WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

"I was astonished, I had thought of the Duke of Melvorne as a shrewd business man, ready for any undertaking to make money. But here was a new side to his character; a fond memory of other days held a warm place in his heart.

"Now," he said, after a few moment's silence, "for an answer to my question. Of what were you dreaming when I disturbed your reverie?"

"I was dreaming of one I long to see. I, too, have loved and lost, but not in the way you did. My love was among the humble class, not rich or proud, but a good, pure woman, who gave me the first impulse toward a useful life that ever stirred in my breast. I was a careless, thoughtless fellow, when she came to Waverland. Then her active, happy life made me ashamed of the idle one I led. From her influence I have tried to do some good. My father was an absentee landlord, and his estate had been neglected until the old house itself was going to decay. She came as governess to my little sister, and soon she was governess, housekeeper and almost estate keeper. By an unfortunate word from my mother she was made to feel her dependence, and she left Waverland one day when I was away from home. She did not know how dear she was to me. Though I have sought her far and near, I can find no clew to her whereabouts. That is my story. It was of her that I was thinking when you came to me."

"I have often thought what little things can change our lives," said the duke. "Yet they are not the little things; they are the real, sensitive, living, though unseen, parts of our existence."

After that exchange of confidence the duke and I were greater friends than ever. We had many pleasant visits ere we reached the new world, whose first centennial birthday was still fresh in everybody's mind. We reached Sandy Hook at night. The water was made brilliant by the harbor buoys, each of which carried a wonderful electric light.

I followed the duke. We extricated ourselves from the throng at the wharf, and were soon comfortable in our rooms at the hotel. After a good night's rest we went out to see the wonders of the city. A ride on the elevated railway gave me a peculiar sensation. It seemed as if we were flying through space, only we could look into people's houses in our flight. We visited the art galleries and were surprised that American artists can hold so high a position in the world of art.

One day we were standing near the court house steps, when a fine looking gentleman, little past the middle of life, passed up into the building.

"That," said the duke, "is Mr. Arthur, the ex-president of the United States."

"A fine looking man," I said.

"But what a queer way they have here of disposing of those who have held the highest office in the nation. They do not have even a badge of honor presented to them!

"When ex-president Grant was in England I attended a reception given him on one occasion. The diplomatic corps were invited to meet him. A question was

"I wonder if they are Americans!"

raised as to who should occupy the seat of honor at table. The embassadors who represented their sovereigns would not accord the seat to Mr. Grant (a private citizen.) But at last an arrangement was made by which no one held the seat of honor. It was a most awkward position for the general."

"It seems to me that the ex-presidents should have some well defined official rank. As wealthy as this people are and as proud as they are of their great nation, it is strange that they will permit those who have been exalted to the highest place in the gift of the people to settle back into the rank of private citizens again," I said.

"That is their idea of democracy. It destroys distinctions in all, rather than foster them."

"But a man's knowledge after a term of service would be of value to this country."

"So it would, but they choose to deprive themselves of that and send him back among the people, merely as an object of curiosity. But they are beginning to talk about it, and some honorable position with proper pay will be provided for ex-presidents and perhaps for ex-senators also, one of these days."

At the close of one of our busy days of sight seeing, as we sat in our room, enjoying a rest, I said:

"I do not wonder now, where Parnell got his independence of character when I remember that his mother was an American woman."

"Why so?" asked the duke, looking puzzled.

"These people have such a live, energetic way. I see now where the nerve and pluck came from that dared to make Boston Harbor into a huge teakettle, and to put a whole ship load of tea into it for one steeping."

"That's a new idea," laughed the duke. "But the Yankees are a shrewd, brave people, that will dare anything for principle."

"The very air has caught the spirit of the inhabitants. There is no drowsy fog to keep one in bed till ten o'clock in the morning here. I would caution the nations of the old world to look alive before they pick a quarrel with this strange people," I said.

"But with all this energy, pluck and thrift, they are allowing one of the most vital principles of their institutions to pass out of their possessions. Their lands are being sold, stolen or given away at an enormously rapid rate. In a very few years not a foot of land worth the having will belong to the government, or be in reach of the common people."

