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LIGHT



VOL. IV. No. 1. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1891. FIVE CENTS.

NEW
SOCIETY
BUSINESS
PERSONALS
MUSIC
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P29



COL. SAMUEL E. WINSLOW,

Chairman of the Republican City Committee.

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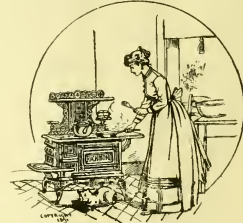
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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

No. 1

The broadening of the light is like a strain
Of me low music from a golden horn
Set to the huntsman's lips, who now is fain
To play *hunting up*, and wake the drowsy morn.
—Richard Burton.

Worcester is a central city.

This is never more evident than when New England repairs hither to attend the Fair.

That strangers have been in our midst during the past week was evident, not only on the Agricultural grounds but in our streets and places of business.

Again, the return of many people to their homes from their regular summer's outing has had its effect in filling up our ways, but they would come, any way, for schools are to begin.

Instead of beginning on Monday as they used to, years ago, they now wait for Labor Day and Tuesday is the advertised time for trouble to commence. The proverbially shining faces are considerably browned by exposure, but the owners thereof are in good trim for work.

But settling down to school restraint after vacation liberty is no easy matter. Visions of mountain and seashore freedom will dance before youthful eyes for many a day. Hard work now, however, will obviate crowding and pushing when the end of the coming year approaches. Better push than be pushed.

After all, we are not wholly given up to school; but it must be confessed that much of modern American custom is effected by the keeping of school. We can't go here nor there; we can't do this nor that because the children are in school, and by the time our children are out, some other parents' are in and there is no end. The line is everlasting.

But aside from school, we have societies and institutions whose end is the public good and they too begin, again, their active labors, now that folks are home once more. Strange, that with so much engineering for doing good any evil should exist; but it does and it is aggressively present. Our license era is bringing an expected fruitage. Only recently, a laboring man, between two policemen was on his way along Main Street to the lockup. Crows followed and close to the culprit were five well dressed girls of twelve or thirteen. What a school for young misses to whom such sights should be absolutely unknown.

Till this year of license, there were children in Worcester who had never seen a drunken man. If, as license advocates claim drunkenness is less with license than without it why do we have the results, thus chronicled? The figures are constantly mounting up and poverty in certain sections daily grows more pronounced. And worst of all our young people are growing accustomed to the sight of intoxicated men, yes, and women, too. Thus

often seen, they will grow to say "Only a drunk." No surer indication of moral indifference exists than the flippant use of those words.

Far rather would we prefer to see eyes transfixed with horror at the sight of a fellow mortal, whose mind, beclouded with drink, is ready for any crime. "Only a drunk" means a possibility of any crime that the Decalogue forbids and against which the face of all society is supposed to be turned. A wild beast, loose in our midst, or a mad dog running at large would make men wild with anxiety, but "Only a drunk" has in it all the venom of the frenzied dog and the ferocity of the escaped and untamed brute.

No, No! Let there be no palliation of this terrible evil, no condoning it on account of heredity nor any of the excuses, today, so common. Ye, who have clean hands and pure hearts and have not lifted up your souls unto vanity, speak in no uncertain tones, that this monstrous evil of drink may suffer the ignominy that it deserves. Extend helping hands when necessary, but what is far better, leave no means unemployed, which shall prevent the spread of this terrible evil. There is good enough in the land to suppress the bad. Why isn't it done?

As to the recent discussion in the Detroit G. A. R. Encampment on the Color Line, it might be stated further that on a visit to New Orleans at the time of the Cotton Centennial, I visited Joseph H. Mower Post, G. A. R. and at the same time as the honored guest was received the Ass't Adj't General of the Department of Louisiana. "For the good of the order," he responded saying, "I have to say for your pleasure that the requests from colored veterans, for the format on of colored posts have been pigeon holed and they will stay thus as long as I continue in my present office." Long and loud was the cheering that followed. I must confess that I was astonished that men who had imperiled life for the nation should be thus summarily cut off from the privilege of wearing a G. A. R. button. By way of explanation I was told the old story of social equality which could not be tolerated. It seems, however, that posts were formed later. Queer that black and white could fight in the same field. No white regiment objected to the blacks going in at the Crater in '64. They stopped a good many bullets.

President Lincoln must have anticipated some such action as that at Detroit for during the War he uttered the following telling words: "When peace with victory comes, there will be some black men who will remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped on mankind to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder and prevent it."

About Folks.

The Festival Chorus is doing excellent work preparatory to the great musical event of this month.

Dr. Fred Scott, who went from W. H. S. to Brown University and thence to Jefferson Medical College is enjoying an excellent practice in Kimball, South Dakota. His rides are long but enjoyable and the air is perfect.

Arthur H. Bellows of Barnard, Sumner & Co., has returned from his vacation.

General A. B. R. Sprague came out of the Bay State house, Tuesday evening, to find his horse missing. Some one, mistaking it for an ordered delivery, had driven it away. Though explanations were ample, such affairs ruffle the best of tempers.

Miss Charlotte A. Maynard, a graduate of our High School and of the Framingham Normal School and who for the last two years has taught in West Brookfield will spend the next year in Miss Bennett's Private School in Irvington, New York. This is a beautiful place, about twenty miles from New York City. It is the summer home of Jay Gould and is the station at which visitors to Sunnyside leave the cars. Miss Bennett was one of Miss Maynard's teachers in Framingham and it is highly complimentary to our Worcester girl, that she is thus sought out by her old instructor. Miss Maynard is a daughter of Mander A. Maynard of William Street.

Miss Clemmie Sheldon, lately teaching in Weston, is now in West Brookfield, assistant in the High School. She is a W. H. S. graduate and has had the full and supplementary courses at the Framingham Normal.

Lake Chau — Etc.

The ten young ladies with their chaperones, who have been camping in Mr. Howard's cottage, on Long Island, Lake Chaugogagogmanchaugagoggungamaug, broke camp last Monday, after two weeks of great enjoyment. Last Saturday evening they entertained about twenty-five of their friends. The house and grounds were prettily decorated with lanterns and flowers, while on the shore, was a large bon-fire which added greatly to the evening's pleasure. After a short entertainment, ice-cream and cake were served, the party breaking up near midnight. Each guest was given a souvenir on which was the camp-name, O-so-cool, and the yell, which has been heard often during the past two weeks. It must be a great calm has followed the departure of the campers. A feature of the two weeks has been the Chronicle which has been faithfully kept by one of the young ladies, recording each days events and wittily disclosing the characteristics of the several campers.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

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WORCESTER, SATURDAY SEPT. 5, 1891.

The index for Volume III is in this number. It fills the middle four pages. Just raise the wires and remove it, then crowd the wires down again and the paper is O. K.

LIGHT is almost daily besought to recommend young men for good situations. This we are more than willing to do, but the most of our High School acquaintances are already placed. To keep our stock of names good we should like some new ones. So then, just call on us, and let us know your merits that the business men of our city may be helped thereby and that you may get good places to labor in.

Every Ninth Grade pupil in Worcester should have a copy of Principal Mooney's Book. Read the advertisement under Books and Bookmen. It will be of great advantage in the final examinations.

School and College.

WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Examinations will announce begin Tuesday, September 8, at 8 a.m., at Boynton Hall.

Classes will report for announcements and assignment of keys on Wednesday as follows:

Seniors, 4 p.m.

Middlers, 4.30 p.m.

Juniors, 5 p.m.

Regular lectures and recitations begin on Thursday, September 10.

A Genuine Sensation.

The resignation of George H. Howland from the superintendency of the Chicago schools is the most noteworthy educational item of the Summer. Mr. Howland has held this place since 1880 and for twenty years before that he had been principal of the High School. No man was better known in educational circles than he and, certainly, no one was more respected and appreciated. He brought the schools of Chicago to a most enviable eminence. Ill health is the cause of his resignation. He will now take a trip to Europe for rest and recuperation. He is a double cousin of Dr. A. A. Howland of this city, as their fathers were brothers and their mothers, sisters. He was born in the town of Conway, was graduated at Amherst in 1850 and, for

several years, was a tutor in that college. In 1857, he went to Chicago, and has been there ever since. The Chicago Tribune says:

"If in no other direction he should be remembered as the man who has persistently Americanized our public schools. I mean that he has diverted the public school from the craze which tended to establish foreign methods. He has made the study of the English language the paramount consideration. He believed it the leading province of the public school to perfect children in the use of the mother tongue. He has made it possible for a foreign child to enter our schools and when retiring to speak the English language as clearly and as correctly as any of the native born. In this he has Americanized the pupil and has inculcated a spirit of patriotism and a scope of intelligence which cannot but redound to the credit and benefit of the country. George Howland is a patriot. His management of public schools has been eminently wise, and, notwithstanding the varied complexions of the boards which have come and gone since his incumbency, he has been invariably sustained. He retires with no shadow to darken the brightness of his long service."

There will be a lively scramble for his place, equal to the late contest in Philadelphia. Wonder if Massachusetts will furnish any candidates?

Kindergartens.

At the home of Mr. Luther M. Lovell, No. 1 Dix Street, Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, there will be a gathering of citizens who are interested in the system of Kindergartens. Miss Symonds of Boston, who has had much experience in this kind of work, will read an essay and remarks are expected from others who have hearts in this project. Kindergartens have the endorsement of the most advanced minds that are dealing in educational matters and Worcester is behind her sister cities in appreciation. It is hoped that many may avail themselves of this opportunity to gain information as to the best way to lead the children.

Holy Cross.

Rev. John Gavin, W. H. S. '76, Holy Cross '79, has been assigned as pastor of the Catholic Church at Amherst.

Rev. John B. Drennan has been transferred from Amherst to Southbridge. Father Donahue of Southbridge has been promoted to the parish in Westfield while Father Smith of Westfield takes the late Father McDermott's parish in Springfield.

The college opened Thursday morning with benediction and the assignment of classes, a large number of students have applied for admission to the college and many are expected to report during the coming week when it is expected the number of students will reach three hundred.

The following is the faculty for the coming year: Rev. Michael A. O'Kane, S. J., President; Rev. John B. Mullaly, S. J., Vice President; Rev. Edward H. Welch, S. J., Spiritual Director; Rev. J. B. Becker, S. J., Prefect of Studies; Rev. Thomas F. McLoughlin, S. J., Professor of Philosophy; Rev. A. A. Maes, S. J., Professor of Physics and Chemistry; John S. Coyle, S. J., Professor of Mechanics and Chemistry; Rev. Michael P. Hill, S. J.,

Professor of Rhetoric; John S. Holohan, S. J., Professor of Poetry; William S. Singleton, S. J., Professor of First Humanities; Rev. Charles C. Jones, S. J., Professor of Second Humanities; R. M. Echeverria, S. J., Professor of Third Humanities; Martin Scott, S. J., Professor of Rudiments; Rev. Hugh D. Langlois, S. J., Professor of Special Classics; Rev. John J. Collins, S. J., Prefect of Discipline; Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J., Professor of French; Rev. Edmund J. Burke, S. J., Professor of Mathematics and French; Rev. Patrick M. Collins, S. J., Professor of Mathematics and French; Rev. J. J. Conwell, S. J., Professor of Mathematics and French.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Once more the New England Agricultural Society has united with the Worcester Agricultural Society in holding its annual fair in this city. The success which has attended the fairs when held here and the failure met with when they have been elsewhere will undoubtedly lead in time to their permanent location in Worcester.

This week's fair, the twenty-fifth annual, held by the New England Society and the seventy-third annual held by the Worcester Society, has been fully equal to any ever held both in the extent of the exhibits and the number of people in attendance. Whether it surpasses all others or not is difficult to tell at the time of this writing.

The opening day there was not a very large attendance on account of the unfavorable weather. The day's program was carried out, however, with the exception of the illumination which was postponed to Friday evening. With Wednesday morning came fair weather and with it the crowds. As is usual, Thursday saw the largest attendance. It is estimated that over 25,000 people visited the fair Thursday.

Save in one or two departments there were more exhibits than ever before.

Both the halls were filled to their utmost capacity. The first floor of the south hall was devoted to the tradesmen. On the second floor were the flowers and fruits, the former display being particularly fine. On the first floor of the north hall were the vegetables and floor of the north hall was more fancy work, paintings, etc., and the exhibits of the furniture and carpet merchants and of musical instruments.

The exhibition of cattle was about the same as usual. There were more than the usual number of sheep, but less swine. The poultry exhibit was very fine as was also the display of farming machinery. There was a large exhibit of horses. The trotting races were good and were thoroughly appreciated by the crowd, the grand stand being always filled from one end to the other.

The special attractions were fully equal to what the management promised. The balloon ascensions and parachute descents were the finest ever given in this city.

The crowds were delighted with the exhibition given by Mme. Maratette with her trained horses. The book and ladder tournament and the prize drill drew large crowds. The Natick company was the winner in the Farmer and the South Providence Temperance Cadets in the latter. The fair closed Friday evening with a display of fireworks, which was postponed from Monday evening.

This fair is simply one more triumph added to the already long list, which will soon make Worcester the permanent location of this, the greatest fair in New England.

Samuel E. Winslow.

The present chairman of the Republican City Committee though in the second year of his office is still one of the youngest men who ever held the position, in Worcester. In fact, 1837, when Rockwood Hoar was Chairman, seems about the only year, lately, when the interests of the party were committed to a very young man, 'till 1890. The results of that Campaign, so far as this City was concerned, were so satisfactory that the Committee re-organized and continued Mr. Winslow at its head.

He is of Worcester birth and rearing, having started life here, April—1802, the son of Hon. Samuel and Mary Weeks Winslow. His parents need no introduction, his father having been, so recently the four times mayor of our city. The name proclaims its Old Colony origin. Like all well constituted Worcester boys, Samuel E. went through the Public Schools, graduating from the High in 1820. Afterward, he was one year in Williston Academy at East Hampton, under Principal Fairbanks who went from Worcester in 1878. Entering Harvard College in 1821, he passed his four years in Cambridge, getting therefrom as much satisfaction, possibly, as any young man who ever represented Worcester in that institution of learning. In many ways, his was a conspicuous figure there, thus early indicating the executive faculty.

In foot ball, he was center rush on the university eleven, but it was in base ball that he won his greatest distinction. He was on the Nine four years and during the last year was Captain. Under his direction, the Club played 26 games, losing only one in the entire number. They played 15 College games, winning all, and to Championship games, with the same record. The only game lost was the one played with a scrub nine from Cochrutuate. They should have had Dr. Holmes there, to write another poem on "How the Old Horse won the Bet."

In 1834, he was the chairman of the Committee having in charge the Blaine Torch Light Procession of Harvard students when 1200 college men marched in line. Our Worcester boy was Drum major and so headed the array.

In College, Clubs, he was a member of the Zeta Psi, the D. K. F., and the Hasty Pudding Clubs; of the latter body he was the business manager when the club made a theatrical trip to Boston and New York.

He was Financial Editor of the Daily Crimson three months, resigning to become business manager of the Lampon with which he was connected two and a half years; but perhaps the crowning honor of his course was the chairmanship of the Class Day Committee, by common consent the highest position to be attained by the suffrages of Harvard Seniors.

Then came a seven months trip to Europe, extending along to February, 1836. In this time, he saw Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany and France. He was in St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw and from some places wrote letters home that secured a wide reading in our local papers: all the more, possibly, because they were not intended for publication.

Returning to Worcester, he entered business with his father. The manufacturing of skates was begun here in 1836 and just thirty years after or in 1866, the business was incorporated with Mr. Samuel E. Winslow as Secretary and Clerk. In February, 1838, with Mr. Albert B. Curtis of Springfield he began the manufacturing of machine screws, a business still maintained.

Mr. Winslow was married, April 17—1839, to Miss Bertha, daughter of Colonel E. J. Russell, now Probation Officer of the Central District Court. Their Summer abode is in Leicester, on the famous Stonewall Farm where two children have come to grace and bless their home.

In 1850, Governor Brackett made Mr. Winslow an aid with the rank of Colonel and the Worcester people thought the uniform became him nicely and that the Governor had shown excellent judgement in selecting, at least, one member of his military family.

In local organizations, the Colonel's name is found on the rolls of its Worcester Club, the Quinsigamond Boat Club, the Athletic and Art Clubs and the Horticultural Society. He was the manager of the last presentation of the Talesman, as given by the Quinsigamond Club.

Colonel Winslow's entrance into politics was made in 1839 as a member of the City Committee from ward 8. The next year viz., 1890, he was chairman of the Committee and he threw himself into the contest with so much vigor and ardor that he merited and won the commendation of all members of his party. Realizing that business methods should obtain in Headquarters as well as elsewhere, he gave nearly his whole time during the campaign to the office and its details. Following the close of the municipal contest, the Committee issued to every contributor to the funds a circular or financial statement accounting for the disbursement of every cent during the campaign. This had never been done before and though the expenses were very heavy there was a small balance left in the treasury. If this be an augury for the campaign, about to open, it looks as though the Republicans were making a good start. Under the direction of chairman Winslow, there will be no lagging.

In his office, he has a good array of predecessors. Going back to 1834, the memorable Blaine—Cleveland fight, we find H. J. Jennings Chairman with A. P. Christy, Secretary. From that time to date, the offices have been as follows:—

CHAIRMAN.	SECRETARY.
1835, S. E. Hildreth.	G. H. Fernald.
1836, E. B. Crane.	W. L. Robinson.
1837, Rockwood Hoar.	E. B. Glasgow.
1838, E. B. Glasgow.	W. B. Sprout.
1839, C. G. Parker.	L. J. Goodell.
1840, S. E. Winslow.	I. S. Haskell.
1841, S. E. Winslow.	H. S. Haskell.

The Committee has opened Headquarters for the Fall Campaign in Rooms 12 and 13, Burnside Building, the Rooms, hitherto, occupied by LIGHT, and here will be formulated the plans for the contest, about to begin.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pettes, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. No. 24 Pearl Street.
Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols, Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 397 Main St.

The "Thirty Sixth."

No Worcester County regiment covered so much territory during the War as did this one whose annual reunion took place in Continental Hall last Wednesday. Col. Wm. M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth presided and a capital presiding officer he is. The business meeting brought together a large number of the survivors, nearly 200 in all. It was voted to hold the next meeting in Leominster and the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, George A. Perley, Palmer; Vice Presidents—John A. Rice, Worcester, W. C. Penniman, Westborough; Secretary and Treasurer, David Boyden, Worcester; Chaplain, A. A. White, Worcester; Auditing Committee—Maj. E. T. Raymond, Worcester, George A. Wood, Worcester, T. J. Ames, Leominster; Executive Committee—T. J. Ames, George R. Damon and Solon H. Carter, all of Leominster.

These comrades had varied during the year past: Dr. Warner Tyler, Fred S. Gates, William G. Carlton, John G. Hall, Martin Richards, James L. Brigham and Elliott D. Stone.

As the 36th admits to membership the sons of veterans the ranks are constantly increased by such accessions. This time Edwin R. Olin, George W. Barker, and Charles C. More were admitted to honorary membership.

At a quarter before one, the line was formed to march over to G. A. R. Hall, where the ladies of the Relief Corps had prepared a bountiful repast. Under the command of their old colonel, Gen. W. F. Draper, the long array of veterans, filed across Main street and up the stairs to the drum beat of H. O. Moore of Lynn, once a drummer in the regiment, now the Ass't. Adj't. Gen'l of the Department, G. A. R.

Nothing could be better than the service in the hall, and no wonder that the "boys" voted the reunion the best ever held, for a good dinner has a wonderfully enlivening effect.

Following the food, President Olin rapped to order and in the happiest manner possible, introduced the post prandial exercises. The first speaker was Capt. "Jack" Adams of Lynn, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives. Capt. Adams is easily the king of after dinner speakers and every sentence was followed by roars of laughter. After him came remarks by Capt. John Anderson of the Regular Army, Capt. A. A. White, Maj. Wm. H. Hodgkins, Alfred S. Roe, Gen. W. F. Draper, G. F. Crafts, J. T. Priest, C. W. Wood and T. L. Barker. During these exercises a committee consisting of C. W. Wood, H. A. Kimball, L. K. Davy and W. H. Hodgkins was appointed to extend congratulations to the Womens association of the 36th regiment then in session in Sons of Veterans hall. Later the committee reported in glowing terms, the result of their mission. The son and daughter of the late Col. A. Goodell presented photographs of the father to the survivors of his old Company C.

The ladies of the Relief Corps in charge of the collation were Mrs. Sarah E. Towle, chairman; Mrs. Esther A. Parker, Mrs. Mary J. Montague, Mrs. Harriet Lawrence, Mrs. Lucretia Morse, Mrs. Mary A. Mills, Mrs. Jennie Sproul, Mrs. Lydia A. Bigelow and Mrs. Adaline Lynde. The dinner was declared by the veterans to be the best ever served at a regimental reunion.

At a quarter past three, the day was done and memories will take a rest for a year.

Books and Bookmen.

Liberty and Life.

Discourses by E. P. Powell. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn St. In paper 50 cents.

This book is No. 6 in the Unity Library Series. Delivered to a regular audience, probably, on Sunday they might be called sermons but the author seems to prefer the word, discourses. Whatever they are called, here are seventeen chapters full of thought, reason, conclusion and suggestion. There is nothing of doubt in Mr. Powell's processes. From first to last he has all the decision and firmness of Pythagoras. To the intellects addressed by him, his essays would be prompting and helpful; but there is a level away down below those whom he meets; there are millions of men who know little of Darwin and much less of Buddha and Confucius and to them all of Mr. Powell's fine words would be like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. His discourses are away, over the heads of more than one half of humanity. He takes occasion to slur the Salvation Army several times, forgetting that such measures as those of the Army make men better, that they lift them out of filth and degradation and start them on an upward course. In time they may climb to where they can comprehend Mr. Powell's wisdom. Evangelical Christians will find in the book much to criticize but they will also find that it contains much that may make even them better. All the thoughts are expressed in the clearest manner and the element of Common Sense is a pervading one. As sermons, they would not be classed with some of a certain Brooklyn Divine's and Mr. Powell surely would not wish them to be, but throughout the book there is a manifest disposition to excite good deeds and good living. Sin is set forth as, first of all, falsehood to ourselves who are the chief sufferers, and sin may be mental, moral or physical. Popular crazes are depicted in colors that should warn those who have tendencies to reap more than they have sown. In his final chapter, we have a Looking Backward fancy that out-Bellamy Bellamy. Yet, after all, it may come about, or something, like it. In conclusion, "Liberty and Life" is intensely virile. There is enough of energy and strength in it for half a dozen books and the reader who follows it closely will find some of the author's spirit insensibly transferred to himself. It is a book that elevates and inspires.

Edmund Burke.

Speeches in the American War, and letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, with Introduction and Notes by A. J. George. A. M. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1894. 50 cents.

Burke was an encyclopaedia of knowledge. When he opened his mouth to speak, he seldom wanted hearers. Like Macaulay, he overflowed with information. To Americans, his name is specially dear on account of his attitude toward the colonies during the Revolution. His utterances in Parliament, at this period, Mr. George has arranged in order and has supplemented with notes and with certain biographical data. As the compiler is, himself, a practical teacher, he knows just what to put into the hands of pupils. There is no question but that this small volume of

speeches will be an important adjunct in the study of American history. No one book has everything. Burke's speeches will prove a valuable side light on the great subject of American Independence. The notes indicate extensive research and the biographical data are sufficient to properly divert the student.

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. The Century Co., New York.

The story of Toby Trafford is luckily among the first pages for everybody turns to see if the mystery of the burning wharf has been solved, and pleasure at the confessions and wonder as to what Toby will have happen to him next fills the reader's mind. A funny story of a clock comes next, and then an article on Folk lore of the New Mexican Indians. A story of Block Island will bring out the sympathies of its boy readers, and there are three chapters full of thrilling interest of the continued Chan Ok. A legend, if it may be called that, of how the Isle of Syke obtained its name being a Vermont story, a bit of the prairie, and some more of the Swimming Hole Stories, and a wonderful plan of two little boys who are to race for mamma's old medals and silver cup is odd, though not so funny for them. The beetle undertaker is fully described. The pages for the very little folks and those of Jack in the Pulpit with the letters and puzzles make up the main portion of the book, but no doubt every one will read the poems, and how the children will enjoy the lost pet in the great cornfield which is the first story in this number. All the big boys are interested in boats and there are a few pages telling how to choose one, full of hints about the matter. The subscription price is \$3 or 25 cents per number and we think it worth the money.

Wide Awake from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The Wide Awake Postoffice, and Tangles, occupy the early pages of this number. The frontispiece of Little Girls and its accompanying story are fine. A sketch of the Prince Imperial has several pages, and gives incidents throughout his short life. There are five illustrations. Two fishermen, an old and a young one, give the doings of a day. An Odd Set will interest anyone who cares for pets, or the funny doings of insects or animals. A story of hat birds and wings will, I hope convert all the girl readers who have not already seen how foolish as well as cruel is a fashion of that kind. Aunt Betsy's cap lost for years is one of the short stories and a picture of baby leopards and how they are cared for, an article on bananas, and a lesson on drowning with all the necessary illustrations, occupies several pages. The continued stories carry us a little further leaving us just where we want to hear only a column more to make it all right. There are short stories and poems and not least entertaining are the pages of Men and Things. This magazine contains a deal of instructive matter and is only \$2 per year.

"The Pansy" from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

As with all the publications in magazine form by this firm this is good clear though. We do not have to read all the stories to know whether it is wholesome for our children; we

can put it into the little hands on Sunday and feel perfectly secure that only the best company is with them. The "Exact Truth" and "Cobweb Chains" are both fine stories and carry each a lesson. A chapter of Twenty Minutes Late does not yet bring Caroline home but the Frisbie school is likely to have uniforms and a band to wear them. The other pages containing pictures, poems, short articles, and letters, are all calculated to please their readers. Price per year \$1.

"The Century's" Life of Columbus.

The Century Magazine will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by publishing a Life of Columbus written especially for that magazine by Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish orator, statesman, and author. The work is written in Spanish, and will be carefully translated. Senor Castelar, whose interest in America and admiration for it are well known, has made a careful study of the new historical material bearing upon the subject, and it is said that his papers will be very richly illustrated. Other articles dealing with the discovery of America are in course of preparation for the same magazine.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue this month Racine's Esther, edited with introduction, notes and appendices by I. H. B. Spiers, Senior Assistant Master, William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. The introductory notes briefly refer the author and tragedy to their historical place and setting. The appendices set forth the elementary rules of French versification, without some acquaintance with which much of the formal beauty of the poem is lost, and also tabulate a few of the main difficulties of syntax for ready reference from the text.

Richard Watson Gilder, accompanied by his family, is quartered at Marion, Mass., enjoying the comforts of rural life and the luxury of editing the Century from a distance. Marion is a delightful spot, where Mr. Gilder thinks he does his best, certainly his easiest work,—for here he is safe from that peculiarly obnoxious style of crank who seems to feel that he is divinely commissioned to administer pointers to editors and fill up their otherwise unoccupied time with the asking of flippancy and useless questions. Mr. Gilder's study at Marion is about the quaintest structure a magazine editor ever possessed. Formerly it was a kerosene-oil refinery, which alone is enough to guarantee that it is strongly built. It is a square pile of massive stone blocks, and externally only needs graded windows to pass for a jail. Once within doors nothing strikes the eye but tasteful and exquisite elegance. Mrs. Gilder, who excels as an artist, shares her husband's study with him; and as he is one of those old fashioned fellows who loves his wife ardently and doesn't care a rap who knows it, it would be safe to wager that they regard their summer study a little short of paradise.

The autobiography left by Marshal Moltke is described as "comprising twenty-nine diaries, which cover almost the whole of his military career and are replete with all the events in which the great soldier was in any way mixed up. These diaries give a vivid

illustration of Moltke's character, and were originally intended for the perusal of his family only."

A New York correspondent of the Syracuse Journal writes:

The failure of Charles T. Dillingham, long known in the book trade, is not an indication of the tight money market alone. It is a most significant sign of something else, something that the publishers and booksellers well understand. Dillingham was a wholesale jobber in books. He made it his business to take the books from the manufacturers and dispose of them to the retailers. Nearly all his customers were dealers in small towns. The number of this class has been slowly falling off. The village book-seller has been driven out of the business. Even the keepers of stationery stores are reluctant to keep books in stock. The big wholesale houses have absorbed the retailers' trade. Nine out of ten persons, except those purchasing school books, now get their books by mail or express, or else do not buy at all till they can visit the publishers' stores in person and make a selection.

Among the manuscripts left by the late Count von Moltke, Prof. Felix Dahn, his biographer, has found a "Confession of Faith." The great marshal affirms his belief in God and a future life. The "Confession" will be published among the other works.

NORTH GRAFTON, MASS., Aug. 31st, 1891.

MR. EDITOR: Will you kindly permit me a little space in your paper in regard to the notice which appeared in its issue of the 29th "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt" viz. "Man proposes, God disposes." The author, Julius Kirschbaker is a native of Solingen, Germany, a shoe-maker by trade, having been apprenticed at the age of twelve, and at present a resident of New Bedford, Bristol County, Mass., where he carries on his trade of making and repairing shoes. During his long years of toil and labor, he has also managed to become the author of some thirty plays, and an almost endless collection of Poems and Essays, (a regular Hans Sacks of America) and not until a few months ago has he ever seen any of his writings in print. Last May, I succeeded in the publication of "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt", which is now in the hands of the German Dramatic Society of Leipzig, who are undertaking its sale. It has thus far been favorably received and we predict a positive recognition. It is free from anything of the sensational order and contains the action and enthusiasm of the good old German stage. It is a tale of love, an exposition of the power and influence of money, together with that supremacy of God over Man, which gives the significance of the title "Man proposes and God disposes". We wish the good old German Shoemaker the success he so well deserves; who in his long hours of labor with his no-wise tasteful occupation, has found time to heed the whisperings of a far higher calling, and an every day fulfillment of the practicability of the other—"Gluck auf dem weg."

HERK CHERRYTREE.

The September Atlantic is well filled with readable matter. If the Contributors Club is not quite so extensive as in some former num-

bers, it is not the editor's fault. The experience in recollecting is in direct keeping with the principles of Mental Philosophy, where it is stated that nothing really learned is ever forgotten. It may be covered with slush and attic rubbish, so to speak, but it is still there.

Obviously, the editor considers the story by Rudyard Kipling his chief glory, but there are many Atlantic readers who would rate other articles in the number before "A Disturber of Traffic." After one's reputation is made, he may lie abed till noon and, just now, Kipling is the craze. Were it otherwise, it is possible that this story might have gone begging for acceptance. "An Innocent Life" is a better story, far, than Mr. Kipling's, but the writer has not that bubble, reputation. "Dyer's Hollow" is a fine bit of out-of-doors description, taking us to Cape Cod and over the scenes that H. D. Thoreau introduced us to years ago. Octave Thanet favors us with another bit of Arkansas description, this time of town life. She is proving herself an ardent defender of this much abused section. "The 'Quest of a Cup' is a pretty picture of walks in London. "Europe and Cathay" by John Fiske is, of course, interesting and valuable as is everything from his pen. "Courts of Conciliation" is a good chapter in jurisprudence, a study of life in Norway and Denmark. Prof. Woodrow Wilson contributes an article on "The Author Himself," and a good lesson he reads to those who would become instructors through authorship. "A Modern Mystic" is a setting forth of the life of Laurence Oliphant. No American monthly has departed less from the standard, set up at the beginning than has the Atlantic. It sticks to its old moorings. It has had different editors, but the style and quality remain the same.

The Cottage Hearth, published by the Cottage Hearth Co., Boston.

The first article is on the "Willey Slide" giving a graphic account of the hurrying away of the family in the cold and storm, and after all finding death while the home they left escaped. Hope Harvey has one of her characteristic talks with the girls. These talks are a feature of the magazine and we hope they will continue. The letter box is full, there is an article on "Happy Marriages" and several short stories, besides minor papers on various subjects. All good, and the price only \$1.50 per year.

Scientific American.

One of the most interesting articles of the August numbers describes the earliest patent and some that followed closely after it. The earliest is dated March 11, 1617, and was granted by King James to Aron Rathborne. He was given the exclusive right of making "mappes" of London and other cities in England. The article that will doubtless attract the most attention is the description of the machinery of the Teutonic. Just now when the ocean steamers are breaking the records of quick Atlantic voyages, any thing regarding these steamships is of interest. Snakes come in for more than their share of notice, for there have been three illustrated articles on the varieties of serpents.

The Notes and Queries are, as usual, full of

concise information on all the subjects of science.

Munn & Co., New York, \$3 a year.

IOOO M IOOO

One thousand questions and answers on United States History, Civil Government, Literature and Finance by

Richard H. Mooney, A. M.,

Principal of the Quinsigamond Grammar School, Worcester, Mass.

It will stimulate a love for history, literature, politics and public affairs.

A. P. MARBLE, Ph. D.,
Superintendent of Schools, Worcester.

Suggestive to teachers and valuable as a remembrancer. E. H. RUSSELL,

Principal of the State Normal School at Worcester.

Clear in statement of all that is of interest in our history as a nation.

REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, D. D.,
Every child in the land ought to be compelled to commit it to memory.

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Unique and instructive.—Telegram.

For sale at the bookstores, only 50 cents, and by the author.

SHREWSBURY.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC AND ELOCUTION. Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Morse resume teaching September 2. Studios, 368 1-2 Main Street.

Miss Carrie Thompson of West Brookfield is visiting Miss Maud Paige of this town.

Miss Florence Gamache, a graduate of the High School, Class of '91, enters Cushing Academy this Fall.

Mr. John Reed of Boston is on a ten days' vacation, stopping at the home of his parents.

Mr. Walter Morse, a former High School teacher, who has been at the Summer School at Cottage City, goes next week as principal of the High School in Gildersleeve, Conn. Mr. Morse was greatly admired by his pupils here and the best wishes of his friends follow him to his new field.

