OSKALOOSA'S RULERS.

WOMEN OF VARIOUS POLITICAL FAITH BUT ALL PROHIBITIONISTS.

uto of the Mayoress and Councilw sothing About the First Town in cas to Carry the Municipal Suf-

The beautiful little city of Cakalo Kan., perched amid its groves of maples, or its breeze swept and health giving hills, has very unexpectedly awakened to find itself famous, and it is to its women

it owes its fame.

A writer there says under a recent date:
"The musical indian name of Oskaloza is all at once upon everybody's lips, and special reporters, special telegrams and special artists are daily affairs. And all because of the fact that the good people of the city (taking advantage of one obthose progressive Kansas ideas formulated late a state law, which allows women the right to vote and to hold office in incorporated cities) have ventured upon the unheard of experiment of trusting the reins of government of any other than household affairs to the dainty hands of women!

and five councilwomen by a large major-ity over a conventional ticket of common, everyday, humdrum men, was a matter of deliberate intent, done in good faith and in the belief that needed public im-provements and the moral welfare of the city were perfectly safe in the hands of representative wives and mothers. It is no wild freak of a border Kansas city town, but the sober action of an intal-tigent and cultured people. Oskaloosa is the county seat of Jefferson, second county west of the Missouri river, a fine farming county, filled with the well culti-vated fields of men from all the states sast and north of us. The town is twentyeight miles from Leavenworth and the ame distance from the state capital, forty-six miles by rail northwest of Kansas city, twenty north of Laurence and thirty south of Atchison. "The following personal descrip-tions will satisfy the curiosity which has

brought such floods of inquiry, and so sorely perplexed the modest ladies who had never a dream of such results following their consent to serve as candidates for official position:



MRS. BALSLEY. MRS. LOWMAN. MRS. JOHNSON. MRS. GOLDEN. MRS. HAMILTON. MRS. MORSE.

"Mrs. Mary D. Lowman, the mayor, is a pleasant faced, kindly voiced woman of years of age; a native of Pennsylvania but a resident of Kansas twenty years and of Oskaloosa eighteen; of medium height, with hazel eyes and dark hair, now streaked with silver. She has been for five years an assistant in the office of the register of deeds, which po-sition her husband formerly held. She is the mother of a son and a daughter, both grown; is a Presbyterian religiously and a Republican in politics, as is her hushand. She is a woman who has the universal esteem of all who know her.

"Mrs. Emma K. Hamilton, a native of Indiana, is aged 39; the wife of W. A. Hamilton, one of the firm of the Blue Ribbon real estate office, and the mother of three children. A zealous Methodist, a strong Republican and an ardent Prohibitionist, she has decided convictions and the ability to forcibly express them. She has dark hair and blue gray eyes, and is well known for her kindly deeds of charity. She was educated in Ohio and has lived in Oskaloosa fifteen years. Her husband is of the same political faith.

"Mrs. Sarah E. Balsley, a handsome woman of 36, of plump figure and with the red hue of health still in her cheeks, has bright black eyes and hair to match. She was born in Ohio and has resided in Oskaloosa fifteen years. She is a devoted Methodist, and holds to the Democratio faith of her father, though her husband, a leading physician, is a Republican.

"Mrs. Hannah P. Morse, a native of England, has spent 23 of her 45 years in the city which she is now called to sit in council over. She is a pleasant lady, with dark hair and eyes, and decidedly plump, matronly form—the mother of a son and grandmother of a little girl, and the wife of a prominent attorney. She is of the same political faith as her husband and a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. "Mrs. Mittle Josephine Golden, a petite

woman of blonde hair and blue eyes, is the wife of a well known mechanic of the city, and the proud mother of two bright and pretty little girls. A Methodist in religion, she is with her husband politically-in name, at least. She was born in Independence, Mo., thirty one years ago. "The youngest member of the board is

Mrs Carrie L. Johnson, who was born in Oskaloosa some twenty three summers ago-a pretty, vivacious lady of decided blonde complexion, the wife of the cashlet of the Oskaloosa bank, whose pronounced Republicanism doesn't deter his better half from asserting the Democracy of ber father in religion Mrs Johnson is an Episcopalian.