"I am surprised at that, for with the example of ancient Rome, and the later one of Ireland, with its terrible want and suffering which has risen from the unjust land monopoly, I should think that they would take warning and keep the lands for the many and not grant them to the few."

"The people have not awakened to the truth of the situation as yet. When they do it will be too late unless they can redeem what is now held by fraud, and there will be a terrible struggle if they ever try that. The men who hold the lands will never yield one acre unless compelled to do so."

"You might have to give up some of your possessions if it came to that," I said.

"Yes. So I am going to begin now and prepare for it by buying only farms with *bona fide* titles. I can hold the other lands till they pay me well for my investments and then sell."

"Where are you thinking of buying?"

"In Illinois, I think. From Lord Sanders' account, that is a good state for landlords."

"In what way is Illinois better than the other states?" I asked.

"Lord Sanders says the legislature has passed every law that the landlords have asked for to protect the land owners. There you can make any bargain you like with your tenants, and if they fail to live up to the agreement you can turn them off just as readily and roughly as in Ireland."

"Why, can that be true?" I asked, as I thought of the bright picture I had painted of America as a nation of homes with no landlords to grind the poor tenants down to degradation and poverty, but a free and happy people with their little vine-covered cottages and broad fertile acres in fee simple!

CHAPTER XII.—SIGHT SEEING.

Chicago! What wonder of the age, whose first Sunday-school teacher is still living! What shall I say for it! Twice it has been laid waste by fire. But with the nerve and push peculiar to this people of the West, they have rebuilt with greater beauty than before.

We took a morning drive through the parks that surround the city like selected remnants from the garden of Eden. Here those who long for the beauty of nature, the fragrance of flowers and the songs of birds, can enjoy them while resting from the noise and confusion of the busy city.

This drive is an extended boulevard that surrounds the city with a belt of beauty. The parks were brilliantly beautiful with the rich green of the grass mingled with the gay colors of flowers and shrubs.

The business streets of Chicago are a living throng. Each one rushing on to attend to his own affairs, forgetful of the crowd and heedless of all about him. But that, we found, is characteristic of the people of the West. One evening we stood by the bridge on Wells street, near the great Northwestern depot, watching a tug boat towing in a large vessel, when the whistle sounded for the bridge to turn. Men grabbed by the arm the ladies that were walking with them and rushed ahead. Children ran on tugging at the skirts of their mothers who could not run. All was bustle and confusion. I thought there surely must be but one train per day, and all must reach that or go without their dinners.

Just as the bridge began to turn a querulous old woman, her arms full of bundles, and an umbrella in her hand, came rushing up the walk; turning to a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl who was with her, she said:

"There, we'll be left! That is our train standing there just ready to go! Samantha Jane'll think we're lost!"

"Oh, aunt, its only an hour to the next train, what if we do miss this one," said the young lady with composure.

"Only an hour?" I said to the duke. "Why, I thought it would be a week, at least, from the fuss and hurry these people make."

"You'll get used to this," laughed the duke. "They must hurry to make room for the next crowd. There are one hundred and fifty thousand persons who come and go in this city every day."

"Then I do not wonder at the rush. It seems strange where so many people come from and go to," I said, soliloquizing.

The Board of Trade attracted our attention. It is a very large edifice built of stone and marble, very finely finished. Having tickets we were admitted to the visitors gallery. It is a magnificent room, with massive marble columns, frescoed ceilings, beautiful pictures and finely wrought balconies.

"The people of Chicago may justly be proud of this building," said the duke. "It is the third one they have built since the fire of 1871. The first was a little wooden structure. Then a fine stone building was erected. This in turn became too small and plain for them, so they have built this one."

"Well, this ought to satisfy them for some time to come. What a babel of voices. One might almost think that he was at the ancient tower on the plains of Shinar."

"Only see how few of the men are of even middle age," said the duke. "Some look like school boys; yet here they are in this wild exciting rush of speculation, intoxicated with the hope of success, or vainly struggling against defeat."

