## EATH PROM FREEZING.

WELER DESCRIBES HIS EX-HENCE IN THIS LINE.

factigny to the Hospics of the St. Bernard-First Indication of the Wrong-Grange and Bell-

Ca the particular occasion referred to, I served from Martiny at 6 a. m. and insected to traverse the thirty miles to the institute of the Great St. Bernard before that. Time being of consequence, I hought it present, so as to get to the manual of the pass before dark, not to stop at a meal to be cooked at Orsieres or Atton, but pressed forward to the last the before the mow tramp commenced, he Cantine de Prox. There I met with a sema sobleman and his guide. After an interchange of inquiries, and an offer on my part of some chocolate and biscuits to the other travelers, as the cantine was and up that day in catables, we set out meather, and had crossed the Plant de Marango without any presentiment of what was going to happen. The first indication of something wrong was the peculiar appearance which my surroundings seemed to usume. Everything looked hazy to my rision—even the snow and the rocks trying about looked as if enveloped in a for, although the afternoon was beautifully clear. Then I felt that I must sit down and enjoy it; but the guide's flask of kirschwasser set me going again. Very soon, however, the former feeling remarkly recovered me. At last I took to stumbiling along, fell down several times, and at length could not help myself. My companions urged me in vain to arouse to one more effort, but it was useless.

The guide's experience was now of the utmost service. Divining the exact state of the case, and what might happen, he took a very sensible course. Leaving the marquis to see to me, he hurried forward to meet the two monks who always came down from the hospice at a particular hour each day, so as to obtain their efficient help. On their arrival, the marquis either went on, on his own account, or was requested to go forward with the Lews. Anyhow, I was informed the mext day that his report was, that "M. le—had perished in the snows." In the meantime the two monks and guide took me in hand, and, shaking me up, made my hands clasp a belt around the guide's waist, and each of the monks took an ar

resting into that alsop from which there is no waking.

The semestions of that journey during contents gloams of consciousness will have be erseed from my mind. Is there is an exercise of exetatic delight as executed in the content of the content

Another lucid interval occurred just as we approached the door of the hospice, for I saw two or three of the dogs; and then I was lost again, till I found myself in the large room, surrounded by several of the canons. One administered some extract of orange flowers, and that was followed by some warm broth. Then another tagged off my boots, socks, etc., and between them, somehow or other, they got ms into bed. (This particular room would not have been mine if I had gone as an ordinary traveler usually does. I am under dinary traveler usually does. ms into bed. (This particular room would not have been mine if I had gone as an ordinary traveler usually does. I am under the impression that it was looked upon as the best bedroom, being the one used by Napoleon Bonaparte when he stopped at the hospice en route to the Italian campaign.) In the night I woke, breathing very quickly and very hard. The room itself had the appearance of being one mass of cotton wool. Congestion of the lungs had got hold of me now, and I felt very ill indeed. But, however, the next morning I did what the monks had ineffectually tried to impress upon me the night before, and I made an effort. My first duty to others was to see the excellent guide and make him a due acknowledgment; and as the noble and heroic masks, who live only for others, would not bear of anything but thanks, I had recourse to the trone of the church. To the three men I am, humanly speaking, indebted for my life. A grateful heart seed nover be ashamed of its precious burden.—Chambers' Journal.

To go through congress is like going trough a university course. Within the alls of the Capitol there are freshmen, phonores, juniors and seniors in the shool of statecraft, and it often takes ned of statecrant, and is often the serior one be-as asveral terms past the senior one be-a they become statesmen and adepts in domacy. Then they become valuable anadors to the executive and judiciary

With the fund-of legislative perspicacity ained by long training, as the scholar arns his Greek roots, they become val-able servants, shining lights and repre itatives of American institutions, fit stand forth before the world in their ad cacy of the theory of American republi alsm.—Birmingham Age.

## A Breakfast in Costa Rica.

It is rather amusing to notice that in all hotels in this country the first question propounded by the waiter, as he places your chair at the breakfast table, is, in what manner will you have your eggs prepared? That a person can eat his breakfast without eggs seems to be a monstrous impossibility. Not having had the pleasure of breaking bread or the shell of his matutinal egg in the house of shell of his matutinal egg in the house of any native, the traveler cannot truthfully state whether this is an actual necessity or not—C. R. Crespi in San Francisco

The Dog Weshing Profession.

