Richmond Palladium.

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THE OTHER SIDE.

Samuel W. Allerton, one of the most prominent citizens of Chicago, had the following communication in yesterday's Chicago Tribune:

I was down in the country last week and an old farmer asked me this question: "How many of the professors and orators who were speaking against trusts had ever built up any industry that gave labor employment and promoted interests which made this great nation?"

He said he had always noticed when railroads and manufacturers were successful the farmer always got a good price for his cattle and hogs and general farm products. If a hundred manufacturers were in hot competition, the only one who succeeded would be the one who was most able to reduce wages to the lowest point.

As long as the country is prosperous it would take a great many professors to convince the farmers that organized capital and labor were an evil.

There is a deal of good horse sense in what that farmer said. There are possibilities of evil in trusts and what the outcome of the present trust boom may be no one can foretell. But there is nothing to be gained by a blind and unreasoning stampede." It is undoubtedly a fact that a large proportion of the men who are at the head of these combinations, called trusts, are the same men who have built up the large industries of this country and who have given and are still giving the bulk of lucrative employment to its laboring element. It is no doubt true, too, as the farmer suggests, that the merciless competition between manufacturers had the tendency to cut down the price of labor and that combination will have the tendency to hold the price up. To accomplish this end is claimed to be the prime object of these industrial combinations and up to the present date there has certainly nothing occurred to disprove their claim. That the promoters themselves expect to make money goes without saying. They are not posing as mere philanthropists.

Richmond has furnished a striking illustration of the fact cited by the farmer that the organizers of these combinations are the men who have built up the industries of this country and made this a great nation in which labor receives the highest reward in the world. We refer to Daniel G. Reid who is at the head of the great tin plate industry which gives employment to many thousands of men at wages ranging from $2 to $14 per day. A comparatively few years ago the money that is now being paid by this combination to American workmen went into the pockets of employes in foreign factories and money was drawn out of this country besides to pay for imported tin plate. Now the situation is reversed. This great industry has been enabled not only to give lucrative employment to an army of American working men but also to force its goods into European markets in competition with their own production. Mr. Reid who is at the head of this so called trust is a fair sample of the men who are leading spirits in all of them. He has made a fortune and is richly entitled to it. In making it he has distributed many fortunes among working men and has maintained hundreds of happy homes. No doubt he has accomplished far more good for this country than all the anti-trust screamers in the Chicago conference together. And he has not done this without taking chances and sustaining losses that would have discouraged small-bore financiers. He sunk thousands of dollars right here in Richmond trying to promote local industries while curbstone bankers who had more money but less public spirit and philanthropy stood by, with their hands on their pocket-books, and croaked. Of the money he has since made he has given more to Richmond charities and philanthropic enterprises than all the local croakers together, notwithstanding the fact that he is no longer a citizen of our town.

Such facts it would be well for the public to consider at this time when it has become the popular fad to howl indiscriminately at what are called trusts. "Show me your company and I'll tell you who you are," is an old and a wise adage. In estimating the probable injury the country may sustain from these industrial combinations it is but reasonable and sensible to take into account the character of the men at the head of them.

The Dreyfus incident is about closed. After his pardon Dreyfus will no doubt retire to England where there is comparatively no anti-semite feeling.

HAGERSTOWN.

Prof. Clark Wissler and wife are here on a visit.

Rev. Warbington is building a barn on the lot he recently purchased.

Will Wimmer will close out his stock of groceries and start a cigar factory.

Frank Weaver, a brakeman on the Lake Erie, is at home caring for a mashed hand. It was caught between the bumpers.

Florence Knaup, aged 14, was taken to Indianapolis to be operated on for a tumor. She died a few hours after the operation.

Two of our leading people will be married on Tuesday, September 19th. Hence Prof. Ault will be a father-in-law.

Frank and Harry Ault of Chicago are here for a few days' visit to the old home.

Dr. Shiltneck was on the sick list last week.