"Are you familiar with their workings?" I asked.

"I understand it takes thousands of dollars to become a member."

"What do they mean by throwing their hands out in that frantic style?"

"They are bidding; and in that very act some one may be financially ruined."

"How can that be?" I asked, puzzled to know how such an act could harm anyone.

"They buy and sell on what they call a margin, and they may exceed the amount they have on deposit. The prices of crops are in a measure established here before the seed is sown or the crops grown."

From the Board of Trade we visited the panorama Buildings where the battles of Shiloh, Missionary Ridge and Gettysburg were represented. In these great triumphs of art the hand of man has so skillfully represented the spirit of the scenes that all we needed to make us dodge was the sound of whistling bullets and bursting shells. The wounded, dead and dying were so life-like that we felt like offering our aid to help care for the suffering. As we stood leaning over the railing trying to separate the real from the ideal, a tall, fine-looking man standing near us said:

"There, that man on the bay horse in the gray uniform occupies the position I held in that battle."

When he ceased speaking, a slender man with a gray beard turned toward him, saying:

"That man on the gray horse in the blue coat is occupying the position I held in the same battle.

"Then you are General Prentiss," said the first speaker.

"And you are Marmaduke," was the answer. They shook hands as cordially as though they had never drawn swords against each other in deadly conflict. On inquiry we learned that nearly one thousand men who were in the battle of Shiloh have visited this wonderful painting.

Our stay in Chicago was a continual round of excursions and sight-seeing. One morning we ascended the 276 steps and found ourselves in the tower of the water works. The city lay beneath us almost a solid block of masonry and architecture. The crib in the lake, two miles distant, seemed but a very few rods away. It was a clear calm morning. The lake was like an immense mirror reflecting back every image cast upon its bosom. The sails and steamers came into port with a quiet majesty, ascending the slips and canals that penetrate the city, until the great prairie landscape bristled with masts and spars along the extended and still extending wharfage. It was a scene of beauty, mingled with business—of nature and commerce, of God and man. We remained silent a long time, trying to grasp the extent of the scene and the most interesting points, when the duke broke the silence by saying:

"This is, indeed, a wonderful city, when we remember that not one generation has passed away since the country here was all a marshy waste, an impassable, uninhabitable swamp.

"Yes," said I, "and remember the great fires that have swept through it. Two or three times the electric wires have thrilled with the terrible words, 'Chicago is burning!' until it seemed there could be nothing left to burn."

"Yet look around and see the stately buildings that greet the eye on every side, while from every point the masts and spars proclaim a great trade center."

"Are there so many branches of the river?" I asked.

"No, those," said the duke, pointing out the different lines, "are canals or slips opened by the people. Whenever trade or business needs more room, or an outlet to the lake, men are ready to do the work for the earth that is to be removed. It is taken to other parts of the city where it is used to bring the grade up to the city level."

"Then here the old adage is followed out, that nothing should ever be wasted."

"Yes, even the debris from the burnt district made the foundation for one of the finest avenues in the city."

After the noon lunch I suggested that we visit Lincoln Park.

"Shall we take a carriage or the street cars?" asked the duke, as we left the lunch room.

"Oh, let us walk," I said. So we started along leisurely, enjoying the different objects of interest.

"Do you know what that building is that is covered with vines and shaded by those great trees that seem older than the city itself?" I inquired as we came to a handsome stone building.

"No, but I think it must be some old monastery built by the Jesuits when they roamed over the western world," said the duke.

"And those fine buildings in the yard must be the different seats of learning," I suggested.

"Here is a man in uniform, I'll ask him," said the duke, stepping forward.

"Sir, what is this old building, covered with ivy?"

"Potter Palmer's residence, sir!" said the man, looking very much surprised that anyone need to ask such a question.

"And those outer buildings, what are they?"

"Potter Palmer's stables, sir!" said the man with a peculiar smile.