There are all sorts of ways of earning a living in a big city. One of the most recent that has come to my notice is that of dog washing. There is a Frenchman here who makes a comfortable income by washing dogs. He has a graded scale of prices, and is as busy as he can be all day long. For large dogs, St. Bernards, mastiffs and Newfoundlands, he gets \$1 for each washing; for setters, collies and dogs of that size, seventy-five cents; and for pups and other toy dogs, fifty cents. He has his own towels, combs and brushes, but the owners of the dogs supply the soap. As most dog soaps are expensive, and as it takes nearly a cake to wash a St. Bernard, this is a wise armanhement. He also makes a speciality of destroying fleas on dogs, but for this he sake a special price, as it is a tedious fit, for he catches them flea by flea, and, a covery one knows, this is no mean task.

The years ago people not only did not be done to the extent they do now, but did not take the same care of them, here were very few who would have by cents or \$1 a week for dog Now there are any number glad to get it done for the mean dogs to the catches them are any number to a dog lover there is malancholy than an universal of the catches.

HANDSOME SOUVENIRS

Paine, of the Volunteer.

When after the international contest in 1801, in which the yacht America won the cup, London Punch came out with a cartoon representing John Bull and Brother Jonathan as boys sailing toy ships—Jonathan smiling, John looking on with wonder—the editor probably did not suspect that the cup then taken would remain in America for at least thirty-seven



MR. BURGESS' SOUVENIR. But the cup has never been taken away, notwithstanding several well pre-pared attempts to take it. Indirectly this may be attributed to Jonathan's skill in yacht building; directly the national pride is indebted to two individuals, Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess; to Gen. Paine for building yachts to hold the cup and to Mr. Burgess for designing the yachts.



GEN. PAINE'S SOUVENIR.

testimonial has recently been pre sented to each of these gentlemen by the Eastern Yacht club and others who have contributed. The one given Gen. Pain is a silver waiter or salon, oval shaped 26 inches by 18, with two silver handles, and supported by six large ball feet two inches high. It bears an inscription "In commemoration of the three successive victories in defense of the America's cup." It cost \$1.100 and weighs 275 ounces.

cup." It cost \$1,100 and weighs 275 ounces.

The gift to Mr. Burgess is what is called a loving cup. It is urn shaped, something after the form of a Greek vase, with two handles. It was made in England in 1748. It is seventeen inches high, and is made of English sterling silver, and weighs, with the tray, fifty ounces. The inscription reads "To Mr. Burgess, designer of the yachts Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer." It is valued at \$500. Accompanying this gift was a check for \$10,777.50.

THE STRIKE ON "THE Q."

the Locomotive Brotherhood Recalled. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad company, whose engineers and firemen have just struck, is a great cor-poration, running, with its main and leased lines, from Chicago to Denver, and embracing many miles of branch lines, but the Locomotive brotherhoods are powerful organizations—unions reputed to never order a strike till all other means of settlement are exhausted—and so the struggle promises to be a long one.



CHIEF ARTHUR-C., D. AND Q. LINES. So powerful, in fact, are the Brother-hood of Locomotive Engineers and that of Locomotive Firemen, that a general strike of the two would simply paralyze the traffic of the nation and bankrupt thousands of people. On the 138,000 miles of railroad in the United States there are new about 30,000 engineers and as many firemen; of these the brotherhoods con-tain at least 21,000 each, or 42,000 in all. The high average character of the members of these great unions may be appre-ciated from the fact that expulsions and ciated from the fact that expulsions and suspensions are very rare, and nearly all for intoxication, failure to pay just debts, or gross neglect of duty. At least four-fifths, and probably more, of the engineers began as firemen; and in no instance of the former having trouble have the firemen offered to take their places. Chief Engineer P. M. Arthur, chief officer of the brotherhood, has held the place twelve years and has always been considered conservative. ered conservative.

The weak point in the engineers' case is that they are not fully supported by the Knights of Labor. The latter have a grievance over the action of the engineers n the Missouri Pacific strike two years ago. There is also feeling between the two organizations because of complications arising from the recent Reading strike in Pennsylvania. The C. B. and Q. road employs 1,600 engineers—its vast network of rail is indicated by the map here given.

Surface Architecture.

