two or three years since he drew to himself as an acuta, bold and shaker, by his work on "The Religions of Philosophy," about whose seed merits the critics have not even test any definite agreement. It has a present the control of out it. Some claimed the the new and powerful assailant of the mean and powerful assailant of the mean of theology, if not of religion while as many hailed him as a years champion of the faith against that of materialistic science and rephilosophy. At any tate the ng philosophy. At any rate the

to the troubled waters of literature yet far from tranquilized, and the was still going on as to whether a that had arisen for religion or for infi-t, as to whether Prof. Royce were an or-thenlogian or a rationalistic philoso-le himself assumes a new role differ-ant of the still be not dashing, and giving us the most dashing, at and stirring volume yet issued an Commonwealth" series. His of California attacked some of the enished the halo that had shone heroes of the early days of Californian piory. With almost cruel zeal he tried to rip every shred of romance from the char-ters and deeds of those golden days, and aubstitute in its stead the severely sober arts of plain, unvarnished history.

now, lo, this fierce iconoclast and sorn historian again takes us by surprise by suddenly turning in his tracks, as it were, and writing a novel? His "Fend of Oak-neld Creek" is just out, and I don't donis it will be widely read and attain to considerble popularity.

In one sense Prot. Royce's spring from torian of California to this novel is not as great as was his jump from philosophy -or logy, whichever it was-to history. For The Feud of Oakheld Creek" is a tale of California life, and expressly illustrative of at life as it was up to about six years ago. As such it is no doubt very valuable. It does for modern California, if I may call it so, what Bret harte's unrivalled earlier takes have done for California of thirty-five or forty years ago. We get what is no doubt as forty years ago. We get what is no doubt as correct as it is graphic a picture of leading lypes of recent society in San Francisco, as heat Harte gave us of society at Roaring Camp, Poker Fiat and Five Forks. And we probably need it, less we here in the East at least continue to think of California and her ofteness as we blame Europeans for thinking of America and American civilization.

So far, then, Prot. Royce's novel may b taken as a kind of filustrative appendix to his history ; depicting for us the blustering but good-hearted old pioneer, Alonzo Eldon enjoying his millions, and planning great things with them ; his physically, intellectually and morally degenerate son, Tom, type of the generation that has failen heir to the ploneer's wealth without the pioneer's wealth without having done anything to earn it; the tramp-scholar, school teacher, journalist, Escott, enticed thither during the gold fever, disappointed, embittered, yet retaining some of his teste, principles and lofty ideals; the attenturer, Boscowitz pracrumbas threwd, living of the weaknesses and follies of his tellow men;

tion, and many other phases of life there. For all this, I suppose we ought to be grate-

ful. But I confess I am not. Bret Harte's gold miners, roughs, gamblers, with all their uncivilized wildness, are more pleasant to contemplate, and more wholesome by far, than the characters represented as typical of than the characters represented as typical of California society of to-day in Prof. Royce's book, especially when presented in the half-cynical, half-mocking, never serious tone I feit pervading the book from cover to cover. It may be meant for "raciness," dash,—but to me it is simply Mephistophelian. It utterly spoils the book for me. Traces of the same marred even some portions of this author's history. I have no reverence for ideals. Laugh and sneer as much as you please while tearing them down. But curl not the lip, nor touch with irreverent hand, the pure and lofty ideals of human lite. It may be "smart," but it is neither philosophy, his-tory nor true art.

I imagine, however, that Prof. Royce doesn't care a fig for art. At least he writes in a style that seems almost studiously, de-fantly, inartistic. It is often inelegant, even manty, maristic. It is often inslegant, even slipshed, sometimes cumbersome, though not often; for usually he writes clearly enough and forcibly, too; but it is the unpolished plainness and force of the dashing newspaper writer, not of the finished and conscientious literary artist. It is a lault inexcusable in a book like his.

