

THE DAILY BEE. COUNCIL BLUFFS, OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by Carrier in Any Part of the City at Twenty Cents Per Week. H. W. TILLOTSON, MANAGER.

MINOR MENTION. N. Y. Plumbing Co. New spring goods at Reiter's.

Frank Whiteman and Hattie Breesé, of Hardin township, were married Wednesday evening by Squire Schurz.

No tidings have yet been received of Andrew Cassidy who disappeared from his brother's home in Garner township, on the last day of February.

Within a few days a new millinery store will be opened at No. 542 Broadway. It will be operated by Mrs. T. B. Lewis, who is now in Chicago selecting goods.

About sixty persons took dinner yesterday with the ladies of the Women's Christian association in the new court room, where the banquet was served the night before.

Auditor Kinnehan yesterday issued \$5,000 worth of sewer bonds to Wrightman & Miller, and cancelled \$7,000 worth of city warrants that had been put in judgment.

City Clerk Burke yesterday opened the ballot boxes in the presence of Squire Biggs and canvassed the returns of the elections. The result was found to be as already stated.

Mr. Evers' office is at work upon drawings for a 24-horse automatic engine which will be made for a firm in Mount Vernon, O. This one is the second of a number which are to be built upon contract for the same firm.

The members of "The Union Spy" company will rest this evening, and will give a final presentation of the piece at 8 o'clock. All who have not yet seen the play can avail themselves of this opportunity.

Stringham, the ex-hotel cook who made a murderous attack on Hi Baird with a billiard cue, is anxiously awaiting his trial for assault with intent to do great bodily injury. His attorney is trying to have the charge changed to assault and battery. It makes a very material difference to the defendant which charge is preferred against him, as the former, if sustained, would take him before the grand jury.

Some of the new furniture in the new court house is already checked, and indicating that the lumber used was not as seasoned as it might have been. The lumber originally intended for the making of this stationary furniture by the Omaha contractor was destroyed in a fire, and the contractors had to procure other in its stead.

The substituted lumber seems to have been a little green. The long counter in the clerk's office has a check at each end. Some of the panes in the like counter in the recorder's office are drawing. The counter in the auditor's office has also sprung a joint. The county is protected by a bond given by the contractors at the time of final settlement, given to cover just such a liability, so that the contractors will have to make these defects good.

E. H. Sheafe loans money on chattel security of every description. Private consulting room, 105 Main street, corner Main street, up stairs.

Personal Paragraphs. Mrs. De Cow, of Danango, Col., stopped here for a day with the family of Squire Barnett and left last evening for Philadelphia.

H. M. Simpson and wife leave to-day on a pleasure trip of several weeks' duration. They will visit notable points in Utah and California.

Mrs. E. H. Fish, of Duluth, arrived in this city yesterday morning on a visit to her brother, F. H. Hill, of the Empire Hardware company.

P. W. Nolan, who has been visiting Mrs. M. H. Tinley, left on Thursday morning for his home in Chama, N. M., at which place he has extensive mining interests.

E. Adams is confined to his home with neuralgia. He has been on the sick list for several days and is beginning to chafe for the more active scenes of business life.

Judge Sears left for Chicago last evening on legal business. He went in the late evening of the new court house, and will be absent about three weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Schiley, of Bedford, Ia., who have been stopping with the family of J. M. Patton, left for Salt Lake Wednesday evening, and will locate there permanently, the doctor engaging in the real estate business.

Mayor Cleland, of Sioux City, stopped in this city yesterday on his way to St. Louis. Mayor Rohrer welcomed him to the Bluffs and extended the usual courtesies, showing him the various city buildings, fine houses, jails, etc., and cupping the climax with the new court house. The visiting mayor expressed much satisfaction at the improvements going on in the city and concluded that the only thing lacking was a republican administration.

