

A GROWSOME REMEDY.

By HELEN F. GARDNER.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Sweetster have married but seven months; the first six months of their wedded life were spent in a boarding house, but one month ago they set up housekeeping, in as cozy a nest as one could find in a month's tramp through Boston's suburbs. They live but six miles from the city, the electric cars run past their door, there are three electric lights on the street, in fact they are situated in an ideal location, and their lowly flat of five rooms boasts every modern convenience, with the exception of a pantry and clothes closet.

When Mr. Sweetster mentioned hiring a girl his wife shook her little brown head with a decisiveness of manner that really caused Mr. Sweetster to wonder. "No, Ned," she said, "we will not need a girl. I'll have all the heavy work done, and I will be so much easier to be alone, and not have a third person, and an impudent, inquisitive one at that—for very likely she would be so—always about. Everything is new, and so convenient, that I'm sure I shall get along nicely."

The first few days everything seemed to glide along in a smooth fashion, and Mr. Sweetster came from the city each night to a bright, homelike flat, with a dainty supper served on the dining room table and a smiling wife in a white apron, who was good and ideal that it made him think of all the Sunday school books he had read years before, in which the hero always reached this kind of happiness in the last chapter.

One evening last week, however, he noticed that his wife looked rather weary, and there was a slight irritability in her manner; he did not remark upon the fact, but the next evening he found the supper only half prepared and little Mrs. Sweetster in the kitchen gazing at the clock. "What's the matter, Millie?" he asked tenderly. "Has the housework been very hard and tiresome, dear?"

"No, Ned, it isn't the work," she replied, "but some way I have so much interrupted. Twice this afternoon, when I started to dress, the bell rang, and I had to put on a wrapper and rush to the front door. I attempted to take a nap, and was awakened three times by that same bell."

"Callers?" asked her husband. "You must be getting very popular, dear?" "No, there were no callers. They were peddlers, canvassers, book agents, the house has been overrun with them the last three days."

"Don't go to the door. Let them ring the bell and stay till they get tired; then they can go away. There's no sense in your wearing yourself out for their sakes." Mrs. Sweetster shook her head. "No, Ned, it isn't right, and I'm sorry for them. Besides, we will begin to have callers soon, and as I want to get acquainted I can't afford to miss everybody."

"I know people in the suburbs are troubled that way, but I don't think it quite as bad as you think, dear." Mrs. Sweetster opened her lips as though to speak, then closed them again and only sighed.

Three days later Mr. Sweetster had a severe headache, and came home from his business at noon, looking as though he had spent the afternoon in their cool, pleasant parlor, where he could be nursed and petted by his wife.

"Any peddlers today, Millie?" he asked, as she tucked the pillows behind him on the couch and laid one cool hand on his hot forehead. "No; that is, only one. It's in the afternoon that they swarm about the house like mosquitoes. I sometimes wish that I had not been so decidedly in favor of this flat, because it was in a small house. Those people are not allowed in regular flat buildings."

"O, well," replied Mr. Sweetster, "there are always some small inconveniences, and we mustn't complain. Now that we've discovered there is room enough to shove the basket of potatoes under one end of the bathtub, I think we're very comfortably fixed."

Mrs. Sweetster did not reply, but she closed the blinds and tiptoed out of the room, so Mr. Sweetster knew that he was expected to take a nap.

He had just fallen into a doze when there was a faint tinkling from the front door bell. He heard his wife go through the hall and as she opened the outside door the parlor door unfastened; he heard a shrill childish voice inquire: "Would you like to buy a pound of tea?" "No, I think not," replied Mrs. Sweetster.

"I'm trying to get a tea set for my sister," continued the infantile voice. "She's been married about six months, and—" "I'll get one pound of oolong," said Mrs. Sweetster sympathetically.

The transaction completed, she came into the parlor softly, and she asked: "Did that wake you, dear?" she asked. "It's too bad."

"What made you buy?" asked Mr. Sweetster, petulantly. "You're too easy." "I didn't mean to," replied his wife, "but when she said that her sister had been married about six months, I interested me, and it must be hard not to have pretty dishes when one is newly married."

"Well, I'm going to sleep again and I hope nobody'll come and disturb me this time." Mrs. Sweetster rearranged his pillows and he dropped into another doze. It seemed to him that he had scarcely lost consciousness when there was a jerk at the bell that set every nerve in his body tingling, and brought him to an upright posture with a suddenness that made his head reel. His wife was seated by the window reading.