Mrs. Hobson (to caller)-Your husband has been dead nearly two years, has he

ot, Mrs. Amidon! Caller—Yes, quite two years. He saught a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. But I really must be toing, Mrs. Hobson. (To dog)—Come Fido, get your blanket on. Dear little after all the trouble I've had, I wouldn't like you to get pneumonia .-

The Teeth of Whales.

The teeth of whales furnish one of the remarkable features indicative of the origin of that animal. They form a comte but rudimentary set, characteristic of a more perfectly developed land mam nal, but disappear shortly after birth, performing to function whatever.—Globe-

On the Safe Side. Little Dot-I don't like to help wipe

Omaha Mamma-Why not, pet?
"If I learn how to do such things just right, I'll grow up into a servant girl,

No dear. If you learn how to do any thing just right you'll never be a servent girl."—Omaha World.

THE LATE MATTHEW ARNOLD. Critical Writer of Great Power I

An Englishmen not long since said of Matthew Arnold, the English post, who has just died. "We learn to like him bere in England as we learned to like caviare."

Matthew and Edwin Arnold, both English posts, have often been confounded in America.

the anthor of the "Light of Asia," and Matthew, author of a number of poems, but especially distinguished as a cattle. The research critic. The poems of the latter have lar, but from his power of analysis and from a recent wist to the United States his name with familiar to Americans.

visit to the United States his name is quite familiar to Americana.

Matthew Arnold's father, Thomas K. Arnold, was a distinguished scholar and author. Matthew was born at Saleham, England, in 1822. He received his education at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford. He won the first laurels in a prize peem called "Cromwell." From the age of 24 to 29 he was private secretary to Lord Lansdowns. He was also for a time inspector of schools. His first volume of poems was published anonymously in 1849. It was called "The Strayed Reveler and Other Poems." This was followed by a second volume in 1859, and another under his own name in 1858. He was appointed four years later professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. He continued to publish poems and critical essays, and works on education and other subjects.

Mr. Arnold was indebted, perhaps, for his fame more to his "Critical Essays" than to any of his other works. In a controversy some years ago as to what is poetry, he gave the best analysis of the poetic art, maintaining that poetry is a transfiguration of a thought, and citing a beautiful example from Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," wherein a thought of heaven in transfermed in a transfermed in a transfermed in a transfermed in the state of th is transfigured to a distant "immortal sea" to which the mind may go.

And see the children sport upon the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermo Several years ago Mr. Arnold visited America for the purpose of making a lecture tour. He was everywhere hospitably received. A paper on America in The Nineteenth Century, and based upon observations made at the time of this visit, reaches this country but a few days before the news of his death. The article was not flattering, and has called out

some very indignant protestations.

Whatever may have been his idiosyncracies, he was certainly a scholar of a very high order. The death of no scholar or critic in England could produce a more profound feeling there than that of Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Henry F. Gillig, who has been running the American Exchange of New York and London, which has been closed up by order of the court, suddenly



left on the Cunard steamer Etruria for England immediately after the collapse. It Gillig's lawyer advised him to go to London, because that is the main office of the exchange, and

that Mr. Gillig could be of more service in London than in New York. On the other hand, the custom house folks are surprised at Mr. Gillig's departure, as it was expected that he would soon be re quired to explain how he came to bring a diamond necklace into the country recently without duty.

Hotel Moving on Coney Island. With this is given a cut of the Brighton Beach hotel at Coney Island, near New York, as it appeared while being moved backward to get it away from the breakers. For some time the ocean has been encroaching upon the land till the waves broke under the hotel. It seemed that property worth \$260,000 would have to be bandoned and washed out to sea to float about, a sort of Noah's ark, doubtless to the frequent astonishment of those who sall in ships. But engineers conceived a plan of putting the hotel on tracks and hitching a number of locomotives to it tandem, and dragging it back on to dry land. A building weighing 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 pounds is now being dragged back on to dry land. Of course the at-