It appears rather odd, too, that he should pay so little attention to literary grace; for the school of fiction which, in one respect at least he affects, notably lays all possible stress on style, and in fact owes the greater part of its popularity just to this, that its style is the most graceful, pure, elegant, and highly finished of any in the language. Imagine, for example, any one of Mr. James's or Mr. Howells's later novels written in the style of Prof. Royce's! Who would read them! The one consideration that makes it possible to read their long pages of introspective analy-sis, and endless description and dissection of motive and character, without falling asleep over their, is the charm of their language, the exquisite music of their words and senteness. Now just this is wholly lacking in "The Feud of Oakheid Creek," which would consequently be intolerably dull,—for it abounds in page after page of analysis and description a la James,—if it were not re-desmed from this by the novelty of its char-seters, and their vivacity as well. They are not people such as we meet every day, "Bos-tonians" or "Lemuel Barkers," but such as tonians" or "Lemuel Barkers," but such as are found only in California, perhaps some will say only in Royce's California, unusual, striking, in a certain sense fascinating, teopie. We cannot nelp being interested in them despite style and analysis; they keep us on the alert, expectant, almost excited, all the time. That no doubt is one reason, I hope the main reason, why this book, not withstanding its defects, is so entraneingly, absorbingly interesting, for that it is this no one will deny who has once commenced reading it, nor will be atop reading it till be has read its hast word. has read its last word.

The other reason, I am afraid, is this, that it panders to that morbid and sickly sentitiment just now especially prevalent among novel readers, which finds such a piquant novel readers, which finds such a piquant charm in tales of illicit love, or at least of love bordering as nearly as possible on the forbidden and sinful. For say what you please, the love of Harold and Mrs. Tom Edon is nothing short of immoral and criminal. That she never loved her husband, was wronged sud neglected by him, was of a passionate nature, and all that, does not after the plain facts. Nor does the unnatural circumstance that she banished her lover from her sight and did not marry him even after death rid her of her husband. All this dosen't affect the real case, which is that after she was married to Edon, no matter under what circumstances, she was sworn and morally bound to be true and faithful to him, and that instead of being this, she fell madily in love with mother man, and he with her, and they mutually confessed their love. It may be natural, true to life, and all that; but what of adultery.

That Prof. Royce so manages the circumthat Prof. Royce so manages the circuminces and events of his story, and so deparities his characters, as to make one pity,
imost sympathize with, and try to excuse
ad justify these two adulterers in their sin,
what makes the novel an unwholesome
and morally harmful and lojurious,
the a whole multitude of popular stories
the treat the same essential facts in a simmanner, the effects of it can only be destalling on the reading public. We are
wing entirely too much of this kind of
time; and it is high time that people
try was and understand what it is, and
it means, stripped of its glamour of
false sentiment.

graded as only incidental to the rest, and in-leed is made the means of defeating all the grand and noble plans which h I been laid or reconciling the several partie in the old end. It thus is shown forth as the cause of inhappiness and evil to all concerned. In his the story is far truer and less harmful in is teaching than most others of the same its teaching than most others of the same kind; in fast, of the kind it is one of the least objectionable, and I have chosen it for re-mark only because it is the latest.

So long as a novel's hero and heroine are sinful lovers, and the reader is beguiled toto admiration for many of their qualities, pity and sympathy with them in their ain, and and sympathy with them in their sin, and tempted to extenuate, excuse and spologize for wrong, so long the novel, whatever else it may have or be, is immoral, depraying, and radically evil in its tendency and influence. I am sorry Prof. Royce ever wrote his story.

TREBPRONY BY CRAUKDINARY. The Wonders Accomplished With Heri's Tiny

From the London Times. I was invited to be present to-day at some elephone experiments between Paris and Brussels with a new apparatus known as the micro telephone push button." These experiments, which were made on behalf of the two telegraphic administrative departments of France and Beigium, produced a very lively impression on those present, and I be ieve the new apparatus to be the most perect yet produc As its name indicates, it has the form of an

ordinary electric push button. When the ound at the other extremity, it is taken out and is found to be attached to a long electric wire. There is thus exposed the telephonic plate which is extremely sensitive, so that where it is necessary to speak at short distances, it is not necessary to come close to the instrument. For communications in the same street, or the same house, the operator places the upper part pearer himself, and same street, or the same house, the operator places the upper part nearer himself, and without changing his position he can speak with the correspondent at the opposite extremity. He is not obliged to put his ear to the part which contains the button and brings back the reply. Thus for short distances those who make use of this apparatus speak. those who make use of this appear those who make use of this appear in their craimary attitudes. They may alt or walk about, and speak just as if those they walk about, and speak just as if those they walk about and speak just as if those they walk about and the speak just as if the speak just as if the speak just as it is a spe are addressing were present. When great distances intervene, as in the experiments performed to day, in which the speakers and hearers were separated by 200 miles, it is necessary to come nearer to the apparatus, but without being obliged to speak quite elements. close to it. But what makes this apparatus the most