S. B. Wadsworth & Co. loan money. Domestic patterns at 105 Main street.

"The Union Spy." Another large audience greeted the home company in "The Union Spy" last evening, notwithstanding the several other attractions in the city. The success has been such as to induce the company to give two more presentations of the play. One on to-morrow evening at which the regular prices will be charged, the other a matinee on Saturday afternoon, for ladies and children. For the climax with the tickets will be sold at 50 cents, and for children under sixteen years of age 25 cents. All the little folks should be present on Saturday afternoon. Two more good houses will help the boys out in good shape, and as far more than the equivalent of the money is given at each entertainment, there seems to be no reason why the house should not be packed on each occasion.

The Council Did Not Meet. The meeting of the common council, announced for last evening, failed to materialize. The mayor and a couple of aldermen were present, and after waiting due time for other members to appear an informal adjournment was taken. The council will convene, or attempt to do so, at 7:30 this evening.

Travelers! Stop at the Bechtel.

MURDER OR SELF DEFENSE.

Schisler Tells the Story of the Killing of Keating.

THE STRIKERS AND THE STRIKE. Both Sides Express Confidence—The Rock Island's Policy—The City Council—The Foot Race—Personal Paragraphs.

Was It Self Defense? The testimony in the case of A. B. Schisler, charged with the murder of William Keating, was closed yesterday afternoon. Most of the day was spent in the introduction of testimony as to Schisler's character, which appears to have been excellent heretofore. The defendant himself went upon the stand in the afternoon and told the story of his shooting the old man. Schisler is thirty-four years of age, was born in Ohio, lived in Missouri, and from there came here about six years ago. He had been married twelve years, and has a wife and two children, who are by his side during the trial. Yesterday afternoon among the spectators were a number of the ladies who gave the bar banquet the evening before, and who after gathering up the articles used for the tables rested themselves and satisfied their curiosity by listening to the defendant's story of the tragedy.

He narrated it much as it has already been told in the Bee. That day he had worked as usual, went home to supper, and after supper came up town. He went to Scofield & Cavin's, settled his account there and ordered some more groceries; went to the Star market, transacted similar business there; called at Dr. Cleaver's, and then went to John Short's store. As he came out of that place and started for home, he met Hayes, who wanted him to go down Broadway, and with him went to a saloon; there sat down to a game of cards. Keating was there; had never had any acquaintance with him, simply knowing him by sight; had never had an ill-feeling toward him. A dispute arose about the game, and Schisler got up from the table, refusing to play any more, and was leaving. Keating started for home, and on the way they had a good deal of fun with Keating about two live chickens which he was carrying. Schisler had a long weed, which he used to punch the chickens, making them squawk, and the others pulled the chickens' feathers. There was good-natured scuffling and frolic, the old man and the fowl being the targets for the fun-making, until the old man turned about mad and trouble began. He came toward Schisler hurriedly, declaring he would shoot him, and Hayes remarked in a low tone—"Look out Schisler, he'll shoot you."

Schisler jumped behind Hayes and held him in front of him as a protection until Hayes said, "I'll not stand between you any longer," and jumped to one side, leaving him exposed. The old man had his hand on his hip pocket as if about to draw a revolver, when Schisler drew his revolver from his side coat pocket and fired.

On cross-examination Schisler was asked if he had not once attended a dance in that part of the city, and kicked up a row, firing three shots into the crowd. He denied this. He was also asked if he did not once fire a shot when he was living in Gilmore's house, and denied this. The prosecution did not attempt to prove the occurrences thus inferred to have happened. Both sides rested and the arguments began.

On the market for over twenty years. Still the most reliable and the most popular sewing machine made. The light running Domestic. Office 105 Main st.

Union Abstract Co., 236 Main st. Money to loan. W. S. Cooper.

Both Sides of the Strike. "How's the strike?" queried a BEE reporter yesterday of a prominent "Q" official.

