

BY H. HUCKINS.

LINCOLN, ILL. FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

The rear champion of the world in such affairs seems to be Gov. Culbertson of Texas.

Chinese warriors have put in operation a convenient and economical method of disposing of prisoners captured in combat. They eat them.

Europe and not England is the mother country of America. Before the Venezuela trouble is over with all Englishmen will be thoroughly convinced on this point.

The postmaster at Duncannon, Fla., has taken all of the government funds and gone to Cuba to help the patriots. The only way to get him is to annex the island.

When we read that a street car was held up by highwaymen in Chicago we must remember that quite possibly there was not a house within five miles of the scene of the outrage.

It is ominous that the very day that Uncle Sam told John Bull he could grab any more Venezuelan territory, the American pugilist, Charles McKeever, defeated Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight champion.

Mirtle Donovan, a Kentucky girl, it is said, has two fully developed and totally different faces, although she has but one pair of ears, and teeth in only one mouth. She is regarded as a great freak, but the Kentuckians evidently never saw a Chicago politician. He not only has two faces, but he had double features all around, including tongue and ears. He has before and after election features also, and faces both ways.

A Poughkeepsie, N. Y., prohibition paper was the victim of a printer's malice or stupidity last week. In an announcement of a meeting of the "W. W. Smith Campaign Club," in flaring letters the line appeared the "W. W. Smith Champagne Club." The blunder was discovered before the papers were distributed and the entire edition burned. This proceeding hasn't thrown any cold water on Mr. Smith's campaign.

The Belcher-Gross feud has broken out in earnest near Harlan Courthouse, Ky. Sampson Brock was shot from ambush and killed on Straight creek, Saturday by some of the Belchers. In the last three months nine or ten men of either side have met death in like manner. If Kentucky could only belch all the gross matter out of her anatomy that causes these cowardly feuds she would feel a great deal better and get rid of a lot of rubbish at the same time.

Experiments have been made in Austria to test the likelihood of a war balloon being hit when fired at. A captive balloon at an altitude of about 4,265 feet was fired at from a distance of 4,400 yards, and was struck nine times without being brought down. In a second trial a captive balloon, at a height of about 2,625 feet, was fired at from 5,500 yards distance. A violent wind, causing the balloon to plunge a good deal, rendered the aim very difficult, and the balloon was not brought down until the fifty-sixth round.

The report of the British consul-general at Frankfurt on the trade of Germany states that the German mercantile marine has now far outdistanced its French rival, notwithstanding the special encouragements given to the latter. It appears that the German fleet of steamers, which in 1888 was still behind the French now reaches a total of 860,000 tons, the French being only 464,000 tons, and the North American 464,000 tons. The English commercial fleet registered 9,585,000 tons and the German commercial fleet 1,485,000 tons in July, 1894, so that Germany, although second to England, is still far behind her. The consul-general adds that the German shipbuilding trade is making considerable progress, though not to the same extent as the English.

The Trans-Baikal section of the Siberian Railway is now completed. The original plans for this railway were abandoned owing to the fact that they would have necessitated the carrying of the line to an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea through arid districts where but few settlers could make a livelihood. A more southern route has now been adopted, which, though considerably longer, will run by four of the principal rivers, through regions rich in salt, soda, silver, copper, iron, lead and gold, and in which many mines have been opened out. Some 750 miles of the Siberian railway are open for traffic, via, Chelabinsk to Omsk, in the west, 500 miles, and Vladivostok to Grakskaja, in the east, 250 miles. Thus Omsk is placed in direct communication with Moscow and St. Petersburg. Of the total length of 6,800 miles from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, about 2,700 miles have still to be completed.

A very large order for naval and military supplies has just gone to France, a French agent, who was in Russia having recently been intrusted by the Muscovite government with orders to the amount of \$12,000,000. The orders were sealed and he was instructed to transmit them direct to the French arms, one being a leading ship-building company and the other a well-known powder manufacturing firm.

Bank tellers are not so called because they are quick to tell where they've embezzled the bank's money.

ON THE FRENCH STAGE

NOTED BEAUTIES WHO REIGN SUPREME.

Schevrel, Purny, Leclercq and Others Who Have Won Fame and Fortune with Their Faces—All Have but Meagre Talents.



THE Gallic woman relies less upon the natal endowments of physical attractiveness, than on the charm she can acquire by studied vivacity. Given only a pair of sparkling eyes, and the French woman is fully accounted for conquest. Lips that are neither full nor rosy, take on a charm of their own when they are the portal of not a bonbon, at least of a bon mot. Engaging smiles are a good substitute for peach-bloom on a woman's cheeks. Even the lucky possessor of a fine figure is often more clumsy than majestic, and at a manifest disadvantage against a sprightly and nimble woman of less imposing architecture.

