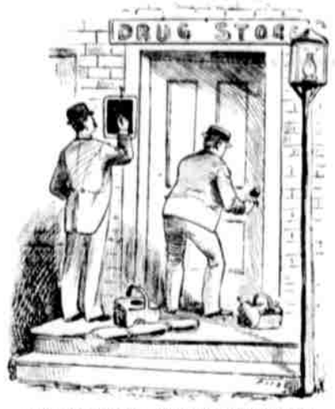
SUMMERING IN ARCADIA.

A HAMLET IN THE STATE OF NOWHERE AND COUNTY OF NOD.

The Village Is a Century Old, but Knows Neither Railway Nor Tourists—Trout in the Streams and Bear on the Hills.

The village is over a century old. It drowses in peace and antiquity a mile and a half from the railway, stretching the while its comfortable length along the high and verdured banks that confine the turbulent power of a many falled river. A rope ferry transfers the casual passenger from shore to shore of the brawling stream that seems to exult at quitting the fountains of its youth, but far to the south grows staider as it widens to the broad amplitude of a great waterway of commerce.

The village lies in a valley, with chains of hills to the north, the east and the west—hills that ages ago were mountains, but that in course of time and by reason of elemental warfare have grown smaller, are less aggressive of outline, and display in quaint curves and curious angles the wrinkled charm of years. Forests cover them from base to summit, and along their altitudes the fog clouds of early dawn wander like restless giants seeking for repose. Occasionally the granite steeps are shaken by



LEAVE ORDERS AT THE POSTOFFICE.

unexpected earthquakes that growl challenge to the thunderous lightnings as they hurl their mysterious might upon the sullen peaks, but generally, for the sun shines much, no sound disturbs the silent glory of the scene save the grateful rustle of the summer breeze.

These hills are the outer sentinels to a long range that trends far northward, and at the same time they are the protectors of the little hamlet at their base, guarding it against the fury of the winter tempest and the wrath of summer heat that render unendurable less favored localities. So warded and so situated the denizens of the beautiful valley live on from year to year. The village store keeper dies at a good old age, and his son, who has "clerked it" for him and married the village belle meanwhile, succeeds to the stock of dried apples, salt pork and scythe blades. The farmer "down on the middle road" goes the way of all flesh, and his eldest boy "shines up" to the next neighbor's buxom daughter, furbishes the old homestead a bit when she takes her place as its mistress, and then yokes his oxen and continues placidly the labors of seed time and harvest and haying.

They know little of their advantages—these lazily industrious people in whom, perhaps, familiarity has bred contempt. At any rate they call the golden rod that grows in luxuriant abundance a "durned weed," and let the wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries that overrun the mountain sides and meadows ripen and rot by the ton. They have small use for the glorious streams near by in which the brook trout lurk. It takes too long too "ketch a mess."

So, if "killin' time" has not arrived and the supply of fresh meat is scant, the young men make up a "bullheadin' party" and seek some deep river pool or muddy pond where the slimy prey awaits them, eager to swallow the clumsily concealed hook that penetrates their lair. Black bear wander about the hills less disturbed than in the days when the red man ruled the land, and rarely come to grief unless they bring down vengeance on their heads by raiding a cattle pen or sheep fold. Deer gaze curiously at the infrequent visitor to their haunts, and then resume their browsing unscared. Indeed, man and beast seem to dwell together with an arcadian concord of semi-somnolent satisfaction.

Where is this quaint paradise of repose; this enchanted valley within whose limits 'tis "always afternoon?" In the state of Nowhere and the county of Nod. Did I choose I might give other names to the commonwealth and its subdivision—names that appear on any sober and matter of fact atlas—but their publication would do scant good. On the heels of notoriety would tread the hurrying feet of summer tourists. Vandals would make common the virgin charms of village, of valley and of mountain, and, more personal than all others I have this reason for reticence: An influx of visitors would crowd the quaint, many pillared wooden tavern, and induce the landlord to raise the price of board and lodging from $4 per week to the huge sum demanded and obtained for accommodations by the hotel keepers who reign at the popular resorts lying north and south of this yet undiscovered loafing place. As things now

THE EVENT OF THE DAY.

are my experience of this summer will, I trust, be duplicated next year. On invitation the smooth faced town druggist—he of the burly form and scarred upper lip—will close his shop, write on the battered slate "leave orders at the postoffice" and join me in a fishing expedition up the tiny torrent of some mountain stream; or, on payment of ten shillings, a day's wage thereabouts, "Uncle Free," the hunter, will guide me over the hills from early morn till late at night in search of the elusive panther that "wuz heard screamin' up yander t'other day." If we chance to meet a bear there may be fun, because in the seventy years of his backwoods life "Free" has killed 299 of the "varmints." He hopes to make the tale 300 before he dies, for he is superstitious, sacrifices to the "Witch of West mountain," and claims to have her promise that he shall live until his desires in the way of ursine slaughter are fulfilled.

