THE FAT MAN.

Sam Walter Fors Let me have men about me that are fat. Julius Casar, Act I, Scene IL

I sing the fat man; and I deem
A man's intrinsic worth
Is gauged by his retundity—
Proportionate to his girth.
The fat man, darling of the fates,
Who, in server repose,
Does nature's stores assimilate
And turn to adipose.
Who from the boundless universe,
As he's a right to do,
Absorbs a corporosity
Commensurate thereto

"Let me have men about me," said Grent Casar, "that are fat:" And Julius Casar, you'll admit, He knew "where he was at." The fat man, everybody knows, Doth bask in virtue's smile, For as he grows in adipose He doth decrease in guile. And 'tis my creed, though cynics carp And cavil much thereat. No man can be entirely good Till he is fairly fat.

No sour cynic is this man,
No misanthropic churi,
And his wide, manly bosom bears
The light heart of a girl.
Of mature's bounty he partakes
With gratitude and zest,
And in her pantry is no food
That he cannot digest:
Who from the boundless universe,
Absorbs a right to do,
Absorbs a corporosity

bsorbs a corporosity Commensurate thereto

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.

Mary E. Wilking in Romance. I have taught school forty-four years. Now I have delivered the keys of my school house to the committee, I have packed away on the top shelf of my closet a row of primers and readers. geographies, spelling books and arithmetics, and I have stopped work for the rest of my life. Through all these forty-four years I have squeezed resolutely all the sweets out of existence and stored them up to make a kind of tasteless, but life-sustaining honey for old age. I have never spent one penny unless for the barest necessaries. I have added term by term to the sum on my bank book, until I have been able to build this house, and have a sufficient sum at interest to live upon. I need little, very little, to eat, and I wear my ciothes carefully and long.

I was never extravagant in clothes but once. That was twenty-five years ago, when I was 35, and expected to be married in the spring. I had a green silk dress then—a bright green. But I had it dyed black, and, after all, got considerable wear out of it, although it was flimsy. Colored silk is apt to be I had a blue woollen, too, a color l should never have bought if I had not expected to be married, and that faded. I also had a black velvet cloak, some thing that was very costly, and I should not have bought it under any circumstances, but I was foolish. However, that has made my winter bonnets ever ince; it was a good piece and not cut up

Looking backward forty-four years I cannot remember any other extravagance than this outlay outlay in clothes when I expected to be married at 35. I never have bought any candy, except a few cough drops when I had a cold. I have never bought a riobon even, or a breastpin. I have always worn my mother's old hairpin, although it was so old-fash- got whispered 'round there was someioned, and the other girls had pretty gold and coral, or cameo ones.

My mother died when I was 14; my father when I was 16; then I began to teach. My father left me nothing. Mother was sick all her life, nearly, and he could not lay up a cent. However, there was enough to pay his funeral expenses, and I was thankful for that. I sometimes wonder what my father would say if he could see me now, and know how I am situated. I wonder if he would know how it can make any difference to vanities, even if he knows about them, but I do sometimes feel glad I have done so well, on his account. Anybody has to have some account beside their own, even if it is somebody's that's dead.

1 have built this house, with six rooms in it, and a woodshed. I have a little land, too. I keep hens and I am going to have a vegetable garden back of the house, and a flower garden, front. have good weellen carpets all over the house, except the kitchen. I have stuffed parlor furniture, and a marble-topped table, and a marble top shelf with a worked plush scarf on it. I have a handsome dining set, and two nice chamber sets, and two beautiful silk quilts I pieced from bits my scholars gave me. I shouldn't be ashamed to have anybody go over my house. And I keep it nice, too; you could not find a speck of dust anywhere. Of course, I have nobody to put it out of order, and that makes a difference. It has always been my habit to look at all the advantage there is in life and I have found there is an advantage side to everything. I can keep my house a great deal nicer than I could if I were not alone in the world. I sometimes worder what I should do if I had a man coming in with muddy boots, or children tracking in dirt and stubbing out my carpets or kicking the paint off my new