"Callers, Millie," he asked. "I ought to be out of this room. Perhaps it isn't callers; if it is, I'll apologize for you."

She closed the parlor door before she opened the outside one, but the high-pitched tones of a determined female voice reached his ears with ringing distinctness.

"Good afternoon, lady. This is a beautiful day. I want to take just a moment of your time to show you an ointment I am selling. You have surely heard of Osgood's ointment. I have been through this street twice every year for the last thirteen years. I make this ointment myself, and it is compounded of the purest materials. It is used for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, corns, bunions, callous, chills, insect bites, stings, salt rheum, eczema, chancres, and irritation of any sort; it has been found to give the greatest relief in cases of measles or other similar diseases; it is an absolute cure for the severest cold in the head. I have sold this to all the best people in the town; the woman opposite just bought three boxes. I have traveled with it from Maine to California; this is the last year I shall carry it from door to door; I didn't intend to do this year, but have had a little trouble about making it in the hands of the best agents. I have had countless applications from druggists, physicians, etc., but wanted to be sure that I placed it in the hands of a reputable person. The boxes are in three sizes, 15, 25 and 35 cents. After you have used it, you could never live without having it in the house."

Mr. Sweetster buried his head deep in the pillows and pulled the ruffle of one over his eyes; in this way he drowned out the

remainder of the harangue, which lasted nearly half an hour.

After that his head was throbbing so painfully that he could not sleep, and his wife had just seated herself beside him preparatory to bathing his hot forehead when there were steps on the walk outside. "Don't answer the bell," groaned Mr. Sweetster.

"Very well, dear," replied his wife. "There was a decided lull at the long enduring bell handle, and both occupants of the parlor felt very quiet, sharing that feeling of guilt and hypocrisy that every self-respecting individual experiences in a similar situation."

Presently there was another ring. A death-like silence prevailed in the parlor; Mrs. Sweetster scarcely breathed. Suddenly there was a third peal. It is believed that General Corvo made his wife put her hand over his mouth and shake her head in severe silence. "He or she are dreadfully persistent," Ned, she whispered. A moment after there was a fourth peal at the bell that threatened to incapacitate it for any further service.

"I can't stand that jangling," said Mr. Sweetster hopelessly, and Mrs. Sweetster hurried to the door.

"Now you get out!"

An amiable looking boy of about 17 years gazed at her smilingly through his spectacles; he looked provokingly bland and good natured, and Mrs. Sweetster's usually gentle voice had a tone of smothered wrath as she asked:

"Why did you ring so many times? What right have you to disturb people in this fashion?" "If you'd come when I first rung I wouldn't have bothered you."

"How did you know that there was anybody at home?" "Cause there was a bysule on the front steps. Folks don't go far away nowadays and leave their bysules that way."

"Well, what do you want?" "I've got perfumes and extracts to sell. I'm trying to earn enough to take me to college. These are purer and cheaper extracts than any on the market. I used the time while I was waitin' for you to come to the door to spread my samples here on the piazza rail. I have every perfume you could possibly desire, and if you buy over two ounces I give this cut glass atomizer free. My extracts are unequalled for flavor and strength."

"I don't care for anything," broke in Mrs. Sweetster, decidedly. And the next moment the wild blue eyes of the young perfume salesman were gazing at the oak panel of the front door instead of her stern countenance. She had started up to see when Mr. Sweetster hurriedly rose from his seat upon the sofa.

"Millie, I believe that fellow's stealing my wheel. Didn't it sound so?" His wife rushed to the door precipitately and found her lashed visitor standing in the middle of the walk, one hand resting on the saddle, the other on the handle bar of her husband's wheel, gazing at it with admiring eyes.

He looked up when she opened the door. "I mean to get you next year," he said, mildly. "He wheeled it back to the steps."

"Good afternoon," he said, pleasantly. "I'll be 'round next month, an' I hope you'll let me in then. I expect to bring toilet soaps next time, an' 'prape those'll interest you."

Then, following two hours of uninterrupted quiet, during which time Mr. Sweetster slept and his wife read, Mrs. Sweetster began to feel a little impatient; she didn't really want Ned disturbed, but she did want as many interruptions this afternoon as she had suffered on previous days that he might realize that she was not complaining without reason. Just as she was thinking that the rush was entirely over for the afternoon there was a modest, apologetic tinkle at the door bell. Mr. Sweetster awoke with a start.

