

THE EAGLE NEWS.

VOLUME 1.

EAGLE, WIS. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1889.

THE EAGLE NEWS.

BY FRANCIS G. PARKS.

Entered at the Eagle, Wisconsin Postoffice as Second-class Matter

NEWS PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS

TOWN OFFICERS OF EAGLE.

J. A. Lins, Chairman, Supervisors.
William Wilson, Town Clerk.
Henry Lohb, Town Treasurer.
Chris Machold, Town Assessor.
R. Wilton, Justice of the Peace.
J. T. Hennessy, Justice of the Peace.
J. C. Snover, Deputy Sheriff.
J. P. Schneider, Deputy Sheriff.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST	
No 51—Passenger	8 20 a m
No 2—	2 47 a m
No 2—	4 20 p m
No 17—	7 49 p m
GOING EAST	
No 2—Passenger	1 37 a m
No 18—	11 00 a m
No 4—	1 55 p m
No 8—Freight	10 21 p m
No 52—Passenger	6 42 p m
ELKHORN BRANCH	
ARRIVE	
No 60—Passenger	10 20 a m
No 62—	3 35 p m
DEPART	
No 61—	11 15 a m
No 63—	4 30 p m

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MILWAUKEE.

News Notes.

Why do our weather prophets predict a cold, late spring?

A masquerade ball is talked of to come off in the near future.

Frank Baker has been on the sick list but is now improving.

Joseph Voght Eagle is on the list of recently granted pensioners.

The first snow in many parts of Minn. and Dakota fell last week.

Albert Ackley and family of Troy Center, spent Sunday at Wm. Logans.

Andrew Murdock and family entertained friends from Lima last week.

Miss Lena Lins was a guest of New Berlin friends a few days of this week.

John Scheidler has added to his farm by a purchase of eighty acres from John Gosa.

Lewis Holmes of Palmyra called on the friends and old neighbors here last Monday.

The ice men commenced last Monday to fill their ice houses. The cut is nine inches thick.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Parsons entertained their cousin Mr. Bento of Whitewater last Friday.

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are raging in some of the towns surrounding but we have so far escaped.

Wm. McWilliams, of the commission firm of Hewetson & McWilliams, Chicago, was in town last Friday.

G. A. Rogers, editor of the *Economist* News, was in Eagle last Monday and a guest over night at the Diamond Hotel.

Max Husting is back at his post as clerk in J. A. Lins, refreshed from a two weeks visit to his home at Mayville Wis.

The name of S. H. Vedder figures on the list of applicants for the Marshfield postoffice, an office that pays about \$1600 per year.

Mr. Chas. West of Nebraska accompanied Mr. J. A. Lins on his visit to his Aunt, Mrs. K. J. Salisbury last week.

Andrew J. Elmore has many friends here who are anxious to see his rights established in the political trial he has entered in the matter of a contested seat in the state assembly.

A county seat war is being waged in Kansas in which several have been killed and wounded. Cimarron in Gray county contains the records and Ingalls is the rival town.

The Cheese and Butter factory here netted the patrons for Nov. \$1.30 3-10 per cwt for milk. There certainly is profit in that and may well bring a smile of encouragement to the face of the farmer.

W. B. Sprague from Courtland Neb., a former resident here arrived last Friday night for a visit to his friends and relatives here. He reports everything lovely at his western home, a mild winter and no snow.

Mrs. Emily McWilliams was again summoned from Constantine, Mich., to the bedside of her father, W. J. Kline, who grew rapidly worse last Friday and Saturday, but at the time of this writing is somewhat better.

Two carloads of baled straw were a novel export from this village this week. De Witt Bovee is the shipper and sends them to Baltimore and New York. Five dollars per ton was paid for it to the farmer hauling it in.

The Ladies of the Women's Press Association at Washington are preparing to present to the Government a portrait of Mrs. Cleveland to be hung in the White House with four others of presidents' wives already there.

The Good Templars of this place will hold a basket picnic at their hall on Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1889. Neighboring lodges are invited to attend and bring along a basket of eatables. There will be a public meeting in the evening. Addresses by W. H. Clark and others.

Mrs. K. Y. Salisbury has set the social ball rolling by giving a progressive euchre for her daughters, Misses Maud and Maggie, last Friday evening. Miss Lizzie Lins and Mr. Dan Clobis carried off the honors of the game.

Ella Chamberlain, the whistling soloist, was not allowed to whistle at a concert in Worcester, Mass., last Sunday. One of the local ministers objected to her whistling anything but sacred music and the mayor refused to allow her to appear and so the programme had to be changed. Query—Do they still hang people for witchcraft in Massachusetts?

We are informed that Mrs. M. A. Hubbard received a letter from her

son Sidney that he was on his way home from the pineries in the north part of the state accompanied by his brother and that Willie the sick one, was hardly able to endure the continuous through journey and would stop for a rest for a few days among friends at Abrams.

The Sprague brothers, three of whom live in this vicinity and one, W. B. Sprague, residing in Nebraska, with J. V. Ely, their brother-in-law, had a reunion meeting last Sunday at the residence of the elder brother F. A. Sprague. Reminiscences of their boyhood days and other topics were freely and heartily enjoyed as well as a good dinner gotten up by Aunt Lucy.

W. B. Sprague is engaged in farming on a large scale in Gage county, Nebraska. He is the owner of 100 acres of land and rents 2300 acres of others. He raised last season 600 acres of flax, 1000 acres of corn, is now feeding 365 head of three year old steers and 900 hogs for market. He has also 60 head of horses.

The County Board met last Thursday. The committee appointed to investigate the matter of building an asylum for the insane in Waukesha county made a favorable report, which after some opposition by the minority, was adopted by a vote of 15 to 9. The County Board will meet again February 19th to take further action on the question, and in the interim the asylum committee will receive bids on the price of tracts of land of three to four hundred acres suitable for a location of such an institution. The News ventures to suggest that Eagle is the proper place to locate that charitable object. We have cheap land well adapted to that purpose, an excellent, pure, invigorating atmosphere just what is needed in the great work of benefiting the unfortunate insane. Let bids of land be sent in from this desirable location and as economy must influence the committee, a site in this pleasant, healthy, sunny town must be selected.

Mr. Pliny Potter of this town is circulating a petition for signatures against the passage by congress of the Blair Sunday law. Mr. Potter is a church member, a strong advocate of Christianity and like thousands of others strongly opposed to any enactment which has the least tendency to connect church and state. The Blair bill, so called, if it becomes a law, will suppress all labor, amusement, the running of all passenger and freight trains, carrying and handling of the mails, printing and vending of newspapers on Sunday, in fact turning the wheels of progress back two hundred years and again commencing with such absurdities as whipping beer barrels for working on Sunday and imposing fines on husbands for kissing their wives on the Sabbath day. Under the Blair law, if it becomes such, there will be no more gatherings in the groves "God's first temples" to enjoy the beauties of nature on Sunday and worship according to the dictates of your conscience. Let everyone who has a chance to sign a remonstrance to the passage of such an iniquitous law.

A Few Stray Thoughts.

[CONTINUED.]