To tell the truth, I never about much dren, though I have been teaching them forty-four years. I never dared to say so before, but it is true. Once in awhile saw a child that I thought a good deal of, but taking them all together, I have often wondered how their own mothers could stand them. I would have worked my fingers to the bone for the few I did take a notion to. I fairly grudged them to their folks, but the others!-and I had to hide it, too; it wouldn't have done for the children to think I was par-They had all the meanness of grown-up folks, without knowing enough to hide it. Grabbing each other's applecores, and toasing away each other's candy, and the big ones plaguing the little ones; throwing paper balls, and marking up the walls, and everything alse. I know, for one, that there's something in the doctrine of original sin. guess most women that have taught a

district school forty-four years do. I have never been sure, either, that they learned anything so as to remember it, and have it do them any good. I have been afraid that, no matter how hard I tried to do my duty to them, it was never quite done, and that I was teaching myself more than anybody else, just as I always seemed to hit my own hands harder than a scholar's when I had to ferule

I could travel all over the earth, on a map, and never once lose my way, but I wonder if my scholars could. I can spell through the spelling book without missing a word, but I know that not one of my scholars can do it. I can do every sum in the arithmetic, measure the depth of all the wells, calculate the speed of all the dogs and foxes, and say the mul-tiplication tables by heart, but I am quite sure that no boy or girl ever left my school who could. It seems to me sometimes that I have gone to school to my scholars, instead of my scholars go-ing to school to me, and that I have never been of any benefit to any one of

Still, I have sometimes thought that I was, once, and in a strange way, to the strangest scholar I ever had. Before thinking even of this scholar, and this

e character, in my mental vision, as | before a glass, to establish, as it were, she my own reliability to myself. Is it and likely that anybody, who looks like that, didn't ild tell herself that she saw what she did not see, or heard what she did not hear? Is it likely that anybody, who is like that, should?

But, after all, I was never given to saying things that weren't plain common sense. Still, it has always kind of seemed to me, when I thought of that time in Marshbrook, that it didn't ring like any known metal. But there may be some metals that really are on earth, though they are not known, I suppose, and anybody might hear them ring, and be honest enough about it.

It was just twenty-five years ago today that I went to Marshbrook to teach the No. I district school. It was right in the middle of the springtime. I had given up my old school, because I was expecting to be married that May. But when I found out he'd changed his mind toward me I felt as If I had ought to go to work again. I'd laid out a good deal of money on my clothes, and I knew I'd have to make it up some way, as long as I was always going to have nobody but myself to depend on, the way I always

Maria Rogers had my old school. She had come from the east village to teach it, when I gave it up, and it wasn't more'n three weeks before he began to go with her. She was good looking, always smiling, though it always seemed to me it was a kind of silly smile. I was al-ways sober and set-looking, and I couldn't smile easy even if I felt like it. Her hair curled, too. I tried to curl mine, but it wouldn't look like hers, I wouldn't believe it at first when folks came and told me he was going with her, and they thought I ought to know; but after a while I saw enough to satisfy me, my-self. I wrote him a letter, and told him I'd found out he had changed his mind, and he had my best wishes for his welfare and prosperity, and then I began to look out for another school. He didn't

poor girl, or I could have had my old school. As it was, she had him, and my school, too, I don't know as I should have got any till fall, if the teacher at the No. I district in Marshbrook hadn't left sudden. One of the committee came for me the next day and said I'd got to go there whether or I asked why the other teacher had left, and he said she wasn't very well— "kind of hysteriky," he called it. He was an old man and a doctor. I looked him straight in the face when he spoke,

and I knew there was something behind what he said, and he knew I did. "I'll give you 50 cents a week more, seeing as you come to oblige," says he.
"Very well," says I. I knew what it
all meant. I had heard about district No. 1 in Marshbrook ever since I could remember. They never could keep a teacher there through the spring term. There wasn't any trouble fall and winter, but the teacher would leave in the spring term. They always tried to hush it up, and nobody ever knew ex-actly what they left for. I rather guess bound the teachers they to tell - maybe paid them little extra. Anyway, nobody a little extra.

