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In advertising, always say what you believe, if you wish people to believe what you say.

Times are getting distinctly better in New York. Dress suits are now being rented freely at 50 cents a night.

New York is puzzled over the pronunciation of the name of the famous violinist, Ysaye. Pshaw! That's easy.

If men didn't get sick and tired of boarding-houses there would be very few marriages. Stewed prunes drive lots of victims to matrimony.

What most college young men really need when they are out celebrating is some good, competent musical director to conduct the yell chorus.

Outsiders do not perceive the advantages of either of the rival cities of Minnesota. A man's nose is frozen as quickly in St. Paul as in Minneapolis, and vice versa.

The fact that two persons have been convicted of fraud in connection with the claim to the Townley estates will not make the English estate swindle any less popular with American gulls.

Jokes and puns are not to be found in the Bible, the Declaration of Independence or the American Constitution, and advertisers cannot afford to be very funny if they wish the public to take what they say seriously.

More frequent mails for country districts and their free delivery in all settled townships, is an issue that will not go down. So far as possible the country should enjoy equal privileges with large towns and cities. This must be accomplished even if the expense is partially borne by the cities. They draw their very life blood from the country, and their commerce depends upon agriculture. National development for several decades now has been in a measure at the expense of the rural districts, until the flow of population from country to town is pregnant with grave danger. If the recent elections mean anything, they mean that the people want government to take hold in earnest of just such problems as this that so vitally affect the everyday life of our people right here at home. Experiments show that rural free delivery would be very nearly self-sustaining, but ninety-nine out of a hundred of the American people are willing that the postoffice department run behind a few millions a year, if necessary, in order that the rural regions may have more mails and free delivery. A simpler classification of postal matter, a cheap parcel post and a fractional currency for use in the mails are also needed to make our postoffice department serve the people as it should. Let this issue be agitated until, if the present Congress fails to accede to these demands, they may be promptly granted by the next Congress. Fortunately, no partisanship is involved, and it is simply a question of the people expressing their desires with sufficient force to compel acquiescence.

Birds in Egypt. It is delightful to note the tameness of the birds of Egypt. They enter rooms and houses through windows or crevices left for ventilation, and, once inside, hop fearlessly about the floor, picking up stray crumbs. I have seen—and the sight was a pretty one—a sparrow perched on the corner of a table during the progress of a crowded hotel repast; and it is not uncommon to see them flitting across the ceilings of drawing-rooms at Luxor.

All birds, from largest to the smallest, go unmolested, unless they are definitely useful for food. The great brown kite sits fearlessly on the roofs of Cairo, hard by his cousin, the crow, which is not black, like our crow, but is black and gray, and might easily be mistaken for a pigeon. Every garden—at any rate, in Upper Egypt—has its own frequenting a tall palm tree, and hooting or whistling as Nature guides it.

Pearls in Paris. The leaders of fashion in Paris have declared that pearls shall be the most fashionable of all ornaments this winter. Strings of pearls will be twisted in and out among the coils of the hair, a happy revival of the styles in vogue in the days of Louis Quinze, when the ladies of France wore their hair powdered and decked with pearls. The use of pearls will not be confined to the hair, however, for they will be worn in every kind of a necklace, from a single bow to a wide collar made in rows of pearls caught together with a diamond clasp at intervals around the neck. A long, slender chain of pearls is another fancy, and this is worn twice around the throat, forming a kind of necklace. It falls in graceful loops to the waist, and is caught at one side of the corsage by a jeweled pin.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence between your soul and mine. Like some great river rolling by beneath a night of stormy sky, Where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sunline here 'Twixt lands of kindred speech, There runs a slender, living line O'er which there flash by lightning signs, The thoughts of each to each,

So, 'neath the parting flood of death There runs a living line Of steadfast memory and faith, Of love not torn for mortal breath, Between your soul and mine! —Samantha W. Shoup, in Independent.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

SCENE.—Boudoir and toilet of a society belle. The belle, who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing table are a mirror and various articles of the toilet.

THE MAID.—"Made-moiselle was a great triumph to-night; no?" The Belle (abstractedly).—"Yes, Celeste, I think so." The Maid (with pride).—"The men all fall down and adore made-moiselle; no?" The Belle.—"No, not all the men. Some of them. Enough of them." (Sighing). "Too many of them."

The Maid.—"That is good. Made-moiselle has embarrassment of choice." The Belle.—"Yes, an embarrassment of choice. You speak truly, Celeste." (Sighing again). "It is that which makes me—bah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Celeste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say."

The Maid (horrified).—"But made-moiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep." The Belle.—"I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it. Good night, Celeste."

