

BE CAREFUL.

You are going away from home, my son,
Be careful how you're led;
For we all must know the adage says—
As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true heart
And a strength through love attained;
Oh, bring us back in its place, my son,
A manhood all unstained!

You are going away from home and friends—
From a mother's loving care,
From a father's counsel wisely given,
From a hearth of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes
That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt, perhaps, your untired feet
From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
Be it grain or noxious weeds—
Be it laurel wreaths or cypress boughs;
Then scatter goodly seeds!

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.



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II.—CONTINUED.

"Well, for consummate impudence this beats the Jews!" exclaimed Brax. "Orderly, my compliments to Capt. Cram, and say I wish to see him at once, if he's back from stables."

Now, as has been said, Cram had had no time to change to dress uniform, but Mrs. Cram had received the orderly's message, had informed that martial Mercury that the captain was not yet back from stables, and that she would tell him at once on his return. Well, she knew that mischief was brewing, and her woman's wit was already enlisted in behalf of her friend. Hurriedly penning a note, she sent a messenger to her liege, still busy with his horses, to bid him come to her, if only for a moment, on his way to the office. And when he came, heated, tired, but bubbling over with eagerness to tell her of the fun they had been having with Brax, she met him with a cool tankard of "shandygaff" which he had learned to like in England among the horse artillery fellows, and declared the very prince of drinks after active exercise in hot weather. He quaffed it eagerly, flung off his shako and kissed her gratefully, and burst all at once into laughing narration of the morning's work, but she checked him:

"Ned, dear, don't stop for that yet. I know you're too full of tact to let Col. Braxton see it was any fun for you, and he's waiting at the office. Something tells me it's about Mr. Waring. Now put yourself in Mr. Waring's place. Of course he ought never to have made that engagement until he had consulted you, but he never dreamed that there would be a review to-day, and so he invited the Allertons to breakfast with him at Moreau's and go to the matinee."

"Why, that rascal Ananias said it was to breakfast at the general's," interrupted the battery commander.

"Well, perhaps he was invited there too. I believe I did hear something of that. But he had made this arrangement with the Allertons. Now, of course, if review were over at ten he could just about have time to dress and catch the eleven-o'clock car, but that would make it very late, and when Bay Billy broke away from Ananias nobody could catch him for over half an hour. Mr. Ferry had taken the section. Mr. Waring wasn't needed, and—Why, Ned, when I drove in, fearing to find him injured, and saw him standing there the picture of consternation and despair, and he told me about his engagement, I said myself: 'Why don't you go now?' I told him it was what you surely would say if you were here. Neither of us thought the colonel would object, so long as you approved, and he wrote such a nice note. Why, Ned, he only just had time to change his dress and drive up with Jeffers—"

"With Jeffers? With my—er—our team and wagon? Well, I like—"

"Of course you like it, you old darling. She's such a dear girl, though just a little bit gushing, you know. Why, I said, certainly the team should go. But, Ned, here's what I'm afraid of. Mrs. Braxton saw it drive in at nine-thirty, just after Billy ran away, and she asked Jeffers who was going, and he told her Mr. Waring, and she has told the colonel, I'll wager. Now, what you have got to do is to explain that to him, so that he won't blame Mr. Waring."

"The dickens I have! The most barefaced piece of impudence even Sam Waring was ever guilty of—to me, at least, though I've no doubt he's done worse a dozen times. Why, bless your heart, Ned, how can I explain? You might, but—"

"But would you have me suppose my big soldier couldn't handle that matter as well as I? No, sir! Go and do it, sir. And, mind you, I'm going to invite them all up here to the gallery to hear the band play and have a cup of tea and a nibble when they come down this evening. He's going to drive the Allertons here."

"Worse and more of it! Why, you conspiracy in petticoats, you'll be the ruin of me! Old Brax is boiling over now. If he dreams that Waring has been taking liberties with him he'll fetch him up so short—"

"Exactly! You mustn't let him. You must tell him I sent him up with your team—yours, mind you—to keep his engagement, since it was impossible for him to come back to review ground. Of course he wouldn't expect him to appear afoot."