Tom Murray's child was buried last Sunday. Aged four months.

Rev. Warbington in his sermon last Sunday referred in strong language to a gambling den carried on in our town.

George Dick will rebuild his mill that was burned down last spring.

HOME STORIES.

S. W. Gillilan.

HADN'T HEARD OF DEWEY.

There is in this city at least one person who is none the wiser and none the prouder for the great feat performed by Admiral Dewey and his fleet in Manila bay on the first day of May, 1898. That person is a woman in one of the humbler walks of life. Some days ago a gentleman who was conversing with her, let fall the remark that he would like to be in New York City when Dewey arrived.

"Dewey! What did he do?" asked the bewildered woman.

"What!" said the gentleman, "don't you know about Dewey, the man who blew up the ship in Manila bay over a year ago?"

"He did!" What they goin' t' do—hang him fur it?"

And the man went away discouraged, and muttering:

"Such is fame!"

THE FUNERAL EMBLEM BOY.

There is in this office and attached thereto a boy with a fad. This is not a common case of a common boy with a common fad; but an uncommon case of an uncommon boy with an uncommon fad. The fad is not the collection of stamps, tobacco tags, coffee wrappers, post marks or anything of that mild, civilized or educational nature. It is rather one of grisly, uncanny, shivery order; one that would make the common devotee of the common fad shiver as if a cake of ice had been dropped inside his shirt. This boy's fad is the collection of coffin ornaments and the decoration of everything within reach with the ghastly tokens. There are little nickled sheaves of wheat reap-hooks, bunches of lilies of the valley, crosses, crowns, broken wheels, etc., fastened all over all the compositors' cases and everything in reach of this cheerful horrifier, and even his own suspenders and lapels are gaudy with the suggestions and reminders of unhappiness. There is nothing of irreverence or foolhardiness in the spirit in which the collection and disbursement of these hair-raisers are made, but the boy gathers and treasures them with all the zeal and earnestness and cheerful seriousness of a society lady hugging her pet dog while the nurse takes care of the baby.

If anyone knows of a worse fad than this, now is the time to subscribe.

CENTERVILLE.

James C. Dearth and family left Monday to spend the week in Indianapolis.

Samuel Sell has bought of Osca Paddock his eight acres of land one-half mile north of Abington, paying $700 cash.

Mrs. Florence Vogel of Indianapolis spent Sunday with friends here.

Will Dunkle has moved his jewelry establishment into the room lately bought of Rob Wharton. Also, Dunkle & Bertsch have moved their laundry into the same building.

Robert Wharton will move to Cambridge City this week.

O. S. Hill has bought of Solomon Morgan his hack line running daily between here and Richmond, carrying freight and passengers, leaving Centerville at 7 a. m., arriving in Richmond at 8, leaving Richmond at 11 and arriving at Centerville at 12 m. All business entrusted to Mr. Hill will be carefully attended to.

O. K. Dunbar is taking in the state fair.

Centerville skating rink opens Saturday night with a full bill of attractions. Good music, new skates; everything will be conducted in first-class style under the management of Albert Cappeller, Cale King and Billy Matthews.

Glen Hoggett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoggett, is seriously sick with typhoid fever.

Dr. C. J. Woods is on the sick list.

Judge W. A. Peelle and his daughter, Miss Mattie, will spend the winter in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jenkins celebrated their fiftieth marriage anniversary Tuesday.

Jacob A Gates was kicked by a horse Thursday, and is suffering from a broken rib as a result.

Five new members were added to the M. E. church congregation Sunday night.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: 'I was taken with typhoid fever that ran into pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak that I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and lung trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1. Trial bottle free at A. G. Luken & Co.'s drug store; every bottle guaranteed. 2

Preble County Fair Excursions via Pennsylvania Lines

September 25th to 29th inclusive, low rate non-transferable excursion tickets will be sold to Eaton from Hamilton, Richmond, etc., for the fair, good returning Saturday, September 30.

