

SOME CHILI SAUCE.



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HELIOGRAPHIC CHAT.

MESSAGES FROM COLUMBIA TO MEX.CO.

White-Cowled Mountains as Stations From Which the Flash-Light Signals Will Be Transmitted—New Use for the Sun's Rays

(Chicago Correspondence.)



T REGULAR intervals the world is informed that Edison, the "wizard of Menlo park," and Eesla, the brilliant young inventor, whose many scientific discoveries have started and delighted mankind, are at work on the problem of telegraphing without the use of wires.

while the remainder will be placed on less lofty points. Gen. Greely, chief of the signal-service department, has promised us about half the required number of instruments and we must find the others elsewhere.

"The most northerly heliograph will be placed at the summit of Mount Nelson, British Columbia, from which the flashes will be caught at the summit of Mount Baker, Washington and sent on down the line of snow-capped peaks till they reach Mexico. When



MISS FAY FULLER.

the message has been completed an answer will be flashed back along the courses of snow to Mount Nelson. We will use the regular Morse telegraph alphabet of dots and dashes, and according to my calculations we will have sent a message and received a reply within two hours."

THE DOCKED-TAIL FAD.

Its Day is Said to be Passing Away—Nothing to Commend It.

Chopping of horses' tails still seems to be a "fad" among some ultra-fashionable people. Among the horsemen, men—and even women for that matter—who admire the noblest of brutes, it is believed that the sun of the docked-tail horse is setting, never to rise again.

Familiar Love.

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant as that in which the intimacy between lovers is assured, and the coming event no near, not to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other, what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the hay-cocks. The reading of poetry out of some book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart, in written words, which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet—but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars ever produced.

Ancient Eggs in China.

They do not think anything of an egg in China, it seems, until it is about 100 years of age, old eggs being worth as much in that country as old wine elsewhere. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs, which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

In Berlin sheet music is sold by weight. England and Wales light something like 200,000 lamps nightly. The British handle most of the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico.

Rev. R. A. W. Rudisill of the Rudisill Memorial Publishing House of the Methodist-Episcopal church in India, says that bricklayers work in Madras, India for 10 cents a day, and do good work.

Louis McDonald of the lobster-house at Portland, Me., has an albino lobster preserved in alcohol. It is the only specimen known.

Sergt. O'Keefe, who spent five years in the observatory on Pike's Peak, says that the lowest temperature observed was 50 deg. below zero; the highest 62 above.

ONLY ONE AND THAT IN JULY.

Excursion to Colorado.

The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets cheap for this excursion to Denver in July, and you should post yourself at once as to rates and routes.

Send by postal card or letter to Jno. Sebastian, P. O. Chicago, for a beautiful souvenir book, called the "Tourist's Teacher," that tells all about the trip. It will be sent free, if it is sent, and you should not delay in making for it.

Intended for the Church. Mr. Dolman in the Ladies' Home Journal states a fact that may not be generally known regarding Mr. Thos. Hardy—namely, that the author of "Tess" was intended by his fond parents to enter the church, and that he compromised with them by becoming an ecclesiastical architect.

Good Way to Help. That is a very charming expression used by Lady Harris, speaking of Sir Augustus to a representative of the Princess. "The way I help my husband most," she says, "is by keeping, as far as possible, worries out of his life."

Important Change of Time.

The new service on the Nickel Plate road goes into effect on Sunday, May 12th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:20 p. m. daily. No change of cars between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through sleepers between Chicago and Boston. Superior dining cars are a feature of the new service. Rates always the lowest. City ticket office, 111 Adams street. Telephone main 388.

Output of a Naphtha Fountain. A new naphtha fountain of remarkable yield has been struck near Baku. The output, which is ejected with uncontrollable force, is computed at about 15,000 tons per day. All the available reservoirs have been filled and the oil is now being run off into the Caspian sea. So far all attempts to baiten down the outflow have been fruitless. The thick iron stakes used in these endeavors are shattered like matchwood.

The smallest humming-bird weighs twenty grains.

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GO TO

the most delightful country in America, next summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, its pure air, and its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and picturesque.

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to any one applying for them, no matter to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Satisfactory during the summer months, from June 1st to September 1st, all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Silver Lake, and Manitou, are open, and the best of hotel accommodations are at the disposal of the traveler. For full particulars, apply to the Burlington Route, or to the National Educational Association, which will be held in

In July, 1895.



MISS MINTURN IN THE GARDEN.

names, which until this moment had never struck her as being similar. "I said Mary Ann Cotter of the Hollow, Mrs. Barry," she shouted.

The old woman flung up her hands with a gesture of irritation. "I'm a little hard o' hearin', I allow, but I ain't so deaf that I ain't heard what you said. Some o' that there good-smellin' chili sauce is for Marlon Potter of the Hall. Now you see."

Miss Minturn smiled as she went back to the store and fished her net bag of whole specks out of the thick red compound. It was useless to impress the truth—to attempt to impress it, rather—on convinced Mrs. Barry. But she made her a cup of tea and brought out some snowy tea cakes for her delectation, and listened patiently and with apparent interest to her babble, until the proxy soul took it into her head to depart and hobbled off down the white, winding road.

here to visit his sweetheart? He swung down, secured Kate to the gate-post and walked up the path. "Mora," he said as he neared her. She straightened up. Her garnered spoils fell from her apron. The pink in her cheeks deepened. She felt distinctly glad that she had put on her maroon house gown.

"I met old Mrs. Barry a little while ago," he went on hastily. "She said you were putting up some chili sauce for me." "Oh, did she say that? I could not make her understand that it was for old Mrs. Cotter—Mary Ann Cotter of the Hollow."

"I say," called a boyish voice—"that you, Mr. Potter? Never knew you come up here before. Say—that setter you gave me is a daisy! Are you going to stay to supper? Is he, Aunt Mora?" cooingly. "If—he will."

Among the members of the Mazamas are several ladies, one of whom, Miss Fay Fuller, a newspaper woman of Tacoma, is the only woman that ever reached the summit of Mount Rainier, as Seattle people call it, or Mount Tacoma, as it is known to the people of the Northwest Pacific coast. Another woman, Mrs. Ida V. McElvain, is the only representative of her sex to remain overnight at the summit of Mount Hood, but this she did in spite of the bitter cold, which nearly hit her nose.

Mr. W. G. Steel of Portland, Ore., is president of the Mazamas, and is now in Chicago for the purpose of consulting with some gentlemen of scientific attainments who are interested in the undertaking, and also to secure all the heliographs he can find lying around.

He is so thoroughly addicted to the mountain climbing habit that he has established his residence half way up the side of Mount Hood, so that he can stroll to the summit as his moral "constitutional."

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant as that in which the intimacy between lovers is assured, and the coming event no near, not to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other, what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the hay-cocks. The reading of poetry out of some book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart, in written words, which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet—but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars ever produced.

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