successful of releptione instruments is that it can be made for a half crown—that is to say for not more than the price of the ordinary push button. Now, as it can be fitted to the electric wire of the ordinary ringing apparatus, it follows that it introduces complete change in our ordinary mode of intercourse. At front doors, in interior rooms of houses, everywhere, in short, where the ordinary electric buttons are used, the telephonic button may be introduced. It will by this means be possible to give or receive instructions, to know who is knocking at the door. to communicate, in short, by speaking as well as by ringing. On the advantage of this in every—tay life it is unnecessary to dwell. The railway companies are making experiments with this apparatus as a means of communication between compartments of car riages. It is being fitted upon trial in hotes I have seen it work at the door of a house where I was replied to by those within with-out their having stirred from their places, and without the door being opened. Be tween Paris and Brusseis, this instrument, osting half a crown, worked with admira ble precision, and it was not altogether with-out an eeric feeling that I listened to a voice, with a slight Beigian accent, coming to me from a distance of more than two hundred

The inventor is Dr. Cornelius Hertz, one day nominated grand officer of the Legion of Honor, next day described as an emissary of Germany, and lastly as the friend, adviser and confidant of Gen. Boulanger, He is in re-ality an electrician whose inventive talent has been stimulated by his residence in America, where there is a boundless demand for improvements in electrical apparatus and in all mechanical contrivances

MADEMOISELLE NORDICI.



An American Cantatrice Who is Gaining

Large Share of Repown Mademoiseile Lilian Nordici, an American cantratrice, is gaining ground as one of the leading artists of Mr. Mapleson's present company at the Royal Italian opera. Made moiseile Nordici is a native of Farmington. and her maternal grandfather was the famous Methodist revival preacher, "Camp-meeting" John Alien. Her real name is Lilian Norton Gower. The young woman first studied in Boston under Mr. O'Net!, and atterwards came to London with Mr.
Patrick Olimore's band, with whom she sang
at the Crystal Palace about ten years ago.
She soon afterwards wisely placed herself
unter the tuition of Signor Sanglovanni, of
Milan, and shoul acceptance. Milan, and about seven years ago she made her debut in "La Traviata" at Brescia. Nordica sang during two seasons in Russis, and in 1822 she made her first appearance at the Grand opera at Paris as Marguerite in "Faust." Mr. Mapleson heard her, and in 1883 engaged her, and she has been a member of his company in America and England almost ever since. Mademoiselle Nordici has a true soprano voice of excellent quality, and she is a thoroughly experienced artist. It has a true soprano voice of excellent quality, and she is a thoroughly experienced artist. It is stated that those who have heard her in the works given at Covent Garden, London, during the sesson of 1886 1887 can have but a scant idea of the extent of her repertoire, which includes not only all the light soprano parts, but also the leading prima donna roles in such dramatic operas as Borto's "Mephistofele," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and Thornas, "Hamilet," which she has sung at St. Petersburg, Paris, Moscow and other large capitals elsewhere.

Viewing the Ground. From the Bridge port Standard.

A cierical gentieman recently met a couple of legal friends looking on at the erection of the new court house. The clergyman in-quired, "Have you come, in accordance with the old invitation, to 'view the ground where ye shall shortly ite "Immediately one of the lawyers repiled: "Not 'shortly,' but continuously and at great length." The min-ister bowed and passed on.

From the New York San. There is much more ink shed than blood-

shed among the slugger chiefs. TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS. Sweet b'ossoms' bright with carly dow, Pure white and rosy pink in hue. Then openest when the sun's warm rays Predicts the Spring's soft balmy days.

Thou waitest not till violets lean O'er marshy swamps and streams unseen Or golden-rod, in yellow drest, Bends stately o'er the ground-bird's neet.

Thou comest early and alone,
Wh-n woods are bars, and flow're unknows,
Content to cheer with modest grace,
Kach sun-lit vale and woodland place.

Thou trailest o'er the hills and delis, Thy tiny, clear and shapely bells, While from thy dainty, copious bloom Thou sendest torth a rich perfume. Fair bloom thou art the gift of love, dent as a message from above, As such we welcome back the fipring, There and thy income printing.