If I was right in my inference that merely amusement or entertainment is not a good reason for reading a book, you will allow me to quote from a noted English author, Thomas De Quincey, who seems to happily touch upon this question: "There is literature of knowledge, and literature of power; and knowledge that can never be converted into power, becoming mere intellectual rubbish. The choice of books would be greatly aided, if the reader, in taking up a volume, would always ask himself just why he is going to read it, and of what service it is to be to him. This question, if sincerely put, and truthfully answered, is pretty sure to lead him to the great books, Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare Milton, Bacon, Bunyan, Addison, Gray Scott, * * * Hawthorne, Emerson, Motley, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier—the who reads these and such as these is not in serious danger of spending his time amiss. But not even such a list as this is to be received as a necessity to every reader. One may find Cowper more profitable than Wordsworth; to another, the reading of Bancroft may be more advantageous than that of Herodotus; while a third may gain more immediate and lasting good from great historical novels like Eber's "Uarda" or Kingsley's "Hypatia" than from a long and patient attempt to master Grote's "History of Greece" or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." I have given this long quotation be-

cause it says in a masterly way what I wish to have said in this paper. And if one part were to be emphasized over another it is where De Quincey advises the reader to "ask himself just why he is going to read it, and of what service it is to be to him." Ah, there is the point,—is this book going to do me any good? Is it going to give to me any "knowledge that can be transmitted into power." If not, throw the book aside. There is not a young man or young woman, not a boy or girl, with their own way to make in life, who can afford the sacrifice of time and mental energy which is made in reading empty and aimless novels and newspaper stories. There is something better; something more enjoyable; there is something that will reward you a thousand times as well. If you do not know what it is or where it is to be found, take the advice of De Quincey—go to the grand old masters, the authors who have gained undying reputation, and read and acquaint yourself with them. They will interest you, they will inspire you, and you will unconsciously imbibe of their spirit of loftiness and truth, and be lifted to a higher plane of thought and life.

A New Departure.

How to occupy the mind and interest the attention of the insane is a problem that has been deeply studied by those in charge of institutions for the care, cure, or alleviation of those unfortunate people.

Dr. White has hit upon one important means to this end that is now being successfully employed at the Asylum and which calls for special consideration. Not only was the idea one that seems to meet the object sought, but a definite marketable product is obtained that will help pecuniarily in its further development, or in bestowing upon the inmates of the asylum further comforts or enjoyments as the result of their own effort.

The occupation is that of basket and mat making. The materials need are the stems or reeds of the cat-tail, which grows so commonly in marshes and sloughs in this state, cocoanut fiber and ravelings and waste of carpet. The reeds are soaked in tepid water, to make them pliable, then woven or braided into strings. The strings or braids thus formed are then sewed in loops and curls and divers forms over a steel frame to form baskets or door and table mats. The patients, many of them, take up this work with great interest, instruments being furnished that they cannot possibly harm themselves or others with, and many curious designs, often pretty and artistic are produced. After carrying the work forward some distance an instructor has been employed who is further developing their talents in this direction. Mats are also made of the cocoanut fibers. By the use of waste carpet and ravelings another feature is added to the interest of the employment—that of color. They unravel the strings, separating the colors and group them together and then follow a pattern weaving them again into a mat or rug. The more fertile minds design and make their own rug complete.

The Doctor is very much encouraged by the avidity with which some of the patients take hold of this work. It is a winter, in-door employment and has already shown favorable results in partially or entirely withdrawing attention from the one contemplation, the cause of their insanity, and permanently restoring the faculties to health and vigor. The experience of Dr. White in this direction will be dwelt upon in his coming annual report, which will doubtless be of great interest on that account.

COLGATE CHIPS.

The Russell & Butler Co. dug a new well at their mills the old one. Like a good many old things, gave out. They are now prepared to grind or saw anything that comes along and with good sleighing they certainly will have enough to do as they are well known as first class millers both in sawing and grinding.

Mr. Duerwacher, who had the misfortune of running a nail in his foot some time ago, is again able to be around and attend to business.

Anybody having money to invest would be a good investment to build residences at this place as all are now occupied with no chance for anybody to rent even an upper story in any of the business houses.

James Greengo had one of his fingers badly cut in a circle saw while engaged in sawing wood one day last week.

What was the matter with the Colgate Chips last week?

J. A. LINS

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Clipper Stubble Plow 14-inch. cut

Peekskill Plows, Nos. 21, 20, 19½.

Clipper Potato Digger

Repairing a Specialty. Menomonee Falls, Wis

News

ordered a Quaker would not hear he refused to

Public Worship in t to discontinue met branch in the

companies of this grows one-third high they do other people, New York paper.

CHARLES CROCKER'S Christmas gift to the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses in San Francisco was a check for \$5,000.

OHIO'S new vinegar law, prohibiting the sale of an imitation of the real article, disclosed the fact that nine-tenths of the stuff on the market was bogus.

A TEXAN who is blind, deaf, crippled and savage, offered \$1,000 to any woman who would marry him, and he had received nine applicants in two weeks.

THERE are 2,800 members of the Michigan Anti-Horse Thief Society, and during the past year they have not had a cent's worth of property stolen.

A CALF jumped on the pilot of a rapidly moving train on the Southern Pacific and rode nine miles, till the car stopped. It then scampered off about its business.

THE largest electric plant in the world will soon be put in operation. London is to be illuminated by electricity, and a contract for the immense undertaking has already been made.

A SINGLE pair of herrings, if allowed to reproduce undisturbed for twenty years, would not only supply the whole world with abundance of food, but would become inconveniently numerous.

THE search for the sunken British frigate Hussar is to be prosecuted anew in the spring by the same parties who failed to locate the spot last fall. They claim to have received some new pointers.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is said to have had every newspaper reference to him since he became Secretary of the Navy clipped out and pasted in a scrapbook. The scrapbook now comprises forty large volumes.

THE towns of Yarmouth and Dennis will be 250 years old on Sept. 3, 1889, and already preparations are making for suitably celebrating the occasion. Each town wants \$1,000 for expenses. Cheap enough.

In his report to the Pope on the situation in Ireland, Mgr. Persico condemns boycotting and the plan of campaign, but says that Irish political aspirations must be satisfied before peace can be restored.

So FAR as size is concerned, the Territory of Dakota would make two very respectable States. Its area is as large as that of all the New England States, Indiana, South Carolina, New Jersey and Delaware.

THERE are forty-two firms in the United States engaged exclusively in the manufacture of chewing gum. Their trade is increasing, and it is estimated that the value of their product this year will not be less than \$10,500,000.

THE use of petroleum as fuel seems to gain ground slowly. It has been tried in Detroit with a saving of about 41 per cent. of the cost of coal-burning furnaces. Methods for burning it seem to be defective, however, and so far no adequate test has been made.

NANCY EGERLY, of Wolfeborough, N. H., claims to be 105 years old, and says that she should never have attained that age if, on the only occasion when she ever called a physician, she had not thrown all his medicines out of the window instead of taking them.

A ST. LOUIS sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers, which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of hair.