A party of young people from town went on the Saratoga excursion last Friday and enjoyed the trip hugely. The party was composed of Misses Carrie Allen, Inez Warren, Mary Howe, Abbie Harlow, Mr. and Mrs. Will Freeman, Harry Loring, Frank Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sawtelle.

Again there is talk of an electric road to Shrewsbury. The residents only hope that the projectors mean business. G. T. W.

"Whom Do Men Say that I Am?"

BY T. C. RICE.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Spirits of the buried dead,
Howling round this life's head,
Felt like zephyrs on my cheek,
Hear in whisperings to speak,
Stealing on my waiting sight,
Hales of a sainted light,
Promise of a life to come,
Sought from cradle to the tomb,
Sought in vain through every plan,
From Buddha to the Vatican,
Figured in the kingly ghost,
Shadowed at the Pentecost,
Heard in every heard of tongue,
By clans and races said and sung,
In every clime and every age,
By prattling child and sapient sage,
Scolded, as bidding eat and drink,
The risen Christ from six-hundred withdrew.

I who laughed the church to scorn,
I who spurned the Bethlehem born,
I who held that soulless cause,
The Alpha and Omega was,
That body could a mind erect,
That faculties were but effect,
That matter was the all in all,
And spirit but a seneschal,
That all which is of needs must be,
That law is hers, a property,
To this my hope, "Soul does not die"
My mortal senses testify.

I whose saddened, qu'ning soul,
In nature saw its own control,
I who saw in mass or sphere,
The finger of no moulder near,
Who saw from profetoric birth,
By stages, ripeness issue forth,
So firmly fixed in the must be,
In swerveless, blind necessity,
Saw naught above the man or brute,
While grasping for the absolute,
See now in the antebirth state,
Where causes run to ultimates;
See as I downward trend through all,
From culmen to primordial,
See every page and every line,
Is indexed by a hand divine,
And pay debt in homage fit,
By bowing to the Infinite.

Thou Part! Thou Fountain of a whole!
Sum of an all pervading soul!
Thou Multi-unit, source of will,
To which mine act is answerable!
I, a part and parcel too,
Through my manhood conjure you,
Be unto my steps a light!
Guide me in the path of right!
Move my spirit to requite,
Ill with good, and wrong with right,
Be unto my fellow man,
All an unbound spirit can!
Sooth his sorrows, lift his care,
Make his burdens light and fair,
Whether in the path he go,
Of Christ, or Booth, or Manito!

CHAPTER IX.

I hate the Buddhists ancient creed,
I hate the sacraments and bread,
And on mine ear the zealots plea,
To Christ is utter blasphemy.
I hate the cant, I hate the prayer,
I hate the Christian everywhere,
I hate the pagan's god of stone,
The stupid votaries to the sun;
I hate the faithless every one;
And cast my rancor in the face,
Of all the unbellying rare.

Though mumbling Glosours chant or pray,
In goblet nave, or open bay,
Again shall Islam have her day,
When ruined shrine and smoking mosque,
Polluted moids and stained kiosque,
That crowd the vista of the years
So full of rapine, blood and tears.

Like angry ghonls shall rule the war,
And eke the Moslem's sinist'ar,
Y-et meet I would, Oh, Prophet true!
The Alkoran might the cross subdue,
So Allah would the faithful pray,
May intelds be taught the way,
The only way by which to come,
To Islam's sweet Elysium.
I, steadfast in the Moslem faith,
Must hold in life, will cleave in death,
'There is no God—God—and he our head,
His chosen Prophet, Mohammed."

CHAPTER X.

They tell me of a risen Christ,
A Vishnu, and all potent Booth,
Strange visions on my fancy loit,
Strange doctrines of belief intrude,
One hopes to win, on fields of strife,
His passport to eternal life,
While one, to taste redemption earned,
Must give his body to be burned.
One's zeal, with fire and blood would claim
The earth, to lift a prophet's fame.
By torture, deed, by prayer and grace,
They fit them for the heavenly race.

They mind me of a Northern Thor,
They bid me pay to fire devour,
They worship say, they worship Sun,
Say one is three, and three is one,
And when the devious course is run,
The last ends where the first begun.
So faiths and heed in circles run,
Maezlin in his call to prayer,
Azte, to his god of air,
Pagan, Christian, Brahmin, Booth,
And pious Shald with zeal imbued,
Blest with boon or curse with rod,
Fay homage to an unknown god;
While thus I balance fact and creed,
And running thus, the riddle read.

Matter, so with soul allied,
That they perish side by side,
Matter, mother of the soul,
Perfect, all sufficient whole,
Matter, check thy creatures pride,
Be my monitor and guide!
Let no vain, presumptuous "me"
Claim value mid Infanity.
Break these galling, rusting bands,
Forged of old by priestly hands,
Know I not no, "I" can hold
Aught but perishable mold?
Understanding, teach thyself, God,
Redeemer, Booth nor elf,
Sacred though the names may be,
Cancel mine obliquity.

Helpless came I from the womb,
Helpless shall be in the tomb,
But between them lies a space,
Where I must a record trace,
Acting wrong, or acting right,
Nature will the deed requite.
Evil comes for evil done,
Consequences must atone,
Shift or shuffle as I will,
Ends must follow causes still.
Turn whichever way I may,
The self declaring fact will say,
Mind can see in every plan,
Of moral guidance framed for man,
From India to the Occident,
Nature's code's equivalent,
In myth and ism, rank and name,
With all a devotee can claim,
In every attribute and grace,
The finger of the finite trace.
Matter! Thou thyself west first,
Matter! Thou shalt be the last.
By whatever name we call,
Matter! Thou art all in all.
Therefore call I thee the god,
Pouring blessings, wielding rod,
Say of my soul, "Thou canst but be
The gold of nature's alchemy."

What if it be, conditions rare,
Spirits wake from earth or air?
Its protoplast will find its goal,
Merged in the universal whole.
What if perchance the soul might wait,
Halting at dissolution's gate,
'Tis but the expiring flames delay,

The gins fatuus of decay,
Or if an all pervading mind,
An Omnipresent, undefined
Self, Universal, conscious night,
Evolves from out the infinite?
In each the reason but detects
Causes drifting to effects.

Drifting, drifting, hear that knell,
How its awful echoes swell,
Rolling over life's fair sea,
Down into eternity.
Drifting on death's dismal tide,
Loving with no hand to guide,
Drifting, sentient soul of me,
Drifting to nonentity.
Bark on a fair sea,
Swart to obscurity,
Souls in a phantom ship,
Taking the sun,
Just at the noontide dip,
Daylight is done,
On toward the breakers rolled,
Where will the anchors hold?
Tost through the gloomy gate,
Sport of a wanton fate,
Gone! Lost! Annihilate!
Chorus! Beadsman! Holy men!
Say your riddles o'er again.
(The End.)

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC AND ELOCUTION. Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Morse resume teaching September 2. Studios, 368 1-2 Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ames of Leominster, celebrated last Saturday evening, their silver wedding. Comrade Ames is a veteran of the 30th Regiment and has long been in the mail service. The affair was one of unusual magnitude and brought together a very large gathering of friends who left many substantial tokens of their good will.

Jeremiah Kiordan of Holy Cross College has just returned from a five weeks tour in Maine.

Principal W. H. Bartlett says that one of the most pleasant incidents of his Western trip was the meeting at a noted resort and watering place near Detroit, in the person of the hotel keeper, George Clemence, a brother of our popular Pearl Street auctioneer and dealer in antiques. East and West met with mutual pleasure.

Miss Rebecca H. Davis started Tuesday for Fayetteville Arkansas, where she will make an extended visit among relatives.

Harry Wentworth has accepted the position of physical instructor in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Louie E. Ware, Cornell '92, returned to Ithaca, Thursday night, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. E. R. Ware, Louie is to edit the Daily Sun next year.

Montreal Excursion only \$8.

Tickets on sale at Lancaster's Agency, 434 Main street, opp. Front street.

New York and Coney Island.

Excursion leaves Worcester 7.40 p.m. Saturday, via Norwich line. Only \$3. Returning leaves Coney Island about 8 p.m. Sunday; due in Worcester early Monday morning. Tickets are limited and for sale only at Lancaster's Agency, 434 Main street, Worcester, Mass. Do not fail to go and see the elephant.

Curious Corner.

Kings of Israel.

By S. Cruikshank—Author of Arthur Wyde's Discovery.

First, Saul is monarch by Divine behest
Ishbosheth next, then David, Israel's best;
Next Solomon, a reverential name,
As he, for wisdom, has the greatest fame,
Till in old age, he does the gift disgrace,
Which makes ten tribes revolt at his disgrace.
And these ten tribes to govern does begin,
Vile Jeroboam, who makes the nation sin.
He dying, Nadab, his ungodly son,
Succeeds him to his vices and his throne;
But hearen, with him, is righteously severe!
For Basha kills him, and becomes his heir.
Whose son, named Elah, in his stead does reign
Two years, and by conspiracy is slain.
Zimri, the slayer, ascends the throne in pride,
Reigns seven days and dies a suicide.
Tibni and Omri strive for princely sway,
At length the latter bears the palm away,
The man by whom Samaria since was built
Ascends the throne and gives new birth to guilt.
Ahab succeeds, and zealously does more
To foster crime than all who went before!
Weak Ahaziah next is sovereign lord—
By whom the God of Ekron is adored.
Jehoram next, for twelve full years did reign
With whom Elisha great repute did gain.
Then Joram, more unfortunate than all—
As in his life the pending curse must fall.
Next Jehu reigns—in vengeance to assail
The necks of all who bow the knee to Baal.
Jehoshaph and Joash, friends to vice,
Successive rule, and men to ill entice.
Proud Jeroboam the second, shows his face—
Then Zachariah—last of Jehu's race.
Hated Shallum, for a month succeeds;
Then Menasiah—a monster in his deeds!
Pekahiah reigns, whose sceptre, tootly won,
Descends to Pekah, Kamaliah's son;
Last Israel sees Hoshea at their head,
In whose vile reign they all are captive led.

An interesting Masonic Discovery.

The Rev. Mr. Haskett Smith, vicar of Brauncewell, in Lincolnshire, is said to have made a discovery of special interest to Freemasons. Mr. Smith has been sojourning for some months with the Druses of Lebanon, by whom he has been admitted into the most intimate relations, in consequence of the service rendered by him in sucking the venom of a deadly snake from the body of a popular young member of their tribe. Among other marks of favor, Mr. Smith was initiated into a number of mysterious rites, and among these according to the narrative we are quoting, his hosts startled him as a Freemason, by passing the most characteristic of masonic signs. Hence Mr. Smith argues that these strange people, who by some are believed to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hittites, are a branch of the great Phœnician race, whose ancestors supplied the Lebanon cedars to the builders of Solomon's temple.—London Daily News.

Indian Nomenclature.

Julian Ralph, in an article in Harper's Weekly, gives an interesting account of Father Lacombe, the apostle of the Blackfeet Indians who he says, is the most accomplished student of the Indian languages that Canada possess. "He told me," he says, "that the white man's handling of Indian words in the nomenclature of our cities, provinces, and States is as brutal as anything charged against the savages. Saskatchewan, for instance means nothing. Kiskiskatewau is the word that was intended. It means 'rapid current.' Manitoba is senseless, but 'Manitowapa' (the mys-

terious strait) would have been full of local import. However there is no need to saddle ourselves with this expert knowledge. Rather let us be grateful for every Indian name with which we have stamped individually upon the map of the world, be it rightly or wrongly set forth."

[From a private letter by George B. Church-

ill to home friends.]

LONDON, JULY 19, 53 WHARFEDALE.

The next day we went on up Wharfedale to Bolton Abbey. The ruins were beautiful and the scenery in which they are set more than beautiful. Description is impossible; an attempt at it would be only a multiplication of adjectives. Thence we took a twenty-seven mile ride across country, over the Yorkshire moors, to Fountain Abbey. This was one of the most enjoyable experiences of the trip, so far. The day was perfect—a very rare thing in England—the country lovely, as we went up the hills from Wharfedale. We could see for miles, and far off in the western horizon rose the mountains of Westmoreland—the "lake country." As we got "upper and upper" the scenery became wilder and wilder and finally we came on the moors; great waste stretches with only sheep and a few wild birds to be seen among living things, but these wild solitary moors have a wondrous color which is all their own and makes absence of life something almost to be desired. A lot of human beings would spoil the whole scene. For miles the only sign of human life was the grouse huts on the hill sides, scarcely to be distinguished from the dark green heath on which they stand. These moors are the famous shooting grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, and in these grouse huts the shooters stand and kill the birds as they are driven over them by the beaters.

Presently, having crossed the Moors, we came into a more smiling country, great upland fields of wheat, in every one of which the sky-larks were singing. Nearly every minute one would go up into the air, singing for dear life and mounting higher and higher as he circled round the field, and for nearly an hour I don't think there was a single minute without the song of these larks.

Fountain Abbey stands in the midst of the splendid grounds of the Marquis of Ripon. We saw it just about sunset, when the day and grounds were at their best, and had a most lovely walk of three miles through the sweet smelling English fields between hedgerows of wild roses and through a little village into Ripon where we passed the night. Thence we came down through the eastern cities which we visited almost solely for their cathedrals—York, Lincoln, Peterboro, Ely, Cambridge (for its University) and so to London. We made one or two side trips from our route, to Conesboro, to see the old castle which Scott writes about in "Ivanhoe," and to Huckle to see the grave of Byron. We were disappointed to find that Newstead Abbey, the former home of Byron, was closed on account of the recent death of Miss Webb, the daughter of the present owner.

We have now been in London four days, most of which time I have spent in what is called the "City," the oldest part of London. I have followed the steps of Washington Ir-

ving, described in his "London Antiquities," one of the sketches in his "Sketch Book," which I shall have to read with my class this next year. Of course London has changed somewhat since his day, some things that he describes are gone forever, but much yet remains, and besides visiting the places I have procured photographs as far as possible.

We are very comfortably fixed here at Woburn Place and I should like much to stay in London longer. But we must be getting on our way, and so tomorrow night (Monday, July 20) we shall leave London for Rotterdam and after two or three days in Holland go on up the Rhine."

TRIBUTE TO LOWELL.

In Memoriam.

From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's child.
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-wide laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Mr. Salmon Putnam of Holden, father of Messrs. Otis E. and Samuel H. Putnam met with a severe accident last Sunday, fracturing his thigh bone. Owing to his great age, he is in his 91st year, apprehensions are had that he may not recover.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

Earl W. Bemis, Assistant City Engineer, Camden, N. J., and a graduate of the Polytechnic Institute, 1887, is enjoying a well earned vacation in this City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Magee are the proud possessors of a handsome ten pound baby boy. Mr. Magee is the manager of the advertising department of the Telegram.

Mrs. David Scott and daughter, Alice, have returned from a very pleasant visit to Biddeford Pool, Maine, a beautiful place, almost an island on the coast. It is a wonder that more people do not find this choice spot. It is near Old Orchard Beach and big hotels are now contemplated.

Alderman Webster Thayer and family are home from Brant Rock.

Dr. G. A. Jourdan is home again from the shores of Maine.

Hugh Keon, Worcester's Americanized Chinaman, has gone to Wilbraham to still further perfect himself in his transformation.

Ex-Chief Combs of the Fire Department has had another relapse and is quite feeble.

The Worcester County Republican collapsed Feb. 6, 1839, and Major F. G. Stiles, then a boy, folded and directed the last issue, together with the late Edward R. Fiske. This paper began, March 4, 1839, on the accession of General Jackson to the presidency, was the one on which Ben. Perley Poore served his apprenticeship. In later years he was the best correspondent ever sent to Washington.

How a Reporter Won a Wife.

It is a Sketch From Journal Land.

The four o'clock edition of the afternoon paper was out, we were wiping the cares of the day from our minds in the city department, the editor was wiping the ink from his pen, and there was relaxation of every fiber in that big institution which for hours had been bending every muscle to its daily task. The joints of the press stopped squeaking for a few moments, and even the types, after standing on their feet all day, in ranks and rows and firm phalanx, each bearing on its shoulder its part of an idea; even these types were laid to rest for the night in the little dormitories that the printers call the "case."

The very telephone seemed taking its easy after hours of fretful, intermittent ringing—when, suddenly, the bell vibrated, a "bright young man" jumped to it, and after listening a bit turned to the managing editor with the remark:—

"Sensational suicide—elderly man, city official of some mediocre station, jumped off the bridge and leaves three fully orphaned daughters who are quite popular and cultured girls. Body was removed to the morgue. Lived at 7100 Grand City street."

At once the staff was all excitement. "Think it worth a special edition," says the editor-in-chief to the managing editor.

"Think it is," replied the M. E., and turning to the city editor asked, "What do you think?"

"Of course," almost shouted the C. E.

"And I've just got some good stuff about a revolt in Khirmasse, a remonstrance to Gladstone from South Hants and a challenge to Boulanger, besides a train wreck, 4 lives lost," supplemented the telegraph editor.

In two seconds I was running down-stairs and climbing into a cab to interview the family of the suicide. And I may say here, that I have had missions in journalism that I enjoyed, and some I did not; but it was neither the one nor the other here, for I simply shrank from the task. I have always felt I had a patent right to invade almost any place as a servant of the public, to search out facts to embellish with fancies. I have felt the encouragement that it was not I, but the representative of the people who subscribed for our paper, that went rambling about in the recesses of human nature; in the caverns of politics, in the back alleys and broad boulevards of topical lore and social event, for the food of current wisdom with which to feed the hungry multitude.

But a few times it has fallen to my lot to "break the news" of some disaster, some sudden tragedy, that I knew would break the heart of some one, most likely many more than one. It is a terrible task to enter unannounced! to invade and bring blight; to darken the door and, a great strong man, strike terror to the loving, trusting, shrinking, delicate soul of some woman, who has been bereaved for hours without having known it.

The pleasures of a year of journalism will not repay the pain of one hour spent in carrying news. And as the cab whirled me through the streets to this doomed bome, I felt terrors

that Dante and Dore would have been incompetent to portray. Who or what kind of people I was to find, I had not the faintest idea. How to prepare them I could not surmise; and I had little superfluous time, for I must get "the story" for my paper, and get it right in the midst of that scene of woe and wailing; I must wrestle with the unwilling tongues of weeping women, must tell them the awful truth with so much tact as not to paralyze nor aggravate them.

As the carriage stopped before the number I had given the driver, I saw groups collected round about, at respectful distances, with their eyes all aimed at the house I was about to enter. Then I thought some one must have brought the news. Stepping into the millinery shop over which the house number was painted, I asked in low tones:—

"Does Mr. Milligan live here?"

"Yezzir, upstairs," was the reply. "Ruther he did, but I reckon he won't no more."

"Are any of his family at home?" I asked.

"Not yet. If they be I reckon they're upstairs—go 'round up the side way."

I went up, and as I did, my heart went down. But it seemed to vanish away entirely the next instant, as the door was opened by a girl of exquisite form and beautiful—simply beautiful face.

"Is this to be one of the sufferers?" I asked myself and then remarked to the same auditor, "I hope not; there are so many ugly women in the world, the meanness of whose nature deserves this affliction. Her face is too sweet; her manner too gentle, and her voice too silvery to be bent in mourning, to sorrow and sob."

"Have I the pleasure of meeting one of the Misses Milligan?" I inquired.

"I am Miss Constance Milligan," she answered.

"My name is Wm. Wilson," I responded, "and I beg a thousand pardons for intruding. I wish merely to make a few inquiries concerning your father."

"Ask the gentleman to come in," came from a pleasant voice in the room; for with its intonation I knew it to be the voice of one between girlhood and womanhood. Entering I saw her and a daughter of scarce eight years I judge—a trio, and all that melancholy Mr. Milligan left behind him that he cared for.

"As I took a seat the youngest came to me and I asked, 'Are you fond of your papa?'"

"Very much indeed," replied the next order. "They just think the world of one another. We all just worship papa, and he is as good to us as could be, but Mary is pa's particular favorite."

"Would you feel sorry if your pa was very sick?" I asked the little one, thus trying to prepare the elders.

Suddenly the eldest started from the seat and came over to me, just as I heard what I thought to be the wheels of the deputy-coroner's cart stop in front of the house. I had experienced pain before at the blunt way this official rushes in and notifies relatives of deceased people, in as few words as possible. So I nerved myself to give them a little shock before the great one should come.

"Mr. Wilson," she exclaimed, as she approached me, "I have had a foreboding all day that something terrible was to happen to

father. You have some word of him that is bad, I know. Please tell me the worst at once and end this suspense."

All three of the girls had gathered and were hanging on my expected words, and clasping each other. It was a pretty group, and I could not inflict the fell wound that they asked. "Your father has been hurt," I replied.

"Badly?" they asked, clinging to each other and trembling.

"Very bad, indeed," I replied, listening with dread to the footsteps that came hurrying up the stairs. The oldest girl went to open the door, and I sprang up to intercept the harshness of the new visitor, if possible—but the second daughter grasped my sleeve with her frail yet forceful hand and with searching glance in my eyes demanded that I tell her the whole truth. But, the door opened, and instead of the coroner, came the reporter of a rival paper; and he saved me the trouble of telling.

"Mr. Milligan committed suicide this afternoon by jumping into the river," he cried. "Do you know any reason?"

The girl did not. For hours she knew nothing. As she fell, his whole manner seemed to change, and he sprang forward and caught her in his arms, as gently as a cavalier, and bore her, limp and seeming lifeless, to a sofa, where he laid her down as tenderly as a child.

"You brute," I exclaimed as he told his tale. "Have you no sense nor feeling? Suppose they were your own sisters." "I'm sorry," he said, with truly humble and contrite manner. "But who'd ever thought such magnificent creatures as these could have belonged to such a whiskey soaking ward politician. I've helped him out of the gutter many a time. Why, these girls are princesses. He often told me about his three girls, but I never thought they could be as well taken care of, as cultured as these seem."

The smallest one had fallen into a fit of violent weeping and the second who had swooned was reviving. "I'll go for a doctor," said I, and I did, leaving him to watch the pretty but stricken group. When I returned he said—"I knew all the particulars before, and have jotted them down. You know its against my principles to cooperate with reporters but these folks can't be left here with no one to look after them. They haven't a relative on earth. I think this case is an exception, so if you'll get this story to one of our reporters you can have it yourself, and I'll stay. You might come back after the paper goes to press and maybe you can do something."

Down to the reporter's room at the Four Courts I went, and hastily telling one of his colleagues the story, I also wrote and sent it to my paper. After the edition had emerged I went back to the scene of suffering. My fellow-reporter had established himself as an emergency brother, so to speak, Miss Constance had recovered to find him in the most devoted attendance to her. After it was all over, we both did all we could to assist the bereaved ones—particularly Miss Constance. Some way, though, I never could bring myself to such intimacy with her as he enjoyed—nor can I yet, for, after six months of pretty eager courtship, bestowed by both of us, that blunt reporter was married to her—and, after all my pains, I was left out in the cold.

"He was so good to me," she said, as I ground down the bitterness of my chagrin and congratulated them. "The first face I saw after that fearful blow was his," she went on. "He just took as good care of us as if he had been a brother. He never left us for a moment. And now he never is going to leave me—are you dear?" she asked turning to him.

"Ah, my boy, I cooked the feast and you are eating," I thought within myself. "Not a word of praise do I get for doing your duty and my own at the critical moment."

"Kate," said Constance to her next sister "is a pity you haven't some one to take as good care of you—"

"Thank you, I don't want any one," she interrupted, in maidenly brusque manner. Just then the tiny eight-year old came over and asked: "Why can't Mr. Wilson marry Kate and—"

The rest was drowned by laughter as Kate rose and, throwing down her book, gave vent to her embarrassment with the remark:—

"I want you to understand I'm not going to marry nobody—so there," and left the room just as the groom elated said:—"There was method in that grammar. Two negatives equal a positive, and left her a loop-hole for retrenchment."

But none has come, for I have always felt fully capable of selecting my future wife. Kate and I have been very good friends, though, and were she not preparing to wed a handsome and wealthy mining broker I might think certain things possible. But as it is, I am left all around, and the only relief I get as I carry this sad and lonely bachelor's heart with me, is when that lovely "eight-year old" girl climbs up and puts her little arms around my neck and says:—"Never mind; just wait a little while 'till I grow up and you shan't be lonesome any longer. I'll marry you and show them how much they missed it."

And while I wait for the winds of volunteer affection to waft my bark out upon the sea of matrimony, I am allowed to lie at anchor in the kindly harbor of their united friendship.—Spectator.

Miss Florence Tisdale and Miss Mamie Watkins from Camden, N. J., have visited J. W. Battell's family, No. 3 Dix Street. They also spent a few days at Lake View.

Edward J. Putnam.

The funeral of the deceased was held in his late home, Monday, the Rev. I. L. Wilcox of the Park Street Church officiating. This gentleman so long and so favorably identified with Worcester business will be missed from our circles. The burial was in Hope Cemetery.

New Wall Paper Company.

A new wall paper company, under the firm name of Walsh & Harrington, have opened business at the old stand of the Worcester Wall Paper Company, 546 Main Street. Mr. Walsh has for some time past been connected with E. G. Higgins & Co., and Mr. Harrington has been manager of the Worcester Wall Paper Company for the past three years. Both gentlemen are thoroughly conversant with their business, and their local acquaintance should guarantee them success in their new venture.

About Folks.

Miss Alice G. Buck will spend her vacation at her home in Royalton, Vt.

Harry C. Boyden has returned from his trip to New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Boyden have had a outing at Falmouth.

The marriage of Mr. Albert G. Liscomb of the firm of N. S. Liscomb & Son, and Miss Carrie Sumner, daughter of Mr. George Sumner, is announced to take place Sept. 16th, at Mr. Sumner's summer home in Shrewsbury.

Samuel E. Alden and Capt. Hopkins of this city were present Thursday, the 27th, ult., at the eighteenth annual reunion of the 31st Regiment in Westfield.

Prof. Geo. E. Gladwin has returned from a trip to Yarmouth, N. S.

Rev. Henry Ginsberg of the synagogue of the Sons of Abraham, who has been stopping in New York for several weeks, is expected to resume his labors with his parish, today.

William A. Kelly, of Class of '92 of the Holy Cross College, John J. Gorham, both of Lynn, and George O'Donald of Holyoke have been visiting friends in this city.

Capt. C. T. Pratt, for some time past business manager of the Holyoke Democrat, has accepted a more lucrative position as advertising solicitor for the Springfield Daily News.

Miss Fannie Wood is visiting at No. 1 Dix Street, with the family of L. M. Lovel.

Major and Mrs. Stiles have been visiting friends in Miller's Falls.

Mrs. Henry Phelps has returned from her visit to Petersham.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Sumner are having a vacation in Bristol Ferry, R. I.

Mr. E. A. Sumner and family have returned from their Summer outing.

Mrs. Henry W. Ware and son, Carl, have returned from their month's absence on Lake Memphremagog.

Dr. Mellus returns to Worcester from Maine, but his family will remain another month.

Edward J. Putnam and wife returned Monday from a month's trip through Michigan.

Rev. John B. Drennan, once of Worcester, but for some years in Amherst, is to be transferred to Southbridge.

Milton Shirk, of Peru, Ind., and wife are the guests of Mrs. S. D. Davenport. Mrs. Shirk is Representative J. H. Walker's eldest daughter.

Miss Mamie E. Powers, class of '92, Worcester High School, has returned from Farmington, Ia., where she spent the Summer.

Hon. W. W. Rice has been confined to his house by an attack of illness.

W. J. Hogg recently purchased the "Hillside," John B. Gough's home at Boylston, and will take possession about November 1.

W. A. Gile and family are home again from New Hampshire.

Mrs. Chas. M. Booth has returned from her Summer stay at Ocean Bluff.

Charles A. Goddard, who went with Post 10 to Detroit, has reached home. Mrs. Goddard who went with him was taken ill and is not yet able to return, being still in Minnesota.

Mr. William F. Abbot and family have reached Worcester from their vacation residence in Maine. Just in time for school to begin.

Rev. John Galbraith, formerly at Grace M. E. Church, has returned to Boston with his family from their summering in Cottage City.

LIGHT notes with pleasure the return to her home in Grafton of Miss Wing, daughter of Treasurer Henry F. Wing of that town. She is one of the teachers in the Springfield High School and has improved the vacation by a short trip abroad.

Saratoga.

Wishing to make the excursion to Saratoga in the most comfortable manner possible, on Friday, the 28th, ult., Mr. Elmer H. Loring chartered the parlor car, Chas. B. Pratt, and with every convenience possible aboard found places for twenty-eight men, not counting the boys. They called it a gender party, not a member of the gentler sex was permitted to accompany them. Those going were as follows: Elmer H. Loring and son, Lt. Samuel A. Willis of the Continentals and son, Capt. George Allen, G. B. Pierce, ticket agent, Fitchburg R. R., Charles Scott, W. A. Munn, John A. Low and son, Charles E. Winch, A. L. Young, G. C. Hunt, W. H. Dunton, W. H. White, A. C. Copeland, A. F. Copeland, A. M. Macomber, E. L. Donovan, James Cruikshank, E. L. Freeman, Frank J. Sturgis, George Powers, George Hurlbut, F. Mayers, C. Benson, C. Lord, Frank Kettell and Fred Sears. All had so good a time that they are anxiously looking forward to another trip of the same kind.

Attached to the same train was the car, David Garrick, which Mr. G. B. Pierce had put in shape for passengers of both sexes. Here were, with others, J. B. Garland and wife, Fred W. Southwick and wife, Frank W. Ruggles and wife, Mrs. Albert F. Prentice and daughter, J. J. Hughes and wife, Warren H. Willard and wife. They, too, were very pronounced in expressions of favor as to the trip.

A Complete Give Away.

Census Taker (to an old maid)—When were you born, Miss?

Old Maid—I was born about the time that Lincoln was assassinated.

Census Taker (a little later, to the mother)—In what battle did you say your husband was wounded?

Mother—At Vicksburg, I think.

Old Maid—Why, no, mother? It was in the Mexican war. I remember it as well as can be.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

GUNS!

All grades, from all the popular Manufacturers, both
IMPORTED and DOMESTIC.—**FISHING**
TACKLE—Everything an Angler
 wants. **SPORTSMEN'S CLOTH-**
ING. Ammunition of all
 kinds. **BLASTING**



MATERIALS and a Complete Line
 of **SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.** In the future
 as in the past my friends will receive a cordial wel-
 come, with goods at the lowest prices, at the **SPORTSMEN'S EM-**
PORIUM.

E. S. KNOWLES, 416 MAIN STREET.



SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Figures. We have 75, and they must be sold at some price. Among the number are COUPE ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description, GODDARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger COACH, one Brewer & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2 Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENSINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc, and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.

THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

"Sappho."

Sweet bird of song, through all the ages vast,
 Like a bright star beyond our reach on high,
 Thy lustre never dimmed, but, as time speeds along,
 More radiant shines thy glory in the sky.
 Nor wrong, nor ignorance can mar thy history's page,
 Like the bright lucent skies which arch fair Hellas'
 shore,
 A stranger, wandering 'mongst thy storied isles
 Feels thy weird presence sweep his being o'er.
 Ages ago, in thy sweet happy home of peace,
 Where love shone forth with bright redoubt rays,
 Thou radiant queen, amid the lesser stars that shone,
 Taught Purity and sang through all the sunny days;
 And far across the sea, in distant foreign lands,
 Fair "daughter of the Gods" thy lyre's soft dulcet
 strains,
 Touched hearts attuned to sweetest melody,
 And swept away full many cares and pains.

Where hast thou gone? fair priestess of the long ago,
 Must we turn upward to the star decked dome?
 Has some fair sister now thy presence bright?
 In distant Orion hast thou found a home;
 Or 'midst the Pleiades dost thy fair gentle hand,
 Guide the twin sisters through the azure realms of
 space?

We ask, we children of another race and clime,
 Where have ye hid your bright and smiling face?

Down through the dim-arched vistas of the past,
 There floats sweet music of the long ago,
 Beneath the ocean waves, on the soft midnight air,
 Come rhythmic strains of which we mortals little know.
 But through the wondrous peace that fills our souls,
 We catch a gleam of Sappho's radiant face, once more,
 Fair sister, welcome, welcome three times three,
 Back to the homes, and hearts, and earth of yore.
 —Fred L. Hildreth.

Discontentment is the Story.

Eternal nature leads the way,

My circling path lies through the wood,
 Where scarce the sunbeams cast a ray,
 And heat of day is there withstood.

Lost to the gazing world and throng,
 I while a time in haunts like these,
 Nor sigh for what the most may long
 A mind content and well at ease.

Beyond me lies the hill-side town
 At rest in its summer glory,
 And there men fret in their renown
 Discontentment is the story!

Herr Cherrytree.

Some Sentiments.

I notice that when a very prominent man in this country "shuffles off the mortal coil" and rests with his fathers, some individual or paper *propose*s that a monument be erected to his memory. The monument rarely appears. The proposing finally ends in nothing and if the monument comes, it comes though the efforts of another generation.—Waltham Chat.

The death of James Russell Lowell creates a void in American literature that cannot be filled, and involves the loss of the purest men that ever honored the title of American Citizen.—Athol Transcript.

Why not ask for a little legislation that will prevent the drunkenness and gambling at college athletic contests that have ruined hundreds of young men, and should make many college presidents and professors ashamed to encourage "sports" that tend to so much demoralization and disgrace?—Windham County Transcript.

Loie M. Royce, the Nebraska school teacher who became a heroine in the great blizzard of March 12, 1888, has become the bride of a Michigan newspaper man.