thing wrong about the No. I school

Nobody but a stranger or somebody that was along in years and pretty courageous could be hired to go there and teach the spring term. The chances were that old Dr. Emmons couldn't get another soul besides me for love or money, and if I wouldn't go the school would have to be shut up till fall. But i didn't care anything about the stories. I never was one of the kind that listen, think I had done pretty well. I don't and hark, and screech, and I had had enough real things to think and worry about. Then I had a kind of feeling then-I suppose it was wicked-that it didn't matter much what happened anyway, after what had happened.

So I just packed up my trunk, while Dr. Emmons waited, and then he put it in behind in his wagon and carried me over to Marshbrook. It was about six miles away.

Marshbrook was named after the brook there, that runs through marshy land, and gets soaked up in it some seasons of the year. That spring it was quite high and the land all around it was yellow as gold with cowslips. rode beside it quite a ways and the doctor said his wife had boiled cowslip greens twice. He talked considerable about such things being better for folks to eat than meat, too. He didn't say a word about the school till he set me down at the house where I was going to board. Then he said I looked as if wasn't fidgety, and he hadn't any notion but what I should get along well and like the school. Then he said, kind a if he hated to, but thought he'd better that he gnessed I might just as well make up my mind not to stay after school at night much and not to keep the scholars. The school house was in a rather lonesome place and some stragglers might come along. Then, too, was rather damp there, being near the brook, after the dew fell, and he didn't think it was very healthy. I said, "Very well." Then Mr. Orrin Simonds, the man where I was going to board, came out, and they carried my trunk

betwixt them into the house. I began school the next morning, and got along well enough. The school was quite a large one, about forty in it, and none of them very old. They behaved well as usual, and I taught them the best I knew how. I ought to have done better by them than I had ever done for other scholars, for I hadn't any lookout for myself to take my mind off. I suppose I always had had a little, though I had hardly known it myself, and I ought

to have been ashamed of it. I did not stay after school for some two weeks, not because I was afraid of anything, for I wasn't, but I hadn't any call to, I didn't mind what Dr. Emmons had said at all, as far as I was concerned, but I thought I wouldn't keep the scholars anyway, so if anything did come up I wouldn't be blamed on their accounts. There wasn't anybody to blame me on mine, if I didn't give the school-and I wasn't going to do

that, anyway. I went to meeting the Sunday after I went to Marshbrook. I suppose some folks thought I would get somebody to carry me home from meeting, seeing as it was only six miles, and I belonged to the church there, but I felt as if I had just as soon see some new faces. Maria Rogers used to sit right in front

of me at home. I noticed that folks in the meeting house at Marshbrook eyed me some. don't know whether it was because I had come to teach the No. 1 school, or because I wore my green silk. I suppose it did look 'most too fine, but I had it, and it was a pleasant Sunday, and I thought I might just as well wear it, though somehow, every time I looked down at my lap as I sat in meeting, there was something about the color seemed to strike over me and make me sick. I never liked green very well, but he did, and that was why I got it. I liked it better after it was colored. though it seemed a shame to have all the stiffening taken out of it. It was a

I had a good boarding place, just Mr.

story, I have to review my face, and my | Simonds and his wife, and she was as neat as wax and was kind didn't talk much, but didn't feel much like talking, and l liked it full as well. She used to have supper early, about as soon as I got home from school, and then I used to go upstairs to my chamber and sit by myself. Mrs. Simonds didn't neighbor much, she said, but I guess after I came folks run in more. I'd near them talking down stairs. I guess they wanted to find out now I was getting along at the Number One school.