JOHN TYLER, son and Private Secretary of President Tyler, still lives at Washington. He holds the place of "representative of the public" on the board which superintends the destruction of mutilated currency, to which he was appointed by President Arthur and Secretary Folger.

MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE, the author, lives in a bright and cheerful old house in Pittsfield, Mass. She is

very fond of antique furniture and relics, and her home contains many choice pieces of old mahogany. In her cupboard is an ancestral dinner-set of rare old Lowestoft china.

THE longest continuous sleeping-car service in the world is that on the Santa Fe system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to Chicago, a distance of 2,311 miles. Porters on these sleepers, leaving San Diego penniless, arrive in Chicago and proceed to invest a portion of their wealth in Michigan avenue property.

THE programme of the newly organized political party of Japan is thus described: The reduction of the land tax; the abolition of centralization in the administration; the introduction of the volunteer system into the army, and the revision of the existing treaties, with a view of putting Japan on an equal footing with other powers in international intercourse.

AN enormous number of animals are killed in Siberia yearly for their fur. At the last summer fair of Irbit, which is a market for only a part of the furs exported from Siberia, no less than 3,180,000 skins of squirrels were offered for sale. Of other varieties there were 11,000 blue fox, 140,000 marmot, 30,000 polecat, 10,000 badger, 1,300,000 hare, and 2,000 fox.

A NORWEGIAN wood-chopper near Carson City, Nev., made an ingenious use of an accident. He discovered a leak in one of the mains of the water company, where a jet was forced out under enormous pressure. After experimenting he found that this would cut wood equal to a fine saw, so he set to work, and now makes handsome brackets of choice woods, which find a ready sale.

A BANNER in Lille, France, had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window where the sun shone upon them. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

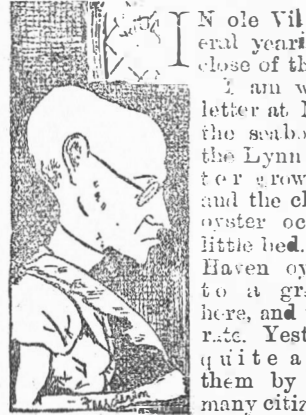
A NUMBER of alleged surveyors are hunting for a buried treasure in the southern part of Middlesex County, New Jersey. They are Englishmen, ostensibly at work upon a new railroad route. At a Princeton hostelry, through one of the diggers in his cups, it was learned that the men were scouring for hidden treasure which the Hessian soldiers are said to have buried during the Revolution in New Jersey while pursued by Washington's army. The farmers in the neighborhood have agreed to place a watch upon the searchers and to capture the treasure themselves in the event of its being found.

HENRY GRINNELL, of New Bedford, son of the Grinnell of arctic-exploration fame, is about to sue the town of Westport for false imprisonment. He recently became a resident of Westport, and was this year taxed \$50,000 on his personal estate. He claimed that he was taxed on a trust fund from which he never received any income, and refused to pay. He was sent to jail, where he remained two days, when he was released on taking the poor debtor's oath. He now demands \$50,000 damages. Mr. Grinnell is known as "The Admiral," he having received that title as an officer in the Peruvian navy during the Chilean war. He has also served with high rank in the navies of Japan and Ecuador.

SOME savage tribes think books speak to the readers. Caribs and Guiana Indians so believed, and some Esquimaux, seeing a priest read from the Evangelists, thought that he heard the voice of the book and repeated it to them. Tribes in Africa, South America and Oceania thought the reader was conversing with the book, and Weddell said a Fuegian put the book to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader. In West Australia books and letters are thought to reveal hidden secrets, and are called "speaking papers." It was inexplicable to them that the person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep should be able by it to detect a lost one. Some Cochin China Baunois were likewise astonished at finding that a demand for double fees for carrying a letter was defeated by the letter itself, the writer having announced the payment of the sum. A California Indian, being detected in the theft of one out of a number of loaves of bread which he was carrying to a missionary, adopted the plan of hiding the note under a stone the next time so that it should not see him eat the bread. Canadian Indians, Brazilians and Peruvians thought books and letters were spirits of live beings.

BILL NEE IN THE SW

He Visits Some of the Late G... ington's Headquarters and... Oysters.



Nole Vill... eral years... close of th... I am w... letter at Norfolk, the seaboard, when the Lynn Haven oyster grows ruckst, and the cherry-stone oyster occupies his little bed. The Lynn Haven oyster grows to a great height here, and tastes first-rate. Yesterday I ate quite a number of them by request of many citizens. Here-tore seven Blue Points, with a small piece of lemon, would satisfy me, but with a pleasant flow of conversation and with a thickset brunette from Guinea ever and anon knocking the hunting-cave from these calm and unimpassioned birds, I ate about a tenment houseful.

At Richmond we visited, among other things, the old stone house which was occupied as one of the large collection of headquarters used by Washington. The house is shown us by a bright little boy. Kind of a Virginia bright, as the tobacco dealers would call him, I presume. He is a fine-looking young fellow, with the mirth and music of the African tingling in his veins, together with the proud and navy-blue blood of his other parent. The mulatto and



A MOUTH FOR OYSTERS.

octoroon are very popular all through old Virginia. They are very bright, some of them, and what I like best about them is their utter modesty in speaking of their ancestors.

The old stone house is a queer structure, and would rent for about \$4 per month. Washington did not care very much for style in his headquarters, but he wanted plenty of them. He never wanted to be out of a headquarters. So he had them established in all the growing towns of that time. Frequently he would secure headquarters in a town and then not visit them at all. It was so in this case. Washington was a plain man and simple in his habits. He was only extravagant in the number of his headquarters, and we can forgive him for that, now that he is gone.

In the back yard the little boy showed us a big tree planted by Washington himself. Washington, Jefferson and Monroe planted all the large trees in Virginia with the exception of three. On the trunk of this tree are two large iron staples or handles, now almost buried in the trunk. The little mulatto boy says they were probably driven in there for the English to tie their horses to when they came to Washington's headquarters to surrender, or perhaps in after years slaves were tied to these big iron handles when they were whipped. Possibly Washington used them in place of a shawl strap in bringing the tree down to Richmond to plant it. In fancy now I can see the Father of his Country just as he was about to become so. He gets off the train from Washington, D. C., and carrying in one hand a small portmanteau containing a manicure set and powder rag, while in the other he holds by these iron handles the small tree which he purposes planting in the rear of his headquarters.

Going to the Exchange Hotel he registers and inquires of the clerk in charge if they have a Washington's headquarters in Richmond.

But all this is just fancy, for George did not, as a matter of fact, have any headquarters here in Richmond at all. He bought a site for one, but never built on it.

On board a sleeping car, at a late hour of the evening, going south from



THE MYSTERIOUS LEG.

Washington, an odd thing occurred, as such things are apt to, especially on board a sleeping car. Most of the berths were made up for the night and the berth marks attached to them by the porter so that unscrupulous people would not get into the erroneous berth. A party of us, however, sat in a section on one side of the car waiting for our turn to come when the porter would drive us out and make our beds.