WHY HANKS WAS NOT RE-ELECTED.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

The moon bad hot yet risen, although midnight had passed, an hour before. The stars winked and blinked at each other in a happy social way, and their pale, placed light shone down a selvery haif glow, on the dark forest of Southwestern Missouri, stretching away its sandy way down the side of Server's Knob. A squabbling sound, mixed with bird profanity, came from a wannit limb close to the creek, and presently an ow pushed off from her perch by her grouty mate, went whirling off to another tree, and there grumbled moodily at the meanness of bands in general, and owl husbands a particular.

A tox-squirrel scrambled out on a long limb, and, as he was about to take a flying leap to the bough of one of the clump of paw paw trees close to the roadside, he paused as startled by some movement below.

"I'd like to take a snap shot at that thar squir'i, jest fer luck," muttered a voice from the dark shadows near the foot of the pawpaw trees. "Twouldn't do, though," went on the whisper. "We bala't agoin to take no resks now." "You bet we hala't!" answered another

roice, in a decided whisper.

Then the men lay still for a few moments, and no sound was heard but the grambling of the old owl over by the creek. re of the men resumed about where the conversation paused ;
"No, hit won't do to take no resks, hey,

" You bet ver life hit won't." answered the one addressed as "Shurt," wh pretation meant sheriff. "Too time, ye see. Boys told me. started, 'Hanks,' the boys said. him plumb around the world. " Yes, them's my very words."

"You let they be, Hanks!" sgreed the other admiringly, "An' you'll do hit, too." "Tyler" said the shorid as the darkness hid a delighted grin at the open flattery get 'lected, an' twixt you an' me t'm bound That's what ye are," broke in Tvier.

"Yes, wai, et I'm 'lected agin, I'il make you my deputy agin. You've did fust rate this time, and I reckin you'll do agin." "Thank ye, Shorf" "It did begin to look as ef than mought be

a new Shurt next term, till this here feller stold Kernel Hysson's trotter. The kernel said to me, says he: "Hanks, you git him, an' I'll see that the county has the same Shurf next time." " An' he'll do nit, too."

"An' et l'in Shurt, you'lt be deputy agin, an', thatlore, as the feder says, we're in the same boat, an' will git him er..." . He bust the biler trying. There was a long pause. Presently the

" Him, I reckin. That's no, that hand. yes, by George, that's two on 'eng!"
"Two! that's so! Wonder what hit

"Some pard o' bis'n, I reckin. Wal, we'll see when they git here."
They lay still for several minutes. The two indistinct shadows moved slowly down the side of the knob and advanced slong the

The advanced shadows soon resolved themselves into two mounted men. They ap-proached and passed the clump of paw paw trees, and not a sound betrayed the of the two figures crouched in the shadows.
Then one shadow stirred.
"Durned el I know what to make o' that,"
answered the sheriff's whisper. "That was
him on the fur side. Who was the feller

"Reckin he was a doctor. Looked like hit anyhow. See them that saddle bags ""
"That's what I 'lowed they wur. What

"As the feller said, 'Doggon my sister's cat's kittens, et I know.'" Then they crept from the paw-paw shadows and proceeded to follow in the track of the two horsemen, who had just passed. Presently they paused as a ray of light gleamed through the trees.

As noiselessly as two shadows they advanced toward the light, and soon stood near a log house, shingled with hand-made "shooks," and "chinked" with light hued clay. The light shone from a little window hall covered with morning glory and cypress nes. Soon two faces were peering into the louse through the vines, and their eaglooks quickly changed to wender stares. A woman old and wan, and apparently at the very verge of the grave, reciping in a rude,

home made rocking chair. The face, part turned toward the spies, looked like that of a corpse, and, but for the feeble fluttering of ner breast, they would have thought her aiready across the dark river. Her sleeve was rolled up, revealing an arm thin and skele ton like in the extreme.

Close to her sat the horse thief, a boyish-looking young fellow. The spies looked on with slient amazement as they saw that one of his arms was bare, and that attaching it to the arm of the woman was an instrument which from the manner in which the physi-cian was operating it, lead the deputy to whisper, as they drew back from the window

"The dock's a pun pin' the blood from his arm wto her'n."
Wall," whispered the sheriff, "that that
Wall," whispered the sheriff, "that that

oeats cats a fitin'! I can't make head nur Then they resumed their post of observa

tion at the window.
Vith a grave face and careful movements with a grave face and careful movements
the doctor continued the operation.