We had been the guests of Mr. Palmer's hotel and now we had seen his home. You may imagine our surprise, and, I must confess, chagrin, to think that we had mistaken a private residence for anything so grand and old. After that "Potter Palmer's residence" became a byword with us.

Lincoln Park is one of the finest in the city. It is the zoological garden of Chicago, and full of interest from the entrance gateway to the farthest nook. The objects that called for our special attention were the sea lions. They were playing in the water, diving and swimming or sunning themselves in the little artistic lakes and caves that had been prepared for their use. The little prairie dogs were a novelty to us. Their little mounds of earth gave me my first view of life on the great plains of the West.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Simple Sick Room Remedies.

Simple things are often of much benefit, and lemons and common table salt have much that is useful about them. Lemon juice and water without sugar, will oftentimes relieve one of a severe headache in a short time, and half a gill of lemon juice taken three times a day in a little water, is very good for rheumatism. Nothing is so acceptable to a feverish person as lemonade, and for a cough that refuses to be quieted I have tried the following preparation with success. Take the white of an egg, beaten stiff; then add the juice of a lemon in which two or three lumps of loaf sugar have been dissolved and keeping it near at hand take a teaspoonful of it at a time until relieved. One may, with much comfort, add to it one teaspoonful or more of the best Santa Cruz rum. A very good way of preparing lemons when they are plenty, is to put them on in cold water letting them boil until they are soft; then squeeze the juice from them, getting more than in any other way, and adding sugar to thy taste, or to every half pint of juice put one pound of loaf sugar and bottle. Another comfortable use for lemon is to bind a thin slice upon a corn that is troublesome at night and repeat once or twice. It will entirely remove the soreness. Then if thy hands are stained from medicine or any other cause, rubbing them with the lemon after the juice is mostly extracted, will restore them. Table linen or any such articles that have become stained can be restored by the application of lemon juice and table salt, then placed in the sun. Claret stains can also be removed by rubbing in at once table salt; and stains of blood may be removed by rubbing dry starch in at once, and repeating it.

We are all apt to overlook the benefits we can secure from the use of these common articles; but in salt we have a most useful remedy, as well as one always at hand. For sore throats, now so prevalent, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a half tumblerful of water, and used as a gargle, is very efficacious. It can be used once an hour or oftener, or three times a day, as needed. In attacks of bleeding at the lungs, salt taken dry is often a benefit. Salt and water, if held in the mouth, will at times relieve a toothache, or camphor can be added to it and applied.

Salt and cider vinegar will cure chronic diarrhœa, and salt and pepper is often given by sea captains, for such trouble at sea. A mixture of the white of an egg and salt, if applied in time, disperse a felon, and the coating of an egg shell is very good for a boil.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Not Exactly Biblical.

I was following a rough and rugged road running along the French Broad river in Eastern Tennessee when a man with a rifle in his hand stepped into the trail ahead of me with a "howdy, stranger?" I saluted in return, and he looked cautiously up and down the road and around him and inquired:

"See anything of any old man with a coon-skin cap on?"

"No."

"Haven't seen old Adams back thar anywhere gunning for me?"

"No. Are you out for a shoot?"

"Wall, old Adams is gunning for me, and I am gunning for he. We doan' snuggle (agree) on a mewl trade."

The day was warm and I was tired, and so I sat down on a rock and asked him to sit beside me, and then I began to talk to him about the enormity of the offense of holding life so lightly. I told him that such "gunning" excursions were no more or less than murder, and that such conduct was more befitting wild Africans than Tennessee white men.

"Then why does he'un do it?" he queried.

"And why do you do it?" I retorted.

"But let he'un come to me and own up and ask to be friends."

"But why don't you go to him?"

We had talked for half an hour and he was coming to my way of thinking.

"You read the Bible, don't you?" I asked.

"Sartin."

"What does the Bible say about shooting down a fellow-man in cold blood?"

At that instant his cap flew off, flame blazed out from the bushes opposite, and the snap of a rifle came to our ears.

"It says!" yelled the man, as he sprang up and leaped into the road—"it says that onery skunk of an Adams has popped at me, and I'll be —— if I don't hev his scalp befo' he kin git away!"