"Don't know about that, Ned. I reckon that's the way he'll order out the whole gang of us next time. He's had his fill of mounted work to-day."

"Well, if he should, you be sure to acquiesce gracefully now. Whatsoever you do, don't let him put Mr. Waring in arrest while Gwen Allerton is here. He would spoil—everything."

"Oh, match-making, is it? Then I'll try." And so, vexed, but laughing, half indignant, yet wholly subordinate

to the whim of his beloved better half, the captain hastened over, and found Col. Braxton sitting with gloomy brow at his littered desk, his annoyance of the morning evidently forgotten in matters more serious.

"Oh—er—Cram, come in! come in, man," said he, distractedly. "Here's a matter I want to see you about. It's—well, just take that letter and read. Sit down, sit down. Read, and tell me what we ought to do about it."

And as Cram's blue eyes wandered over the written page they began to dilate. He read from start to finish, and then dropped his head into his hand, his elbow on his knee, his face full of perplexity and concern.

"What do you think of it? Is there any truth—?" and the colonel hesitated. "As to their being seen together, perhaps. As to the other—the challenge—I don't believe it."

"Well, Cram, this is the second or third letter that has come to me in the same hand. Now, you must see to it that he returns and doesn't quit the post until this matter is arranged."

"I'll attend to it, sir," was the answer.

And so that evening, while Waring was slowly driving his friends about the shaded roads under the glistening white pillars of the rows of officers' quarters, chatting joyously with them and describing the objects so strange to their eyes, Mrs. Cram's "little foot page" came to beg that they should alight a few minutes and take a cup of tea. They could not. The Allertons were engaged, and it was necessary to drive back at once to town, but they stopped for a moment to chat with their pretty hostess under the gallery, and then a moment later, as they rolled out of the resounding sallop, an orderly ran up, saluted, and slipped a note in Waring's hand.

"It is immediate, sir," was his explanation.

"Ah! Miss Allerton, will you pardon me one moment?" said Waring, as he shifted whip and reins in the left hand and turned coolly up the levee road.

These are mere specimen bricks from the fabric which Waring had builded in his few months of artillery service. The limits of the story are all too con-

tracted to admit of extended detail. So, without further expansion, it may be said that when he drove up to town on this eventful April day in Cram's wagon and Larkin's hat and Ferry's Hatfield clothes, with Pierce's precious London umbrella by his side and Merton's watch in his pocket, he was as stylish and presentable a fellow as ever issued from a battery barracks, and Jeffers, Cram's English groom, mutely approved the general appearance of his prime favorite among the officers at the post, at most of whom he opened his eyes in cockney amaze, and critically noted the skill with which Mr. Waring toolled the spirited bays along the levee road.

Nearly a mile above the barracks, midway between the long embankment to their left and the tall white picket fence surmounted by the olive-green foliage of magnolias and orange trees on the other hand, they had come upon a series of deep mud-holes in the way, where the seepage water from the rapidly rising flood was turning the roadway into a pond. Stuck helplessly in the mud, an old-fashioned cabriolet was halted. Its driver was out and up to his knees thrashing vainly at his straining, staggering horse. The tortuous roadway was blocked, but Waring had been up and down the river bank too many times both day and night to be daunted by a matter so trivial. He simply cautioned Jeffers to lean well over the inner wheel, guided his team obliquely up the slope of the levee, and drove quietly along its level top until abreast the scene of the wreck. One glance into the interior of the cab caused him suddenly to stop, to pass the reins back to Jeffers, to spring down the slope until he stood at the edge of the sea of mud. Here he raised his hat and cried:

"Mme. Lascelles! madame! this is indeed lucky—for me. Let me get you out."

At his call a slender, graceful woman who was gazing in anxiety and dismay from the opposite side of the cab, and pleading with the driver not to beat his horse, turned suddenly, and a pair of lovely dark eyes lighted up at sight of his face. Her pallor, too, gave instant place to a warm flush. A pretty child at her side clasped her little hands and screamed with delight:

"Maman! maman! C'est M'sieu Vayreng; c'est Sa-am."

