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THE HARP CAME BACK

Incident in the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

A SURPRISE FOR MAREZTEK.

It Came at a Time When Max Was Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Mme. Mareztek's Thanks to the Carpenter.

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Mareztek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Mareztek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Mareztek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the billposters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed, every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a petting storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Mareztek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only \$100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell between the acts.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of revolve before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I guess I'm used to trouble. But there is a good, big house anyway!" Then, turning to his wife, who was the harpist of the orchestra, he clasped both her hands, kissed her and remarked: "Let your fingers do their best. I want to hear you play. It does my heart good, you know, even when there's trouble."

There was bustling after the performance. Legal talent was at a premium, creditors were obdurate, everything that was supposed to be Mareztek's was temporarily in "hock," and Mme. Mareztek, with longing looks toward the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more, and when their backs were turned the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Mareztek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing out everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage. Both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, but no harp, and with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above them into space. There were a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and, lowered from above, came Mme. Mareztek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick!" said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all."

He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her. "Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two, as only she could give it, the air of the doxology, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Times.

The Fortune Tellers.
Lady—Poor man! So you are just out of jail? Tramp—Yes, mum. I was a victim of fortune tellers ten years ago. Lady—Indeed? Tramp—Yes, mum. The district attorney told me where I'd ever been and what I'd ever done during my whole life, and the judge predicted where I would be for the next ten years.—Puck

THE GUARD WAS ANGRY.

But the Pretty Girl Didn't Need His Protection.

Passengers on a subway car bound from Brooklyn to New York on Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match. The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face. "That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a pretty hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you?" Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.—New York Press.

CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her.

The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now. Instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, uttering regardless of the audience.

Revised the Bill.
A young solicitor got a verdict for a client of considerable riches, but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal.

"Proposal? But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat aghast.

"What?" replied the fair client calmly. "You have asked for my fortune! I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it."

The next day she received a revised account as follows:
"Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed."
Then in place of "£ s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Telegraph.

What She Imagined.
"Don't imagine," he said after she had refused him, "that I am going away to blow my brains out or drink myself to death."
"No," she replied. "I have no idea that you will do anything of that kind. You are going away to do some wonderful thing which will bring you wealth and fame and make me regret all the rest of my life that I didn't believe you when you intimated that you were one of the greatest little men that had ever come over the asphalt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never Forgets 'Em.
"Maud is continually giggling. She seems to have an ever present sense of humor."
"Not at all. What she has is simply an ever present consciousness of dimples."—Boston Transcript.

Fashion Note.
"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformant man.
"Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."—Washington Star.

The Lesson.
Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the story of the prodigal son teach? Tommy—It teaches us how to get fresh real.—Chicago News.

VERY FINE BIRDS.

His Wife's Comment on the Result of His Hunting Trip.

The braggadocho of the common variety of husbands generally sooner or later falls before the keen insight that most women have of human nature in general and bragging husbands in particular. A witty southern woman was married to such a man, who, though invariably unsuccessful as a hunter, was continually boasting of his killings.

As he was returning home one evening after an all day hunting trip it occurred to him that the usual accompaniment of an empty game bag was not in accordance with his oft boasted skill as a hunter and that his wife would again have the joke on him, so he went to the market and purchased two brace of partridges.

As he entered the house he threw them on the table with great oar and exclaimed: "Well, you dear old mother, you see that I am a hunter with the gun than you give me credit for being, after all; now don't you?"

Mildred picked up the birds and examined them very carefully. As she looked up after the examination she said:

"Fine birds, my dear—very fine birds, are they not?"
"Robert," responded the wife, turning up her nose, "you were only just in time in shooting those birds today. Tomorrow it would have been everlasting too late."—St. Louis Republic.

EATING AN APPLE.

What You Take Into Your System With the Fruit.

"Do you know what you are eating?" said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."
"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good." They sound alarming.

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters if retained render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor.—New York Tribune.

Strange Lapses of Memory.
Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestly was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

A Question For the King.
Divinity doth not always hedge a king. There have been many rulers who could take as well as give in the joking line. The most striking instance of this kind is seen in the case of Charles II, that good natured Stuart, who once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet:
"How is it that you always read your sermons before me when, as I understand, you can preach eloquently enough elsewhere without book or notes?"
The good doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by his majesty's presence that he could not trust himself otherwise, continuing, "And now, sire, may I please you to tell me why you read your speeches when you have no such excuse?"—St. Louis Republic.

A Linen Shower.
Helen—The friends of the bride elect are going to give her a linen shower. Harold—What's a linen shower? Helen—It's a shower in which the rain comes down in sheets.—Exchange.

His Share.
Councilman—I've come to see if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery. Old Resident—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—London Telegraph.

Varied Formula.
"Did he tell the whole truth?"
"Practically. He told the truth with a hole just large enough for him to crawl out of it."—Puck.

HARD WORK.

Sam's Desperate Effort at Composing a Love Letter.

To one old southern negro in New York the difficulties of letter composition seemed well nigh insurmountable. The old fellow, as a writer in the Atlanta Constitution relates, asked his "boss," Colonel Yerger, to write a letter for him to his sweetheart.

"All right, Sam, I'll do it," agreed the colonel.

"Has yer got de paper and de ink and de pen ready, sab?"

"Yes, Sam, Go ahead."

"Write Thompson street, New York."

"All right."

"Has yer got hit written?"

"Yes."

"All ob hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read it to me, boss."