There is, after all, nothing that palls so soon on admiration, not to say affection, as a beautiful body devoid of mental charm. It is like serving "yarb"



SCHEVREL.

tea in a Satsuma cup. Such ill-supported beauties are like those limited editions de luxe of intolerably empty literature published in velvet and gold at the author's expense.

I am very far from meaning to say, by all this, that beauty is vanity. Every fair face, every symmetrical form, is a benison to thank heaven for. The passing of a beautiful woman along a staring street is like the soul-cheering progress of a ravishing melody. Beauty should be allowed to cover a multitude of sins. It is very much like genius. Both are the gifts of a mysterious Providence, or chance, or luck, or whatever you may happen to believe in just now. Neither is a deserved reward for anything creditable to the possessor, unless for good deeds in a previous life—if you accept Metempsychosis. Both genius and beauty are apt to get their possessors into trouble. Each requires a vast amount of studious care and laborious improvement. Beauty, in fact, is physical genius. And ugliness is physical folly.

As men have the cursed craving for gold, so the feminine characteristic is pulehritudinis sacra fames. When too partial Fortune has lavished on one woman both beauty and brains, then trouble is brewing for unlucky mankind. The two-fold ambition of such a woman is formidable, indeed, and tireless. Not even governments are beyond her aspiration, and she becomes the power behind the throne of a Pericles, or sets a world-ruling empire at odds, orders such a naval battle as the fiasco at Actium, and drags down her lover, and all Egypt in her own wreck. She rises from poverty to the scarlet estate of a royal mistress, and dispenses lavish favors as one to the manner born. Her fair fingers do not fail to meddle with the wheels even of republics.

But the widest field to-day, for a woman both fair to see and good to



PURNY.

hear, is the stage. Here beauty, with the minimum support of ability, will speedily afford her opportunities. The best actress can hardly succeed without a good measure of physical attractiveness. The most unskilful follower of Thespia may find a prioresque path to

fame if she is blest with unusual beauty. This is not, after all so lamentable as some would have us believe.

If it is a virtue to hide away a noble poem or a superb novel in perpetual manuscript, or in an expensive or limited edition; if it is one of the humanities, to lock up art treasures in private galleries; if it is generous to build high fences around flower beds and parks; if it is benevolent to keep music imprisoned in the hush of a grim library, and to allow no street pianos down the aisles of tenement forests, then it is not miserly or churlish to hide beautiful women away from the benediction of grateful eyes in the jail of a seraglio, and send her forth only under heavy veils.

If it is a piety to thank heaven for fair meadows and rare skies, the grace of trees and the color of flowers, it is surely not heathenish to be more grateful for the superior shapeliness and the richer hues of a beautiful woman. Therefore, blessings be on the theater that gives us a sight of women who, whether orthodox or not, and whether artistic or not, are at least a rest and a banquet for eyes weary of gray pavements and glum office buildings, stinky of the sky. But all this fine writing has precious little bearing on the French type of beauty.

When I said that actual physical attractiveness is rarer among French women than their general effectiveness would lead one to believe, I had no idea of denying the existence of such beauty altogether. Far be it from me to speak with so little gallantry; and, further, to speak with so little truth. But Sara Bernhardt is a somewhat sublimed type of French charm. Endowed with neither an imposing form nor excellent features, she is so imbued with fire, so restless with activity, so acute in foreseeing effects, and so dramatic in realizing them, so full of that question-begging thing we call magnetism, that she takes on a beauty of expression and carriage that lifts her above many a stunner, many a fairer woman.

Modern France is not without heir-esses to the feminine beauty that has always played about her history with a flame too frequently baleful. In the Bois de Boulogne, boiling, like Juvenal's Rome, with carriages, one can see many a regal beauty lacking only the opportunity to add a king's scalp to her tuft-crowded belt. At the Gymnase, at the Opera, all about all Paris, and all France, stride potential Aspasias.

Among the languid indolents may be a Duchesse de Longueville, inactive serene only until some opportunity for political trouble occurs. Many a latter-day Ninon de Lenlos, reigns in the salons, consulted between amours, by respectful philosophers, and taken as critic by young Moliere. This gorgeous arbitress of elegancies, wasting her time on gowns and small flirtations, needs only a chance to become as veritable a prime minister as any Marquise de Pompadour. Those three rival graces are as well endowed to be the



LECLERCQ.

successive rulers of a court as any Mile, de la Valliere, Marquise de Montespan, or Mme. de Maintenon. Modern France could quickly scrape up a Marion Delorme, an Agnes Sorel, or a Diane de Poitiers, or another Belle Ferronniere, if need be. Beauty did not die with Mme. Recamier. Doubtless an admixture of bravery and beauty would be forthcoming if there were occasion for a faithful Princesse de Lamballe or an avenging Charlotte Corday. The modern stage has women as fair as Adrienne Lecouvreur or any of her rivals.