All at once, on the opposite side of the car, a slender foot and ankle, clothed only in a lisle thread stocking and pink garter, shot out from between the curtains as we rounded a curve. Fearing that another lurch might throw the proprietor of said limb clear out of the berth, I looked out the win-

some little time, but looked a directly, hoping yet fearing, not understand how the situation upon us. We broke off in the middle of a story, and no one could read was very rough, and led for another violent lurch in. Evidently the owner of was asleep, for we could hear breathing in that berth, which slumber. It was a trying claimed that something ought about it, but he said he didn't think it deserved the large amount of attention it was receiving.

But a middle-aged lady took the matter in hand on behalf of her sex. Men on the car had quit reading and playing cards, and were more wakeful than they had been before. So she slipped across the aisle silently and touched the extended foot very gently, but it didn't recoil. Then she took hold of it with the idea of replacing it inside the curtains, I presume. Anyway, at that moment the car gave a wild twist which jarred the teeth in my head and knocked everybody off his or her pins as the case might be. It threw strangers together in a friendly way, and mixed up people so that the porter had to come and identify them by their berth checks and strawberry marks. It was at this moment the middle-aged and kind-hearted woman whose name I did not know, sat down in my lap, and in her hand she held a beautiful cork log, with the straps of which she involuntarily weltered me over the head.

The Spartans and Their Music.

The favorite problem of thinkers and teachers, since thought began, has been to find some engine of education which should reach the character as effectually as the ordinary means of training touch the understanding; and in the opinion of many—not men alone, but nations—music was such an engine. "It is music," said the Spartans, "which distinguishes the brave man from the coward." "A man's music is the source of his courage." It was their music which enabled Leonidas and his 300 to conquer at Thermopylae. It was music which taught the Spartan youths how to die in the wrestling ring or on the battle field. These claims are audacious, surely. Yet, when we consider how the rhythmical tread of the brave man differs from the agitated shamble of the coward, how music is the art of human joy, and how joy and repose of mind are the main elements of manly fortitude, we shall at any rate admit that there is a strong affinity somewhere; and only difficulty will be to acknowledge that music deliberately applied, could ever be the direct cause of these reputed results. To achieve the end desired, Spartan boys passed their youth in learning tunes, hymns and songs; this was their sole mental culture. They were taught to dance and keep step to the measure of the songs as they sang them. And, grown to manhood, now perfect warriors, marched into battle with smiling faces, crowned with flowers, calm, joyful, and serene, and, intoning their songs, moved steadily thus into the thickest of the fight, undisturbed and irresistible. The band that leads our armies to the field of battle nowadays is a scant survival of Spartan practice; yet, even in this music by proxy there are many elements of incitement to courage.

Steam Tricycle.

Vicente de la Tour-du-Pin Verclause describes in La Nature a steam tricycle which is claimed to be a practical success. The Viconte has been



A STEAM TRICYCLE.

using one—similar to that figured in the illustration—and has traveled several hundred miles with it during the last six months to his entire satisfaction. The machine is light and compact and the mechanism so simple that an amateur with very little experience can easily make eighteen to twenty miles an hour. The fuel used is coke, which is fed into the fire-box automatically, so that the fire needs replenishing only about once in forty-five minutes, and this only when in motion, since the draft ceases as soon as the engine stops, thus enabling the machine to be left without attention during a halt or at the end of a journey. The steam tricycle is made in several different styles, with single or double seats, and with phaeton, road-cart, delivery-wagon, and other attachments. The one illustrated has a single seat and a detachable, single-seated road-cart, and with this—the cart carrying a load of 175 pounds—a speed of twenty-five miles an hour is attained on good roads. How long before some enterprising Yankee will give us an American machine of this model, substituting an electrical storage battery for steam as the motor?

He Got a Preacher.

A good old colored brother thus sent word to the Bishop to send a minister out to preach to his church in Alexandria Valley last Sunday: "Send us a Bishop send a Sliding Elder; if you can't send a Sliding Elder send us a Stationary Preacher; if you can't send him send us a Circus Rider; if you can't spare him send us a Locus Preacher; if you can't spare a Locus Preacher send us an Exhauster." That settled it, and he got a preacher.—Anniston (Ala.) Watchman.

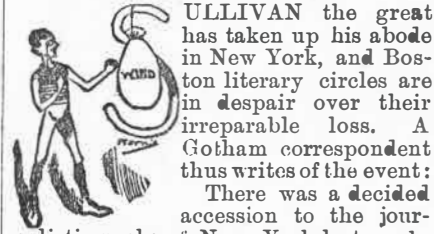
A Necessary Precaution.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, as he entered the family room, "I have brought Mr. Yellick, the author of the famous new book, 'Random Reflections,' with me to tea. I have been telling him how much we admire the work, and he seems greatly pleased. 'For goodness sake, Mr. Chugwater!' exclaimed the wife, 'take him into some other room while I cut the leaves of that copy of 'Random Reflections' that's on the parlor table!'"

SLUGGER SULLIVAN.

HE IS SWORN AS EDITOR OF A NEW YORK PAPER.

How He Began Work—He's Ready to Kick Any Subscriber Who Kicks and Any Advertiser Who Stops His "A. d."



ULLIVAN the great has taken up his abode in New York, and Boston literary circles are in despair over their irreparable loss. A Gotham correspondent thus writes of the event: There was a decided accession to the journalistic ranks of New York last week. John L. Sullivan having shaken the dust of Boston from his feet and eluded the clutches of gastric fever, came on and assumed with a thud the editorial chair of an illustrated weekly paper.

The new editor was escorted to his sanctum by Dan Murphy, Billy Daly and Mr. Lumley. "This is your desk, John," said Mr. Lumley, kindly, "and there is the side-board. I suppose you can get along all right now."

"Get along? Say, just you wait and see me. Where's the assignment book?" This important document, and Mr. Sullivan began work.

"Mr. Micky de Slob."

"Yessir," answered a tough-looking specimen, as he ambled toward the desk.

"Go on over to Charley Mitchell and interview de bloke as to why I didn't lick him. Don't be gone over an hour,



"LET HIM FLOAT IN."

an' if you've got a scratch on yer mug wher yer come back I'll do yer myself. See!

The urbane and gentlemanly reporter vanished, and the noise of clicking shears and rustling paper was heard in the intellectual silence. Mr. Sullivan, after casting a furtive glance around the room and seeing that the remainder of this city staff was engaged in smoking a fragrant "La Grabiola," made a dive for the sideboard and rummaged about in its musty depths.

"What che lookin' fur?" asked the city staff, who was regarding his cigar with suspicion. The editor hesitated, and in tones like the soft tinkling of a mountain brook said:

"Aint dis de sideboard?"

"Now, yer been sittin' at de sideboard. Dat's your desk."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Sullivan; "but I'm more used to de sideboard, so I'm just guess I'll sit there."

The city staff was then sent out, after libations had been poured at the shrine of genius, to form an interviewing squad by himself, and collect the opinions of well-known fish dealers regarding the idea of "How missels should be educated," and the editor sat down to write an editorial.