MOVING THE HOTEL. tempt was experimental. To move so large a mass without serious injury, especially considering its great length, it was necessary that the motive power be applied equally at all points of contact with the hotel. The first move was 6 or 7 feet, the second 24 feet, a third 25 feet, a later attempt moved the hotel 614 feet. When the full distance has been traversed, 595 feet of lawn and lanes and flowers will stretch out between the hotel and the

ocean, and it is hoped that it will not have

to be moved again for many years. Virtue in Onions and Beef. What is the most strengthening food or a convalescent? Well, you know, the beef tea theory has been exploded. The most life giving and digestible food that an be given to one just recovering from in illness is chopped beef. Just take a sound of the finest round of raw beef, cut off all the fat, slice two onions, and add pepper and salt. Then chop the onions and meat together, turning them over and wer until both are reduced almost to a oulp. Then spreed on slices of rye bread oulp. Then spreed on slices of rye bread and eat as sandwiches. People talk about elery being a nervine, but let me tell you hat there is nothing which quiets the heart there is nothing which quiets the lerves without bad results like onions. The use of them induces sleep, and much trength is obtained from them. That is ny ideal food for those convalescing or

or any one who is in a weak state of realth.—Kansas City Star. Snow Drifts to Talk About. "Those fifty foot snow drifts down ast," remarked an old resident after eading the dispatches from Pennsylvania, are pretty tall for the country, but hey are ordinary and trifling compared with those of the early days. Back in 1854-5, when Omaha was only the landng of a ferryboat, we had a winter. There weren't any drifts, but solid snow. It filled the valley from the lows binfs on a dead level to the high school hill. in a dead level to the high school hill. I freighted between St. Joe and Council Bluffs those days, and many a time I tropped through the roof of deserted lobies. When the April rise of the Missionri came down we ned to blast a path through the snow bank to let the water run wat,"—Omake Bee.

OPORTO'S RUBY WINE.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ITS MANUFACTURE.

mong the Vineyards of a Land Wher Toll Is Made Picturesque and Musical. Treading Out the Blood of the Grape. Testing the Juice.

Treading Out the Blood of the Grape.

The Alto Douro district in Portugal, whence the wine comes, comprises a series of steep accilivities and harrow ravines extending some thirty miles along the River Douro (Golden river) and viarying in breadth from five to ten miles. It is situated both in the provinces of Trasce-Montes and Beira, the first named containing by far the larger portion. The area of the vineyards is estimated at about \$6,000 acres. In order to prevent the loose and fishy soil in which the vines are planted upon the steep sides of the hills from being washed away by heavy rains, the ground is cut away in terraces, forming a succession of steps, their sides banked up with walls of masonry. These rows of terraces lines the sides of mountain after mountain, like cyclopean staircases, and on some slopes as many as 150 may be counted, rising one above another.

The population of the wine district is small, and as a considerable amount of labor is needed for the cultivation of the vine there is sample sumployment for vintagers, male and female, who flock thither at the proper season from remote regions, many coming from the province of Galicia in the north of Spain. The vintage in September of course attracts the largest influx. Dancing and singing on their way to the vineyards come bands of peasants to the gathering. Women with red and yellow kerchiefs tied over unkempt treases, and with bare legs, may be seen and heard—for their singing, more or less melodious, is an invariable accompaniment of the work—all over the hill sides culling the bunches of fruit with small hooked knives. As the berries are thus detached and the unripe and unsound fruit removed, they are thrown into baskets borne on the arm of the vintager. These are emptied into large baskets, holding nearly a hundred weight, which, when filled, men, with sheepskins to protect their shoulders and plaited straw knots on their heads, hoist on their backs, and, moving off is Indian file, bear them along the rugged winding paths and up and down

Tours of inspection.

At the principal quintas agents of the port wine shippers take up their quarters. Thence they saily forth on daily tours of inspection, for the purpose of ascertaining that the wines their houses have contracted for are fairly and honestly made, that no unripe or unsound fruit gets into the lagares, and that the conditions under which the pressing and fermentation take place are favorable. Bullock carts go up and down the dried up stream guilles, over rough bowlders, joited violently and discordantly creaking; droves of nimble little donkeys, with pig skins full of wine dangling on either side from a strap across their backs, or bringing bread for the vintagers, wend their way along zigzag bridle paths, and farmers with wine samples and peddlers with their packs on mules equipped with jangling bells, jog leisurely over the mountain roads. Twenty or more varieties of grapes are used to make port wine. For the most part they are black, thick skinned and pulpy, yielding sn ample flew of saccharine must. Arrived at the press house they are at once shot into the lagares—immense receptacles constructed of solid unsonry, with sides about three feet high, and holding enough grapes to produce from ten to thirty pipes of wine. When the lagare is filled the grapes are leveled with a hoe, and a gang of men is told off to tread them.