C. W. ELMER, Passenger Ticket Agent.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Bad Men Are Cowards.

Every Desperado Seems to Meet His Match at Last.

Hank Moore, a noted Texas ranger, declares that the desperado has never lived who was not at some time afraid of some other desperado, and there are black spots on the records of them all. He has a wide acquaintance with men of the trigger, and in support of his theory instances four incidents in the lives of four of the most celebrated killers the Mexican-American frontier has known. Two of these men never saw the other two, and yet the story of their defeats makes a chain. They were connected in a way, and if the spooks of them meet in the half world and compare notes they will have an interesting time. The four concerned were Clint Haworth, Bill Longley, King Fisher and Manuel Estrada. All of them died by steel or shot or rope, but they did not kill each other.

Clint Haworth is believed to have been a native of southern Mississippi, says a

LOOKING INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SIX SHOOTER

Texas correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He came to Texas in 1876, leaving in the states to the east a score of which any professional man killer ought to be proud. His total kills were five negroes and two white men, and he was not then 30 years old. It is thought that he came out west because his own country had grown too hot.

In November, 1879, Haworth attended a country dance in Panola county, near the river. At this dance was a young stranger who had come out of the west, a slender, blue eyed fellow, with a thin, aquiline nose, prominent cheek bones and a drooping, yellow mustache that hid a thin lipped mouth running straight across his face like a gash. This was Bill Longley, already six times a killer in his own section and destined in the next two years to become one of the most celebrated slayers of the southwest.

He did not know Haworth, and Haworth did not know him. There is a peculiar antagonism, however, between men of this class. Drawn by some force of which they are unconscious, they get together invariably, no matter what the size of the crowd. About 10 o'clock Haworth, pretty drunk, and Longley, cold sober, were conversing in a corner of the room, while the dancers occupied the center of the floor. The talk began about horses. It went from horses to women and from women to weapons. From weapons it went to the use of weapons and some argument as to the respective merits of the talkers. An instant thereafter Haworth fell at full length. He had been struck in the mouth. He leaped up, the blood welling through his red beard, and when he gained his feet he was looking into the muzzle of a cocked six shooter within a foot of his face.

He did not speak, and his hands went up as if they had been jerked by strings. His eyes were half closed, and he trembled slightly. Longley leaned forward and repeatedly jammed the muzzle of the pistol against the man's lips and cheeks. Slowly he was backed to the door, the savage six shooter denting his flesh with every step. He was taken in this fashion to his horse and made to mount. Longley told him that if he was found in the county the next day he would be killed. He rode away in the dark, still silent and thoroughly cowed. Despite his undeniable bravery he left Panola county that night filled with a blind, dumb terror of his conqueror. Haworth was stabbed to death in New Mexico in 1883.

In the next year Longley killed seven men in eastern Texas. Three months after his arrival in that region his business became pretty well known to the people. He was a hold up man, and his specialty was stagecoaches, buckboards that carried one or two passengers and country stores. Early in 1880 he went west for awhile and in a barroom in Victoria met King Fisher, whose reputation was then at its height. Fisher was born in Goliad county, and his right name was John King. He was slender, like Longley, but of an olive complexion. His eyes were dark blue and his mustache black. His face was exceedingly handsome, and he was one of the most expert as well as one of the most graceful riders the west has ever known. He assumed the name of Fisher when he left his native county. There was a good deal of the romantic and debonair about him, and a history of his exploits would fill a book.

His trail and Longley's had not crossed until their Victoria meeting. But they knew each other by hearsay, and there could be but one result of the meeting. They drank together and took cigars together, and had another drink and squared off for a talk, each leaning an elbow on the counter and noticing every movement of a finger. From the first it seemed that Fisher's personality had a depressing effect upon Longley. Something that the fearless scoundrel could not explain or understand was tugging at his heartstrings, and as the apparently purposeless conversation went on he grew whiter and whiter under his tan. He knew that in a quarter of an hour the test would come, and he did not feel himself fitted for it. He had often desired the meeting and had pictured to himself the addition to his reputation to come from Fisher's death. The opportunity was at hand, and he could not rise to it.