He advanced to the bushes, dodged about for a minute and fired, but Adams was on the run and was not hit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Irony of Fate.

"Well, friend of other days, how are you, and how is the law? And what become of that good boy, John, who used to dust out the corner of your office so carefully? And what has become of that bad boy, Jim, who used to skip the corner entirely?" asked the visitor as he sauntered in after an absence of twenty years.

"Hem!" began the lawyer, clearing his throat; "fairish! fairish! John was a trusty boy, wasn't he? And he's a man to be proud of—a man to be proud of! Why, sir, he's dusting out that same corner today just as clean as he used to sweep it."

"And that bad boy, Jim?"

"Jim! Ah, yes. Jim—he owns the corner, together with about four blocks of real estate in each direction. John and I work for him."—*Life.*

A Valuable Man.

Street-Car Patron (wrathfully)—"Do you know, sir, that the conductor of car 1,492 is the most insolent, most unfeeling brute that ever held a punch?"

Superintendent—"Yes, I wish we had more like him."

"Eh? Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. You see he makes so many enemies that he couldn't steal a cent from the company without being reported."—*Life.*

ON A RACING STEAMER.

The Unpleasant Experience of Those Who Have to Keep Up Steam.

It is a hot, calm day in the middle of summer, the sea rolling in long, smooth, oily swells, says a writer in the *Contemporary*. There is a light breeze right astern, but the ship is steaming as fast as the wind, and the sails hang listlessly from the yards and flap against the masts and ropes. As one descends the engine-room ladder the air feels close and deadly heavy, and brings on a dull headache. The engineer on watch is dragging himself round as if his limbs were of lead, and even the engines do not seem to be going ahead with their usual energy. As we pass through the tunnel which connects the engine-room with the stokehole the stifling atmosphere nearly drives us back. There is not a breath of air coming down the ventilators, and the heat is so great that one has a sensation as of a lump of lead in the ears, and one's voice sounds thick and far away.

The firemen are stripped to the waist and the engineer has very little more on, being only distinguishable by the gilt band and badge on his cap as he moves about from one furnace to another, directing the firemen or regulating the water in the boilers.

In spite of the heat the fires burn dull, for they can get no air, and the firemen, urged on—one might almost say driven—by the engineer, "are doing all they know" with rake and shovel to keep up steam, the perspiration running in streams down their coal-begrimed bodies and leaving them striped like zebras.

Each man in turn falls back exhausted, and is succeeded by another, who lays hold of the heavy "slice" and works the fire through and through; but all to no purpose, for in spite of all they can do the steam will not rise. In technical language, "she is steaming stiff," and, unless the wind changes or gets stronger, will continue to do so.

To keep on at this work without drinking is impossible, and the firemen consume an incredible quantity of water; but, in spite of all the praise bestowed upon this beverage by teetotalers, it has its dangers when drank to excess, especially in a high temperature, and presently one of the men, who has been indulging too freely, is seized with cramps in the stomach, and has to be carried on deck, leaving the rest tearing away at the obstinate fires.

THE COMING CENSUS.

A Foretaste of the Ordeal all Men and Women Will Have to Pass Through.

In a short time the Census Bureau will have thrown into the field an army of 45,000 men, who will sweep the United States clean of information on pretty nearly every imaginable subject that has a statistical bearing. The story told by the reports of the agents of the bureau will follow the least important individual in this vast land from the cradle to the grave — nay, more; from them you can estimate your chances in 100 before you were born of being twins or triplets, and can calculate the probabilities that were in favor of your turning out a boy or girl. They will show that you had only two chances in three of surviving your first year of life, and from that time on they will figure upon your lease of this sublunary existence, until at length the ghoulish compiler of the gathered figures, without bowels of remorse, joyfully tabulates you in his exhibit of "causes of death." Not content with discovering the day and place of your birth, says the Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, the census will insist upon knowing from what race you sprung, what your sex is, if any, and where your father and mother were born. Also it will require information as to whether your are married, single or divorced; how high above the sea level you live, in what great drainage-basin you dwell, what the lowest degree of cold may be from which you suffer in the winter, how hot you find it in the summer when the thermometer touches its top notch, and how many other people live with you in your house. As for the house, you will be compelled, under penalty of a fine of $100, to say whether you own it or not—if you do own it, whether or not there is a mortgage on it, and, supposing that there is one, the reason why you borrowed the money on the property. The census is much interested in your private affairs, you see, and if you have a farm around the house you will have to tell similar facts about that, even to the value of the cows and the tools in the barn. All this is merely the beginning, however, and all this mass of information will eventually be condensed into about twenty five volume, which will be entitled the "Eleventh Census of the United States."

