

erty is no longer a crime; goodness and wealth are not regarded as synonymous terms. Prisoners are treated as human beings, to be reformed; the poor taught how to help themselves; the liquor traffic restrained. The miners of England were a degraded lot when Victoria came to the throne; today they are like other working people, respectable and respected. The masses have educational advantages undreamed of 60 years ago.

Finally the great men of her reign are a brilliant galaxy. Lords Brougham and Macaulay and Grey and Russell and the old "Iron Duke" Wellington, Palmeston and Peel and Disraeli and Gladstone and Bright and Cobden, Canning and Aberdeen and Melbourne, to say nothing of later men, is a wonderful list. They all lent their brains and energy and added lustre to her Majesty's reign.

But the best of all is the exalted Christian character and life of the queen herself. Her court has been pure and spotless from the first; no word or suspicion of scandal of any kind has ever been whispered. No such royal household, home and life was ever known. Long live the Queen.

1837--1897.

TRoublesome Neighbors.

Some people have troublesome or disagreeable neighbors. They are neighbors who make themselves disagreeable, annoying or troublesome, or allow their children to make nuisances of themselves, or their hens or dogs or other belongings; at all events you wish to be rid of them. What shall you do? We will tell you how we once solved the question for a perplexed neighbor.

Some way we learned that we were becoming disagreeable to one of our neighbors—on account of our many excellencies, of course; it could be nothing else. What to do troubled our poor neighbor, and we solved the problem in this wise. In a public speech we said, in substance: "Friends, it sometimes happens that people have disagreeable neighbors; we have had such experiences, and the problem is to be rid of them. This is a free country; no one can compel you or me to live next door, or next lot, or farm, to a troublesome neighbor. There is no law compelling us to endure such ills.

Hence, whenever we find ourselves in such a dilemma, all we have to do, to be rid of them once and for all, is for us to move ourselves out of town at once. Try it; it works like a charm—to the rest of the community."

CHICAGO RUSTICITY.

The smart Alec of the Evening Post goes for our local Exmoor Club folks on the make-up of their program for Saturday's opening exercises. It seems not to have occurred to the aforesaid Alec that as enterprising, progressive and cultured people as our Exmoor friends could depart from Chicago customs and manners. Mr. William Waldorf Astor is authority for the statement that Chicago aristocrats sit out on their front door steps, and have the door opened by a maid, things so rude that no cultivated people would tolerate them. Besides the Park people have their broad, velvety lawns for their friends and trained male servants—in other words the Park is in the swim—poor Chicago! This self-assured critic further objects to the literary form and the orthography of our club's invitations. The Park was settled by cultivated eastern people

We have both the Websterian and Worcesterian standards, lexicographers evidently unknown in Chicago, of whose population seven-eighths are foreign-born or of foreign extraction and the balance are hopelessly contaminated. Besides, as the old farmer said to the critic of his faultless orthography, "A feller must be a durn fool who can't spell a word but one way."

Poor Chicago! She has our sympathy in her boorish rusticity and conceited ignorance.

The owners of dogs can now call at City Clerk Finney's office and pay their little dog tax. The clerk has a new lot of fine yellow-plated tags, one for each canine, with the seal or cabalistic symbols of the city engraved thereon, which he presents to each person as he pays his tax. Every mastiff, Newfoundland, St. Bernard and petted and spoiled poodle pays the tax. Don't fail to attend to it promptly, or the marshal may snap a noose about his neck and land him in kingdom come.

They don't do any business over at Evans Bros'. these days. Saturday last they sold 26 cases of strawberries, beside several cases each of black and raspberries and at 9 o'clock p. m. had not a box left and still the people called for berries. This is a very berry consuming town.

CITY BREVITIES.

By the way, where is the city treasurer's office?

City Engineer Bowen is entertaining his brother John a few days.

The telephone company have out a new directory up to June 1st, but since that date several new ones have been installed.

The flies have swarmed like the locusts of Egypt within a few days. Don't forget that Schumacher, the druggist keeps the "pizen" for them.

Have you seen or heard the "buzzer" on Dale Sweetland's display window? That is to frighten the potato bugs away from his quinine capsules.

W. R. Kenny, that erstwhile Democrat, is about town. It seems like the old days when we handed over the shekels of fines for drunkenness to him as city treasurer.

The wholesale coal men are all the time saying anthracite will jump up 25 to 50 cents per ton July 1st. Perhaps it will, and then perhaps it won't; you can't most always tell about these coal men.

Prof. W. A. Wilson leaves Monday for St. Paul to put in the summer for the Globe of that city, one of the big papers of the Northwest. He will put in his time and talents to selling to the people Charles Dudley Warner's Library of Universal Literature in connection with the Globe. The Globe folks rightly conclude that the man who can make boys get their lessons when they don't want to, can make folks buy books they don't want and take a paper they may not like. Prof. Wilson will fill that bill; he learned business in B. F. Jacobs' real estate office.

G. Willis Cummings went by our office a day or two since and to some young men who saw him we spoke of how hard he was working and how tanned and ruddy he looked and that he was really becoming robust and strong, which was abundant compensation for a bronzed face and calloused hands. One of the young men remarked "Yes and will be one of the high muckey mucks in the telephone company one of these days" and all joined in chorous "that he will." Some boys with his education, general culture, etc. might object to beginning at the bottom and working up. But Marvin Hughitt did that in railroading. The late Jay Gould was once a train hand on a little railroad in Vermont. Jim Hill of the Great Northern once worked among the roustabouts. Willis Cummings is mastering every detail from the bottom up and he is making no mistake.