

The Times.

By HENRY A. COOK, Editor.

EUREKA SPRINGS. - ARKANSAS.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

Raining from the shaded porch,
Where the lily's stately grace
Shines in all the fair and pure
Whiteness of its garment,
And the purple pansies nod
Just above the circling soil.

Velvet leaves of crumbling hue,
Sparkling with night's honeyed dew,
Forming radiant caverns where
Gauze-winged and indolent fair,
Show the perfect, calm repose
Of that regal bloom, the rose.

Telling of the early spring,
Violets to their sweetness cling
By a scantly opening rose
Crimson with high summer's blood,
And the silver larches frill
Over beds of magnificence.

Where the little and rustling mass
Of the meadow's many grasses
Clings about the garden's edge,
There we see, along the hedge,
Crocus chalice that hold
Just a speck of yellow gold.

Then the clover blossoms toss
Where the pathway winds across
Level sweeps, where rose and sink
Fluting of the bobolinks,
And the thrushes loudly call
Just beyond the tumbling wall.

Heavy with its bearded store,
The wheat's whining where
Bends the wheat, that ready stands
For the reaper's brawny hands,
Murmuring a low, low song,
When the summer wind grows strong.

Up against the mellow skies
Gradual-sloping hills arise,
Wooded by great trees, that screen
With their whispering robes of green
Winding roads, where shadows seem
Like the vistas of a dream.

Here, along the noisy brooks,
The hidden, sunlit nooks,
Where the starry anemones
Weave the kisses of the bee,
Blooming just within the shade
By a massive oak tree made.

Here the hours are cool and fleet,
And we move with the breeze
Down the slope, and see the sun,
When the meadow paths are won,
Flaming just at the crest
Of a mountain in the west.

—Thomas S. Collier, in *Traveler's Record*.

HE HAD IT OFF.

Why An Honest Workman Parted with His Arm.

In the St. James' Hospital the man's surgical wards are at the top of the building. That is where the accidents are brought in. Any moment of the day or night a whistle through the tube may announce that a fresh case is coming up. Possibly it may prove a matter of a sprained ankle, possibly of injuries only just short of death. Outsiders imagine life in the surgical ward to be a constant succession of shocks to the nerves. But all who enter there leave nerves behind, or, to speak more correctly, the nerves are kept tense, guarded, ready for all surprises and all demands. Still, I have heard Nurse Wilmont confess to a strange sensation, though more of excitement than of dread, when she sees the form of the foremost of the two policemen bearing the stretcher appear around the corner of the door. The questions must rise unbidden. What poor soul is this brought here for its appointed measure of pain? and what is this day's work to consume? Is it death, or is it life weighted with some crippling injury? Is it moral salvation or moral ruin? The drift of a life, or, perhaps, many lives, may be determined this hour.

But one can only imagine such reflections occupying the mind as the nurse watches the patient carried to a bed under some one's charge. If he is to be under her own care there is no margin left for them, all her power must be summoned to the front and absorbed in the duty of the moment. His hurts have been attended to down stairs, dressed and bound, but there is still much for the nurse to do which requires prompt attention and a steady hand. She must fly hither and thither, alert yet composed. If it is a case of fracture, the bed must be prepared. If the vital heat is lowered by the shock hot bottles must be at once procured. Then the patient must be made as clean and comfortable as his condition permits, and if he is neither insensible nor too ill he must, during the process, be cheered and soothed by kindly speech.

Nurse Wilmont has told me many stories of patients that have come under her care, and of some of them I will set down here as nearly as I can remember as she told it to me.

At about half-past six o'clock one winter afternoon the well-known sound came up the tube, and Sister Janet directed that one of my beds should receive the new-comer. It was a young man, a strapping fellow. Of his face I could see little, for it was bound up for injuries to the head and jaw, and one of his arms was broken. I expected to hear that he had fallen from a scaffold, or had been run over in the street, but the policeman said they had brought him from his own home, where they had been told he had fallen down stairs. The story could have only one meaning, I feared. The majority of the cases come to us through drink, and the policeman as he told it made a sign which was sufficiently satisfactory, if any explanation were needed.

"There was an old woman mixed up in it, his mother, and I take it they'd been soaking together," said he.

The new patient took no part in these explanations. Though he had not uttered a groan I could see he was in great distress and he could speak only with difficulty.

"I'm glad, at any rate," said I, "that you appear to have no wife and family to be pinched while you're out of work. You're better off than a great many that come here."

He nodded his head and looked at me, and I saw at once that he had been misjudged—he had not been drinking. The look was too direct and intelligent, and so expressive of manly endurance that my sympathy went out to him at once. We have sympathies as tender as other women, we nurses, I hope, though sometimes we joke and laugh when other women would cry.

You are not a drinking man?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"The doctors will tell you to-morrow morning that's in your favor."

lunge to Thomson, the pale-faced shoemaker in the next bed, who accepted it as such, and a discussion followed which was much relished by such of the invalids round as could hear it.

I did not hear any more of the discussion, nor which had the best of it in the end. My attention became completely taken up with my patient, who had sunk into a very low state now that he was quietly in bed. I had done all I could for him and was occupied in another part of the ward, when I saw Sister Janet bringing a woman up to his bedside. I was sorry to see he had such belongings, for he seemed to be a respectable, decent young fellow. This woman was the most disreputable-looking object you can imagine. Her battered bonnet kept slipping back off her head, in spite of her aimless clutches, and her ragged shawl was of a dirtiness unspeakable. Anderson, my patient, was so ill that when Sister Janet moved away I came forward to keep an eye on things. He sat propped up with pillows on account of the injury to his jaw, and he could not reply to his mother's remarks, except by feeble signs. But this did not seem to matter much. She was very voluble, and addressed herself to me and to Hicks in the neighboring bed. She said all in a breath what a pity it was when a fine young man like her son, and the only support of his widowed mother, took to drink, and how she'd begged and prayed of him to leave it off, as she was that no good would come of it, and now her words had come true, for he had fallen down the height of a flight of stairs on to the stones, along of the railings giving him up as drunk as any thing, and now here he was, and she without a farthing, and would I kindly lend her a trifle, and she ended with a burst of tears. Of course I could see what Sister Janet, being rather inexperienced, and charity itself, had not noticed—that the woman was herself under the influence of drink and must be got away as quickly as possible, which I proceeded to do. Of course the scene was witnessed by all the patients near at hand.

I went back to my work, somewhat abashed, though he was reading his paper with great diligence. I suppose he expected Thomson to improve the occasion for teetotalism, but Thomson with, I thought, some delicacy, left the incident to point its own moral.

It must have been an hour after the departure of the mother when Sister Janet beckoned me across the ward. "Here is another person asking for No. 9," she said. "They should not have given another pass to-night. I can't let him in. She came just after the other woman was gone, and she's been standing outside for above an hour. Try and see if you can persuade her to go."

I went out. What a contrast from No. 9's last visitor! A small, slim girl, pale as death, but quite collected. She clasped her hands.

"Ah, it madame would permit me within! It is his mother that was come. That she has made harm. It is possible, yes. But I would not make him harm me. I would regard only, and is that madame thinks it would make him harm? Ah, non, impossible!"

"Are you his wife?"
The pale face flushed. "Ah, non; to-morrow, madame, we marry ourselves." Poor things! I felt for them. But I told her it was better for him to keep quiet, and that she could come and sit with him to-morrow, being visiting afternoon.

"Madame, if he dies, it is necessary that I speak to him; ah, it is necessary!"
I told her that he was not dangerously hurt; that being a strong, sober young man, there was every chance of a speedy recovery, and that as his jaw was hurt he could not speak to her if she spoke to him.

"I will expect, madame, all the night, if it is necessary; I will expect till sleep, if I may then regard him."

I could resist the pleading no longer, and I suspected Sister Janet of sending me to the task because she was unable to do so. I went back to her. No, it would not do; she could not go back from her word. However, she finally gave way so far as to consent to the girl's coming inside and looking at Anderson from where he could not see her. Then she went away somewhat pacified. I offered to give any message she liked.

"Ah, non, Madame," she said; "you are so good. I thank you from my heart. But madame understands the words must come from me to him. Tell him that I come—that is all."

The girl was very winning. As the hours passed, Anderson, distressing though his condition was, uttered no word of complaint, and once when I adjusted his pillows and got a spoonful of milk between his lips with great care he managed to say, "I feel ever so much better." And the next nurse told me next morning that he had been just as patient during his sleepless night. The little French girl came that afternoon at the earliest moment of visitors' time and stayed till the latest. She sat by the bedside and held his hand, as quiet as a little mouse. She did not appear to say much, but I suppose they had a language of their own. She came every week. His mother also came every week. The girl never yielded her place to the other woman, but sat still by the bedside, looking at her all the time with an extraordinarily free expression. The woman seemed to me cowed by it, and never stayed long. I was so interested in the two young people that I used to watch them as I sat at my needlework at the end of the ward. I wondered what was going on below the surface. It was evident that the elder woman and the younger were as friendly to each other. The young man, I thought, between the two, might have a difficult position. He went on fairly well for some time, and by degrees grew able to speak and eat with comfort, but his arm did not progress as it should. It was a very bad case of what the doctors call a compound comminuted fracture. How the accident happened remained a mystery. I had my suspicions, but could make nothing of it. Anderson, who was extremely reserved, when I asked him how he came to tumble down stairs like a baby, he answered that he supposed it was along of clumsiness, and that in their place the stairs were dark and rotten. But I could not believe he had fallen without cause, and as I felt sure the cause had not been drink, I could not help suspecting there had been some foul play.

He had been in hospital a month or five weeks when the doctors began to look very grave over the arm, and at last one morning they broke it to him that it would have to be amputated. I did not hear how he took it at first, for I went into the ward kitchen on pretence of fetching something for the doctors, and cried. Such a fine, good young fellow, just going to be married, and by trade a carpenter! I said to myself that he would bear it like a man. But when I got back, to my surprise I

found the doctor much out of patience. Anderson had flatted refused to have it taken off? "Here, nurse," cried the doctor, "you come and talk to him and persuade the silly fellow not to throw away his life," and he left me to the task. We nurses are used to bringing a bright face and firm voice to such tasks as these, even when our hearts are sore, as mine was then. But it was of no use. Anderson, poor fellow, seemed as if turned to stone; all the life had gone out of his face. He was hard and silent and replied to me only by curt refusals. This state of things went on for some days. Every morning the doctors tried again, but I left off arguing, for I saw it was of no use. However, I looked to visitors' day to change his mind, and only wished it had been nearer, for his arm was in a terrible state. And yet I dreaded it too, thinking of the shock the news would be to the poor little French sweetheart who had been hoping so soon to be his wife. Would she have nerve enough to set aside her own feelings and try to reconcile him to the loss of his arm and the altered life before him?

The afternoon arrived, and I saw poor Anderson with a face that made my heart swell with pity watching the door. But she was not as punctual as usual. The afternoon wore on, the visitors' time passed, and she had not come. The mother came and stayed a few moments only, looking scared, I thought. I did not hear any thing that passed between them. She looked to me somewhat the worse for drink. I do not know when I have been more taken in than by that girl's not appearing. I had counted on it with such certainty. I could scarcely believe the time was gone, even while I looked at the clock. As for the poor fellow, I could only guess at what he felt.

"Do you know why your friend has not come to see you to-day?" I asked him as carelessly as I could. He was so shy of talking about himself that I was afraid of scaring him. He only said: "No, I don't; not for certain," but he looked at me as if he half wanted to tell me more, and I thought it would come. And so it did that night when I gave him his medicine. He said, just as I was leaving him:

"I say, nurse, I want to send a letter."

"Do you?" I said; "I will write it for you with pleasure. Who is it to be sent to?"

"It's to my girl," and he grew red and very bashful.

"I suppose you want to tell her about your arm?"

"She knows that. There was a man went out yesterday that lives in our yard, and he told my mother and she told her."

So this was the end of the little French girl's devotion! Now that there was no chance of his being able to keep her she would not even come to see him. As I could not say what I felt I held my tongue. Anderson went on.

"Will you say in the letter that she needn't be afraid of me wanting to keep her at her word? Tell her I ain't going to have my arm off. I'll take my chance. I don't want any thing from her, but just to come once to see me for the sake of old times. Don't forget to put that in, nurse—for the sake of old times. Perhaps she is in the right to keep away, but I'd rather she'd come just for once, do you see?"

I went down to the kitchen and I should like to have added a few words of my own to the young lady, but I thought I had better not meddle. Would you believe it? No answer came from that motherless girl. The next morning, worse, and the doctor said that nothing but amputation could save his life. But Anderson couldn't be moved from his resolve. He said that if he die he must, why he would die like a man, but that he'd known a fellow that kept his leg for twenty years after the doctors wanted it cut off. But he was so low and looked so hopeless that I feared he did not care much which way it went, and that was terribly against him. He needed something to give him heart enough to face life after such a cripple, and to bring himself to beg for such work as a cripple can do—he who had been a skilled artisan, an aristocrat of labor. A woman who loved him might do it, I thought, but visiting day came round, and again the mother came, but no sweetheart, and there could be no longer any doubt of her faithlessness. I begged Anderson to take it like a man, give up thinking of her, and have his arm off next morning. He told me that the girl stood in the way, but that he would show a far better kind of pride in submitting to the will of God and making the best of his misfortunes like a brave man. He listened to me with attention, and though he did not answer I saw I had made an impression; though, I am sure as I spoke, and thought of his ruined life, I felt how different a thing practice and precept are. By and by he said:

"Perhaps I didn't ought to say it, but I can't trust to what my mother says. I can't get to the bottom of what she told me this afternoon. She's a spite against my girl on account of my taking to her. You go out of doors, don't you, nurse?"

He asked this so wistfully that I hesitated to assure him I would go out where he liked for him in my off-duty time. So it was settled I should go to the house where his mother and the girl both lodged. I called on the girl. Happily, I had leave of absence that evening after tea. "You see my mother is overtaken with the drink now and again," he said, in a shamefaced undertone, "and she has a terrible grudge against Marie, on account of its being along of her that she was put out with me; and you see, Marie don't make no allowance for her being in the drink that evening. And she don't know where she is, that girl. She'll say any thing to that old woman." In his excitement he never said that he was letting out his secret. I held my peace and marveled at the absence of bitterness toward the mother who had been the cause of his misfortunes.

I had no difficulty in finding the court to which Anderson directed me. It was such a place as none, but the London poor are doomed to live in it. I should not have relished going into it after dark, but for my nurse's sake, in which I was safe anywhere. And if I had been timid I need only have addressed myself to a policeman and he would have walked with me anywhere. So many of the force have been nursed by us that they are always pleased to show us attention.

I had made up my mind to see the girl herself, if possible; but when I made my inquiry for her of the grimy person who lived with many others, no doubt, on the ground floor, I found that she had left the house! Did they know where she was gone? No, they did not, nor did they know whether Mrs. Anderson was in. I might go up and see, if I liked, upon which they disappeared into the gloom. I thought I had better try "going up," and it was well I did so, for I met a tidy-looking woman coming down, who not only could tell me that she had

seen Mrs. Anderson go out, but that she knew where the young woman had gone to, but would not tell me unless I wanted it "for her good." So I got the address and went to find the place, though I half repented me of the errand, for this changing lodgings secretly, as if to cut off all appeal, seemed to me the most heartless thing the young woman had done. "Three pair back" being the direction I received at the front door, I groped my way up stairs as pitch dark as they usually are in such houses, and in answer to my tap, Marie herself appeared at the door. The room was as neat as possible and quite pretty in its poor way, and she herself dressed in a trim dark dress with snowy French cap and apron. But it was only in the moment that she passed before she recognized me. "I had the heart to observe all this. Poor child, how she cried! I am afraid I began by being harsh to her, being so full of her supposed heartlessness."

"Ah, madame, isn't that he thinks me faithless? Madame, since I could not go to-day I write to him even now, voyez-vous." And I saw that she had been setting with pen and paper before her. "Ah, le pauvre garçon! I could not go, non; I am blanchisseuse and the principal change itself, and she know not me and permit me not to go at the right hour, and last week I go plus tard, and they say no, it is past the hour, and then I write a word and give it to the commissionaire to give to my Jean. And as it that he had the heart to forget it, it is not me, it must be so. And is it possible that mon pauvre Jean thinks me faithless? Ah, madame, I see that you sobbed and cried so bitterly that I put my arm around her and made her lean on my shoulder. She was so absorbed in the piteous idea of Jean's suffering through doubts of her love that she seemed hardly to take in the idea of his losing his arm. "His mother say she tell me? Ah, non, she never tell me, madame, and the letter, I have not received it, non. I come away because that his mother is so mecheante, she said. She hate me for that. Jean love me. Madame knows that. I want to tell my Jean because we marry ourselves next day, and that he work for me then. Ah, he is too good to her, but then, voyez-vous, she is always his mother, yes."

"She might forget her anger now that he is able to work for neither of you," said I.

Marie ceased crying, and drew herself away from him, looking at me with a pale, fixed face, as on the first occasion I had seen her.

"Ah, le pauvre ange, his arm, I forgot! Madame says he will lose it. Tell me."

I told her all about it, and of his refusal to submit to the operation. "Mais comment, my Jean is not coward!" and her eyes flashed. "He is desole that he can not work, say you? But I can work—me! I work well; I get the good wages; and if I will not work! And as you say, madame, in your so kind way, you can do much with one arm, if one can not be carpenter. Ah, how that Jean is good, for it is the left arm, n'est ce pas, that he will lose!"

"Come back with me now," I said, "and persuade him to have it done to-morrow morning" (I did not like to say "before it is too late"). "I will get you in, and we must hurry, for my time is nearly up."

"If I will come!" said Marie, and she was ready in a moment.

I left her waiting down stairs while I went to inform the doctor, and I was glad to do him a kindness for her, and she was soon by the beds of her "Jean." Of course I did not hear what passed between them. When she went away Marie threw her arms around me and kissed me, and smiled with the tears running down her cheeks. The end of one of pride and thankfulness, and the tears were for poor Jean's arm that was going to be taken off next morning. Anderson's face when I went to him did me good to see, for hope and life had come back into it.

"I've changed my mind, nurse," said he, "and I know you'll be glad to hear it," and he whispered: "I don't want any medicine; my girl has been enough medicine for me!"—*Leisure Hours.*

ATTAR OF ROSES.

Sweet Perfume Which Is Sold at One Hundred Dollars Per Ounce.

"Do you have much call for attar of roses?" asked a reporter of a prominent chemist and dealer in drugs in this city.

"Oh yes," said the dealer, "but there is very little of the genuine article sold in New York; it is too expensive. The genuine attar of roses, which is made in India and Australia, costs one hundred dollars an ounce at the places of distillation. It takes fifty thousand roses to make an ounce of attar. The roses which are used are the common roses, of which variety there are large yields in California, where the distillation of attar could be made very profitable. I have been through that part of the country and have seen hedges near Sonoma, that State, so dense with the roses that the odor from them caused a feeling of faintness and oppression on the passer-by. In India the roses are, however, regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in the fields and are particularly hardy."

"Do you know any thing of the process used in distilling the attar?"

"The work is done by women and children, who regard it merely as a pleasure. As soon as the roses begin to bloom they are leaves are cut off, and then separated and distilled in twice drawn off into open vessels. These stand over night, being covered, to keep out dirt and insects, which are attracted by the odor of the roses. In the morning the water is coated with a thin oil film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed off with a fine feather and put into vials, which are hermetically sealed. It will be inquired, what is the essence or oil that is used in the distilling of fifty thousand roses to fill an ounce vial is worth every bit of the price asked for it."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Remarkably Smart Man.

"Say, Milus, when air yer gwine ter name yer new boy?" a negro upon meeting an acquaintance, asked.

"Done named him."

"Yes, sah."

"Hopes yer gin him er big name."

"Did, Named him arter er big Congressman."

"What does yer call him?"

"Oleomargarine Bill."

"Dat's right. Name him arter de statesmen an' de folks kain' say dat he's er slouch. Dat german what yer named him arter hil' de whole Congress fur a laung time, an' er 'cose me'll be er smart man."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

LIGHTNING STROKES.

The Necessity of Employing Every Precaution Against Their Fatal Results.

"It is hardly possible to perfectly guard person and property from the disastrous results of the lightning stroke; but a large majority of the cases reported could be prevented by the exercise of common sense precaution. The man who takes shelter under an isolated tree in a thunder storm, does his level best to expose himself to the fatal stroke. Nearly or quite half of all the casualties by lightning are invited by the victims by taking shelter under large trees, which must attract a discharge of electricity if it comes anywhere near them. Many people at work in fields or traveling on the highway, are unable to find shelter from sudden thunder-storms; but when refuge must be taken out of doors, let it be in the smallest bush or tree which can be found. The Indians had a tradition that the beech tree was protected by the Great Spirit from the lightning stroke, and the son of the forest always took refuge under the boughs of the beech; but the only protection the Great Spirit gave to the beech tree, was to cause other trees to grow taller and attract the electric discharge to themselves. At best, a tree affords but little shelter from a thunder-storm, and in most cases a bush or fence would afford equal protection with greatly lessened danger.

The present cheapness of copper brings the best lightning conductors within the reach of all who can afford any protection to their buildings. The copper wire cable is the only rod that should be used, as each strand of the cable presents a large conducting surface and a small rod is thus equal to a much larger solid conductor. Instead of high rods running up at one or two points of the roof, each vulnerable point of a building should have a many-pronged point, and each should connect with an encircled conductor around the base of the roof, with two or more escapes to the moist earth, or into a cistern. A building thus protected, will be safe from all ordinary lightning strokes, and persons in houses thus protected need not take the precautions of standing by windows or doors or to close drafts of damp air, as lightning will never leave a good conductor to fly off to a bad one. It will come in on currents of damp air if it can find no better way to reach the earth, but it will always adhere to a properly constructed lightning-rod unless the conductor is electricity to convey the charge of electricity. The possibility of an over-charge suggests the wisdom of the copper cable with its dense conducting surface in small space. When in buildings not protected by conductors, windows and doors should be carefully closed during thunder-storms, and inmates should avoid proximity to chimneys, as they are most likely to be made the improvised conductors of an electric discharge; but being bad conductors the charge is liable to fly off with any moist current in other directions. Lightning, with all its alleged freaks, scornfully obeys the laws of nature and of common sense. In point of fact, what are often published as "freaks of lightning" are no "freaks" at all, but simply the electric discharge following the best currents of attraction within its reach. It is amenable to all the laws of common sense, and common sense precautions only are necessary to protect life and property from its fatal stroke.

Lightning is especially dangerous to buildings not protected by conductors, when the heated gases from crops invite lightning for many yards beyond the attracting power of the building itself, unprotected barns are much exposed to lightning, and in most cases, the barn is instantly enveloped in flames. These facts emphasize the necessity of lightning conductors for every barn that is made the receptacle of crops of hay and grain; but if the average peripatetic lightning-rod man is allowed to do the job, as a rule, he will only expose the barn to greater danger than if left without conductors.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE UNION JACK.

Curious Points About the Banner of Great Britain and Ireland.

We are all familiar with the white, blue and red ensigns, and with the union jack which occupied the upper quarter nearest the flagstaff. The white ensign has the red cross of St. George in addition to the union jack. Without the jack this white ensign with a red cross represents our old national flag as it existed from the time of Richard I. until the death of Elizabeth. This red-cross flag, the banner of St. George, appears to have been chosen by the soldier King in honor of the saint who was the patron of soldiers. It remained for more than four hundred years the flag under which the English warriors fought on land and on sea. When James VI. of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth the Scotch had a national flag. That also was a cross, but it was shaped differently from that of St. George, and was known as the cross of St. Andrew. The ground of the Scotch flag was blue, and its cross was white. To mark the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign the national banner underwent a change, though Scotland still retained its separate Parliament. In the new flag the two banners of England and Scotland were united. There appeared in it the oblique white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground, and the red cross of St. George on a white margin, worked in the blue field. The King was accustomed to sign his name in the French form of James, "Jacques." He was, in fact, the Union Jacques, or, as improperly pronounced it, Jack. For local purposes the Scotch still continued to use the white St. Andrew's cross on the blue field, and the English the red cross on the white field. It was stated by royal proclamation in 1606 that "whereas, some differences hath arisen between our subjects of South and North Britain, traveling by seas, about the bearing of their flags. For the avoiding of all such contentions hereafter, we have, with the advice of our council, ordered that from henceforth all our subjects of this isle and kingdom of Great Britain and the members thereof shall bear in their mantop the red cross, commonly called St. George's cross, and the white cross, commonly called St. Andrew's cross, joined together," and in their foretop our subjects of South Britain shall wear the red cross only, as they were worn, and our subjects of North Britain in their foretop the white cross only, as they have been accustomed."

In 1707, when the Scotch and English Legislatures were united, the distinctive flags ceased to be used, and the united flags as arranged in 1606 became the single ensign for the United Kingdom. It was the sovereign that made the union and established the national flag, and an establishment of distinct legislatures again would not alter

the flag. Ireland would take presumably for its local ensign the red cross of St. Patrick. This Irish banner ought to have appeared in the union flag of 1606, but it did not. Ireland had no distinct recognition in the union flag until 1801, when the Irish and British legislatures were united. At that date the union jack underwent a further change, and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick on a white field was introduced. Since that date the union jack has shown the red cross and white margin, recalling the banner of St. George, the white diagonal and blue field of St. Andrew's banner and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick showing over the white diagonal cross of the Scotch banner. The blue ground of the jack is therefore due to Scotland, and the red and white as crosses and margins to England and Ireland.—*Cor. London News.*

POPULAR PICTURES.

A Dealer in Cheap Art Goods Gives Some Points About His Customers.

A big dealer in pictures, such as engravings, chromos, etchings, pastels, oil paintings, all moderately cheap, in conversation with a reporter the other day, said that battle pictures sold the best. He added: "The general public, which is not educated in high art as a rule, is fond of war subjects, representations of battles, flights or narrow escapes. Now if I put outside for inspection four pictures, the one that represents a battle or some war episode attracts the most attention. A little group constantly stands before the war picture and the others are scarcely noticed. One of the pictures that always attracts attention is 'The Return of Napoleon From the Island of Elba.' The great General is represented as surrounded by his staff, members of the Old Guard, and his soldiers rushing forward to greet him and kiss his hand. Even tramps who pass along the street stop and gaze in admiration at the Little Corporal. They all seem to know the picture of Napoleon, and have some slight acquaintance with his history. The battle of Waterloo also comes in for a popular share of interest. The troops of the Union army parading through Washington, the battle of Gettysburg, and like pictures are mostly admired by the uneducated who admire pictures because they are pictures. These, of course, are not the original oil paintings, but simply the engravings of them. The prices range from three dollars to twenty dollars per picture. The sum of fifteen dollars will buy a fine engraving, and twenty dollars will simply get a first-class picture in our trade. 'The Affair of Honor,' a duel between two women, sells well, and comes under the general head of war pictures. If I were a great painter, I should devote my time to battles and historical events, where guns, swords and cannon figured prominently. If the uneducated are fond of such pictures, I am sure those who have good taste will appreciate them in a greater ratio. Engravings of Fortuyn's 'Choosing the Model' are admired, but not with the enthusiasm of thrilling battle scenes. I have dealt in cheap pictures a good many years, and my experience is that they act as educators and have a tendency to refine and improve. I know poor people, who once bought cheap pictures from me, that have advanced so in the selection of engravings from great painters that they often go to the dealer and say, 'What I should buy. They studied art and became thoroughly conversant with modern painters. There were cheap pictures sold in the United States many years ago. I think if the duty were taken off of imported pictures we could sell nearly twice as many. All classes of pictures would become cheaper, and the competition would force down prices.'—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

CHINA'S EMPEROR.

The Son of Heaven on the Way to His Ancestors' Tombs.

The people of China are intensely interested in their young Emperor and in all that concerns him. Some time ago he had to pay the customary annual visit to the grave of his ancestors, the most indispensable of all duties to a good Chinaman. The escort of the Emperor (a boy of sixteen) consisted of twenty thousand persons, and the whole population of the capital was deeply moved.

The palanquin in which he rode, an elegant structure of wood and glass, was borne by sixteen carriers, all of exactly the same stature. Thirteen of his Chief Ministers accompanied the Son of Heaven, each in his own palanquin. The imperial vehicle was preceded, followed and surrounded by a select band of fifty young cavaliers, all in brave array. A vast multitude of officers and high officials marched behind.

The road from the palace to the cemetery had been leveled and swept. Proclamation had been made, as usual, that during the passage of the Emperor no creature not belonging to the escort should be seen in the road. The command was obeyed; but, such was the curiosity of the people to behold the countenance of their sovereign, that every house on the route was pierced with little holes, at each of which was placed a royal Chinese eye gazing at the monarch and his imperial mother. All Pekin was a peeping Tom.

Once fairly out into the country, the population was allowed to look, provided that it remained upon its seats while the imperial palanquin was passing, and that no one should approach nearer than fifteen yards. So passed the Son of Heaven to the grave of his ancestors. The day ended with universal festivity.

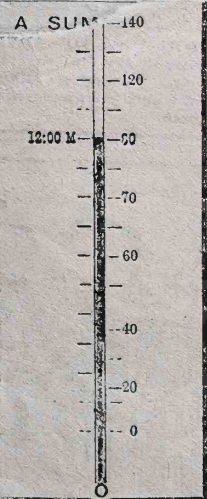
The question of the marriage of the young potentate is an absorbing topic in every Chinese household. "Of what use is a King?" asked an American girl of seven at a German school last winter. The good old proverb had the tact to reply: "My dear, the King gives us plenty, plenty to talk about at meal-times."—*Youth's Companion.*

—According to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* Louisiana lost 200,000,000 pounds of sugar last year by imperfect sugar milling. The quantity of sugar actually made last year was 250,000,000. There is only one first

The Times.

By HENRY A. COOK, Editor.

EUREKA SPRINGS. - ARKANSAS.



HOME NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST BRIEFLY BULLETINED FOR BUSY READERS.

Movements of Eureka's Citizens During the Day—Personals and Other Local Information.

PERSONAL.

—Maj. J. J. Downie came in today from Berryville.

—Capt. J. M. Hill returned today from Berryville, where he spent the week in court.

—A. C. Pirtle and family returned yesterday from their summer vacation at Jasper, Mo.

—M. R. Baker returned this afternoon from Berryville, where he had been attending court.

—The Rev. G. K. Brooks, of the Memphis conference, will preach at the Methodist Episcopal church to-morrow at 11 a. m.

—Dr. L. G. Roberts and brother of Indianapolis gave THE TIMES a pleasant call to-day—the latter gentlemen having arrived yesterday.

—Manager G. W. Kittelle, of the Crescent is entertaining his son, S. E. Kittelle, who came today from New York. He is a cadet in the U. S. Naval academy at Annapolis, Md., and is enjoying his summer vacation.

—Rev. Joel Sutcliffe, of Hope, Ark., came last evening on his way to Harrison. He is the state evangelist of the Sunday schools of the Christian church denomination, and will remain over here several days with Rev. L. W. Scott.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

At the Hancock: R. D. Massey, St. Louis; G. A. Serviss, Hungary; O. P. Brown, Van Buren; S. P. Todd, Eureka, Kan.; A. Kirtley, Berryville.

At the Perry: M. H. H. Beck, St. Louis; Mrs. J. H. Clark, Elsworth, Kansas; W. S. Park and wife, Larned, Kansas.

At the Crescent: Geo. A. Cleveland, St. Louis; Benj. Dunham, New York; S. E. Kittelle, U. S. Navy.

LITTLE LOCALS.

Street work was abandoned today on account of the rain.

Tutti Frutti Chewing Gum at N. Gibson's.—Prescription Drug Store. 99

Evening service will be resumed Sunday evening next at the Congregational church.

Clickens dressed to order at the Red Star meat market. Fresh meats of all kinds.

Lumber has arrived for the substructure of Dr. Gibb's residence, and mechanics are at work.

Fresh lot cigars, candies and figs just received at R. Cuthbertson & Co's., next door to post-office. 29w1

Forget me not when others gaze, enamored on thee with looks of praise. Empire Baking Powder.

Empire Baking Powder—a whole glass factory to choose from with every can—at City Grocery. 97

The Southern is the popular summer hotel of Eureka Springs. Rates reduced to \$6, \$7 and \$8 per week. 41tf

The public are cordially invited to attend a social at the residence of Mrs. Fuller, near Dairy spring next Tuesday evening.

The Cottage Market is the place to purchase the choicest steaks and meats of all kinds. Near Harding Spring. 35w1

Mr. Seth Boles of Ft. Smith has joined forces with Mr. C. H. Smith in the livery business, having bought out W. R. Conant on Main street. They will put everything in first class order, and confidently expect, as they deserve, a liberal patronage.

lunge to Thomson, the pale-faced shoe-maker in the next bed room, as such, and, gh to do a great was much. We need an soaker—a "gully washer."

The refreshing shower which came last evening and to-day it is reported is in direct answer to the suggestion of THE DAILY TIMES that prayers be stopped until it rained. The great religious daily "gets thar."

The contest for County Judge between Mr. Jones and Mr. Lawson, resulted in a tie—some error having been discovered in the count which took five votes from Jones and gave them to Lawson. A new election will therefore be necessary to decide the matter.

Laurance Linbarger is the happy possessor of an incubator for raising chickens by steam. He has 340 eggs in process of hatching, and confidently expects to reap a rich financial reward. The incubator is one of the best in the market, has a capacity for over 700 eggs, and is automatically regulated by electricity.

Neeley, on Spring Street near the New Presbyterian church is daily receiving new and fresh groceries of all kinds, and is making prices just a little lower than any of his competitors. He delivers all goods free of charge, and as his sales are large, his stock is constantly fresh and wholesome. Give him a trial order. 88

In the matter of the appointment of a Deputy sheriff here, we are told that the mention of Maj. True's name is entirely without his consent, and that he does not desire the place. THE TIMES understands that Mr. Shahan, the newly elected sheriff will exercise his own pleasure, conferring only with his party friends.

The trial of ex-county treasurer Wm. Woods for embezzlement of School fund some three years ago came off yesterday in the Circuit court at Berryville. The jury to-day returned a verdict of guilty and recommended a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. Wood has since his indictment been out on bail and his case was reached a present term with the above result.

FREE LECTURE.

Clark Braden, formerly President Southern Illinois College; also of Abingdon College, Illinois; author of "Ingersoll Unmasked," "The Problem of Problems," and other works, will lecture on "Infidelity" in the Christian Church, in Eureka Springs, Saturday Sept. 11th, at 7:30 p. m.; and at Opera House Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Hereafter the morning services at the Congregational Hall will begin at half past 10 o'clock sharp. Evening service at half past 7 o'clock. All invited. ROBT. H. READ, Pastor.

CRESCENT HOTEL.

Terms \$3. per day to transients; special rates to commercial men with free use of sample room in Bank building. Special rates for families on application. Hot spring water baths on every floor. GEO. W. KITTELLE, Manager.

THE EUREKA BATH HOUSE

is now open for patrons. Everything new, convenient and comfortable. All kinds of baths furnish ed, either plain, medicated, vapor or electric. 21tf. H. C. NUTTALL, Prop'r.

EXCURSION RATES TO CINCINNATI.

To enable those who wish to visit the Cincinnati Exposition to do so at low rates, the Ohio & Mississippi Railway beginning Aug. 31st, will sell tickets from St. Louis to Cincinnati and return at \$12.00 for round trip, good for return ten days after date of sale. Call at office O. & M. R'y, 101 and 103 N. 4th street, under Planter's House, St. Louis, or address G. D. Bacon, Gen'l Western Passage Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE.

Dry goods business, good location, good trade established. Splendid chance for right party. Address THE DAILY TIMES. 97w2

Fruits, vegetables and berries, the greatest variety in town, at James & Beck's. Main street, next door to opera house. 41tf

WANTED! WANTED!

A laundress wanted at the Perry House. Apply at the office. 98

IN MUSIC'S HALLS.

SUCCESSFUL LITERARY AND MUSICAL AT THE CRES-CENT HOTEL LAST EVENING.

The Refinement of the City Present—An Excellent Programme Magnificently Rendered for a Most Worthy Object.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY CONCERT.

No more choice, chaste and refined entertainment was ever given in Eureka than that transpiring at the Crescent Hotel last evening, under the auspices and for the benefit of the public library fund. The dining room had been gratuitously given by the Hotel management, and Manager Kittelle exerted his well-known ability to render all comfortable and contribute to the success of the occasion. The grand piano, also from the parlors of the Hotel, was donated for the performance, and also the assistance of the hotel waiters and employees.

The programme comprised both literary and musical numbers, all of which were quite happily chosen and well rendered. The exercises were opened with a brief and very pleasant address by Rev. Dr. R. H. Read, explaining the object to be in aid of the public library, where all may find entertaining literature, both from books and the leading daily and weekly newspapers.

The first musical number was an anthem sung by an octette composed of Mesdames Davis, Spring, Brim and Miss Foote, and Messrs. Dickens, Roberts, Brim and Stockton. The old Roman legend of "Virginia" received accurate delineation from Mrs. I. D. Stewart, while Mrs. J. W. Hill and brother, L. W. Foster, correctly and approvingly rendered "Kunkel's Polka," an instrumental duet of pleasing melody though not of difficult composition. Little Master Ernest Rowe and Miss Crystal Davis took the house by storm in singing to guitar accompaniment the vocal duet "In the Starlight"—being heartily encored at its close to which they responded with a rattling temperance song. Miss Katherine Spear's reading of "The Little Voice" was excellent, Miss Spear's decided theatrical talent and cultivated elocution winning her great applause and admiration. The vocal solo, "Over the Garden Wall" by Miss Armor was probably the greatest musical hit of the evening. Miss Armor's voice is phenomenally sweet, powerful, and has received careful cultivation—singing with absolute ease in both upper and lower registers, and with a gratifying appreciation of expression. The very hearty encore she received called her out the second time, when she sang with great force and expression, "The Last Rose of Summer." Piano Solo, "Last Smile," composition by Wallen-haupt, was beautifully rendered by Mrs. A. A. Dewey. Poe's masterpiece, "The Raven," though almost too long for a mixed programme, was recited with due appreciation of its beauties by Mrs. S. H. Rowe, though her voice was almost too weak for so tiresome an effort. A piano solo, "Old Black Joe" with variations—a most difficult composition—was exquisitely translated by Miss Louise Taylor, her touch, technique, and expression being almost perfect. She, too, was warmly applauded, to which she graciously responded with another splendid selection, which doubly proved her the skilled musician. The piano duet, "Paris by Gaslight" (waltz) was one of the best instrumental selections of the evening, and was splendidly performed by the Misses Laura and Lily Dale. It is a difficult composition but the ladies showed their rare skill at the instrument in their masterly touch, time and expression. Miss Spear then recited a kilngly comic selection, entitled "Our Baby," once more captivating the entire audience, and responding to a hearty encore with a most bewitching nod. The original essay, "Alecione," by Mrs. Dr. Chas. E. Davis, was a most thoughtful and timely production, setting forth that lady's well-known scholarly attainments and masterly thinking powers. No more interesting number was on the programme, and none gave

me a satisfaction to the audience. Vocal solo, "Think of Me," by Miss Ames, closed the program in a most happy and felicitous manner, the charming singer winning new laurels for her rich-toned and magnificently cultivated voice.

The object for which this entertainment was arranged is a noble one, and should receive the approval and patronage of all our citizens as it has already had the careful attention of several of our most intelligent ladies and gentlemen and a start has been made which we hope will lead to grand results. Last evening's entertainment was a step in the right direction; others of a similar nature might be provided with profit to the cause, and if so, it would not be a great while until a very respectable library could be gotten together. Meantime donations of books would not be out of place and would be heartily appreciated.

Their Life-Goals Properties—Beautiful scenery, and Surroundings.

Some months ago Mr. H. Clay, of Hacket City visited this city, and upon returning home wrote the Hacket City Horse-Shoe as follows:

Arriving at Seligman, Mo., just across the northern boundary of Arkansas, we changed to the road leading in a south easterly direction to the great health resort eighteen and one half miles distant. Of course we recrossed the boundary line between Missouri and our own state. Here again we were made to feel at home by the pleasant, gentlemanly manner of conductor Harry Clark. Passing on through a seemingly continuous, winding valley, with alternate rocky elevations and romantic canons, across streams of limpid water supplied by a thousand sources high up on the mountain side we arrived, at the pride of Carroll county. "Well here it is!" and my wife seemed anxious to tread the gravelly surface of this charmed spot. Numerous busses and carriages were in waiting, into one of which we stepped, and were conveyed up into the city. Our first view of our hotel, and during all our rambles among objects of interest in this "young mountain queen" we were most agreeably impressed by the happy combination of tasteful art with perfect nature. This young city, in regard to its growth, is, I believe, yet in its infancy. Odd, grand, beautifully picturesque, with other rare and peculiar features. I verily believe it has not its counterpart on the face of the earth. My wife is usually rather feeble, but the magnificent scenery, the exhilarating atmosphere, the health giving water, combined with the wholesome hospitality of Eureka's good citizens, seemed so to invigorate her, that we, accompanied by our little girl, visited on foot the springs in the city, and with our polite young guide, Willy Boone, also visited several outside the city limits, among which were the Oil, Johnson, Sycamore, Little Eureka and Arsenic. I do not know why this last is so named, as the pure water seems to contain nothing resembling that drug. I crept into the frigid cavern from which the water issues, and handed out several cups of water which our little party drank with relish. The waters of all the springs doubtless possess excellent medicinal properties, and, excepting two or three, have proven after careful analysis, to be almost absolutely pure, there being less than six grains of solid matter held in solution by one fluid gallon (231 cubic inches) of water taken from Basin spring, which seems to be the great center of resort. A limited space surrounding this last named spring is wisely protected by the authorities from intrusion, and high up on the mountain side is a refreshing view of natural forest growth, beneath the foliage of which issues the pure, sparkling water, and is conveyed a few yards through a tube to the outside of the protected inclosure. By analysis it has been ascertained that the water of Eureka Springs contains a greater quantity of nitrogen than that of any other medicinal spring in the United States, hence that life-giving element, oxygen, must be proportionately large. In my travels through twenty-seven States of the Union, I have never met with a more kind-hearted, courteous people than the people of Eureka Springs. I should especially mention Mr. J. H. Cameron who obligingly gave desired information, and offered to "show us around," and could we have remained another day, we should gladly have accepted his kind offer.

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EUREKA SPRINGS RAILROAD
TIME TABLE.

In Effect March 1st, 1906.					
Going West			Going East		
No.	No.	Stations & Sigds.	No.	No.	
Mixed.	Pass.		Pass.	Mixed.	
8:01	1:15		A. M.	1:15	A. M.
8:24	3:50	Eureka Springs.	11:25	6:45	
8:24	3:50	Gaskins	11:35	6:51	
8:31	4:03	Skifton	11:45	6:55	
8:34	4:05	Leathertown	11:50	6:57	
8:38	4:08	The Barrows	11:55	6:57	
8:51	4:23	Walden	10:50	6:07	
9:04	4:40	Pender	10:34	5:26	
9:36	5:12	Seligman	10:21	5:21	
Sunday trains leave Eureka Spring at 8:44 a. m., returning at 11:21 a. m.					
FOWELL CLAYTON, Gen'l Man'r.					

SPRINGFIELD R. R. DIRECTORY.			
Arrival and Departure of Trains, at Springfield, Missouri.			
St. Louis & San Francisco.			
GOING EAST.		Arrive.	Leave.
California Express	8:55 p. m.	9:05 p. m.	
Day Express	7:55 a. m.	8:10 a. m.	
GOING WEST.		Arrive.	Leave.
California Express	6:55 a. m.	6:50 a. m.	
Day Express	7:10 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	
White River Branch	7:15 p. m.	8:3 p. m.	

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