Once Mrs. Simonds said, if she was in my place, she'd make her plans not to stay after school. She didn't seem any more fidgety herself than a wooden post, but I guess she'd heard so much from the neighbors she thought she ought to

say something. I said I hadn't had any occasion to stay after school, and I hadn't. I didn't re ally have any occasion the night I did stay, but I felt kind of down at the heel, and I didn't want any supper, and I just sat there on the platform behind my desk after the scholars marched out of

I don't know how long I sat therequite a while, I suppose, for it began to grow dusky. The frogs peeped as if they were in the room and there was a damp wind blowing in the window, and I could smell wintergreen and swamp pinks. It was all I could do to keep the children from chewing wintergreen leaves in school time. They were real thick all around the school house.

All of a sudden, as i sat there, I had a queer feeling as if there was somebody in the room, and I looked up. I saw, down in the middle of the room, a little white arm raised in the dusk. It was the way the children did when they wanted to ask something, and I thought for a second that one had stayed or come back unbeknown to me, and was raising an arm. Of course, that was queer, but it was the only reason I could think of, and it flashed through my head.
"What is it?" says I, and then I heard

marry Maria Rogers till the spring term was through. She wanted the money for her wedding clothes. She was a a little girl's voice pipe up, "Please, teacher, find my doll for me, and hear my neqt lesson in the primer." 'What?" says I, for it didn't seem to me I could have heard right. And then the

voice said it over again, and that little white arm crooked out of the gloom. I got up and went down the aisle between the desks, and when I came close enough I saw a little girl in a queer, straight white dress, almost like a night gown, sitting there. Her little face was so white in the gloom it made me creep, and her features looked set; even her mouth didn't move when she spoke. It was open a little and the words just

seemed to flow out between her lips.
"Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear my next lesson in the primer," says she over again, dreadful pitiful.

I put my hand on her shoulder and then I jumped and took it away, for I never felt anything so cold as her little shoulder was. It seemed as if the cold struck to my heart from it and I had to catch my breath. "What is your name?" says I as soon

I could. "Mary Williams, aged six years, three

months and five days," says she. Then my blood ran cold, but I tried to reason it out to myself again that she was some child I hadn't seen that had run in there, and maybe she wasn't quite right in her mind.

"Well," says I, "you had better run home now. If you want to come to school you can come at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, if your mother is willing. Then I will hear your lesson and maybe you will find your doll, but you musn't bring it to school. I can't have any dolls brought to school."

With that she rose up and dropped a queer little curtsey that made a puff of icy cold wind in my face, and was out of the room, very fast, as if she slid or floated, without taking any steps at all.

I put on my bonnet and locked up the

Looking back I can't say as I felt scared or nervous at all. I knew I didn't walk a mite faster when I went past the old graveyard. There was an old graveyard near the school house, and the children used to play there at recess.

When I got home Mrs. Simonds asked why I hadn't been home and if I didn't want any supper, but she didn't act surprised nor curious. She never seemed surprised or curious at anything.

I went upstairs to my chamber, and sat down and thought it over. It seemed to me there must be some above-board reason for it. As I thought it over, I remembered that there had been a strange, faint, choking smell about the child, and then I put my own dress-skirt up to my face, and I smelled it then. hung my dress out of the window to air when I took it off.

The next morning, when the scholars filed in to school. I tried to think that strange little girl might be among them, but she wasn't, and she didn't come in the afternoon.

That night I stayed after school again I had made up my mind I would. I waited, and after a while that little white arm showed out of the dusk, but I had not seen the child come into the

I asked her again what she wanted, and she piped up, just as she did before "Please, teacher, find my doll for me, and hear me say the next lesson in the

I got up and went to her just as I had before, and there she was just the same, and the faint smell came in my face. "Where did you lose your doll?"

But she wouldn't say. "Please, teacher, find my doll for me and hear me say my lesson in the primer," says she, with a kind of a wail. l never heard anything so pitiful as it was. It seemed to me, somehow, as if all the wants I had ever had myself sounded in that child's voice, and as if she was begging for something I had

lost myself. But I spoke decided. It was always my way with children. I found it worked better. "Now you run right home," says I, "and you come tomorrow and I'll give you your doll and hear esson in the primer." And then she rese up and curtifed just as she had before, and was gone.