"That's an unobtrusive, insinuating little jingle," he said with a yawn. "It sounds as though it might be the minister come to call, or the milk man to collect his bill."

Mrs. Sweetster opened the door. A young woman wearing a white muslin dress and a gentle smile stood on the top step.

"I thought you might be interested in the work I'm trying to do," she began, sweetly. "I have met with such a generous response from every one. I'm collecting money to send the poor children of the city on a vacation. I'm sure we all appreciate these little ones, and—" "Here's some money, Millie," broke in Mr. Sweetster from the parlor.

The young lady murmured her thanks, gathered up her muslin founcees with one hand, slipped entrancingly and floated down the steps.

"This hasn't been a bad day at all," said Mrs. Sweetster patiently, as she came back into the parlor. "We've only had four, Ned, and it's so late that I guess we're through for today."

"Not much!" ejaculated her husband, sulkily. "I hear some one coming up the walk now. Hurry to the door, dear, so he won't get a chance to ring the bell. I think my head will burst with the continuous racket."

This time Mrs. Sweetster confronted a tall, dark man with an enormous nose and a distant accent.

"Good afternoon, madam," he began, "I am taking orders for portraits, and I want to show you a sample of our work. Any one of these pictures will prove to you far better than any words of mine how superior our system is to all other methods. We get

a softness of tint, a delicacy of outline, an accuracy of expression in our portraits that you rarely find in any other crayon work. Now, madam, I am going to tell you the most remarkable of all my statements. We will do this work for you absolutely without charge. We are not humbugs; we will not impose upon you. For the privilege of having our work in your parlor, and having you tell your friends who made the portrait, we will give you a crayon copy of any photograph you provide."

"I'll have to buy a frame of you," suggested Mrs. Sweetster, meekly. "Madam, of what use is a picture without a frame? You need to buy one for your picture, of course, and we merely request you to get it of us. But even on the frames the prices we give you would insure you a bargain, not to mention the picture, which is absolutely free."

"Now, madam, I suppose you have a husband?" "Yes," assented Mrs. Sweetster. "Now, if you care for him, which of course you do, you want a large picture of him."

"No, I don't care for it if enough to pay for the frame," said Mrs. Sweetster; "that is—"

"I understand, but perhaps there are little ones in the family. We make a specialty of children's pictures. Have you a family, madam? 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure,' as one of the poets says."

Suddenly the bland picture dealer was confronted by a man with a desperate look in his eyes, without collar or necktie, and grasping a sofa pillow in each hand. This apparition had appeared in the parlor doorway, and there was no doubt of his meaning when he said in tones not very gentle: "Now you get out; what do you mean by

staring here with all your cheap talk and getting my wife? Gather up your pictures and get out, or I'll have you arrested."

"Something must be done," said Mr. Sweetster as he and his wife returned to the parlor, after watching the rather precipitate departure of the dealer in works of art. "We'll have to move."

"It seems a shame," said his wife, sadly. "This flat is so convenient and pleasant. I began to keep a list of these nuisances last Monday. Dear, here it is. That day I was summoned to the door by a man selling needles, and another selling court plaster, a woman selling home-made Irish lace, a man to see if we were satisfied with the milk we were getting, as he was starting a milk route, and wanted customers. There was a gypsy fortune teller, a woman selling the 'Lives of the Apostles,' and a child selling cards that contained the autograph of her minister, a look of his hair, and the autograph of the church to be raised money for. The next day, Tuesday, it rained, and I had only a man to see if we had umbrellas to be mended, a woman selling the 'Life of Robert Ingersoll,' and a dirty Italian boy, who offered me a ribbon. A note left from the milk man, and what the interruptions have been."

"We must certainly move into a flat building where there is a hall boy," said Mr. Sweetster.

"We can't afford it, dear."

"There was a scheme for a moment, when Mr. Sweetster's face suddenly brightened. "I have thought of a scheme, dear. Are you sure you would keep away these nuisances?" "I will try anything," said Mrs. Sweetster despairingly.

IV.

The next forenoon the expressman delivered a package into Mrs. Sweetster's hands, which she proceeded to open with considerable eagerness, for she recognized her husband's handwriting on the outside. She saw a little sign of horror as she drew out a long piece of black crepe, tied with a white ribbon. A note left from the milk man, and what the interruptions have been."