It was as he progressed full of witty sayings and repartee with cross counters and upper cuts at all the leading factions of the day. It was on the point of being sent up stairs to be doubtless, landed when an office-boy rushed into the sanctum and prostrated himself at his master's feet.

"Git to— and let him float in," replied the editor, cursely. In another moment a raw, lank-looking specimen ambled in and took a seat.

"I was referred to you by a mutual friend, who said you would give me a little notice if I asked for it."

"Who's yer pal?" inquired the editor.

"His name is Kilrain, Jake Kilrain, the champ—"

A blue fog filled the air, in the midst of which shone two basilisk eyes reflecting rage. The stranger



"AND THE EDITOR WAS ALONE."

slid timorously from his chair, passed through the door just as a noise of a cracking panel giving way before bunching muscles was heard, and the editor was alone.

Stepping to a speaking tube, he murmured in its hollow depths, "Say, send de bloke what does de obituaries up here as soon as he gets back, and give him a tip. He's got ter stay around here closer," then resumed his seat and sent up the first editorial.

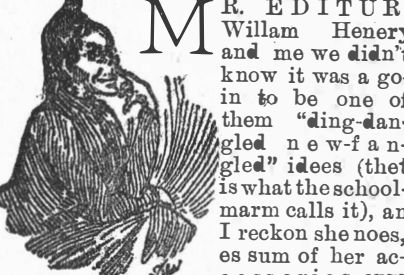
He Could Catch It.

Bobby had been caught stealing the plum preserves, and his mother intimidated her knowledge of the pilfering by remarking:

"You cannot catch a weasel asleep?" "Yes, I could," replied Bobby, "if it didn't have the filgets."—Arcola Record.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

The Pound Party. NECK OR NOTHING' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS. M. R. EDITOR:



and me we didn't know it was a goin to be one of them "ding-dangled new-fangled" ideas (thet is what the school-marm calls it), an I reckon she noes, es sum of her accessories cum from Bosting), but it was, an I for my part felt jest like a simpleton. You see, Mr. Editor, all the wimmin folk they tuk a box or a basket with supper ent for to, an I sposed I was a goin to eat with William Henry, but stid of thet they rote the names of each womin an put it in her box or basket, an the men folk they bot a box or basket an paid twenty-five sense for it, an whose ever name was in the box or basket they et supper with; but fore they et supper they tuk the womin out in to the kitchen an mys her on to a pare of scales thet Miss Roper hed brung ther a purpose fur to way folks on.

Well, an arter they wayd the wimmin ther partners hed to by em et a haf a cent a pound. Now, Mr. Editor, did you ever in all o your born days heer tell of sech a thet?

The young doctor he got my box, an he hed to pay pritty lil fur me, fur I way sumphing over too hunderd pound.

But he was reel perlite, and said he didn't mine a payin a good price fur a good supper.

The Widder Van Dyke's bow, Simeon Proctor by name, he got the school-marm's basket, and, my—oh, but the widder was mad!

The widder she ats with old Job Biles, whats a goin on to sixty years old, and has a wife into the bargain.

William Henry he got Lizzie Bloodgerse's box. She is Jonathan's sister, an dont way a hunderd. An William Henry he aked like a plumb fool, ef I must say so.

You musn't think fur a minnit, Mr. Editor, thet I was jelus, fur I want not a partikle, but I cood a shuk William Henry fur the way he done, jest a hollerin rite out: "Golly, ole woman, I saved a haf a dollar by train' you off."

I must say I do think it a degraee fur any ole man like him, an him a leavin member to, so do as he done. Why, Mr. Editor, he hopped around on one laig an hollerred, "Everybody cum to supper," an sung "We wont go home til mornin'," an aked like a plumb igeot.

O, but I cood a shuk him!

But it dont do no good fur to say anything. William Henry he is thet tecky, so I jest talked to the doctor an pertended not to see him a caperin aroun.

Benjamin he et supper with his gal, Sairy Giles; a mighty nice gal Sairy is, to. I dont know how Ben happened to git her basket lessin it wer by the little bow of pink ribbon as was tied to it. But they set over in the corner awful close together, an looked ez pleased ez cood be.

George Trumble an Samantha Cruthers they et together to, an I disrecollected who all did eat together. But arter we hed all et our suppers they aked the school-marm to play on the peany an sing. She sung sum reel scriptural hims; one was about ole Noah an all the animules a goin into the ark. Liked it awful well, an ittobe about me cross the Jordin. It was very optimal.

Lawsd no, I mus close an go fix a mors for the red holler's cat; it is awful spindlin, an I'm afraid it'll be E. I dont see to it. MORE AGAIN, HESTER ANN SCOOBER.

Miss Fanny Davenport, Tragedienne.



One of the most conspicuous figures on the American stage to day is Fanny Davenport, step-daughter of the celebrated tragedian, E. L. Davenport. She was born in England in 1849; and six years later was brought to America. She made her first appearance before the footlights when a mere infant, playing children's parts in a manner denoting the possession of unusual precocity, if not genuine dramatic genius. Her formal debut as an actress was made in 1862, in "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady." Her career as a star began twelve years later, and was a brilliant success from the start. A faithful portrait of Miss Davenport accompanies this sketch.

Theater Properties.

Jerseyman—I see you're goin to play a piece called "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Theater Manager—Yes. Would you like to see it?

"No. I s'pose it's mostly moonlight and thunderstorms, and such. I know all about theaters; but I thought maybe you might want to buy some chickens."

"We have no farm scene in it."

"Oh! Well, they're young an lively, an their wings ain't clipped yet. You might use 'em for mosquit-es."—New York Weekly

We are always complaining our days are few and acting as if there would be no end to them.

THE EAGLE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT EAGLE, WISCONSIN.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR.

MEMONONEE FALLS.

Hoard is aboard.

Guess what kind of weather we will have this winter.

John T. Kelly, the great Elocutionist, at the M E church Saturday evening.

This week has been a gala week, after taxes have been paid everybody will cool down.

Our village school opened Monday and D. B. S. has got everything in running order again.

A twin baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Zellner of Fusselsville, died Monday, at the age of three weeks.

Samuel Connell, of Milwaukee, made a short call in town this week and had on his business face.

Richard Knight and wife, of Merton, spent Sunday at the home of E. L. Nehs and staid overnight.

J. C. Hubenthal, who is a student at Carroll College, Waukesha, went back to his studies Tuesday.

Miss Laura Snider, of Milwaukee, spent New Year's with her young lady friends at the home of Dr. A. S. Barndt.

James Greengo had all his fingers cut in bad shape by a circular saw except seven which remained unharmed.

Rev. W. H. Clark, District Lecturer, spoke at the Good Templar's hall Thursday evening. Mr. Clark is a fine speaker.

Dr. Williams and his two daughters, of Waukesha, enjoyed a short visit this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dally.

J. F. Thayer, of Almeta, W. T., who married one of Memononee's first daughters a few years ago, writes and says: "Send me the Times."

If you want to think of a very peculiar thing, think of a warm north wind in January; that is just what we have had for the last three or four days.

The Butler Bros., of Lisbon, are digging a new well to their sawmill, the old one having failed to supply the necessary amount of water to run the engine.