"Architecture is skin deep in Buffalo," said a level headed citizen who lives in a stone house. "That's why you have such terrible fires. Stevenson writes of 'flat chested houses' in English cities! What would he say of the prevailing plan in this city of putting a bronze veneer on the flimsiest kind of woodwork to give an appearance of solidity? You needn't be sur-prised that some of your big buildings burn down. Wonder rather that they stand up till they get afire."—Buffalo

A Judicious Judgment.

In a bridge car the other day a man was reading Stepniak's description of the brutal despotism of the czar's government. Did his blood boil with indignation, and did he described to the control of did he denounce the outrages against human rights perpetrated by it? No, he wasn't built that way. He just turned to his neighbor and remarked, "It seems to me that the form of government in Russia is somewhat too strict." There is a judicious judgment for you.—New York Tribure.

She Didn't Want It. Boston Spinster (in bird store)-That is a beautiful parrot, sir. I am very anxions to have one. Can it talk? Dealer—Oh, yes, ma'am. (To parrot):
"Polly want a cracker?"
Polly (solemnly)—Let her go, Galla-

Exit Boston spinster.—The Epoch.

Intoxicated Mocking Birds. A letter written from Orange, Cal., says that the mocking birds in that local-ity feed on the berries that grow on the Chinese umbrella tree, and that this sort foolishly just after a hearty meal, and stagger about badly intoxicated.—Chicago

## A HUNT IN FRANCE.

DESCRIPTION OF A RIDE AFTER THE HOUNDS IN FAIR TOURAINE.

fast-The Meet and the Start-Death of the Fox-A Souvenir of the Hunt. A Feast.

My chief enjoyment here is a daily visit to the kennels. M. de Marolles has the finest pack of hounds for fifty miles round, and the pride he takes in them is unbounded. There is the keeper of the hounds, who considers himself very nearly, if not quite, as good as his master, and you have to ask this great personage's permission tofore being allowed to visit his charges, which, when he is in good humor, he will show off with as much pride as a mother her first baby. These dogs have as regular meal hours as the chateau guests, and their food is prepared with the greatest of care, and only given them in certain portions. No race horse could have more attention than these hounds, and their coats are as glossy and sleek as any finely groomed coit's.

glossy and sleek as any finely groomed colt's.

A few days after my arrival I was told to prepare for a hunt the following morning, and as this would be my first experience in the hunting field my excitement was intense. At 6 o'clock on the morning set for the event, I was roused from my sleep by a loud noise, and a few moments after, Celine, my maid, came hurriedly in with my warm water, saying that the breakfast gong had just sounded and that the horses were already in the court yard. It did not take me very long to don my habit, and I was down in the dining hall almost as early as the others. The gentlemen wore their pink coats, with bright horns slung over the shoulders, their short riding breeches were of tan colored corduroy, and with high boots and spurs they looked ready for anything. The ladies wore the usual riding habit, but made very short, hardly covering the tip of a patent leather boot; we all wore spurs, as well as our escorts, and soft felt hats to match our habits.

A BIT OF BREAKFAST.

A BIT OF BREAKPAST. A BIT OF BREAKFAST.

This morning's dejeuner was a very different one from the general first breakfast, as we could not tell at what hour we would be able to lunch. There were cold meats and eggs in every style, besides a cutlet for any one who desired it. The gentlemen, I noticed, drank wine this morning, instead of their cafe au lait.

The meet was to be at the four cross roads in the forest, so we did not have far to ride. Those of the chateau party who did not care to follow on horseback came on more slowly in carts and high car-riages. Such a merry cavalcade as left Montpoupon! Each one was in the hap-piest of spirits, the air whizzed past us with exhilarating keenness; the delight-ful sensation of being in the saddle made us all ready to enjoy ourselves to the top of our bent.

ef our bent.