"Getting pretty warm." "Pretty hot, eh?" "Yes, you bet—for the other fellows. We are just beginning to have our fun, at their expense. We are all right though. If they keep it up another week we will be the only road running. I was talking with a brotherhood man this morning, and he seemed to think there would soon be a general strike. However, I will tell you one thing—the strike is practically settled, as far as the "Q" is concerned. We are running all right, and there will be no settlement, at least that is now the understanding.

The strikers sing about the same tune, and the words are changed so as to read in this way: "The 'Q' folks are getting to the end of their rope pretty fast, and it won't be long until the strain will break the last strand, and then they'll have the other roads turn in and help the public kick, and all business is at a standstill, you will see the 'great Burlington' come to its milk just like lots of better folks have to. Let 'em talk about 'everything running as usual,' and we will tell them they are ahead, and the ones that laugh last will laugh the loudest and longest."

That the Rock Island proposes to remain neutral will be seen by the instructions received by S. S. Stevens, general agent here, published elsewhere in the Bee.

Bargains in houses and lots on small cash payment. Johnston & Van Patten, 83 Main street.

Sheafe loans money on real estate. Badly Frozen Hands. There is much complaint made in regard to the stopping of the city clock on the Bloomer school building, and many of the citizens think that the school board should see to it at once that it is again set running. The stoppage occurred during the recent storm, and was caused by the sleet and rain being driven against the hands and pivots, and then freezing up solid, completely wedging them so they can not be turned.

The trouble is upon the north side, and for that reason it will be some time before it is thawed out. It is impossible to reach the ice from the inside, and as it would cost considerable to get to it from the outside, the members of the board are waiting to let warmer weather do the work without any interference. The majority of the citizens had no idea how much they depended upon this single city ticker until it ceased to run, and its stroke will be doubly welcome when it is again set in motion.

A Feast of Song. The St. Cecilia quartette last evening fully sustained the reputation already gained, and really won fresh honors. The concert was of a high order, and yet so popular a thing as to be enjoyable to all. The audience was of goodly numbers, considering the condition of the streets, and the various attractions to draw people elsewhere. The ladies' quartette had three selections on the programme, but the enthusiasm of the audience caused them to give double this number. "Annie Laurie," as arranged by D. Buck, proved the most delightful of all, as it brought out finely the individual merits of the several voices, as well as their perfect harmony. In response to the encore the quartet gave "Be Still My Heart." An arrangement of "Robin Adair" was also one of the pleasing numbers. Goldberg's "Good Night" was given by the quartet grandly, a most fitting closing to the evening's treat.

Besides these numbers by the ladies as a quartette, Miss Merkel and Mrs. Evans gave a charming duet. Mrs. Ward gave a solo "The Finger Post," which was one of the most enjoyable selections. She has a wonderfully rich voice, and with enunciation so perfect that every word was clearly understood by all, she rendered it with much feeling and expression. The solo of Mrs. Wadsworth, "Carnival of Venice," was a remarkable showing of her cultured voice, and the Scotch ballad in response to the encore, "Nae Room for Twa," was enthusiastically received.

The St. Cecilia quartette was assisted by other local talent. Mr. I. M. Treynor gave most excellently "Come to Me," Miss Kate Pusey sang very sweetly "Forbidden Music," and the enthusiastic applause calling her forth again, she sang in her unpretentious, pleasing manner, "She's Fooling Thee."

As a change from the vocal music, Colonel Fulleys and Frank Badollet favored the audience with a wonderfully cut duet. Miss Wies served as accompanist during the evening, and much of the enjoyment of the programme was due to her skill and good taste.

Such a concert was certainly a creditable showing of home talent, and one in which the city can take pride justly.

Dr. R. Rice, No. 11 Pearl st., will give compound oxygen treatment at 50 cents each sitting.