The wearisome operation of treading is

o tread them.

The wearisome operation of treading is begun by men, who step into the lagares with their white pants rolled up to the thigh, and their arms resting on each other's shoulders. With measured steps they advance and retire across the lagare raising and lowering their feet alternately at the word of command, "right," "left, as though at squad drill. As the full flows, and the fruit is reduced to a pulp, a livelier movement follows. A fiddler seated on the edge of the lagare saws away at some merry tune, while some of the treaders join in with fife, drum and guitar, playing and treading simultane-ously. Songs and shouts awell the up-roar. It is a difficult task, despite these ebullitions of enthusiasm, and frequent nips of brandy are served out by the overseers to keep the lazier and weaker at the task, which is wearisome in the extreme, Women looking in at the windows exchange jokes and laughter with the men.

THE FIRST TREADING. The "sovar o vinho," or first treading, is kept up with occasional halts and relays of fresh men for about eighteen hours. After a long interval the treading is resumed. The fiddle strikes up anew, the drum rattles, the fife squeaks, the guitar twangs, the overseers drowsily upbraid. By this time the grapes are pretty well trodden, and the men, being nearly worn out, listlessly lift one purple dyed leg after another far into the watches of the night. In testing the quality of the mash a large white convex sancer is used. lays of fresh men for about eighteen mash a large white convex sauer is used. One of the treaders balancing himself on one brawny leg and holding up the other allows the liquid to drip from off his heel into the saucer. This is tasted and the amount of sugar determined by the saccha-rometer. This instrument also indicates, after the treading is completed and the juice is left to ferment, when the latter process has gone far enough. The stalks and skins of the grapes form a thick crust on the top of the must, which is then drawn off into large tonels holding from ten to thirty pipes each; the superincumbent mass of stalks and skins is heaped up in the center of the lagare, and the juice remaining in them is squeezed out by the leverage of a huge beam of wood, usually leverage of a huge beam of wood, usually the trunk of a tree weighted with a large stone. The wine thus obtained is separately casked and kept by itself, as its quality is not up to the average mark. Until the end of December the wine re mains undisturbed. By that time it has cleared and has a deep purple tint. It is then drawn off its less into other tonels, when some pure grape brandy is added to it. Empty pipes are sent up from Oporto

in the ensuing spring to the quintas, where the wine is duly racked under the eyes of the shipper's agents. These pipes are transported by bullock carts to the Douro, where flat bottomed crafts carry them down the stream, which is swift and difficult of navigation, and rendered still more dangerous by numerous rapids Their destination is the wine shipper's lodges or stores at Villa Nova de Gaia, a spontine suburb of Oporto.-Nev

York Press. Two Men in Gray.

A New York letter carrier in his reguiation gray suit with brass buttons was sitting by the side of an elderly gentie nan who wore a slouch hat. "Your suit has a familiar look to me." remarked the latter.

"Where were you a letter carrier?" asked the distributer of mail matter. "I never was a letter carrier, but I was in the Confederate army, and occasionally I got over more ground in a day than you ever do."—Texas Siftings.

Not a Pleasaut Revelation. (Time, 8:30 p. m. Present, Mr. Jones, Miss Belle and little Effic.) Miss Belle-Is it not about time that you go to bed, darling? Or are you going to stay and retire with me to-night? Little Effie-No, me hain't going to stay wit oo no more.

And why, dear?" Little Effie-Tause oo snore. Mr. Jones looks uncomfortable.-Binghamton Republican.

The Fatal Camera. It is said that the body of a man with his head twisted off was found in an alley-way back of a Chicago photograph gallery. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "found dead," but they cen-sured the photographer for not being more pareful when posing his customers.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

GATHERING A CITY CROWD.

New York Drinking Tountain.

I have a friend of the clubs—as mad a wag as ever lived when the humor of his before dinner absinthe is upon him. We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last spring; 6 o'clock had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle withing hearing, and the sidewalks were a swarm.

a swarm.