As the healthy blood of the young man
poured into her veins the woman seemed
momentarily to gain strength. Presently
she opened her eyes, and a little spot of color
appeared on each cheek. But the color field
from the young man's cheeks and the right
ress from his eyes, and his head said here
the chair as though his strength and falled

in the chair as though his strength had failed him utterly. The physician, in spine of the remonstrance of the other, ceased, and, after some necessary professional duties, prepared to depart. The old lady sat upright in her chair and seemed on the high road toward

recovery.

The young man rose to his feet, and as he stepped teebly across the room he swayed as if about to fail. His strength seemed to have en transmitted to the woman been transmitted to the woman.

When the doctor had emerged from the little log house and passed out to the road where his horse was tied, two dark figures

confronted him. "Hold on that, Dock," called the voice of Hanks, the sheriff, "we want to ax you a lew Who ere you ?" asked the physician.

"No diffence bout us. What was you doin' in that, jest now, a pumpin' the blood from that that feller inty the woman, and what was you doin' it fur?" was you doin' it fur?"

"To state briefly," answered the doctor in curt tones, "I or rather the young man, saved that woman's life to night. He came home a few hours ago, and found her fins mother) dying. She was worn out, exhausted, dying. Then, before I could suggest that the only way to save her life was to transfuse healthy blood into her veins, her son promptly rolled up his sieeves and bade me drain his veins to save his mother's life, her save up his health for many a day, and

ms drain his veins to save his mother's life,
He gave up his health for many a day, and
almost life itself, for his mother. If he was
wanted now a little child could take him."

"Thank ye, dock; good night," and the
two shadows disappeared among the trees.
Not a word was said as they trudged along
through the underbrush to where their
horses were concealed.

"Wal," remarked Tyler without the least inflection. And Hanks replied with an equally and spiritiess "wal."
"He saved her life," said the sheriff, pres-

ently.
"Yes," answered the deputy.
"I wouldn't a did hit."

"I wouldn't a did hit."
"Nur me."
"He stold Kernel Hypson's trotter," remarked the sheriff in wholly accentless tones.
"Reckin he did, lessu Hypson stold hit

"Reckin he did, lesen Hymson stold hit hisself. He's none too good."

"That's fack; reckin he done hit hisself."

"E' he did hit's sorter too bad to take anither feller, of he done hit hisself," went on the sheriff slowly.
"Wal, you're the doctor," as the old man

"Yes, hit what—"
"You're the abur! ?"

"You're the shur! ?"
"Yes."
"No hose thie!, no 'lection ?'
"Wal, I'm no hog. Oace is nufl fer a shur!
to hold office, anyhow."
"Wal, a change o' deputies is a good thing,
I rackin. The boys an' the kerne! Ef we
went the wrong way an' didn't ketch no
hose thie!, his nobody's business, I
rackin."

Wal, I don't want the earth."

He saved her life, the door said."
Yes, an' the boys an' the kernel can go

"Yes, an' the boys an' the kernel can go to thunder."

Then they mounted, and leaving the horse thief and their hopes for office behind them, rode along the sandy path and disappeared over the creet of Sarver's Knob.

Female Suffrage In Kansas. The municipal elections in Kansas last veek were made exceptionally interesting by the fact that women for the first time tool part in them. About 12,500 registered in 2 towns, and a fair proportion joined in canvasing for votes, veting and whooping up nthusiasm for favorite candidates Leavenworth there was a temperance issue be decided, and the Republican candidate for mayor would undoubtedly have been slected had not Mrs. Gougar, a temperano advocate from Indians, made a remark about "society ladies" that brought the latter into etermined and industrious support gar was reported to have said that "the upper stratum of social life in Leaven worth was frightfully licentious, owing to the pres-ence of the inilitary post at FortLeaven worth." The result was a sort of feminine cyclone.