I did not try to follow her. That evening I went around to old Dr Emmons and asked Mrs. Emmons if could see the doctor a few minutes.

I guess she suspected what had happened, for she looked at me real sharp and said she hoped I wasn't getting nervous, and overwrought with school teaching. I said I wasn't. I just wanted to see the doctor about a new scholar; and she left me in the sitting room and called him in.

I asked him, point-blank, if anything had anything had ever happened there in Marshbrook, and he wouldn't tell me

"I suppose you want to give the school up. I thought you were old enough to behave yourself," says he. He was pretty short sometimes, but he meant

"I've done the best I could by the school," says I.
"Why couldn't you come home when school was done, as you was told to, instead of staying there in that lonesome some place and getting hystericky?" says he. "I don't know as I can get another teacher this term. The school house will have to be shut up. It's a pity all the female school teachers in creation couldn't be ducked a few times,

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Trousering!

207 S. 15th.

Between Farnam and Douglas.

and get the fidgets out of them. I'll get a man for the place next time. I've had enough of women." "I don't want to give up the school,"

says I. "What are you talking about then?"

"I want to know if anything has ever appened here in Marshbrook," says I. I don't want to give up the school if anything has happened.'

He finally told me how a little girl had been murdered, some fifty or sixty years ago, on her way to school, on the brook road. They found her laying dead beside a clump of swamp pinks, with a great bruise on the back of her neck, as if she'd been hit by a stone, and her doll and her primer were laying in the road, where she'd dropped them when she run from whoever killed her. They never found him.

'Was her name Mary Williams?" "How did you know it?" says the doc-

"She told me," says I. The old doctor turned as white as a sheet.
"You ain't hystericky," says he.

When he found out that I wasn't scared, and didn't want to give up the school, he wanted to know what I'd seen, and asked a good many questions. I told him as short as I could and then I went home.

The next morning before school I got some linen rags from Mrs. Simonds, and a piece of bright blue thibet, and I made a real pretty rag baby. I'd never made one before, but I couldn't see why I didn't make it as well as anybody. ravelled out a little of an old black stocking I had for its hair, and I colored its cheeks and mouth with erry juice, and made its eyes with blue ink. I found, too, an old primer, that Mrs. Simonds said her mother had studied, for I thought that might have been like the one the child was carrying

to school when she was killed. That night I stayed after school again, and waited until I saw the little white arm raised out of the dusk. did not wait for me to speak that time. She piped up quick, "please, teacher, find my doll for me, and hear me say my esson in the primer." "Put your arm down and be quiet."

says I, "and I will hear your lesson." out the rag doll in my pocket, and took the old primer I had found, and went to

"Find the place, and go with your lesson," says I, and I gave her the book. She turned over the leaves, as if she were quite acsustomed to it, and I saw at once that I had the right book. It was a queer lit-tle primer, that had been written by an old minister in Marshbrook, and used in the schools there for some time. She found the place soon and began to read, piping up quite loud. You could have heard her out of doors; the windows were open. The piece was called, "The Character of a Good Child." She read it very well, I only had her spell out a few of the words.

"You have got your lesson very well," says I. Then I took the doll out of my pocket, and gavesit to her. She fairly snatched for it with her little, white, gleaming hands and they touched mine. and I felt the cold strike to my heart

She hugged the doll tight and kissed it with her stiff, parted lips. Then she held it off and looked at it. "Please, teacher/find my doll for me, says she with a great wail, and I saw she knew it wasn't her own old doll.