One Spot His Own.

A man wants some one place in home that he can call his very own, some portion of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. This is not altogether for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is usually most welcome there, but the need for it springs from the desire for that sense of proprietorship which is his habit abroad, and from the wish to be able to do precisely as he pleases in at least a corner of his own house. Here should be the comforts that the man devises for himself, the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials with license to use them. Here he should be able to feel absolutely at his ease, troubled by no fear of "mussing things," no need to thread his way anxiously through a maze of furniture and various decorative obstructions, trembling lest something should be overturned and broken, and there should be the seat of that admired disorder to which he only has the cine. His books and papers should be left as he leaves them, though to the orderly female eye they may seem to lie in hopeless confusion. His desk may be littered with piles of books, magazines, letters, manuscripts, everything that can possibly find a place there, but if a woman wishes to secure to a man one of his most cherished home comforts she will let things remain as he places them.

Blind at Birth.

It is distressing to learn that out of the 7,000 persons blind from their birth in this country, who owe their loss of sight to inflammation of the eyes, at least two-thirds might now have been in the enjoyment of their sight but for the ignorance or neglect of their earliest guardians. It seems that the remedies for the infantile inflammation which causes blindness are both many and simple. Thus, says the London *Figaro*, it cannot be too widely made known that the eyes of the newly born child, if inflamed, should be washed with pure warm water, and that then a single drop of a 2-per cent solution of nitrate of silver should be instilled into each with a drop tube. In Germany midwives are enjoined to adopt the above remedial treatment, under oath, and since this has been done the decrease in the number of blind children has been most appreciable.

The Usual Custom.

"Now we'll see how heavy you are," said Cumso, as he led to the scales the woman who had just been married.

"Why is that?" asked she.

"It is customary to give the bride a weigh."—*Judge.*

The washerwoman's motto—Let us soap for the best.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S LETTERS.

It Was Short, but It took Him Five Hours to Write It.

Francis H. Pierpont of Fairmont, W. Va., who is in Pittsburg on private business, is the well-known war governor of Virginia. In the course of an interview he said to a N. Y. *Sun* correspondent: "Mr. Lincoln's shrewdness as a statesman led him to carefully weigh every word he spoke or put upon paper, and to look at all his official utterances from all points of view and judge of their probable effect in all quarters. An instance in point is his permission for the rebel legislature of Virginia to meet for the purpose of recalling the state troops from Lee's army. That permission, given in a note to Gen. Weitzel, occupies but a dozen lines in Nicolay and Hay's history in the *Century*, but Mr. Lincoln himself told me that its composition occupied five hours of intense mental activity. I regard the letter as a literary curiosity. I was the loyal governor of Virginia at the time, and Mr. Lincoln deemed it necessary to say something to me about so extraordinary a measure as permitting the rebel legislature to assemble when a loyal legislature, with a loyal governor, was in existence and was recognized by the federal government.

"Mr. Lincoln's note to Gen. Weitzel read:

"'It has been intimated to me that the gentlemen who have acted as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion may now desire to assemble at Richmond, and take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the general government. If they attempt it give them permission and protection, until, if at all, they attempt some action hostile to the United States, in which case you will notify them, give them reasonable time to leave, and at the end of which time arrest any who remain. Allow Judge Campbell to see this, but do not make it public.'