ers of the Democratic candidate. Mrs. Gou-"The upper stratum," determined to punish the liter by defeating Mrs. Gougar's candi-date, at once went to work. Cooks, nurses, and chambermaids were their first converts to anti-Gougar principles, the prospect of an extra half-holiday and a ride to the polis in the family carriage contributing greatly to the prevalence of the view that the lecturer imported from Indiana was "perfectly hor rid." The washerwomen and seamstresses were next looked after, and all day long dur ing the time that the poils were open the in dignant fair sex were driving hither and hither pressing into service every registere voter of either sex who was susceptible to to their influence. Old slik dresses are said to have decided a good many doubtful votes. Be that as II may, the Democratic candidate got's majority of 21, and Mrs. Gougar was re-bused. In Wentle, also, ludicrous aspects of femule suffrage presented themselves. Of the six hundred women registered, three hundred put down their occupation as "sports," and the sports voted solidly at the opening of the pole for the Labor cardidate for mayor and elected him. The rest of the female vote was about equally divided. In Topess the women held the balance of power. of a total registration of 5.494, as many as 1.400 were females, and of the 1.200 who voted about 100 used. Republican tickets. Among the latter was a beliower of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, fully To years old, who, after voting, declared herself "now ready to die," having resided at length the hopes she had so man-fully cherished ever since 1860. As a rule the ladies, it was observed at Topeks, voted straight ticket, though scratchers and insisted on voting for the pas-tors of the churches they attended. One who came to the polls with a baby in her arms was rather to ill rent who she voted for, but having had the benefit of information from the representative of either party, finally cast a straight Democratic ticket. The subjects the women were most interested in were, as a rule, the temperance question and the so-cial evil. Saloons and disreputable houses were vigorously denounced by them at pub-lic meetings. At Leavenworth a number of the latter were visited by a committee of la dies, who alterward at a meeting proposed and had adopted a resolution calling for pro-nibitive fines upon vice. The practical effect of the entranchisement of women in Kansas, as indicated by last Tuesday's election, has been to increase the vote of the party aircady

THE CHLOROPORMISTS. They Are the Cream of the Aristocracy of the

predominant. Its ultimate effect is unce ain. Perhaps it will be to render mo

stringent the restraints now imposed by law on the worse half of the community. This

would be eminently desirable if the better half were as able to enforce as it is to frame laws calculated to make men good.

Criminal Race. From a Paris Letter

The chloroformists, as they are called, are the pristocracy of the criminal race. They are generally broken down society men, and very often medical students who have gone to the bad after having learned, in the course of their studies, the properties of narcotics and ansesthetics. Their chief fields of opera tion are the rail way carriages and the botels. the compartment system of the former giving them every facility for carrying out their de signs. Their method of proceeding in the last instance is as follows: He seeks what is tech pically known as his "portfolio," L &, a rich traveller who affords profitable opportunities for the exercise of his skiil. He goes to look for him at the rati way station of one of the long lines, such as the Paris, Lyons, and Maditerranean road. He watches each per-son that approaches the ticket office to buy a ticket, and selects some one who shows on opening his pocket-book, a goodly collection of bank notes. The chloroformist buys a ticket for the same destination, takes a seat in the same destination, takes a seat in the same compartment, gets into conversation with his fellow traveller, and finally ends by producing a well-filled lunch basket. He was to have been accompanied by a friend, he says, but at the last moment he received a telegram (which he produces) announcing that the triend had been hindered from described that the triend had been hindered from the same that the last moment. That is nouncing that the friend had been hindered from departing at the last moment. That is why he has a supply of provisions for two persons, two sliver cups, etc. He offers to share his supper with his new acquaintance if the offer is accepted, the wine, which is heavily drugged, soon sends the traveller to sleep. If, on the contrary, it is refused, the chloroformist partakes heartily of a solitary meal, and winds up by lighting a cigar, offer-ing at the same time his cigar-case to his com-panion, who, not to seem rude or churlish in ration, who, not to seem rude or churlish in the presence of such genial friendliness, ai-most invariably accepts a cigar. It is "pre-pared" with a strong narcotic, as the wine pared" with a strong narcotic, as the wine had been, and the unincky traveller is soon plunged in a heavy stupor. The chloroformist opens his phial and places it for a few moments under the nostrils of the sleeper, gently applying to the mouth at the same time a sheet of fine parching it, known as the salider," and having the shape of a carnival mask, its function being the exclusion of the outer sir. The victim is soon rendered wholly insensible by the vapor of the chloform. The thief then commences operations in perfect safety. He takes possession of the pocket-book, and empties it of its bank notes, replacing a few of the smallest value. He then puts it back in the pocket from which he had taken it, removes the parchment mask from the tace of the sleeper, and isaving the victim's jeweiry and coined money untouched, gets out of the train at the next station. The motive of leaving his victim in possession of his jeweiry and portmonnale is twofold. If the traveller, on awakening, finds that his watch and chain and his supply of coin are all right, he does not usually investigate his veckettook, so the theft has had been, and the unlucky traveller is soon of coin are all right, he does not usually in-vestigate his pockettook, so the theft has a chance of remaining undiscovered for severa-hours or even days. He may, too, attribute the loss of his bank notes to a piece of care lessness, or to a mistake on his own part. If, on the other hand, as often happens, he does not awake at all, but dies from the effects of the narcotic and the chloroform, the suof the narcotic and the chlorolorm, the su-thorities, finding themselves in the presence of a corpse presenting not the slightest trace of violence, and with money, papers, and valuables, apparently undisturbed, can only attribute the decease to natural causes. It is a startling fact that cases of sudden death in the cars of the great French railways have of late become singularly frequent.