"I promised I would try any remedy," she said to herself, "and I'll keep my word."

It was the work of only a moment to slip it on the bell handle; then she hurried in and closed the door.

"I'll be ready to go out and hunt rats tonight," she thought; "but I'll have peace and quiet for one afternoon before leaving."

"Alaska's High Mountain."

The announcement that the highest mountain in North America had just been discovered is interesting, but not accurate. This peak, which rises more than 20,000 feet, and is named Bulshoo by the United States geologic survey party that has just returned to Seattle, was in reality discovered in the summer of 1896 by a party of prospectors, of which W. A. Dickey of Seattle was a member. On August 18, 1896, the New York Sun printed a description of the journey and its results, illustrated by Mr. Dickey's sketch map, showing the position of the mountain. The party named the discovery Mount McKinley. The Sun said in its article that the mountain was known to all the Indians of the Cook Inlet region as the Bulshoo Mountain. It is true, though that this mountain is the highest in North America. The one nearest in height to it is Mount St. Elias of the Cascade range in Alaska, which rises 19,300 feet, and 22,000 feet. Mount Everest has the loftiest summit in the world, it being 29,000 feet high.

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough little pills. They cure constipation and stick headache just as sure as you take them.

profoundly walked slowly down the steps. Mrs. Sweetster glanced at the card and read: L. B. Graves, Monuments and Headstones. Beneath the name the card bore a picture of a broken column, surmounted by a smiling angel. Mr. and Mrs. Sweetster are hunting for another flat.

BLUFF OLD SEA DOG. Some of the Peculiarities of Captain Dyer of the Baltimore. Captain M. Mayo Dyer, whose name has been placed seven points on the list of captains, advancing his next promotion over the heads of older officers, on account of his gallant service of Manter, is a native of Massachusetts. He was not a graduate of the naval academy, says Leslie's Weekly, but prior to the war of the rebellion was a second mate on board a whaling vessel.

The crew of the Marion took pride in excelling at spar and sail drill, never allowing the vessels of Manter's nationality to surpass them in dexterity. One day, in the harbor of Yokohama, the executive officer had been putting his men through a prolonged exercise at sending down the yards and the whole force was thoroughly exhausted. After three hours of this arduous drill without intermissions, an unexpectedly gave the order to repeat the work of sending up the yards and mast again. The tired men discontentedly obeyed, but at a certain point in the ascent of the top-kallant mast it stopped and apparently refused to move.

The sailors were apparently hauling with all their might, but the masts were standing out just upon their arms, but in reality it was a mock exhibit. The enraged lieutenant was shouting out invective, which had no influence upon the muttering conspirators, when Captain Dyer walked out upon the deck with his halting step. (His limp with the result of an ailment which is often contracted with pain from these sources of irritation.) "Well, Mr. —, what's the matter?" he demanded, in his quick, sharp tones, for Dyer's speech is marked by a strong nasal twang. "The rascals, captain, won't move a peg!" "You don't know how to handle the men," responded Dyer, quietly. "Just let me talk to them a minute. Now, then, men, I want you to drill for me, and I want you to see up that mast and yards as fast as the Old Nick will let you. This is the last time and then you can go below. Now, take your stations and get your best."

Stubbness melted suddenly before the words of the officer who held the affection of the crew, and everything flew into position with extraordinary celerity, and the tired men lay down full length upon the deck to rest. Captain Dyer's excellent seamanship was proved on the return trip of the Marion from Yokohama to San Francisco. Her coal supply was low, and the voyage was performed by getting up steam for awhile and then running by aid of the sails until compelled to use steam again; yet the vessel arrived on the date set by her orders. It was during this trip, which required so much skill and management, that Dyer, one day, on going below, said to the officer who took his place on the bridge, "Now report to me everything that occurs." The young lieutenant was new to seafaring life and not discriminating in his ideas of the importance of events. Soon after taking his stand on guard a "booby," which is called by sailors the laziest bird on the wing because it will alight on the ship at any point, perched upon the fore yardarm. The lieutenant contemplated the booby earnestly, as if it had been an omen of fate, then called the captain's orderly and said: "Go tell the captain that there is a booby on the fore yardarm."

"Tell Captain Dyer that there is a booby on the fore yard," reiterated the punctilious officer. Captain Dyer was seated reading when his orderly presented himself at the cabin door. "Well?" he asked, with a nasal jerk, looking up over his spectacles. "Mr. — reports that there is a booby on the fore yard."