A Walk-Away For the Audience. Lack of an audience caused a postponement of the running match, which was announced to take place at Masonic hall last evening. Evidently the sporting fraternity do not take kindly to our exhibitions. They have a wide, bitten so often that they fight shy of a "hippodrome." Those who pretend to know say this race will be run "on the square." Last evening those who had already paid their "quarters" had them refunded, and an indefinite postponement was announced.

That Tired Feeling Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the spring season, and readily yields to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

A DAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE. How the Newspapers Relieve the Monotony of Hard Work.

The Cleveland day is an interesting one in some ways, says a Washington letter to the Boston Herald. The president is usually up at 6 a. m. and at work on papers left over from the night before. Sometimes on going into the library it will be full of the law books he has left on the chairs while hunting up cases. He has a colored boy to take full charge of his library, and when he issues special orders the boy puts back on his arrival the books taken down the night before. Breakfast is served at 9 a. m. and by the time it is over Colonel Lamont has come. This is the time when Mr. and Mrs. Lamont set about the table in the end of the upper corridor and make plans for the next day.

Then is the time, too, when the scrap-books are looked over. Colonel Lamont does a great part of the scrap-book work. He has had a colored boy to take charge-reader in the office of the Albany Argus and elsewhere, and there isn't a better or faster reader, a quicker eye, than the colonel's. He looks over about forty papers an hour, dashing his pencil at the article he wants scissored and flipping to one side for a boy to clip. The New York papers are read most carefully, Boston and Chicago next. All references to the president go into one book, all references to Mrs. Cleveland into another, and books of the kind all turned over in the morning, with much talk of a critical and often of a jolly nature.

Then the president goes back to his room and his callers again. Mrs. Cleveland to her correspondents, the day progresses. The tete-tete of the morning lasts an hour, and then the president refuses to be disturbed. He often does on other times. But eager, audacious visitors overcome that. The favorite trick of the president made an appointment for such an hour. The president's mind is too much charged with more important matters for him to dispute this, and so in the visitor goes.

Lunch comes at 1 and Colonel Lamont sometimes stops to lunch. Oftentimes he goes home, however, and unless some of Mrs. Cleveland's Wells friends are there the Cleverlands are alone. Even then the privacy is sometimes invaded. Take the case of the visit of the educational people there the other day. The president shook hands with them, neatly evading the motions of an old lady who was bound to kiss him, and then threw open the parlors to them, going himself to lunch. The educational association gathered about until one happened to see that the dining-room door was open, and at once walked over to glance in. This cheeky act attracted still more comrades, and there were fully twenty gaping in at the white house luncheon when an attendant came and closed the door. So says one of the well-bred visitors who was there at the very time.

The evenings at the white house are not always or all devoted to work. The piano in the green room is frequently opened and used. The mistress of the house has a voice of average quality and range, and sings for her own amusement or that of her guests. Miss Kate Willard, the latest guest, sang particularly well.

But there is work in the evening, after 10 often, and it has been known that callers have come up as late as 11 or midnight. In fact, the policemen and watchmen at the house have come to never be astonished at seeing a visitor.

FALLS VIEW was unknown until created by the Michigan Central Railroad, which stops its trains at this point to enable its passengers to enjoy the grandest and most comprehensive view of the falls that is to be anywhere obtained. Before that time people came in carriages from the American side to "Inspiration Point," the view from which Howells has written "The sublimity," but Falls View, being more elevated, the scene from it is much finer. No other road runs to or near this point, and through passengers by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," have this great advantage without detraction or additional expense.

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS.

The Genius of a Clergyman Brings Him a Fortune. RARE LUCK OF AN IRISH BOY. The Interesting Romance of a Female Inventor Who Refused One Fortune and in Fair Way to Make Another.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat: "I divide inventors into three classes," said one of the Connolly Bros., the patent attorneys, who have offices in this city, Philadelphia and Washington. "They are the professional inventors, those who once or severally in a lifetime strike a happy idea, and those who invent from necessity. I put Charles E. Ball of New York, Reza B. Lake of Philadelphia, and George Westinghouse, Jr., in the first class. The second class can be found everywhere, and those who invent from necessity are manufacturers who are continually improving their plants.