Waste a Bierete.

A bicycle belonging to a Europeau gentisman at a South Maharatta station has kindled such eavious leelings in the breast of a native student in the local high school that the latter has written the European the following imploring epistic: "Most respected Sir—I fall at your leet; if you please, save my life and make me happy. I have the strongest desire to have the biscyle to ride on. Through the contemplation, I have had no sleep, either in the day or in the night. I have been reduced to hair, and if I continue the same course I do not know what my fate will be; I have no money to buy it. Piety has never become fruitiesa, and so the generosity. Your honor should not think that you present me only a biscyle worth of nine rupees, but my life, which will perhaps serve your honor for your life. Now I have become like a helpless sick person and you a doctor. If you give me medicine I shall recover, otherwise not. God will be pleased with you, which is necessary for a man to be happy. Let your great kind and noble mind order your generous bands to present this miserable man with your most beautiful biscyle." Wants a Hierele.

wing the New Styles in Spring Overcont Musiness and Dress Suits, and a Slight Change in the Head (lear and Neckwirom the l'hiladelphia North American.

While the charming society belle has at last accomplished the somewhat difficult task of selecting something suitable to her taste for making up her spring attire, in which she looks just too sweet for anything, her gallant eccort, the male representative in society, has not been slow in selecting his fashionable spring apparel. But he doesn't stop here. Fickle fashion may change to orrow, and surely it will not be long before he will be consulting the summer fashions. The present season will mark the departure or four years, during which materials of the quieter designs have been worn by many men. There will be an increase in the num-ber of fancy goods worn. Last season marked the beginning in this change, and now tatiors are putting in large stocks of faucy goods, plaids, stripes, etc.

The well-dressed short man will wear striped morning suit, while the tall man wil becomingly attire himself in a plaid. Both plaids and stripes are well marked and f good size in the English suitings or woole goods from which the morning costume is made. Though they run in a variety of colors, the predominating shade seems to be

A prominent tailor, in conversation with a A prominent tailor, in conversation with a reporter on Saturday said:

"The sack cost and three-button cutaway are retained in their general leature: as a business suit, though the sack may be considered the neater when made in the more pronounced plaids. The waist of the three-button cutaway has been lengthened a little with extending the skirt and it buttons lower than usual."

lower than usual."

"How about the dress suit?" "New styles are being brought out in response to the demand for a very low opening coat. The two-button cutaway has made its ap-The two-button cutaway has made its appearance, and will probably be worn considerably by many. The outside breast pocket is still to be seen on plaid cutaways. The sleeves should fit snugly to conform to the natural position of the arm. The padding of the shoulders will be avoided. The man with aloping shoulders will naturally order his coat padded a trille in order to produce the square effect. Most tailors are turning out both cutaways and sacks in business suits oth cutaways and sacks in business suit so that they may be worn open."
"Is not the Prince Albert coat going out of fashion?"

Do you mean the frock coat ?"

