not, sor." "Phew! Your breath convicts you; what would you think if you should come into my room here and be greeted with unmistakable evidences of the fumes of whisky?" "Oi'd think, sor, it'd be mighty indecent of ye not to be lavin' the decanther there a gintleman could help himself."—Yonkers Gazette.

A Devoted Relative.

The worthy Guibolliard has just lost his mother-in-law.

He had the following touching inscription engraved on her tombstone:

"She lived but for my happiness; in fact, she'd do anything for me. Her death proved it."—French Fun.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at Charles Ludlow & Co.'s drug store.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with phthisic, also diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

I. B. & W. Ry.

Grand celebration of the anniversary of the application of natural gas in mechanical arts at Findlay, Ohio, June the 8th to 10th inclusive. The almost phenomenal growth of Findlay caused by the discovery of natural gas and oil, renders it one of the most interesting places at any time, but on this occasion the citizens have arranged a most extensive and elaborate programme, which will consist of inspection of the great gas wells, oil fields and manufacturing establishments in operation. Competitive drill of the Patriarch's militant, military drills and parades and band contests for which prizes ranging from $250 to $1,000, will be awarded. A sham battle, laying on the corner stone of the new rolling mills, glass works, iron and steel mills, driving of the silver spike on the belt railroad, laying of the first rail of the Electric Street railway, grand illuminations and fire works, banquets and balls and numerous other attractions. Tickets will be good going June 7 to 10, and returning until the 13th, inclusive. One fare for the round trip from all stations on the I. B. & W. and Ohio Southern railways.

Probate Judge Follett, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who absconded, has been discovered to be both an embezzler and a forger. His defalcation is not less than $30,000.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by F. A. Garwood.