It is said George Westinghouse, known all over the world as the inventor of the air-brake bearing his name, has taken out about 1,000 patents.

"Rev. Lake," said Mr. Connolly, "and his brothers are all Michigan clerical men, and all inventors. Reza B., who is between fifty and sixty years of age, took out his first patent about fifteen years ago, and now has about forty, which have netted him a fortune. He is the principal owner of Ocean Grove. He got on the land, organized a syndicate in Philadelphia and purchased the entire island. He is worth probably about \$200,000, and made a good deal of money on certain fixtures. His latest invention is quite novel. It is a new kind of life saving, and is to do away with the present methods in vogue along the Atlantic seacoasts, and all sea coasts, for that matter, for he has taken out patents in nearly all European countries. The invention might be called a gigantic tricycle. It has three wheels, one to be used in the diameter, which run along the bottom of the sea, and are capable of overcoming hollows to the depth of nine feet. The motive-power is a steam engine placed high above the water on a platform, upon which the engineer and rescued mariners and passengers will find a refuge. Rev. Lake is having several of these unique vehicles constructed for pleasure purposes at Atlantic City and other New Jersey resorts this summer. They will be run through the shallow water, probably half a mile out to sea, and before returning to land describe an enormous semicircle. Charles E. Ball, of New York, another professional inventor, is the founder of the Ball Electric Light company. His invention was a dynamo-electric machine and he finally constructed it after he had gathered bits of information here and there about electricity he did not even know the first principles of the science, now he has a new reputation as an expert.

"This is an era of advertising, and the extent to which it is prosecuted is illustrated by the offer of a Baltimore tobacco firm to a Philadelphian. The latter is well advanced in years, wealthy, and has invented a unique clock, which was combined alarm. It was designed for sick rooms, and to take the place of alarm clocks. The clock can be so arranged that it will strike an alarm as often as desired during the night, and as the going sounds the light flashes up and illuminates the dial. It was quite an ingenious invention, and the Baltimore firm wishing to present them to their trade offered the Philadelphian \$2 on each clock and guaranteed to take \$10,000 annually. The Philadelphian refused the yearly income of \$24,000 which would have resulted from no exertion on his part."

When asked for some stories of poor inventors suddenly encountering wealth Mr. Connolly said one day, while seated in my Washington office, a young Irishman, entered. He had just 'bag-trotter,' and did not look as if he knew when to come in out of the cold. He had invented a farm gate. It was an automatic and designed to open itself, and had no particular brilliant features about it. The young man wanted a patent taken out. We conducted the case successfully for him and he disappeared from the city. Two years later a wealthy, successful young man entered our Washington office. His attire was faultless, a high silk hat rested on his head, and on a finger he sported a diamond ring. Judge of my surprise when he introduced himself as the inventor of the gate. He had made a fortune and was independent. It appears that after obtaining his patent he secured financial assistance and went on the road to sell his invention. He had traveled all over the United States, and by dint of shrewd management had among other possessions secured much land, aggregating 50,000 acres. He was only twenty years of age. That's the last time I saw him. I suppose he is president of a national bank somewhere by this time.

"I won't mention the name of the young man who has invented a valuable idea which will undoubtedly reap a fortune for her. His success is so certain that the lady had secured a patent for a nation for a hazardous course of exhibiting it to manufacturers in the line interested, and they unhesitatingly pronounced it of great value, supplementing their opinions with offers of financial assistance. The name of the lady and the nature of her discovery are withheld for the present. A strong tinge of romance surrounds her history. She is related to an ex-cabinet officer, and once refused a fortune. She might have broken a rich man's heart, but she refused an immense sum of money to a charitable institution, and the money would have reverted to herself; but she refused, and went out into the world as a governess. What is more remarkable, she is determined to apply the proceeds of her patent to charitable work, reserving just sufficient to supply her own wants, and they are very simple. She is an example of sacrifice hard to duplicate anywhere. The recklessness with which she purchased patents is remarkable," said Mr. Connolly. "When they buy real estate," he said, "they do not pay for it until an examination of the title proves it is not defective. Not so with patents. A case of this kind is in my mind now. It is that of a Philadelphia tobacco manufacturer, who paid \$25,000 for a patent, and then spent \$1,000 in counsel fees in trying to ascertain its exact value. After four months' research it was discovered that the patent was absolutely worthless, that the cigars were not broad enough, and the manufacturer was just out \$26,000."