"Oh, M. Wareng! I'm so glad you've come! Do speak to that man! It is horrible the way he beat that poor horse—Mais non, Nin Nin!" she cried, reproving the child, now stretching forth her little arms to her friend and striving to rise and leap to him.

"I'd like to know how in h— I'm to get this cab out of such a hole as this if I don't beat him," exclaimed the driver, roughly. Then once more: "Dash blank dash your infernal hide! I'll learn you to talk with me again!" Then down came more furious lashes on the quivering hide, and the poor

to Mrs. Converse, of the staff, telling her the ladies had said so much about the lovely way her sparsers were furnished that he had decided to draw on her for wash bowls, pitchers, mosquito frames, nets and coverlets, blankets, pillows, slippers, shams, and anything else she might think of. And Mrs. Converse loaded up the wagon accordingly. This was the more remarkable in her case because she was one of the women with whom he had never yet danced, which was tantamount to saying that, in the opinion of this social bashaw Mrs. Converse was not considered a good partner, and, as the lady entertained very different views on that subject and was passionately fond of dancing, she had resented not a little the line thus drawn to her detriment. She not only loaned, however, all he asked for, but begged to be informed if there were not something more she could do to help entertain his visitors. Waring sent her some lovely flowers the next week, but failed to take her out even once at the staff german. Mrs. Cram was alternately aghast and delighted at what she perhaps justly called his incomparable impudence. They were coming out of church together one lovely morning during the winter. There was a crowd in the vestibule. Street dresses were then worn looped, yet there was a sudden sound of rip, rent and tear, and a portly woman gathered up the trailing skirt of a costly silken gown and whirled with annihilation in her eyes upon the owner of the offending foot.

"That is far too elegant a skirt to be worn unlooped, madam," said Mrs. Cram's imperturbable escort, in his most suave and dulcet tones, lifting a glossy silk hat and bowing profoundly. And Mrs. Cram laughed all the way back to the barracks at the recollection of the utter discomfiture in the woman's face.

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tortured brute began to back, thereby placing the frail four-wheeler in imminent danger of being upset.

"Steady there! Hold your hand, sir! Don't strike that horse again. Just stand at his head a moment and keep quiet till I get these ladies out," called Waring, in tone quiet yet commanding. "I'll get 'em out myself in my own way, if they'll only stop their infernal yellin'!" was the coarse reply.

"Oh, M. Wareng!" exclaimed the lady in undertone, "the man has been drinking, I am sure. He has been so rude in his language."

Waring waited for no more words. Looking quickly about him, he saw a plank lying on the levee slope. This he seized, thrust one end across the muddy hole until it rested in the cab, stepped lightly across, took the child in his arms, bore her to the embankment and sat her down, then sprang back for her young mother, who, trembling slightly, rose and took his outstretched hand just as another lash fell on the horse's back and another lurch followed. Waring caught at the cab-rail with one hand, threw the other arm about her slender waist, and, fairly lifting the little madame over the wheel, sprang with her to the shore, and in an instant more had carried her, speechless and somewhat agitated, to the top of the levee.

"Now," said he, "let me drive you and Nin Nin wherever you were going. Is it to market or to church?"

"Mais non—to bonne maman's, of whom it is the fete," cried the eager little one, despite her mother's stern orders of silence. "Look!" she exclaimed, showing her dainty little legs and feet in creamy silken hose and kid.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GAVE LAND FOR CLOTHES.

And Now the Tailor's Heirs Get \$727,500 for the Real Estate.

The estate of the late Hamilton M. Heuston was called up in Judge Coffey's court in San Francisco the other morning for final settlement. A web of romance has been woven about the circumstances attending the life and business career of the deceased, touching the manner in which he obtained possession of the real estate that at last became the basis of his great fortune, says the Examiner.