Every one knows what a meet is; how, as you draw nearer, you catch sight of the many bright coats moving slowly to and fro, and see a motley crowd of carriages and horsemen in a confused group, while, a little apart, the hounds can be discerned, guarded by the whips; how people come from miles around to attend; and how defrom miles around to attend; and how de-lightful the few moments chat is before the start. The dogs, even, seemed to know that good sport lay before them, and it was all the piqueur could do to hold them in leash; and when, at last, the sig-nal was given which set them free, the howl of joy they sent up was almost piti-ful. The fox broke the right way, and off we galloped, soon becoming scattered, as each took the cross road he believed to be the best: over fallen trees, across ditches. the best; over fallen trees, across ditches, and through brush, now and then leaping a stream that wound through the forest then having a good strip of level ground where we could put our horses on their mettle; and then a halt to listen to the rallying horns, and off again in hot pur-

DOWNED THE FOX. We had a run of very nearly two hours before we downed the fox, as the dogs lost the scent at one time and led us a chase over many useless miles. My cousin and I were in at the death, and drew straws win it, and a few days later it was pre-sented to me handsomely mounted in salver, as a souvenir of my first hunt in fair France. The horns sounded the poor fox's end, and very shortly the stragglers had gathered round to see the dogs take their reward.

We were invited to breakfast-it was We were invited to breakfast—it was lunch, really—with Baron de Lastours, whose place lay nearest us, and a ride of four miles brought us to Chatcau Montjoi, the baron's residence. It was a dear little place, not pretentious in any respect, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and built far more for comfort than for show. The stables were even finer than the so called chateau—it did not deserve such a grand name—and for a while be-fore the dejeuner, we admired the many fine horses which were our host's weak-

nesses.

In a bright and airy dining room we found covers laid for about forty, and it did not take much urging to make us sit down to the inviting repast. There were not places at table for all, so a number stood about the room, which added to the merriment and did away with all ceremony. Of course, we were served with everything that any gournet could desire. everything that any gourmet could desire, and for the first time during my visit to France I saw champagne drunk in preference to any other wine. I afterward earned it was decidedly a hunt breakfas beverage.- "L'Americaine" in the Argo-

In Havana's Eating Houses. The cafes of Havana are as bright and winsome as those of Paris, but are more attractive at all seasons of the year, for the climate allows of a greater openness to the street. This is taken advantage of in all little ways of decoration and arwelcome. Some of them are very grand affairs, but all possess an atmosphere of snugness and daintiness that is delicious. Indeed, it must be set down to the credit of all these people that the delicate refine-ments of life are inherent. Courtesy, politeness, consideration, or at least the sur-face use of it, are universal. They are an artistic people in the environment of little things, though themselves unconscious of that national characteristic; and both facts are delightful to one who tarries with them.

These cafes and fondss (or eating

houses, for the latter are equally resorted to) are the resting places of the gay city. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street the year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more than one half the cafe is underneath long, wide, huge pillared porticos. Here chat-tering crowds by day and brilliant crowds by night, under the flare of lamps in great century old metal frames, never cease cigarette smoking, gin and wine drinking, although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill cry of the dulceros, And between the shrill cry of the dulceros, or confection peddlers, the hoarse importunities of the lottery ticket mobs, the ever minor music of the wandering street minstrels and the marvelously gay but never brutal and more than half Oriental city life, the "člick, click, click," of the wanders and more street desired. universal and never silent dominoes upon the marble tables come to you as au undertone staccato of myriads of unseen castanets.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

The Russian Tax Collector. There is said to be no instance in which A peasant ever refused to pay his taxes.

Once a year the collecter enters the village, taps at the window and calls "Kaza!" Then the man or woman of the house comes out with the money, which is always ready, tosses it into the bag of the collector, who does not count it, be-cause he knows it is all the moujik has got. When night comes the collector en-ters the best house in the village, hangs his money bag under the image of the Saviour, and carouses or sleeps till morn-ing, being perfectly confident that his money will not be disturbed, because of the veneration for the control of the veneration for the

the veneration for the czar, whom he rep-resents, and the image under which the

treasure is placed .- William Eleroy Cur-

JERRY BALDWIN'S BROKEN NECK.

It Gives Him Great Inconvenience But
Doesn't Cause His Beath.

Jerry Baldwin, of Birmingham, Ala,
has lived a year with a broken neck; and
although he does not enjoy himself
"worth a cent," he has had the pleasure
of conferencing all the destrey addition "worth a cent," he has had the pleasure of confounding all the doctors, adding some new points to science and making over \$100,000 in the process. What adds to the wonder is that many other boues were broken, as well as the cervical vertebrae, and when he was picked up, the doctors said he was dying and left him to nature for several hours. As he was a very strong and healthy man, he pulled through, and now ranks with Alexis St. Martin, the man with a side door to his stomach.