"Do you know what was paid for the return ball?" was asked. It is one of the oldest and probably the most simple toy.

"I have heard various amounts stated," was the reply. "They range all the way from a few thousand to \$1,000,000. The latter figure gives you an idea of the value of the patent and their value. One of the most important fallacies, you know, is that either the English or American government offers a standing reward for the discovery of perpetual motion, which all scientists know to be forever an impossibility. Alleged inventors of 'perpetual motion' are continually applying for patents, and the patent office at Washington has actually granted papers to some of them. Now the patent office examiners quickly dispose of these cranks by requiring them to furnish a working model, which, of course, they can not do. Perpetual motion does not claim the attention of all the cranks, however. In the case of Dr. Michael Cahill, for instance, he hails from California, and by releasing certain kinds of balloons he claims to be able to produce a rainfall wherever and whenever desired. The doctor is an educated man, and at first meeting produced a favorable impression. The examiner, and Cahill went around the capital howling mad, saying that 'that'—Hungarian Jew had no appreciation of the Irish race, and knew nothing whatever about science."

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Pittsburg (Pa.) Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat: "I divide inventors into three classes," said one of the Connolly Bros., the patent attorneys, who have offices in this city, Philadelphia and Washington. "They are the professional inventors, those who once or severally in a lifetime strike a happy idea, and those who invent from necessity. I put Charles E. Ball of New York, Reza B. Lake of Philadelphia, and George Westinghouse, Jr., in the first class. The second class can be found everywhere, and those who invent from necessity are manufacturers who are continually improving their plants.

It is said George Westinghouse, known all over the world as the inventor of the air-brake bearing his name, has taken out about 1,000 patents.

"Rev. Lake," said Mr. Connolly, "and his brothers are all Michigan clerical men, and all inventors. Reza B., who is between fifty and sixty years of age, took out his first patent about fifteen years ago, and now has about forty, which have netted him a fortune. He is the principal owner of Ocean Grove. He got on the land, organized a syndicate in Philadelphia and purchased the entire island. He is worth probably about \$200,000, and made a good deal of money on certain fixtures. His latest invention is quite novel. It is a new kind of life saving, and is to do away with the present methods in vogue along the Atlantic seacoasts, and all sea coasts, for that matter, for he has taken out patents in nearly all European countries. The invention might be called a gigantic tricycle. It has three wheels, one to be used in the diameter, which run along the bottom of the sea, and are capable of overcoming hollows to the depth of nine feet. The motive-power is a steam engine placed high above the water on a platform, upon which the engineer and rescued mariners and passengers will find a refuge. Rev. Lake is having several of these unique vehicles constructed for pleasure purposes at Atlantic City and other New Jersey resorts this summer. They will be run through the shallow water, probably half a mile out to sea, and before returning to land describe an enormous semicircle. Charles E. Ball, of New York, another professional inventor, is the founder of the Ball Electric Light company. His invention was a dynamo-electric machine and he finally constructed it after he had gathered bits of information here and there about electricity he did not even know the first principles of the science, now he has a new reputation as an expert.