The Maid.—"Good night, mademoiselle!" (Exit maid.) The Belle (alone).—"Five proposals in one night. That is, counting one that I suppose does not—ought not to count. Four of them at any rate such as a girl in her second season would jump at. As for the fifth—well, I won't think of it, I mean, if I can help it. I won't. Yet—but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Totty. Sixty years old he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said. That part is probably true. But, oh! Let us pass on to the next. Philip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Funny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet—(muses several minutes, then sighs). Who next? Oh, yes. (Laughing heartily). I must not forget him. Lord Tuffnut, the latest British importation, who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgaged estates and the family tree that, in its time, has borne an abundance of just such overripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty, and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most cerulean of blue blooded Knickerbocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her industries when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to his morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All—except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down town. Poor as a church mouse, handsome as Apollo, and true as steel. Ah, well! (sighing) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that some one interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. (Closes her eyes and thinks.)

A half hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

The Belle.—"I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?" A voice.—"There is."

The Belle (startled).—"Good gracious! What was that?" A Voice.—"Don't be frightened. It was I."

The Belle (still more alarmed).—"But who are you? Where are you?" A Voice.—"Your mirror."

The Belle.—"But, good heavens! Mirrors cannot speak."

The Mirror.—"Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect; why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you."

The Belle (trembling).—"Was I thinking aloud?" The Mirror.—"No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me even though I may not reveal what is

in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing, that I should?" The Belle.—"You mean with regard to—"

The Mirror (blandly).—"I mean with regard to the five proposals you received to-night."

The Belle (after a pause).—"Which shall I accept?" The Mirror.—"That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself."

The Belle (anxiously).—"How can you do that?" The Mirror.—"By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening."

The Belle.—"Oh, dear! This is worse than chromomancy. Wouldn't—eh—wouldn't it be wicked?" The Mirror.—"Not so wicked as it would be to marry the wrong man."

The Belle.—"I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?" The Mirror.—"First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (She does so. The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded). Which would you see first?"

The Belle (laughing hysterically).—"Oh, take them in their regular order."

The Mirror.—"Then, Mr. Totty, the eighty-year-old millionaire, first. What can you see? Speak!" (The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the centre, disclosing a picture.)

The Belle (in a low voice).—"I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Totty. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking."

The Mirror (grimly).—"Are you happy?" The Belle (shuddering).—"No. Al- though bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with him, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release." (Picture vanishes.)

The Mirror.—"You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (Again a picture forms). What do you see?" The Belle.—"I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room nearby I see Philip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stopping over, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sigh, turn away, and go to bed."

The Mirror (ironically).—"Are you happy?" The Belle (bitterly).—"No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affections on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next."

The Mirror.—"Well, what see you here?" The Belle.—"Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to some one else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death."

The Mirror.—"It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffnut."

The Belle.—"I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go to them. He means my money. I have seen enough of this."

The Mirror (mockingly).—"Are you happy?" The Belle (sadly).—"No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery."

The Mirror (as a new picture appears).—"Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?"

The Belle.—"Yes. I see myself once more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up; I hear it. A few minutes afterward my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a thick voice for remaining up. A quarrel ends in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with a nausea."

The Mirror.—"Are you happy?" The Belle (fiercely).—"No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted by his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched."

The Mirror (slyly).—"There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?" The Belle (confusedly).—"Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest."

The Mirror (as the last picture appears).—"Then behold! And tell what you see."

The Belle (very softly).—"I see my-

self again. I am sitting in front of a cosy fire of soft coal, seeing something light. Near me is—near me is—yes, it is Jack. Mr. Willoughby. I mean. He is talking to me very gayly, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room; a boy and a girl. They want to bid us good-night, they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be—almost be—his nephew and niece."

The Mirror (gently).—"Are you happy?" There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

The Belle (after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal).—"I have been dreaming and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. I thought so, too, but we were both young. I told her I might read and I might write. (Smiling.) Well, I have read a great deal; I think I will write a little. (Writes.)

My Dearest Jack: I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me. ETHEL. —Life.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool. A full jail is better than an empty one. Gossip is generally a desire to get even.

A drop of ink may make a million things. It is a rare man who can do a favor delicately.

You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of. Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

It is not good to forgive a lie told with good intent. One drop of scandal will spread over a whole life-time.

What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal. Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked.

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool. An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

In the meanest but is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there. The fools are not all dead yet, and, what is more, they never will be.

Every human heart ought to be a bird cage with a singing bird in it. Of all virtues justice is the best. Valor without it is a common pest.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts. The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth. The more friends a business man has the more things he sells below cost.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?