"I'll lay you the dinners," said my farceur, "that I can create a riot here inside of five minutes."

He stopped at the public drinking fountain and took up the tin cup that was chained to it. The passers by stared a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a common fount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliberately. The waiting several had become a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his lips. The score grew to fifty. Suddenly he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again, only to again empty it untouched. By this time we were encircled by so many people that they could not be counted, and I could hear such observations and inquiries all around us, as:

"He'll drink it this time,"
"Bet you the drinks he don't."
"Must be dirty." "Must be dirty."
"What is it!"
"May be the cup leaks."
"He must be some crauk."
"What alis him, anyhow!"
"May be common water isn't good enough for him."
There was also addressed to him, through this running fire of comment, many more or less friendly and disinterested suggestions and instructions, like:
"Wrench the cup out" from a motherly fat woman, poking her umbrella at him.
"Have a stick in it," by a man with a shiny black hat and a shiny red nose.
"Tell the waiter to open another bottle."

bottle."

This sally, which proceeded from a young man in crossed barred trousers, with a very large and massive cano, which he carried like a yard stick, was halled with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere; whereupon my friend hurled the cup into the basin with an expression of the face indicative of great disgust and loathing, and shoved his way out of the crowd as quickly as he could. We could hear the roar of voices and the sharp rapping of the policeman's club when we turned into the restaurant, a block and more away; and I learned by the papers, next day, that the shiny red nose and the shiny black hat slept in a station house cell on a general charge of disorderly conduct and the utterance of murderous threats against some person or persons unknown.

sewer hole into which a shiny man de-scends, the cellar excavation where the scends, the cellar excavation where the men are not working because it is wet weather, the house Mrs. Langtry lives in, or the man at the fountain. This same crowd will invest a shop window where a pasteboard cobbler is stitching at a paper shoe under the propulsion of the heat from a gas jet, or rather under a three ton safe that is being hoisted up to a tenth story window by a rope that may be rotten sud machinery that may be on the point of giving way, for all the thought they give to it, or pack a street where some roofers have left a tar pot boiling while they have sat down on a doorstep to eat their dinner. The quality and quantity of amusement an average New York tity of amusement an average New York street idler can extract from an hour's stare at an untended tar pot will, no doubt, ever remain a mystery to you and me. But such as it is, he extracts it, and is, to all appearances, quite satisfied with his bargain.—Alfred Trumble in The

The making of the hair spring is really the most delicate operation about the manufacture of the watch. The wire is received in spools, and is nothing more than a round thread. This is run between hardened steel rollers and flattened, and, hardened steel rollers and nattened, and, being wound on the roll, is then drawn between diamond dies, which give the re-quired thickness and width. The spring must be of exactly the same width and thickness, and before being used is tested on a register which marks down to one two hundred and fifty thousandths of an

To show to what fineness this measures, a hair placed between the jaws marked 400°, and moved forward half an inch registered 365°.

Of course, every one knows that a hair varies in thickness, but that it should be varies in thickness, but that it should be so exactly measured is a surprise; and when it is remembered that the hair spring of a watch cannot vary even so much as the variance in a hair from the human head, the delicacy of the operation will be emphasized in the imagination. The wire is received in lengths of 1,500 varies and in this entire length must not yards, and in this entire length must not vary 3°, or one-thirtieth of what a hair varies in half an inch. The spring is then cut into lengths of twelve inches, and these are wound, four at a time, and very quickly, the tool resembling a large penholder, and turning from the end, into the shape of a spring and of seventeen coils. The wire is hardened, but winds very easily, and is removed from the winder in copper boxes.—Globe-Democrat.

A Bursted Planet's Slivers. Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, at a distance of about 250,000,000 miles from the sun, there revolves some 265 little bodies whose diameters vary from 8 or 10 miles to 200. Whether they are, as Professor Young once described them parts "of a planet spoiled in the making" or not is unknown, and perhaps may never be solved. But certain it is that there are almost numberless little celestial bodies character, whose revolutions around the sun are performed as uner-ringly as those of the larger planets. They are called planetoids, from two Greek words, which mean resembling a planet or wanderer .- Public Opinion.