Extend a cordial invitation to all visitors
to the

New England Fair

and all others to call and examine their
immense stock of NEW FALL
STYLES of

FURNITURE and CARPETS

AND

HOUSE-FURNISHINGS

OF ALL KINDS,

which will be sold at the lowest prices, and,
if desired, on the most reasonable terms
of credit.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

Old carpets may be made into rugs by unravelling them and weaving the ravellings on frames which come for this purpose, or knitting them.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the broiling sun.

Salad is much easier served and much more appetizing when placed on individual plates.

The soap-saver is a useful little utensil. It is a box of wire net with a long handle attached. The soap is placed in it, and if shaken in pan of dishwater, will produce a strong suds without the slightest waste.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

A very good authority gives as a very simple remedy for hicough:—a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hicough in nine.

Inflammation of the bowels. Of course the safe way is to send for the doctor without delay. But in the country, one is often obliged to wait a long time. Anxiety makes the time seem long anywhere, and simple remedies are often very efficient helps. So, while you are waiting make a paste of lard and salt, fold a wide pillow-case (as that is always at hand) into a large square, spread on the paste and lay the cloth smoothly, paste side down, over the bowels, stomach, sides, and as far toward the back as you can. When the inflammation is severe, the lard will be absorbed in a very short time. Be prepared to change the paste as often as needed. Never mind wasting the salt. There is no particular rule, only be sure to stir enough. All that is not needed will remain on the cloth.

One always has this remedy in the house. So it can be made ready in a moment, and the quicker the better is the order in a such cases. I have used it where the patient was in perfect agony of suffering, and the doctor far away. The result was always more than satisfactory, there being a very perceptible decrease of pain in a wonderfully short time. Of course the doctor smiled knowingly when I told him, but then I was quite willing he should smile, for the patient was comfortably sleeping when he arrived.

In another case all remedies failed, and it was said the patient must die—but she didn't.

Many steps may be saved if the housewife will have a market basket in which to carry things back and forth from table to pantry and cellar. The basket may be decorated much or little as the taste dictates. I much prefer a large basket, staired on the outside and lined with oil-cloth, as it is easier to keep clean. The basket is handier than a server since it can be carried in one hand.

Instead of sewing a patch on a table-cloth, patch the piece on with starch, and then smooth it with a hot iron.

ad W. C. T. U.

Whether the ladies have succeeded in making lots of money or not in their N. E. Fair restaurant enterprise, they deserve a fortune, for they have done valiant service. Early and late they have spared no pains to please and satisfy their numerous patrons.

THE CLARK- SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Have you any idea

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New processes, new materials, new results.

It you want light

and plenty of it, cleanliness, freedom from odor and absolute safety, you can have it.

The genuine "Rochester" and the newer "B and H", have, as all good things do have, countless imitators, cheaper, very likely, inferior, most surely, and wholly dependent upon their extensive advertising for even a limited sale. There are no lamps to be compared with the "Rochester" and "B and H." central draft, for quality or power of light.

Their sale is as wide

as the world. They go to every country. We don't "control" them. Any reputable dealer will sell you one. We simply offer a larger selection than others, the full line in fact of both makes and give you the price advantage that comes from large buyings.

Dainty colorings

in parlor lamps, beautiful hand painted vase lamps with bisque finish and silver trimmings, table lamps of Royal Copper, Ormolu, gold and silver finish, and all possible combinations of porcelain and metals.

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is largely used in Piano Lamps, and is much less expensive than in years past. The opening of new mines has made it possible to sell a fine lamp for less than the former price of the table alone.

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A full silver plated "Rochester" piano lamp complete with large umbrella shade, and patent extension \$10.

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whatever is good in the lamp business, we have it. Whatever is the newest you will surely find in our tables. The lowest price you will hear quoted will be our price, lastly, whenever and wherever you buy a central draft lamp, insist upon having the Rochester or B and H, they and they only are sure to be right in every way.

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About Folks.

Many people had thought Lawyer James H. Bancroft a hopeless case of bachelorhood, but the unexpected always happens and just now, his many friends in the Burnside block and elsewhere are tendering congratulations over his marriage last Saturday to Miss Abbie L. Wheeler of Gardner, formerly of Ashby, at the residence of Deacon S. N. Lewis, in Gardner, by Rev. Robert F. Tolman. They will reside at 5 Cottage street, for many years the home of Mr. Bancroft.

On the afternoon of September first a birthday party was held for Robert and Hazel Adams at number 8 Dix street. Seventeen little people gathered at three o'clock for games and a general good time. Then there were cake and ice cream and "The biggest plate of biscuit I ever saw" — one little boy reported. At six o'clock, each one was given a souvenir, in the way of a covered basket filled with candy. Each basket was lined with fringed tissue paper of different colors. Here are the names of those who attended: Hattie Adams, Bessie Atherton, Ruth Atherton, Alice Casey, Maria Pierce, Flossie Greene, Ruth Smith, Clara Laurence, Phillip Atherton, Carl Atherton, Warren Casey, Floyd Short, Robert Caswell, Roy Tillinghast, Russell Hamilton, Delos Roe, Harriet Roe. Two of those invited could not come, but perhaps they had a slice of the birthday cake to make up for the loss of so much fun. We will hope so.

Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Rand started Thursday on a two-weeks' pleasure trip in the form of a carriage drive through the hills of New Hampshire. It is hoped that the outing will prove beneficial to Mrs. Rand, who has for some time been in failing health.

Among the illustrations which accompany the last paper of Capt. Daniel Morgan Taylor's article on "The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia" in the September Outing are a portrait of privates, Battery B., Light Artillery, M. V. M., to show the uniform and a portrait of Col. Ebury P. Clark, of the second Regiment, of which the Light Infantry and City Guards of this city are members.

Fred L. Emory who had the advantages of the W. H. S. and the Polytechnic, Class of '87, has been honored with a call to the directorship of the Manual Training School of West Virginia, Morgantown. This call comes from the Regents of the State University and his friends are not a little pleased thereat.

Telescopes.

Nearly all of the recent telescopes are refractors; i.e., the observer looks directly at the star. The largest one is at Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

The object glass is 36 inches in diameter, and was ground by Alvan Clark of Cambridge, Mass. This firm also made a glass lately for the observatory at Pultowa, Russia. Its diameter is 30 inches and the one at Nice is of the same diameter.

The largest reflector is the Lord Rosse in Ireland 6 feet in diameter, and with a focal length of 53 feet.

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giving information in regard to routes, rates of fare and list of Hotels and Boarding Houses, can be obtained at the Company's office, 250 Washington Street, and mailed free on application to J. R. WATSON, General Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Luncheon Short Cake.

Make a nice short cake, after it is baked, split it open and spread with butter; then a thick layer of good ripe peaches sliced finely; then sprinkle plenty of sugar over the peaches, cream and crust may be added. This way of preparing short cake is considered more digestible, if placed on ice to cool.

Peaches may be pared in a neat and expeditious way by placing them in a wire basket and dipping them for a moment in boiling water then transfer them quickly into a pail of cold water and pare at once. The peaches should be ripe, and firm.

Royal Pears.

Take pears not quite ripe, pare and core them and cut in thin quarters. To eight pounds of pears add five pounds of sugar, the rind of three lemons cut into strips. To the juice of the lemons, add one pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of ginger: boil all together until the fruit is transparent, then put into glass cans.

Egg Lemonade.

Squeeze and strain one half lemon in a glass of water then add one egg well beaten. It is delicious.

Oyster Omelette.

Beat four eggs very light. Cut the hard part out of eight or a dozen oysters, according to their size, wipe them dry, and cut them up in small pieces, stir them into the beaten egg and fry them in hot butter. When the under side is brown, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top, and fold one half over the other.

Truffed Chicken.

Boil until tender a nice plump chicken. When cold, remove all the white meat, and cut it into dice. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan. When melted, add one tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add a half-pint of milk, stir continually until it boils, add the chicken, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper. When hot, add the yolks of two eggs, a cup of finely chopped mushrooms and four truffites cut into tiny pieces. Cook one minute, and serve in the small cups.—Boston Budget.

Time for Cooking Winter Vegetables.

Squash, one hour. White potatoes, half an hour. Baked potatoes, one hour. Sweet potatoes, three-fourths of an hour. Baked sweet potatoes, one hour. Turnips, two hours. Beets, three hours and a half. Parsnips, one hour. Carrots, one hour and a half. Cabbage, three hours.

A delicate way to serve salt cod is to bake it with potatoes, eggs and milk. Soak one pound of the fish in cold water over night; in the morning, drain, cover with boiling water and let it stand on the back of the stove where it will not boil for half an hour. Drain and press out all the water and pick it to pieces carefully, rejecting all the skin and bones. In the meantime, boil and mash six good-sized potatoes, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the fish, a quarter of teaspoonful of black pepper, four beaten eggs and a pint of rich new milk. Mix well, pour into a buttered baking-dish and put in a hot oven to brown.

ORIGINAL. No. 18.

Plum Roll

BY MRS. S. T. RORER,

Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

Add one teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt to one pint of sifted flour. Sift again. Rub in one tablespoonful of butter, add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out, sprinkle with one cup of chopped raisins and a half cup of chopped citron. Dust with cinnamon, roll up and steam for thirty minutes. Serve warm with hard sauce.

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.

The most healthful leaven is carbonic acid gas from pure cream of tartar and soda. It is



the only leavening power of Cleveland's Baking Powder. That is why Cleveland's is perfectly wholesome, leavens most and leavens best. Try it, Cleveland's.

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Worcester Veterans, No. 3.

Daniel Seagrave, Printer.

On this day, September 5th, Mr. Seagrave is just sixty years old, for it was in 1831, in the town of Uxbridge that he started the career that now finds him a worthy citizen of our Worcester. He is of farmer lineage, the very best possible, being the son of Daniel and Mary (Weld) Seagrave whose lives were spent in that goodly town, so near the southern line of our county. The paternal ancestry runs through Daniel, John, Edward, and John who was an Englishman and undertook to come with his family to America but died at sea, and was buried in the Atlantic. The great grandfather, Edward, was a small boy when, with three other children, his mother landed in Boston. He, finally, settled in Uxbridge, was a minute man and a captain during the Revolutionary war.

The mother, Mary Weld, was born in Charlton, though descended from the famous Boston family of that name. Her father was a soldier in the war of 1812 and his musket, cartridge box with some unused cartridges and his plume are now in the possession of his grandson.

Our subject had the benefit of the town schools, including the Academy which preceded the High School, including among his teachers Dr. Macomber, who in his earlier days was accounted a famous instructor.

The old Seagrave homestead, built before 1790 is still standing, and some of the original acres are yet in the hands of members of the family. Would that more of the old families had clung to the soil and that our new comers had, instead, gone to the untilled West.

Mr. Seagrave came to Worcester in the Spring of 1849 and like so many other printers found service on the Spy. James L. Estey stood by his side his first day as he set his first stick full of type which went into the Spy the next morning. This was in the days of John Milton Earle and here he remained as apprentice, journeyman and foreman till 1861. Then, with his cousin, Albert Tyler, he bought out the Spy job office and in the old Transcript and Spy buildings for twenty-one years, as Tyler & Seagrave, the firm continued, using, in places, material that had come down from the days of Isaiah Thomas. In fact in 1876, they set up, in old Spy sticks, a fac simile of the Spy of 1776, which was stereotyped during that centennial year. The old Press and much valuable antiquarian matter was, in 1876, presented to the American Antiquarian Society and set up for inspection. They may be found in the first room at the left as we enter the hall, having been set up there by Mr. Seagrave. After Mr. Tyler went out of the business in 1882, Mr. S. continued the work alone till 1888, in the early Fall. He has ever had a liking for the antique and he was one of the founders of the Worcester Society of Antiquity, of which he is a life member; was present at the second meeting and would have been at the first, had not another engagement prevented. For six and a half years, he was the painstaking secretary and, for a long time, he was on the committee on nominations. In this line of the ancient, he has compiled a Genealogy of the Seagrave

Family which is a standard work, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been the historiographer of the First Universalist Church.

He early joined the Masonic Order and much of his time and zeal have been given to the study of Masonic matters. He was made a Master Mason in Morning Star Lodge, June 9, 1857, and, soon after, was Secretary pro tem. In 1858, he was a charter member of Montacute Lodge; was its first Tyler and till 1867, was in charge of all the Masonic rooms except those of Morning Star; of Montacute Lodge, he has been Treasurer and Chaplain. In 1850, he became a member of Worcester Royal Arch Chapter and has held nearly every office in it, having been High Priest two years and is now Secretary, for the second year. In 1863, he entered Hiram Council, Royal and Select Masters, the largest in the world num-

the Lodge of Perfection, he has been Treasurer, etc., and in Rose Croix, he was second officer for some time. He is a life member of Montacute Lodge and an Honorary member of Worcester Chapter, and he has been in the Massachusetts Consistory. In 1867, and the following three years he conferred degrees of the Masonic Fraternity of Eastern Star on eighty members, and in 1871 organized and named Stella Chapter, and for two and a half years was its presiding officer. In 1876, the Grand Chapter of the state was formed, he being President of the Convention, and for two and one half years, was the first Grand Patron of the state. In the following two years, in connection with the late Thomas M. Lamb he served on important committees on ritual and jurisprudence; was elected Secretary in May, 1881, an office which he still holds. While Grand Patron he gave three ad-

resses, largely historical, which were printed in the Proceedings. He is librarian of the Masonic Library and for a number of years has been contributor to several Masonic publications.

In religious matters Mr. Seagrave is a Universalist, having begun attending that church in 1840. He united with the society in 1855 and joined the church in 1863. He was made a member of the Standing Committee and in 1864, became a deacon, a position held by him for twenty-five years; during the last ten years he was Treasurer and Almoner of the church fund. Resigning these offices he was made Clerk and, ever, has been the annalist. For thirty-two years he was Teacher, Secretary, Assistant Superintendent and Acting Superintendent of the Sunday School; his wife was a teacher in the school thirty years.

Mr. Seagrave has a pardonable pride in being a life member of the Worcester County Mechanics Association, having joined in 1852. He has served on the Board of Directors and has done no little work on the Library Committee.

He was married in 1853, Nov. 16, to Miss Delia Elizabeth Hurlbert of Northfield, Vt., though born in Littleton, N. H. Her parents were Capt. Thomas S. and Elizabeth (Brown) Hurlbert. Their home is at No. 8 Crown Street, where they have lived since 1854. Both Mr. and Mrs. S. are life members of Stella Chapter of the Eastern Star, which makes him a life member of the state organization, and by virtue of his being Grand Patron he holds a life membership in the national body.



being above eight hundred, and here he has been Recorder and Deputy Master several years and, two years was Thrice Illustrious Master. He is now Chaplain. Next January, Mr. S. will have completed twenty-five full years as representative from that body in the Board of Masonic Directors and then will have two more years to serve. When he retired from the chair, he gave an address on Hiram Council and Cryptic Masonry, for which he was thanked by the Council. The Commandery was entered in 1860 and of this he has been Sentinel and Armorer several years; was Recorder and Warden two years each and besides has held other offices. He has taken all the degrees of the Scottish Rite from the 4th to the 32d inclusive. In

Mr. Seagrave has never been active in politics though he has been inspector and warden in Ward 8 several years. Casting his first vote in 1852, he has never failed to vote since, always voting a Free Soil or Republican ticket, save once.

In conclusion, he is a man who merits and maintains the highest respect of a wide circle of friends.

Miss Ida A. Tew, after spending her vacation with her parents in this city, left Tuesday for Beatrice, Nebraska, where she has been engaged as teacher of drawing in the public schools.

Mrs. Carrie (Wardwell) Lipman of Iowa is spending a few weeks in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Pratt. She is a High School graduate, class of 1877.

Ticket Agent Lancaster announces two excursions for Saturday, one to Coney Island and New York and one to Montreal, both at less than half rates.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"The Queen of the Plains," a border drama has drawn immense crowds this week. Miss Kate Pursell appears in this in five different characters. She was well supported by the company.

Next week the military drama "Lynwood," will be the attraction. The farce which will precede it is entitled "Limerick Boy."

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Admission 15 and 25 cents.

Tickets for sale at Gorhams, 454 Main Street and Whittemore & Burnham's, 109 Main Street.

Church Notes.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. A. M. Hitchcock has declined to accept the call to the assistant pastorate of Central Church.

METHODIST.

Grace:—Geo. O. Sawin, a tenor from Gardnes sang at the morning service last Sunday morning. He sang Dudley Buck's "Fear not, oh Israel," as a solo, and with the choir took part in Millards's "Veni Creator.

"Every man, at the age of fifty is responsible for his own face." Secretary Stanton.

The Sanatorium is conveniently located on Main Street, accessible from every quarter. Horse cars pass the door direct from Union Depot without change. Every appointment and appliance for the treatment of disease. Each case comes under the direct personal care of the physician.

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The Fanny Farce **LIMERICK BOY**, will commence the performance. **GRAND LADIES' ORCHESTRA**, Matinee Every Day at 2. Doors open 1:30 and 7 P. M. Prices, Orchestra 25c, Balcony 20c, Gallery 10c. You can secure seats for any Performance Afternoon or Evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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Begins its Fall Term September 1. The New Rooms now required are double the size of those vacated. Tuition for 6 months, \$60. For 10 months, \$75. Students in Shorthand will by the NEW RAPID SYSTEM, be qualified for business in 3 to 5 months, complete tuition, \$50, and be offered positions in Worcester or elsewhere. Read the following:

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BOSTON, MASS., JULY 30, 1891. }

Mr. A. H. HINMAN, Worcester, Mass., Dear Sir:—

The demand for Remington Typewriter operators has become so great that we have been obliged to open in connection with our Boston office a department for securing and placing operators who use our machines. The result has been that through our Boston office alone during the past year from July to July we have placed 612 young men and women in good business positions. This does not include any placed by our thirty odd agents in New England. In no case, either from the person placed or from the employer have we received one cent for our services. So great has been the demand from business men that we have been almost constantly embarrassed in our efforts to find a sufficient number of young men and women qualified to fill positions. To be a candidate for our strictly gratuitous services to young men and women, we require that our operators shall be able to write shorthand at the rate of 90 words per minute and transcribe the matter upon the Remington Typewriter at 30 words per minute. As you in line with leading business colleges have decided to use our machines exclusively, we propose to LOOK TO YOUR COLLEGE FOR REMINGTON OPERATORS. We shall instruct our Boston, Worcester and New England Agents to do all we can in placing your graduates in business offices as you qualify them. Yours very truly,

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Hinman's College can qualify shorthand students for business and PLACE THEM IN POSITIONS IN HALF THE TIME AND FOR HALF THE MONEY required by the other shorthand school in Worcester, whose circulars say:—"We will in no case and under no circumstance agree to furnish a position for any pupil, we would rather not receive that pupil at all than to guarantee to furnish a position.

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Reopens TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1901. Applications for hours received at any time.

Pupils received at any time during school year.

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(Opposite Elm Street)

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will re-open September 23. Miss Kimball will be at the School after August 1, where she will be glad to talk with any interested in her work.

An excellent school home for your daughter. Call or send for circular.

Mrs. Frank J. Darrah

AND

Miss Winifred Marsh

WILL REOPEN THE

SEVER STREET KINDERGARTEN

SEPTEMBER 7.

No. 4 Sever Street.

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Private School and Kindergarten

WILL BEGIN SEPT. 14.

Miss Kilham will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent nurse maid.

Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

Mr. H. C. Mullett,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE

will resume teaching Sept. 8th.

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Smith & Adams.

These energetic gentlemen have wrought quite a change in the premises so long occupied by Henry W. Miller. To begin with large single glass windows have taken the place of the smaller ones and instead of going down stairs, the large central stair-way, leads up. Beneath these stairs is the way down, a great economy of space. Then the office, so long used by Mr. Miller is changed about to advantage, but the gentle face of the long time proprietor, in crayon, is to look down upon his clerks and present successors.

Principal Bartlett who made the trip to Detroit as one of Commander Veazy's aids, after the encampment, went on West to South Bend, Ind., revisiting scenes, familiar to him twenty years ago. He is very enthusiastic in his admiration for the changes wrought in the interval, finding relatives surrounded by comfort and plenty, who then were almost in the wilderness. He returned leisurely, through Canada and Vermont to his farm in Huntington, Mass, whence he came back invigorated for the Chandler street campaign, about to begin.

The Demorest Prize Declamation contest, advertised in another column, is a most admirable scheme to keep alive an interest in temperance work. The selections to be proclaimed are temperance lectures in themselves and expressed by youthful voices they ought to make deep impressions. Seven towns, including Worcester, are represented by contestants and everything points to a most entertaining and profitable evening on Tuesday next, at Continental Hall.

Society of Antiquity.

The first meeting of the Fall was held Tuesday evening. President Crane in the chair, F. P. Rice was Secretary, Pro. Tem. Seven new members were elected and the opening of the new building was discussed. A committee consisting of Alfred S. Roe, Clark Jillson, Z. W. Coombs, Rev. A. E. P. Perkins and M. A. Maynard was appointed to take into consideration and to report a plan for dedication.

SOUTH END NEWS.

Miss Alice Pepperill Buckingham, a daughter of Mr. Geo. B. Buckingham, leaves for Providence, Tuesday, where she will attend the Friends School the coming year.

Mr. Morton R. Crane has returned from a photographic trip to Donaldsonville, Conn.

Prof. Charles L. Edwards, of Clark University, has returned from a trip to the Bermudas where he has been combining study and investigation with pleasure.

Summer is now over and naturally the mind turns to the harvest. The writer has already heard of two engagements, as a result of a Summer outing. Undoubtedly many more will follow in a short time. Those already announced are—well—call at this office for names.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Little, formerly of 15 King Street, were in the city Monday, the guests of Mr. Z. Frank Little.

Mr. Richard Hill Hammond has returned from a trip to Chicago.



The story of DRESS GOODS goes on day after day.

The eye of a trained woolen man rests on them, and instantly he thinks of the Scottish chiefs in worsted making, and the classic river Tweed.

He touches them and doubts a bit, and questions—Scotch or English.

But they are neither. They are made by a nearby stream and the craftsmen are Yankees, the wool only came from beyond the sea.

Color, weave, pattern, style all perfect. They are from 40 to 54 inches, and cost from 75c to \$1.75 a yard.

The 50c stuffs come in a hundred or more different styles and colorings. Designs as rich, perhaps, as you'll see in some of the costlier goods.

New Velvets to match any color. Two qualities now \$1.00 and \$1.50 a yard. 25 shades in each. More next week.

401 and 403 Main Street, Corner of Mechanic.
Walker Building.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

The "Home Makers" were here in great numbers yesterday.

They found their way to the second floor and brightened the Upholstery department with their presence.

It is a lovely place in which to buy Curtains and Portieres.

We like to meet the home makers, we like to serve them, we never tire in showing them the wealth of beautiful drapings that we have at all prices.

We are equally glad to show you Curtains at the least cost, and to aid your judgement in their selection.

We have a remarkable lot of Curtains for the least that any one wants to pay.

For 50c you can have a pair of Nottingham lace Curtains and better ones, we are sure than can be found elsewhere for 50c little.

From that price up to \$150, we are able to supply you in every grade of Curtain excellence and delicate beauty.

It is impossible to find anything to equal, in extent or variety, the splendid selections for this year that we have provided.

This is the very time when you want to make your selection.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

ALL ARE DELIGHTED!

We have had a great many callers during the last four days.

The EXHIBITION of new cloths for the fall of 1891 was the special attraction.

That our exhibit is a matter of interest to the gentlemen is proved by the interest they have shown already.

We are still ready to show these elegant cloths to you and again invite you to see them.

Fall Novelties,

The Latest Patterns,

The Standard Weaves,

The Odd Concepts.

SPLENDID CLOTHS to answer every purpose that you may desire,

For Business,

For Traveling,

For Sensible Dress Occasions,

For the Highest Fashion.

WE HAVE the Cloths and we HAVE the knowledge requisite to warrant our expectation of the best service and satisfaction.

We anticipate your pleasure in the exhibit we make this week.

Young Gentlemen!

Do you want first choice from the handsome and most extensive line of

TROUSERINGS,

Ever brought into the city of Worcester?

Then Come Early as Possible.

We have them and you CAN make your choice.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.—A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join in the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$25 a week; a death benefit of \$200; an endowment benefit of \$250; at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443; Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,591; Reserve Fund, \$27,203; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,557 68; Total, \$63,400 08. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600. Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms to and 11



LEADING SAFETY BICYCLES.

Solid Cushion and Pneumatic Tires. Full line of Supplies. Repairing a specialty.

LEMON & WHITTEMORE, 39 PEARL ST.

Open evenings.

FOR

RELIABLE SHOES

at Fair Prices

Go to 16 FRONT STREET,

J. K. BROWN,

W. L. BROWN, Manager.

Brown & Simpson Piano!

Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

9 May Street, Worcester.

Larkin's, 395 Main St., Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-straps, Bag-straps, Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry.

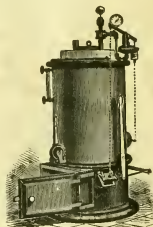
C. REBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,

6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

ROYAL STEAM HEATER.

Manufactured from the Finest Steel Plate and possessing all the latest Modern Conveniences.



This Heater is unsurpassed for excellence of workmanship and is the best in the market. Now is the time to secure estimates. The following is one of a great number of testimonials from our leading citizens:

WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 1, 1890.

THE ROYAL STEAM HEATER CO. Gentlemen:—Having purchased two of your Heaters, one now in use three years, the other 2 years, I can safely say we could hardly keep house without one. I would rather take care of our Heater with 13 radiators attached than one parlor stove where I had to bring coal and carry away the ashes. Anyone intending to heat by steam should examine the Royal and note the working of the Grate, which I think is far ahead of any I have ever seen. I will gladly give information to intending purchasers. Respectfully yours F. E. BARNARD. Barnard Bros., Trunk Manufacturers, 494 Main St. Branch Office, 39 Pearl Street, Worcester.

LIGHT

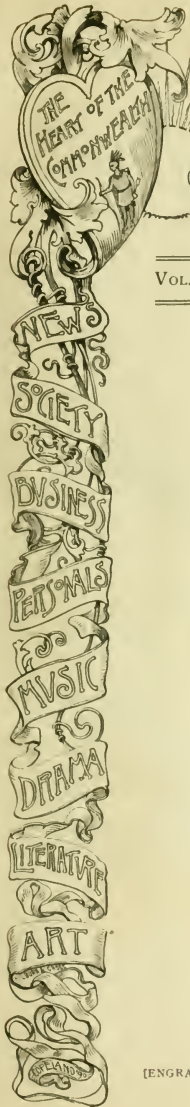
VOL. IV. No. 2. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1891. FIVE CENTS.



EX-ALDERMAN, ANDREW ATHY,

Chairman of the Democratic City Committee.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]



PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

OUR STOCK OF

* Chamber :-: Sets *

IS BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

See the Cheval Suit we are selling for 35 dollars. It is well made, nicely finished, heavy brass trimmings, and large glass. You will say it is cheap when you see it. Our No. 40 Suit in Antique Cherry, White Maple and 16th Century finish is a fine Suit for 30 dollars, and that is all we ask for it. We quote the above Suits, but they are only two of 100 different designs, all at specially low prices. Every Bedroom Set on our floors a bargain. Special attention paid to furnishing Hotels, Boarding Houses and Public Buildings. Terms to suit purchasers. See our complete stock of Furniture before buying elsewhere.

247 and 249 Main Street, Corner of Central.

WALSH & HARRINGTON,

546 Main Street,

Jobbers and Retail Dealers in

Wall * Papers,

Window Shades, Mouldings,
and Interior Decorations
of all Descriptions.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED IN A PROMPT AND
WORKMAN-LIKE MANNER.

E. A. Walsh,

Geo. H. Harrington.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!

Clean!
It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
does triple work
for 1/2 the cost.

Manufacturers
Quintette every
Iron.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SOUTER & BEALS, NYG, Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

OXYGEN

We have the genuine

Oxygen Treatment

FOR THE CURE AND PREVENTION
OF DISEASE.

It is not a Drug, but Nature's true Restorative in debility and all disordered conditions of the system.

Our Oxygen is fresh every day.

Prepared and administered with the utmost care by a Physician of large experience.

It will pay to investigate our METHODS and PRICES.

WORCESTER OXYGEN CO.

LINCOLN BLOCK,

368 1-2 Main, Cor. Elm.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Especial attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 143.4.

N. G. TUCKER.

W. F. TUCKER.

N. G. TUCKER & SON,

SANITARY PLUMBING AND VENTILATION.

Dealers in Plumbing Materials.

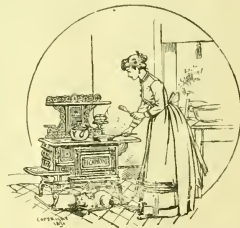
56 Pleasant Street,

Worcester, Mass.

SMITH & ADAMS,

Successors to H. W. Miller.

Look at this picture and read.



A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a housekeeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility.

One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MULLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

NO. 2

It is Thy joy alone, alone Thy joy,
That gladdeneth me;
And for that joy of Thine, that gladdening joy,
I come to Thee.
It is Thy light alone, Thy light,
That cheereth me,
And for that light of Thine, that cheering light,
I come to Thee.

—Horatius Bonar.

For our latitude, was there not a mistake in making the New Year begin January 1st?

It marks no era in the round of the year. The Vernal and the Autumnal Equinoxes; the Summer and the Winter Solstices are natural events that would mean something in a year's history, but of January 1st, all that can be said is that it is near Christmas.

After all does not our real year begin when the schools do? Here we have been running all over creation during the summer months. Everybody who could has gone to the ends of the earth. Business has been dull, at its very dullest, but the signal for school to begin brings the remotest, home; clerks resume their places behind the counter; the whirl of Commerce is again heard and it looks as though the year had begun.

"This year" is an expression of very diverse application. It may mean the Year of Grace 1891. It may mean the School year which began Tuesday, it may mean a Town year which begins in February or March, or when we speak of the License year, we mean that commencing the first of last May. The meaning of many a word depends upon its application.

In the school year, now in progress, many and diverse parts must be acted. The parent has not done all in turning the child over to the teacher's care for a few hours daily. There is or should be a home influence to follow and assist the instructor's efforts to lead and direct the pupil. It may be granted that many homes are such in name only; but irresponsible pupils do not always come from such places. The out-of-school atmosphere is very soon apparent in the school life.

That parent must be blind or stupid to send a child to school to get rid of him and, when many others do the same, then wonder that the teacher does not get along better with forty urchins than the parent does with his one or two. There are just such people, however, even in our steady going Worcester.

No sadder comment was ever made on the defects of some home lives than in the reported words of the mother of a boy, recently killed upon a railroad in this city. If the paper reported her correctly, when called upon, at the time of the accident, she said that she did not know where he was, that he had left home in the morning to amuse himself during the day, according to his custom.

No wonder Topsy said, "I grewed, just like any other Nigger." We have Topsy's of both sexes and of all nationalities. They are not reared nor trained. They grow up or merely vegetate. The wonder is that more are not killed or do not die of neglect. The survival of the fittest or the strongest is the only rule by which their existence is explainable. These same parents would think very hard thoughts of the teacher who did not know where his pupils were. Is it one of the chief failings of humanity to shift all burdens and responsibilities off upon other shoulders?

The recent spanking of a juvenile delinquent is an instance in point. The law forbids the arrest of children under twelve. What is a man to do when his fruit and flowers are picked by such lawless fellows? They patrol



John May
C. D. Warner

the streets in search of places that suit them and when caught in the act accuse the owners. If the latter administer proper punishment, they are arrested for assault. Luckily, our judge discharged the defendant.

Taking the law into one's own hand is risky business; for as the policeman said, "Much depends upon the judge." A man's pear trees are completely skinned and he secures the taking to court of the fourteen years old thief, but nothing comes of it. He is not held. If teachers can impress upon their pupils correct notions of lawful and safe possession they will accomplish a much more important task than to have taught them all about Africa and Oceania.

Downright unswerving honesty along with a love for country that would prompt to any

sacrifice are as important as any lesson that the teacher can impart. If for any reason the teacher is unequal to the task of inculcating such principles, then he is, clearly, unworthy of his place. Again these principles are of more consequence here in America than in any other land, for we have vastly more and divergent people to assimilate. Our task is one to try all our powers and resources.

By all means, show the good points of a city or town. Prove to the world to be investor that he will have good company and that the advantages of the location, as to transportation and help, are second to none, but don't tax the poor to make the rich, richer. No ultimate good comes to any place that resorts to such processes. Business is not a form of tramping. It is the result of growth and, naturally, partakes of the nature of its surroundings. Those towns that are crying themselves hoarse to secure new enterprises may yet regret this fervor.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Whenever LIGHT's publication day coincides with the birthday of a noted American, it is a pleasure to present his portrait to our readers. September 12th is the anniversary of the birth of Charles Dudley Warner, a writer who has given a deal of pleasure to a wide circle of people. He is a native of Plainfield, Mass., 1829, and we conclude that his most delightful book "Being a Boy" details some of the scenes of his own youth. He was prepared for college in Cazenovia, N. Y., and was graduated at Hamilton College Clinton, N. Y., in 1851. He won the first prize in English and he has been winning prizes right along since. In 1856 he was graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, but like Lowell, he preferred Letters and coming east he became connected with the Press in Hartford and then with the Courant where he is today. He is a near neighbor and friend of Mark Twain and of Mrs. Stowe. As the manager of the Editor's Drawer in Harpers he has a following of readers over the whole English speaking world. The book that gave him his introduction into America was "My Summer in a Garden." People read, laughed and blessed the writer. Since its publication, 1870, he has put forth many volumes; but no one has eclipsed in interest the one just named. He has delivered many addresses on all sorts of occasions and has been a voluminous writer for the magazines. He has brought smiles to many faces and that is the best that can be said of any man. In Hartford, he shares the literary renown of that beautiful city with Twain and Mrs. Stowe. No one, there, fails to tell you that this is the home of Charles Dudley Warner, and well they may be proud of him. His very latest book is a volume of excerpts from the Editor's Drawer. Of the most of his books, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston are the publishers.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday, Price \$2.00 per
annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Telephone No. 435-5.