Jerry E. Baldwin was born in New York city, in 1852, and in 1887 was yard-

York city, in 1852, and in 1887 was yard-master at Bir-mingham, Ala., for the Louisville daylight of March 19 he was standing in a caboose on a side track, when a runaway engine came down the track at ter rific speed, and struck the train

struck the train to which the caboose was attached; he fell to the track and the engine and six Jerry E. BALDWIN. cars ran over him, breaking his right leg in two places, his left leg and five ribs, besides snapping the sixth cervical vertebra (of the neck) and splintering the joint between the sixth and seventh vertebra. All his clothes were torn off and a very All his clothes were torn off and a very ugly hole was made in his side. He was taken home and laid on a bed to die, as the doctors said he must in a few minutes. But when at the end of six hours he was found to be breathing stronger, Drs. Guckle, Copeland and Barclay determined upon a series of experiments to save his life, in which they were finally successful. After resetting as many of wholly in a plaster of paris frame, and thus firmly straightened he lay on a rub-ber mattress filled with water for four months. After that he lay two months in bed. For fourteen days he was totally blind, and for six months was only occa-sionally conscious; then his recovery began to be noticeable from day to day.
Dr. A. J. Baxter, of Chicago, designed for him a corset, reaching from the hips to the back of the neck, and holding his to the back of the neck, and holding his body firmly in position; at the top of it a flexible bar of steel is attached, which rises above his head, and to the is wired a "jury mask," which holds his head up. The weight of the head thus rests upon the hips. The experiment of removing the mask has been tried, but the head at once sinks upon the spinal column, the neck being useless, and he relapses into a comatose condition. Nor can he lie down, and the only sleep he gets is in short maps in a chair. The right arm is useless, but the least is strong enough to handle a cane and do other services, and he can walk with little assistance. His wife accomand do other services, and he can walk with little assistance. His wife accompanies him everywhere, and by cheerful and pleasant ways lightens greatly the burden of his life. To say that his case astonishes all the doctors, is putting it mildly, and he has received the proceeds of many lectures in medical circles, and obtained \$75,000 damages from the railroad company.

WILLIAM PENN IN BRONZE.

railroad company.

A colossal statue of William Penn in bronze, to be placed on the clock tower of the new city hall of Philadelphia, is being constructed in that city. The plaster model will be set up in a room in the Public Buildings and is now being As the figure of the great Quaker, whom Macaulay has spoken of with contempt, but



sary that it be colossal, or at such a height it would look like a pigmy. Forty feet OMITTO . head to foot; or HEAD OF PENN STATUE crown of the hat, which will weigh half a ton and is twenty-two feet around the broad Quaker brim. The artists have been obliged to cut a hole in the roof of the building to let the crown of the hat through, since the room is not high enough. The legs are twenty feet long, and weigh over a ton and a half apiece. The head will be elevated into position The head will be difficult to get it in first, as it would be difficult to get it in place after the body is set up. The entire

place after the body is set up. model, when together, though all hollow, will weigh over eleven tons. Each of the four cor-ners of the clock eleven tons. Each
of the four corners of the clock
tower will be
adorned with a
group of figures.
Two are statues
of two Indians and
two of Swedes,
representing the
two peoples Penn
found on his arrival in America.
These figures are
one-quarter the
size of the central TRUNK OF FENN STATUS

size of the central TRUNK OF PENN STATUE one. The statue will represent the great pioneer somewhat differently from the pictures and statues of him to which we are accustomed. In these he is a man past middle age. The statue represents him in early manhood. Had he been as

represen

Idad he been a old as usually represented he would not likely have outdone the Indians in feats of strength, as their traditions in the Indians in feats of strength, as their traditions in the Indians in feats of strength, as their traditions in the Indians in the I bronze statue. Many buildings are not over twelve feet to the

世 story, so that if the colossal figure were set up in a street alongside of LEGS OF PENN STATUE. a three-story building, the crown of the hat would rise above the roof. Yet this statue, when ably appear to be of ordinary size. deed, anything smaller would appear

Electric Signals for Army Scouts. Briefly, the scheme is this. The scouts or signal officers carry in their knapsacks six small incandescent lights of the dif-ferent primary colors. These are con-nected by a very fine wire with a small battery in the knapsack. Attached to the small globes that inclose the lights is a small goods that inclose the lights is a very small oval electric motor, operated by an independent battery. When one scout wishes to communicate with an-other he sends one globe high into the air and then turns on the electric fluid that illuminates it. By the use of the differ-ent colored globes and by combinations a conversation of any length can be carried on at night at long distances. The invention will be patented in Europe, and an effort will be made to introduce it into the difference European armies, as well as into this country.-Philadelphia Press.

diminutive.