Mr. Heuston was in early times a tailor. During his transactions in the course of business a pioneer settler became indebted to him for a suit of clothes, and not being able to pay cash induced his tailor to accept two fifty-varas-and-lots in settlement of the account much against the creditor's desire. These two lots were located at what is now known as the northwest corner of Market and Powell streets, and on them the Baldwin hotel stands. A year or two before Mr. Heuston's death F. J. Baldwin sued to secure a deed to the real estate on payment of an agreed price, claiming that right under the provisions of a written contract. Heuston was willing to sign the deed provided he could get \$1,000,000 for the property, but Baldwin said he would pay only \$700,000. After a long trial judgment was given against Heuston, and he was ordered to make the deed for the amount named in the contract and offered by Baldwin. Before Heuston was called on to comply with the court's edict, and pending an appeal to the supreme court, he died and the estate passed into the probate court. Seeing that the litigation if begun again would be likely to last a long time, the parties interested made a compromise, and W. F. Good, the administrator, was by Judge Coffey directed to deed the property to Baldwin on the payment of \$727,500. To this Mrs. Lucy C. B. Heuston and Mrs. E. L. Blunt, the widow and only child of the deceased, agreed, as did the collateral heirs. The written consent of Attorneys Boyd, Fifield and Hoburg to this arrangement was also filed. Baldwin paid the money and the two fifty-varas lots, originally taken as the price of a suit of clothes, became his property. The appraisers of the estate estimated that the property, if unincumbered by Baldwin's leases and contracts, would be worth \$1,018,000.

The Gourd Down South.

One begins to encounter the gourd as a domestic utensil about one hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's line, where the local pronunciation is something like goord. The dipper and soap dish made from the gourd go along with the old well-sweep and the plantation dwelling with separate "quarters." A skillful negro can fashion marvelously graceful and convenient utensils from the gourd. The dipper is the simplest of all. For it the manufacturer chooses a gourd with a round body and a natural handle. A disk is cut from the body, the meat is taken from the gourd, the shell is carefully dried, and you have a dipper that will last for months, perhaps for years. Spoons of excellent shape and durability may be made from the gourd, as also cream skimmers and the like.

Indifferent to American Customs.

Wide awake as the Chinese merchants of New York are to the value of trade among their own people, they feel or affect a cold indifference as to dealings with the "foreign devils" among whom they live. A Chinese merchant from whom a white man sought to buy a pair of Chinese shoes showed three or four pairs with no sign of interest, and finally when the customer wished to see others, answered: "No more," and prepared to give his attention to other matters. Most of the Chinese merchants in the Bowery region disregard ordinary American methods of attracting customers, and the suggestion that purchases be sent home for the purchaser ordinarily disregarded. The advent of a white man into a Chinese shop is received with mild curiosity by the Oriental loungers, but seems a matter of small interest to the merchant.

LET love seal upon his own; for though it has been said that Orpheus could not fail to find Eurydice in hades, no one may know how long he sought.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

NEAR Crawfordsville, Mrs. Moreland Binford and baby, and Mrs. Ramey were out driving, and the horse taking fright at a dog, ran away. Mrs. Binford was driving, and Mrs. Ramey took the baby by the dress, and reaching over the side of the buggy let the baby drop to the ground. The buggy was afterwards dashed to pieces, and both ladies badly injured. The babe was found lying in the street, and had suffered but little injury.

INDIANA G. A. R. are working for ex-Gov. Ira B. Chase for next commander-in-chief.

GEO. SHARP, a well-known young man at Peru, was caught by a caving sand bank and imbedded up to the eyes for nearly two hours. He will die.

JOHN HIGGINS, a farmer residing five miles south of Muncie, attempted to commit suicide while out horseback riding. He took off his suspenders, tied one end to a limb, the other to his neck, and then whipped the horse from under him. His daughter saw and rescued him.

WHILE the people were returning from the reunion of the Watermelon brigade near Noblesville, a runaway occurred in which eleven persons were thrown out and somewhat injured. It was only by a miracle that the injuries were not more widespread.

JOHN ROBERTS' two-year-old daughter found a can of concentrated lye and drank a large quantity of the lye. The babe's mouth, lips and throat were horribly burned while the awful drug slowly ate its life away. It died at an early hour the other morning in terrible agony.

THE stables at the Connersville driving park were totally destroyed by fire. Nine horses perished and the total loss is estimated at \$7,000, with insurance of \$1,500. The stables will be rebuilt and the races will come off September 12, as originally intended.