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second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY SEPT. 12, 1891.

The printing of the Index, last week, crowded out the Record of the Week, already overdue. Pains will be taken to avoid such faults in the future.

St. John's Echo for September comes out under the editorial management of John M. Kendall and he has done his work well. This paper is trying the experiment of living without advertisements. It will need much patriotic support on the part of the people; but those of this parish will give it if any will and Mr. Kendall furnishes them a paper worthy of their encouragement.

The Athol Transcript of this week is a great number. Its first page is given to a remarkable panoramic representation of the late carnival. More than fifty views of the procession are given, showing it at different points. Both views and printing are excellent. The description of the scene is also good, making Tuesday's paper one to be desired by any one who knows ought of Athol. Both the town and the Transcript are to be congratulated.

It appears that LIGHT's information as to the proximity to the Sterling Camp ground of the school house of "Mary had a little lamb" fame was incorrect. The house was in this town, but in another portion thereof. It was known as the old red school house, and was supplanted by a new one years ago.

The Week.

CITY.

- Aug. 21—A fire in Baker's dry house, Union Street, calls out the entire department. By hard work, the fire was suppressed.
- 22—Phillip Clark of North Grafton, commits suicide on Ellsworth Street, 60 years. Rum did it.
- Dr. Orlando Mixer returns from Europe.
- 23—Many passengers between Worcester and Leicester. Two break downs.
- A Holyoke business, Coburn Trolley Track Company wishes to locate in Worcester.
- 24—Funeral of Charles Jernberg at his late home, 13 Perry Street, Rev. H. W. Eklund officiating.
- The weather too hot and sticky for anything like excitement.

25—Col. F. W. Wellington entertains officers of Cushing's Battery and gives a reception to military guests.

Washington Club enjoys sports and dinner at the Lake.

Mrs. Frances M. Baker dies at the residence of Mrs. C. W. Smith, corner Chestnut and Elm Streets, 78 years.

Secretary Foster approves the report of Agent Low as to Worcester's Post Office.

26—The exhibition drill and parade of Cushing's Battery, one of the finest military events ever witnessed in Worcester.

The old hand fire engine received by the veterans. Great enthusiasm over the return of "The Tub."

27—Richard Johnson, a High School boy, run over and killed by the cars at South Worcester. Trying to catch a ride.

Rev. H. M. Hitchcock declines a call to Central Church.

28—Carl H. Lundgren, falls from a tree and is killed, 13 years.

Continentalers have a rainy day for their clam bake at the Lake; but clams always did enjoy high water.

Edward J. Putnam dies at his home, 9 Merrick Street, 47 years.

29—Stock for the N. E. Fair begins to appear in the city.

Jerome Wheelock reaches home from trip to Europe. Crossing the ocean is nothing to him.

30—W. J. Hogg purchases the Hillside Farm, John B. Gough's old home. Will reside there Summers.

Vacation ministers return and are warmly welcomed by their flocks.

31—Conference of superintendents of Boys' Clubs in this city, at the office of local club.

Sept. 1—New England Fair begins under cloudy skies. Still it promises to be the best exhibition yet.

2—First car on electric railway to the Lake.

Reunion of 36th Regiment in Continental Hall.

A five years old boy, Freitof Weibust loses his foot by Electric cars on Canterbury Street. Too much carelessness.

3—The Governor comes to the Fair and so do thousands of other people.

Co. F, 1st Batt. Heavy Artillery reunites at G. A. R. Hall.

4—N. E. Fair closes in a wreath of glory. Never more successful.

The new road to the Lake opened for business.

Worcester Bar pays a worthy tribute to the late Judge Staples.

5—Worcester takes a rest after the Fair.

6—Many ministers in their pulpits for the first time after the vacation.

Herbert W. Smith of this city fatally injured by cars in Nashua.

7—It not only rains but pours. Dripping would-be processionists edge under friendly awnings and curse the weather. Labor Day celebration a failure.

Prohibitionists hold caucuses.

Hon. T. C. Bates withdraws from the State Central (Republican) Committee.

Worcester & Shrewsbury R. R. reduces fare to the Lake to five cents.

8—Republican caucus solid for Allen for Governor.

Demorest Prize Declamation in Continental Hall.

Public schools open.

9—Prohibitionists nominate Kimball and Smith in State Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Harrington seriously injured on the electric railway.

10—Man badly wounded seeks Dr. Ellis' office for help. May be a burglar. Will not give an account of himself.

Fred W. Barber dies, at Barber's Crossing, after an illness of four months.

COUNTY.

21—Case against Dr. Fox, Fitchburg's organizer of short term endowment order looks bad.

Sterling Camp ground brightening up for the coming meeting.

Leicester, now, visits Worcester daily.

At the hardware store of Cyrus Spaulding, Webster, can be seen on exhibition an old-time kitchen stove, which has been in use for 100 years or more. Mrs. Luther Child of Thompson, Conn., when a child, remembers it as doing duty in 1810 in one of the farm houses of that day. The stove is square, round top, with a swivel turning in any direction, with doors on three sides. —Sp.

22—In Auburn, malicious parties are killing cattle. What next?

24—Cushing's Battery making its way through the County towards Worcester.

25—Milford stirred up over an Italian murderer assault.

The Sterling camp meeting in full blast.

26—Upton receives and entertains, in most hospitable manner, the Veterans of the 21st Massachusetts.

27—Henry A. Greany killed by the cars in Spencer.

Hon. S. C. Pomeroy dies in Whitinsville. First Senator from Kansas, 75 years.

28—Sterling camp meeting progressing successfully.

Hon. Chas. A. Denny of Leicester entertains Charles Denny of London, England.

29—Milford's veteran priest, Fr. Cuddihy, greeted by 8,000 parishioners.

Warren is getting ready for celebration of 150th anniversary.

Comrade Charles E. Angell, a 12th Mass. veteran, goes from Webster to the Soldiers Home in Chelsea.

30—Addison Mirick dies in Holden, an Anti-Slavery veteran.

31—Three years old daughter of Charles Taft dies in Millbury, diphtheritic croup.

Sept. 1—Athol has a gala day. Great local celebration, processions, declarations and collations.

2—Reunion of the 53d Regiment in Fitchburg. Christian Crusaders invade Barre.

3—Mrs. Sarah, wife of Chas. W. Field, Jr. dies in Clinton, 40 years.

Rev. H. G. Hall installed pastor of the Warren Congregational Church.

Amos Morrill of Gardner dies of apoplexy, 55 years.

4—Hiram Allen dies in Webster, 79 years.

5—Electric R. R. proving a great boom for Leicester and Spencer.

6—Cattle poisoning suspected in Millbury.

7—Warren celebrates her 150th anniversary, notwithstanding the rain. A great event in the town's history.

8—Spencer makes merry over opening of electric railway in Worcester.

9—Leicester Hotel to be in full charge of Mr. G. W. Geddings, till recently associated with Mr. Charles Hopson.

COMMONWEALTH.

21—Allen vs. Crapo, as prospective Republican nominees, the staple of conversation in Massachusetts now.

National War Department declares the militia system in this state second to none in the Union.

22—Boston empties her garbage into the sea, some nine miles out. Then it comes back to trouble the shore dwellers.

23—Maud Sawyer of Lynn, aged 14 years, drowned in presence of her parents in Flax Pond.

Rev. L. A. Banks of Boston talks about some of the city's pauper institutions.

24—Our Governor has gone to Maine on a fishing bout. Here's luck to him.

The People's Party has at least one good feature in that it demands industrial training in our public schools.

25—A Greenfield mother gives birth to four babies, the three girls die, but the boy likely to live.

26—Fall River Globesued for libel. All about an alleged wife beating case.

27—Meeting of American Bar Association in Boston.

Speaker Barrett fails of election to State Convention from his home, Melrose, caucus.

28—W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester to be one of the Committee on Resolutions at coming Republican convention.

Dr. A. A. Miner of Boston gives \$40,000 to Tufts College for a new Divinity Building.

29—Dr. Holmes receives many friends at his Beverly home.

30—Lawrence Scientific School gets a new laboratory.

31—Prof. W. S. Chaplin of Harvard to go to Washington University, St. Louis, as chancellor.

Miss Elizabeth Withington of Dorchester 100 years old.

Sept. 1—Lynn's new Post Office to be near the center of the city.

Rev. S. E. Breen to start an independent Methodist Church in Cambridge.

2—Ice houses burned in Holyoke.

3—Republican caucuses seem to be strongly in favor of Allen for Governor.

4—Boston enjoys a case of highway robbery; Parmenter Street.

5—Disastrous fire in Walpole. Union mill burned.

6—Fiftieth anniversary of the Baptist Church in Medford.

7—Worcester St. Anne's Cadets win in the Northampton Field Day Drill.

Labor Day gets wet the whole state over.

8—Dr. W. A. Mowry resigns from Boston School Committee.

Veterans of 40th Massachusetts Volunteers have reunion in Faneuil Hall.

9—Labor troubles brewing in Fall River.

10—Allen of Lowell has a clear majority of delegates already in his canvass for gubernatorial nomination.

NATION.

21—Almy of Hanover, N. H., the criminal hero of the hour. Look out for a history of his life.

President Harrison 58 years old and goes a fishing.

22—Terrible explosion and loss of life at Nos. 68 to 74 Park Place, New York.

Almy of Hanover, found to be Abbott, an escaped convict.

23—Harper's circus wrecked by a mob in Thompsonville, Conn.

Kansas Farmers Alliance votes to establish co-operative stores throughout the state.

24—The New York explosion horror develops nearly forty dead.

A Russian Jew family reaches New York having twenty-four children, ages ranging from one to twenty-four years. None got away.

25—President Harrison received with great fervor in Vermont.

26—Sixty-one dead bodies found after the New York holocaust.

Bankers in Indianapolis arrested for trying to shield the tax dodgers. 'Tis ever thus.

27—In spite of rain, the President has a good time in Vermont.

New York to investigate Park Place horror. Can the dead be restored to life?

28—Fatal collision on New York Elevated R. R. Wonder there are not more of them.

29—President Harrison returns to Cape May. Native population in Alaska decreases.

30—Judge G. W. Schofield dies in Warren, Penn., brother of General Schofield.

Chicago pushing the World's Fair buildings but will have no Eiffel Tower.

31—Dead bodies in New York horror are not all found yet.

British smuggling Chinamen into this country.

Sept. 1—Knights Templars hold 78th annual conclave in Troy.

Sutton, N. H., dedicates a soldiers' monument, given by Hon. George A. Pillsbury.

2—Another balloonist killed in Oswego, N. Y. Surely this is the "Fall" of the year.

Bandits "hold up" a train on the Southern Pacific; still we call Turkey and Greece all sorts of names for permitting like crimes.

3—Horace B. Stillman elected president of Hamilton College, New York.

Mrs. Ezra Cornell dies in Ithaca, New York.

4—Brooklyn Bridge R. R. has a collision. Several injured.

Galesburg, Ill., has the first frost of the season.

5—Tug boat, Erie, run down and sunk in New York Harbor by Cunard Steamer, Etruria.

6—It is reported that Senator Hawley of Connecticut will be the next Secretary of War.

7—But now Senator Hawley denies it. You may take your choice.

Irish National League, through its Secretary in Chicago, snubs Parnell. How are the mighty fallen!

American war vessel, Pensacola, ordered to Honolulu.

At Peoria, Ill., another balloonist fatally parachuted.

8—New York Republicans assemble for convention in Rochester.

Battle Creek, Mich., for the first time elects women to school committee.

9—New York Republicans nominate J. Sloat Fassett for Governor.

10—New York jury can discover no cause for Park Place explosion.

WORLD.

21—Chinese horrors continue.

Russia is strengthening her frontier forces. Getting ready to fight.

22—Prince George of Wales promoted to be Commander in Royal Navy.

23—High tides in Bay of Fundy.

Treves visited by 100,000 pilgrims to see the Holy Coat.

24—Heavy fighting reported in Chili.

If the Kilkenny cat fight could only be repeated!

The czar of Russia received in Denmark. Just a visit to his father-in-law.

Prince Bismark said to be failing in health, losing his mind.

25—French fleet received with great enthusiasm in England.

26—Cholera raging in Singapore.

Gladstonian candidate defeated in Lewis-ham.

27—Mr. Gladstone denounces gambling. Has he any personal intent?

28—Now the Chilian insurgents are a'ead. It looks as though Balmaceda's course were run.

Pirates frequent the Mediterranean Sea. Hurricane in Boulogne, France.

Russian towns have riots over scarcity of rye.

29—Marie Tagleoni, the famous dancer, dies in London, 88 years.

30—Sarah Bernhardt proposes to make a theatrical tour of the world in special steamer.

It is all up with Balmaceda, and Chili has a new government.

31—Mr. Spurgeon suffers another relapse. Santiago a scene of riot and destruction.

2—Chili recovering her normal condition. Has been anything but chilly lately.

Now Central America is in a volcanic mind. Those Spanish republics are queer affairs.

3—Emperor of Germany visits Austria. He is right on his travels.

American pork to enter Germany free.

4—Paris suffered from a tornado and cloud burst.

New Zealand declares, unqualifiedly for Womens' Suffrage. Even the isles of the sea are ahead of us.

5—Husband of Queen of the Sandwich Islands dies.

Irish crops reported a failure.

6—Order does not reign in Warsaw and more troops are ordered there.

American securities advance in London Market.

7—Boston to have two more Cunard Steamers for European traffic.

Canadians detected in running Chinamen into Detroit.

8—German Empress enthusiastically received in Baravia.

American pork to be admitted to Denmark.

9—Ex President of France Jules Grevy dies. Major Jonas M. Bundy, Editor of the New York Mail Express dies in Paris.

10—San Salvador racked by a severe earth quake.

Plymouth, Eng., will erect a monument commemorative of departure of the Mayflower.

Mr. G. Randolph Gemmill, for some time past, editor of the Record, will sever his connection with that publication next Wednesday, to accept a position on the reportorial staff of the Boston Daily News. Mr. Gemmill is a bright young man, and his many friends wish him success in his new field.

Andrew Athy.

There is much in a name. A well balanced cognomen, something out of the regular every day order, is worth money to the business man and reputation to the aspirant for fame. It is said that the name, Orange Judd was so peculiar, yet so attractive that many people supposed it an assumed one, and when, one day, it was found printed all over one of the pages of the New York Herald, thousands of readers were led to send for the American Agriculturist just to find out who and what Orange Judd was. All this as prefatory to a brief sketch of the gentleman who, this year, heads the Democratic column in our annual political fight. Had the Athy parents searched the records through they could not have found a more rhythmical first name for their son. "Pronounce the two together" and could a better combination be devised? To be sure, intimate friends may drop the latter appellation and familiarly call our Ex-Alderman by his good old Bible name; but to the most of Worcester's citizens he is first, last and always "Andrew Athy."

He was born in County Galway, away over on the Atlantic washed side of Ireland, January 1, 1832. Neither he nor his friends have any difficulty in remembering that birthday. His new year, and good resolutions and the Christian Year all begin at the same time. He was just sixteen years old when he came to New York and began a new life on these Western Shores. Soon after landing he made his way to Boston and began the hard work to which he has been no stranger from that day to this. He had such educational advantages in America as evening schools afforded, of course only a breath compared to what the mass of our people enjoy today. He sought Worcester in 1850 and began to work in boot shops. For several years he was an employe of Joseph H. Walker, a considerable portion of the time as foreman. In 1875, he began the undertaking business at the stand still maintained on Green Street.

Mr. Athy was elected to the Common Council in 1865 and with the exception of 1868, he was in that body constantly for thirteen years. In 1874 and '75 he represented his district in the State Legislature and from 1881, inclusive, he was an alderman from Ward V. Among his Worcester colleagues in '74 were the Hon. Samuel Winslow and James E. Estabrook. In '75 along with him, there went down on Worcester, the Hon. W. W. Rice, S. R. Heywood, James E. Estabrook, Enoch H. Towne and Osgood Bradley, Jr. Possibly, no man in Worcester, today, has had more experience in municipal affairs. In both the City Council and the Legislature, he served upon important committees and everywhere enjoyed the respect of his fellow law makers. In 1886, he was the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty against the Hon. Samuel Winslow when the latter was up for his first reelection. From the close of that year, to his election to the chairmanship he has had a political rest, the very first in a long term of years.

While Mr. Athy has always acted with the Democratic Party, there has never been an opportunity for him to show his sympathy

with movements for the bettering of the laboring classes that he has not embraced. Away back, before the Know Nothing days, he was a member of the Jackson Guards an organization that Governor Gardner disbanded. He is one of the oldest and one of the most prominent members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and has held every office in that body. For a long time he has been connected with the Irish Catholic Benevolent Society and in the days of the Land League, he was president of the local association, besides being a delegate, several times, to the national convention, and on St. Patrick's day celebrations, he has repeatedly been the Grand Marshal.

His business and his political offices have given him a very wide acquaintance with citizens of Worcester. Very few men could go through Main street and find more people whom they knew than can our Democratic Ex-Alderman. In that particular portion of Worcester where he lives and where his business is, he is regarded as a sort of walking cyclopaedia of personal knowledge as the dwellers there-a-bouts. If there is one diversion that Mr. A. fancies above another, it is to run into a theatre and see as much of a play as he has time to witness. In this way, he has become a sort of dictionary of theatrical reminiscence, memories that are always entertaining.

Mr. Athy's only son, James A., is associated with him in business. Of his four daughters, the oldest is Mrs. John J. Horgan of Worcester, Frances was graduated at the High School in 1875 and at the Normal later. She is now a teacher in our public schools. Nettie, also, went through the High School and is a singer of high repute. The youngest daughter Annie was graduated in 1880 and after a thorough study of Dramatic Art is now a member of the Effic Ellsler troupe, playing Hazel Kirke.

A brother of our chairman, P. R. Athy was Chief of Police in Memphis during the terrible Yellow Fever Scourge of 1878 and stayed manfully at his post, though many of his force succumbed to the destroyer. Subsequently, he was elected Sheriff and died in 1882 just at the beginning of his second term.

Of course, the Democratic party has a long record in our city, much longer than that of the Republicans. In Mr. Athy's present position some of the most prominent men in the party have acted. Beginning with 1884, when the Democrats elected their first president since James Buchanan, their City organization has been as follows:

CHAIRMAN.	SECRETARY.
1884 J. E. Estabrook,	Richard Mathers,
1885 E. A. Harris,	Richard Matweys,
1886 E. A. Harris,	J. W. Butler,
1887 E. A. Harris,	J. W. Butler,
1888 W. A. Williams,	P. A. Conlin,
1889 William Hart,	J. W. Toole,
1890 William Hart,	J. W. Toole,
1891 Andrew Athy,	J. A. Thayer.

With the issue of the contest which will soon be joined, LIGHT has nothing to do. We simply introduce the heads of the respective committees and the public takes its choice. The gentlemen who compose the respective opposing committees have the interests of their parties at heart and with Free Trade and Protection, at odds, we are promised a campaign of education.

Entertainments.

The first Demorest medal prize speaking contest for a gold medal held in this city took place at Continental Hall, Tuesday evening. There were nine contestants from various Worcester county towns who have won silver medals. The contestants and the titles of their selections were as follows: Miss Maud A. Welch, Blackstone, "The martyred mother;" Miss E. Lulu Chamberlain, Worcester, "Young America's war cry;" Miss Lydia F. Gould, Milford, "Nationalism vs. sectionalism;" Miss Aura B. Randall, Clinton, "The City of Today;" J. J. Shea, Worcester, "Rum the worst enemy of working classes;" Miss Ethel F. Wetherbee, Westminster, "Plea for the fatherland;" Miss Helen M. Dexter, Clinton, "The voice from the poorhouse;" Miss Minnie E. Hunter, West Upton, "Our national curse;" Miss Bessie Royce, Palmer, "The deacon's Sunday School sermon." At the close of the contest the judges, W. H. Bartlett, Rev. H. J. White and F. W. Clark of Northampton, announced that the winner was Miss Dexter of Clinton. Miss Dexter was the youngest of the contestants being but thirteen years old. She now has the privilege of contesting in the grand gold medal contest which takes place at the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Boston in November. J. J. Shea and Miss E. Lulu Chamberlain of this city, received copies of works on elocution in recognition of their excellence in speaking. There are to be more silver medal contests. Those desiring to enter are requested to leave their names with C. E. Burnham.

Lothrop's Opera House.

Lothrop's Opera House has been doing tremendous business every evening this past week, and has large sized audiences at the afternoon performances. At both performances on Labor Day crowds were turned away, unable to obtain even standing room. The liberal policy of the management is being well repaid by the box office returns.

The attraction is "Lynwood," a military drama, in which H. Percy Meldon, as Victor Blanchard, appeared on Monday and Thursday nights. Mr. Meldon is always a painstaking actor, and deserves much credit for his work. Miss Ethel Tucker, who appeared here three weeks ago in "Queenie," acted the character of Lucille Carlyle, the heroine, in a manner which elicited well earned applause.

"Lynwood is preceded by a farce, entitled "Limerick Boy," which is well received. Messrs. Wilkes and McElroy, the Barrys and Miss S. Frances Newhall, who, by the way, shows considerable aptness for comedy, are all good in their respective parts.

Miss Katherine Rober is booked for next week, in that well known melo-drama, "Storm Beaten." Miss Rober is a good actress. Her "Fanchon" was well received by crowded houses, and she will undoubtedly do big business on her return engagement.

"Oh Sophy! I hear you kissed Mr. Rondo, the poet, in the conservatory last night." "Um-m-m?" Tell me. What was it like?" "Well he has a very pronounced literary taste." —Puck.

School and College.

Kindergarten.

In spite of the storm quite a gathering of ladies met at Luther M. Lovell's Dix street Saturday afternoon to hear Miss Lucy Symonds, who is at the head of the Kindergarten Normal Training School in Boston, read a paper on the work of the teacher in that school. In appearance Miss Symonds is tall, perfectly free, easy carriage, and having a low pleasant voice.

At the tea table after my return from the meeting my little boy said that mamma had been to hear a lady read a talk at Mrs. Lovell's and I think that a good description, for though she read a lengthy paper still there were stories and bits of experience given us aside from the manuscript.

A sketch of Froebel whose system of work she follows was the opening page of her paper, giving hint of his unloved childhood and his ideas as he realized what might be done for the little ones. Miss Symonds says that in no other way can we successfully cope with the great questions of the day so well as by taking the babies as it were and educating them. They cannot enter the public schools till five years of age and before that time the years are lost which in the Kindergarten would be filled at least part of the time with useful instructive employment. She spoke at some length of the mission Kindergarten in Baltimore. The first work is of six balls and while some children have learned at home something about them there are those who know nothing of them. The baby mind is taught to think; learning the number, the size, the shape, the color in turn.

Before Pestalozzi every animal had more care taken of him than the children, meaning by this that more care was taken of the bodies of the animals than of the minds of the children. Even these days we spend money to buy everything for sons and daughters, while we allow them to read what they will, whether it be novels of a low grade or other poisonous works.

Begin to train the child at home and then let the school supplement it. Sometimes the home training is sadly lacking and then must the Kindergarten begin as early as possible.

The teacher must look after the physical and moral as well as intellectual training of the child. The teacher must know the ways and methods of the parents, and thus must visit each home in turn and talk with the parents.

Miss Symonds thought it would be a good idea if all nursery maids would study the system that they might be the better prepared to care for the little charges. At this point she read a cutting from the Transcript concerning the cruelty and carelessness of a maid at Nahant towards a child under her care.

The children are taught without text books and all is explained, they being allowed to ask questions at length on the subject in hand. The child is left to discover everything it can about the subject and when he fails to see any more of interest the teacher hints at something which opens a new channel of discovery. They learn how to play under the direction of the teacher; all are taught kindness and generosity. All faulty expressions are corrected.

Much of her paper might be applied to the teachers in all the schools as for instance the teacher must have a home idea of life and be able to give her high aims and enthusiasm to her pupils. She must be able to teach them power and control. She must teach a knowledge of the world and how to use it. After the close of the reading many asked questions on the subject and for a half hour Miss Symonds answered them, seeming to be thoroughly filled with knowledge of the work.

Only a sketch of her paper can be given but many who heard her wended to express a desire for some such free school in our own city.

It is interesting to note that this meeting was held in the very room where Miss Bardwell opened her Kindergarten in 1885, a school that has been continuous from that day to this, now being a part of Mrs. Morgan's school in the Y. M. C. A. building. Miss Kilham who succeeded Miss Bardwell is still in charge. Already, this school has been a source of much good.

Three Little Maids.

Three little maids at school are we,
As mad as school-girls e'er can be,
Fun all over, no longer free,
Three little maids at school!
Algebra is not much fun,
Compositions must be done,
All our lessons are just begun,
Three little maids at school.
Three little maidens most contrary,
Gone to the Ladies' seminary,
Bowed to its drum-drum melody,
Three little maids at school!

Philadelphia Times

Character.

But this business of ignoring character is not confined to the church. I find the schools largely working on the same basis. If there be any one fact more patent than another concerning our public school system it is this, that the end of education is considered to be intellectual entirely. So far as reasonable amount of facts are concerned, the young doubtless get them; but how to use these facts for the public welfare, or for private enlightenment, is not a matter of direct training. Our boys lack moral will. They are not under training to be made into noble beings, but to be professional preachers, lawyers and doctors, or else skillful mechanics. All well so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. These products will sell out for a price. These products do not comprehend the great moral laws of nature, when you teach my boy the gravity of matter, I want him also to know the equally certain gravity of moral life—that the soul that sins dies—that every degree of badness is death. And I will curse you if you teach my boy that he can sell his manhood and yet be saved by the righteousness of somebody else.

Have I said that there are not many noble generous, beautiful characters that are graduated from our schools and our churches. If I even implied that, I will take it back; but they are not so perceptibly the product of the schools and churches. The only character builder in our civilization is home. Where you get a wise father and a wise mother you will get noble children and noble citizens in spite of all hindrances.—E. P. Lowell in "Liberty and Life."

Worcester is interested in Prof. Michelson's recent discovery of a process for ascertaining the diameter of Jupiter moons. The application of the method has been successfully made at the Lick Observatory. Prof. Michelson's experiments in Light have long been noteworthy and his coming to Clark University was a great honor to the institution.

High School.

After many days, English pronunciation of Latin is abandoned in favor of Roman. Hereafter it is to be Kikero, and Wane, Wede, Weke, on the supposition that this form will better appease the manes of the defunct Romans. As all the New England Colleges have adopted the Roman pronunciation, of course it is best to conform, but the etymological value of the study, so far as English is concerned, is thereby completely lost. Colonel Higginson insists that Harvard has now three systems of pronunciation and until they agree he will stick to the English. According to one gentleman now a teacher in the Girl's Latin School, Boston, this Roman system is subject to such variation as the latest dispatches from Germany may warrant, and as for himself he prefers the old method. This statement is all the more valuable in that the gentleman was once a strenuous advocate of the late fad, but Cranmer like, he recanted and publicly declared his reconversion. After all, it makes very little difference to us but the change is better to the young people who must go from School to College and that transition should be made as easy possible.

Mrs. Albert Heydtmann, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, formerly a teacher in the Episcopal parochial schools of Waterloo, N. Y., has been visiting friends in this city. Mrs. Heydtmann left America to take a position as a governess to the Princess Kaulani, the niece of King Kalauka. The young princess is at present completing her education in Europe. Mrs. Heydtmann has presented to her sister, Mrs. L. Benedict, a set of photographs, including excellent likenesses of the present Queen Liliuokalani, and members of the royal family. There is also an impressive looking picture of the dead king lying in state, with his queen standing with bowed head by the side of the casket. Several views of the principal streets of Honolulu show many old and interesting looking buildings. Since her marriage Mrs. Heydtmann continues to keep up a lively interest in church and educational matters, being connected with many literary societies. She is deeply interested in church and missions, working unceasingly to spread the roots of education among the natives. While in this city Mrs. Heydtmann has been the guest of Mrs. L. Benedict and Mr. F. W. Gardner, her sister and brother. She sails for home this week.

Lake Glazier.

Capt. Glazier and party have been their trip to the headwaters of the Mississippi and have come back more than ever convinced that Lake Glazier is the true source. This idea is embodied in a report signed by all members of the expedition. Mr. John C. Crane of Millbury favors LIGHT with copies of Minneapolis papers containing extended notices of the return and of the results of the expedition.

School and College.

Polytechnic.

The entrance examinations last Tuesday, resulted in the admission of thirteen candidates. The number of pupils in the Institute is larger than ever before.

High School.

After rest comes work. So the nearly one thousand pupils of the school found out last Tuesday morning, when it again fell to their lot to return to school. Many were the regrets heard on every side, but one and all agreed that many were the good times to be had even in school days. One of the most noticeable things about the reopening was the fact that hardly a face was missed from its accustomed place. The three higher classes assembled in their last year's room in the morning and under Principal Wight and his efficient assistant, Miss Jillson, the work of readjusting the various classes was much facilitated. There was hardly a hitch noticeable, as both pupil and teacher worked in harmony. The morning hours were taken up with the distribution of books and the assignment of classes. All wore joyful faces and seemed, even if they did not feel—happy.

The pupils noticed several new features in the buildings as they approached. In the first place the Walnut street building has received a new coat of paint. This will prove a blessing to the entering class, as it was an eyesore to the departed classes. In the main school building an office has been built under the basement stairs for the use of the janitor and is a much needed addition. The hall in third story has been daintily frescoed and tinted and presents a charming appearance. Anyone familiar with the old beams in the same will look with delight upon the improvement. Under the direction of the most cordial janitor, Mr. Cummings, the rooms have all been cleaned and in many rooms the desks have been newly varnished. On the whole the building presents a very charming appearance and seems well suited to the needs of pupils.

Several changes in the faculty of the school have been made. Mr. Geo. E. Gardner, Professor in Latin, has been changed to the main building and will have charge of the classes in Rhetoric. Miss Mary Whipple will this year have charge of the "Tech" Preparatory class in Room 25.

The familiar face of Mrs. Jennie I. Ware, instructor in English Literature, was missed by those who had for so long a time been her friends. Their grief was greatly intensified when they learned that she had been removed in the same way by the same hand that had removed their beloved principal, just one year previous.

Miss Bridgman will this year have charge of the classes in English Literature in Room 17.

And now before closing, one word must be said about the entering class. About an hour previous to the time appointed for them to assemble in the Walnut Street building, they might have been seen in line, hanging on the fences opposite, or sitting on the stone work, waiting the time when their names should be enrolled upon that illustrious scroll.

As a class, the pupils are much larger than last year's entering class and among the young ladies quite a number of handsome and winning faces are to be seen. The entire class seemed bright and fresh, ready for the duties before them.

Among the scholars who will prepare for the "Tech" examinations in February, the following members of the class of '91" were noticed Chas. Harrington, Walter Haggood, Harry Barker, Allie Warren, Frank Pierce, Harry Davis.

The societies will hold their first meetings Friday night, when special reports will be given. It is understood that the rule requiring members of the second year class to wait ten weeks before entering the clubs, has been suspended and they will at once be allowed to take an active part.

Miss Parkhurst will have charge of Room 37 in place of Miss Whipple advanced.

Notes.

Mr. Fred C. Houghton, who failed to pass in French at the last "Tech" examinations, has returned in order to review the missing study.

The wall on the South side of the grounds has been reset and is quite an improvement.

A "First Proof" of the courses of study in the school has appeared and will be followed in the two lower classes the coming year.

Miss M. Edith Sessions, a member of the entering class, will be greatly missed at the Washington Street School, where she has been a favorite among her school-mates. Miss Sessions takes a special course.

Mr. Thomas F. Cummings, class of '91, has entered Holy Cross College. May he be the bright and shining light to that school that he was to this.

Mr. Coburn, a former member of the Worcester Academy, has entered the school in order to prepare for the Tech examinations in February.

Mr. George E. Gardner, in addition to his second year classes, will have a class of seniors in Political Economy. No abler man could have been found for the place.

Mr. Fred A. Whittemore, Class of '93 has gone into business with his father. His classmates wish him success in his new venture.

Harvey L. Wheelock enters Harvard this fall, Class of '91.

Miss Minnie Cogswell a graduate of the Shrewsbury H. S., Class of '91, has entered the senior class. X.

Burns—Carroll.

Miss Ada E. Carroll, daughter of Wm. T. Carroll, was married Wednesday to Robert R. M. Burns, by the Rev. H. J. White of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church. About twenty-five friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony. The bride, wearing orange blossoms, was attired in a handsome white silk dress, elaborately trimmed with lace, while the house was replete with potted plants and flowers. Rebellish furnished refreshments and on the midnight train the happy pair left for a wedding trip. On their return, they will reside at 342 Pleasant Street.

Itasca vs. Glazier.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 7, 1891.

A. S. ROE, Esq.:—The head waters have

been visited and the region far beyond. The united testimony of the gentlemen composing our party is that Itasca must give way to the Glazier Lake as the source of the great Mississippi. The measurements by the surveyors were most careful and the investigation by all concerned has been a thorough one and no other conclusion could be arrived at than that the lake to the South of Itasca, was the true source. In our opinion, as shown by facts submitted in the report, it is only a question of time as to when it shall be recognized as such by all geographers.

I send you a memento of our visit in the shape of a piece of birch bark from the island former made historic by Henry R. Schoolcroft.

Very truly,

J. C. Crane.

South End Notes.

Miss Alice E. Meriam, for many years teacher in the Woodland Street School, has accepted a position as instructor in music and drawing in the schools of Millbury and Shrewsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. Green and Mr. Charles Milken Green returned home Monday from the Pickwick, Falmouth Heights, where they have been passing the Summer.

Mrs. Charles C. Brown left Monday for a few weeks sojourn in Northampton, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Buckingham went to Providence, Tuesday, for a few days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Beane and Miss Alice Beane returned from Falmouth Heights, Monday afternoon.