A Famous Baby.

Frances Victoria Alexandra, the Sioux baby just born in England, is already famous. The cable will, doubtless, report the first effort of the youngster to say: "Ah Gioux."—New York World.

The punch bowl has been nearly banished from Washington society. Tea and coffee take the place of the intexicating THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

Coal Ground in a Cyclesse Palverier—Big Farnace Sien Pronounce It a Success.

The steel and iron men of the country, and all the rolling mill and furnace men also, are interested in the newest rival to natural gas as a saver of fuel. It was a modest little exhibition that was given in Chester, Pa., the other day, but it proved pretty conclusively that where natural gas is not, pulverized coal is sure to be ere long. J. G. McCauley, of California, for that is the discoverer's name, claims to have found a process by which 50 per cent. of the coal now used in furnaces and rolling mills will be saved, and steel and iron greatly improved in the puddling process.

process.

McCauley is one of the latest additions to the array of genius collected by Erastus Wiman, the Staten Island millionaire. The Californian hunted around a good while in search of a man of means who who will be considered to the constant of the c would appreciate his invention. He could have had all the capital he wanted severa

would appreciate his invention. He could have had all the capital he wanted several years ago, but he wasn't able to get coal pulverized fine enough to spray into the furnace, and McCsuley's process consists in spraying coal that is pulverized into an impalpable powder into a cumbustion chamber attached to the furnace. The combustion that takes place is perfect, and it is instantaneous, and all the gases are absorbed, so that none of the sulphur gets into the iron and leasens its value, as is now the case. That's all there is to the new process, but it does the work, provided the coal is powdered so fine that you can blow it around as you can the smallest particles of dust.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that McCauley met Wiman. The man from the Pacific coast explained his process to the Staten Islander. The latter said he would test it, because he had a machine he got from two Wisconsin farmers were plowing when they saw a cyclone come along safely out of their way, and tear a town up. They noticed how the two currents of air, moving in opposite directions, knocked houses, barns and paving stones into smithereens. The thought struck one of them that if that principle could be applied in machinery, it would make the biggest grind in the world. So the young men, whose name was Kaymond, and who were brothers, went to Chicago and invented a machine that they called the cyclone pulverizer. was Raymond, and who were prothers, went to Chicago and invented a machine that they called the cyclone pulverizer. Wiman met the Raymonds and they were his, and so was their machine. The Staten Islander has a fortune in the pulverizer, which has yet to meet a material it cannot reduce to powder, I am told, and the Raymonds were paid a fortune by Wiman

not reduce to powder, I am told, and the Raymonds were paid a fortune by Wiman for their discovery.

So McCauley and Wiman formed a combination. Wiman's machine pulverized the coal and McCauley tested his process at the big Chester works. It was a success beyond doubt, and had it been put into operation before natural gas was discovered, it would have had a clear monopoly of the field. It isn't a free puff to say that pulverized coal sprayed into a furnace unquestionably saves the manufacturer hundreds of dollars a day. The big furnace men at Chester and out in Ohio say so, and so do all the big guns in the manufacturing realm who were present at the Chester exhibition. Outside of the natural gas localities pulverized coal is going to be the fuel of the future. McCauley and Wiman are even bold enough to say that they will confront natural gas right in Pittsburg with sprayed coal. The conflict ought to be an interesting one. Certain it is that to the industrial world the new process of McCauley is the biggest item of news it has received for years.—Cor. Boston Globe.

Kate Field is known to be a woman of versatile talent, but is hardly suspected, by those not intimately acquainted with her, to have the qualities that go to make a good housekeeper. She showed great tact for that feminine branch of art when she had a house of her own in Devonshire street, London, a few years ago. She had been living for some time in hotels, board-ing houses and lodgings, was tired of all and determined to set up for herself. Having no desire to live a one, she made a plan by which she would have company and all the comforts of a home, and still have the bills shared by others. She called the plan "co-operation," the same name she gave to another and more extensive undertaking on this side of the water.