He Had Eighty Nurses. The present emperor of China, when he was a baby, had eighty nurses, twenty-five fanners, twenty-five bearers for his panlanquin, ten umbrella holders, thirty physicians and surgeons, seven chief and and messengers, fifty dressers and other servants and attendants to the number of over four hundred or more. His spiritual welfare was looked after by a corps of seventy-five astrologers, sixteen tutors (all of high rank), and sixty priests.—St. Stephen's Gazette.

Those Gloves. Griggs-What on earth is the matter

with the lady over there? Has she the St Vitus dance? Briggs-Oh, no; she's just trying to jut en a pair of new gloves.—Judge.

Doves as Military Messengers.

It seems likely that carrier pigeons will play an important part in the next great European war. The French minister of war has just given orders for the organi-zation of the many carrier pigeon stations throughout the country upon a more sat-isfactory footing, and considerable importance is attached to the perfecting of these arrangements. In addition to fifteen of these stations, there are in various parts of France 300 pigeon flying societies, owning among them 150,000 "homers." Each of these societies has a military organization, and in case of war all the pigeons belonging to them would be at the service of the intelligence depart-

Germany possesses about the same number of carrier pigeon stations, and there are 350 societies, with 50,000 pigeons. In Italy pigeons are actually in use for conveying dispatches between the war office in Rome and the garrisons in Sicily and Sardinia. Russia is too cold for the carrier pigeons. The only birds which bring tidings of battle in Russia are the uzzards.-New York Star.

European specialists have made the curious of evation that scute rheumatism is more prevalent in dry than in rainy

FORTUNE'S FLOWER, 1 Ab, Norah, yet the grass is wet-'tis early times

you're out!
And, sure, the sun and you, my pet, should light us turn about.
The buds uncurl, the swallows whirl, you lead the year astray; what's the happy news, my pearl, that warms your heart to-day?

Ah, can't I trace the darling face I've loved for And don't I know the April grace where smiles just touch the tears? There's store galore your basket fills of blossoms golden gay, more, sahore, than daffodills you're bringing home to-day!

A four leaved shamrock! happy hour! that prom-ies must come true; And lucky flower that owns the power to bring good luck to you! At other's tread it hides its head, and crouched away in fear, mushed its four leaves forth instead the mo-

And what's the boos the omen brings! for wealth you'd never seek;
And health and bloom were mocking things to such a Mayday cheek;
A secret's cheap those eyes would keep!—I know the happy lad—
But, Oh! one lover's rapture deep will leave a county sad,

—Camell's Magazine.

Pastry of the Ocean.

A reporter debarred from his usual call at Delmonico's, lunched at one of the coffee saloens of Park row. At his table sat an old sea bronned sailor, who suddenly made the unappetizing inquiry of:

"Did you ever eat any lump oil dough-

"Positively, never!" replied the re-porter, with a slight gasp of horror.

The old man smilingly said: "Well, they're better than these greasy things on they're better than these greasy things on our plates. In my young days I was a whaler, and the captains of whaling ships used to give prizes to the men; something for sighting the first whale, or striking a big 200 barrel fellow, the fastest boat's crew, and so on. After a ship had stowed her first 1,000 barrels of oil, the crew would get a barrel of flour as a present from the captain. When we tried out our next sperm whale's blubber, the cook would take a lot of our flour, roll out a big batch of doughnuts and cook them in the hot, boiling oil—and first rate they used to taste when eaten with molasses. You see the oil when fresh is just as sweet as lard, and besides you must consider that it is not fish oil at all, for the whale, you know is an animal."—New whale, you know is an animal."—New York Tribune.

A Cheap Fireproof Stable.

A Cheap Fireprect Stable.

A correspondent of The Hartford Courant relates what he saw in Frankfort, Germany. The loft of a stable had burned out, and he asked for the horses, thinking that they must all have perished, but he was assured that they were in the stable and all right, for no smoke nor heat could touch them.