"Well," he said at last, in a weak effort to stave off the final moment, "let's have another."

The liquor was served, and as he reached for his glass his hand shook. At that moment Fisher grabbed him by his yellow mustache and gave it a savage tug, yanking his head around. Longley faced him for a moment, stammering, but made no motion to draw his weapon. Then Fisher slapped him twice with the open hand, the blows sounding through the room. The barkeeper had ducked under the counter, and two or three loungers had crowded into a far corner to be out of harm's way. Longley made no resistance. He said only pleadingly:

"Don't do that, King; don't do that."

Fisher reached under the cowed wretch's coat, took his six shooter from its scabbard, extracted the cartridges, threw the weapon on the counter and called to the barkeeper, with a laugh:

"Give me some wine on this here. It's the great Bill Longley's pistol."

He drank a pint of champagne slowly, looked at his foeman and swaggered out. The barkeeper offered Longley the pistol, but he would not take it, saying that he was not man enough to keep it. Half an hour later he was on his horse, weaponless and headed eastward. He went back to the Sabine country and a year later was hanged for murder.

King Fisher owned a ranch in Uvalde county, and it was just 30 miles from his front door to the border town of Eagle Pass, then containing a population of 1,500, not counting a small army post, Fort Duncan, which stood a mile south of it. Three miles west of Fisher's house the main county road forked. One prong ran by his front door, the other ran two miles to the rear of his home, making a considerable detour. They joined again three miles farther on. At the fork Fisher nailed a board on a tree bearing the legend:

"Take the right hand road. The other is King Fisher's road."

For two years he actually forced every man in Uvalde and Dimmitt counties who traveled that route to go two miles out of his way. Violation of the order meant shooting and probably death. Nor was there any one or this hardy frontier population bold enough to bell the cat.

One night in an Eagle Pass monte room his luck had gone against him, and he was irritable. Finally he made some remark reflecting upon the honesty of the dealer. Sitting next to him was a

MANUEL PRESSED HIS DAGGER AGAINST FISHER'S THROAT.

Mexican named Manuel Estrada, who came from Piedras Negras. Without a word Manuel rose, drew a dagger, pressed the point of it against Fisher's throat, first tilting back his chin with his hand, forced him to arise, backed him through the door to the sidewalk, disarmed him, ordered him to mount his horse and leave town, and he saw that he did it. All the time he was pouring forth upon Fisher every objurgation and form of abuse of which the Spanish language is capable. Nor did the desperado utter a word of protest. He cringed like a beaten hound. His nerve seemed to melt, turn to water and run away from him. He became a reformed character, was made a deputy sheriff, proved singularly efficient in hunting down criminals, many of whom had been his companions, and was killed along with Ben Thompson in Jack Harris' theater in San Antonio in 1884 not because he was drunk or dangerous, but because he was in bad company.

The Hug Pleased Him.

"See that man?" said the clerk of an up town hotel to me this evening as a handsome, middle aged man strolled through the lobby. "That is the president of the —— Life Insurance company. He married his stenographer last spring. It was quite a romance. He and the girl and his office boy were coming down in the elevator in the insurance building one afternoon when the stenographer saw a mouse on the boy's shoulder. She threw her arms around the president's neck and screamed to him to protect her. The mouse cowered in a corner until the elevator reached the bottom floor and then escaped, the girl holding the president all the time. Well, he liked the sensation of being hugged by a pretty girl so much that he married her a few weeks afterward."

"And what became of the office boy?" I asked.

"Oh, he has a desk in the office at a good salary now and is in line to be president in due time," answered the clerk carelessly.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Proprisors, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Like diamonds raindrops glisten." Drops of Hood's Sarsaparilla are precious jewels for the blood which glisten in their use. 1

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills cure Neuralgia.