A great deal of squirming is being done amongst the tax-payers of this town, not because taxes are too low but because they are too outrageously high.

Water has been so scarce in this community that everybody is getting their wells drilled deeper, which is causing the well drillers in town to be in the midst of glory.

The new gravel walk and filling up around J. Schroyer & Co.'s store is a great improvement in the corners, and everybody seems to be tickled most to death over it.

January thaw set in on Tuesday with a heavy rain in the evening and during the night. The snow has all disappeared and the blue birds are soon expected to arrive.

Several of Job's comforters were the guests of Chas. Mills during the holidays. Charley tried to be as good natured as possible and treated his rare guests as carefully as he knew how.

A real estate boom has struck Fusselsville and is trying to get away with the town. The inauguration of Governor Hoard is said to have something to do with the mysterious rise in real estate.

Phillip Kreuzer, of Germantown, was found in his horse stable last week in a senseless condition supposed to have been kicked by one of his horses. He is supposed to be in a serious condition.

A new blacksmith shop has been built near the town hall by Mr. Berton of Merton. The location is considered a very good one and Mr. Berton will undoubtedly get his share of the public patronage.

Thomas Tuckwell and wife, of Milwaukee, were guests at Wm. Tuckwell's for the past few days. Tom has got a paying position in the city and can well afford to skip out into the country now and then.

The Dunlop Bros., engaged in the dry goods business in the Senn block on Chestnut street, Milwaukee, met with a heavy loss by fire last week. The boys are gritty and will push right ahead in business and sell more than ever.

The following S. S. officers were elected at the German Evangelical church last Sunday: Jacob Schlafer, Supt.; E. L. Nehs, Vice-Supt.; M. A. Schroyer, Sec'y; C. S. Barndt, Treas.; John Huebner and Ed Foster, Librarians.

Just see the 4m bargains if you please, 25 per cent off. All overcoats at a discount. The mild and open winter is what does it. Buy an overcoat for next winter and you will save a fortune. Over 1200 overcoats must be sold and will be sold in a short time.

John Walter, who has been among the sick and suffering the past three

years, is at present closely confined to his bed. Hopes of his recovery have almost been abandoned by his friends and relatives. John is always pleased to have his friends call in and see him.

Mr. John Uebler has returned from Walworth county where he has been looking after a farm. Mr. Uebler intends to sell his place here and will try to procure a stock farm in Walworth county. John has been a very successful farmer here and knows how to make money.

Mr. Charles Fuller, of Merton, was down on Saturday to see his brother-in-law, E. L. Nehs. Mr. Fuller had his arm in a sling and claimed that it got broke by falling into a ditch with his team as they were on their way to church. He was fortunate in not breaking both arms.

A valuable extract and house-plant fertilizer is now being manufactured by John Fye of this place. Florists and plant growers of Milwaukee have adopted its use with wonderful success. It is done up in large quantities and sold at \$1.00 per sack. Smaller quantities can be obtained.

Mr. F. D. Skiff, a wealthy Chicago man with his wife, who is the son-in-law of J. M. Nehf of this place, is visiting relatives here. Mr. Skiff thinks our cozy little village just suited him to take a week or two of solid comfort and rest. Yes, brother, your "Skiff is all safe in the port of Memononee."

John Horn and wife of Milwaukee were out from the city to catch some old fashioned country air. They were heartily welcomed by their numerous friends wherever they called. John speaks very satisfactorily of city life and thinks he can stand it without work as long as the next man.

Charles Bergestreser, formerly one of the bo-boys of this town, is now the mayor of the beautiful city of Madison, Dakota. When Charley was a boy his favorite song was: "Boys are boys wherever they be, Bye and bye I'll tell you what the boys will be." There are other cities that could be referred to whose present mayors were boys once.

John T. Kelly, the noted elocutionist, will give one of his rare entertainments at the M E church Saturday evening, Jan 12th. If you would spend an evening of pure enjoyment come and hear him. It will be sublime, majestic, tragic, impassioned, oratorical, humorous, ludicrous, serious, tranquil, pathetic, poetic, didactic, dramatic.

Admission 25 and 10 cts.

At a regular meeting of Lincoln Lodge, No. 183, A. F. and A. M. held at town hall Jan 5th, 1839, the following officers were installed by W. F. Satch, the retiring W. M.: D. B. Smith, of Oconomowoc Lodge No. 42, acting as marshal; Charles Barndt, W. M.; W. T. Camp, S. W.; G. W. Rowell, J. W.; Dr. A. S. Barndt, Treasurer; C. K. Schlafer, Sec'y; W. Connell, S. D.; J. E. Norton, J. D.; H. Witt, Tyler; M. F. Lepper and I. B. Rowell, Stewards; M. F. Lepper, Trustee for three years.

WAUWATASA WISPS.

Mr. Morton is again able to be around, looking a trifle eaked after his late illness, but cheerful.

There is probably not another town in the state that has a higher average of modern dwelling houses than Wauwatasa. You see them everywhere.

It is interesting to observe what a flood of people assemble at the depot for the regular trains here during the forenoon, or pour out of the cars in the afternoon and evening. It would do credit to any of Chicago's great suburbs, which Wauwatasa will unquestionably some day equal.

It will be permissible to speak occasionally about the weather. Wauwatasa has not, up to this writing, been favored with sufficient snow to make sleighing. The storm Wednesday promised something and covered the ground slightly, but the wetness of the soil absorbed or changed it into water. The colder weather has made a good bottom so that a comparatively light fall of snow will suffice. We hope to see it come if it has not by the time this item appears.

The superintendent of the Chemical Works was kind enough to show us through the buildings of this large establishment and point out the different departments where sulphuric, muriatic and other acids and ammonia are made. The Works have a strong sulphurous smell that, to one not accustomed to it, is quite overcoming, but which to employees is not noticeable. The odor is said to be beneficial to people troubled with lung or bronchial difficulties.

The driver of the bakery wagon stopped on Mill street to deliver some bread Thursday morning. The horse started off on the walk and he called out "whoa". The obedient animal came to a stop on the railroad crossing with his hind feet and front wheels of the wagon on the track. A freight train came along at rapid speed and struck them in this position. Horse and thills were sent one way and the wagon the other. The horse was rolled over several times but, singularly enough, was not injured. The wagon was broken to pieces, only one wheel

coming out whole, and the contents were scattered all over the neighborhood. The locomotive was not hurt.

The new clock designed but which has never been used for keeping time offers no guarantee on account of good looks. But when set in place, wound up and put to going, if it ticks all right we are favorably impressed. The first day finds it running right along and tallying with the regulator, and we are still better satisfied by our purchase. Weeks, months, years, follow, and still the old clock is the pulse beat of our lives and acquires a place that no new time-keeper can supersede. It is so with the World. Gradually but surely it will win its way into every home and take its place among the indispensable things that make home.