A Remarkable Fall of Stone.

M. L. Fletcher, an English mineralogist, tells of a remarkable fall of stones which took place at some early date in the history of Mexico. He describes fourteen huge masses in all, and advances the very likely theory that they originally formed a single meteoric mass that was shattered by the intense heat engendered while passing through the earth's atmosphere. The fragments of this immense meteorite are scattered over a section of country sixty-six miles in length and twenty-two in width, and it is estimated that its total weight was but little short of 20,000 pounds. One piece of it, now in the National Museum at Washington.—Atlanta Constitution.

How Horses Sleep.

When the horse sleeps, one ear is directly forward, why it is not known. A naturalist thinks this is to guard against danger, being a survival of their original wild habits. He says: "Watch a horse asleep through the window of his stable, and make a faint noise to the front. The ear will be all attention, and probably the other will fly round sharply to assist. Now let him go to sleep again, and make the same noise on one side. The forward ear will keep his guard, with possibly a lightning flick round, only to resume its former position."—New York Dispatch.

Tamed a Pair of Elk.

A Chelalis County (Wash.) farmer has lately been creating a good deal of interest with a pair of elk which he had tamed and trained to do many things usually done by horses. He says: "A traveler offered him a good price for his elk, but the farmer refused to part with them. The same night a cougar got into his barn and ate up one of the creatures."—Chicago Herald.

"Wroth Silver."

"Wroth silver," from the several parishes of his hundred of Knightlow in Warwickshire, in England, was collected a few days ago by the Duke of Buccleugh as lord of the manor. The custom dates back to feudal times. For every penny not forthcoming the prescribed penalty on the defaulter is \$5 or else the forfeiture of a white ball with a red nose and ears.—Chicago Herald.

"THE MAN OF DESTINY."

STORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S WONDERFUL CAREER.

A Soldier of Fortune—All the World Now Discusses His Life and Achievements.

Everybody is supposed to be absorbed in the first Napoleon just now. The current interest in him is reflected in the magazines. For reasons as mysterious as the source of fashion in clothes, he is the prevailing literary fashion. Yet how many know the salient, significant facts in his life? Well, here they are, as given by the New York Press.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born near the town of Ajaccio, on the island of Corsica, on August 15, 1769. Tradition credits him with having been a child of the people, but that is not so. His father was of the nobility and among the most prominent of Corsicans, although poor and inclined to be lazy. His father's home was a gathering place for political discussion among the Corsican gentry. His boy proved to be violent and passionate, morose and stubborn. He had a nasty temper and was bound to have his own way about everything. Muskets and cannon and wooden soldiers were his playthings, just as they are the chosen toys-to-day of the children of Emperor William, of Germany, upon the eldest of whom the future peace of Europe no doubt depends.

Napoleon could speak very little French when, at the age of ten, he was sent to a military school at Brienne, where he developed a fondness for mathematics and a hatred for Latin, devoured Plutarch's lives of heroes who were not as important in the world's history as he himself afterward became, and achieved a reputation for being overbearing and ambitious. He was reserved and sullen and the big boys made fun of him, while the little ones were afraid of him. The stories that he assumed a post of dictatorship over the whole school do not appear to be borne out.

In 1784, when he entered the military school in Paris, he found himself more unpopular than ever. He left the school when he was sixteen, and, upon the death of his father, he became a sub-lieutenant of artillery. He took a notion to achieve literary honors and undertook to write a book in imitation of Lawrence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," guided thereto by a young woman with whom he had fallen in love.

Napoleon's first military battle was fought, not only against France, but against his native town Ajaccio. He was twenty-three then, and had taken the side of the rebels in a Corsican revolt against French rule. He was defeated, besieged in turn, and had to live on horse flesh for three days before he and his handful of troops were rescued by shepherds. Napoleon's attack on the town made it necessary for his mother and the other children to leave it, so they moved to Marseilles in 1793. Napoleon soon went to Paris, where his Corsican campaign was forgiven in view of the fact that the Government needed trained officers, and he was sent in the same year to take part, as a colonel of artillery, in the siege of Toulon, which was held by the Spanish and English.

If Napoleon had been content with doing only moderately well in this siege the whole course of history might have been changed, for it was his amazing activity, foresight and knowledge of military tactics that were chiefly instrumental in causing the fall of the city and in bringing the young soldier into notice. He was made a brigadier-general of artillery in consequence at the age of twenty-five, the recommendation for his promotion being worded thus: "Promote this young man, for if he should be ungratefully treated he would promote himself." That was a tribute to his genius, ambition and power of will that makes light of theories that his subsequent ownership of most of Europe was considerably due to good fortune.