Headache bad? Get Dr. Miles' Pain Pills

Two Facts About Arbuckles' Coffee

It has set the standard of quality for all competitors for the last thirty years. The strongest claim any competitor can make is that his coffee is "just as good as Arbuckles'."

THREE CONCLUSIONS

The best Coffee is Arbuckles'. The only Coffee to buy is Arbuckles'. The right thing is to insist on having Arbuckles'.

No. 72 A School Bag. 14 inches wide, 10 inches deep, made of handsome colored netting. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 74. Noiseless Spring Tape Measure. Sixty inches long, nickel-plated metal case, well-finished. It can be carried in the vest pocket. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2c. postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 76 Lady's Belt Buckle. Silver plated artistic design. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 8 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 78 An Album of Illustrated Natural History. Fifty colored pictures of Animals selected for their beauty and rarity. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 80 A Spring Balance Scale.

Will weigh from one ounce to 24 pounds. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 3 cent postage stamp and 200 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

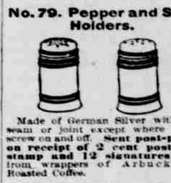
No. 73. Scholars' Companion. A most useful article for school children. Highly polished wooden box with lock and key, containing lead pencil, pen holder, rule and rubber. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 15 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 75. A Fifty Foot Measuring Tape.

A very useful article in the household on the farm. Brass case, nickel plated linen tape fifty feet long. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 13 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 77. Telescope Drinking Cup. This article is prevented from falling apart by its unique construction. Nickel-plated and highly finished. Enclosed in embossed nickel cover no larger than an ordinary watch when telescoped, when extended holds as much as a coffee cup. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 13 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 79. Pepper and Salt Holders.



Made of German Silver without seam or joint except where tops screw on and off. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 12 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 81 Men's Suspenders.

Elastic Web Suspenders, durable, neat, well mounted. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 16 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 82 Barber Swing Strop.

A double strop, one of leather and one of canvas, bound together. Length, 22 inches, width, two inches, trimmings nickel plated. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 12 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 83 A Table Cover.

Handsome cloth, variegated figured pattern with fringe, 32 inches. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

Any one Book of the following List will be sent post-paid on receipt of a 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from the wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 84 A ONE NIGHT MYSTERY, and two other great Detective Stories, by "OLD SLEUTH."
No. 85 ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL BACHELOR, by CLARA AUGUSTA. A mirth provoking story.
No. 86 TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE. A Novel, by MRS. MARY J. HOLMES. The most popular female writer of fiction of the age.
No. 87 THE SUNNYSIDE COOK BOOK, by MRS. JENNIE HARLAN. This is one of the most comprehensive, common sense Cook Books ever published.
No. 88 OLD SECRETS AND NEW DISCOVERIES. This book tells the reader out of the beaten tracks of knowledge, and will be found both entertaining and useful.
No. 89 THREE THOUSAND THINGS WORTH KNOWING, by H. NEWELL, author of "Moore's Universal Assistant." This book is an encyclopedia of highly useful information in condensed form.
No. 90 THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, and other stories—by RUDYARD KIPLING.

No. 91 The First Prayer.

A beautiful imported Picture 15x20 inches in size. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 92 The First Kiss

A beautiful imported picture 18x20 inches in size. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 93 Two Is Company.