"Thompson street, New York."

"Dat's right. Now write May de fourteenf."

"Yes."

"Has yer got hit down, boss, al ready?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you're jokin! Read it to me."

"May 14."

"Mah goodness! You has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read hit all over from de berry beginning."

"Thompson street, New York, May 14."

"Dat's right. Whew! Say, boss, let's res' awhile; I's tired. My head aches like hit was gwineer split."

HE REFORMED.

A Flash of Lightning Made Him See His Evil Ways.

A group of men sitting on the dry goods boxes in front of a country store were discussing big storms.

"There's no use in talking," remarked one of them. "We are all badly scared in a thunderstorm."

"I remember one time when I was sure enough," said another. "It was about a year after I was married, and I was on my way home from town. It began to thunder and lighten when I was about halfway there, and the rain fell in sheets. I stopped under a big tree. I knew that wasn't safe, but I thought I'd risk it."

"In a few minutes the lightning struck a tree about a hundred feet away, and I fell down, either from the shock or from fright. I don't know which to this day. But I got up again, and my hair rose on end when I remembered that I had a plug of tobacco in my pocket."

"What had that to do with it?"
"Nothing but this: My wife didn't know I chewed tobacco. She hated the weed like poison. What if I had been killed and that plug of tobacco found in my pocket? I thought, I think I had the worst fright right then that I ever had in my life."

"Well?"
"Well, before the next flash came I took that plug out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could send it, and I have never chewed tobacco since."

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.
"That's a werry knowing animal o' yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Verry," was the cool rejoinder.
"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is verry hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back."
"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—London Tit-Bits.

Rearranging the Basis.
"You are charging me \$7 a week for board and lodging, Mrs. Irons," said the gray haired person of the name of Harris. "May I ask how you would itemize it? What part of it is for board?"

"Five dollars," replied the landlady. "And \$2 for my room?"

"Yes."
"Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Irons," he said, proceeding to square up for another week, "we'll consider hereafter that I'm paying you \$5 for lodging and \$2 for board. It will seem more as if I were getting the worth of my money."—Chicago Tribune.

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MODERN CHAIRS.

Evolution of Our Seats With Arms and High Backs.

Chairs with high backs and arms, after coming into general use with the renaissance, began to be ornamented with an amount of carving and gilding that has hardly since been equaled, which came naturally from the artistic tastes of the period. Their size, form and the amount of decoration lavished on them indicated the rank, fortune, authority or social position of their possessors. Bishops and abbots had seats corresponding with their dignity, while those below them sat on stools or benches. Only the king and queen and persons of high rank could be seated on chairs with arms and backs in the time of Catherine de Medici, and her sons, courtiers and favorites sat about them on stools called tabourets.

This manner of expressing difference of rank prevailed under Louis XIV and his successors down to the French revolution. To the chairs elaborately carved succeeded the armchair, so called in these times, which, with unimportant variations, is much the same as in the reign of Louis XIV. Specimens of the stools used by the favorites and ladies of honor of the king and queen may still be seen in the royal palaces of France. They were changed into the modern parlor chair by simply adding a back, which has hardly made them more comfortable.—Westminster Gazette.

A KINGLY PICTURE.

Slovenly Figure Cut by Charles XII. of Sweden.

Distance lends enchantment to the imagination as well as to the actual vision. This is a fortunate circumstance, for the real truth about some of the heroes of history might to a person today bring disencantment and even disgust. Charles XII. of Sweden may claim the world's admiration as a military genius, but from Mr. Mortill's description of the monarch, given in the "Story of Poland," that gentleman would be anything but an agreeable addition to society.

"He wears a black crape cravat, but the cape of the coat is always buttoned so closely that one cannot see it. His shirt and wristbands are always dirty. He wears no ruffles nor gloves, and his hands are commonly the same color as his wristbands, so you can hardly distinguish them. His hair is light brown, very short and never combed but with the fingers.

"He begins dinner with a big piece of bread and butter, having stuck his napkin under his chin. Between every two bits of meat he eats bread which he licks with his thumb. He is never more than a quarter of an hour at his meals, eats like a horse and never speaks a word."
A kingly picture, indeed, savoring of romance and knightly fashion!

An Independent Element.

Carbon is an elementary substance widely diffused throughout nature. It occurs uncombined in two distinct forms or allotropic conditions—viz, graphite or blacklead and the diamond, which is pure crystallized carbon. It is, however, more commonly found in combination with other elementary substances than in the free state. United with oxygen, it occurs as carbonic acid gas (CO₂) and exists in the atmosphere. In natural waters, in limestone, dolomite and ironstone. In combination with hydrogen it forms the extensive series of chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons. It is also an important constituent of wood, starch, sugar, gum, oil, bone and flesh. No other element is so characteristic of the plant and animal world as carbon. In 1778 Lavoisier showed it to be an independent element. He furthermore proved the diamond to be the purest form of carbon and by combustion converted it into carbonic acid gas.—New York American.

Not the Usual Romance.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them.

He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living, and I do not care to support a husband, as I would do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a forty-seven cent pair of breeches."—Muscatoh Recorder.

"I understand that Fraiman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."
"Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"

The Touch of Fortune.
"What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We're going for Paris in an hour."
"Yes, we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog."—Bon Vivant.

TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations such as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the veep, round spoons, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noisless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye \$50 for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorch—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Permit the fine and you get the job. Brooklyn Life.