The question of the incorporation of the village is likely to come up again in the spring. This is a question upon which the best people differ and two years ago it was voted upon and defeated. Whether there is any charge of sentiment which promises a different result if brought up again we do not know but presume that those who favored it before have been encouraged to believe there is. There are some decided advantages to be spoken of on both sides and it is a mere matter of choice between those who bear the expenses of public improvements. Many places of this size have the village corporation, others the city charter, while still others remain, as Wauwatasa remains, unincorporated. It hardly looks as though any elaborate organization were needed, while a simple plan of conducting the affairs of the village separate from the town might prove better in some respects.

The new building for the accommodation of the incurable insane being erected near the hospital begins to have a completed appearance.

Lefebvre Bros. have completed their inventory for 1889 and are, of course, preparing to make the coming year's business lay over the last by many thousands of dollars.

The Wisconsin Bridge and Iron Co. have been running light for a few weeks but report work in their line as promising to be very active for the next four months. They are preparing material for some large contracts.

Mr. Spoorleder is putting up a combined store and dwelling house on the corner lot which he has used for storing lumber, next to G. B. Lewis' hardware store. It is to be occupied, we understand, by a tailor for living purposes.

J. E. Hanks, a farmer living about 4 1/2 miles north of the village, was killed by his run-away team, Friday evening of last week, between "Mid 8 o'clock. He was returning from Milwaukee where he had been with a load of hay. One of the horses was a colt which was very spirited. The horses ran home, where it was found that one whiffletree was broken and the tongue had dragged along the ground on the way. Nobody saw the accident or knows exactly how it occurred, but it is supposed that by the breaking of the whiffletree the tongue was dropped and Mr. Hanks was pitched out in the rear of the horses and run over. He was found near the toll gate and only breathed once or twice afterward. The back of his head was injured sufficient to cause death. The funeral was held Monday morning at the house and he was buried in the cemetery here. He was a man of about 40 years of age and leaves a wife and one girl about 6 years old, Mrs. Hanks, the widow, having two other children by a former husband.

If you have a farm or real estate of any description that you desire to sell or exchange, send word to Richard E. Labar, the real estate agent at Waukesha, whose office is in the Exchange Bank building, and he will promptly attend to it for you.

PEWAUKEE.

Union Revival meetings were held last week in the respective churches. They were well attended.

Miss Ruby Meyers has been quite sick the past week with congestion of the lungs.

Miss Solverson is visiting M. S. Lou Nichols.

They began work on the lake Saturday, cutting ice.

Ians Nelson was quite seriously injured last Saturday by falling from a load of hay.

TROY CENTER.

Miss Eliza Sherwood, of Iowa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carlton Babcock.

Miss Kate Stewart has gone to Memphis, Tennessee, where she has a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Carver gave a party last Thursday evening, Jan. 10th. About forty guests were present and had a very pleasant time. Some played progressive euchre, others enjoyed a social chat. At eleven o'clock a bountiful supply of refreshments were served, after which the guests departed for their several homes to get a few hours sleep in order to be ready for the next evening's entertainment when Mr. and Mrs. James Baird gave a party, and as everyone knows that they entertain "right royally," all invited were anxious to be there. Cards were played at ten tables and a very pleasant time enjoyed by all.

The Good Templars met on Friday night at the Hall and three new members were added to their number.

PARDON'S GOOD LUCK.

How She Proposed For and Secured a Partner.

Philosophers say that there is no such thing as luck. Asa Darwin thought differently.

"My luck, exactly," said he, despairingly. "I might have known just how it would be."

He sat on the old stone porch, staring out toward the sunset, his chair tipped back on its two hind legs, his hands thrust aimlessly into his trousers pockets. It was cold enough to justify the fire of beech logs that was blazing on the hearth in the room inside, where Pardon was tacking up the red moreen curtains that she had just sponged and mended neatly; but it was not an easy thing for Mr. Darwin to relinquish the habit of out-door lounging that had clung to him all the summer through.

"What is it, father?" said Pardon, coming briskly to the door with a tack hammer in one hand and a paper of tacks in the other.

"Jones has just gone by," said Mr. Darwin. "He says the old cow has got out on the railroad track again."

Pardon bit her red under lip.

"I told you she would, father," said she, "if you didn't have those bars repaired."

"And she's got run over," dolefully added Darwin. "I'm sure I don't know what we're going to do without a cow. We've always put a lot of dependence on our milk. But I might have expected it. Luck has been ever against me ever since John James died. A man with a house full of gals can't expect to make no headway in the world."

Pardon colored up.

"You didn't expect your girls to mend the bars, did you, father?" asked she, a little bitterly.

"I was calculatin' to speak to Tim Parsons about gettin' a new pair o' posts put up," sighed the farmer.

"Wouldn't it have been a safer way to put them up yourself, father?"

"I ain't as young as I used to be," said Darwin, gravely. "And the rheumatics is twistin' me powerful these first cool days."

"Then," said Pardon, with a certain touch of daughtery authority in her voice, "you should come into the house and not sit there, getting chilled through, and then find fault with your luck!"

Mr. Darwin slowly rose and shuffled into the bright little kitchen, where Pardon had spread a neatly-branded rug before the fire, and placed a broken-spouted pitcher of yellow golden-rod on the table.

She looked after him with a sigh, half of impatience, half regret.

"I wish John James had lived!" said Mr. Darwin, feebly.

"So do I," assented Pardon.

"Ain't supper most ready?" said the farmer, looking discontentedly around.

"It will be in a minute," said Pardon. "I had to split the kindling myself for the kitchen fire, and Fanny has run to Mrs. Merritt's for a little meal to make some hot corn bread."

At the same moment Fanny returned—a slight, overgrown girl of fourteen—breathless with the haste she has made.

"Mrs. Merritt is very sorry," said she, "but she hasn't any cornmeal in the house."

"That's enough," said Pardon, glowing with the pride of her own. "I don't blame her for getting tired of lending things to us!"

"But," added Fanny, "she sends a pail of Graham flour to make galls. Indeed, indeed, Pardon, she's as kind as she can be!"

Pardon laughed hysterically.

"I'm getting as hard and bitter as a soap-suds," said she. "I'm the very girl of the Graham flour. Fanny can't make out her supper without something hot for a fish. Perhaps some day we can return Mrs. Merritt's kindness. But, Fanny, have you heard? The red cow got out of the pasture this afternoon and is killed on the track!"

Fanny burst into tears.

"Old Pinky!" she exclaimed. "There no end to it!"

Pardon stamped her pretty, ill-shod foot impatiently on the floor.

"Luck!" she repeated. "Don't use that dreadful word! I believe father would be a better and happier man to-day if it wasn't in the dictionary at all. There isn't any such thing as luck. It's all bad management, shiftlessness—the habit of putting every thing off until the last moment."

And then she cried, too, poor little overburdened Pardon.

She was tall and slender, with large, glittering hazel eyes, red-brown hair and one of those delicate complexions where the sun lays its touch in the shape of here and there a cluster of freckles.

Fanny was dark, with Spanish eyes, fringed with long lashes, and hair as black and lustrous as jet. Whatever else fate had denied the Darwin girls, it had been generous to them in the matter of personal attributes.

They made their frugal supper of Graham galls, a very little butter, the weakest brewing of tea, and no milk at all, and then Pardon built up the fire, got her father the last week's newspaper, which good Mrs. Merritt had sent over with the Graham flour, and then sat down in the back kitchen with Fanny to slice up a few peaches for drying.