The original was painted by Percy Moran. This reproduction in 14 printers is a genuine work of art. Size 18½x25½ inches. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 94. A Basket of Beauties. A magnificent picture of Roses by Paul de Longpre, the great painter of flowers. We believe this to be one of the handsomest

flower pictures ever offered to the public. It is 16½x25½ inches in size. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 95 Three Beautiful Flower Pictures. Each measuring 9½x17 inches. The titles are "Summer Fragrance," "A Vase of Lilies," and "Fresh and Sweet." These three pictures all go together, and will be sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 5 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 96. Noah's Ark. A menagerie, consisting of 12 pairs of Animals—Elephants, Camels, Deer, Horses, Cattle, Donkeys, Goats, Lions, Bears, Tigers, Dogs and Cats. Each pair is coupled and stands alone. They are lithographed in many colors on heavy cardboard, cut out and embossed. Every feature of the Animals is distinctly shown. The elephants are 7 inches high and 10 inches long, and the other Animals are proportionately large. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 97. Eighty-one Gold Eyed Needles.

Put up in a pretty morocco case, assorted sizes, and made by the best English manufacturers. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 98 Hair Pin Cabinet

A metal box lithographed in colors, containing One Hundred Hair Pins, assorted sizes and styles; straight, crimped and invisible. The different styles are in separate compartments. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 99 A Pocket Mirror and Comb. Set in neat leather combination case, with white metal frame. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 7 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 100 Safety Pin Book Contains twenty-four nickel-plated Safety-Pins three sizes which enter the shields from either side, requiring no guiding when being secured or released. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 8 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

This is a picture of the Signature on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee Wrapper, which you are to cut out and send to us as a voucher.

No other part of the Coffee Wrapper will be accepted as a voucher, nor will this Picture be accepted as such.

Arbuckle Bros

SOME OF OUR SIGNATURES ARE PRINTED ON THE BACKGROUND.

This represents one page of a List which is found in each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and with each package in which the List is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the List, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. as a voucher, in accordance with the directions printed in connection with each item illustrated and described in the List. This List will be kept good only till May 31, 1900. Another page of this List will appear in this paper shortly.

Address all communications to ARBUCKLE BROS., NOTION DEPT., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER OF THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

Little Girls and Their Hair—The Story of Aprons—The Artistic Temperament—Sarah Bernhardt—Married In a Sheet.

Joaquin Miller's mother is quite as notable a figure in some ways as the Poet of the Sierras himself. She is 84 years old and as hale as a woman 25 years her junior, is active and deeply interested in practical gardening. She is intensely fond of her son and proud of his attainments, but she likes him best in the guise of the farmer.

"This is what I call my man with the hoe," she will say as she shows the visitor to her home in the California valley a picture of her son standing with the farming implement in his hand. "That picture was taken a long time before Markham wrote his poem, and it is only since that work appeared that I have given the picture a name. I have been told that this was caught by a snap shot artist just as Joaquin was about to break into my garden and cut down some weeds with his hoe, when every good gardener knows that weeds ought to be pulled up

MRS MILLER.

by the roots. I certainly never taught him to do anything like that, and I reckon the lesson he got when I found it out will teach him never to indulge in such pranks again."

Mrs. Miller's admiration for her son's work rests primarily on portrayal of scenes with which she is personally acquainted and in which she, to a certain extent, took part. His verbal pictures of the long journey across the continent by the familiar prairie schooner route by which she reached the Pacific coast she most enjoys.

They serve to recall the days gone by, and the scenes that were then part of her daily life, but which have passed into the grave, she cannot forget. That is why she loves them.

She is a plain old soul and cares for nothing beyond her son and her garden. Nothing delights her more than to chat on one or the other.

"Strange, isn't it, that my potatoes thrive the best of anything in my garden, when, as a matter of fact, I like potatoes the least of all vegetables?" she will ask you, looking earnestly into your face.

"Potatoes don't show their keeping and bringing up like most other things," continued Mrs. Miller, "and that's one thing that makes me prejudiced, I suppose.

"Now, there's that corn out there, with its broad, dark leaves that look like cavalry sabers bent the wrong way. Just look what a brave show the corn makes, yet it isn't a comparison to the potatoes in the matter of production.