But alas! the modern French woman is so timid of the notoriety of the camera, that it is quite impossible to buy her picture, unless she is an actress. Fortunately, the English and American women are not so timid of their beauty, and it is possible to get types of the beauty of all walks in life. So, while I maintain that the characteristic French charm is rather vivacity of manner than perfection of feature, and rather grace of intellect than spirituality of flesh, there are surely more than a few who satisfy all the causes of sheer physical charm.

The French themselves, admit the superior beauty of the American girl, even though they may be horrified at the freedom of her life and her ignorance of the shoulder shrugging nuances deemed the end of all refinement over there. But they are beginning to feel the great influence of liberty among our women, and it is lowering their immemorial idolatry of the chaperon as the preventive of all evil and the warder-off of all temptation. A few centuries of the worship of conventionalities and good forms have left so much to be ashamed of in French social history, that they are reluctantly admitting the possibility of safety in self-dependence and self-respect, says a scribe in Godby's.

HIS BIGGEST SCARE.

Awoke to Find His Red Companion Cutting His Throat.

"The biggest scare I ever had," said Police Captain "Jack" Campbell, of St. Louis, as he sat swapping stories with a party of friends, "was long before I joined the police. It happened up in the mountains of Tennessee when I was a boy about 16 years old. I was traveling across the country on horseback on an errand for my father, and about dark came to a tavern called 'McBride's Inn,' where I put up for the night. Owing to the crowded condition of the tavern I was compelled to share my bed with a stranger whose appearance was anything but prepossessing. He was one of the toughest looking customers I ever saw, but as there was no vacant bed in the house I had no alternative but to sleep with him.

"We retired early, but somehow or other I could not sleep. I tried to engage my bed-fellow in conversation, but, as he was surly and uncommunicative, I gave it up. Towards morning I was awakened out of a little catnap by my companion moving about in the bed. On looking around at him I was somewhat astonished at beholding him sitting bolt upright, but the next minute my astonishment was turned to terror at seeing him reach under his pillow and draw forth a razor. I thought sure my time had come and that he intended to murder me. I was just on the point of making an attempt to wrest the weapon from his grasp, when, to my horror, he threw back his head, and drawing the blade of the razor across his neck, nearly severed his head from his body.

"The blood gushed forth in torrents and he fell back on the pillow without a sound. It happened in a good deal less time than it has taken me to tell it, but as soon as I saw what he had done I gave a yell, and springing out of bed jumped through the window, taking sash and all with me. Luckily for me the room was on the ground floor, but if it had been on the top floor of a 10-story building I would have gone through the window just the same. When I got my nerves quieted down a little I alarmed the household and they had the body taken care of. No one ever identified the man, and what caused him to commit the rash act has always remained a mystery."

Insuring Consumptives.

Cincinnati, Oct. 21.—Special.—Reports say that a leading life insurance company is accepting risks to the amount of \$300,000 on lives of consumptives taking the Amick Chemical Treatment for lung disease. The Amick Chemical Co. of Cincinnati is actually paying the premiums on this insurance and presenting policies to their patients. This company claims to have the most complete statistics on consumptives in the world, and that these risks are good, providing the patients take a course of the Amick treatment.

A Mountain Sinking Into the Earth.

Dshobel Naibo (The sinking mountain), an isolated Algerian peak, now only about 800 feet in height, is known to be slowly but surely sinking out of sight. In the time of the Casus it was 1,400 feet, or nearly twice its present height. There are several sections of Algerian soil where the earth's crust is known to be very unstable. Near the "sinking mountain" there is a large clear lake called Fezzana, which is said to have risen over a large city which sunk in the year 400 A. D.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Gigantic Earthworms.

The giant of the earthworms is a creature of Australia known to the scientists as Megascolides Australis. Although it is a monster from four to six feet in length, and from an inch to an inch and three-quarters in diameter, it is as harmless as our common angleworm, which it much resembles both in color and bodily structure. Like our common angleworm, it can only be removed from its burrows with great difficulty. If a portion of the creature's body be uncovered, and grasped with the intention of pulling it from its sinuous burrow, the experimenter is likely to be disappointed, because the worm can hold to the sides of his den until his body is pulled in two.

Sublimity of Selfishness.

"Take off my hat in the theater!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed." "But the people came to see the play; not your hat." "Oh, did they?" and she spoke with infinite scorn; "well, as it costs only \$1 to see this performance, while this hat is worth \$17 at least, they deserve to suffer for their lack of discriminating appreciation."

Not to Touch Wares.

The Salesman, in the dry goods store—Yes, this is a very pretty piece of goods, but to be honest about it, I must tell you that it will not wash.