Jealousy took root in Napoleon's success at Toulon, and he was soon afterward thrown into prison on a charge of being in sympathy with Robespierre. He was released in a few days, but his prominence had made him an object of intrigue, and he found it difficult to get new military employment. He had the blues and wrote to his brother Joseph: "Life is an empty dream, soon to be over with." He was completely discouraged and impoverished, and came near offering his services to the Sultan of Turkey. He was ready to fight for or against anybody.

His opportunity came when the Directorate, then governing France, stirred up civil war by trying to perpetuate itself in power. The people rose against it, and after one general had tried in vain to put down the rebellion, Napoleon was called on to take charge of the few troops the Directorate had at its disposal. His brilliant maneuvers at Toulon were remembered. In one night he made his plans, and the next morning, when the troops of the people advanced on the Tuileries they met with a resistance that amazed them. Napoleon had prepared for it in the night, and in one hour of fighting he had won a victory over troops that outnumbered his own six to one.

He was made a commander-in-chief for this success, and then, while waiting for something to turn up, he met Josephine Beauharnais, a beautiful young widow, who came from the island of Martinique. He fell in love with her and married her in 1796, when he was twenty-seven. In the same year he was given command of the army that had been listlessly trying to whip the Austrians, who were

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! The pretty birds in their nests are still; We watched the sun as he sank from sight, Over the tree tops on yonder hill, Two stars have come since the daylight went, Away over there in the sky's dark blue, They must be angels that God has sent, To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! I hear the frogs in the meadow call; They croak and croak in the evening light, Down in the pond by the old stone wall, I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers Never to fear, though the world is dark They know the firefly lights the hours All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! Dear little head, with your silky hair, Dear little form that I hold so tight, Cozy and warm in the nursery chair! White lids are veiling the eyes so clear, Over their blueness the fringes creep, Slower and slower I rock you dear, My little girl is asleep, asleep. —Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Only the untried man wholly trusts himself.—Dallas News.

What nine men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts.—Puck.

A preferred creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment.—Puck.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere.—Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is nearly always particularly fond of giving advice.—Acheson Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High School who wrote "Evening Dawned at Last."—Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard; lop off a bit of him, he squirms a little and straightaway grows on again.

Some future generation, If we make no mistake, Will kick about the biscuits That papa used to bake. —Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the string tied to your finger was to remind you of, you are getting old.—Acheson Globe.

"That must be a very good book Jumper is reading." "Impossible. He seems to be profoundly interested." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her grocer is so slow with his delivery that when she orders eggs the boy brings her chickens.—Philadelphia Record.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penam is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street-light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."—Yale Record.

Sympathy—"My lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship, with a smile.—Tid-Bits.

Hostess—"I am going to ask you to take a charming widow down to dinner. Will you?" Burrows—"Certainly. I'll take her anywhere that there is a crowd to protect me."—Boston Transcript.

Louie sobbed the tramp; the great wet tears Left large and briny tracks. "Pray what," quoth I, "if not too bold, Your heart so sorely racks?" "Alas!" sobbed he, "I've just been told 'About this income tax.'" —Boston Budget.

We often sneer at the Egyptians for being a slow people, but on the contrary they must have been a very busy race. Even the mummies appear to have been prepared for time.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabby-dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" "That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Life.

"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together." "Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."—New York Fr 235.

A Huge Moose-Head.

What is probably one of the finest moose-heads in the world was taken to Bangor, Me., this week by G. H. Crocker, of Pittsburg, Mass. The animal was shot up in Aroostook County at the Ox Bow, and the moose weighed 1400 pounds. It is about absolutely perfect in size, shape and spread of the antlers. The antlers spread sixty inches, and when it is considered that fifty-one inches is a large spread, some idea of the immense antlers of this moose is obtained. The largest set of antlers of which there is any record is sixty-one inches, and this moose surpassed that animal in the shape and formation.—Boston Herald.

Loaf Sugar in Morocco.

An important article of trade in Morocco is loaf sugar, which is in general demand for presents. Every person approaching a superior, whose favor or good will it is desired to propitiate, is bound to bring a gift. He cannot appear empty-handed, and the form that is most commonly taken by the gift is loaf sugar.—New York Dispatch.

A Stern Disciplinarian.

General Count von Hesel, of the German Army, is a stern old soldier and a strict disciplinarian. He has been known to stop a subordinate in the street and make him remove his boots and stockings to see if his feet were clean.—Chicago Herald.