If less active recreation suggests itself I may again descend the rickety stone steps to the tree embowered depths of Indian Hollow, and, seated on a stranded "market log" from the northern lumber woods, watch the river take its initial leap along a rocky precipice preparatory to its more tumultuous drop at the "big falls" a mile below. A spring at my back will as of yore join its silvery treble to the roar of the insistent flood at my feet, and, if my visit shall chance to be on a Sunday afternoon, I may hear floating down from the little church on the nearby heights the fresh voiced chanting of a maiden choir.

One claim and one alone has the quiet valley for recognition by the outside world, and that is a matter of history forgotten by all save the old inhabitants who daily gather about the postoffice in the village store to await the arrival of the mail stage. These children in actual experience, but veterans (many of them) of fourscore years, delight to tell with the whistling voiced and treble tuned verbiage of age their knowledge of the one distinguished man the place has known—a man who left his father's farm to seek a wider experience, and who in time became speaker of the national house of representatives—the only speaker, by the way, that the great state of Nowhere ever furnished to the American congress.

Peaceful, secluded, unambitious, long may the hamlet at the mountain's base continue its existence as the home of simple manners and hearty hospitality.

FRED C. DAYTON.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

The Views of a Man Who Saw Kemmler Die.

Perhaps nothing of late years has excited such widespread interest as the recent execution at Auburn, N. Y., of William Kemmler by electricity. The fact that the current had to be turned on twice to kill the poor wretch has called out many protests against the new system of capital punishment. Regarding the matter one of the witnesses of the legal tragedy, Dr. E. C. Spitzka, the well known physician, said:

"I prefer first the guillotine, second the gallows and last of all electrical execution. Never before have I felt just as I do now. What I have seen has impressed me deeply, not exactly with what you would call horror, but rather with wonder and doubt. I have seen hangings far more brutal than this execution, but I have never seen anything so awe inspiring. What I have seen satisfies me that the scale of capital punishment is first the guillotine, second the gallows and far in the rear the electrical execution.

DR. E. C. SPITZKA.

"I do not regard the execution a failure, but it did not appear to be what it had promised to be. The object of the system was to rid capital punishment of its features of barbarity and cruelty. It did not do this. It is shown by this system that under other conditions than those that existed (conditions which might easily exist) the execution could be made absolutely frightful."

The Queen of the Rebekahs.

The recent great assemblage of Odd Fellows at Chicago, where the first cantonment of the patriarchs militant was held, included one feature among others of remarkable interest—the splendid showing made by the Daughters of Rebekah, of whose national convention Mrs. M. E. Rea is president.

MRS. M. E. REA.

Mrs. Rea is a native of St. Louis and received the Rebekah degree over twenty years ago. During the last decade she has spent much time traveling throughout the United States and establishing lodges. To Mrs. Rea's efforts are due largely the constantly increasing activity and rapid growth in numbers and importance of the Daughters of Rebekah. A member of the order says of her: "Mrs. Rea always inspires me to more faithful work and to less consideration for small personal likes and dislikes. After a talk with her I feel that I could take my worst enemy by the hand and be his friend. Indeed I feel that I have no enemies. She certainly may rightfully claim the title which is sometimes given her of the 'Queen of the Rebekahs.'"

Queer Uses For Fish.

Strange beliefs as to the power of fish charms exist in parts of southern Russia, particularly where fish are found that have two small hard round bones on the sides of the head. They are believed to have the power when worn by the owner to prevent colic, and they are termed colic stones. The more wealthy of the peasants have the colic stones mounted in gold, and they are worn upon the neck as a valuable addition to a necklace. The bones of the common bullhead are much used among the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Among European nations in the Middle Ages doctors of medicine had faith that two bones found in the head of the tench have medical virtues. The bones were applied to the skin in cases of fever. The tench is an European fish and the United States fish commission is endeavoring to introduce it to American waters.

When a Man Marries His Trouble Begins.