It worked well as far as the co-operatives were concerned—they were all per-fectly satisfied. She furnished rooms at low prices and the kind of food that is longed for if you live at a restaurant and dreamed about if you have to live at home. After dinner every one found the drawing room pleasanter than any other room in that or any other house, and there the friends congregated, for, of course, they were all friends of the host-ess. They chatted and played cards until the tright could be the control of the course. the "night cap" hour came round, and after a mild libation retired to bed "K. F.," as she was familiarly called, made a success of what she undertook except as far as she was concerned. "Co-operation" turned out to be only a name, for it was she who did all the work, battled with drunken cooks, fought the coublesome trades people, and received only in return unshared if welcome praise. It is not to be wondered at if at the end of three months the project was given up.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

A Fire Worshiper's Child. On the birth of a Parsee child, a magian on the birth of a Parsee child, a magian and a fire priest, who is always an astrologer, are called in to predict the future life of the babe. The magian, dressed in a strange robe of many colors, a pointed cap with fingling bells, and armed with a long broom made of became twigs (which is thought to have the rown of putting critical sensitive to have the power of putting evil spirits to flight), enters the chamber of the Parsee mother and babe and, setting the end of his broom on fire, dances around, exorcising the evil spirits; finally he flourishes his firebrand over the mother and child and in all the corners of the room. This done, the fire priest draws a number of squares on a blackboard; in one corner of each square he draws a curious figure of bird, beast, fish or insect, each of which stands for some mental, physical or spiritual characteristic, together with its appropriate star or planet. The magian then proceeds by means of spells and incantations to ex-oreise any evil spirit that may be lurking unseen in the blackboard. Next the fire priest begins to count and recount the stars under whose influence the child is supposed to be born, and then with closed eyes and solemn voice he predicts the fu-ture life of the babe. Next he prepares a horoscope or birth paper and hands it to the father. Then, placing the babe on his knees, he waves over it the sacred flame, sprinkles it with holy water, fills its ears and nostrils with sea salt to keep out the evil spirits, and finally returns the screaming infant to its mother's arms .-Mrs. Leonowens in Wide Awake.

Woman in Switzerland. Some persons seem to find much com-ort in the statement that Swiss women dispute the most lucrative trades with men; but really before bowing down and worshiping the country of economy, it will do no harm to remember that the women also dispute the work of agriculture with the men and even with the animals. There is no gallantry or chivalry about a Swiss at home. He is said to be honest in his native wilds when not keeping a hotel, and it should be remembered that he has a tremendous stock of honesty to draw upon in that left behind as useless by his countrymen serving in various European armies, but for sentiment toward women he has no use whatever.—

How to Reduce Flesh.

It is not necessary for a corpulent person to vigorously deny himself everything good to eat in order to be less bulky. It is a positive fact that a cup of water taken after each meal will rapidly reduce flesh. Eat what you like, rich gravies, sweets, pastry, anything, but drink nothing at meals, and in a few minutes after rising from the table drink the cup of hot boilfrom the table drink the cup of hot boil-ing water, and enjoy the light, relieved feeling you will experience. It is a little odd, but hot water taken before the meal ocreases the weight .- Woman's Work.

Lotter from the Amistant Personan of the Prolivery Reparament—A Sudjeen in Which
Theresade are Deepty Concerned.

About five year 2 fire I suffered from putable
trination and great path and wakeness in the
lower part of my beet, pate in the inste, bed
tests in the mouth, disgress as food, and great
mental and brilly depression.

I live at hit Fork street, Jersey City, and on
arriving horse one sight I found a copy of the
shader Almence that had been left during the
day. I read the article, "What is the
Discase that I Coming Upon Up?" It described my symptoms and feelings better
than I could it I had written a whole book.
My trouble was indeed "like a three in the
sight," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for pears. I sont for a booke of Shaker
Skitnet of Hoots, or Seign's Syrup, and before
I had taken one-half of it I fair the welcome
relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self.
I enjoyed asid digested my food. My hidneys
soon recovered tone and strength, and the
urinary trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To thou I commend
Shaker Extract in the strongest possible
terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, affect
and surest purgative in this world. The most
delicate women and children may take it. One
point more: I haveall the more confidence in
this medicine because it is prepared by the
Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man
myself and admire the Shakers for their seel,
consistency and strict business integrity.
What they make may be trusted by the public.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White,
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