"For we have got to look after things very close this winter," she said. "Father seems to have no energy at all since John James died. I am afraid it will end in the farm being sold to clear off the mortgage."

Fanny opened her big, black eyes.

"But we must live somewhere, Pardon," said she.

"You and I can go out to service," said Pardon. "As for father, there is the poor-house."

Fanny uttered a wail of despair.

"No, no, dear; don't look so distressed," said the elder sister, repenting the rashness of her speech. "I don't really mean it, I'm cross, that is all. It's hard doing the work of hired man, servant girl and house-keeper all in one. I shall feel better to-morrow after I've had a night's sleep. I haven't got to get up early and milk poor old Pinky any more."

And once again the sisters mingled their tears.

"If father had only mended those bars," said Fanny. "It was so unlucky—"

But Pardon put her hand over her sister's lips.

"Not that word, Fanny," said she. "Remember it's forbidden."

The two girls were washing up the breakfast dishes the next day in the temporary absence of Mr. Darwin, who had strolled off toward the post-office to see if the mail was in, when Squire Ething crossed the threshold.

"Father ain't to ham, eh?" said he. "Well, I reckon I can talk things over just as well with you, Pardon."

"What things?" said Pardon, distrustfully.

"That there skatin' rink, down by the lake," said Mr. Ething, "that John James built. It's goin' to be a good hard winter if there's any truth in signs, and I've a notion to buy the concern, just as it stands, and run the rink myself. The land belonged to your mother's estate, and I s'pose you and the gal here have the right to sell it."

"Yes," said Pardon, her eyes fixed calmly on the Squire's wooden visage. "What will you give for it?"

"Well, it ain't wuth so droadful much," said the squire, evasively. "Say a hundred dollars for the building and two acres o' land."

Pardon shook her head.

"I won't sell it for that," said she, decidedly.

"I dunno what you want to keep it for," said the squire, irritably. "Your father he ain't got the 'go' to run a skating rink."

"I know that," said Pardon, firmly, "but I don't intend to be swindled, all the same."

The squire stamped out of the room in a rage.

"Then drive a better bargain with somebody else, if you can," said he, viciously.

"Pardon, Pardon!" whispered Fanny, close to her elbow, "call him back! A hundred dollars is a great—great sum of money!"

"No," said Pardon. "I will not call him back. Let me think!"

"But what will father say?"

"Father need never know, Fanny. It is as Squire Ething says, the land is all that is left of our poor mother's property. It is ours to sell or to keep, as we please. The lumber alone for that poor building cost John James nearly one hundred dollars. The squire thinks he can safely cheat us, because we are only women. But he will find himself mistaken."

She put on her green gingham sun-bonnet that afternoon and went over to the Merritt farm. Joel Merritt was just driving through the big gates with a load of wood.

"I'm so sorry," said Joel, courteously lifting his cap. "Mother has gone over to a quilting-bee at Mrs. Dikes'. Won't you step in and rest?"

Pardon took off her green sun-bonnet and fanned herself with it. Her cheeks were pink; her lovely hazel eyes sparkled.

"But it isn't your mother I came to see, Joel," said she. "I wanted to speak to you."

Joel jumped off the load, threw the reins on old Sorrel's back, and came up to her, with a countenance of some surprise.

"Me!" he repeated, re-riding a little.

For of all created beings he thought Pardon Darwin the most beautiful and winning.

"Yes," said Pardon, still deeply absorbed in her own plans and ideas. "How would you like, Joel, to go into partnership with me?"

"With you, Pardon?"

He caught his breath.

"Yes," frankly spoke the girl. "Of all our neighbors I think you are the most honest and reliable. I've known you ever since we were children together, and—"

"I may not another word, Pardon!" joyously cried the young man, taking both her hands in his, while his whole face grew radiant. "Oh, you don't know how proud, how happy you make me! For I've loved you this long time, Pardon, only I never dared to tell you so; and mother will be so glad to call you daughter. Give me a kiss, Pardon—my little shrinking love—just one kiss, so that I may be sure I'm not dreaming!"

But to his dismay Pardon struggled to free herself and began to cry impetuously.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" said she. "Let me go, Joel Merritt!"

"But, Pardon, you said yourself—"

"It was the skating-rink that poor John James built on Deep Lake!" faltered Pardon, on the verge of her tears. "I—I wanted you to help me fit it up and manage it this winter. I never dreamed of asking you to—Oh, Joel, what must you have thought of me?"

"Then you didn't mean it after all!" said Joel, dropping his arms to his sides and staring with a blank face before her. "You don't love me!"

Fanny stood silent a moment, twisting her apron strings, while the soft glow still burned on her cheeks.

A sudden light flashed into Joel's sun-bonnet face.

"My own love!" he cried out, valiantly. "I'll take the skating-rink, but you've got to be thrown into the bargain, too, you'll consent?"

And at all "Eh?" said Pardon, unable to finish up, except to say, "I—I don't know what you mean!"

And this time she blushed to the chin.

Why "My little boy ought not to call me a good-for-nothing, eh?" the boy, fill, "Oh, yes you do, mister. Three o' em, mister. School for a w."

THE INDIAN

Laid to Rest in the Boughs of Trees—The White Earth Reservation is a grave yard where lie the remains of those who have gone to the happy hunting ground. The original style of burial that was hailed among the tribe before white men set foot on the continent has been followed to some extent. The graves are in the branches of big trees. A resting place for the dead has been made of branches and straw half woven together and fastened to the limb of the tree, and on these, covered with bark, and with bow and arrow on their breasts, ready for use in the hand of the great spirit, the remains are laid, high enough to be out of reach of wolves, if there are any, forever and forever rocked to sleep as the wind blows through the grave. Sometimes, at night, when the moon shines in the clear sky, an Indian woman comes from her teepee and sits in the shadow of the great oak tree that is her husband's grave and she sings a song—a sort of low, plaintive, chant of sorrow for her dead. In autumn, says the Minneapolis Tribune, when the leaves fall from the trees, she gathers them and takes them to her teepee, where she makes a couch for her children to sleep on. If she passes under the grave of her dead husband by daylight she does not look up at it, but turns her eyes to the ground and gives a sort of mournful cry, as if she were calling to the dead man, and had not the heart to look to learn if he had heard her voice. Some dozens of these graves are scattered through the timber land on the reservation. Some have been there for years, and are covered with moss and dead leaves. Flocks of bluejays haunt the wood where these bodies lie, and they send out screams as mournful as the scenes around them all day long. It is a desolate spot, where white men seldom go, even in mid-day, and where the only sound that breaks the solemn stillness at night is the song of the Indian woman and the cry of a hybrid wildcat that prowls through the darkness. Some of the Indians believe that the great spirit comes down and protects the dead, and in the winter the wind makes a breaking through the woods they say "the great spirit is in the trees," and they put out the fires in the teepees, and, sitting around the ashes, chant mournfully, and sit shivering in their blankets till the wind dies away or the morning dawns.



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