So far marriage has not proved a success with Mr. George I. Moore, of Otis, Me. While driving home with his bride after the wedding the horse ran away, throwing the couple in a heap by the roadside, and smashing a new buggy into kindling wood. Late the next evening Mr. Moore's neighbors serenaded him and he was obliged to get up and make molasses candy and popcorn for them in order to stop the din. After the guests had departed the bridegroom's hennery caught fire and burned down. He is now looking for fresh trouble of some sort.

From a report recently made public by the census department it appears that, during the last decade, the states of the Union have decreased their indebtedness over $58,000,000.

JOHN G. WARWICK.

The Man Who Is Pitted Against Representative McKinley.

John G. Warwick, the Democratic nominee for congress, who is contesting the Sixteenth district of Ohio with Maj. McKinley, is an Irishman by birth and an American by choice. Though his career has few salient points for the biographer, it is illustrative of that numerous class of men who have successfully raised themselves above their original environments and achieved a considerable success.

Mr. Warwick was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, about sixty-three years ago, and he arrived in the United States in 1850 with his brother. He became a dry goods clerk in the little town of Navarre, O., and moved to Massillon a few years later. In those days the Ohio canal was the great common carrier, and barter was the method of commercial exchange. It therefore followed that to be ever so humble a dry goods clerk involved more than ability to measure off cloth behind the counter.

Young Warwick was shrewd beyond his years, and when his employers failed he was appointed receiver. He sold out the stock and thereafter started in business for himself in 1857. He has never failed in any business undertaking, and he laid the foundation of his fortune in his dry goods store. A happy marriage united other means with his own, and by degrees he branched out into several enterprises, dropping his retail trade for more profitable undertakings.

JOHN G. WARWICK.

Though reported to be a millionaire his fortune is much less, and consists of real property in the shape of town lots and farms, large flouring mills and coal territory. He controls the larger portion of the Massillon coal district and has but barely begun to develop his holdings, which will eventually make him richer than the most extravagant present report. He is a director of the Wheeling and Lake Erie railway, president of the Massillon Water company, director of the First National bank and member of several local boards.

His public life began in 1883, when he was elected lieutenant governor with Hoadly, being defeated when a candidate for the second time. Once before this he was defeated for a congressional nomination, but has been a candidate before the people only twice.

He cannot make speeches, and does not try to. He is a good organizer, and has always been a strict Democrat.

His labors and his contributions, at times when the condition of the party was none of the best, put it under lasting obligations, which have been recognized by a nomination in a district with 2,100 Democratic plurality.

Mr. Warwick is held in high respect at Massillon, where he was honored with a heavy complimentary vote each time he ran for lieutenant governor. The Warwicks have a handsome residence and are surrounded by every refining influence. The family circle is very delightful, and their home is a frequent scene of social gatherings.

GEN MIDDLETON'S SUCCESSOR.

The Officer Now at the Head of the Canadian Militia.

Col. Walker Powell, adjutant general of the Canadian militia, has been in command of the Dominion forces since the resignation of Gen. Middleton, and if the law requiring that the chief of the militia shall be a British army officer is repealed Col. Powell will probably be the first Canadian appointed to the generalship. He is a tall, stout man of soldierly bearing, and was born May 20, 1828. He received his education at Victoria college, Cobourg, Ont., and was first appointed an officer of the Norfolk regiment of militia on Dec. 14, 1847. On Aug. 19, 1862, and before confederation he was appointed deputy adjutant general for Upper Canada. On Oct. 1, 1868, Col. Powell was made deputy adjutant general for the Dominion, and on April 25, 1875, he became adjutant general. For more than twenty-six years therefore Col. Powell has been busy at headquarters aiding in the development of the existing militia system. The total strength of the Dominion militia is 36,783 men. There is also a permanent corps of 950 men.

COL. WALKER POWELL.

They Have Youth, Health and Wealth.

A very notable wedding of recent date was that which made Miss Alice M. Janney, of Baltimore, the wife of Thomas G. Iasigi, of Boston. It occurred at the French Roman Catholic church of St. Vincent de Paul in New York city, and was witnessed by a notable collection of fashionables.

MRS. ALICE M. IASIGI.

Mrs. Iasigi is a beautiful young woman who has traveled much. While abroad last year she was betrothed to an Austrian baron, but for some reason the engagement was broken. Mr. Iasigi is of Turkish descent and has no occupation, his large wealth enabling him to avoid all cares of business save those connected with the management of his estate.

Animated Barometers.

It is said that an observant person may learn to rely on goldfish to foretell the coming of a storm. At such times they are restless, and dart about from place to place within the globe or aquarium. During mild, pleasant weather they remain quiet. Goldfish were first brought from China to America thirty years ago.