MOSES CONWAY, aged 50 years, a farmer and stock dealer, fell from a second-story window at Richmond, the other night, and broke his neck.

A BLACK beetle has made its appearance in Wayne county. It is of about the same shape but far more destructive than the Colorado potato bug, from the fact that it attacks almost every species of vegetation.

THE O'Brien Wagon works, of Lafayette, have gone under. Liabilities, \$100,000.

FIVE more insurance companies have been blacklisted at Indianapolis for not complying with the law.

FIRE the other day destroyed all the buildings at the Wabash fair grounds. ALBERT SPICKMAN, aged fifteen, was kicked to death by a stallion at Tell City.

ELEANOR MULLEN, alias Katie Fay, sent to the state reformatory by the Indianapolis police court for non-payment of fine and detained many months without color of law, has been ordered released by the criminal court. The mother of the girl will sue for heavy damages.

MR. and MRS. JAMES LYNCH, of Muncie, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the Delaware county poor-house a few days ago. They are each aged over 90 years, and Superintendent Watson had prepared for them a special spread. They have been inmates of the infirmary for nearly forty years.

D. O. JACKSON, a prominent odd fellow and city clerk died at his home in Decatur the other evening, after a long and painful illness.

A LARGE stable, with five mules, at Fairview mine, near Brazil, was destroyed by fire. Incendiary.

A COMPANY of Chicago and New York capitalists is being organized by Lieut-Gov. Mortimer Nye to build a railroad from Laporte to Chicago via Westville and Valparaiso. Gov. Nye says the road is assured.

WHILE bathing in Spring creek, four miles west of Columbia City, Stephens Paig, aged 15, was drowned. He could not swim and got beyond his depth.

THERE is a litter of seven pigs on the farm of Thos. Hornbeck, near St. Croix, four of which have six legs each, while one has feet like a dog.

MIKE SHEA, Pat and Reddy Duffy, fought over a package of cigarettes, at Muncie. The scrap ended in Pat shooting Shea through the breast. The shooter escaped.

FRANK VEERKAMP stole away from a happy picnic party, at Milhausen, went swimming and was drowned.

THE Tipton barn burners now threaten to turn their attention to residences.

THE ice houses of the Schmidt brewery at Indianapolis burned a few days ago.

GOV. MATTHEWS has issued a proclamation designating August 22 as the date for holding a general hoosier convention under the name of "Indiana day" at the World's fair. Gov. Matthews says it is expected that there will be a very large attendance at the convention, which will not be held in the Indiana building, as might be supposed, but in some hall not yet designated. The speakers for the occasion will be ex-President Harrison, Gen. Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley and numerous other distinguished Hoosiers.

SAM KNIGHT, colored, who was shot to pieces on the C. & B. railroad, just north of Mitchell, the other evening, is dead. He had fired a shot into a gang of colored workmen, so infuriating them that they turned upon him and shot him full of holes.

THE state board of tax commissioners met a few days ago in annual session, all the members being present. The first fifteen days of the session will be given to the railroads and corporations, the second fifteen to appeals, and the remaining ten days to general business. Auditor of State Henderson reports that seventy-four railroad cases have been filed with the board.

FLORA, the pretty young wife of Clarence Minor, of Muncie, attempted suicide with three ounces of laudanum. Dr. Jackson saved her.

At Valparaiso, Henry Myers, a farmer, was terribly beaten by tramps, who also robbed him of \$100.

HE WANTED THE CORRECT TIME.

The Old Man from Willow Patch Had a Mission on the World's Fair Grounds.

The Columbian guard thought he must be crazy and possibly the Columbian guard was justified in so thinking. He had long chin whiskers and a smooth-shaven upper lip. His eyes were apparently fixed on something above one of the buildings, and in his hand he held an enormous silver watch.

"What are you trying to do?" asked the guard.

"You 'tend to your business an' I'll 'tend to mine," was the prompt response.

"You'll lose that eight-day clock," suggested the guard, facetiously.

"Well, that's nothin' to you," retorted the old man, finally bringing his eyes down to earth and looking at the guard. "I'm more'n twenty-one an' I know what I'm doin'."