"There seems to be nothing very wonderful about the composition of that order," continued Gov. Pierpont, "yet it took five hours to write it—five hours of uninterrupted stillness, too, for it was written between 9 p. m. and 2 a. m. You see Mr. Lincoln's difficulty. He knew that if the rebel legislature recalled Virginia rebel soldiers the effect would be the same as if that number of men had been captured by Gen. Grant. Yet he had studiously to refrain from recognizing the rebel legislature, and thus steer clear of the loyal government of Virginia, and it required five hours' hard work to do this to his satisfaction and evolve an order which he could defend to all critics. I think no act of his administration shows his political shrewdness more clearly.

"Mr. Lincoln also told me, what is not mentioned by Nicolay and Hay, that he sent private instructions to Gen. Weitzel to disperse the gentlemen who have been acting as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion' as soon as they had withdrawn the state's support, thus giving them no opportunity to attempt any action hostile to the United States, but I do not think that this part of the incident has ever been made public.

"The sagacity of Mr. Lincoln is shown in the events at Richmond after Gen. Weitzel had shown the letter to Judge Campbell. The president knew the crafty men he had to deal with, and he foresaw that an attempt would be made to construe his permission into a virtual recognition of the authority of the rebel legislature. Such was the case, for in the call for the meeting of the rebel legislature, published in the Richmond *Whig*, the committee announced that the military authorities of the United States had consented to the session of the legislature in Richmond, and stated that the matters to be discussed are the restoration of peace to the state of Virginia and the adjustment of the questions involving life, liberty, and property that have arisen in the states as a consequence of the war.

Brigham Young's Big Family.

As a physiological fact, of the fifty-six children born to Brigham Young, not one was halt, lame, or blind, all being perfect in body, and of sound mind and intellect; no defects of mind or body save those general ones shared by humanity. The boys are a sound healthy, industrious, and intelligent group of men, noted everywhere for their integrity and for the excellent care and attention bestowed upon their families. In short, the name Young is a synonym of a good, kind, faithful husband. Among them are lawyers, merchants, a railroad king, a banker, an architect, a civil engineer, and a manufacturer. One of them is a colonel in the United States army, while several have graduated from the Ann Arbor law school. The girls are finely developed physically, quick and bright in intellect, high-spirited, and often talented, especially in a musical way. A few of them were beautiful girls, and are still handsome women. All are nice girls, kind in disposition, generous and social in their natures. In short, outside of one or two of either sex, they are a family that any man might well be proud to call his own. This is given by way of argument, not boasting.—*North American Review.*

The Great Forests of Africa.

In Stanley's report to the British Government in regard to his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha he speaks as follows of the discovery of an immense forest: "We can prove that east and north and northeast of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 250,000 square miles which is covered by one unbroken, compact, and veritable forest. . . . . Through the core of this forest we traveled for thirteen months, and in its gloomy shades many scores of our dark followers perished. Our progress through the dense undergrowth of bush and ambitious young trees which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest giants, and which was matted by arums, phrynia, and amoma, meshed by endless lines of calamus, and complicated by great cable-like convolvuli, was often only at the rate of 400 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon Valley cannot boast a more impervious or a more umbrageous forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical character, than this vast Upper Congo forest, nourished as it is by eleven months of tropical showers.

He Didn't Know It All, After All.

Yellowly: "Whitely is a very intelligent fellow, isn't he?" Brownly: "He pretends to be." Yellowly: "He knows lots." Brownly: "There's one thing he doesn't know." Yellowly: "What is that?" Brownly: "He doesn't know that he doesn't know everything."—*Boston Courier.*

The first rows of summer—in the beginning of the boating season.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The run of striped bass in the Susquehanna river is so great that fishermen's nets are broken.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billiousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation

The French have tried smokeless powder with the biggest guns successfully.

Six novels free; will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

George Package of Tom Green county, Texas, is 104 years old.

Mammoth Corset Enterprise.

