SHADOW OF A NAME.

BARRY PAINE'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES CHADBAND.

Miseries of a Talented Man Who Bore the Cognomen of One of Dickens' Celebrated Characters — Wrote Brilliantly, but Would Not Publish.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday at his home near Malvern Well died Charles Chadband.

With the name of Chadband, thanks to Dickens, the reading world is familiar. It is associated with oiliness, hypocrisy and self seeking. At the very sound of the name the reminiscent grin starts on all faces. He is a national joke. But we pay for all our laughter, and we have paid for the Chadband jest. I do not mean to say that the unhappy accident by which Dickens selected the name of Chadband for his imposter was the cause of the death of Charles Chadband. It was not. He died of an ordinary disease—consumption, in fact. But that unhappy accident did overshadow the whole of Charles Chadband's life. It did prevent him from taking the place and fame to which he was justly entitled. It has prevented the general public from reading one single line of his very excellent works.

As his literary executor I have had no choice but to destroy every line of his manuscript, in accordance with his orders. Not a single copy has been taken, and not one single word of his works that his friends remember may be committed to writing. I do not easily believe in the existence of genius, but I believe that Charles Chadband had genius. Some, far more competent to judge than I am, thought the same. As I watched the last sparks die out in the big pile of burned paper it seemed a pity that so much work and such wonderful gifts should be all wasted for such a stupid, ignoble, maddening reason—because the author had inherited the name of a character in Dickens.

He was very sensitive, but, unlike most very sensitive men, he was not affected or vain. When I was first introduced to him, he said, laughing, that he was no relation to the original Chadband. He reveled in Dickens and would quote the original Chadband freely. I had known him a long time before I knew that the coincidence of the names gave him any trouble at all. It was long before I could make out why he would not publish anything. He used to give the most absurd reasons for his reticence, and when driven into a corner he would say that he was going to publish, but not yet. One night, when I had just finished a long story of his, I implored him to let me take it away with me to London and see what could be done. "No," he said. "Nobody would publish it." I told him that it might be refused by five men out of six, but that the sixth would afterward be proud that he had accepted it.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the secret came out. "No serious work," he said, "could possibly do anything associated with the name of Chadband." He said it so light heartedly that I thought he was once more putting me off with a wrong reason, but I soon found that he was sincere. He imagined reviewers making jests about his name and owned that he would not be able to stand it. This surprised me, for he frequently joked about his name himself, and so did his friends. He defended himself.

"That's different," he said. "That is in conversation, among men that I know. But I could not have some vulgar brute who did not know me at all doing the same thing in cold print. It would present my stuff from the wrong point of view. No, the associations of the name are too strong. If you are called Chadband, you are called Chadband, and there's an end of it. You may do what you like in private, but you can come before the public only as an intemperate, hypocritical, delicious ass, and in no other character whatever."

He would not hear of a pseudonym or of anonymity. If his work succeeded, the secret would be found out, and he would be ashamed. If it did not succeed—and he did not think it would—it was not worth his while to add to the annual output of bad books. "Why make all this fuss about nothing?" I said, angry with his obstinacy. "If you think it matters one straw—though it does not—change your name once for all and be done with it." He said that it would be sheer cowardice, and he could not dream of it.

Very unfortunately, he had private means. Poverty might have driven him to overcome his sensitiveness and to publish. Had he done so it would have been curious to watch the growth of an entirely new set of associations around the name Chadband. I think he was strong enough to have redeemed the name.

He was unmarried—said that he did not believe in the hereditary principles as applied to jokes. His real reason for not marrying was, of course, the disease of which he died. He worked exceedingly hard, and, as he knew, to no purpose. He would not own that he took pleasure in his work. "No," he said, "it's like smoking—I get no pleasure from it, but I should miss it if I gave it up." He took enormous pains with his work and finished it as thoroughly as though it were to constitute his appeal to the world on the following day. He kept the final copy of everything he approved, but his instructions were that it was all to be burned as soon as possible after his death.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

Making Antiques.