The captain's face at this extraordinary piece of information was not study, but as he never scrupled to bestow what he considered an appropriate epithet upon any person, he ejaculated in a tone a little more nasal than usual, to express his sarcasm: "A booby on the yardarm, is there? Go back and tell Mr. — that I say there is another of the bridge."

The grinning marine retired to deliver this message, with the addition of a few adjectives of his own manufacture. The announcement that the highest mountain in North America had just been discovered is interesting, but not accurate. This peak, which rises more than 20,000 feet, and is named Bulshoo by the United States geologic survey party that has just returned to Seattle, was in reality discovered in the summer of 1896 by a party of prospectors, of which W. A. Dickey of Seattle was a member. On August 18, 1896, the New York Sun printed a description of the journey and its results, illustrated by Mr. Dickey's sketch map, showing the position of the mountain. The party named the discovery Mount McKinley. The Sun said in its article that the mountain was known to all the Indians of the Cook Inlet region as the Bulshoo Mountain. It is true, though that this mountain is the highest in North America. The one nearest in height to it is Mount St. Elias of the Cascade range in Alaska, which rises 19,300 feet, and 22,000 feet. Mount Everest has the loftiest summit in the world, it being 29,000 feet high.

Some New Machines. Shirt ironing by machine, as by hand, requires more time than any other work. Shirts are passed from one operator and

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRIES. What They Have Accomplished in Abolishing "Blue Mondays." WASHDAY DRUDGERY DISPOSED OF Improved Machinery Revolutionizes the Old System and Brings Relief to Housekeepers — Work of the Machines.

Several big concerns do the bulk of such great city work, these being divided into rough dry, flat work and sheet and collar laundries. The rough dry requires entire factory buildings with hundreds of employees. Their work is collected principally from hotels, steamships, saloons and restaurants by wagon loads and in many places is finished up at the rate of 40 pieces a day. A steamship's work is accepted by some factories clean within two or three hours' time. Improved machinery has revolutionized this work and it is now done on a wholesale basis; for, whereas, twelve years ago 15 cents was charged for one sheet, a hundred are now washed first sheet in these establishments for 75 cents, or 100 towels for 40 cents.

The "rough dry" laundries collect general household work from hundreds of small laundries and agencies around town. This central business has so developed that only the collars and cuffs are accepted by some, as there is more profit in them and smaller machinery required. Twenty-five thousand shirts is not an uncommon week's work for each "rough dry" laundry and this means at least two or three collars, cuffs and other garments with each shirt. The first steam laundry was started in 1853 the patent office has been besieged with thousands of labor-saving devices for all branches of laundry work. Electricity is largely employed in the most recent of these and, in fact, laundries are now using it for their motive power and in heating rollers, the irons, cooking stoves—even for bleaching, as well as lighting and heating the buildings.

There are, too, some wonderful machines in use which are kept from the public eye and others that are expected to work wonders when put into operation. One of these is a combination of ironing machines in which a rough shirt is automatically ironed, the hands and bosom polished and the shirt folded up ready for delivery. Another machine claims to have a machine which will wash, dry, starch and iron pieces without any handling. As a result of Yankee ingenuity in this line our laundry machinery is being used in all parts of the world.

Notwithstanding the improved machines already used it may surprise many to know that our collars and cuffs are handled twenty times in the improved laundry (for 2 cents), shirts fifteen times and other articles proportionately less. A brief description of a "rough dry" plant will explain this point.

The System. From the collecting wagons the work is piled up before a clerk for entry, after which a private, symbolic mark is put on each agency's work. A sorter next distributes the various articles, quantities of which are conveyed to the washing machines. The latest models wash as many as six 300 shirts at once. The work is put in divisions of the inner perforated cylindrical roller, which, connected with the driving pulley, is automatically rolled around, first one way, then the other, the suds being forced through the clothes as they continu-

ally fall. Twenty minutes suffices to cleanse them, when the suds is run off and clean water substituted for rinsing. From the washers the dripping clothes are pressed, by means of a large rubber roller. These are shaped like large tubes, their sides are full of small holes and they are fitted into iron stands of the same shape, but larger. The clothes are packed in, covered over and the power turned on, revolving the inner tube a thousand or perhaps nearly two thousand times a minute. The rapidity of movement forces the water to the sides, through the holes, to a waste-pipe, and in twelve minutes they are effectually squeezed dry, with buttons, trimmings, etc., intact. Ten thousand pieces a day can be wrung out by each one of these machines, which are called centrifugal wringers, and are fitted with large tubes, originally for extracting sirup from sugar. As the clothes are somewhat entwined when taken out, they are next put into shake-out machines. These are simply clean cylinders turned by power, in which they roll until each piece is free, thus preventing hand shaking and pulling pieces apart.