"Hush," says I, "I can't doll that has been fifty years. This doll is just exactly as Now, you'd better take it and But she just gave that pitiful cry again-"please, teacher, find my doll for

"You are not behaving pretty at all,"
ays I. "That doll is just as good." says I. Then, I don't know what possessed me to say it, but I says, "she hasn't got any mother, either,' She just hugged the doll tight, and

kissed it again then, and didn't say another word against it. "Now, you'd better run home," says I She rose up and curtsied, and I was all ready to spring. I followed her. I didn't knaw as I could keep her in sight,

graveyard. I saw a gleam of white in there a minute; then it was gone.

That evening I went to Dr. Emmons

and told him what had happened. "Now," says I, "I want to know where that child was buried." "She was buried in the old Williams

tomb," says he. Then I asked him to take a lantern, and go to the graveyard with me, and look in that tomb. I didn't know as I could make him for quite a while. He said the Williams family had all died out, and gone away. There wasn't one of them left in town. He didn't exactly know who had the key of the tomb, and he kept looking at me real sharp. I suppose he was afraid I was getting hystericky. I guess he got pretty sure at last that I wasn't, for I taught that Marshbrook Number One school seven ears after that, though any youn could have done it, and stayed after school every night in the spring terms for that little girl never came to scare anybody again. He kept looking at me that night, and then he felt my pulse

and counted it by his watch. "You don't want to give the school

up," says he.
"No, I don't," says I. He went out after a while, and presently he came back with a lighted lantern and a key. I don't know where he got it. Then we went down the road to the graveyard. It was a dark night and it was misting a little. He went along in front with the lantern and I followed on behind. He didn't speak a word the whole way. I guess he felt kind of grouty at having to come out.

I didn't care if he was. I was bound to find out. When we came to the old graveyard he opened the gate and we went in. His lantern lit up all the old headstones and trees, and scraggy bushes, as we went across to the Williams tomb. wasn't very far from the gate. A lot of little bushes were growing out of the humped-up roof and I read Williams in the stonework over the iron door. doctor fitted she key in the lock while I held the lantern. I felt the way I used to when I was a child, when waked up in the dark, in the night, but I held the lantern as steady as if my hand had been an iron hook.

It was hard to turn the key in the rusty padlock and the doctor worked quite a long time, but finally it snapped back, and he pulled off the padlock and slipped the hasp. But even then he could not open the door until he had cleared away some stones and turned up some little plants that had grown over

the threshold by the roots. After he had done that, he opened the door, and a puff of that same strange odor which I had noticed about the child came in my face. He took the lanters and stepped down into the tomb, and l after him. All of a sudden, he stopped short, and caught hold of my arm There, on the floor of the tomb, lantern light, right before us, lay the doll, and the primer.

A scheme is broached in Germany of em ploying electricity to move heavy trucks and drays. This is merely a development of the electric carriage idea, which has been successful in that country for several years. small storage battery is placed in an ord nary phaeton, T-cart, or brougham, the power is carried to the wheels, and the regulated by the driver. Such a carriage has been seen a good deal about New York for the last few mouths. The scheme is enfor the last few months. The scheme is entirely feasible and practicable, and experi ments have been made toward adapting system to heavy trucks. The government is interested in the experiment, and health boards are enthusiastic over the subject, their claim being that if electricity can be substituted for horses the cleanliness and health of great cities will be incalculably improved. Horses will always be used in driving for pleasure, but the general scheme of employing electricity for trucks and drays, provided the speed is limited, opens up a wonderful field.

The coal tipple of the Hackett Coal and Coke company, at their mine on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, burned one day last week. There have been labor troubles on this division for some time, but the miners are still working. The trouble is attributed to striking miners, or their friends, by some of the officials of the company. Miners' Secretary McBride de-plores the burning, and says he does not think the miners would be guilty of such an outrage. The loss was \$3,500.

didn't knaw as I could keep her in sight, but I did, and she went into the old DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Z. D. Underhill, in Harpw's Weekly.