In a case before a London magistrate the question was as to the ownership of some antique ormolu articles, and two workmen, who stoutly claimed the articles, said that they "made" them. To prove their assertion they set to work in court and showed how ormolu was made "antique" with pumice powder.

STREET CAR CONDUCTORS.

They Work Harder and Rate Lower Than Their Steam Road Brothers.

You often think it's hard for the passenger conductor of an accommodation train which stops at two or three stations to the mile to tell who has paid his fare and who has not. The conductor of a short run accommodation train especially must be a peculiarly gifted man. He must be at once both cool headed and even tempered, or if not he is a total failure.

But if the requisites of a railroad conductor are such, what are the requirements of the man who runs a common street car? Why, as much as those of the railroad man and several times more. The railroad accommodation conductor on one of the short run trains which leave the big cities has little more work, little more responsibility and requires less real skill than the man who by grace is called "conductor" on a trolley car of one of our cities.

Both men, of course, have thousands of cares. The railroad man has a certain number of stops to make and a certain schedule time allowed for getting over his run of the railroad. The street car conductor has an uncertain number of stops to make, yet he still has his certain scheduled time to make on his run, and if he does not make it, too, or be able to give an "A No. 1" excuse for failure.

The railroad conductor is always the biggest man on his train. Is ever the street car conductor the biggest, unless every passenger is off and the motorman also? These things make it hard for the patient man, who must be polite and who is expected by the company for which he works and spurred on by a dozen or so sharp eyed "spotters," or "street car detectives," as they call themselves, to feel as lovely as a spring morning, and they make his already nervous work doubly so. The railroad conductor doesn't meet that phase of existence once in a decade, or if so not any oftener.

No one presumes to expect so much from the knight of the ticket punch as he does from the knight of the trolley rope. Every one who travels on street cars expects the conductor to know every cross street on his line and just where it strikes that street, and, indeed, he should know this much, but in addition he is expected to know every one who lives on the streets along which his line runs, every one who lives on all the countless streets which cross the route of his car and then all the immediate streets and their inhabitants the whole length of his line. The street car conductor is expected to be porter as well on his car. He must help people on and off, lift up and lift down huge baskets and bundles, never get tired of all the questions which only the city directory could answer, and then, in addition, keep all of the strict rules of the company for which he works and see to it that all of his passengers do so too. For this work he gets $2 or $2.25 a day, while the railroad conductor, who is a very king in comparison, draws his $5 or $6 per day, or $125 a month, and is not classed as a "social suspect" either.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New England Meeting Houses.

Cotton Mather said: "I find no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for public worship. A meeting house is the term that is most commonly used by New England Christians, and every town, for the most part, can say we have a modest and a handsome house for the worship of God, not set off with gaudy, pompous, theatrical fineries, but suited unto the simplicity of Christian worship."

The people were seated in the early days, says Dr. Ezra Hoyt Byington, in his book on "The Puritan In England and New England," on rough benches, men and women on opposite sides. Pews were not provided first. Now and then a special vote was passed by the town authorizing some person to build a pew in the meeting house at his own expense. Squares on the floor, about 6 feet by 6, were deeded to individuals, on which they erected pews to suit themselves. The best seat was sometimes assigned to the man who paid the highest tax in the parish. Sometimes the committee was instructed "to have respect upon them that are 50 years old and upward, others to be seated according their pay." In one instance we have a record that the committee was instructed "to have respect to age, office and estate, so far as it tendeth to make a man respectable, and to everything else that hath the same tendency."

Turks and Meerschaum.

According to the best authorities upon the subject, the idea of using white talc in the manufacture of pipes is of comparatively recent date, compared with the age of the habit of smoking, and what is still more curious is the fact that in the oriental countries which produce white talc, or meerschaum, as it is called, and where the use of tobacco forms part of the education of the faithful, the people never dream of making this substance into pipes. They make bowls and goblets of it, but no pipes. It may be that the long pipestems which allow the smoke to cool and lose its acridity before reaching the mouth leave the oriental smoker quite indifferent in regard to the quality of the bowl. At all events, one never sees a Turk with a meerschaum pipe.—Courrier des Etats Unis.

The Ancient Umbrella.