The Fair Purchaser—Oh, that doesn't matter. I only want it for a bathing suit, anyway.—Chicago Record.

Now.

Everly—Did you see anything while in New York, that reminded you of Philadelphia? Sargent—Yes, a fifth avenue stage.—Truth.

The Canal Mania.

The success of the Suez canal has had an extraordinary number of unexpected consequences. In the first place, its success was unexpected. Before the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, as Bagehot has said, all oriental trade entered in the Mediterranean region, and was thence diffused through Europe. After that discovery the Mediterranean ports lost their commerce, and the trade between India and Europe fell into the hands of the Dutch and the English. Every one predicted that the digging of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez would be a very bad thing, so far as the English monopoly was concerned, for the East India traffic. It was expected that it would restore prosperity to the ports of southern Europe, at the expense of London and Liverpool. So astute an observer as De Tocqueville was deceived, and declared to Senior that it would be the Greeks, the Syrians, and the Sicilians that would use the canal, if any used it. Hence the English would have nothing to do with the enterprise, and would have prevented it if they could. But they could not, and they presently found to their astonishment not only that the canal was a success, but also that they were almost the only people using it. The merchandise of India once more came to the Mediterranean sea, but not to the Mediterranean ports. Instead of going to Venice and Genoa for European distribution, it went to England as it did before, and her enemies had the mortification of seeing a scheme which it was thought would end her commercial supremacy inure almost to her sole benefit.

But if we inquire concerning the success of canal enterprises, we shall find much reason for caution. It is hard to name any considerable canal except that of Suez that is profitable. It is unnecessary to refer to the awful loss of life and property at Panama. The folly displayed there was too stupendous to be repeated. But the Manchester canal is in its way equally portentous. That city should be governed by sagacious men, but it is probable that they have saddled it with a permanent incubus. It has been found that the canal has benefited Liverpool, because that city has secured lower rates by rail; but Manchester has so far only secured higher rates of taxation. The canal's cost \$75,000,000, and the net receipts last year were possibly \$125,000. They may perhaps exceed this hereafter, but the enterprise is hopelessly bankrupt, and the city of Manchester is obliged to raise the interest on the money it has sunk by a severe increase in taxation. The North sea canal, which has just been completed, may be justified as a naval necessity, but it is hardly probable that it can be a commercial success. The Corinth canal, it is reported, does not earn enough to pay for its dredging. Our own Erie canal, although indirectly profitable, has, owing to our corrupt legislature, been a steady drain on the resources of the state. All these examples should teach caution; but we apprehend that they will be appealed to in vain. There is now talk of a ship canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, of a great canal from the Mediterranean into the interior of Africa, of a canal at the mouth of the Rhone, of a canal to connect Berlin with the North sea, and of we know not what others. We have on hand the deepening of the Erie canal, and the Hennepin canal, with several others in prospect. The most formidable of these is doubtless the Nicaragua canal, and it is significant of what is to come that the cost of this, which was first put at \$50,000,000, then at \$65,000,000, and afterwards at \$70,000,000 to \$90,000,000, is by the latest estimates to be \$110,000,000. But estimates in such matters are notoriously delusive.—New York Evening Post.

Possibilities in Tin Pails.

Did you ever realize the wealth of usefulness in a tin pail, that can be purchased at any 5 or 10 cent store? Then when you think of the pails of varied sizes and quality to be obtained from our large housekeeping establishments, their possibilities begin to dawn upon you. The old woman who bought a dozen gimlets, because they were handy to have in the family, may be laughed at by those who know not the value of a gimlet as a gimlet, to say nothing of how they can be utilized as hooks, and easily adjusted in their place on the wall or in the corner. But she who buys her dozen of pails can afford to be laughed at, and exclaim, "Let them laugh that win."

Now for a few of those good points.

First, they are inexpensive, easily cleaned, have covers and handles. They are invaluable for liquids, fruits, food of all kinds, and are handy receptacles for left-over articles that are placed in the ice chest, when all articles should be kept covered to avoid billing the chest with odors, and also to keep food from poisonous gases. Having handles, they may be hung on hooks, out of the way, and to utilize space, if the pantry be small. Try them for flour, meal, all dry stuffs, bread, cake, sugar, oatmeal, rice, farina, etc. Pails are also found useful to put articles to cool in the cellar or out of doors. Cover them and the contents are safe. They are easily kept clean and bright, give such a compact, secure feeling, and make one's pantry look so tidy. One can defy flies and water bugs, indeed, there is no better method known to avoid the annoyance of those pests than plenty of tin pails. Every bride ought to number at least a dozen among her bridal gifts, as they are of infinitely more value than an equal number of cheap silver articles. But the uses of tin pails are too numerous to mention. Give them a trial, and, like Oliver Twist, the housekeeper "will still cry for more."—Good Housekeeping.

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