Owing to a mistake of the writer, Miss Buckingham's name, which appeared Pepperill, should have read Perkins. Mistakes will happen, in spite of us.

John N. Barber, W. H. S. '89, who finished a course in chemistry at Amherst College last June, leaves next Wednesday to accept a position in Walkington, Va., as chemist at the Walkington Mining Works.

F. R. Johnson, Jr., son of the ticket taker at Lathrop's Opera House, left Friday for Malden, where he will spend the Winter at school.

Frank J. Dolan and Wm. N. Daniels, both former High School boys, with John L. Joyce and Wm. J. Devereux have gone to Philadelphia for dental instruction. Daniels and Joyce have been there already; the others are new. All have been students of Dr. F. E. Cassidy.

Mr. M. J. Whittall and wife with Miss Helen Hinsley have reached home from their European trip.

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, attended a month's mind mass at Springfield Thursday, for James J. McDermott, late pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Springfield.

Dr. Roscoe W. Swan was married, Thursday last, to Miss Elizabeth N. Prentice at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Prentice, No. 105 Pleasant Street. Dr. McCullagh of Plymouth Church officiated. About thirty friends were present. The parlors were handsomely decorated. They will reside at 51 Pleasant Street after October 1st.

About Folks.

An exhibition of plates illustrating United States army and navy uniforms and battles on land and sea together with sketches of army life, is now in progress in the lecture room on the third floor of the Public Library building.

On the east wall are forty copper-plate etchings by the famous war artist E. Forbes. They are graphic sketches of life during the Civil War. On the south wall are nearly fifty prints, reproduced from H. A. Ogden's water color illustrations of United States army and navy uniforms from the Revolutionary War up to the present date. Below them is a series of colored plates representing battles in the Mexican War. On the north wall at the left of the door are pictures showing the uniforms worn at present by the navy. The remainder of the north wall is occupied with colored plates representing very vividly naval and land battles of the Civil War.

The exhibition is open to the public every afternoon from three to six o'clock and every Saturday evening. It will continue as long as the attendance warrants. There is no charge for admission.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon will commence her dancing classes for this season, Wednesday afternoon, October 7. The evening classes will begin Wednesday, October 28.

G. Henry Whitcomb and family have reached home.

Ernest W. Marshall has returned from his Summer outing on Seneca Lake, New York.

Mr. Ernest G. Metcalf, of Ashland, has recently visited friends in Worcester.

Our former High School boy and later Institute graduate, Wm. L. Smith, late of Denver, but more recently in the employ of the Chicago Bridge Building Co., is now in Elmira, New York, assisting in preparing material for the great Memphis Bridge, which the firm is constructing.

Dr. Geo. McAlcer has a very readable article on "A Day in the Old Dominion" in The Amateur Sportsman. The Doctor must have had lots of fun.

Mrs. Frank A. Knowlton and Miss Maud Knowlton have had a two weeks' visit to friends in Norfolk, Va.

O. P. Shattuck and family have returned from a month's visit in Waterville, N. Y.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon is in New York securing attractions for her classes in dancing which will soon be opened.

Henry A. Howe of Barnard, Sumner & Co., is back from his vacation passed in New York and New Jersey.

Principal Seldon L. Brown, of the Wellesley Hills High School, was recently in the city.

The Board of Trade bids fair to materialize soon. The Fall activity, will wipe off Summer's rust.

At 36 King Street, recently, Gertrude E. and Florence E., aged respectively twelve and ten years, daughters of James Bradford, celebrated their birthdays. Many presents were received and a bountiful collation was served at six o'clock. There were present Alice Pierce, Alice Fernald, Evelyn McClure, Constance Train, Chester Thorndike, Annie, Earle and Leaman Atkinson, Mildred and Kenneth Mossman, Bessie Wood, Florence, Edith and Willie McCormey, Ben Dean, Harry Nowell, Burton Price and Roy and Vera Knight.

Ex-Alderman Andrew Athy took a run down to Lridgeport last week to see his daughter, Annie play in "Hazel Kirke." That is the point nearest to this city at which she will appear at present. The company is now tending towards the West and South. Worcester will be pleased to give Miss Athy a greeting when she does come.

Harry A. Billings, of the last class at the High School, college course, is now studying in Hinman's College instead of going to Amherst. Business is now his aim.

Plays and Players.

Mrs. Langtry suffers from a severe chronic catarrh.

During 1892, Alexander Salvini will make a tour of the world with a French supporting company. The American dates will be played in New Orleans.

A well known stock-actor, during the first performance of a piece, forgot a long and important speech at a time when the prompter wasn't on deck. He hesitated a moment and then led the heroine into a cabin. In ten minutes they emerged before the impatient audience, and the Mr.—said, "Now Darling, you know the story of my life."

It was out of sight. Bill Nye says his play, the Cadi, reminds him of some of the weaker passages in Shakespeare.

Marie Wainwright is said to be a perfect dream of daintiness, grace and beauty in her new play, Amy Kobsart, with which she opened Monday.

"Max Elliott," or rather Mrs. Granville Alden Ellis, whose dramatic and other intellectual writings appear frequently in the Boston Herald, recently re-married her divorced husband. She is evidently striving for a reputation for eccentricity.

Very few people are aware that Otis Skinner, leading man and manager for Margaret Mather, is a son of Rev. Charles Skinner of Somerville. Otis made his debut as John the piper's son at a Sunday School entertainment twenty years ago.

Milton Aborn the opera comedian, has done the best work of his life this season. Several times people in the audience have been seen to smile!

The souvenir presentation fad was topped recently by the management of Palmer's Theatre, New York, who gave each of the audience at the hundred performance of the Tar and the Tartar a solid silver souvenir spoon.

Edgar L. Davenport of the Boston Museum was married last week to Louis Davis a popular young lady of that city. Miriam O'Leary, of the same company is reported engaged to a young Boston physician.

A Dream.

Last night there came a sad, sweet dream,
That lingers fondly with me still.
'Twas sad, because I feared to wake,
Yet sweet, and captive chained my will.
I seemed to wake, as if from sleep,
With thrill of sound that came from far,
Like angel music strange and low,
While I shone a light from a four star.
At first my soul with rapture thrilled
Was lost to every sense of form,
As I gazed there seemed to grow
A vision I love, I ir, and warm.
Before my eyes in wonder wrap,
A figure stood all bathed in light,
A mild, divinely beautiful,
Whose perfect grace-entranced the sight.
I dare not speak or scarcely breathe,
Lest frightful, she should melt away
Into the air, yet all my soul
Swelt forth a cry to bid her stay.
Where lay her charm I cannot tell,
Nor what the wonder of those eyes,
But from their depths shone forth a love
That filled my heart with glad surprise.
How often in the past, I'd thought
Of her, who would be my ideal,
Whose being would complete my life
And in herself my fate reveal.
And now that I beheld her near,
I longed to claim her for my own,
But as I reached to take her hand,
The vision passed, the maid had flown.
(O dream, sweet dream, come back and live,
My heart will break without thee, dear,
Thou art my peace, my love, my life,
How can I live, and thou not near?
But no, she's gone forever gone,
Her face I shall behold no more.
Henceforth my life grows sad and drear,
I sail a sea, that has no shore.

—Edmund Smith Middleton.

In the Catskills.

Coronation.

Klönám.

Nämi Kristusá vögöbösöd,

Lanels donfolám;

Floamatani láblónómód,

Lesölali klönóm.

Palefs valik e nets valik,

Nämi lucódotám;

E pops valik su glöp talik,

Lesölali klönóm.

O' kó lemöd et lesanik,

Yumön lekantí;

Falón kó oms lenfú Omik

Klönón Lesölali.

The above translation of Coronation into Volapük is noteworthy in that it not only rhymes but is in the same metre as the original and may be sung to the same tune.

The Forty-Second.

Next Thursday, the three Worcester County Companies of this regiment will hold a reunion in Leicester, Memorial Hall. Dinner at 12 M. The new Electric R. R., affords an easy means of getting to the place and a fine time is expected. These meetings of old soldiers, in the smaller towns is productive of a deal of good both to the veterans themselves and to the towns-people. Leicester is the home of Capt. Cogswell of Company F. M. A. Hayden's name is found on the Executive Committee. Major Giles will be there and so will a large number of the "Boys."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pette, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of laths. No. 24 Pearl Street.
Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols. Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 397 Main St.

Books and Bookmen.

Fonteny, the Swordsman, a military novel by For tne Du Boisgolev, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. Fifty cents in paper.

Here is a French novel as pure as a Sunday School book ought to be. The clash of resonating arms is heard from the earliest to the latest pages. The scenes are in the Paris, France and Spain of Napoleon's days, in those just preceding Josephine's dowfall. The writer introduces us to a duel, one of whose participants, young Fontinay, is from Martinique, a fellow islander of the Empress and throughout the book he is known as the American. He is an ideal personage, not yet twenty, but deeply in love with a young lady attached to the retinue of the Empress as her reader, Marguerite Gayre, the daughter of a General slain at Maringo. Her mother was a Spanish lady of great wealth and over the effort to secure her property much of the interest of the story centers, for thereby a relative, Montalvan, with all sorts of aliases is introduced. He leads a charm-d life, is well nigh ubiquitous, does manage to acquire all her ready wealth, battles the life of the Emperor, is a host in battle for Spain's defense and is finally run to earth and shot near his home.

The defense of Saragossa is well set forth, in fact the action of the story is excellent and full of life and zest. Of course, our hero, with his attendant Tournesol have no end of adventure, that is what the story is for, but he comes through, all right, in spite of assassin's knife, battle's dangers and fever's blight. He rapidly rises in rank, having early won the favor of the Emperor. He forgets not, at any time, his love for the fair young retainer of the Empress and when, soon after her death, the allies occupied Paris, he wedded the maiden and retired to his old home in the West Indies. The story is another of the almost endless series suggested by the acts of that more than mortal man, Napoleon. Battle scene, city siege and wearisome march are admirably depicted. In a word the story is of Frenchmen, without being Frenchy in the latest and most harmful sense. Any one who likes adventure with his novel, with enough of plot to give it zest will be pleased with Fonteny, the Swordsman.

Proceedings of the Worcester Society of Antiquity for the year 1890, published by the Society 1891. From the private press of Franklin P. Rice.

There are few better illustrations of the real value of the art preservative, than those which Mr. Rice presents. For a term of years, he has sent forth, at intervals, books and pamphlets that have helped store up the records of the past and that have, thereby, made them accessible to all readers. This volume is number XXXV in the series published by the society and is the last part of the ninth volume of the society's publications. In addition to a record of their regular meetings there are fine portraits of Guellermo Rawson, M. D., of Buenos Ayres and of the late Rev. Adin Balou of Hopedale with life sketches, the former by President E. B. Crane, the latter by the Rev. Carlton B. Staples of Lexington. There is also a valuable memoir of the late Rev. A. P. Marvin by the Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Perkins.

John E. Lynch contributes an article on the Dudley or Pegan Indians, and the Rev. S. D. Hosmer on the naming of city streets. In addition, there are the reports of the regular committees including one by Major E. T. Raymond in which is included a very interesting sketch of the life of Gen. George B. Bomer who is buried in our Rural Cemetery. The care and persistence of Mr. Rice have secured an honorable place for the publications of the society in all historical libraries.

The New England Magazine for September is as interesting as ever and that is saying a great deal. The illustrated articles are very full of half tones which in "The Brass Cannon of Campobello" carry us along the coast of Maine and in "Summer Days on the North Shore" introduce us to the home of many noteworthy people who make their homes in Lynn, Beverly and Manchester-by-the-Sea. "Edward Burgess and his Work" gives us a good notion of the famous yachting history of this distinguished builder; "The New South" is a well told and well pictured story of Beaumont, a rising Texas city. Then we go clear to the Pacific coast and learn the history of the University of California. The stories, long and short, are excellent while the essay on "Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh" is one of the Old South Prize essays and is quite in keeping with the magazine and its objects. A fine portrait of James Russell Lowell accompanies Longfellow's, "The Herons of Elmwood," and a picture of Elmwood itself is found also. Not the least valuable portion of the number is The Editor's Table and of the viands served there, commend to us "The teaching of Morals in our Schools" and the remarks on the preservation of historic places in Massachusetts. We in Worcester, should be on the alert to preserve and mark our places of interest.

The September Century is filled with matter that should be read from beginning to end. The frontispiece is a portrait of T. B. Aldrich which will remind Worcester people of their North End Maecenas, and later is found a very good critique on his verse. George Kennan continues his description of Russian scenes, a series that has awakened unequalled interest in that oppressed country. California is still under discussion, this time in an article describing the getting to that land of gold in 1849 through Mexico. Henry Cabot Lodge's "Distribution of Ability in the United States" is the result of a vast amount of labor in searching and compiling. He finds out that the English blood in Massachusetts is ahead of all other races and sections. The Present Day Papers are represented in "The Government of Cities in the United States," by Seth Lov, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn and now President of Columbia College. For the artist readers are given, "A Painter's Paradise" and "Italian Old Masters." "Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton" will have a wide reading for there is not a Federal soldier who has not resented Dr. Wyeth's article in the April's Century, this being an able and complete refutation of that slanderous statement. E. W. Howe gives a very readable account of Country Newspapers, and "The Possibility of Mechanical Flight" is discussed by S. P. Langley. In "Open Letters" pensions come in for

an exceedingly vigorous discussion, the words of Prof. W. M. Sloane should be seen and read by every veteran. The subject is one that cannot be too fully and candidly treated. Eric A. Brac is as varied as ever.

The Lad es Home Journal, from the Curtis Publishing House, Philadelphia, Penn.

There is to be a little change in the domestic department of the paper soon. Miss Maria Parloa is to take charge of it though Mrs. Knapp will still answer letters sent to her. The sweet face of Will Carlton's wife greets us this month as one of the unknown wives. The continued stories still go on, and the editorial page is good as it always is. There is a picture of the boys new editor showing a liking for them in his face, and we know he can interest them. The children's page with its short story, and poems, and pictures, will no doubt please the younger members of the household. Though one might think from the cover which is blue, that the paper was of doleful character he will find it full of bright spicy things, combining instruction, with entertainment. Price \$1 per year.

Good Housekeeping, published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

An illustrated poem starts the magazine well, and after that we look for more good articles beyond, and we have never been disappointed in finding them. The cooks will all be sure to read and comment on the many recipes, and no doubt many of them will experiment in the coming days. It has been too hot to experiment, but now in the cool weather much may be done in the way of new things which the magazine tells us of. We wish every body would read and follow the advice given in the article on saving. Even the children are remembered this month with rhymes on the fingers and toes. We think the little bits on everything will all be read for they serve to fill the spare minutes of the busy housewife. The price of the magazine is \$2-40 per year.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "The Anglomaniacs," has written a new novel of New York life which The Century will print. It is said to deal with divorce.

Palmer Cox has signed a contract with The Ladies' Home Journal whereby his amusing little "Brownies," which he has made so marvelously successful in St. Nicholas and in his books, will hereafter belong exclusively to the Journal. Mr. Cox's contract begins with the first of an entirely new series of adventures of his "funniest little men in the world."

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have issued A Brief Spanish Grammar, by Professor Edgren, of the University of Nebraska. It is a book of one hundred and twenty-five pages, and intended, primarily, for college classes and such students generally as would begin reading Spanish without waste of time, but with a basis of an accurate knowledge of the essentials of its grammar. It contains, therefore, a methodical survey of Spanish pronunciation, accidence (with exercises), syntax and versification.

The Farmer and the Government.

In view of the present timeliness of the sub-

ct, The Century has arranged to print during the coming year an important series of articles on the general subject of Agriculture and the Government's relation to the farmer. Among the topics to be treated are "Agricultural Possibilities of the United States," "The Farmer's Discontent," "What the Government is doing for the Farmer," "Co-operation," etc. Mr. J. R. Dodge, Statistician of the Agricultural Department, Mr. A. W. Harris, of the same department, Professor Brewer of Yale, and others, are among the writers.

The Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record, July, 1891. \$1.50 per year.

This is No 1 of Vol. II of this publication. Very many excellent works have come from its establishment and some of the highest priced Americana, the rare tid bits of the collector, pertain to Salem and many were published by the Salem Press. This Quarterly is going an excellent work in printing Town Records and Genealogical lists, thereby making sure, for the future, what otherwise might be lost. In this number, we have extracts from the diary of Rev. Jude Damon of Truro, Mass., giving eleven pages of deaths in that Cape Cod town. It is full of Paines, Riches and Snows. There are abstracts from the Early Records of Bowdoinham, Me.; Inscriptions from Charter Street Burial Grounds, Salem, with valuable notes and queries. The editor is Eben Putnam, Box 286, Salem.

Notes and Additions to the History of Gloucester, second Series by John J. Babson, with an appendix containing indexes to Parts I and II. Salem Press Publishing and Printing Company, 1891.

Here is another indication of the very desirable work that all New England towns should be doing with their early written records. Several years ago, in 1876, there was printed a pamphlet containing the first series of Mr. Babson's notes. These covered the early settlers, but there was no index. In this second series, we have a complete index to the first volume as well as one for the second series. Books on local history where names are legion are well high useless unless thoroughly indexed. This second series is devoted to the early records, beginning with the First Church. Rev. Samuel Chandler kept a diary and from his annual volumes interesting selections are made showing a little how people lived a hundred and forty years ago. Then follow, year by year, transcripts of events from 1605 when Champlain, the French explorer, touched at Cape Ann to 1745. This volume is a series of notes on the original history and is doubly interesting in connection with that, though it is not wanting in value by itself. The index reveals the mention of more than 2,000 proper names, some of them many times. To all who care, in any way, connected with Gloucester the value of this book is inestimable. It may be had from the Salem Press Company for \$1.50

The Cosmopolitan for September, Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, New York City.

This number is called "a woman's number." This does not mean that it is interesting only to women, but that all the articles are contributed by women. The opening article on Edouard Detaille, France's greatest military artist, is by Lady Dilke. "Malmaison in the

Market," by Mary B. Ford describes the waning fortunes of the house celebrated for the residence there of the ill-fated Empress Josephine. Elizabeth Bisland writes of Tattersall's, the great London horse-market and the family from which it took its name. Countess Ella Norraikow writes of "Women's Share in Russian Nihilism." The second installment of "According to St. John," Amélie Rives new novel is in this number. Edward Everett Hale takes for his subject this month "The Work of Women," presenting some new thoughts on this, at present, much discussed subject. Other articles are "A Forgotten City," Eleanor Lewis; "The Ladies New York Club," Julia Hayes Percy; "The Evolution of the Society Journal," Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; "Society Women as Authors," Anna V. Dorsey; "I Mandolinista," a story by Daisy O'Brien; "The Romance of Count Königsmark," Molly E. Seawell; "Current Events," Minat Halstead; "On Certain Recent Short Stories," Brander Matthews. A novel feature introduced recently which is very pleasing is the placing under each of the leading articles of a small portrait and short sketch of the writer. It is needless to say that the illustrations are numerous and fine.

Outing for September, Outing Publishing Co., New York and London.

"Nomad" tells about hunting "On the Plains of Assiniboia;" Dr. C. J. Colles writes about "Trouting in the Metis Lakes;" Alex. Hunter tells the story of "A Coon Hunt;" and W. I. Lincoln Adams describes "Some Modern Achievements of the Camera." Malcolm W. Ford's article on "Running High Jumping" is concluded as are also Rev. Wm. C. Gaylor's "Canoeing on the Miramichi" and Capt. Dan'l Morgan Taylor's history of the "Massachusetts Volunteer Militia." John Seymour Wood's story, "Harry's Career at Yale" is continued and Part II of Capt. Kenealy's "Yacht Clubs of the East" finds a place in this number. There are a tennis story, "A Love Match," by Wm. Earle Baldwin; a poem, "The Camper," by E. Pauline Johnson; "A Day Among the Prairie Chickens" by George Taylor; a poem, "In a Meadow," by F. V. Keys; "The Home of the Red Deer in England" by Charles Turner; "Caught by a Wheel," a cycling story by W. G. Calderwood and the usual "departments."

Salem Witchcraft in Outline by Caroline E. Upham. Illustrated, second edition, Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co., Salem, 1891. \$1.

In most attractive form, with wide margins, clear print and with a cover where the witch pins appear, Mrs. Upham has told in brief the story of the darkest days in American history. The name of Upham has long been associated with the history of the delusion and the one who now writes is the daughter-in-law of Charles W. Upham who, years ago, gave so exhaustive an account of the trouble. In the brief compass of 171 pages are compressed the main items of the tale with no essential point omitted, so that the reader can rise, from the perusal of this book, with a distinct notion of when the delusion existed, how long, how many suffered and why. Mrs. Upham has a charm of manner that effectually removes the horror that naturally surrounds this subject.

Thousands of people throughout the country, can trace their descent from some of the victims of that dread period whose bicentennial occurs next year. It was just half way between America's discovery and our own day. There are five plates reprinted from the larger work, reproducing houses and autographs. That the book has already reached its second edition is evidence of its worth. Salem is a quaint and curious town. Around it Hawthorne has thrown the halo of romance; but the truth is strange enough. Gallows Hill, next year, should be surmounted by a monument commemorative of the dread events of two hundred years ago. One dollar apiece from the descendants of the nineteen victims would rear a stately structure. Why not try it?

Miss Carrie M. Smith of Woodland Street was seriously injured in Montreal recently, being thrown from a carriage. She is now, however, improving.

The friends of Louis K. Thayer, of this city, will be pleased to know that he has successfully passed the entrance examination to the Boston Dental College.

The Hon. Joseph H. Walker and family have returned from their Summer stay in New Hampshire.

Alderman Warren C. Jewett of Ward 1, went home from the fair Friday evening and was soon afterwards taken ill, with symptoms of typhoid fever. He is under the care of Dr. C. H. Davis.

J. M. Russell and wife, Miss May E. Tattman, Miss E. S. Taylor and Miss A. L. Taylor are registered at Newport.

J. H. Coes and wife, Miss M. M. Coes and H. W. Anderson were Worcester guests at the Saratoga hotels recently.

The September number of the Farm News from Akron, Ohio, has a copy of a famous picture, very artistic, but the milk maid is on the wrong side of the cow. A farmer's paper ought to know better.

OVER ON OUR STREET.

As to vacations! We have one good citizen who says he takes his outing by spending a little more time on each trip to and from his home. He saunters along as though he had all day before him, and says it is all the vacation he needs and certainly it is all that he gets. Were many like him, shore and mountain resorts would have to shut up.

By the way he tells a good story of P. Church. Some years since, when the new minister was settled the question of giving him a vacation came up. At a regular parish meeting, it was proposed to give him four weeks off and to supply his pulpit while he was away. Deacon — was on his feet, at once, opposing, "I don't believe in this. I don't take a vacation myself and the Devil don't and I don't think the preacher should." Judge —, when he got a chance, ended the matter in favor of the preacher by remarking, "Well Deacon, I hope you and the Devil have a good time when the rest of us are off on our pleasure trip."

Nine-Thirteen as Best Man.

How a Messenger-Boy Balked an Angry Father.

Number 913 wasn't freckled and snub-nosed and he wasn't altogether tough. Most messenger-boys are both.

He used to swing his heels and wait for calls in District Messenger Station No. 67, West, which is up in a quiet part of the town, and where most of the calls are to private dwellings. Number 913 wasn't overworked, and put in considerable leisure thinking about the things that went on in the neighborhood. He knew which men who went into the drug-shop on the corner drank cocktails of a morning; he knew how many times a day the pretty Irish maid in the first house on the side street shook the house-mats at the big policeman as he passed. He knew a lot more things, too. He knew that the pretty girl in the house had a lover, and that the mother and she were trying to keep that fact, for some reason, from the father.

Nine-thirteen approved of love affairs on general principles, and he approved of this one with all his heart. He approved heartily, also, of its being concealed from the father, partly because he had no liking for the pompous, disagreeable-looking old fellow, and partly because it made things livelier and more interesting for himself.

Nine-thirteen knew that the father was kept out of the love affair by the way in which things were conducted. The old gentleman went off to his office each morning and returned about half-past four in the afternoon. Just at luncheon-time each day, the young man would turn the corner briskly and dash up the steps.

Sometimes his trap would come after luncheon, and the two young people and the mother would go for a drive in the park. Sometimes he came in his riding-clothes, and then she would come down the steps in her close, dark habit and silk hat, and they would drive off together. Nine-thirteen was a little disappointed that they didn't have the horses brought to the door. He wanted to see Miss Mabel mount.

Occasionally they neither drove nor rode, but just went out for a little walk, and sometimes they did none of those things, but sat in the house and talked.

Nine-thirteen knew that she was the daughter of Horace Wright, the broker, and that he was Frederic Brown-Romyne, who had a fine law office down in the Equitable Building. These statements would have meant more to the readers of the society columns in the newspapers than they did to Nine-thirteen. However, he was conscious of a magnanimous and paternal interest in the young people, and would have been glad to be of more service to them than merely carrying notes and boxes and other things of slight importance.

Once in a long while, the old man didn't go down-town for the day, and Nine-thirteen never looked in vain on these days for a summons from the house, whence he was sure to carry a telegraph blank, on which was written—

One of these days had come. Nine-thirteen had answered the call and dispatched the telegram. A few minutes later, Miss Mabel came down the steps and walked toward the avenue, with a stout gray-haired lady, who looked like Mrs. Wright, but who wasn't Mrs. Wright.

About twelve o'clock the door of District Messenger Station, No. 67, opened with a kind of dumb reverence to the impressive person of Mr. Horace Wright, broker. Taking a gold pen out of his pocket, he dipped it into the ink well, pulled a pad of blanks toward him and began to write. The telegraph operator was sitting at the instrument with his back toward the office. "Here, Clarke," he called out to his assistant, "take this message down":—

"Mabel Wright, 21 East—th Street, Something has happened. Must see you to-day. Will write where and which." F. R. B.

The words rang out loud and unmistakable, moving two persons to indiscreet and unusual behavior therewith. The stout, old broker stopped in the midst of a scratch as he heard his daughter's name. As the words went on, he grew first purple, then ashen. He stood motionless while Clarke wrote out the message. Then a large presence hovered at Clarke's side and a large hand was laid on the paper. "I will take that, if you please," he said, and the operator looked up, saw Mr. Horace Wright and slipped the telegram into an envelope.

When the message came in, Nine-thirteen was speculating how much a pair of patent-leathers, like those the operator was wearing, must cost. When he heard the address of the message, he jumped to his feet like a cat.

"The blame fool!" he whispered, under his breath. Then he watched old Wright, as he always called him. Nine-thirteen hadn't been to the Bowery theatres for nothing. He knew the look meant mischief. His head whirled for a minute and his mouth was dry. He didn't know he was pale, but he was. Nine-thirteen's life had been cast along in prosaic lines until now, and this was a great tragedy. He sat down to think, and in a minute things got clear. "That blame fool!" he said again, under his breath, and yet up to that very hour the operator had been his hero. Old Wright meant mischief, that was sure, and Nine-thirteen saw Miss Mabel's pretty face wet with tears and heard hot words poured out before her and—something had got to be done, and he had got to do it.

"Well, she aint ketchin' it this minute," quoth Nine-thirteen to himself; "she's away yet." Then he fell in a deep thought for a minute. Suddenly he seized a sheet of paper and began to write. What he wrote he trust into an envelope, stealthily directed it, and slipped it into his breast-pocket. Then he sat down again and seemed half-asleep for a few minutes.

When the clerk happened to be looking that way, Nine-thirteen jumped to his feet with a cry. "I forgot me old lady," he said, clapping his breast-pocket.

"What old lady?" said the clerk.

"The old dame as giv' me the letter," answered Nine-thirteen airily, pulling out the envelope; "she stopped me when I wuz givin' pas de house dis mornin' an' tol' me to take dis' an' I put it in me pocket an' I forgot, and here it is." Nine-thirteen's hand was going into his

trousers as he spoke. He pulled out coins, mostly nickels, amounting to 50 cents. The clerk was looking dubiously at the envelope. It was addressed to Harlem. "Dey ain't no answer, and here's de money," 913 said. The clerk's suspicions went down. He gave the boy a check, and he darted off.

Not to Harlem, but straight down to the Equitable Building did he go as fast as the train would carry him. He gazed with lofty scorn at the buttoned office-boy. "I ain't doin' bizness wid you," he said, and pushing him aside, strode into the inner office, where he saw Mr. Frederic Brown-Romyne sitting at a big desk.

"De ol' man's ont'er ye!" cried Nine-thirteen breaking in upon him; "yer message come inter de station an' de blame fool read it out loud, an' ol' Wright wuz in der an' heard it, an' he tuk it off wid him, an' he'll give Miss Mabel hell!"

Nine-thirteen couldn't stop to choose his words, and he lost all fear of the slender, well-dressed young fellow who sat before him.

"Say that over again and say it slowly," said Brown-Romyne quietly, and Nine-thirteen went over it again. But she ain't dere," he finished; she's went away early wid her an'."

Young Brown-Romyne sat for a minute. "How have you come to know all this and why have you come to me now?" he asked.

Nine-thirteen looked sheepish. "I watched yer till I knew 'bout yer. I knowed de ol' man warn't in it kase you never comed round w'en he was dere, an' w'en he come inter de offis an' I seen he was on to yer, I come down ter yer dat de game wuz up, an' I done it 'cause—'cause—" Nine-thirteen paused; he wasn't used to psychological subtleties. "Miss Mable, she's a corker," he added. And the remark was neither irreverent nor irrelevant.

Young Brown-Romyne saw the whole thing in a flash. He was a big, manly fellow, and he did just what he would have done if Nine-thirteen had been big and wore patent-leathers and a twice-around tie. He reached out and shook Nine-thirteen's grimy paw fervently. Then he said four words that bathed the soul of Nine-thirteen in bliss: "What shall we do?" he asked.

"If I wuz youze," answered Nine-thirteen, judicially—and Brown-Romyne never smiled—"I'd git de bulge on de ole' jaw." 'D find Miss Mabel and get married 'fore I see him agin."

A sudden light broke into the young man's eyes.

"You say she went away with her aunt?" "I ain't dead sure, but I 'tought it must be a bin de ant. She looked like Mrs. Wright," answered Nine-thirteen, carefully.

Brown-Romyne pulled out his watch. It's two-thirty," he said; "her aunt lives in Brick Church. I fancy Mabel has gone to spend the day with her. It's worth trying, anyway. I'll do it. You're a brick, Nine-thirteen. I won't forget you." His hand moved toward his pocket. "No," he said, suddenly, rising and closing his desk, "come along; I may want you."

So down they went and pushed their way through Barclay Street's fruit-stalls and trucks and children and boarded the stuffy ferry-boat, with its smell of the stable. Brown-Romyne

* Can not see you to-day. Will write.
To be sent to Frederic Brown-Romyne." M. W.

looked straight ahead of him without a word. "He's doin' de heavy thinkin' act," said Nine-thirteen to himself. And he was. When they had got safely into the train on the New Jersey side, he turned to Nine-thirteen: "If I find her," he said, "you shall be best man, Nine-thirteen." Nine-thirteen looked sheepishly delighted. He didn't know what the best man was.

It was eight o'clock when Nine-thirteen went quietly into Station 67 that night, and, sitting down, swung his feet nonchalantly.

"Here, you Nine-thirteen, give an account of yourself," growled the clerk: "you've been away since one o'clock. Where in—have you been?"

"'Been bein' bes' man to Miss Wright's weddin'," answered Nine-thirteen, coolly, "an' I couldn't git back no sooner, 'cause de bes' man hes to see de bridal couple off on deir weddin' journey. Mine wen to de Isle of Shoals;" he volunteered magnanimously.—Evening Sun.

W. B. Sprout and family, of Boston, have been visiting Worcester.

A Well Known Restaurant.

There are many excellent restaurants in this city, but it is doubtful if one can be found better equipped with everything pertaining to a first class eating-house, than the cozy little dining hall at No. 32 Southbridge Street, which is owned and managed by Mrs. L. Benedict. It is situated but a short distance from Main street and is easy of access from all directions. Meals can be obtained at all hours. Strangers visiting this city will be amply repaid by giving this place a visit. Mrs. Benedict makes a specialty of catering to table boarders. The successful business established is well deserved.

1st Battery, Heavy Artillery.

The following comrades attended the reunion, Thursday, week, in G. A. R. Hall and then dined at City Hotel: J. B. Lamb, T. Spencer Jenks, J. E. Prentice, Isaac H. Carey, James Mellor, George A. Bartlett, John E. McClellan, A. E. Burns, E. W. Brown, J. M. Short, W. H. Willard, Charles Adams, C. Oscar Arnold, C. W. Gassett, A. C. Jackson, Nathaniel P. Kemick, J. F. Searle, S. T. Pierce, Charles H. Benchley, Ira J. Riggs, and S. R. Joslin, all of Worcester; Jonas Chickering, J. F. Estabrook, James Gleason, S. E. Lealand, E. T. Chamberlain and Henry Mann, all of Grafton; H. T. Robinson, North Grafton; S. M. Farwell, Chicago, Ill.; Sergt. Sears, C. R. Axtell, Henry W. Davidson and Lieut. S. M. Marble, all of Millbury; E. D. Whitney and Sergt. Frank D. Sibley, Pawtucket, R. I.; Frederick S. Dawes, Hudson; John H. Goddard, Denver, Col.; S. C. Abbott, Paxton; Mantion Harris, Lime Rock, R. I.

The business meeting disclosed a very flourishing condition of affairs.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

From Providence, R. I.

"I think LIGHT is a very neatly printed sheet and a decidedly bright and attractive paper. You have my best wishes for its prosperous and long continuance."

Upton's Historic Houses.

NO. 2.

The Jonas Warren House.