"You don't act like it," said the guard. "I think I'd better take you in, anyway, for a lunatic."

"You ain't smart enough. One of them three-card Monte Carlo men tried to take me in an' got fooled. But see in 'as you're so all-fired smart I'll jest tell you what I'm doin', an' then you can mossey along. I told the old woman before I left Willow Patch, down near Kankakee, that I'd bring her home the correct time. She ain't got no confidence in the town clock an' wanted the time right from this here time ball on the world's fair grounds, an' I been sittin' here nigh onto half an hour so's not to miss it when it drops. When it goes I'll just set the old watch an' go home to—"

He looked up again and saw that the ball had already fallen. He started for the Columbian guard, but thought better of it. "That's the second time some darn fool has come along an' got me talkin' an' the ball's got away from me," he said. "Now I've got to stay over another day, and try it again. I'll be here to-morrow 'bout the same time, lookin' the same way, with the old silver watch in my hand, an' if you see me you'd better go 'round the other side of the building, 'cause I'm goin' to get that time to-morrow if I have to lick every guard on the grounds."—Chicago Tribune.

THE GREAT CLOCK TOWER.

Wonderful Timepiece with Neither Main-spring Nor Pendulum.

The great clock tower in the Manufactures building commands the wonder and admiration of every visitor. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, has four seven-foot dials seventy feet above the main floor of the building and contains a complete chime of nine sweet-toned bells, weighing fourteen thousand pounds. The mechanism of this great timepiece is vastly different from the ordinary town clock which surmounts the courthouse, church or public school at the home of the rural visitor. It comprises the latest horological inventions and is part of a system of more than two hundred self-winding clocks which are all controlled and regulated by the master clock in the pavilion.

The great tower clock is part of the exhibit of a large clock company, of New York. The self-winding clock in its simplest form consists of an ordinary train from the center arbor to the escapement—the other arbors and wheels and the mainspring being omitted—a fine spring six feet long and .006 of an inch in thickness, attached at its inner end to the arbor and at its outer end to the spring barrel. A small electric motor concealed in the clock case carries the spring barrel once around, thereby storing sufficient energy in the spring to run the clock an hour. As a result of the frequent winding and reduction of friction the power required to run a self-winding clock is only one forty-sixth part of that used in ordinary clocks. The motor will run a year without attention at a cost of less than twenty-five cents. The master clock at the pavilion synchronizes all the clocks throughout the exposition grounds and buildings by an hourly electrical impulse which instantly corrects every clock to the second.

The fact that the company produces an accurate tower clock which will operate perfectly without reference to the steadiness of the tower or the location of the controlling clock is leading to the introduction of the electric tower clock in many places where the ordinary weight and pendulum clock would be impracticable.

FOR PUBLIC COMFORT.

The Beautiful and Well-Managed Parlors at the Terminal Station.

There is one delightful resort at the fair that deserves to become better known, as it surely will if the present management continues. This is the department of public comfort in the terminal station. There are other branches of this department, but they do not approach it in the perfection of its management and the satisfaction to the public. Decidedly the coolest place upon the grounds, these great, high, airy parlors, with their inviting easy chairs and rockers, luxurious carpets and draperies and general atmosphere of rest and elegance, invite weary sightseers to "come again," which they generally do, and bring their friends. Retiring-rooms with easy couches where ladies may rest, with trained maids in attendance, all as free as the lake breeze which rustles through the parlors and plays around the tall pillars, inspire a feeling of gratitude in every tired visitor that there is one place upon the ground where quiet retirement, perfect rest and every needed delicate attention is to be had for the asking. The prettiest souvenirs of the fair are for sale here, but the visitor is never importuned to buy, and the entire conduct of the "terminal parlors" is such as to counteract to a large degree the bad impression made by the catchpenny devices and exorbitant money-grabbing schemes to be found at every turn within the grounds. The secret of the rapidly-growing popularity of the elegant parlors of public comfort in the terminal station is found in the management, which is vested in two or three ladies who are prominently known in Chicago and who are in constant attendance.