Z. D. Cideraid, in Harp's 8 Weely.

In a great war for consecrated ground
One who loved Ch'ist and one who served Mahound
Encountered madly, so that Christian knight
And zealous Moslem fell in that fierce fight,
Then, since so wildly they had waged the
strife,
Their anger scarce could pass with passing
life.
O'er their pale corpses hung their souls, yet
wroth, wroth,
Till a strong angel bent and raised them both.
"What!" shricked the pagan, "Wouldst thou
bear my foe?"
"In angel's arms shall a cursed heathen go?"
Cried the proud knight. The radiant angel

His stately head to hush their discortent.

His state is head to hush their discontent.

"Know, ye bewildered souls," he softly said,

"All those who bravely battled, being dead,
Praise God alike in one angelic host,
Who to serve truth have counted life well lost.

For men, midst whirling clouds of smoke and
flame,
God's shadow dimly see, and give it name;
Some on Jehovah call, on Allah some,
And same fight bravely, though their lips be
dumb. dumb. Learn, faithful spirits, when the strife waxed For the some God ye fought, yet knew it not; And now the pangs of death are overpast. The same wide heaven shall hold ye both at last."

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

George Bartlett Prescott, who died re cently, was one of the pioneers in electrical science. He was a partner with Edison in the ownership of all the patents in the quadruplex system in this country and Eng-

Chicago is already in the field with a new telephone company which is to contest the field with the Bell company as soon as the telephone patents expire, at the end of this month. The company has a capital of \$1,000,000, and will lose no time in pushing its business.

The introduction of an ordinance into the Philadelphia councils granting the privilege of laving conduits in the streets to th Drawbaugh Telephone company, under con-ditions that it will insure a great reduction in the cost of telephone service, besides guaranteeing a reasonable return to the city for the franchise, opens the way for com petitive telephone service. The recent description of Herr Kolb's

method of making the lines of electric forces visible has brought out another, and in some respects similar method by Prof. Weller of Essingen. In Kolb's experiment, a quantity of pure anhydrous oil of turpentine was poured into a flat tray or vessel, and some sulphate of quinine stirred in with a gian-rod. The discharge from an electric "influence" or "static" machine was then sent through it by means of wires terminating n brass balls dipping into the turpentine This developed white crystals of quinine which arranged themselves in beautifu curving lines between the balls. Prof. Wel-ler uses two electrodes, or metal surfaces connected in an electric circuit, and a milky nixture of triturated sulphate of oil of turpentine. Shortly after the electridischarge is presed through it a clear space is seen at the positive electrode and parti cles of quinine cluster around the negative electrode in streamers directed along the lines of electric force. Either of these experiments can be easily carried out by the electrical student. One of the most wonderful of modern dis

coveries in the region of electrotherapy is the system of "cupric electrolysis" brought out by Gautier of Paris, by which a metall deposit can be made on any part of the body, internal or external. The process will be understood by recalling the fact that an iron needle connected with the "positive pole, plunged into human tissue, is quickly attacked by the oxygen and chlorine set free at this pole, is converted into exycnic ride of iron, a double salt, and is soon com pletely destroyed. The same is true of any metal attacked by oxygen or chlorine. A copper needle or bulb or other conveniently shaped electrode penetrating tissue or laid against mucus membrane, especially within the cavities of the body, is converted into oxychloride of copper, zinc into oxychloride of zinc, and so on. This method hifs only recently been introduced into this country but its benefits promise to be far-reaching when it is brought into general practice. I gynecological work it secures results at tainable by no other means, as the introduction of the positive copper sound affords no only the intrinsic advantages of the current but also the further beneficial action of an antiseptic salt whose permeation into the tissues contributes to their strength and nu tissues contributes to their strength and nu-trition. In other words, the metallic de-posit is first made, and then, by what is termed "cataphoresis," driven into the tis-sues. It is highly probable that this will be the treatment of the future in catarrh cases. A copper bulb through which an electric current is passing is swept over the masal, throat and mucus membranes, and de-posits and drives in the course, asis. This posits and drives in the copper sals. This method is both rapid and painless, and its effects are described as magical.

The mayor of Cincinnati has been authorized to expend \$100,000 for the benefit of the unemployed.



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