"This is an era of advertising, and the extent to which it is prosecuted is illustrated by the offer of a Baltimore tobacco firm to a Philadelphian. The latter is well advanced in years, wealthy, and has invented a unique clock, which was combined alarm. It was designed for sick rooms, and to take the place of alarm clocks. The clock can be so arranged that it will strike an alarm as often as desired during the night, and as the going sounds the light flashes up and illuminates the dial. It was quite an ingenious invention, and the Baltimore firm wishing to present them to their trade offered the Philadelphian \$2 on each clock and guaranteed to take \$10,000 annually. The Philadelphian refused the yearly income of \$24,000 which would have resulted from no exertion on his part."

When asked for some stories of poor inventors suddenly encountering wealth Mr. Connolly said one day, while seated in my Washington office, a young Irishman, entered. He had just 'bag-trotter,' and did not look as if he knew when to come in out of the cold. He had invented a farm gate. It was an automatic and designed to open itself, and had no particular brilliant features about it. The young man wanted a patent taken out. We conducted the case successfully for him and he disappeared from the city. Two years later a wealthy, successful young man entered our Washington office. His attire was faultless, a high silk hat rested on his head, and on a finger he sported a diamond ring. Judge of my surprise when he introduced himself as the inventor of the gate. He had made a fortune and was independent. It appears that after obtaining his patent he secured financial assistance and went on the road to sell his invention. He had traveled all over the United States, and by dint of shrewd management had among other possessions secured much land, aggregating 50,000 acres. He was only twenty years of age. That's the last time I saw him. I suppose he is president of a national bank somewhere by this time.

"I won't mention the name of the young man who has invented a valuable idea which will undoubtedly reap a fortune for her. His success is so certain that the lady had secured a patent for a nation for a hazardous course of exhibiting it to manufacturers in the line interested, and they unhesitatingly pronounced it of great value, supplementing their opinions with offers of financial assistance. The name of the lady and the nature of her discovery are withheld for the present. A strong tinge of romance surrounds her history. She is related to an ex-cabinet officer, and once refused a fortune. She might have broken a rich man's heart, but she refused an immense sum of money to a charitable institution, and the money would have reverted to herself; but she refused, and went out into the world as a governess. What is more remarkable, she is determined to apply the proceeds of her patent to charitable work, reserving just sufficient to supply her own wants, and they are very simple. She is an example of sacrifice hard to duplicate anywhere. The recklessness with which she purchased patents is remarkable," said Mr. Connolly. "When they buy real estate," he said, "they do not pay for it until an examination of the title proves it is not defective. Not so with patents. A case of this kind is in my mind now. It is that of a Philadelphia tobacco manufacturer, who paid \$25,000 for a patent, and then spent \$1,000 in counsel fees in trying to ascertain its exact value. After four months' research it was discovered that the patent was absolutely worthless, that the cigars were not broad enough, and the manufacturer was just out \$26,000."

"Do you know what was paid for the return ball?" was asked. It is one of the oldest and probably the most simple toy.

"I have heard various amounts stated," was the reply. "They range all the way from a few thousand to \$1,000,000. The latter figure gives you an idea of the value of the patent and their value. One of the most important fallacies, you know, is that either the English or American government offers a standing reward for the discovery of perpetual motion, which all scientists know to be forever an impossibility. Alleged inventors of 'perpetual motion' are continually applying for patents, and the patent office at Washington has actually granted papers to some of them. Now the patent office examiners quickly dispose of these cranks by requiring them to furnish a working model, which, of course, they can not do. Perpetual motion does not claim the attention of all the cranks, however. In the case of Dr. Michael Cahill, for instance, he hails from California, and by releasing certain kinds of balloons he claims to be able to produce a rainfall wherever and whenever desired. The doctor is an educated man, and at first meeting produced a favorable impression. The examiner, and Cahill went around the capital howling mad, saying that 'that'—Hungarian Jew had no appreciation of the Irish race, and knew nothing whatever about science."

A western newspaper says that the latest sensation is a St. Louis horse that chews tobacco; but the greatest sensation is Dr. Bull's Cough Sy