"Po you mean the frock coat?"
"Yes; a coat which seems to be suitable for most any occasion."
There are not so many orders for the frock coat as last summer, though they will be worn to some extent. Why the Prince Albert or frock coat is still in favor is in the fact that it can be used for a funeral, a wed-ding or an afternoon or evening gathering of most any kind. Its cut conforms to the changes in that of the business or afternoon cost. It is made of the popular wide-wated diagonal, trimmes with galoon binding, with fairly shapely sleeves and cuff trimmed with braid, and having a vent with two but-In spite of the fact that changes in the dress

or evening suits are always slighter, and oc our less frequently than in any other suit, there is a big difference between the dress cost of to day and that of only three seasons ago. The nearest correct style continues to be that with the shawl collar; that is, with the collar and lappel forming one continuous roll. It is urged in favor of this style that it succeeds in making that delicate and so lon desired difference between yourself and the waiter who serves you. The entire front of this coat is faced with a straight-lined ribbed silk, made expressly for the purpose, and extending back from the edge seven or eight

Worsted goods for dress coats are steadily growing in popularity, and in a few years only the most conservative people will use broadcloth. The worsted wrinkle has come to stay in the form of what is called dressed cut cloth, having the appearance of a minute weave of diagonal. These goods have established their strongest advantage with tailors in their elasticity, enabling the cutter to make a good fit, where the broadcloth, possessing no stretching qualities, is rather difficult to handle.

cult to handle.

It is observed that pantaloons are cut wider this season than was the style last year. In fancy goods they will have side seams, finished with a quarter inch welt, except in the more dressy materials, where the seam will be discarded. The trousers of the swell young man now quite verge on to baggines—that is, they will measure nineteen inche around the knee and eighteen at the bottom on an average size man. All trousers are made entirely without a spring nowsdays, because the tailor seeks to give them the appearance of being loose and straight. An innovation in dress trousers is to have the pockets at the side made with a fly and button, so they can be held to the hip for the use of the watch and charm. The top pocket is also in favor, and is made high up and covared by the year.

also in favor, and is made high up and covered by the vest.

The vest of the business suit is cut still lower than heretofore, and the popular style is the single breasted, notch-collar, five or eix button vest. The no collar vest will be worn to a moderate degree. The laney vestings continue to increase in favor, and the variety of designs is quite bewildering. The majority of them seem to be in small figures, combinations of dots, little flowers, stripes, checks, etc., in red and black, red and white, blue and black and other combinations. Fancy vests may have slik twist buttors or buttons covered with the same material; the edges are turned in and stitched, and the corners are cut away slightly at the bottom.

The correct spring overcoat is the single-breasted, fly-front garment of past seasons, made so that it can be worn either open or buttoned. It is of medium length, and possibly slightly shorter than heretofore. The covert coat has sensibly become quite extinct for street wear, and has apparently returned to its original design. The correct garment now has only the plain cloth facing, which is held to give the coat a better character. Of course the silk lining is retained, and the sleeves are lined with slik of the same color and style. Strap seams are fashionable, too. The coat itself is cut from a great variety of materials, of which those most in favor seem to be the lighter colors of goods of the Venetian or buckskin order. The black, widewaled diagonals continue to be popular, and a novelty of the less conservative sort will be the soft cheviots in light browns, grays or drabs, grayish browns making a particularly handsome style. Coats in these materials will be made with the edges turned in and stitched double, a quarter to three-eighths of an inch apart. It is rather fashionable to have these goods made up without an outside breast pocket, in order to avoid the ready-made style. The small outside cash pocket has also disappeared, or rather it is now found inside of the right-hand large pocket under the flap.

"The apring silk hat has a straighter crown with less bell to it," said a prominent hatter, "and is smaller in its general proportions than that of last year. On both the American and English-made hats the rims are quite narrow, though the dip and curve at the side are about the same." The correct spring overcoat is the single-

In a small town out West an ex county judge is cashier of the bank. "The check is all right, eir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is sourcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's reevidence, judge, spones, "Quite likely," replied the ex judge, " we when it comes to letting go of cold dash but have to be careful."

MARGLE TIME. Spring flings her sun-lit rays about And gladness reigns the doors without. Ab! list the jocund boyish shout, 'Tis marble time.

How bright life's morn to you appears, As "knuckie down" I hear you say, Past monories crowd the mind to day, To vanished pleasures point the way, And marble time.

How like to life appears your game, Success the meed of faultiess aim, The maxim "knuccie down" the same

Tet, boys, enjoy your childhood's reign.
And, when you've entered man's domain
The sculptor's art will yield again
A marble time.
— Prom the Boston Budget.

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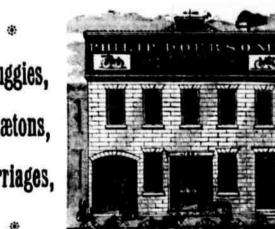
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