The clothes are now hung on clean bars and pushed into narrow closets extending in rows, steam heated to about 200 degrees, where they dry in from fifteen to twenty minutes. They are hung so that they may be removed by the careful starching, which comes next, is also done by machines of various types. The shirt-starcher has the appearance of a square box, inside of which two metal arms are rapidly shifting back and forth. The operator removes half of the laid and inserts a folded bosom with the inside bands between the two arms, on the side of which are fastened rubber and brass strips acting as knuckles in rubbing in the starch contained in the box. The patent dampeners now used are valuable though simple contrivances. A metal roller having very fine grooves over its entire surface is revolved in a trough of water. The fine cuts which it carries a sufficient amount of water to a pair of padded rollers between which the clothes are allowed to pass. The rollers are kept at an even moisture, though the supply of water may be regulated.

Some New Machines. Shirt ironing by machine, as by hand, requires more time than any other work. Shirts are passed from one operator and

one machine to another, successively, to the bosom ironers, wristband ironers, yoke ironers, body ironers, sleeve ironers, neck-band ironers—machines having a capacity of 1,500 shirts a day. The rough bosom is stretched over a bosom plate in the first machine and a hot furnishing roller, the width of the bosom, rolls back and forth with pressure two or three times over the bosom, at the will of the operator. All the other shirt ironing machines consist of metal, heated rollers revolved against heated rollers, being free at one end, so that part of the work need not go between the rollers. The only difference in these is that the rollers differ in length for body ironing, sleeve ironing, etc. The shirts are afterward folded for delivery. "Rough dry" laundries wash, dry and starch shirts for the grocers at 2, and even 2, cents each, and collars 10 cents a dozen. Collar ironers of endless variety are seen in store windows, and need no explanation. As a high gloss is no longer popular, the collars are not passed through more than three times, and a capacity of 3,000 an hour is claimed for some of the machines. There are hundreds of small devices for finishing up collars after being ironed. To prevent cracking in bending down wings and "turn downs" there are novel dampeners, which moisten the collar just where it is to be bent. Then the collar passes between the disc wheel and a groove in a heated roll to give the proper shape to the collar and to dry out the dampness. Other devices are for taking the "saw" off the edges of old collars. In one of these the collar is held around what looks to be a milk can cover. A groove in a heated burghiser is brought down and runs over the top of the collar as it is turned with the holder from right to left, smoothing the edge for comfortable wearing.

The constant improvement in mangles has brought into use machines weighing 20,000 pounds, almost as complicated as a modern printing press. The two largest models in use have heated rollers ten feet long, require seven operators and will run through 15,000 sheets or 30,000 miscellaneous pieces a day. One of these has a central burning cylinder heated with a steam pressure of 200 pounds, while the other has six separate heated rollers. The "apron" or cloth covering which is stretched around numerous cylinders carries the work through the machine properly, taking it twice over the heated rollers, before it is picked up and folded. Large numbers of these as well as smaller mangles occupy upper floors. Although it is claimed that in France folding machines are used to fold flat work this is still done by hand here, two girls usually folding as many as 500 sheets an hour. As a result of all this improved machinery large companies which employed 200 hands fifteen or twenty years ago are doing many times the volume of work without ever having increased the force of help.

Getting Ships in Readiness. VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 25.—The preparations at Esquimaut, the naval depot of the North Pacific squadron, continue unabated. An air of activity pervades all departments. The Amphion, which it was understood, would not go into dry dock until after another steamer already docked had been dealt with, received instructions today from the admiral of the fleet to commence the necessary work immediately, and it entered the dry dock. The officials do not deny that preparations now being made are due to the strained relations between France and England.

Snow at St. Joseph. ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Oct. 25.—This part of the state was visited by the second snow storm of the season this morning. The wind blew a gale all night and snow fell to the depth of two inches.

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ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. Western Electrical Company. Electrical Supplies. Electric Wiring Bells and Gas Lighting G. W. JOHNSON, Mgr. 319 Howard St.

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