"My garden is not so good this season as it was formerly, yet, such as it is, it is all the result of my own work. But I had to pay the penalty, too, for I have been seized with a touch of rheumatism in consequence. However, it's worth the price to me, since nothing else seems to afford me so much contentment as watching my cucumbers, melons, squashes, radishes, string beans and other garden truck grow from the seed to be ready for the table. Some might think it hard work, but it has never seemed so to me."

In her quiet way she will talk of her daily cares. Her house on the heights overlooking the Joaquin valley is a picturesque place. It is just such a place the recollection of which would call forth a song of the "wan moon" and "the land of the midnight sun" from a wanderer who has deserted it for the frozen north as Miller did.

A more graceful sight than the little home affords could not be imagined, nor could a woman be found who is more in accord with such surroundings than Joaquin Miller's mother.

Little Girls and Their Hair.

The arrangement and care of the little girl's hair has long been a source of anxious thought to the loving mother. A wise woman no longer clips her little daughter's hair, nor keeps it short all through her school days. She lets it grow in the natural soft ringlets that seldom come in after years, and relies on her skill and care to maintain a luxurious growth. She brushes the tender hair carefully every day, making it soft and glossy by this process. The beauty points are trained by painstaking labor. If the hair is scant about the brow, then a little cocoa butter is rubbed in. She uses no washes or bleaches, but lets nature take care of the color herself.

It is a mistake not to change the dressing of a child's hair frequently. A part must not be allowed to become too wide, yet the hair must be parted at times to prevent its becoming untractable.

For very little girls the "granny curls" are about the daintiest way of arranging the tresses. The hair is parted, and a curl on either side is tied with some delicate shade of baby ribbon. The curls fall forward over the ears, forming a most delicate and fitting frame for the wee baby face.

The girl who is a little older wears her hair in a pompadour not unlike her mother's. It is tied with a black bow, and the ends are neatly braided into the long braid, which hangs down her back.

Often a very plain little girl may be made quite pretty by a studied arrangement of her hair. If her hair is dressed quaintly, it will improve her immensely.

The artists are responsible for many of the styles of fixing children's hair. They paint their little daughters with some artistically or fantastically arranged mop, and quickly the mothers adopt the style for their own darlings.

Mothers at the summer resorts often do up the soft curls in a wee knob at the top of the head. This is cool and extremely quaint looking. Sometimes the hair is drawn up high and tied with baby ribbon, while the loose ends float unrestrained.

A child's hair should be washed every two weeks at least. A good shampoo and a simple one is as follows:

Melt a cake of pure olive oil soap in a quart of boiling water. When the soap is dissolved, the result will be almost a jelly. Take of this jelly, say, two large tablespoonfuls and a small lump of common washing soda about the size of a filbert. First wet the hair thoroughly with hot water, then rub the shampoo mixture well into the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several waters, and then carefully dry.—Woman's Life.

The Story of Aprons.

The word "apron" should really be called "napperon," the old French word for napkin, from the French "nappe," a tablecloth. It is said that in many villages in England the word "napperon" is still used. Aprons are of extreme antiquity and appear to have been worn from the days of Eve. In the thirteenth century aprons were worn by the upper classes as an ornamental addition to the dress. Leathern aprons had been worn previously by blacksmiths, the type being similar to that of the present day.

Chaucer speaks in his "Canterbury Tales" of an apron worn by the carpenter's wife in "The Miller's Tale" as being full of many a "gore," these "gores" being either plaits or honeycomb smocking. From this time to the sixteenth century the use of the apron was chiefly confined to the middle class housewife, but after then the dames of high degree again took them into use. Of fine texture, fringed or edged with lace, ornamented with more or less stitchery of quaint device, it may be inferred that aprons of this nature were usually very costly articles of apparel.

In the time of William III and Mary, aprons were richly decorated with needlework, gold lace and spangles. When small, they were usually edged with fine, costly lace. They were worn under the pointed bodice, and sometimes the stomacher matched them in color. Later on they were worn very long and quite plain, sometimes fringed at the end, but without lace or ornament. White muslin or lawn was the material used, and even ladies of quality appeared at assemblies of fashion in such aprons, which were worn, somewhat shortened, on full dress occasions until the end of the eighteenth century.