On a certain day in the early part of the eighteenth century, while yet the Hassanamisco Indians occupied the hills and valleys of what is now the east central part of Worcester County—Keith Hill in Grafton being their central camping place—Upton, at that time having but recently been a part of Mendon and Sutton, four young men named Warren landed in Boston from Old England to seek homes in the then new world. They possessed strong arms and backs, stout hearts and youthful vigor. Able and willing to work, like many other young men of those days, they bade good bye to Old England forever, and came over to help found a New England where every man could be a freeholder. The system of town governments as established by the Pilgrims was then in vogue and took their fancy. They resolved to settle in the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

After staying a time in the town of Boston, they pushed westward, and arriving at Westborough, made a halt long enough to look about for farms. Two of the brothers decided to remain in Westborough. One went to Connecticut and there founded a home and family, the Pequot Indians having been conquered and subdued. The Narragansetts had ceased fighting the white settlers, for their leader King Philip was dead, murdered by one of his own trusted followers. Mendon and Sutton, the mother towns of southern Worcester County had become safe and were rapidly filling up with settlers.

While the territory now included in the town of Upton was free from severe battles between the whites and Indians, yet tales of cruelty are told of this vicinity that make one's blood curdle to relate or to hear them. At one home, yet standing in the edge of Hopkinton on the Upton road, a family was attacked, the man killed and scalped, the children's tongues cut out and the women carried into captivity. Grovlon Richardson of Upton is a direct descendant of Hannah Dustin, whose tragic story of capture while on a sick bed, the killing of her few days-old babe by an Indian warrior dashing its head against a tree, and whose wonderful escape, after killing all her Indian captors, while they were asleep, by cutting open their heads with an axe, is, or ought to be familiar to every school boy.

Upton was not settled by weak-kneed, faint-hearted men and women. They may have been eccentric in some of their views, inclined to be tenacious of their favorite doctrine of election, and, possibly, intolerant of any other, but that is to be attributed to their strong individualism, intensified as it was by isolated farm life and the free and often warm debates of town meeting. Reading the town records of Upton of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago is like reading a romance. Imagination readily supplies the coloring for the terse, dry and quaint entries of the town clerks of those days. But to return to the four brothers. Jonas Warren, one of the four brothers, found a spot beside a stream, in a

beautiful valley half way between Westborough and Upton on the road leading from Westborough to Upton, and thence to Mendon, Woonsocket Falls and Providence. Upton had just been incorporated (A. D. 1735) so Jonas cast in his lot with the new town. A large tract of land called "the Sutton Grant" extended through the northern part of the town, and of these "Sutton grant proprietors," Jonas bought his farm. Here Jonas built his house in 1741, nine years before William Howard built the Isaac Johnson house described in my last article. But a house and a man do not make a home, so Jonas took for a wife Lydia Harrington of Waltham. Then he had a home.

The Warren house was originally 24 by 8 feet with a huge stone chimney which still remains, and has a foundation sixteen feet square, and at the point where it passes through the roof it is five feet square. There are stones that measure four by two feet on the outside face and are of unknown depth. Strong men they must have been to have handled such rocks. It should be remembered here that students of colonial history can often determine the age of houses by their style of architecture. Chimneys in country houses, except in rare cases, were made of stone, from the first settlement of the country until about 1750. Some were made later. Brick had to be imported from England, and the early settlers were in such circumstances that they were obliged to make their homes with their own hands. Stones in the form of great boulders lay around in abundance, so they simply erected the chimney with the foundation, using the same material for both. But as the larger towns increased in size there was a demand for brick which some men took advantage of to open brick yards. Not long before the Revolution brick became cheap enough for new settlers to use.

When additional children kept coming into the Warren family the old house became too small, so Jonas made a sixteen foot addition on its twenty-eight foot side. The beams are something marvelous, of hewn white oak, as sound today as when the strong armed men put them in place 150 years ago. Austin Warren, a descendant of Jonas, and the present occupant, has a photograph of the old home taken before he modernized it by putting on sawed clapboards and substituting four paneled windows for the little old fashioned six by eight lights. There are three old fashioned ovens and fire-places, one of those latter being in an upper room. The doors are still the heavy old fashioned kind. Near the east door a few feet off is the well which Jonas dug. An old fashioned sweep draws the best and coolest water in Worcester County.

One of the original "Sutton proprietors" was named Hall, a name which is now common in Sutton. One of the original owners of additional land which Jonas bought was named U'riah Baker; another was Pratt, after whom Pratt Hill and Pratt Pond are called. Pratt Brook was a well known stream from which some farms were measured. For over 100 years it has been called "Cob" Brook from being the scene of a theft. A worthless man, who lived by fishing and stealing, stole a lot of green corn one day and after roasting

it, he ate the corn and threw the cobs under the bridge. They were found and somehow, the name "Cob" has clung to that brook ever since.

A field near by is to this day called "the flax field" where flax was grown for many years. Farmers then had to grow what they ate and wore. The women made flax and the wool of sheep into garments. There are in the attic of the house the same loom and spinning wheel used by the women of Jonas Warren's family and by each succeeding generation until the present Mrs. Warren (Sarah F. Porter), found it cheaper to buy modern machine woven cloth, than to use the old loom. Cloth made in those days was lasting, for the present Mrs. Warren has articles made on this loom that are yet substantial. One is the old-fashioned pocket which our grandmothers used to wear. It is about 150 years old. She also has one that had belonged to her own mother's family.

The Warrens also made weavers' reeds for hand looms, one of which Austin has given to me. They also kept a cooper's shop, saw-mill, etc. Jonas Warren had eleven children all of whom lived to a good old age. One, Daniel—Austin's grandfather,—died at 74; another, Eunice, lived to the age of 103 years and six months; another, Jonathan, died at 92; another, Sarah, died at Amherst aged 99; one, Susannah, lived to be over 90. All but Daniel lived to be over 80. Hiram Warren,—Austin's uncle,—who was 86 August 31st last, past, is the son of Daniel, Austin's grandfather. There are now living, five generations: Austin having a great grand daughter, a child of Daniel Benson, son of Mrs. Alice Benson, Austin's daughter; Hiram Warren being the oldest generation living. Jonas Warren was for many years a deacon of the church in town. He died in his 89th year. Daniel, his son, was for many years captain of a military company.

All the generations were singers and their voices have been heard for upwards of 150 years in "meeting" and in modern choirs. There are now three generations of the Warrens in the Upton Brass Band. Alice, Austin's daughter and wife of Charles H. Benson, has been for several years chorister of the Congregational church in Upton. Most of Jonas' sons became farmers. One son, Moses, became a minister and settled in Wilbraham; another, Aaron, twin to Moses, became a surgeon in the United States Navy and afterwards settled in Wells, Me.

Hunting was common in Jonas' time, for bears and other beasts of prey abounded. Robert Bradish was a neighbor of Jonas' living on Merriam Hill in what has always been known as the "Merriam District" in Grafton. Bradish, one early autumn, had a fine field of corn, and while it was yet in the milk, his other work being well along, decided to take his family on a trip up country to see some of his folks. Now a days we call it "taking a vacation." He was gone four weeks. Some of his neighbors had seen bear tracks about but as the sheep and calves were not disturbed and most of the men being busy, no special hunt was made for him. One morning, Mrs. Oliver Whitney, another neighbor—people were neighbors to each other who lived a mile or more apart—saw a large bear making his

way through the tall meadow grass in the direction of the hill lying north-east from Warren's place. She waited till the bear was well away from the road and then hurried to Jones and notified him. He and one or two other men, took their old flint locks and pursued the bear, following his trail until he was overtaken near what is now the Aaron Partridge place. There Jonas shot him. The animal was so heavy that they had to get a yoke of oxen and a sled to get the carcass home. The bear was exceedingly fat having fed nearly all the time of Robert Bradish's absence on his delicious corn. The field was nearly half ruined. The bear weighed 400 pounds, so Jonas and his neighbors had plenty of meat that winter. This true bear story has furnished entertainment for scores of children of the different generations since then.

Another incident shows of what stuff the women were made. An Indian trail, or pathway, portions of which can now be seen, led from Keith Hill over George Hill, down through the valley by Jonas Warren's house, then up over Bear Hill. It is so called to this day—in Hopkinton to the valley where Charles River begins and terminated near Natick, where John Elliott, the Indian apostle used to teach and preach. There were yet at that time, many members of the Hassanamisco Indians living. One time when Jonas was gone to Westborough, a body of Indians marching on their trail, stopped just in front of the house and made as though they would stop there. Jonas' wife, Lydia, was alone with the children. She went to the door and, pointing down the trail, ordered the Indians to move on. In their low-toned guttural voices, they talked among themselves a moment, then, evidently considering what kind of a woman was talking with them and that her husband might not be far away, they took up their goods and marched on.

The Warrens have spread over a good part of the country. Many an enterprising and successful business firm that has the name "Warren" as a part of its title owes its success to the blood that was in the four Warren brothers' veins. Music is in their souls, good health in their blood and intelligence in their brains.

AARON F. GREENE.

A Famous Snow Storm Sleigh Ride Party.

DEAR LIGHT—On this hot summer's day there strangely comes to me, blown o'er the snow drifts and the storm of sixty winters gone, the cooling breath of memory.

I see a joyous host, a party gay. I hear the shouts, the song, the horn. I see the stage load's long array, with its happy trusting throng, who in the sunshine's bright bow, dreamed not storm clouds would o'er them lower. And I wonder if of all that throng, through life's winter's drifts, one single soul is still struggling on.

As reminiscences of Worcester's olden days are of interest to all your readers, to the Students as participants, and to the Moderns, as students of history, I send you an account of a famous sleighride and party of the far, far away.

Some sixty years ago or more (I never can remember dates) Reuben Munroe kept a hotel

about four miles from Main street on the old Millbury road, later known as the Marm Beard (bad) place. It was a famous resort for pleasure parties, who used to go down there, to work off their surplus energy, not in croquet or lawn tennis,—games then unknown, but in the old fashioned game of ten pins. As Alex. Voter,—the French confectioner, whom you mentioned recently in LIGHT,—used to say: "Let's go down to old Munroe's and roll de ten pins and get some good philip, (flip)" (For the Prohibitionists were not at logger-heads then with the dispensers of *spiritual* joys.) The family consisted of Mr. Munroe and wife, and four or five daughters, bright, intelligent stylish girls, who were favorites in society, and two sons. One winter they decided to give a party and sent out invitations to nearly all of the young people of the town, and as there was good sleighing, they were largely accepted, and a very large party, filling six or eight four-horse stage sleighs, started from Main street in the afternoon, with shouts and song, and merry horn amid the cheers of the stay-at-homes, who had gathered to see them off.

Early in the evening, there came up a fierce snow storm that raged through the night,—a perfect blizzard like that of a few years ago,—blocking up the roads and making it impossible for the party to start for home.

The next morning they made the attempt but soon got stuck in the drift. And the ladies in party dress, and the gentlemen, in their best clothes, were obliged to wade through the snow back to the hotel, and give it up. The larder had not been fortified for so long a siege, or so large a crowd, and they soon at their hosts out of house and home, and foraging parties were sent out through drifts, to the neighboring farm houses to bring in stray chickens, turkeys, or anything available for the larder. And the company began to feel that, like the beleagued hosts of Paris, of a later date, they would have to fall back upon Horse-beef, of which, they had a large supply.

The next day a large company of volunteers started from Main street with ox teams, shovels, and brooms, to break out the roads and rescue the beleagued hosts. After a hard day's work, they arrived late in the afternoon to find a gay, but bedraggled and famished crowd, and to be hailed with shouts of welcome. The teams were soon hitched up, and the procession started for home, where, after a few mishaps in way of tipovers, they arrived, to be received by the cheers of a large crowd, gathered to welcome them home. They soon dispersed to their several homes to relate to anxious listeners their adventures and to bear in mind through their lives the memory of that famous snowstorm sleighride party. And I wonder if a single member of that party is still living in the city? If so, I wish they would report through LIGHT, and perhaps they can fix the date and verify my story.

H.

Nathan W. Green, who went from the High School in '90 to Yale is a member of the Glee Club, singing second bass.

The engagement of Walter M. Lancaster of the Spy and Miss Sarah J. Hill, daughter of the late J. Henry Hill, is announced.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS SOAP.

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All grades, from all the popular Manufacturers, both IMPORTED and DOMESTIC. — FISHING TACKLE—Everything an Angler wants. SPORTSMEN'S CLOTHING. Ammunition of all kinds. BLASTING



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SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Figures. We have 75, and they must be sold at this price. Among the number are COLT'S ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description, (GOOD) DARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger Coach, one Brewster & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2 Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENSINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc., and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.

THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Curious Corner.

Effects of Tea on the Skin.

If you place a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife-blade for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix tea with iron filings, or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms with the iron of the blood the tannate of iron. Take human skin and let it soak for some time in strong tea, and it will become leather. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the venous absorbents of the stomach, enter into the circulation and are thrown out of the system by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it is probable that a drink as common as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much liquid producing perspiration, will have no effect upon the skin? Look at the tea drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the older people of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong tea. Is it any wonder that they dark colored and leather-skinned?

Kings of Judah.

BY S. CRENSHANK, AUTHOR OF PRE-DETERMINATION.

The kings of Judah nan'ing, now we come,
To Solomon's successor, Rehoboam.
Atahiah him succeeds, a w-ride prince
And wins the sorest fray, Before or since,
Then Asa reigns; sincere in righteous ways—
And next Jehoshaphat, whom all men praise—
Jehoram next, who lays his brethren low—
Then Ahaziah, slain by Jehu's bow—
Six years, his place, by Princess Athaliah
Is filled; then Joash reigns; then Amaziah,
Ill star'd Uziah, who a leper dies—
Gives place to Jotham, politic and wise.
'Tis Jotham is the only Jewish king,
(Of whom we read no vile nor 'dish thing')
Next Ahaz—famed in Judah and abroad
For doing evil in the sight of God.
Good Hezekiah, next in line we see,
The photograph of Truth and Piety.
Next eminent Manasseh—Amon then,
Then young Josiah, favorite of men,
Rules righteously, but to the nation's woe
Is killed in war, at purple Megiddo.
Jehoahaz a partial reign enjoys
His independence Egypt's king destroys.
Jehoiakim succeeds, but, soon undone,
Is led a captive bound, for Babylon,
As is Jehoiachin—then list of all,
Weak Zedekiah sees his nation fall—
Dies in a city that he cannot see—
Said trophy of the great captivity.
Judah's fate, in grief and anguish deep,
On foreign willows hang their harps and weep.
The shattered dynasty then disappears,
Which had existed twice three hundred years.

Labor Day.

Now that scientists are succeeding in making rain when they wish, there is another very decided want in a reverse way, i. e., to make it stop raining when we have had enough. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Such an ability would have been in urgent request last Labor Day. How it did rain! What disconsolate faces! The most of the stores were closed so very many people were in the streets. No business doing. The only happy people were the umbrella vendors, and the rubber dealers. The processions were aching to march; but "such weather." With a dash of snow thrown in it would have been a regular St. Patrick's Day. Well, we can't help the rain and disappointment is the lot of humanity.

ORIGINAL. No. 27.

Pompton Puffs.

BY MARION HARLAND.

3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.

Hot biscuit made with Cleveland's baking powder may be enjoyed even by those of weak digestion. Cleveland's is the anti-dyspeptic leavening agent. The leaven comes from cream of tartar and soda, nothing else; no ammonia or alum.



Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

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LEY & FORD, Publishers, 367 Washington
St., Boston, Mass. CAPT. C. F. KELLEY.

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Good to Eat.**Potato Puff.**

To two teacupfuls of salted, peppered, and finely-mashed potatoes add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and beat to a white cream. Stir in thoroughly two yolks of eggs that have been beaten separately until very light, and then a teacupful of sweet milk. When the whole is nicely blended, add the whites of the eggs, stir lightly, pile the mass at once upon a hot buttered dish, and bake about ten minutes.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Potatoes With Cream.

Select small potatoes; pare a strip round and cook in boiling salted water till tender. Drain and peel them. Put them in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a bit of butter on each, and pour over them one cup of hot cream. Omelet.

Select one egg for each person; two eggs make a small omelet. Beat the eggs well till light, season with pepper and salt and a spoonful of finely chopped chives or shallot and parsley; put a little butter in a pan, and when it is melted and hot, put in the eggs, etc., and fry. When the under side is colored and the top is about the consistency of scrambled eggs, slip it out of the pan into a hot dish, fold it over and serve at once.—Boston Budget.

Frozen Almond Cream.

Blanch and pound one-half pound of Jordan almonds to a paste. Scald one quart of cream in a boiler; add the almonds, yolks of seven eggs and one-half pound of sugar (beaten together to a cream previously) and stir all over the fire until they begin to thicken; take from the fire and beat for five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, and fill the centre with cherry, damson and apricot jam; cover and stand for two hours. When ready to serve, dip can in hot water and turn on a dish.—Washington Home Magazine.

Old Fashioned Sponge Cake.

A short time ago I prepared for a few intimate friends a dinner which was ordered by one of the gentleman present, and served according to his directions. It was not exactly the payment of a wager on my part, though the occasion for it was somewhat similar, after all.

Among other things which he desired to form a part of the meal was some old-fashioned yellow sponge-cake. "Not angel's food," he declared. "That's good, of course; but I want some regular old-fashioned sponge-cake."

Though it is a very simple cake I have often heard people say they were never quite sure of it, and I want to give others the benefit of the recipe which absolutely never fails if one has an oven that can be depended upon.

Beat the yolks of three eggs as light as possible; add one cup of granulated sugar and beat again; then add four tablespoonfuls of hot water. Have ready the beaten whites of the eggs, which should be put in next, and finally, a cup of flour into which one heaping teacupful of baking powder has been thoroughly mixed and sifted; flavor, and bake in a moderately quick oven.

If you are careful to have the water very hot, and are expeditious about putting the cake together, you cannot fail.

To my mind, this cake is much nicer for Charlotte russe than lady fingers, which so many recipes call for.—The Household Monthly.

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The collection we have just completed we believe has never been equaled in these two important points. A most wonderful exhibit of American ingenuity, enterprise and artistic ability in lamp manufacture.

New processes, new materials, new results.

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and plenty, of it, cleanliness, freedom from odor and absolute safety, you can have it.

The genuine "Rochester" and the newer "B and H", have, as all good things do have, countless imitators, cheaper, very likely, inferior, most surely, and wholly dependent upon their extensive advertising for even a limited sale. There are no lamps to be compared with the "Rochester" and "B and H." central draft, for quality or power of light.

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as the world. They go to every country. We don't "control" them. Any reputable dealer will sell you one. We simply offer a larger selection than others, the full line in fact of both makes and give you the price advantage that comes from large buyings.

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in parlor lamps, beautiful hand painted vase lamps with bisque finish and silver trimmings, table lamps of Royal Copper, Ormolu, gold and silver finish, and all possible combinations of porcelain and metals.

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is largely used in Piano Lamps, and is much less expensive than in years past. The opening of new mines has made it possible to sell a fine lamp for less than the former price of the table alone.

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And so we say

whatever is good in the lamp business, we have it. Whatever is the newest you will surely find it on our tables. The lowest price you will hear quoted will be our price, lastly, whenever and wherever you buy a central draft lamp, insist upon having the Rochester or B and H, they and they only are sure to be right in every way.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

If your child is cross do not punish him but distract his mind from the subject that annoys him. If he continues to be cross, suppress his stomach, and assure yourself that this is in perfect order; a troubled digestion is the root of much bad temper.

A woman is happy just in proportion as she is content, writes Edward W. Bok, in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. The sun has a way of changing the spots upon which it shines. Especially is this true of our land, where one is up to-day and down to-morrow, and *vice versa*. The wisest woman is she who trusts in a tomorrow, but never looks for it. To sit down and wish that this might be, that that would be different, does a woman no good. It does her harm in that it makes her dissatisfied with herself, unpleasant to her friends, and makes her old before her time. Happiness is not always increased in proportion to enlarged success. This may sound like an old saw, and I think it is, but there is a world of wisdom in many an old proverb just the same. Contentment is a wonderful thing to cultivate. There would be fewer premature old women in the world if it was given more of a trial and it became a more universal quality in womanhood.

There may be some reality in the danger explained by a writer in the New York Tribune, who recently described the butler in a large country house arranging the flowers with which the room was filled, renewing those in each receptacle with the greatest skill, but merely adding a little fresh water to that already polluted by the blossoms of the day before. "I knew by experience," says the commentator, "how fetid and offensive water becomes from decaying stems of plants, and I spoke to my friend upon the subject, believing as I did that the standing water in so many open receptacles was positively unhealthy. 'How often do you clean the vases completely, James?' she inquired. 'We wash everything once a week, ma'am,' he answered respectfully; 'the rest of the time I only take out the flowers that are faded and replace them with fresh ones.' 'Just take out those,'" she directed, pointing to a big yellow bowl of irises. As he lifted the wet mass from the dish the odor was so sickening that it filled the whole room. Now here, I thought, is surely a question for a physician, and yet I have never heard it mentioned. Wherever houses are profusely decorated with flowers, this stagnant water is presumably standing constantly in living-rooms, and people are continually breathing what, even out of doors under the fresh winds of heaven, is generally accounted unhealthy.

Red Ants.—A few years ago I was bothered with small red ants. I could not find the nest. Boiling water did not thin them. I tried poison. That pleased them; they grew and thrived on it. At last one day, I put a dish of rags soaked with kerosene in the closet. While that was there I did not see an ant. I kept it there two years;—then they were all gone. I have not seen an ant for three years.

MARY LOONIS.

We appear great in an employment below our merit; but often little in one that is too high for us.



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ICE CREAM! Delivered to all parts of the City. Supplying Parties, Lodges, etc., a specialty. No. 131 Pleasant Street.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the

ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
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Worcester Coal Company,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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General office, 18 Pearl St., Y. M. C. A. Building; Yards, 23 Manchester St. and 319 Southbridge St.

Chau--

BY JOHN WENZEL.

I sadly needed rest,
And thought it would be t
For me a trip to take
Down to that famous lake
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

And for about a week,
That name I used to speak
Five hundred times each day,
Till I could glibly say
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

One day I thought I'd take
A swim in that old lake,
But scarcely had I been
Three seconds swimming in
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

When I began to sink,
And would have drowned, I think,
If then there had not been
Some boatmen rowing in
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

That name fixed in my head,
Caused it to sink like lead,
Unrescued I'd have been
Devoured by fishes in
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

If you a trip should take
Down to that famous lake,
You may fall in some day,
So pray don't learn to say
Chaugogagoggmanchauggogagungamaug.

Librarian E. M. Barton and wife have been in Maine.

Post 10, G. A. R., is taking active measures to secure quarters in Washington at next encampment.

Rev. Dr. Gunnison during his vacation swung almost around the circle. In an Oakland, Cal., church he heard not his own funeral discourse, but some very flattering remarks concerning himself as expected a week later. It might have been much worse.

Percy B. Lloyd, who will be remembered as a former High School boy, has returned to Worcester for a visit. He purposes to enter the Boston University Law School soon. Since leaving Worcester he has been graduated from the University of Southern California at Los Angeles. His father, the Rev. Wm. T. Lloyd, died in Los Angeles, July 22, 1890.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison G. Otis and Mr. and Mrs. John Midgley left Wednesday for a week's stay in South Bristol, Me., where they will be the guests of Hon. Pinchbas Ball.

Miss Camille M. Clark, whose advertisement is an instructor in vocal music appears in another column, is the soprano in the Webster M. E. Church.

Misses Mollie and Annie Taft, who have been spending the Summer in Evanston, Ill., have returned. They were the guests of Mr. Henry G. Savage.

An item has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that Dr. Edward Everett Hale is seventy-nine years old, but it was a great surprise to find the same in last Sunday's Spy. As the Doctor was born in 1822 he has ten years to live before reaching that venerable figure. As the Spy people were once his parishioners here they must have known better had they only stopped to think.

J. W. GREENE, PLUMBER.

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DONE
BOOK
BINDING
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We wish to introduce you to our Stationary Department.
Everything that one needs in the stationary line may be found on our counters.
Our assortment of fashionable papers is most carefully selected and we will guarantee them to be CORRECT in both style and quality.

One of our best features in this department is:

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We wish to submit a few of our prices in this line.
50 cards and plate, name only, \$1.00
100 cards and plate, name only, \$1.50
50 cards and plate, name and address, \$1.25
100 cards and plate with name and address, \$1.75
Printing 50 cards when plate is furnished 65c.
Printing 100 cards when plate is furnished \$1.00.
Address D on 1 Line \$1.50
Address Dies (2 Line) \$2.50
Stamping note paper or cards.
Stamping in color per quire or pack 10c.
Stamping in gold or Bronze per quire or pack 16c.
Stamping in Plain Embossing per quire or pack 5c.
We employ an engraver whose work we can guarantee will be perfect.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.

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There cannot be a larger or more desirable lot of *Irish Point Curtains* found anywhere in New England.

We have *everything* in them.
We have them at all prices.
From the highest price to the lowest price.
This store belongs to *all* the people.
And what you want, that very thing must be here for you.
And it is here.
We can give you as pretty a pair of *Nottingham Curtains* for as little money as any one can offer.

More than all else, we know that the curtain we give you at any given price is a *better* Curtain than the same money will get you under other circumstances.

In the *Linen* section, you will find a goodly number of hemstitched *Tray Cloths*, with wide hems, in plain white, 12 1/2c.

A few of the excellent *Chenille Covers* can be had for 75c; they are well worth your buying at \$2.00. We got them at a great bargain, and you are the gainer.

Handkerchiefs had a great day yesterday.
The kerchiefs at 2c each, 16c a dozen, were as popular as before, while the bits of prettiness at 5c and 12 1/2c won admiration.

There is a particularly handsome showing of lovely laces swaying in the store breeze that will interest you to examine.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

About Folks.

Old time Base Ballists are looking forward to a great contest Sept. 19th, when a club made up of those who used to play the old fashioned game before the war will play a game for the benefit of the Old Men's Home. It ought to be the most interesting event of the kind of the season. Excitement used to run high between the Worcester Mechanics and the Up-ton Excelsiors.

Only recently, Milford was in high feather over the probable coming to that town of a large boot manufacturing firm from Ashland. A large sum of money was subscribed by all, rich and poor, but now it seems that not getting a fee simple of the township, the company will not go after all. Is it not a fitting ending of such a way to enhance the interests of a community? Why should Smith, who is a poor artisan, pay money to boom Brown's business when the latter is already rich? It is not sound political economy.

Mrs. Sarah M. Conant, nee Bowers, of Smithland, Ky., is visiting Mrs. F. A. Robinson of this city. She was formerly of Leominster, a cousin of Chaplain Ball of the 21st Regiment.

Misses Ada M. Carter, Anna L. Curtis and Elizabeth Boyd have gone to the State Normal School at Framingham to be trained as teachers. They were in the last class at the High School.

Walter D. Berry, class of '90 W. H. S., and who was in the Christian Training School last year in Springfield, will next year have charge of athletics in Illinois State College at Jacksonville.

Miss Mamie Riley of Springfield is visiting friends in this city.

Through no intentional fault, the name of Henry C. Wheaton was omitted last week from the list of chairmen of the Republican City Committee. His time was in the exciting local campaign of 1887. W. B. Sprout, Esq., was secretary. The dates for reorganizing the city committees having changed, in this year the names of two chairmen appear.

Mention was made last week of Mr. F. L. Emory in connection with the West Virginia University. Mr. Emory has lost very little time since leaving the Polytechnic in 1887. In the following September, he went to Washington, in the High School. May 1, 1890, he began the establishing of industrial education at the Concord, Mass., Reformatory, and here he remained till Aug. 1, 1891. On the 11th of the same month, he reached Morgantown, West Va., and set about devising a plan for the Manual Training department of the University. He holds a place of great trust and responsibility. On his leaving the Reformatory, very flattering opinions of him were expressed by the superintendent and by the local press.

Mr. C. C. Estey of the Boston Transcript office is visiting his brother, Mr. James L. Estey, 27 William Street. Years ago Mr. Estey was employed in the Spy office. He is, also, a clergyman of the M. E. Church.

A Triolet.

Shy proud Nalette,
Not one kiss at parting!
Must I think you a heartless coquette,
Who plays at love! and yet
Shy proud Nalette,
Your face shows sweet regret,
From thine eyes sad tears are starting,
Shy proud Nalette,
Not one kiss at parting!
—N. Goddard Austin.

To the Honorable the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Worcester:

Respectfully represents Michael J. Power of Southborough in said County, and Annie E. Power his wife, that they are of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and are desirous of adopting Harry James Parker, a child of Delia G. Parker of said Southborough, in the County of Worcester and Cecil H. Parker of Denver, Colorado, which said child was born on the third day of July, A. D. 1887.
That, your petitioner, Annie E. Power, is an own sister to the mother of Harry Parker and that she is well able to bring up and care for said child and that the father has abandoned said child.
Wherefore they pray for leave to adopt said child, and that his name may be changed to that of Harry James Power. Dated this fifth day of September A. D. 1891. Michael J. Power Annie E. Power.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. PROBATE COURT.

On the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioner notify the father of said child to appear at a probate Court to be holden at Worcester, in and for said County of Worcester, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by serving him, if found in this state, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days at least before said Tuesday, and if not, by publishing the same once a week for three successive weeks in the newspaper called *LIGHT*, printed at Worcester in said County of Worcester; the last publication to be seven days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.
F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

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EVANS & COMPANY,
Manufacturers of
Fine Monumental Work,
131 Central Street, near Summer.

Church Notes.

BAPTIST.

The first of the season's socials of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church was held Thursday evening. There was a literary and musical program arranged by the Ladies Charitable Society and a supper. The entertainment consisted of a piano solo by Miss Nettie Lemoine; reading, Miss Angie Parker; musical duet, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simester; reading, Miss Ella Ongley of New York; cornet solo, E. E. Pratt; reading, Miss Angie Parker; solo, Fred Simester; cornet solo, E. E. Pratt; reading, Miss Angie Parker. There was a very large attendance.

FREE BAPTIST.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Free Baptist church, corner of Jaques Avenue and Wellington street, will take place next Tuesday afternoon.

METHODIST.

Rev. W. T. Worth, pastor of Grace Church began last Sunday evening a series of special sermons on practical topics of the time. His subject was "Perils in our Reading; what are we reading? Does it help or hurt us?" Tomorrow evening he will preach about "Perils in our Companionship." The other subjects to be discussed the following Sundays are "Perils in our Business Methods" and "Perils in our Pleasures."

The Preachers' Meeting for Worcester and vicinity will be held in Grace church Monday morning at 10 o'clock. The following papers will be read:—Church Life and Progress—How Promoted? Rev. J. Mudge. Do the times demand new methods in church work? Rev. C. F. Rice.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Trinity church met Thursday afternoon and evening at the residence of W. S. Clark, 23 John street. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. H. H. Houghton; vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Green; secretary, Miss Ida Kenney, treasurer, Dr. Jennie S. Dunn; Mrs. W. S. Clark was elected life member of the association and a delegate to the meeting of the national association to be held in Meriden, Conn., in October. Supper was served and there was a musical and literary program.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The First Presbyterian church held its first services in its new church on Kilby street, recently purchased from All Souls' parish, last Sunday. Rev. Thomas Atkinson, the pastor, preached morning and evening.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. Rufus M. Taft has been conducting special religious services every evening this week at the Piedmont branch chapel, corner Bigelow and Endicott streets.

Those who attended Central Church Sunday, are deeply indebted to Miss S. Christine MacCall of Paterson, New Jersey for her fine singing. At the morning service Miss MacCall sang "Ye Redeemer" and in the evening "Fear ye not, O Israel," both by Dudley Buck. Miss MacCall, is a pupil of the celebrated prima-donna Mme. Florenza. D'Arona who taught as assistant to the world-

known Lamperti at Milan, has a rich contralto voice of great compass and mellow quality. Her high notes are taken with ease and remarkable clearness and her lower notes are deep and resonant. Miss MacCall will be very pleasantly remembered by those who have heard her sing and a warm welcome awaits her whenever she revisits Worcester.

On account of many requests, the lecture given at the Old South Church last April by A. L. Bacheller A. M., of Lowell, on characters in English history, illustrated by ladies and gentlemen in costume, will be repeated at the same place this Fall or Winter.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Chapin Club of the First Universalist Church has appointed committees to take charge of its series of meetings this winter. The dates are subject to change if found inconvenient for the committee. The series is as follows:

Sept. 29, social, Miss M. Louise Rice, chairman; Oct. 27, literary, Rev. Dr. Gunnison, chairman; Nov. 24, social, Edward B. Fish, chairman; Dec. 22, musical, Miss Maud Knowlton, chairman; Jan. 19, social, Miss Clara Moore, chairman; Feb. 16, dramatic, Edward C. Fuller, chairman; March 15, social; April 12, annual meeting.

Y. P. S. C. E.

About fifty Christian Endeavorers from this city went to Shrewsbury last week Tuesday evening in response to the invitation from the Endeavor Society of the Congregational church of that town. Most of them went in busses but a few went in private teams. The Shrewsbury society had planned for a lawn party but as the weather was very unfavorable the visitors were entertained inside the church. Besides those from Worcester there were representatives from Holden, West Boylston and other neighboring towns, swelling the number of visitors to about one hundred. There was first a program of exercises in the church auditorium, which began with the singing of Christian Endeavor songs. H. C. Abbott, the president of the local society welcomed the guests in a few well chosen words and was followed by Rev. Mr. Broken-shere who offered prayer. Mr. Howe, the bass singer of the church choir contributed a solo and President Tucker of the Local Union gave an address on the work of the Union. During the next ten minutes prayers were offered by various members. A song followed and the program was concluded with a prayer by President Tucker. After a half hour's social, the guests marched to the vestry where they were served with ice cream and cake. The start for home was made at about 9:45. Undoubtedly if the weather had been better more would have gone from this city. However those who did go felt very much pleased with their reception as well as with the beautiful church itself, which has been recently remodelled. The Shrewsbury people were delighted to welcome among the visitors from Worcester, Rev. I. L. Wilcox, until recently their pastor, but now pastor of Park Congregational Church of this city.