One of the leading and largest manufacturers in the United States has hit upon the very novel plan of making corsets for each season of the year. It has been known to the ladies themselves for years, how cumbersome and uncomfortable the average corset is in the summer. This company now manufactures a line of open mesh, specially stiffened corsets, warranted to keep shape perfectly and add gracefulness to the figure. The goods are being adopted throughout the country, and are becoming absolutely indispensable for summer wear. The publishers of the Housekeeper of Minneapolis, Minn., with characteristic enterprise have placed an open order for thousands of pairs of these corsets to distribute among their lady friends throughout the entire country. It is the boldest step yet taken by any newspaper publishers, and it will be impossible to estimate the number of ladies that will be directly benefited. No leaders of fashion or authorities on dress, have failed to endorse these summer corsets. In this day of modest dress and correct taste it is to be hoped that comfort will always reign supreme in the matter of our ladies' wear.

Teachers' National Association at St. Paul, Half-Fare Excursion Rates.

The rate to the Annual Meeting to be held at St. Paul, July 4th to July 11th, 1890, inclusive, from all points on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway (both east and west of the Missouri river) and Albert Lea route, will be One Lowest First class fare the Round Trip, plus $2 for membership fee—good for return passage (with stop over privileges) after July 11th to Sept. 30th, 1890. Special Vestibuled trains of elegant Chair Cars, Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars. Low excursion rates beyond St. Paul to all points of interest to tourists and pleasure seekers. Teachers and others who travel via the Rock Island and Albert Lea routes, will enjoy a splendid trip at the least possible cost. For tickets or other information apply to any Rock Island representative, or address John Sebastian, Genl. Tkt. and Pass. Agt. at Chicago, Ills.

Summer Tours.

The Michigan Central have issued a very neat little book of summer tours to all the principal summer resorts East and North, giving a description of the routes, rates, etc.

Every one contemplating a trip to one or more of the numerous places mentioned in the book can procure one free at the Union Ticket Office, 66 Woodward avenue.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money can buy, so every family should have at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

The run of striped bass in the Susquehanna river is so great that fishermen's nets are broken.

The Great Spring Medicine.

It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson of Marshall, Mich., says:

GENTLEMEN:—I have suffered intensely from biliousness and rheumatism for over three years and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I bought a bottle and found that it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and it has restored my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than anything I have ever taken. I am pleased to recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours,

B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Grace Gridley of Amboy, Ill., has been sleeping peacefully since the 15th of last March.

M. L. THOMPSON & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

Mrs Henry Mullen of Middleton Corners, Ohio, has given birth to the second pair of twins within a year.

AN OPEN LETTER.

From a Well-known Druggist. "Positive" Cure for Stomach Troubles.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In the summer of 1874 I was first afflicted with that most dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and for over fifteen years I suffered terribly at times. In the meantime I tried every so-called remedy imaginable, without finding relief. Having been in the drug business since 1868, I determined to help myself if it lay in the power of medicine. Two years ago I succeeded in discovering a remedy. It cured me. Until I had given ample time for possibility of doubt, however, I kept my secret almost to myself, putting up the medicine for only a few of my sorely troubled friends, every one of whom was cured. I now know the medicine to be a positive cure, and have decided to put it on the market that my discovery may do humanity all possible good. It will be known as "Bruske's Positive Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure," which is guaranteed to cure all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys. I have a number of testimonials which afflicted parties may be interested in.

R. BRUSKE, 446 Genesee Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Sold by all druggists, $1.00 a bottle; 3 bottles, $2.50.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents; CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MARRY! MARRIAGE PAPER and particulars of marriage association that pays $500 to $5000 free. Gunnel's Monthly, Toledo, O.

PATENTS NO DELAY. Circular free. W. E. BOULTER, Washington, D. C.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

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Write for catalogue of PARSONS' BUSINESS COLLEGE, Kalamazoo, Mich. W. F. PARSONS, Prest.

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PENSIONS The great Pension Bill has passed. Soldiers, their widows, mothers and fathers are entitled to $12 a month. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. Joseph H. Hunter, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

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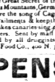

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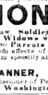

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W. N. U., D.—VIII.—27.

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