On coins in the rock carvings of the ancients the umbrella often shows its familiar form. This goes to prove that Jonas Hanway did not invent the umbrella, but he saw the value of the eastern sunshade and soon it became the fashion to carry this useful article. There must be a great difference between the umbrella of the eighteenth century and the modern steel ribbed, silk covered, slender article which it is regarded as a misfortune to get wet.—Irish Times.

Fascinating John Bright.

Sir Wemyss Reid gives some interesting reminiscences of John Bright in Cassell's Magazine. The great Liberal leader often sat in an old fashioned armchair in the Reform club. He delighted in talk and was fond of repeating poetry. On one occasion he began to talk to Sir Wemyss about his favorite hymns, and as he warmed to his subject he repeated some of them. It was a strange subject, perhaps, for a club smoking room, but it was still stranger to observe that as he spoke with that wonderful voice of his the other men in the room first looked up and began to listen, and then, as though drawn by an irresistible spell, drew nearer to him, until before long he had them all sitting round him in a circle enjoying that "music of the human speech" of which above all living men he was a master. John Bright reciting hymns in a club smoking room! "There," exclaims Sir Wemyss, "is a picture for an artist if he only knows how to treat it."

Does It Pay to be Sick?

Besides the discomfort and suffering, illness of any sort is expensive. Hundreds of people consult the doctors every day about coughs and colds. This is better than to suffer the disease to run along, but those who use Otto's Cure for the throat and lungs do better still. It costs less and the cure is certain. You can get a trial bottle free of our agent, H. Alex. Stoke. Large size 25c. and 50c.

Livery stable keepers should always keep Arnica and Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses. Arnica & Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Thousands walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Down's Elixir. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

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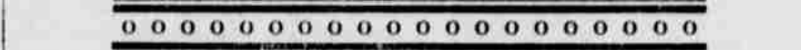

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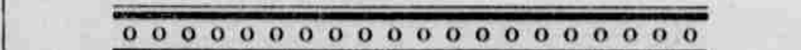

A Note From the Editor.

The editor of a leading state paper writes: "If you had seen my wife last June and were to see her to-day you would not believe she was the same woman. Then she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headache. Bacon's Celery King for the nerves made her a well woman in one month." H. Alex. Stoke will give you a free sample package of this great herbal remedy. Large size 25c. and 50c.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Pennsylvania. Salary $780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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DRY GOODS,

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HENRIETTAS, sold at	75c. and 85c.,		now 57c.
"	"	65c.	49c.
"	"	60c.	42c.
"	"	50c.	39c.
SERGE,	"	65c.	49c.
"	"	60c.	45c.
"	"	30c	21c.
DRESS FLANNEL,	"	90c.	57c.
" "	"	75c.	57c.
" "	"	50c.	40c.
RED FLANNFL,	"	50c.	38c.
" "	"	25c.	19c.
" "	"	20c.	15c.

White Flannel at the same price.

LADIES' RIBBED WAISTS, sold at	25c.,		now 19c.
" " "	"	15c.	10c.
" " "	"	10c.	08c.
RED TABLE DAMASK,	"	25c.	20c.
" " "	"	50c.	40c.
WHITE	"	75c.	57c.
" "	"	50c.	39c.
" "	"	40c.	32c.
" "	"	25c.	20c.

CORSETS formerly sold at $1.00 now 79c.; formerly 75c., now 57c.; formerly 50c., now 39c.

CAMBRIC at 3½c. a yard.

TAFFETY at 8 and 10c. a yard.

O. N. T., Clark's Cotton, 4c. Spool Silk 4c.

CLOTHING

Childs' Suits $1.00, now .75 Boys' Suits $7, 8.00, now 5.50
" " 1.50, " 1.10 " " 5.00, " 3.75
" " 2.00, " 1.50 Men's " 4.98, " 3.85
" " 2.50, " 1.85 " " 5.00, " 3.75
" " 4.00, " 2.75 " " 5.00, " 2.75

Men's Fine Worsted Suits reduced from $10.00 to 6.50.

GRAND ARMY SUITS reduced from $8.50 to 5.50; from $10.00 to 7.50.

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