Next Tuesday evening at Pleasant Street Baptist church, the monthly meeting of the Local Union will take place. Commencing at

7:30 there will be singing for fifteen minutes and at 7:45 Rev. I. J. Lansing will give an account of the national convention held at Minneapolis in July. The societies of Sutton and Westboro have accepted invitations to the meeting.

Y. M. C. A.

All the arrangements for the annual course of entertainments were completed last week. The expense to the Association for the course will be greater than ever before as the very best talent has been secured. There is not a single entertainment which is not in itself an excellent attraction. The dates are as follows:—

Oct. 29, Boston Symphony Orchestral Club. Nov. 5, Dudley Buck Male Quartet and Mrs. Priest, reader.

Nov. 19, Delphia Concert Company which includes J. C. Bartlett, tenor and Mrs. Gertrude Evans, contralto.

Dec. 3, Fred Emerson Brooks, the poet humorist of California.

Dec. 17, Herbert Johnson, tenor, and the famous Whitney family of New York, in a concert.

Dec. 31, Boy's choir from Boston will render a popular program.

Jan. 21, Fadette Ladies Orchestral Club. Jan. 28, Eli Perkins will lecture on "Philosophy of Wit: How to cause laughter." Mr. Perkins is one of the most popular humorous lecturers in the country.

Feb. 11, Tufts College Glee Club. Said to be the finest college glee club in the country.

Feb. 25, Leland T. Powers will give his new reading of "Sbaughran."

March 3, Vitale Concert Company of New York including Vitale, the great violinist, Miss Bertha Sillsbury, cornet soloist, Miss Crocker, soprano and Robertson in his bell and tumbler solos.

March 10, Mr. and Mrs. Southwick will give an evening of readings.

The tickets will be on sale early and the prices will be the same as usual.

A preliminary entertainment, not belonging to the regular course, will be given October 15, by the Ideal Concert Company of this city.

In the personal item concerning F. L. Emory read mechanical engineering instead of manual training in the West Virginia University.

Mhe Worcester Athletic Club's members handicap games which were announced for today will be postponed until next Saturday and will be combined with the games of that date. Entries for the events will remain open until midnight today.

I heard an amusing conversation between two Texas merchants yesterday. One of them had white hair and black mustache and the other vice versa. "This is strange!" said he of the white mustache "how do you account for it?" "Without any difficulty," was the rejoinder. "You are always using your mouth and I my brain." Spectator.

Mrs. Annie Besant is a sister-in-law of Walter Besant, having married (in 1867, when she was twenty years old) a brother of the novelist.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY.

The following program of music has been prepared for tomorrow morning: Male quartet. "It is the Lord's Own Day," Alt; double quartet, "There is a River," 46 Psalm, Dudley Buck; response for male voices, "Father, Hear Thy Children," Barnby; soprano solo, "Lovely Appear," "The Redemption." This will probably be the last appearance of Miss E. C. Nason in this city for she leaves soon for Philadelphia where she is to sing in a church. She will be assisted tomorrow by Mrs. Seth Richards, John N. Morse Jr., and George L. Sanborn.

SALEM STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Thursday evening B. D. Allen received a visit from his choir, who came to welcome him on his return from his vacation trip to the west. They brought with them a handsome easy chair and a table. Music and refreshments helped to make their stay pleasant.

METHODIST.

Grace:—Mrs. L. W. Briggs sang the solo of the response, and Miss Lillie A. Hanson of the anthem, last Sunday morning.

A Popular Steamboat Agent takes a Partner.

Mr. J. F. Spinney, Boston agent of the Yarmouth (N. S.) Steamboat Company, and Miss Florence E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Johnson, were united in marriage at noon on Wednesday the 9th inst. at the New South Church on Tremont St., Rev. George H. Young officiating. Mr. H. J. Allen gave the bride away, and Mr. J. J. Smith acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the brides' parents on Elder St., Dorchester. Prominent among the wedding gifts was a royal silver service and salver from Capt. Forbes and officers on the steamer "Boston." Immediately after the reception, which was largely attended, Mr. and Mrs. Spinney departed on an extended tour.

Ancient Jokes.

Wendell Phillips said that all the jokes ever made could be reduced to forty. Looking through a magazine just one hundred years old I remark the similarity of wit then and now. Here are two or three specimens:—

"A farmer on his death bed, advised his wife to marry, man John. "Dear Husband, says she, "it has been agreed upon long since."

And this, "A tradesman of Windham, Connecticut, having occasion to boil a number of Calves' feet threw the bones at the back of the Court House, an Attorney asked, what bones they were? A bystander replied that he believed them to be Client's bones as they were well picked."

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at a church in his village, when, the door being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of his district for nonattendance, because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

Miss Flora A. Simmons, W. H. S. '91, starts for Vassar next Tuesday.

Edward F. Coffin goes down to Wesleyan Monday next. Charles W. Delano goes also. He will be a sophomore.

Lewis T. Reed returns to Amherst Tuesday next.

Millbury.

The town library is open again after the summer vacation.

A Miss Norton spoke at the 2nd Congregational Church Wednesday evening on mission work in China.

Millbury horses are becoming fractious, there being a runaway on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Labor Day passed very quietly in the rain although there was a Drum Corps on parade.

The Ball games to have been played on Saturday and Monday were postponed because of the storm.

There was a stereopticon exhibition in Blanchard hall on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Lillis of Natick, succeeded H. H. Allen in the Union Grammar School.

Millbury is fully and ably represented at Worcester Academy this fall by: Herman, Hopkins, Charles Park, Charles Chase, Ralph Sweetser, Bion Howard, Arthur Percival, C. D. Cook, True Vanlestrand, Lyman Aldrich, Frank Davis, Eugene Deane, Asa, Edwin and Gilbert Grosvenor, Will Nield, Harry and Eddie Hull and Waldo Tourtellotte.

Rev. Joseph Candlin of Cochituate will preach in the M. E., Church Sunday in exchange with Rev. H. G. Buckingham.

E. J. Deane recently took the Civil service examination for clerkship at the Worcester Post Office taking second rank, his percentage being 89.73 in a list of seventeen.

Hervey Woodward left Monday to commence his school duties at Easthampton.

Prof. Grosvenor will spend the winter in Asia Minor.

Positively the last Excursion to Newport this season via Norwich and the City of Worcester will take place Sept. 18 only \$1.75. Round Trip Tickets and Staterooms at, G. V. LANCASTER'S C. P. A., 434 Main St. opp. Front St. Worcester, Mass.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT

To the Heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of ELI V. A. MIRNICK, late of Princeton, in said county, deceased, Greeting.

Upon the petition of Moses H. Mirnick and Lucinda Mirnick you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved. And the said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in *THE REGISTER*, a newspaper printed at Worcester, the last publication to be two days at least, before said court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives known to the petitioners, seven days, at least, before said Court. Witness, William J. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this tenth day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. F. W. SQUIDWICK, Register.

34TH ANNUAL

WORCESTER MUSIC FESTIVAL

— AT —

MECHANICS HALL,

Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1891.

15 CONCERTS,

INCLUDING

Organ, Harp AND Song

RECITAL,

— AND —

7 Public Rehearsals.

The grandeur of the choral works to be rendered the wide public interest in the new and brilliant instrumental Compositions to be performed, and the eminence of the distinguished artists engaged have combined to induce the sale of the larger proportion of the hall sittings for the festival. Season tickets will continue to be sold (unless previously disposed of) until Sept. 18th, at the music store of Messrs. C. I. Gorham & Co. at 86. Other tickets at the following prices may be obtained during the week of the festival at the ticket office at Mechanics Hall.

Single Admission Tickets, to Concerts, with reserved seats, \$1.00
 Chorus Tickets, \$1.50
 Organ, Harp and Song Recital, 75
 Rehearsal Tickets, 50
 No seats are reserved at the rehearsals.
 Steinways Pianos used at the Festival Concerts.

CONCERTS.

Afternoon Concerts begin at 2 30 p. m. Evening Concerts begin at 7 45 p. m. Organ, Harp and Song Recital on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

At 10 a. m. daily, also at 2 and 7 30 p. m. on Monday.



Week Commencing MONDAY, SEPT. 14th,
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Returns of the Favorite little Actress,

MISS KATHERINE ROBER,

supported by LOTHROP'S STOCK COMPANY, in
the celebrated scenic melodrama,

STORM BEATEN

Produced with new scenery and startling light and
mechanical effects under the direction of Mr. H. Percy
Meldon.

A Funny Farce by the Comedy Favorites.

Our Grand Lady Orchestra.

Two performances daily—afternoon and night. Re-
member, you can obtain your tickets for any Perfor-
mance you wish to attend one week in advance, and
have a seat secured for you. The box office will be open
daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Doors open at 1.30 and
7.30 p. m. Prices, 25 and 50c. The 20 and 50c tickets
have coupon for reserved seats. The 10c tickets are ad-
mission to gallery.

In the Calm of Evening Time.

At my window now I'm dreaming,
In the calm of evening time,
While the stars above are twinkling
With their melody of rhyme.

Dazed with dreams to bright for paper
Wrapped in songs too sweet to hear—
Wonder not they're lost in vapor,
Ere I come to place them here.

Though I yield with true submission,
And my mind is free to write,
Still to echo turns my missive
For my song has taken flight.

—Herr Cherrytree.

The richest widow in America is Mr. Mar-
shall O. Roberts, of New York city. She is
still young—at least, not old—and is a hand-
some woman, with dark-blue eyes and gold-
en hair. Mrs. Roberts was a New Eng-
land girl, Miss Suzanne Endicott, and had a
thorough New England training in all house-
hold arts. She is quite capable of going into
the kitchen and cooking a sumptuous dinner,
without assistance. She has one child, a boy
of twelve.

Helen Gladstone is thought to resemble her
father in appearance, and she also possesses
his remarkable vitality. At Newnham Col-
lege she invariably keeps her table in the best
of spirits by her amusing stories and witty re-
partees. For ordinary society regulations she
has little respect, and is quite indifferent about
her dress, appearing at luncheons and dinner
parties in plain, sensible-looking costumes, in
which very little taste is displayed. She is
however, a social favorite.

Wheeler—Foster.

At All Saints Church, last Wednesday eve-
ning by the Rev. A. H. Vinton, D. D., were
united in marriage Mr. Charles D. Wheeler,
son of Mrs. Dr. George Chandler, and Miss
Fanny Louise Foster, daughter of Mr. Charles
Foster of Chestnut Street. Fully eight hun-
dred people were present at the ceremony
which was followed by an elaborate reception
at the bride's home.

Augustus Duryea, of Brooklyn, N. Y., offi-
ciated as best man. Miss Mabel C. Gage
was maid of honor. The ushers were George
T. Dewey, Paul Ransom of Buffalo, N. Y.;
Dr. Homer Gage, Frank S. Hall, T. H. Gage,
Jr., and John Nelson. The bridesmaids were
Miss Grace Carey of New York, Miss Mattie
Wetherbee of Boston, Miss Helen Lincoln,
Miss Fannie Wheeler, Miss Sarah J. Hill and
Miss Mattie Wheeler. The bride was attired
in a dress of white silk and wore a full veil.

At 9:15 p. m. the newly wedded couple
started on a wedding trip. Mr. Wheeler who
is a graduate of Williams College, is now in
his last year at the Harvard Medical School.
After graduation he will travel abroad with
his wife. At present their home will be at the
Huntington, Boston.

Among the guests at the reception were Dr.
and Mrs. George Chandler, Mrs. M. A.
Wheeler, Mr. Allen Wheeler, Miss Fannie
Wheeler, Miss Marion Wheeler, Mrs. James
Sibley and daughter of Sterling, Mrs. J. H.
Gray, Miss Minnie Ruggles of Fitchburg,
Miss Emma Patten of Sterling, Dr. and Mrs.
T. H. Gage, Miss Mary Gage, Mrs. Huyde-
koper and children, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Lin-
coln, D. D. Brough of Providence, Dr. C. L.
Fox of Lowell, Dr. F. A. Higgins of Boston,
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jenkins of Barre, Frank
Jenkins of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Brigham of
Grafton, Clarence Cleveland of Webster, Mr.
and Miss Tiffany of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and
Mrs. William Read, Mr. and Mrs. Kettell,
Mrs. Hawes of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs.
William Douglass of Greenwich, N. H.; Miss
Maria Welch of Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Carey
of New York city, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bulke-
ley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Dewey,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Williams, Mr. and
Mrs. John C. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. A. W.
Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evelyn Hill,
Dr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Woodward, Dr. and
Mrs. O. H. Everett, Dr. F. A. Baker, Arthur
F. Cleveland, Charles Crompton, Mrs. Mary
C. Crompton, the Misses Crompton, Col.
Rockwood Hoar, the Misses Whitman, Miss
Nelson, Charles M. Rice, Miss Earle, Dr. Lem-
uel H. Woodward, Rufus S. Woodard, Miss
Woodward, Misses Throop, George A. Stearns,
Jr., Walter M. Lancaster, Misses Cheever,
James Thompson, Charles Ranlet, Erastus B.
Hopkins, Miss Bessie Hopkins, Reuben
Colton, Mrs. Colton, Miss Williams, Mrs.
C. W. Smith, Miss Smith, Stephen
Salisbury, Misses Chase, Miss Marsh,
Miss Fannie Hamilton, Miss Lois Paine,
Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Paine, New-
ton Darling, Mrs. C. F. Washburn, Miss
Washburn, Miss Gertrude Wood, Robert M.
Washburn, Miss Georgie Stone, Miss Amy
Stoddard, Dr. George D. Moore, George H.
Hill, Benjamin T. Hill, Charles R. Holman,
Robert S. Baldwin, Dwight F. Dunn, Charles
F. Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Barton,
Fred B. Harlow.

Thoughts.

Like mountain streams that ripple along,
Joyously singing their own sweet song,
So should our thoughts, ever willingly tend,
Till in Thy likeness our virtues blend.

Like mountain slopes where sunny light
Breaks forth in visions from the night,
So should the heart reposing rest,
In silence yield at heaven's best,

Like mountain peaks that upward rise,
Hiding their crests neath azure skies
So may our inmost thoughts ascend,
Till in Thy likeness they shall blend.

G. L. G.

The Sanatorium is conveni-
ently located on Main Street, acces-
sible from every quarter. Horse cars
pass the door direct from Union
Depot without change. Every ap-
pointment and appliance for the
treatment of disease. Each case
comes under the direct personal
care of the physician.

DR. CONANT'S

Compound * Vapor * Bath



THE * IMPROVED * TURKISH * BATH.

Only a limited number of cases
is received, so that all may receive
requisite attention. Medicated
Baths and Electricity are our
weapons and no scientific mind
will dispute the power and virtue
of said agents, especially when
managed intelligently. Massage
given thoroughly and scientific-
ly. Baths and Board, \$12.00 per
week. Baths, Massage and Board,
\$15.50 per week. Baths, Mas-
sage, Board and Electricity, or the
whole as indicated, \$18.00 per
week. Single Sanatory Baths,
\$1.25. Rheumatism, Blood Dis-
eases, Kidney troubles, Tumors,
Paralysis, are diseases we pride
ourselves on handling success-
fully.

W. V. PHILBRICK, M. D.

901 Main St., Cor. Gardner,

WORCESTER.

THE SCHOOL YEAR OF THE

Worcester County Music School

Begins TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1891. Applications for hours received at any time.

Pupils received at any time during school year.

E. L. SUMNER, Director, 379 Main Street.
(Opposite Elm Street.)

THE * HOME * SCHOOL,

MAY ST., COR. OF WOODLAND,

will re-open September 23. Miss Kimball will be at the School after August 1, where she will be glad to talk with any interested in her work.

An excellent school home for your daughter.

Call or send for circular.

MRS. MORGAN'S

Private School and Kindergarten

WILL BEGIN SEPT. 14.

Miss Kilham will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent nurse maid. Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

Mr. Walter Scott Kennedy

Will receive his pupils on and after MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, from 10 A. M., to 12; 2.30 to 4, and 7.30 to 8 P. M., at his music rooms, No. 1 Elm Street.

1000 M 1000

One thousand questions and answers on United States History, Civil Government, Literature and Finance by

Richard H. Mooney, A. M.,

Principal of the Quinsigamond Grammar School, Worcester, Mass.

It will stimulate a love for history, literature, politics and public affairs.

A. P. MARBLE, Ph. D.,

Superintendent of Schools, Worcester.

Suggestive to teachers and valuable as a

remembrancer. E. H. RUSSELL,

Principal of the State Normal School at Worcester.

Clear in statement of all that is of interest in our history as a nation.

REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, D. D.,

Every child in the land ought to be compelled to commit it to memory.

HON. CLARK JILLSON,

School Board, Ward III.

It refreshes the mind with a ready and accurate knowledge of our history.

JOHN F. DUGGAN, M. D.,

School Board, Ward V.

It is a treasure. GEO. F. BALCOM, M. D.,

School Board, Ward II.

Valuable to student, teacher and public.

JAMES R. FITZPATRICK, D. D. S.,

School Board, Ward V.

Just the book for examinations.—*Gazette*.

Convenient Source of reference.—*Spy*.

Mental quickener.—*Light*.

Unique and instructive.—*Telegram*.

For sale at the bookstores, only 50 cents, and by the author.

Our Schools.

CHAPTER V.

After the re-construction of the Committee its first and most important duty as well as the most difficult will be the selection and election of a superintendent.

The importance of this office can hardly be over-estimated, though that of the official easily may be:—and the interests at stake have become so great, and the demands for reform are so imperative, that no second-rate man can henceforth be entrusted with the duties of the position without great discredit to himself and serious detriment to the public schools.

In prescribing the duties of superintendent it should not be required of him that he should be a merely ornamental personage, to be foremost on every public occasion, whether scholastic, civic, or military—and always conspicuous on the platform in his best clothes:—but if long-established precedent has rendered this function a necessary part of his duty, it would be a wise economy to hire "a double," as Dr. Hale did:—there might readily be found some burly, well-dressed citizen to grace the platform on these occasions while the real superintendent would be left free to attend to his legitimate duties, which in the new order of things should fully employ all his time and all his powers even if, as is hoped, they may be of the highest order.

The person to whom this high office, with its many delicate duties is to be confided must be a scholar in the highest and broadest meaning of the term:—"it is not enough" that he may have passed four years in the routine studies of some second or third rate college, and even been decorated with an honorary degree.

But he must have had a thorough classical training in the highest institutions of the land, and must be fully imbued with that very flower of culture that characterises the scholar and the gentleman. It goes without saying that he should be a scholar; and he should equally be a gentleman in the truest sense—a gentleman to all the committee and to all the teachers, and a very gentle friend in his contact with the children of the schools—of such a kind and sympathetic temper that his visits to the schools, instead of being dreaded or ridiculed, should be looked forward to with delight as those of a valued counsellor. And he should receive the children at his office as though they had a right there, and not treat them as troublesome intruders.

Nor are these qualities alone sufficient:—he should be deeply impressed with the moral responsibilities of his great office:—he should have in his disposition that love of his race which we call philanthropy, and which St. Paul defines as charity, without which the man is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;" that "charity or love which envieth not; which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—doth not behave itself unseemly; rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth;—remembering that to him of all men is committed 'the cure of souls.'"

It may not be easy to find at once the man who will fulfill all the requirements of the position, but with the benefit of the experience

of that great educator, Dr. Stanley Hall, and his extensive acquaintance among the foremost educators of the world it not be an impossible task to procure a competent person for the place:—at any rate before any true progress can be made this must be done; for it is very clear, and every day made more so, that there must be a resolution, before there can be any effective evolution of a better system

H. H. C.

The Real and the Ideal.

THE REAL.—John Smith was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning on charge of intoxication.

"You were drunk," said His Honor.

"I can't deny it," said the prisoner.

"I will have to fine you \$10," said the Court.

"All right, boss," said the prisoner.

THE IDEAL.—A gentleman rejoicing in the cognomen of John Smith was placed in the uncomfortable attitude of a defendant before the bar of the temple of justice called the Jefferson Market Police Court. The allegation against the prisoner was that of a too copious indulgence in that beverage which, while it cheers, does also tremendously inebriate.

"You were suffering from a severe attack of dipsomania," asserted the conservator of justice.

"It is not in the nature of things for me to successfully combat the asseveration," responded the gentleman in durance vile.

"It becomes the bounden duty of one occupying the position of arbitrator in cases where matters pertaining to the right and wrong are controverted, to impose upon you pecuniary penalty, and you will therefore be required to add to the revenues of the metropolis in the sum of \$10."

"The decision of the just meet even with the approval of those who feel their force," remarked the captive.

From Hawthorne's Note Book, 1838.

"Thanksgiving at the Worcester Lunatic Asylum. A ball and dance of the inmates in the evening, a furious lunatic dancing with the principal's wife. Thanksgiving in the almshouse would make a better sketch.

Nothing is so little worth while, even here, as being religious by halves. It's not worth while looking out for heaven on the whole, and yet going as near the edge of hell as we dare and as we can find footing. Jean Ingelcol.

Mrs. H. W. Johnson

resumes teaching at Leland's Music Store on

Mondays and Thursdays, after September 8th.

Address No. 2 Lincoln Place.

Miss CAMILLE M. CLARK,

a pupil of

GEO. L. OSGOOD, OF BOSTON,

is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,

at her residence, No. 23 John Street.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

SCHOOL SUITS.

The boys are in school once more. It was hard, we know, but after a week or two school pleasures will take the place of those you have had all summer, and the boys will have just as good a time.

Boys want a better Suit of Clothes in the city and at school than they did out of school with nothing on earth to do but to play from morning till night.

We have a Suit that we know will please ever so many,
Because it is Good,

Because it is Stylish,

Because it is well made,

And will stand all sorts of hard uses and besides there is the very important considera-

tion that

It Costs Only \$5.

It is a splendid Suit for that money, and no boy need be ashamed to wear one.
KNOCKABOUT \$5 SUITS.

When the boys grow a little larger, they want a whole Suit as near like a man's as possible. If they are compelled to wear "KNEE PANTS" they are even as determined to have a VEST, and so for them we have the very nicest and best Suits,

With Jackets,

With Vests,

With Knee Pants.

"All the fellows have Vests nowadays," said one little man the other day, and he went off happy as a prince with his handsome JACKET, VEST and KNEE PANTS, for which he paid \$5-50.

We wish the boys could see the "stacks of 'em" that are here to select from.

Why you are sure to be suited, and your folks are sure to be suited, for although they have a right to get what you want at the least cost, yet they always want GOOD CLOTHES FOR YOU, and something that is durable and yet looks stylish and nice.

We Have that Very Kind,

And we know you will come here for them

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.--A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500 at COVET.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443 Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,500; Reserve Fund, \$12,210 51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,507 68; Total, \$61,400 08 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms 10 and 11

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492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

FOR
RELIABLE SHOES
at Fair Prices

Go to 16 FRONT STREET.

J. K. BROWN,

W. L. BROWN, Manager.



LEADING SAFETY BICYCLES.
Solid, Cushion and Pneumatic Tires. Full line of Supplies. Repairing a Specialty.
LEMONT & WHITMORE, 39 PEARL ST.
Open evenings.

E. W. COFFIN,
Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

**Brown &
Simpson
Piano!**

Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

9 May Street, Worcester.

Larkin's, 395 Main St.,
Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-traps, Bag-straps Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry.

C. REBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,

6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

C. H. DRAPER,

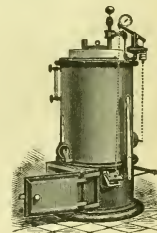
Livery, Feed and Truck Stable.

Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

ROYAL STEAM HEATER.

Manufactured from the Finest Steel Plate and possessing all the latest Modern Conveniences.



This Heater is unsurpassed for excellence of workmanship and is the best in the market. Now is the time to secure estimates. The following is one of a great number of testimonials from our leading citizens:

WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 1, 1890.

THE ROYAL STEAM HEATER CO.
Gentlemen:—Having purchased two of your Heaters, one now in use three years, the other 2 years, I can safely say we could hardly keep house without one. I would rather take care of my Heater with 15 radiators attached than one parlor stove where I had to bring coal and carry away the ashes. Anyone intending to heat by steam should examine the Royal and note the working of the Grate, which I think is far ahead of any I have ever seen. I will gladly give information to intending purchasers. Respectfully yours F. E. BARNARD.
Barnard Bros., Trunk Manufacturers, 496 Main St.
Branch Office, 39 Pearl Street, Worcester.

LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 3. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1891. FIVE CENTS.

THE HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH
NEW SOCIETY BUSINESS PERSONALS MUSIC DRAMA LITERATURE ART
Worcester



1st Lieut. Moses H. Tisdell, Captain Wm. A. Condy, 2d Lieut. Edwin G. Barrett.
OFFICERS OF THE WORCESTER CITY GUARDS.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT]

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

Our Bargain Week for

Dining-Room Furniture!

READ THE PRICES: Antique Oak Sideboards, good large bevel glasses, silver drawers lined, fine finish, 16, 18, 20 and 22 dollars. **OAK EXTENSION TABLES**, the best ever sold in this market for the price, viz: \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15. **DINING-ROOM CHAIRS** go with Tables and Sideboards. We have them for \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. If you want more elegant and expensive Furniture for your dining-room we have it. **READ THE PRICE LIST:** Sideboards from \$16 to \$150 Dining Tables from \$6 to \$75. Dining Chairs from \$1 to \$25. Side Tables, Buffets and China Closet. A good stock to select from. Will you see ours before you buy? Our prices are very low.

247 and 249 Main Street, Corner of Central.

WALSH & HARRINGTON,

546 Main Street,

Jobbers and Retail Dealers in

Wall Papers,

Window Shades, Mouldings,
and Interior Decorations
of all Descriptions.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED IN A PROMPT AND
WORKMAN-LIKE MANNER.

E. A. Walsh,

Geo. H. Harrington.



Simple!
Durable!
Clean!

It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
two thirds cost
over the best fuel.

Manufacturers
Guarantee every
Iron.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Agts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

OXYGEN

We have the genuine

Oxygen Treatment

FOR THE CURE AND PREVENTION
OF DISEASE.

It is not a Drug, but Nature's true Restorative in debility and all disordered conditions of the system.

Our Oxygen is fresh every day.
Prepared and administered with the utmost care by a Physician of large experience.

It will pay to investigate our METHODS and PRICES.

WORCESTER OXYGEN CO.

LINCOLN BLOCK,

368 1-2 Main, Cor. Elm.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city.
Especially attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 143-4.

N. G. TUCKER.

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N. G. TUCKER & SON,
SANITARY PLUMBING AND VENTILATION.

Dealers in Plumbing Materials.

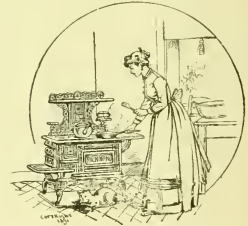
56 Pleasant Street.

Worcester, Mass.

SMITH & ADAMS,

Successors to H. W. Miller.

Look at this picture and read.



A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a house-keeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility.

One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

No. 3

"Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give light to your loneliest hours,
Let them give light to even your gloom."

The homes of a nation are its bulwarks.

Everything that adds to the comfort and pleasure of home, contributes to the national well being.

Few people leave really happy homes for the allurements of the saloon or of any other place where vice is propagated.

From its start, LIGHT has aimed to make itself a necessity in Worcester homes, believing that the home circle is the starting place of all that is good in man.

From the happy homes, come light hearts and cheerful faces. Many agencies enter into the making of really pleasant homes. First of all love and agreement must be there. Nellie Pitts in her dry goods box hovel, sure of her husband's love, was content; while many a brown stone palace confines hearts that are well nigh bleeding.

LIGHT would have homes brighter and better in every way; better styles of houses, less crowded, with ample surroundings that the little ones may run and romp, climb and dig and yet not trespass. LIGHT would have the interiors so constituted that woman's life might be less a constant warfare against dust and moths.

Next comes the school. From the home, the little one passes to the school and that school is best that is most like a good home. LIGHT favors any school, public or private, whose aim is the making of good citizens, that looks beyond the conning of certain text book matter to what must be done in life, believing always that that teacher is the best who is American reared and whose heart exults in the memories of American excellence and who will spare no pains to make his pupils upright, industrious American citizens, irrespective of color or creed.

LIGHT cares not how much time a man may have given to preparing himself for the vocation of teacher, if he be not pure as the snow, as free from reproach as Caesar's wife, he has no place in the school. Knowledge imparted, will be no compensation for the least fault warranted by habit or custom on the teachers part. Solomon's wisdom coupled with Solomon's faults will not do for the best American schools. As well might a bat come out into the full glare of a noontide sun and try to teach young larks to fly as for some of the imported, alleged teachers to undertake to train young Americans.

And then country! From home to school and through that into the broader field of devotion to fatherland. Our homes and schools should rear men and women who will deem no

sacrifice too great that will contribute to the country's good. We want no namby pamby dilettante who smiles derisively at love of country as though it were a weakness of the lower class, the common herd. As for him, the world is his country. America first, the rest of the world afterwards. George Howland of Chicago Americanized the schools of that city and there was need enough of it.

The famous broth, brewed by the witches in Macbeth, was not more composite than are the elements which enter into America's people. If they were originally made of one blood, that liquid has run through such devious and divergent channels that, today, we are disposed to view with suspicion, almost, the statement. To produce some of the alleged humanity that seeks our shores, it would seem that an original and special creation were necessary. However, they are here, and here to stay. We must make them over into American citizens, into men and women whose blood will tingle at the mention of Bunker Hill and Yorktown and when Vicksburg and Gettysburg are named they must be ready to go and do likewise if need be.

To make them thus, our schools must be taught by God fearing, country loving teachers, men and women who realize the value of our liberty, beings to whom their vocations is not merely a "job" to be prepared for as the apprentice learns to make a boot. No amount of book attainments can fit some people for this high calling. Parents must see to it that their hearths are bright. Catiline's warning, "Look to your hearths, my Lords!" is as pertinent now as ever. Upon home and school depends the future of our country. As they are, so will our future be. So then we nail our flag to the mast head and let it float for HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

Apropos of Rebellion matters, the late refusal of the Georgia Legislature to maintain the Confederate Soldiers' Home, erected by the lamented Grady is a startling comment on affairs. The same body is considering the giving of \$400,000 to soldiers' widows. There is not a veteran in the North who will not regret the refusal. Our old opponents need care in their crippled age. From the nature of things, it does not come upon the general government to help; but Georgia has a chance to supplement Grady's gift. Let us hope that the Farmers Alliance Legislature will see the matter in a different light before the adjournment of that body.

In 1895, we are to have the bi-centennial of the famous Salem witchcraft horrors. Provisionally or otherwise, Gallows Hill is still bare and bleak. If the many thousands of living descendants of the nineteen victims perishing there should contribute a dollar each, a monument of towering proportions might be reared upon which might be chiseled

in imperishable characters the names of those slain. Worcester has many residents who can trace their ancestral line to the sad scenes on that terrible hill. The data brought out by such tracing would be of great utility in a genealogical way. LIGHT calls for an expression of opinion on the subject, standing ready to offer a dollar for the memory of Martha Carrier who was of Andover, but unjustly accused, perished with others in those infamous days.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Miss Nettie Estabrook is at Cape May, Atlantic City and Philadelphia

Arthur C. Smith, W. H. S. '87, calls at the office of LIGHT for a social chat. He is about entering upon his final year at the Boston Institute of Technology.

The display that Barnard, Sumner & Co., make of lace draperies and of carpets is worth going the length of Main Street to see. Those great show windows are a study.

Miss Iva V. Smith, Annie Harrington, Grace Wood, Lucy D. Heald and Ina M. Sprague have gone to Northampton to enter Smith college.

Miss Edith M. Clark, of the W. H. S. '84, is near the end of a course of training in the Massachusetts General Hospital, as a trained nurse.

Mr. Edwin S. Phelps, W. H. S. '88 and Polytechnic '91, started for Washington, Thursday. He may become connected with some of the Departments there.

George B. Buckingham has been attending the annual session of the supreme council, Scottish Rite Masons at Boston, composed exclusively of 33 degree Masons.

George E. Aldrich, who is displaying rare artistic talent, leaves soon for New York where he will study with the Art Students League of that city.

Frank E. Heywood, one of the Ward 1 delegates to the Republican Convention, was an assistant secretary of that body.

Miss George Brown of Bath, Me., is visiting Miss Hallie E. Battey, Tirrell Street. She will attend the music festival next week.

Longley, the English churchman, had a queer experience when he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon. His oath was taken to William the Fourth and no sooner had he risen from his knees than the king suddenly addressed him in a loud voice: "Bishop of Ripon, I charge you, as you shall answer before Almighty God, that you never, by word or deed, give encouragement to those d—d Whigs who would upset the Church of Eng. and."



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY SEPT. 19, 1891.

LIGHT FOR THE 26TH INST., THE FESTIVAL NUMBER, WILL APPEAR ON SATURDAY AT 10 A. M. IT WILL BE A LITTLE LATE, BUT WILL BE WORTH WAITING FOR. A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL.

Amateur Sport.

The first of the Worcester Athletic Club's members' handicap games will take place today at the Worcester Oval at Lake View. The program which was to have taken place last Saturday will be combined with that for today. The events, with entries and handicaps are as follows:—

100 yards dash—H. L. Dadmun, scratch; V. Mowry, 1 yard; J. H. Adams, 4 yards; W. Hyland, F. J. Zaeder, J. Freeman, W. H. Fuller, 5 yards; H. H. Sibley, 6 yards; J. M. Gallagher, W. H. Allison, 7 yards; C. E. Putnam, 8 yards; H. Tyler, 9 yards; W. A. Beaudette, Herbert R. Black, 10 yards.