After everything was burned in the loft, he made an inspection, and found that the stable was practically fireproof. They had in its construction used old railroad ties, placing them three and a half to four feet apart, and then put arched corrugated iron between the ties, and filled in with a mixture of cinders and lime, making it deep enough to protect the ties. The trap or door to reach the loft was made of sheet iron, filled in with the same compound. This kind of with the same compound. This kind of fireproofing is very cheap and, according to the writer, is very effective.—Scientific

A Boston girl who has been visiting—it seems queer, but Boston people go everywhere—at Newark, N. J., had been studying French for months before she went on the visit, and had flavored all her imaginations and perceptions, so to speak, with French. In driving about the town, where, it hardly needs to be said, there is a large German population, the Boston girl noticed over the doors of a great many establishments the sign, "Lager bier."

"Tell me," said the Boston girl, after inspecting one of these curious signs for the 100th time, "does M. Lahzhaybeeyay own all the stores in Newark!"-New

Not That Kind of a Flower A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors. The other day she came home covered

"Oh, oh!" said her mother, severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?" "No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the Alley now."—Detroit

with mud.

Free Press.

Perfect symmetrical Development is rarely found in man or woman. Of course, those who work with their hands and are much on their feet generally excel in form, but there is a tendency in all for some limb or parts of the body to become stronger and better developed than the others. To occupation can be attributed this disparity, which, however, unless marked, is not of great significance. Excluding from consideration that class given to hard manual labor, we find that, in the majority of men and women, after the age of maturity is reached, the upper half of the body does not retain its relative development and strength as compared with the lower half.

Of course, the solution is easy, the labor put upon the lower limbs is greater than that which falls upon the arms to do. The business man, when told by his physician that he must exercise, insists Unsymmetrical Physical Development.

physician that he must exercise, insists that he has all that he needs, for he is "on his feet from morning until night," and the hard working housekeeper thinks, too, she has quite enough, and gives the same reason. We find these people strong on their feet, but comparatively weak in their arms. Circulation in the lower half of the body is good, but in the upper part it is less free, and less blood is attracted to it. The natural adjustment is de-stroyed. Nature intends that a certain portion of blood in the human body should enter and distribute itself throughout the muscular system. If, however, large muscles, like those of the arms and trunk, are insufficiently exercised, and as a consequence grow smaller, then the blood in-tended for them is diverted elsewhere. It must be taken up by the internal organs, and the liver is the one organ which, from its peculiar construction, will bear the greatest increase in the blood supply.

—Boston Herald.

Australian Mound Builders.

In Australia and the neighboring isl ands are seen many large mounds of earth, which were formerly supposed to be the tombs of departed natives. These remarkable tumuli—reaching as much as remarkable tumuli—reaching as much as fifteen feet in perpendicular height and sixty feet in circumference at the base—are not the work of man, however, but are now known to be the incubators built by the jungle fowl and other species of the small family of Megapodidae, or great footed birds. Each of these great piles consists of fallen leaves, grasses, etc., which the birds deposit in place by throwing backward with one foot. Though the mounds are usually in dense shade, the mounds are usually in dense shade the decaying vegetable matter has been found to raise the temperature at the center as high as 95 degs. The eggs are carefully placed with the larger end up, about twelve inches apart, and are cov. ered to a depth of at least two or three feet.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Another Victim. "Who is that ugly looking woman over

"That is my wife, sir."!.
"Indeed! Here is my card, sir, I'm the
most successful divorce lawyer in the
city."—Town Topics.

Adam was not as good as he might have been, but he never reeled off lies by the yard about the pranks of his schooldays -- Philadelphia Call.

A doctor's report would properly come under the head of the news of the weak -Duluth Paragrapher.

THE INCURABLE CURED

ry faith in it. a. It has done me more of than all the doctors and other medilever took. Tours truly,
lever took. Tours truly,
wratten, S. C., April 12, 1997.

Wratton, S. C., April 12, 1997.

Intlemen—Two or three years upo a cancase on my face. It soon grow to be large. It wore on ma, and my general the was very poor. Last September 1 in a course of R. S. S., which I have considered in the present time with the happened it. The cancer has entirely disappeared, to being no evidence or armyton of a corous character left. My general health ood now, and my appetite better than it been in years. I am fit years old, and ay I am working in the field planting.

Tours truly, Jonas Liminach. to day I am working in the held planting own. Towns truly, JONAS Linkhack.

Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper tip five eight years. Hewen different doctors attempted in vall to hear it. One gave me a name of the control of the link o Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed ree. THE SWIPT BERGIPIC Co., Drawer S, Atlanta Go.

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