During the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria most ladies wore aprons made of black silk or black satin, variously decorated, often embroidered and trimmed round the edge with lace. Many old ladies still adhere to this custom, but ornamental aprons are not now greatly worn, though they were in vogue from 1870 to 1885, when art needlework designs were applied to them. Cooking aprons are usually of holland, bound with scarlet or white braid. They should be of ample size as regards both bib and apron proper. A pocket is also very desirable. —Lady.

The Artistic Temperament.

There is a woman here in town who simply loathes the artistic temperament. There was a time when all her friends wotted well that it was not thus with her. She admired the artistic temperament in the abstract and she beamed on it in the concrete. In the concrete it took the form of a gentleman of Latin birth and possessed of a beautiful voice. Like many song birds, however, he required a deal of coaxing before he would consent to warble. The lady who admired the artistic temperament invited him to her house one evening last spring while he was in Washington. She had prepared the daintiest of suppers, and there was wine of several colors. The man with the voice was in great good humor as he sat at the table.

"I will sing," he said. "I will sing my best."

Just then some one handed him a bottle of wine.

"Here," he said, and filled his glass, filled it so carelessly that the red wine spilled on the cloth. The singer dipped his fingers in the tiny pool and touched his throat with the wine. After that he moistened his fingers again and put them into his pocket.

"We do so in my country," he explained. "We spill wine—we touch our throats and our pockets. Then we sing divinely—divinely, and money comes to our pockets. It is for good luck. I spill always wine when I want to sing well."

It was the hostess' very best tablecloth, however, and, the artistic sense being in every rightly made woman, subordinate to the housewifely instinct, she—well, for this and other reasons she beams no longer on the artistic temperament in the concrete, nor does she speak of her admiration for it in the abstract.—Washington Post.

Sarah Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt's earlier years are especially rich in personal reminiscences. A writer in a Manchester paper tells us that at 5 she jumped out of a window in her desire to run to meet her mother in a manner more expeditious than that offered by the staircase, and at 7 she escaped from school and induced all her school fellows to follow her lead. Strange to say it, it was some years before Sarah Bernhardt had even an inkling of that passion for her profession by which she was afterward to be possessed. The late M. Sarcey divined her immense gifts and was never tired of proclaiming them. In 1871 he wrote: "It would be impossible to be more naively poetic than is this young woman, who will become a great actress and who is already an admirable artist. She is a creature of sweetness and beauty. Is she pretty? It is impossible to say. She is slight of form, and her face is sad, but she possesses a sovereign grace, a penetrating charm, that something that cannot be defined. She is a born artist and an incomparable artist."

During her earlier triumphs Bernhardt was perpetually haunted by the idea of death. It was this besetting notion that caused her to have her coffin made and placed at the foot of her bed. The shell, which bore her initials and her motto, "Quand Meme," was lined with white satin and held the letters on which she set most store and her dearest souvenirs. Fed by this incident, which became known, the popular imagination was soon busy with the doings of the favorite actress, who was credited, without a shadow of reason, with the strangest fancies and the most extravagant caprices.

The Old Lady's Favorite Color.

Entering a music shop the other day a Welsh miner who had lately come into a considerable sum of money asked the price of a grand piano. He was told it was $750.

He bought it. A fortnight after he returned for a music book, and the shopman asked him if the instrument gave satisfaction.

"Man," he said, "but you wouldn't know it now. It just looks splendid! My old 'ooman has painted it yeller to match the chest of drawers."—Spare Moments.

A fine seasoning for chicken salad is to slice an onion on the top of the prepared chicken and let it marinate two hours or more, adding at the same time a few drops of prepared chevril. Be sure that every particle of the onion is taken from the chicken before adding the dressing.