220 yard dash—H. L. Dadmun, scratch; V. Mowry, 4 yards; J. H. Adams, 9 yards; William Hyland, F. J. Zaeder, W. H. Fuller, J. Freeman, 11 yards; H. H. Sibley, 13 yards; W. H. Allison, J. M. Gallagher, 15 yards; C. E. Putnam, A. S. Heywood, 17 yards; H. Tyler, 18 yards; H. R. Black, W. A. Beaudette, 20 yards.

220 yard hurdle—F. J. Zaeder, scratch; V. Mowry, 5 yards; W. H. Fuller, J. H. Adams, H. H. Sibley, 8 yards; W. Hyland, 9 yards; W. H. Allison, 10 yards; H. R. Black, W. A. Beaudette, 15 yards.

Half-mile run—H. L. Dadmun, scratch; W. H. Allison, 10 yards; J. M. Gallagher, 15 yards; V. Mowry, 20 yards; C. E. Putnam, 35 yards; J. Delaney, W. H. Fuller, 45 yards; C. P. Vaill, 55 yards; F. Vaughn, J. M. Burdett, 60 yards; W. A. Beaudette, 120 yards.

1 mile run—Dadmun, scratch; W. H. Allison, J. M. Gallagher, J. Delaney, 30 yards; C. P. Vaill, 80 yards; W. A. Beaudette, 75 yards.

Pole vault—S. C. Brennan, scratch; E. W. Kinsley, 6 inches; W. H. Fuller, J. H. Adams, 12 inches; J. E. Nourse, 18 inches.

High jump—S. C. Brennan, scratch; F. J. Zaeder, 3 inches; W. H. Fuller, 4 inches; E. W. Kinsley, H. H. Sibley, J. H. Adams, 6 inches.

Putting 16 pound shot—R. S. Woodward,

scratch; F. J. Zaeder, 2 feet; R. J. Clapp, V. Mowry, 3 feet; W. H. Fuller, J. H. Adams, 6 feet 6 inches; Pelham Lincoln, 7 feet.

One mile bicycle safety—Aleck Miller, scratch; Fred S. Johnson, 60 yards; A. L. Bennett, 75 yards; J. H. Adams, 100 yards; A. F. Rebboll, 120 yards.

The handicapping was done by Harry A. Adams, captain of the club. The officers for the games will be referee, Frank E. Heywood; starter H. A. Adams; judges, J. W. Allen, Paul B. Morgan, Fred W. White, Walter H. Adams; timers, G. Stewart Dickenson, Fred Daniels, A. L. Bennett.

The first event will be started at three o'clock. Admission will be free to members upon presentation of membership ticket. Tickets, including admission to the grounds and fare both ways on the W. & S. R. R., will be sold to non-members at a very low price.

The last of the members' meeting will take place next Saturday when the events will be quarter-mile run, one mile walk, 120 yards hurdle, running broad jump, throwing sixteen pound hammer and two mile bicycle race (ordinary). Entries close tonight.

Several Worcester Athletic Club men took part in the Y. M. C. A. handicap games at Fall River last Saturday with the following result. W. H. Allison, scratch man in the mile run won the event in 4 minutes 53 seconds. His nearest competitor had a handicap of 110 yards. Vernon Mowry, who had a handicap of 5 yards in the 100 yards dash won the final heat in 10 seconds. He also finished second in the quarter-mile. In this he had 20 yards handicap. J. H. Adams reached the semifinals in the 100 yards dash, but was beaten there. Brennan competed in the hop, step and jump and the pole vault but failed to win a place.

Last week was one of the most important of the year to the bicyclers, for it included the Hartford and Springfield meetings, the former taking place Tuesday and Wednesday and the latter Thursday and Friday. At the Hartford races there were a number of new records made. Zimmerman, of the New York A. C., with a flying start, covered a quarter mile in 29 4/5 seconds, beating Windle's world's record for that distance, 30 1/5 seconds. Berlo of the Manhattan A. C. made a new record for a quarter-mile with a standing start. His time was 33 3/5 seconds. Zimmerman also did the same thing later.

During the races Wednesday, A. B. Rich won the two mile event in 5 minutes 11 1/5 seconds. The morning papers of the following day stated that this made a new world's record which is not correct, unless the recent report that G. Minturn Worden of the Manhattan A. C. did the distance in 5 minutes 6 4/5 seconds is untrue. Just at present it is very difficult to tell what the world's records are, they are being broken so frequently. Wednesday also, Worden and J. W. Scherer of the Manhattan A. C. equalled Zimmerman's quarter mile, flying start, record, made the day before and Banker and Bunker made a new mile tandem safety record, 2 minutes, 30 4/5 seconds.

The Springfield races were not as remark-

able for record breaking as had been expected. The time in the world's record one mile safety was particularly disappointing, though it was a wonderful race. Zimmerman was the hero of the first day. He won the mile ordinary open, the one-half-mile ordinary open, the quarter-mile safety flying start and the one-half-mile safety handicap. In this last event he beat the world's record of 1 minute, 8 3/5 seconds, made recently by Berlo, by doing the distance in 1 minute 6 4/5 seconds. Friday was the great day of the meeting and the mile-safety, world's record race was the great event of the day. By winning this race Windle, the Millbury boy, established beyond all question his right to the title of champion of American riders. The race was disappointing in regard to the time and resulted in a disagreement between the spectators and the referee. Just before the race the referee, W. S. Bull announced that the time limit would be 2 minutes 23 2/5 seconds and stated that if the winner failed to equal that time he would order the first four men who crossed the tape to race over again. Nothing was said however about the rule which allows the referee to set aside the time limit if he considered the race to have been fairly completed. The race was divided into three trial heats and a final. The starters in the final were Graves, Hoyland, Smith, Berlo, Rich, Worden, Windle, Zimmerman, Taylor, McDuffee, Murphy and Dorntge. Taylor reached the quarter first, winning the 50 diamond pin offered for the leader at that point. He was also first at the half, winning another diamond pin. Dorntge won the remaining diamond pin by leading at the three quarters. On the last turn the order was as follows: Murphy, Berlo, Zimmerman, Rich, Windle with the field behind. Twenty yards from the finish the order was the same, save that Windle, was abreast Berlo. Ten yards from the tape Berlo lead slightly. At the finish, Windle lead Berlo by half a length while Murphy and Zimmerman were close behind.

The time was announced as 2 minutes, 23 3/5 seconds. As this is outside the time limit the four leaders were recalled for a second trial but the referee declared that he was satisfied that the riders had done their best and so Windle was announced as the winner. The crowd didn't like this as the majority of them had hoped that Zimmerman would win and they thought that perhaps he might if there was another trial.

Our city clerk, Enoch H. Town, was elected, Wednesday, a member of the executive committee of the State Association of City Clerks.

Col. H. B. Very, of the governor's staff, is visiting the county fairs with him.

Frank S. C. Wicks, formerly of The Telegram, is to study for the Unitarian ministry. He left his home in this city, Wednesday, to go to Peekskill, N. Y. After a week's stay there he will go to Meadville, Pa., to begin a three years' course of study at the Meadville Theological Seminary.

E. L. Smith & Co. make a very handsome display of fall dress goods in their South window, while in the corner one are most admirable cloaks and garments sure to catch the feminine eye.

School and College.

High School.

After arranging and classifying the students, there comes the actual application to duty. To the more than nine hundred pupils here, this has become a reality.

Some delay was experienced in arranging some of the classes, owing to the non-arrival of text books. The books were ordered early in June, but through a misunderstanding did not arrive until Monday, thus depriving the pupils of a few days work. Did they mourn? Not they, but the teachers.

Anything to break the monotony of school life is always welcomed by the pupils, but the pupils of room 11 were much surprised the other day when one of the young ladies came into school wearing—what do you suppose—a dainty pair of blue suspenders. It was indeed novel. The writer was informed that it was the latest from *Worth* but the reader can take it for what it is worth. The exquisite blue of the suspenders contrasted well however with the spotless white dress under them.

While speaking of the young ladies let me tell you a little joke that happened in room seven the other day. One of the teachers seemed to have something upon his mind. One of the young ladies perceived this, and asked the scholar beside her if he knew what was the matter? He replied in the negative, whereupon the young lady replied that she thought he (the teacher) was "mellen" choly. To friends of the school this will be suggestive.

A few suggestions right here I hope will not be out of place. First, now that the school has opened, let every one who has any ambition and energy do his best. There is only one time to go to school and acquire an education and that is in youth. And what better place is there than here, in a school ranked among the finest, with many able and interested teachers and such a kind and pleasant principal. Second—Don't waste your time in idle day dreaming, but follow Longfellow who says—

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Have, moreover, noble resolutions for the coming year and whatever you do, whether you be in school or out, enter into it with your whole heart and soul.

How kindly did Dr. Wight welcome the School as they assembled in the hall for the first time last Thursday morning. There was no doubting his words when he said that he was glad to see them all back again.

Whenever pupils leave the school to pursue studies in higher institutions it is always welcome news to their friends. I have to record this week the names of seven young ladies who have entered the State Normal School at Framingham. All of them were bright energetic girls while with us. May they be an honor to the school to which they have gone. Their names are:—Miss Anna Curtis, Ada Carter, Myra Thayer, Edna Thayer, Elizabeth H. M. Boyd, class of '91; Carrie Stockwell, class of '93; Marion Blenus, class of '90.

This year the school is to have that most eminent of poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes, as

a study in Rhetoricals the first half of the year. The first exercises will occur in the hall next Tuesday morning, the first two hours.

A change has been made in the matter of text books in Rhetoric. In place of Kellogg's Text book, Williams' Composition and Rhetoric by Practice, has been substituted. The new book has many advantages over the old, principally in the fact that the work is almost entirely in exercises. The author is also the editor of a new edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

It was a musical company that Prof. Seth Richards met, as he stepped upon the platform last Monday morning. The drill was principally upon chanting the Lords Prayer. By the way, what better instruction could any of the teachers give to those under them. A few minutes spent upon it every Monday would not come amiss both as regards the morning exercise and the moral effect also.

What a stalwart set of pupils the senior class is. This band, composed of the best stock the school can support. How the first year pupils look up to them. They have a respect for the seniors verging upon reverence. How proud the young men are! They walk about the building, hands under their arms, their manner seeming to say "I am lord of all I survey." Yet they are not haughty, but are a most loving and lovable set of boys: would that the world were made up of just such kind hearted boys as these. It was to be sure quite a punishment for a senior boy to be obliged to combine mental and physical forces in school, but such is the case with a few boys in Room 7 who are obliged to prepare the blackboards each day for use. They do it no doubt with a sense of love for the teacher. I hope so.

The Debating Clubs as in years before have started off admirably, a good deal of campaigning was done in obtaining new members for the several societies and I understand that a goodly number were obtained. The girls do not, as a general thing, conduct as systematic campaigns as the boys, yet the Altheia opened its meetings in an interesting manner last Friday. The following was the full report of the meeting: Vocal Solo, Miss Chapin; Reading, Miss Keith; Piano Duo, Misses Gate and Morse.

Question—Resolved, that the president of the United States should be elected by a popular vote. Decided in the affirmative.

It was debated in the affirmative by Messrs Perry and Barnard and ably sustained in the negative by Misses Hale and Keith. It was decided in the affirmative.

The critic for the meeting was Miss Howard, and Miss Darling presided over the meeting. It goes without saying that she was a—darling.

The Sumner Club which has usually been the foremost among the clubs, does not seem to have the life and energy so essential to a powerful assembly. Yet the few men present did well. Mr. C. A. Andrews, whose name appears upon the following report, is what may be termed a horn orator. He has a fine voice and a forcible delivery and prepares his debate so logically that he is able even to win his opponent. The club has in him an able secretary. The following report was carried

out at the meeting of the club last Friday night—

Declamation, "Battle of Bunker Hill," Dwight G. Burrage; Paper, "Roman Education," E. W. Goodell; Reading, "Spiritualism" O. C. White.

Question—Resolved, that Greece has done more for the world than Rome. Affirmative:—George A. Collic, Walter L. Sprague, Henry H. Hill; Negative—Frank E. Gilbert, J. F. Monroe, Chas. E. Andrews. critic, George K. Bliss.

When thrown open to the house, the question was debated in the affirmative by W. L. Sprague and F. W. Goodell and in the negative by C. E. Andrews and F. E. Gilbert, D. G. Burrage. The question was finally decided in the negative.

The Assembly had by far the largest attendance and most spirited meeting of any of the clubs. Although not much was heard about it last year, it seems to have suddenly come to life. The report of the evening follows:—

Declamation, "The Life Boat," H. K. Larkin. Extemporaneous address on the question, "Resolved, that all public men should be salaried," by G. W. Field.

Paper—"The Railway and Ocean Travel of the present day," H. L. Bellisle.

Reading—"College Farming," A. E. Denny.

Question—Resolved, that it is necessary for the stability of the United States that the country should be composed of self-governing states.

After having been debated in the affirmative by Messrs. J. F. McGrail and N. B. Hale, and in the negative by G. W. Matthews, G. H. Ellinwood and H. L. Bellisle, it was finally decided in the negative.

The Euclidea held its meeting in Room 11, their old home, with a fair attendance. The programme: Declamation, C. F. Leonard; Declamation, W. J. Foran; Reading, C. E. Dowd; Question, Resolved—That the late revolution in Chili was for the best interest of that country. Affirmative, P. J. McLaughlin, F. J. Garvey, J. A. Tierney. Negative, H. J. Murray, J. Gannon, C. F. Leonard. The question was finally decided in the affirmative by a large vote.

Speaking of the clubs, it may be well to add that there is some fine stock in all the clubs, but hardly enough to successfully carry on four separate clubs. A movement is on foot among the boys by which a new club can be formed. The result of this move will be eagerly awaited by all. G. T. W.

Notes.

Mrs. Brigham's Senior French Classes as a part of the year's work, will render Dickinson's "Christmas Carol" into French.

The first meeting of the Glee Club will be held the first Monday in October.

Mr. Harry Banfield, who spent last year studying dentistry in Boston, is back in school pursuing a special course.

Mr. Hector Bellisle will preside at the piano during devotional exercise in the hall the coming year.

Mr. Wight mentioned with much pride the other morning, in the hall, the fact that never had he had occasion to speak of conduct from that platform.

The City Guards.

Fifty-one years is a long period of time. Birth-days are noteworthy whether of individuals or nations, and to make merry on their return is common. This, 19th of September, is the natal day of the Worcester City Guards. To be sure the celebration does not come till next Thursday, but by telling their story now, we shall be in ample time for the fête day.

In 1887, when a fair was given by the Guards in Mechanics Hall, a paper, called the Citizen Soldier was issued and in it, one of the original members, Lt. Samuel Hathaway, now of Thompsonville, Conn., gave a very concise sketch of the company which is appended here in full:

Recollections of a Veteran.

During the political excitement of 1840 the Worcester Light Infantry, then composed of Whigs and Democrats, found it too hot to remain united, and split up, all the Whig members withdrawing, excepting Captain D. Waldo Lincoln, then in command, who remained at their head in spite of all opposition, for years. The Whig portion set to work to form a new company and in the excitement of the community soon had on their roll the names of sixty-four prominent young men of the town. The question of calling the Company "The Worcester Harrison Independent Guards," so that the initials would spell "whig" on the knapsack, was discussed, but was abandoned from its great length, and the name "The Worcester Guards" was adopted, which was changed in 1850, by vote of the company, to "The Worcester City Guards."

The first officers were:—Captain, George Bowen, 1st Lieut. George Hobbs, 2d Lieut. Leonard Pool, 3d Lieut. George W. Richardson, 1st Sergt. and Clerk, Herman Gould, 2d, Joshua K. Bigelow, 3d, Samuel T. Lamb, 4th, Elbridge G. Pratt, 5th and Color Bearer, Charles Blanchard. An organization was effected Sept. 19, 1840, and the Company paraded for the first time on that day, and sixty-four "good men and true" stood in line before the Town Hall while the Boston Brigade Band sounded off, and old Bartlett's trumpet sounded the notes of their first retreat (may it echo down the ages). This ceremony began the history that for nearly half a century has been written in honor without one stain to mar its beauty, or one blot on its escutcheon of glory. From the time of its organization to the present the Company has been commanded by the following officers in the ordered name:—

Capt. George Bowen, Capt. George Hobbs, Capt. Leonard Pool, Capt. George B. Conklin, Capt. L. Lincoln Newton, Capt. Edwin Eaton, Capt. Charles W. Longley, Capt. John M. Goodhue, Capt. George H. Ward, Capt. A. B. R. Sprague, Capt. R. H. Chamberlain, Capt. Joseph A. Titus, Capt. Wm. H. King, Capt. E. K. Shumway, Capt. George H. Cleveland and Capt. Wm. D. Preston.

The Company has occupied armories as follows:—

First, in the second story of the Town Hall. Second, in the third story of a wooden building on Thomas St., near Slater Court. Third, in the attic of Dr. Greene's building where the Five Cents Savings Bank is now located. Fourth, Waldo Block.

When the Worcester Bank Block was built an armory was furnished for the Guards, which, at the time, was one of the best in the State, and became a popular resort for the Company and its friends. Afterwards Brinley Hall was leased by the Company for an armory and used by them until the opening of the War. When Brinley Hall was abandoned, the upper story of Taylor's Block was fitted for an armory, which was destroyed by fire in 1875.

The armory on Waldo Street, built by the City, was at that time nearly completed, and was soon afterward occupied by the Company in common with the other military organizations of the City. The armory on Waldo Street, although built in accordance with approved plans, was never satisfactory, it being three times condemned by the Adjutant General, but it was not until July, 1885, that it was abandoned, when the Company moved to Clark's Block on Front St, where they remained until the beginning of the present year (1887) when they moved into the quarters which they now occupy.

The first encampment of the Company, in 1840, was in Worcester. The second was in West Boylston, when the band was accompanied by Ned Kendall with his silver bugle, and he and his brother Jim became great favorites with the Company, and gave a famous concert in Worcester for the Guards, Old Put and Si Smith furnished the field music, with file and drum, for many years. Dar Simpson, the veteran drummer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery following after Old Put, had beat his last "taps." At the West Boylston encampment the Company was detached to exhibit the drill in Scott's Tactics, then just adopted by the M. V. M., to the Field Officers, Brigadier General Jones of Greenfield in command.

When Captain Goodhue assumed command of the Company they were at rather a low ebb, there being but twenty-four men on the roll, and their property consisted of three old tents bought of the Sterling Company, and a cap and jacket for each man. But when he left them three years later they had sixty odd men, and property to the amount of several hundred dollars; and stood at the head of the M. V. M., in drill and discipline. In 1851 a new uniform was procured, of white cloth and red facings, with bear skin caps, and side-hangers with black belts. A contribution of \$400 was received from the citizens for the hangers and belts, each member paying for his own uniform. A picture of the Company, drawn up in line before the Central Exchange on their first parade in their new uniforms is in existence at the armory, and is much prized by the Company. A beautiful oil painting of the encampment (?) at South Worcester by Henry Woodward, Esq., adorned the walls of the armory for many years, but was destroyed, together with the records and other valuable mementoes in the fire at Taylor's Block.

The Company attended the celebration of the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, and was detached to do guard duty at the Monument while Daniel Webster delivered his great oration.

In 1860 the past members of the Company received an elegant gold medal, which they presented to the Company to be shot for annually. It is still in existence, and bears the

name of every man who has ever won and worn it. It is at present (1887) held by Sergeant M. H. Tisdell.

It would take many columns to properly relate the history of the Company, so replete with stirring events, the above only being intended as a brief synopsis of the earlier history of the Company. The war record of the Company, which has not here been noted, will be found in another column; and in conclusion it will suffice to state that from the time of its organization to the present, the Company has always maintained a high standing in the militia of the State, and that the discipline and *personel* was never better than at present.

The City Guards in the Rebellion.

"Early in the spring of 1861 the Worcester City Guards were without a captain, Lieut. Edwin A. Wood, commanding. About forty names werebourne upon the roll.

When the militia was called to active service. A. B. R. Sprague, an old Guard, then Brigade Major of the Fifth Brigade was unanimously elected captain, and assumed command on the 17th day of April. The ranks were promptly filled, and many applicants for membership failed to secure admission.

2d Lieut. Josiah Pickett was elected 1st Lieut.; George C. Joslin, 2d Lieut.; Orson Moulton, 3d Lieut.; Elisha A. Harkness 4th Lieut.

On the 18th day of April, Capt. Sprague was ordered to muster forthwith the company for active service, and on the 20th left the State as a part of the 3d. Batt. Rifles, Major Charles Devens, Jr., commanding.

The partial destruction of railroad bridges between Baltimore and Havre de Grace closed that route to the Capital, and the command embarked at New York on the steamer Ariel, and landed at Annapolis Md., April 24th. On the 30th of May following they reached Fort McHenry to reinforce the garrison, which consisted of only two companies of regular artillery, Major W. W. Morris commanding the Post.

The time was fully occupied in infantry and artillery drill, mounting heavy guns, and expeditions down the Chesapeake. The command suffered much by over-work. During the term they served under Generals Patterson, Banks, Caldwell, Dix and Butler, and were mustered out of service August 3d.

As a company it never again was called into the military service of the United States, but fifty-six of those who again returned, followed the fortunes of the old flag and were represented in fifteen regiments, seven as field officers, five commanding regiments, namely the 15th, 25th and 36th Infantry, and the 2d Heavy Artillery, and furnished line officers for the 21st, 22d, and 34th Massachusetts, 7th Connecticut, 7th Maine, 102d New York, United States Infantry, Ira Harris Cavalry, 1st North Carolina Volunteers and United States Colored Troops.

Among the killed in battle were Captains Shaw, 7th Maine, Bardick, 7th Conn, who fell on the same assault at Fort Wagner, Lieuts. Mathews and Pelton of the 25th Mass, at Cold Harbor, Lieut. Daniels of the 36th Mass. at Spotsylvania, Lieut. Bacon of 102d New York at Chancellorsville.

The company officers entered the volunteer service and were promoted as follows:—

Capt. A. B. R. Sprague to be Lieut. Col. 25th Mass. Vols. Colonel 51st Mass. Colonel 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, Brig. General United States Volunteer by Brevet.

1st Lieut. Josiah Pickett, Captain, Major and Colonel 25th Mass. Brig. General by Brevet.
2d Lieut. George C. Joslin, Captain, Major and Lieut. Col. 15th Mass.

3d Lieut. Orson Moulton, Captain and Lieut. Col. 25th Mass.

4th Lieut. Elisha A. Harkness, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant 25th Mass. Major 51st Mass.

Nearly 150 men who had sometime carried a musket in the ranks of the City Guards were in the Union Army in the war of the Rebellion, conspicuous among whom were Brig. General John B. Wyman, who fell in command of his Brigade at Vicksburg and Col. George H. Ward, the only colonel of a Massachusetts regiment who fell at Gettysburg.

Of those holding commissions in the great army of volunteers were one Brig. General, three Brig. Generals by Brevet, five Colonels eight Lieut. Colonels, four Majors, about twenty-five Captains and twenty Lieutenants.

Twenty-three were killed or died in the service, and twenty-five others were wounded—seven died in rebel prisons.

They fought in the Department of North Carolina and the Gulf, in the Army of the Potomac, the James, the Shenandoah, the Cumberland and the Ohio.

They were faithful unto death, and left a record without a stain, of which their successors may be justly proud.

To these words of Lieut. ex-Captain Hathaway and the Captain it might be added that, first and last, the Guards have included in their lists some of the best citizens of Worcester. To the original sixty-four must be added several hundred others who have kept step to the drum-beat. Of those men who made up the first roster, Capt. Howen was the father of the lady who became the wife of Major Francis A. Blake. First Lieut. Hobbs rose to be major-general in the militia and gave two sons to the service during the rebellion. Capt. L. L. Newton was a son of Rejoice Newton, and thereby a brother of Mrs. John W. Wetherell. Years ago, S. R. Leland dedicated to him a piece of music, called "Newton Quickstep," and on the title page is a very good picture of the captain, with the company wearing their second uniform, one of blue. General Sprague has a picture taken from Gleason's Pictorial, representing the company in Captain Goddub's day, wearing a white uniform with bearskin hats. These pictures would make fine contrasts with one of the company as it is dressed to-day.

The Kendall referred to as bugler was one of the most noted cornetists of his day, and it was claimed that his famous horn was given to him by Queen Victoria. "Old Put" and "Si" Smith were also distinguished military musicians, Smith, the fiercer, a small man, and "Put," with a foot that made an impression whenever it came down. The General Wyman who was killed in the West married a daughter of the first Osgood Bradley. Owing to the burning of the enlistment books of the company it is difficult to tell, to-day, just who the survivors of the first company are but it is

certain that Hon. John C. B. Davis of Washington, ex Insurance Commissioner Julius L. Clark of Boston, Lieut. Samuel Hathaway of Connecticut, David Baker, George A. Brown, Leonard Gates and Harrington of this city were of the number.

Before the civil war, probably the most exciting episode in the company's life was its appearance at the Gabriel Riot, so called. One Orr had so stirred up affairs that he had been arrested and was in the police station, then under the city hall. A throng of people was determined to have him out. The mob would not disperse at the command of Mayor J. S. C. Knowlton. It was May 18, 1854. At 7 P. M. a mass of people armed with paving stones made things lively on Front Street. Marshal Lovell Baker and Sheriff Geo. W. Richardson did their best to secure order, the mayor read the riot act; but the crowd did not budge. Then came the Guards, Capt. Ward with Lieuts. Sprague, Stone, Harkness and Adams, seven non-commissioned officers, with 26 enlisted men. They had been ordered, if they fired at all, to shoot to kill. Ball cartridges had been distributed. The Guards marched rapidly to their places on the south side of Front Street, near the Hall, between 8 and 9 P. M. Still the people did not disperse. Then came the captain's order, "Load with ball cartridge, Load." A participant in the drama says, that "long before the order was executed, and the command 'Fire' could be given, that throng of men melted away. It was unaccountable where they went to. They had no stomach for leaden pills."

At 11 P. M., the city was in its normal condition; but the next day the Guards again reported; but there was no use for them, and they found the best way to withdraw their charges was to go out Jo Bill Road and fire at a target.

The following lists give the lieutenants of the company from the beginning:

FIRST LIEUTENANTS—Geo. Hobbs, Leonard Pool, Geo. B. Conkline, Levi L. Newton, Edwin Eaton, Elbridge G. Pratt, Daniel W. Lincoln, Samuel H. Leonard, Geo. H. Ward, A. B. R. Sprague, Edwin A. Wood, Josiah Pickett, Edward W. Adams, John W. Sanderson, Joseph A. Long, Frank E. Hall, Josiah W. Willard, Everett A. Morse, Edwin R. Shumway, James F. Meach, Forbes B. Fay, Wm. J. Stamp, Geo. H. Cleveland, Frank W. Barrett, Wm. D. Preston, Frank S. Hoyt, Wm. A. Condy, Moses H. Tisdell.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—Leonard Pool, Geo. W. Richardson, Geo. B. Conkline, John Metcalf, Edwin Eaton, Elbridge G. Pratt, John B. Wyman, Ebenezer Harrington, George H. Ward, A. B. R. Sprague, Samuel V. Stone, Edwin A. Wood, Josiah Pickett, Geo. C. Joslin, Calvin N. Harrington, Joseph A. Titus, Frank L. R. Coes, Wm. H. King, Frank E. Hall, Josiah B. Willard, Everett A. Morse, Edwin R. Shumway, James F. Meach, Forbes B. Fay, Wm. J. Stamp, Geo. H. Cleveland, Frank W. Barrett, Wm. D. Preston, Frank S. Hoyt, Wm. A. Condy, Moses H. Tisdell.

THIRD LIEUTENANTS, (office abolished in 1861)—Geo. W. Richardson, Geo. B. Conkline, John Metcalf, Levi L. Newton, Edwin Eaton, J. Baker Wyman, Chas. C. Chamberlin, E. Harrington, Geo. H. Ward, A. B. R. Sprague, Samuel V. Stone, Samuel Hathaway, Orson Moulton.

FOURTH LIEUTENANTS, (office abolished in 1861)—Sewell Thompson, Samuel H. Leonard, Geo. H. Ward, Wm. A. Smith, Geo. G. Burbank, Samuel Hathaway, Edw. W. Adams, Francis Wyland, Jr., Edwin P. Woodward, Geo. C. Joslin, Everett A. Harkness.

The rebellion furnished an opportunity for the Guards to show their mettle and they were proven to be true blue. A competent judge remarks: "I don't believe there was a company of men in the United States that fur-

nished so large a number of officers and men to the general service as did the Worcester City Guards." The following is a partial list of those who served as non-commissioned officers and privates:

E. W. Adams, 3d Sergt., Co. A, 3d Batt. Rifles; E. G. Watkins, Commissary, Sergt. 25th Regt. A. P. Patten, Sergt., 25th Regt., wounded at Newbern; Walter S. Bugler, Sergt., 25th Regt., prisoner at Andersonville; A. Rice, Sergt., 15th Regt.; Chas. Ward, 3d Batt. Rifles; Henry S. Baker, 15th Regt., wounded; George E. Patch, 52d Regt., wounded at Spotsylvania; Wm. R. Chapman, 35th Regt., died at Millen, Ga.; Kendall E. L. R. Coes, Sergt., 25th Regt.; Herbert J. Penderell, Sergt., 51st N. V. Regt., killed at Newbern; G. N. Ayer 1st Regt. H. A., wounded at Petersburg; Horace Poole, 3d Batt. Rifles; Wm. B. White, 3d Batt. Rifles; John Gaffney, 15th Regt.; W. W. Sprague, 51st Regt., 25th Regt.; James Taylor, 15th Regt.; Joel W. Green, Sergt., 1st Mass. Cavalry, died in service; Chas. H. Munroe, Corp., 25th Regt.; W. H. Aldrich, 3d Batt. D. H. McEver, Sergt., 14th Regt.; Geo. P. Bigelow, 3d Batt. D. H. Fuller, Corp., 25th Regt.; W. H. Wood, 15th Regt.; James Stewart, 3d Batt. Rifles; Lewis C. Champey, 25th Regt.; Geo. E. Warren, Sergt., 24th Regt.; William H. Heywood, 3d Batt. N. H. Regt.; John A. Thompson, 25th Regt.; Wm. L. Newton, 3d Batt. Ewin I. Dodge, Sergt., 51st Regt. N. S. 15th Conn., Sergt., May, 3d Batt. S. H. Bartlett, 3d Batt. Corp., 25th Regt., wounded at Roanoke; C. H. Bond, 25th Regt.; John Savage, 25th Regt., died prisoner, Richmond; A. M. Parker, 3d Batt.; H. E. Cunningham, 3d Batt.; E. Cutting, 3d Batt.; James S. Sloum, 3d Batt.; Henry Mellen, 3d Batt.; C. A. Weston, 3d Batt. Serat., 25th Regt.; James M. Cummings, 3d Batt.; Thomas Gleason, 3d Batt. Serat., 25th Regt.; B. A. Bottomly, 3d Batt.; G. W. Hatch, 3d Batt. Chas. Davis, 15th Regt., died in service; S. A. Shoum, 3d Batt.; G. Wakefield, 3d Batt.; John Wheeler, 3d Batt. Serat., 25th Regt.; Preston A. Champey, 25th Regt., died a prisoner; Chas. F. Fairbank, 3d Batt.; John M. Cheney, 3d Batt. Serat., 51st Regt.; Wm. E. Starr, 3d Batt.; Chas. Henry, 3d Batt., 25th Regt.; Edwin A. Moody, 25th Regt., wounded at Cold Harbor; Henry Waters, 25th Regt.; Francis J. Plummer, 3d Batt.; Frank Alden, 3d Batt.; A. H. Gilbert, 3d Batt., died at Fort McHenry; Chas. Kugg, 14th Regt.; W. C. Smith, 34th Regt.; Wm. H. Wardwell, 25th Regt.; Geo. L. Bliss, Corp., 51st Regt.; Geo. P. Harlow, Hospital Steward, 15th Regt.; H. A. Mowen, 3d Batt.; D. E. Denny, 42d Mass.; Frank Eaton, died in Andersonville.

ROLL OF HONOR OF THE CITY GUARDS IN THE WAR.

Many of the following commissioned officers served as privates and non-commissioned officers in the organizations specified, their highest rank being given in the last organization in which they served.

Gen. S. H. Leonard, Col. 17th Mass. Wounded at Gettysburg.
Gen. C. H. Ward, Lieut. Col. and Col. 15th Mass. Lost leg at Ball's Bluff; killed at Gettysburg.
Gen. John B. Wyman, Col. 13th Illinois. Killed by rebels at Vicksburg.
Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Capt. Co. A. 3d Batt. Rifles, Lieut. Col. 25th Mass., Col. 51st Infantry and 2d Mass. H. A.
Gen. Josiah Pickett, 1st Lieut. 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. Major and Col. 25th Mass. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
Gen. A. A. Goodell, Adj. 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. and Lieut. Col. 26th Mass. Wounded at Knoxville.
Col. J. M. Goodhue, Adj. 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. and Major 14th U. S. Infantry. Wounded at Gettysburg.
Col. Geo. C. Joslin, Lieut. 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. Major and Lieut. Col. 15th Mass. Wounded at Antietam and taken prisoner at Mine Run, Va.
Lieut. Col. Wm. H. King, 1st Hatcher, 15th Mass.
Lieut. Col. Homer B. Sprague, 15th Conn. Wounded, Dept. of the Gulf.
Lieut. Col. Orson Moulton, 3d Lieut. 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. and Lieut. Col. 25th Mass. Taken prisoner at Cold Harbor.
Lieut. Col. D. M. Woodward, Lieut. 25th Mass., Lieut. Col. 62th Mass.
Lieut. Col. J. M. Tucker, Co. A. 25th Mass., Lieut. Capt. Major and Lieut. Col. 7th Mass. