





## THE DAILY TIMES.

WEYMOUTH &amp; GARRELL, Publishers.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

## HANNAH.

By your neophytes of Neptune,  
Your disciples of Diana;  
By your belles who bet on races,  
Or who drives a spanking span, a  
Tally-ho, or tool a tandem—  
Where would be my homely Hannah?

By you devotees of Browning,  
Weirdly wild-eyed and bombastic;  
By your esoteric Buddhists,  
By your sines so scholastic—  
Where would be my homely Hannah  
By these females so fantastic?

Where would be my homely Hannah  
By your poetess of passion,  
With her brow bedecked with laurel;  
By your demies of fashion,  
Or beside your wondrous beauties  
Who surpass the famed Circassian?

Where would be my homely Hannah  
Were some Countess with her castles,  
Where of old her noble fathers  
Fought their feuds and held their wassals,  
Fain to make me lord and master  
Of herself and all her vassals?

What though all the saints and angels  
That the painter e'er depicted—  
What though all the lovely demons  
Who of witchcraft were convicted—  
Were alive and all to making  
Ardent love to me addicted?

I will tell you. Though beside that  
Little woman I could scan a  
Score of faces—nay, a thousand—  
Fair as ever tempted man, a  
Queen she'd sit enthroned within my  
Heart, as she does now, my Hannah?  
—Boston Globe.

## DOROTHY'S DIARY.

The Brief and Simple History of a Child's Life.

It was raining dimly, and I stood watching the drops fall wildly down, splashing against the window as they came. A despondent face I had, as I stood there thinking. Oh, the tiresome, dreary day! Oh, for something to pass away the time! I turned and went out of the library and up the broad staircase. We lived in an old house on the outskirts of the city. This old place had been in possession of the family for over a century now. A weather-beaten old rookery it was, but withal the most delightful place to live in, with its broad halls, great winding staircase, and a perfect wonder of a garret extending the whole length of the house.

It was a wonder in more ways than one. On the walls hung a variety of relics and fineries of the departed Huntingdons. Old books and manuscripts were piled on queer old chairs and tables, and all sorts of odd, interesting things were to be found there.

Toward this place I wended my way that rainy morning. So, by the way, in the garret I shall find something to amuse me; it has never failed me yet.

Up I went till I came to the door. I stood on the threshold a moment. Such a ghostly old place it seemed, with its shadowy corners, and the wild rain without knocking at the windows!

For a second I stood there, half afraid to enter, then, with a laugh at my own foolishness, I walked boldly in. I poked around among the old chests for awhile, and presently dragged forth triumphantly to the light a little escrutoire. Such a pretty one it was, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with an ebony lid. The legs were slender and spindling, and in the key-hole was a tiny, worn, golden key, a faded blue ribbon hanging from it. I turned the key excitedly. It moved just a little hard, as if not liking to disclose the secrets within.

The lid opened and showed numerous little cubby-holes and drawers which were locked, but which I found would open with the same key. By the side of a tiny ink-stand lay a dainty penholder with the initials "D. H. H." cut in it.

I took the key and eagerly opened the first drawer. A book with a golden clasp and the same initials on the cover lay therein. I opened it excitedly—I think without feeling that I might be doing wrong.

My eyes fell on the first page, on which was written, in a man's hand, "To my little daughter." And then, underneath it, in a delicate, childish hand, in faded ink, the words: "The Private Thoughts and Reminiscences of Dorothy Helen Huntingdon," and below, the date:

December 25th, 1730.—Wednesday. I have wanted a diary ever so long in my thoughts, but I did not tell father till he did say to me yesterday: "Well, dear, what will you have on Christmas day?"

"A diary, father, please," said I (only I said *diary*. I think I rather got it mixed up with butter and eggs and cheese).

And father did laugh so, and say: "What! my little girl turn dairymaid?" "Nay, father, a book I mean," and I did feel so foolish at my making such mistakes—a girl of twelve years—on Christmas day. I turned my face away, well-nigh crying.

"Why, what's this?" said father, and he raised his head. "I will bring thee twenty books, but cry not, dear!"

"Nay, father, it is not that, but because I do make such foolish mistakes." And father, quite gravely, with all the laughter gone from his face, took my hand in his and did say to me that this was nothing, only natural that I should make some little mistakes; but it was the great mistakes that we must all guard against and pray against.

So this morning I found my diary on my pillow when I woke, and father had put within it: "To my little daughter," and beneath it I wrote, as you see above: "The Private Thoughts and Reminiscences of Dorothy Helen Huntingdon." And I will write in it every day till next Christmas if I be spared.

December 26th, 1730.—Thursday. I have been greatly angered this day and very wicked. Madame did say to me this morning: "Tell me, *ma chere*, in French that I am beautiful!" But it did seem to me very queer, for madame (though I mean nothing unseemly, but quite the truth) is not beautiful. She is quite yellow, tall and thin, and with a hooked nose. So I did say nothing but—Ah! when I think of it now I blush for shame at my wickedness—but I laughed. And madame did rise up with a most awful look and swept from the room. Then I did feel the blood rising to my face, and my heart seemed like to choke me, and I did leave my chair and go to father's room.

But the door was closed, and it did seem to me that every thing would now be closed against wicked me. Then I did sit me down outside the door and put my head into my lap so that I would not disturb father writing within. But soon it did seem I could not keep my heart down longer, it choked me so, and father, hearing a sound, came out and found me.

And father brought me in, and I did tell him all, and nothing said he but: "Little daughter, this is one of the small mistakes that sometimes cause great sorrow." And he did smooth my hair and take me to madame to ask for pardon, which most graciously she granted. And I now put this down so that I may never, never forget that the small mistakes do sometimes make great sorrows.

December 27th, 1730.—Friday. Father took me to the stables to-day, and there showed me a most beautiful pony, black as night, and with a soft, silken mane and tail. And father did seat me on her and say: "I bought this for a friend of mine, a little girl." I think I am most wicked, ever angry and jealous. And I did feel so envious, for I did not want the pony so much myself, and nothing did I say but: "I am very glad for the little girl; I hope she may like it."

At that father did laugh outright and say: "The little maid is not far away; mayhap you know her?"

And then of a sudden it did flash across me that the little girl was my very self, and I did speak out quite boldly and say: "Oh, sir, is it mine?" And father laughingly did say: "Yes, little friend, it is a late Christmas gift and an early New Year one. What will you call her?"

"Gypsy, dear father," said I; and I was so glad I knew not what to do.

I did think me what a beautiful gift father had given me, and I did go into the kitchen and ask cook if she would kindly allow me to make a pie for father.

And I did make a most beautiful one, albeit I did let it fall upon the floor in carrying it to the pantry. But I dusted it off quite cleanly, and father was greatly pleased.

I took a lesson in riding, and father did make me a present of a beautiful gold-handled whip that did belong to my mother.

December 28th, 1730.—Saturday. I rode forth on my dear Gypsy this morning with father. It was beautiful. My cousin Patience comes this day. I am very glad, for Patience is my favorite cousin.

Father did tell me that her mother was my dear mother's sister. Patience has hair that shines gold-like in the sun, and her eyes are blue as speed-wells.

She hath some years more than I, being twenty. She doth ride like the wind on a milk white steed, and she hath a most beautiful habit of green velvet, trimmed with silver lace.

"But you will not have Patience long, mayhap," said father. "I think some one is going to take her away."

"Nay, dear father," said I; for it grieved me sorely to think any one should come and take my dear Patience away. "It can not be true."

But father did laugh, teasingly, and did go off and leave me quite miserable to think that after all it might be true.

December 29th, 1730.—Sunday. Patience has come! I was standing on the staircase, last evening, when I heard the coach-wheels and, in a moment there was my dear at the door looking so beautiful!

But with her was a gentleman, so tall and straight, but with such a handsome face, and eyes all a-laughing, that somehow I was not a bit afraid till it came to me he might be the one who would take my Patience from me. Then I did go up to him right boldly, and when he did take my hand, said: "Are you to take my Patience away?"

And he did laugh and say: "If thy Patience wilt but come with me."

And she, with a most beautiful red all over her face, did take me in her arms and kiss me.

But I feel much better about it now, for Patience did tell me she would often come and see me.

We went to church this day. I wore my new pelisse trimmed with fur that Cousin Patience brought me. I greatly fear I did think more of that than the sermon; but I am truly penitent, and wore my oldest pelisse afterward, to mortify my vanity.

December 30th, 1730.—Monday. I have told my dear about the diary and shown it to her. Not the inside, yet, but I did say to her: "When I am with

my mother, then, Patience, you must have my book and read it. And Patience smiled, and her eyes seemed so bright and sparkling that methought there were tears in them, and she said: "Sweetheart, I thank thee; but may the time be far away."

Last night I did dream of my mother. Methought I saw her holding out her arms to me, with a smile, and the bright angels round about her were smiling also, and I thought I did start to go to her, but hearing a cry, I turned back and saw my father weeping, his face upon his hands, and I woke.

I have begun to ride with my Patience and the Captain. Father comes also, at times. The Captain is part of his name—he who came to take Patience. We have fine times, and doth seem I like him every day the more.

But the great secret is, and I tell it to you, for you will never say aught about it, my dear is to be taken away, married, on New Year's Day, Margery says.

That is why Patience came here, and I never knew it until last night, and she told me.

Father wished it so, and every thing is so beautiful. I did see the lace, the veil, Patience is to wear upon her head, and it is to float downward o'er her dress.

Margery did tell me people always give presents to those who are to be married. And I did think me what I could give to my dear. So I told father and he asked me if I had thought of any thing. Then I showed him a little ring that he had given me, that was my mother's—a beautiful gold ring with a circlet of pearls.

And father did say to me: "My dear, wilt thou part with that?" and his face looked stern and sad. Then I did put my arms around his neck and say: "To none other but my Patience, for she will love it well, and I give it as the best I have." And father did kiss me and say as though speaking to himself: "Thy mother's self, thy mother's self."

And Patience coming into the room. I placed the ring upon her finger.

January 1st, 1731.—Wednesday. I never, never thought it would happen. I feel much stronger now, and will tell all about it.

It was yesterday; my dear and the Captain and I did go out riding. We rode along right gayly, for a time (Margery is saying not to write more, but I say to her that I must tell you all), and then somehow Gypsy did slip and fall and threw me on the ground, and when growing frightened and trying to rise, methinks she hurt me in the side. But she did not mean it. I think I forgot every thing for a time, then, and only remembered my dear's white face and Gypsy putting her pretty head down and then I must have gone to sleep.

Then I did find myself upon my bed at home, with my dear father sitting by me. But his face was fallen upon his hands, so I put out my hand softly, and it did almost fall, so heavy it was, and laid it on his arm.

And father, quickly raising his head, did cry out: "Dorothy!" And said I, "Father, dear, it was not Gypsy's fault!"—for I did think me they might blame my pretty Gypsy.

My head doth feel so queerly now. Here comes my dear and the Captain. "Father—"

My eyes so blurred with tears that I could scarcely see the faded, trembling writing. Once more they tell upon the yellow page where, underneath, was written:

"My little Dorothy! She died this morning. The sunshine of the new year falls softly upon her as she lies asleep. Good-bye! dear; I have read the gentle story through, and so I close the book."

The rain that had been falling wildly, wept softly now. The branches of the dead tree swept against the window and my tears fell on the tender story of a young life, while the darkening shadows filled the room.—Annals R. Keyes, in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

—A beggar was sitting in a New York street, holding out a battered hat. The following placard was hung about his neck: "Please, good people, help a poor blind man who was once rich, but who has been reduced from affluence to poverty. You will never regret it." Presently along came a pleasant-faced man with a sharp, shrewd eye. He looked at the poor old beggar curiously, for a moment, and then suddenly drew back his arm as though to strike him a blow in the face. The movement was only a feint, but it served the purpose. The beggar jumped backward about a yard and started on a run up the avenue, winding his way in and out among the passing vehicles with wonderful skill for a blind man.

—Master—"Well, Susan, did you post my letter as I told you?" Faithful servant—"Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put on another stamp." Master—"Good girl; but I hope you didn't put it on so as to obliterate the address." Faithful servant—"Oh, no, indeed, sir; I just stuck it on top of the other stamp, so as to save room."

—N. Y. Ledger.

—Mr. McClintock, "shouted his better-half, 'I want you to take your feet off the parlor table.'" "Mrs. McClintock," he said, in a fixed, determined voice, "I allow only one person to talk to me in that way." "And who is that?" she demanded. "You, my dear," he replied softly, as he removed the beds.—Judge.

## LUNACY AND POETRY.

A Washington Editor Wants to Know Which Madly Comes First.

If we were vice-president of the toothpick trust we couldn't feel bigger than we felt last evening when a well-dressed opulent-looking man came in and said he understood we had great influence with capital, and that he had a scheme which he would put in against our capital, and which would make every body connected with it so rich that Croesus would go to history as a miserable pauper. With the air of one who, standing with his back to the treasury building, feels that he has millions behind him, we asked what the scheme was.

"Well," said he, "I am the Messiah, and—"

We felt that our attitude toward him had not been sufficiently reverential, so we got right up and gave our chair to him and stood where we could reach his neck with one hand and a paper weight with the other.

"I am the Messiah, and I can do any thing. I could blow upon you and you would be gone. I can turn you into gold by just looking at you. You see that building across there?"

"Yes."

"F-f-f-f!" said he. "There, now you see there is no building there."

"Your scheme, then, is one of house-moving?"

"No, sir. Bah! there's no money in house-moving."

"Going to start a cyclone factory, may be?"

"Naw. I can make a cyclone come along and blow the world away, but—"

"There wouldn't be any money in that," we dared to suggest.

"Not a cent."

"May be you intend to manufacture time. Time, you know, is money."

"That's so," he said, joyously. "I appoint you an apostle for thinking of that. You're a smart man, and I won't have any but smart men for my apostles."

"You write poetry, don't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, I see so many poets. I can tell one by the way he introduces himself."

By this time he had a bundle of manuscript out of his pocket and was about to read it to us when we were resorted to a strategic movement which necessity has forced us to learn and which we do not propose to expose.

This experience, which we have reported as faithfully as memory permits us to, is by no means an extraordinary one. Within the few months that postscripts has been a department of the Post we have been more or less entertained by a pretty steady drizzle of this class of persons into the office and every one of them has ended by pulling out a bundle of poetry. Now what we should like to know is whether these people go crazy because they write poetry, or write poetry because they go crazy. We are in no special hurry for the answer. We are willing to wait until the vexed question as to whether it is the codfish that salt the ocean or the ocean that salts the codfish is settled, but when the public has nothing more important on its mind, we should like to have the matter considered.—Washington Post.

## REMARKABLE PROBITY.

A Daughter's Tender Tribute of Respect to Her Father's Memory.

In February, 1881, Patrick Hogan, shoe manufacturer, of Newark, N. J., failed. His liabilities were \$52,497.68; his assets, estimated at what they would bring in cash, were but \$14,000. His daughter, Elizabeth E. Hogan, who was forewoman of the factory and had a claim for wages, took charge of the establishment. The debtor offered and the creditors accepted 20 per cent. in full for their claims, and Hogan was freed from debt. Miss Hogan conducted the business in her own name thereafter. She was prosperous. In 1887 she built a factory at a cost of \$30,000, \$10,000 of which she borrowed on mortgage.

Her father, Patrick Hogan, and two of her brothers (one adopted) were associated with her. It had always been the desire of Mr. Hogan to pay his indebtedness in full, notwithstanding he was not bound to do so legally. He died very suddenly on the 3d of March, 1889, of pneumonia, and it was his dying injunction that his debts should be paid; he left no will. He held a life insurance policy for \$15,000.

His daughter and his two sons immediately set about paying up the old debts, and have already discharged them in full, expending for that purpose \$42,002.32. There were fifty-one creditors. The largest sum originally due was to Barclay & Co., \$13,719.59; the next largest was to J. H. & T. W. Dawson, \$3,390.01; and \$5,020.62 to the estate of W. W. Gilman. The other debts ranged from \$2,500 to \$200. A great many notes were in the hands of third parties. Handsomely engraved receipts have been prepared, and when they are signed they will be bound in book form and kept as a family memorial.

What tribute of respect to a father's memory could be more tender and beautiful than this? Miss Hogan and her brothers have set an example of probity to all people who have had the good fortune to emerge from adversity into prosperity.—Housewife.

—"Oh," said a traveling man to an old acquaintance, "I hear you are dallying with the flowing bowl once more." "Yes," "I thought you had quit it for good." "I did intend to; but my wife complained that I was getting to be a brute since I took to keeping sober."—Merchant Traveler.

## WOODPECKER STORES.

How the Busy Birds Secure Provisions for Winter Consumption.

In stripping off the bark, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket bullet would make, speared with most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns.

Earlier in the season I remarked the holes in most all the soft timber; but, imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or inquire; but now finding them studded with acorns firmly fixed in, which I knew could not have been driven there by the wind, I sought for an explanation, which was practically given me by Captain S——'s pointing out a flock of woodpeckers busily and noisily employed in the provident task of securing their winter's provisions, for it appears that the sagacious bird is not all the time thriftlessly engaged in "tapping the hollow beach tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes, in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place it beyond their reach, and it is considered a sure omen that the snowy period is approaching when these birds commence stowing away their acorns, which otherwise might be covered by its fall.

I frequently paused from my chopping to watch them in my neighborhood, with the acorns in their bills, half clawing, half flying round the tree, and admired the adroitness with which they tried at the different holes, until they found one of its exact caliber, when, inserting the pointed end, they tapped it home most artistically with their beaks, and flew down for another. But their natural instinct is even more remarkable in the choice of the nuts, which you will invariably find sound; whereas it is a matter of impossibility, in selecting them for roasting, to pick up a batch that will not have half of them unfit for use, the most safe and polished-looking frequently containing a large grub generated within. Even the wily Indian, with all his craft and experience, is unable to arrive at any thing like an unerring selection, while in a large bag full that we took from the bark of our log, there was not one containing the slightest germ of decay. They never encroach on their packed stores until all on the surface are covered, and when they resort to those in the bark, and peck them of their contents without removing the shell from the holes.

—N. Y. Ledger.

## NAPOLEON'S BRIG.

Discovery of the Wreck of the Vessel That Took Him From Elba.

On the steamer Eureka, which arrived from the southern coast recently, were two passengers from Monterey named George Baker and John Sparks. Both are divers, and the story of their latest exploit in Monterey is, if true, strange indeed. The men left here in the schooner Rose Sparks to work on the wreck of the Ventura, which went ashore some months ago near Point Sur, a distance of about twenty-six miles below Monterey. They put into Monterey to get a supply of powder, and while anchored in the bay the discovery was accidentally made that they were just over the wreck of some vessel. Baker and Roach donned their diving suits, and were at first little gratified at their discovery, there being but little left of the vessel to explore.

They kept digging away at the remains, however, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing considerable copper and iron piled up on the deck of the Rose Sparks. When the news of finding the wreck spread to the town of Monterey boats of nearly every description put off to the schooner, and the men were surrounded by Frenchmen of all ages, and sizes, who had lived in Monterey for years, and many of whom remembered the vessel well. She was a brigantine, they said, and went into port on fire in 1834. All hands abandoned her, the Frenchman said, and were fortunate enough to escape. What made the wreck precious in the eyes of the natives of France, they said, was the fact that, although when lost she was sailing under the Mexican flag, she was in reality the vessel which bore Napoleon from his exile on the Isle of Elba to France.

The vessel on which the Emperor and his friends sailed from Elba was a brig and was called the Inconstant. Be this as it may, nothing can shake the faith of the old residents of Monterey from the belief that the Natalia is the original vessel. Those who were rich enough to purchase small bits of copper and iron from Baker did so, and others begged so hard that they were given small specimens, which they carried away in delight and will no doubt treasure as relics of the once loved and great Emperor. They account for the change of name by the fact that the vessel was sold to the Mexican Government.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## In the Early Dawn.

Proprietor of museum—I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interests so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a dandy.

Manager—Sh—h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room, and she told me not to wake her until half an hour before show time.—Texas Siftings.

—"This is a bang-up article," said the salesman, as he sold a can of dynamite.

## FLIRTATIONS IN RUSSIA.

Business and Politics Discussed By Young People of Both Sexes.

Of course flirtations are going on on every side. There is not a girl on hand but who, at the end of the season, would have found her special "affinity." Yet there is such a radical difference between Russian and American flirtation as to make the Russian article almost unrecognizable to the American. Social life in Russia—even in large centers of population—is cast on such lines as constantly to throw the men and women together; family men are in the habit of bringing their unmarried friends to their homes. Here social and business questions, as well as politics, all such topics as are considered of interest to men alone, are freely discussed in the family circle—mostly over the tea-table.

The girls, as well as the women, get to be thoroughly versed and interested in the most serious of life's problems, and, as occasion offers, turn out splendid helpmeets to men in all their undertakings. No matter what social or political question is brought up most by the times, it is thoroughly discussed in the presence of women, and the men's course frequently is modified according to the women's suggestions. So, in their flirtations, then, the younger the two kindred spirits, the more they vie against each other in stringing up their talk to the most serious topics; their idea is that love may make them womanish and handicap their usefulness in their chosen sphere of action. As soon, however, as a couple of lovers come to an understanding they begin to lay plans for a life's work in common. The future does not appear to these enthusiasts in any other form than that of a wide field of duties toward their lower, oppressed brethren. A Russian girl of liberal tendencies scorns the idea of being "supported" by her husband. And again, it would be difficult to find young people in Russia nowadays who would be willing to pledge their love to one another "forever and ever," as was the custom of sentimental lovers of former times. Their acknowledged ambition, however, is to be "honest" before any thing else, and they promise to deal fairly with each other, and not to treat each other, with rechauffe sentiment when there is nothing else to offer. When the ardor of love gives out they are prepared to remain true and fast friends. It is understood nevertheless that, were a stronger, unconquerable passion to assert itself in either of the two for another, then the ethics of the young "Intelligencia" would command the unloved husband or wife to commit a peculiar kind of harikari—giving his or her partner the liberty of choice. Though the MODERN is strongly set against this, and there is no doubt that laws, there is a kind of prudish, liberal-minded young married people which impels them not to impose love and company on one who refuses to appreciate it.

Not long since still stranger ideas were popular among the educated Russian young people. A few years ago it was by no means an uncommon thing for two young enthusiasts to marry on a firm understanding never to assume toward one another the relations of husband and wife. This transaction, though taking the form of a church wedding, was called a "fictitious" marriage, and was generally resorted to to help a liberal-minded maiden who had not yet reached her legal majority to throw off the tutelage of unsympathetic parents or tutors, and to acquire the right to dispose of her estate or her money at her own will, since in Russia a married woman—no matter how young and inexperienced—is perfectly independent from her husband in her property rights.—N. Y. Star.

## The Chinese Minister's Wife.

The new Chinese Minister will be accompanied by his wife and family, which will be the first instance where in a woman of high caste has been permitted to accompany her husband outside the Celestial Kingdom. The strict surveillance which is there exercised over wives will be followed in this case, for immediately upon the arrival of the new Minister with his family they will drive in a closed carriage to the legation, where madame will be at once installed in the suite of apartments assigned for her occupancy. With one exception, when the members of the new legation will be formally presented to the mistress of the household a few days after her arrival, she will not at any time see visitors or be seen by company. The Minister will take his wife to dine occasionally, when her health demands such exercise; but, instead of permitting her to take part in any social duties, the legation will be conducted in all respects as a bachelor establishment.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Caught Him on a Pair.

Black—Did you ever notice a woman darning a pair of stockings and observe how she—

White—I never saw a woman darning a pair of stockings in my life.

Black—Oh! Well, perhaps your wife doesn't darn your stockings.

White—Yes, she does; keeps them in excellent repair. But I never saw her darning a pair. Never saw her darn more than one at a time.

Then Black led White around the nearest corner and drew him down into the depth of a subterranean lager beer saloon.—N. Y. Mercury.



## DANCING A HOE-DOWN.

How Edwin Booth Played the Banjo For His Father and Edwin Forrest.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, who plays Bertie in the "Henrietta" so cleverly, and has got an equally great success in the "Arrant Knave," is an inimitable story teller, and frequently is in the mood to indulge his propensity to the limit. The other night he quietly sat himself down after the performance with a few friends to enjoy an hour or two of social intercourse after the play. Stories and lively badinage was the result.

"Who would think," said he, "that Edwin Booth was a good banjo player, and that he fingered the strings when a young man for his father and Edwin Forrest to dance? He told me the story himself and it runs in this way: He used to travel with his father, play small parts and look after the great actor's wardrobe. Edwin was very fond of picking the banjo and his father was very fond of listening to it. One night he was sitting in his room strumming away while his father sat listening. The elder Booth was always a little shy of Edwin Forrest, and would not for the world have had the great tragedian see him in anything but a dignified mood. But he was nicely caught on one occasion. Edwin was playing the banjo and his father was enjoying it, when a knock came to the door.

"Come in," said the elder Booth, rather gruffly, when the door opened and in strode Edwin Forrest.

"How are you, Junius?" said he to the father. "How are you Ed?" said he to the son.

"The father arose, shook hands with Mr. Forrest, and at the same time motioned Edwin with his hand to put the banjo away.

"No, no," said Mr. Forrest, "no, no—I like to hear it."

"Both resumed their seats.

"Can you play 'Old Zip Coo'?" said he to Edwin.

"The young Booth began playing the tune. When it was finished Mr. Forrest asked for half a dozen familiar plantation melodies, and Edwin played them. Finally he struck the air of an old Virginia hoe-down. The elder Booth began keeping time with his foot, and so did Mr. Forrest. Very soon the feet of both the great tragedians began to move in a half-way shuffle, and finally, as the full spirit of the music caught them, both began to dance the familiar steps which the music provoked.

"The harder Edwin played the more vigorous the steps of the two tragedians, and the frolic continued until all were tired."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## WILD YOUNG BRITONS.

Refuge For the Fast Sons of Liberty.

The world up here in Manitoba. Its principal crop is an annual growth of young Englishmen, sons of wealthy parents, who have interrupted the busy in their diligent work of sowing a thick and early crop of wild oats, and have sent them out to the colony to have their moral and physical health built up and a little industry and useful knowledge instilled into them at the same time. The owners of the farm, two brothers, charge the boys for their board and instruct them in farming for nothing, but the work they manage to get out of the young fellows is worth a good deal more than the time spent in teaching them, though occasionally a horse is foundered or a piece of farm machinery broken.

It is remarkable, though, how these young sprigs of nobility, many of them, take to the hard work of the farm. They have true British grit about them, and the managers have sense enough to have the drudgery and dirty work done by hired men. The boys ride the horse racks, drive the mowing machines, learn to run a threshing machine, and all of them take kindly to the care of live-stock, the horses especially, though a propensity to race the latter at every opportunity has to be guarded against. The "instincts of gentlemen" do not seem to desert them either, for they will never sit down to eat in the clothes they have worked in and they refuse to eat with the farm hands who bring the smell of stables to the table. Bathing, shaving and dressing for the evening take up a good deal of their time—indeed, "waste it," real farmers would say—but the boys insist on it. They also cling to their cigarettes. Many of them get to like the life, so that they stay longer than their parents insist on, but nearly all return gladly when the term of their banishment is over. The farm owners make a good thing out of it.—Winnipeg Letter.

## Didn't Like the Milk.

A London Bishop had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution, into which poor lads had been drafted from the east end of London, and in addressing them he congratulated them upon the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast and the Bishop kindly asked:

"Are you not comfortable? Have you any complaints to make?"

At last the leader raised his hand.

"The milk, my Lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than you ever had in London."

"No, indeed, it ain't," cried the boy.

"In London they always buy our milk out of a nice, clean shop, and here—why, here they squeeze it out of a beastly cow."—Tid-Bits.

## THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Man Has a Lively Time in Putting a Noose Over an Alligator's Nose.

The following are the particulars of an adventure H. Abbott, of indigo and racing fame, met with some years ago, says the Naval and Military Gazette:

"It was in the rains, and we were at Tawarrah factory vats, when the jamadar told us that there was a huge alligator under the bridge of the river. Sending for a gun and a couple of bullets, we went to the bridge and, sure enough, about twenty yards off, there was an enormous 'ghural,' some twenty feet long, with his head just visible above the water. A well-directed shot caught him between the eyes, and the brute, mortally wounded, plunged into deep water, rolling over and over and was carried by the tide down toward the bungalow, which was a quarter of a mile off. Running to the vat-house Abbott seized a long rope lying there and rapidly made a slip knot in it, and declaring that he was not going to lose so lovely a skin, kicked off his boots, and just as he was—in socks, breeches and shirt—jumped into the river, giving me and a lot of natives the other end of the rope to hold. He got well into the middle of the stream and was quietly treading water while we were anxiously watching, when suddenly within two feet of the swimmer the alligator plunged straight up out of the water snout foremost, as alligators generally do when hit in the head. Without the least hesitation Abbott flung both arms right around the snout, and a regular rough-and-tumble ensued.

"Presently the brute's whole body appeared. Abbott calmly mounted him, evidently trying the while to disengage the slip-knot, which had now got tight round his own arm, and to shove it over the brute's head. Then the alligator started swimming, and we followed down the bank, when, just as we were opposite the bungalow, he pulled dead up, brought his tail out of the water, and with a fearful side sweep capsize Abbott, snapping at him as he fell. Then came another fight such as I never wish again to see, the pair eventually disappearing beneath the water. We unexpectedly saw him come up a few yards from the bank, evidently almost senseless. A Rajpoot peon jumped in and dragged his master up the slope. He was bleeding awfully and was a gruesome sight—shirt in ribbons, arms and chest torn all over, both hands badly maimed, and the right foot completely crushed. He came to at once, and only said: 'The rope's safe over his nose.' And so it was, sure enough, for the natives to whom I had thrown the rope were now busily engaged in hauling the defunct saurian on shore.

"I never saw a man in such a mess and, to add to the horror, down to the edge of the river, just as we had dragged up his half-killed friend, rushed his young wife, wringing her hands, and naturally half out of her wits with terror. While she was standing over him and the servants were carrying him to the house he started singing, 'Home they brought her warrior dead.' A nice time we had out in a jungle, with no appliances to tie the severed arteries, and with a patient who would insist on trying to get out of bed to see how the skinning of the alligator was getting on. We tried to hire kahars, but the whole country was under water, and they refused to budge from home; so we put him into a shampony and took him to a doctor at Mozuffepore, taking from ten on Tuesday till seven the next morning to do the twenty miles.

## ALL ABOUT FLIES.

How to Select and Use Them—Valuable Practical Suggestions.

To choose a flat file, turn its edge upward and look along it, selecting one which has an even sweep from end to end, and having no flat places or hollows. To choose a half-round file, turn the edge upward, look along it and select that which has an even sweep and no flat or hollow places on the half-round side, even though it be hollow in the length of the flat side.

In draw-filing, take short, quick strokes, which will prevent the file from pinning and scratching. Long strokes, no matter how long the work may be, are useless, save to make scratches. Remember it is less the number of strokes given the file than the weight placed upon it that is effective; therefore, when using a rough file stand sufficiently away from the work to bring the weight of the body upon the forward stroke. New files should be used at first upon broad surfaces since narrow edges are apt to break the teeth if they have the fibrous edges un worn.

For brass work use the file on a broad surface until its teeth are dulled, then make two or three strokes of the file under a heavy pressure upon the edge of a piece of sheet-iron, which will break off the dulled edges of the teeth and leave a new fibrous edge for brass work.

Use bastard-cut files to take off a quantity of metal of ordinary hardness; second-cut in fitting, and also to file unusually hard metal; smoothing to finish in final adjustment or preparatory to applying emery cloth; dead smooth, to finish very fine work; float file on lathe work.

To prevent flies from pinning, and hence from scratching, properly clean them, and then chalk them well.—American Artisan.

—To the small boy who has to wear his father's made-over apparel life seems one dreary ex-nante.—Puck.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

It takes a man, in the strongest sense of the word, to be a farmer.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—If you hire extra help for corn cutting and do not know their morals, see that the boys work with "father." Good boys are worth more than good crops.

—Seed wheat and seed corn should be thoroughly dry and kept in a dry place. Seed corn that is thoroughly dry seldom freezes unless exposed to very severe cold.

—Scalloped Onions.—Boil and if large cut into quarters. Put into a shallow dish, cover with white sauce and buttered crumbs, and bake until the onions are brown.

—The many and various wants of fowls are synonymous with necessities, and no better word can be used in expressing them, nor a better meaning understood in supplying them. Any one want left unsupplied will be sure to be heard from unfavorably in one way or another.

—Yeast Waffles.—Two cups each of sweet milk and flour, three tablespoonfuls of yeast, two eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and one salt-spoonful of salt. Set the sponge over night. In the morning beat and stir in the eggs and butter, and bake in waffle irons.—Household.

—Sponge Biscuit for Dessert.—Take half a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar. Beat the white of six eggs, and add to them the beaten yolks; flavor with lemon, then add the sugar; mix well, add the flour last; bake in patty pans, with sugar sprinkled over the top to glaze while cooking. Serve with a rich liquid sauce.

—The application of potash salts to fruit trees and vines seems to give better results than ashes. The question to be considered in this connection is whether the potash of the ashes first forms a salt with the acid of the soil before being utilized by plants. The potash salts usually give immediate results, which is not always the case with ashes.

—The Farm and Home says when farmers learn to look upon a cow as a wonderful and delicate piece of mechanism, they may expect a revolution in dairying. A manufacturer can not feed shoddy into a machine and get broadcloth; no more can dairymen feed poor food or swill and get good butter. Never build a silo near the cow stable. The odor will taint the milk by being breathed by the cow.

—Fish Salad.—Cold boiled or steamed fish of any description may be used for this, and after removing the bones and breaking the meat fine pour over it a little vinegar, pepper and salt. Let the fish stand at least an hour before adding an equal amount of celery. Arrange in your salad bowl upon a bed of lettuce leaves and pour over it a dressing of mayonnaise.—Good House-keeping.

## Lighting Rods For Farmers.

Prof. Henry in the Western Farmer says: "I should say that a common two-strand, galvanized barbed-wire, well put up, is superior to many of the rods as put up by 'agents' at great cost. If one intends to use barbed-wire it would be better to twist half a dozen strands into one than to use a single wire. Having done this, bury the lower end of the wire in moist earth, digging if possible down to water; or, all the better, running the wire into a well or cistern below the water. Without a good ground connection the wire may be more than useless. Having the wire properly 'planted,' attach it firmly to the building every two or three feet by common staples, just as you would to the posts when using the wire for fencing. The common practice of using glass thimbles for insulators to keep the rods away from the building is altogether wrong; agents no doubt use this plan to add to the expense and mystify people. Carry the wire to the highest points of the building, and let it rise several feet vertically, supported by a staff raised to the roof. The wire may be supposed to insure safety for a distance in every direction equal to its height above the building. Thus, if it rise eight feet above the peak of the house it guards a circle sixteen feet in diameter."

## House-Flies Carrying Contagion.

Since the recognition that in many diseases the infective principle is particulate, the possible means of conveyance of the virus from one to another individual have widened. Attention has lately been recalled to the part which may conceivably be played in this direction by the agency of the house-fly. The granular ophthalmia of the shores of the Nile—a true plague of Egypt—has been shown to be propagated through this medium, and, also, that the bacillus tuberculosis may exist in the intestines of flies which have been feeding on phthisical sputa. Indeed, it would appear that there is hardly any direction, either in our mode of living, eating or environment, whereby we can avert the possibility of the transference to ourselves of this ubiquitous bacillus, and life would become intolerable were it not for the well-grounded belief that phthisis is not dependent for its development upon this microbe solely, but upon the concurrence of many conditions of almost, if not quite, as much importance as its implantation in body. Apropos of flies, however, it has been stated that the lamented Father Damien attributed his leprosy to the inoculation, through the agency, of an abrasion in the scalp.

## THE FROTH OF FUN.

The cat, after making its protest, frequently rises to give some additional claws to its argument.

—"Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field!" He—"That isn't a scarecrow." She—"It must be. See how motionless it is." He—"That's the hired man at work."

"Say, Henry," she said to her bashful lover, "I think I should like to be a stock-broker." "Why—why?" stammered Henry. "Because," replied the damsel, "the newspaper says that 'several stock-brokers were squeezed yesterday.'"

Don't think so much about yourself, it's very reprehensible.

Of feel when dressed in garments new that all the world stands still to view. It has no time to waste on you—Brace up and be more sensible!

PENITENT VISITOR—"My poor man, how did you come to be in here?" Prisoner—"For selling fraudulent roots and there-by getting money under false pretenses."

Visitor—"I hope you'll become an honest man here and be a good citizen when you are released. What are you employed at by the State?" Prisoner—"Making warranted solid leather soles for boots and shoes out of pasteboard."

The oyster, down in his bed of ooze, Waked with a start from his summer snooze. Opened his shell, and said with a yawn: "I fear that 'season of safety' is gone. For my pleasant dreams were disturbed by the jar."

That is always caused by the letter R. And I know by the keel of that hideous sloop That some shortly will be in the soup!"

"On, papa," she said, with a blush, "young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening, and says he wants to see you on important business." "All right, my dear," responded the old man, chucking her playfully under the chin, "I guess I know what the young man wants." That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once. "Mr. Hendricks," he said, boldly, "I want to ask you if you have laid in your winter's stock of coal?"

"Go to bed, sir!" said an enraged Scotch father to his son, who had given him just cause of offense. "Were it not that these gentlemen are present, I would give you a sound whipping; but you shall have it before breakfast to-morrow certain." The little rascal went to his room with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour. Just when the party was about to break up, the bed-room door was quietly pulled back, and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be carried out. "Father, would you just give me my licks the night, for I cannot sleep without them."

## A New Departure.

From ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangements of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scalp disease, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on fair trial, it don't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

The Prince of Wales is showing a disposition to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He has invented a velvet dress coat.

## Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place Hotel in the West. The waters will positively cure all Kidney and Liver Diseases, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Cancers, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. CHANDLER, G. P. & T. A., "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The birth-rate of Ireland is less than that of any European country but France, Russia standing at the head of the list.

Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars?" Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his "Anti-dote for Malaria." If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

Up to the end of August, 14,436,000 tickets were taken at the Paris Exposition. In 1878 the number was only 7,125,000.

Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. P. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they can not help you.

If young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders.

PAIN in the Side nearly always comes from a disorder of the liver, and is promptly relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.

REMEMBER impertinence isn't wit, any more than insolence is brilliancy.

A COMPANY with a capital of \$1,000,000 has been formed for the erection in London of a tower twice as high as the Eiffel tower at Paris.

Some one has calculated that the honey-bee must insert its proboscis 600 times into clover blossoms before one grain of sugar can be obtained. As honey contains three-fourths its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 insertions of the bees.

A FARMER at Anaheim, Cal., sent East last year for some Wonderful beans to experiment with. He received as many as would fill a small teacup, and planted them. He gathered a crop of one hundred sacks.

ONE of the architects who helped Mr. Eiffel to build his tall tower says that it is doubtful if a tower 2,000 feet high can be constructed. Every thing depends on the exact ratio at which the force of the wind increases above a certain height. The transportation of the materials above a height of 1,000 feet would be exceedingly risky.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR was the writer of some of our sweetest hymns. Among them, "Farther Shores," "Faithful, Fearless, and True," "The Voice of Jesus Say," "I Lay My Sins on Jesus," "A Few More Years Shall Roll," and "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping." One of his religious tracts reached a circulation of 750,000 copies.

A TROY (N. Y.) shirt man predicts that in less than ten years there will be a general return to the old-fashioned shirt with a buttoned front, and from which at least one button was missing after every wash.

It is said that the editor of Harper's Magazine selects for publication each year about seventeen short stories and rejects annually between 15,000 and 16,000. It is also said that the yearly cost of publishing the magazine, not including the printing, but merely what is paid for writers, artists and engravers, is \$392,000.

The pearl was dedicated to Venus—sacred to love and beauty amongst the worshippers of gods and goddesses. The ancient poet ascribed its origin to a drop of dew falling at morning or evening into the opened shell.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap (and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday sure. Ask your grocer for it.

A CELEBRATED Samoan beauty is an American widow, thirty-six years old, and has 150,000 acres of land.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, has become an active member of the Goethe Society, which has its headquarters at Weimar.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

A LITTLE seeing saves much looking; a little speaking saves much talking.

ENTIRE freedom from injurious drugs makes "Tansil's Pencil" 3c. Cigars most popular.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will seldom do any thing at all.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are moved by kindness.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell. 25c.

HISTORY is not fable agreed upon but truth disagreed upon.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

For Swellings, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds.



"Daily Sights! Cures and Cured!"

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

## A Proclamation!

Dr. J. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says: "A year ago I had bilious fever. I tried all the pills I could get, but they did me no good. I then used your pills. Never did medicine have happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best."

ANTI-BILIOUS medicine over used. I always prescribe them.

## Tutt's Pills

Cure All Bilious Diseases.

By return mail, full descriptive circular of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM of DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly make a dress, suit, or garment, in any style, to any measure, for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25c. Salvation Oil. Try it! Only 25c.

JONES

PAYS THE FREIGHT. 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Lovers, Steel Scales, Brass Tare Beam and Tare Scales.

Every article made. For price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm

IS SURE TO CURE COLD IN HEAD QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL, 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P.O. Box 120, Phila., Pa.

OPINION OF THE PEOPLE

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Agent's Business here, and secure good situations. Write J. D. BROWN, Sedalia, Mo.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Mental, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circular free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Louisville, Ky.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

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JOSEPH H. HUNTER

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Book-keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

TO MAKE A Delicious Biscuit

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR OOW BRAND SODA OF SALERATUS. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

THE LIVER

And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody, until they become worn-out, clogged up, or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action, and tones the whole digestive organism.

"I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion and liver trouble. It has greatly benefited me, and I think it is fully as good a medicine as claimed." B. S. CHESBRO, chief engineer fire dept., Stonington, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than double the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, arrowroot or sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for adults and children.

## The Liver

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## City and Vicinity in Brief.

There were nineteen arrivals yesterday.

See the fine line of neckties at James & Beck's. 44tf.

The rain yesterday was the opening of fall.

C. R. Migrant sells the cheapest goods in town.

The train was three hours late yesterday.

Don't fail to call at Geo. S. Brown's for groceries. 166tf

D. C. Lee is moving to-day into the Little Eureka House,

Royal Germetuer at N. Gibson's.

Fresh groceries always on hand at Geo. S. Brown's. 166tf

Mrs. McGookin returned to-day from the St. Louis fair.

James & Beck are headquarters for trunks and valises. 44tf.

A great bargain can be had in ladies' fine shoes at C. R. Migrant's.

Fox chasing is getting to be a favorite sport among our local Nimrods.

The Spring street barber shop gives best shaves in town. 1f

Mr. H. McClure has returned from his visit with friends in Iowa.

Geo. S. Brown sells the most goods for the least money. 166tf

Fresh oysters and celery opp. post-office, J. H. Barton, prop'r. 63tf

A. S. Bobo and Eli Ballow, of Berryville, were in the city yesterday.

## Go to Brim's for Drugs

We are sorry to announce that Mrs. O. W. Watkins is again quite sick to-day.

Ladies' fine kid gloves in all shades and sizes cheap, at Ping & Dickson's. 58tf

Miss Lillie Coulson returned to her home at Aurora last Saturday afternoon.

Don't fail to buy Fargoes' Box Tip school shoes at St. Louis Boot & Shoe Store. 67tf

Wm. Tabor and wife, of Edison, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Tabor in this city.

Ladies' broad linen collars and cuffs and white silk handkerchiefs at Ping & Dickson's. 58tf

Miss Stella B. Wilson, now at the Chautauqua, is prominent in Mississippi newspaper circles.

Go to James & Beck's for fine clothing. The biggest stock in town.

The train was on time to-day, the first time for a week. It brought in twelve new visitors.

Large assortment of cashmere hosiery for ladies and children, just received at Ping & Dickson's. 58tf

Go to the Spring Street Barber Shop opposite the Perry House, for a nice hair cut and clean shave. 54tf

John S. Tibbs returned yesterday from St. Louis, after a pleasant visit of two weeks in the Future Great.

Hawley & Woodruff have just received a large stock of Oake's candies: you can't buy them anywhere else. 1f

The best School Shoe made is the Fargo Box Tip. Every pair warranted at St. Louis Boot & Shoe Store. 67tf

Mrs. T. F. Hawley purchased the Arlington House Saturday, and it is now for rent. Real estate is moving.

## GO TO BRIM'S FOR PURE DRUGS.

Ladies, if you will go to the St. Louis Boot & Shoe Store, you can be fitted in any style and kind of a shoe at astonishing low prices. 67tf

L. E. Lines is doing a regular land office business in sewing machines. His trade extends one hundred miles from this city.

Hawley & Woodruff have the exclusive agency for Oake's celebrated candies. They are as cheap as any and better than all other kinds. 66tf

Mrs. R. J. Dickson, of Dowagiac, Mich., is in the city visiting her daughter, Miss Maude. She will remain all winter.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

A gaming house in the Cook block was raided Saturday night. "Uncle Bill" Gardentire, the proprietor, was fined \$25 in the police court this morning. He liquidated.

When everything else fails, then try the condensed Eureka water at John S. Tibbs, the water shipper; junction Spring and Main streets. Cancer, sore eyes, scrofula, dyspepsia, etc. 1f.

If you desire to decorate your homes and fit up to enjoy life, don't fail to examine the extensive line of wall paper, and those lovely bedroom and parlor suits; also new designs in carpets, at Wadsworth's. 43tf.

## THE SANITARIUM!

DR. CHAS. E. DAVIS AT LAST ANNOUNCES TO THE PEOPLE THE SUCCESS OF HIS EFFORTS.

SOME OF THE DETAILS NOT YET SETTLED, BUT THE MOTOR LINE AND

## SANITARIUM WILL BE BUILT!

A PLEA FOR HARMONY AND CO-OPERATION AMONG OUR CITIZENS.

ED. TIMES: In acknowledgment of the many courtesies received at your hands, and in reply to many inquiries concerning the Motor Railway and Sanitarium enterprise, in which our citizens have so deep an interest, we deem it proper to say that while there is much detail yet to do, upon which the extent of our proposed improvements may in a degree depend, the work will go on at an early day as is practicable. We desire also to say that the rapidity of our operations and the consequent immediate benefit to our city in the way of stimulating values and general improvements, will depend much on the active co-operation of our citizens, who as a rule, I am glad to know, see the importance of this work to our city, especially at the present time, and are anxious to co-operate for its prosecution. It is an immense undertaking, and calculated to

BLESS THIS WHOLE REGION with commercial, social and educational advantages, such as at present are not to be found in the state, and will be presented in a way to furnish as much profit to our citizens as possible. To that end, we invite the assistance of our best citizens, quite as much in their interest as our own.

We desire also to state here that it is not our intention or desire to antagonize any citizen, but to look to the uplifting of our community. I regret to see the evidences of petty spite and jealousy which by rumors "dark and mysterious" attempt to stab "in the dark," some of which refer to our work; especially during my last trip North. I wish to say, in justice to all concerned that I am satisfied most of them are utterly without foundation. That the interest at one time suffered heavily from the stupidity or cupidity of parties here, is true, but that any citizen would care to be responsible for barring several

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS of outside capital with its accompanying brains from investment here—no matter by whom brought—I much dislike to believe.

One thing is evident to the "larger view" and the older citizens; that this community is undergoing the "sifting process;" that men and things are rapidly getting where they belong, and that this "goodly heritage" will, in God's good time be put in condition to care for His afflicted. Another thing is equally certain; that the sooner we find out "who is who and what is what," and show ourselves large enough to appreciate the larger and weightier things of life, the quicker we shall be able to pull together and secure advantages and comforts made possible by an advanced civilization which are at present to us unknown.

CHAS. E. DAVIS, M. D.

## A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

[This article was sent in for Saturday's paper, but was misplaced and left out by one of those unfortunate but unavoidable accidents which sometimes happen. The editor apologizes to the writer and also to the citizens who were fortunate enough to be present at the Whitcomb last Friday night.]

Miss Carrie Nowell was very much surprised Friday evening by a few of her most intimate friends dropping in on her about 8 o'clock. This was Miss Carrie's 18th birthday, and the friends came in to help celebrate it. The order of the evening was very ancient. From 8 until 9:30 o'clock was

spent in playing games. At 9:30 supper was announced, and the party repaired to the dining room and partook of a most sumptuous repast. Thanks were returned by Bro. Hayseed. Judge Stegall and Bro. Hayseed highly entertained the guests during supper in a very ancient, humorous manner. The table was waited upon by Sisters Coldwater and Shoveltop. After supper the guests listened to some excellent music discoursed by Messrs. York, Jennings and James. After the music, a few very enjoyable games were played, of which Hayseed was the center of amusements, and this was an evening that those present will always remember as one of the most enjoyable of their lives. We hope it will be our lot to spend many more such evenings at the popular Whitcomb, while it is under the present management of Mrs. Nowell. The present were Misses Jennie McMullen, Carrie Sayles, Florence Lee, Daisy Chiles, Maude Taylor, Carrie Nowell, Maude Nowell and Messrs. Chiles, Johnston, Jennings, Weaver, York and James, and Mr. and Mrs. Monigan.

There was no service at the Presbyterian Church yesterday, but the church expects to be supplied with a pastor very soon.

J. Carlock is out driving a hired surrey for a few days, till he gets his old 'bus fixed up good as new. You can't keep Carlock down.

Miss Maude Dickson returned to-day from St. Louis. She not only enjoyed the great fair, but bought a large stock of millinery and notions.

Miss Jennie Crow, one of our popular and accomplished young ladies, returned yesterday from an extended visit with her brother in the Northwest.

Mrs. F. M. Richardson returned yesterday from St. Louis, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Throckmorton, for the past four weeks.

Mrs. Sallie Langston, formerly Bobo, of Illinois, came in on yesterday's train, and went on to Berryville, where she will spend some time visiting her relatives.

Richard Wilson, who recently returned from Seattle, Washington Territory, will spend the winter in this city. He intends to go back to the Northwest in the spring.

The man who sells real estate now will be sorry before the year is out. The man who fails to buy now while property is cheap will be more than sorry. He will weep and mourn when it is everlastingly too late. To those who are inclined to do so, we would say: Freeman, of Berryville, and Miss Jessie Spencer, of this city, were married at Springfield, Mo., last week. We wish the young people much happiness.

There were three Baptisms at the Baptist Church last night, making a total of thirteen during the present series of revival meetings. There will be special services for the unconverted to-morrow night.

We have positive and speedy cure for Catarrh, diphtheria, Canker mouth and Head-ache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use if you desire health sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold N. Gibson.

J. Carlock wishes to express his thanks to Mrs. Powell Clayton for some delicious fruits and a handsome bouquet sent him by Mrs. Clayton, per Miss Charlotte, during his confinement from injuries received in last week's runaway.

Large assortment of new styles of picture and room mouldings just received, and picture frames made to order, from two cents per foot up to the finest gold finish. Call and examine samples and get prices at Wadsworth's.

Our school board have furnished the primary teachers with a full set of Appleton's revised reading charts. Our schools have never been so well supplied with teachers or appliances as at the present time, and if the board is fortunate enough to recover the balance of the district's money lost in the historic fire, it will only be a short time till we have some good school houses.

At Pickard's Hardware and Furniture Store you can get

Your choice from the finest line of bedsteads, dressing cases, washstands, tables, chairs, etc., in oak, ash, or gum, antique pattern and finish. You can get your choice in silver, cutlery, shelf hardware, tinware, etc., at the lowest living prices. Best gasoline in the city.

Our old tinner, W. Z. Brown, has returned to this city, and is again in our employ. His work is first-class, and we ask the public's patronage. The Sherman-Williams paint is especially. House at junction Main and Spring streets. 105tf

## WANTED.

Five canvassers and paper hangers at once. None outside of city need apply.

C. E. FREEMAN

The Water Works Meeting Called for to-night at the Opera House, has been Postponed till Further Notice.

## HOTEL ARRIVALS.

## CRESCENT.

Miss Ritchie and niece, St. Louis. David Dodge, Chicago. T. G. Palmer and wife, New York. C. S. Chapman, Little Rock.

## PERRY.

T. J. Smith, Purdy, Mo. R. D. Massey, St. Louis. A. N. Foss, " "

## SOUTHERN.

Wm. H. Freefield, Chicago.

## CHAUTAUQUA.

Miss Stella B. Wilson, Pontatoc, Miss.

## BEDLING.

W. R. Smith, Carthage, Mo. J. W. Upshaw, Carrollton, Ark.

Sam Doxey is ubiquitous and irrepresible. He now turns up on the Advance, having purchased a half interest in that paper from Joe Perkins. Sam is a rattling good newspaper man, and we hope the boys will succeed.

## HOTELS.

## THE CRESCENT

A. H. FOOTE, Mag'r.

Fire-proof Stone Structure. Has Steam, Hot and Cold Water. Elevator and all the Modern Improvements. Only Hotel at the Springs that has Underground Sewerage. Has all kinds of Baths, with Skilled Attendants. Is convenient to all the principal Springs of the City.

Eureka Springs - - - Ark

## PERRY HOUSE.

OLDEST HOTEL IN THE CITY.

This house has lately changed hands, and all its appointments have been thoroughly renovated. The well known management is a recommendation of itself. It is headquarters for commercial men and right in the heart of the business of the city and within 50 feet of the Basin spring and the Postoffice. A fine table service as can be secured anywhere in the city.

C. T. MARSHALL, Prop.

J. T. WADDELL, Manager.

## EAST LYNNE HOTEL.

E. D. MONTGOMERY, Prop.

Pleasant location. Nearest boarding house to Magnetic spring. Has been enlarged with an elegant addition. Junction King & Spring sts.

## The Chautauqua.

A. T. WILSON, Prop'r. Spring st., Eureka Springs, Ark. This house has just been completed and newly furnished throughout.

Located near the Crescent Spring.

Terms Reasonable.

## ST. JAMES HOTEL.

ELK street.

Furnished rooms to rent, with free use of kitchen, dining room, sitting room and parlors. All newly furnished throughout. Families without children can have all the facilities and comforts of a large house at small cost.

JOHN DAVIS, Box 824.

## THE MANSION HOUSE.

J. Wile Pence, prop'r., Eureka Springs, Ark. Pleasantly located on Spring st., opp. Harding Spring. New furniture, new carpets, new beds, everything new. No steps to climb, table unexcelled. Terms reasonable.

## GO TO C. H. YOUNG'S

Industrial Bakery and Confectionery

For Fresh Bread of all Kind.

Fresh Pies always on hand. Delivers in any part of the city. Our horse wagon, red bed, out daily. Bakery on Main street.

## DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by N. Gibson.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at F. Bellchamber's.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT HARRISON, ARK., September 16th, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before County Judge, or in his absence the county Clerk, Carroll Co., Ark., at Berryville, Ark., on Nov. 11th, 1889, viz: William F. Davidson, H. E. No. 8,510, for the e half sw nw sec 11, and ne nw sec 14, township 21, north range 26 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James A. Alley, D. A. Powell, M. M. Haggard, Henry Winders, all of Oak Hill, Ark.

H. C. TIPTON, Register.

## What You Need Spring and Fall

When you feel "all run down" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For restoring strength after sickness, or toning up the system at any time, this is the medicine of all others. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds, whatever their pretensions; but remember that Ayer's has been the standard Sarsaparilla for nearly half a century and has no equal.

"Sometime ago I found my system entirely run down. I had a feeling of constant fatigue and languor and very little ambition for any kind of effort. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the best results. It has done me more good than all other medicines I have ever used."—Frank Melhows, Chelsea, Mass.

"I was all run down before I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and now I am gaining in strength every day."—Mrs. Alice West, Jefferson, W. Va.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for several years. When I feel weary and worn out, it always helps me."—A. Grommet, Kingsville, Johnson Co., Mo.

"I was long troubled with nervous debility and severe headaches. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I have been restored to health."—Anthony Louis, 55 Tremont st., Charlestown, Mass.

"As a safe and reliable spring and family medicine, I think

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

sarsaparilla invaluable."—Wm. R. Ferree, 1 Chatham st., Boston, Mass.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Are always trying seasons to most constitutions, and unless the blood is purified and enriched, one becomes exposed to a variety of maladies. To make good blood, nothing is so effectual as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most celebrated tonic alternative in existence. Try it.

"I have found great relief from general debility in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood."—H. D. Johnson, Jr., 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well-deserved reputation in this locality for restoring to healthy, vigorous action the vital organs when they have become weakened or exhausted. I have used it in my family for this purpose, especially after the system has become depleted from malarial attacks. I have advised its use among my neighbors in similar cases, and it has always proved invaluable."—C. C. Hamilton, Emberson, Tex.

"As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."—Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth ave., N. Y.

Price \$1; six bottles \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

## C. E. FREEMAN,

## Practical Painter

## FANCY SIGN WRITER.

Will also do paper hanging in the most artistic manner, and guarantee my work equal to any in the city. Give me a call and be convinced.

West Main Street.

C. E. FREEMAN.

## WE LEAD IN CLOTHING!

THE NOBBIEST SUITS FOR

## SUMER AN I FALL WEAR!

The latest styles of Hats, the best Ties, Scarves, and Underwear, are always on hand.

## CAPT. JOHN TOBIEN'S,

Opp. Perry House.

Call & see Goods & get Prices.

## G. W. QUIGLEY, ABTRACTER.

Will Make Abstracts. Examine and Perfect titles for Carroll and adjoining Co's

Abstracting--an--Exclusive--Business.

OFFICE With Lynn & Co.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

## J. CONGDON Real Estate Agent.

Furnished Houses and Rooms For Rent. All Kinds of City Property For Sale. Collections Made and Taxes Paid Promptly.

Spring Street.

Eureka Springs.

O. W. WATKINS, PRESIDENT.

L. M. GARVIN, VICE-PRES.

W. M. DUNCAN, CASHIER.

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## Citizens' Bank

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EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

Your - Patronage - Solicited.

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KOUNTZ BROS. N. Y.

## Z. P. FREEMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC, REAL ESTATE & LOAN AGENT

(OPP. BASIN SPRING.)

Buys and Sells Real Estate For Others.

Negotiates Loans on Approved Real Estate for Capitalists.

Collects Rents and Pays Taxes for Non-Residents.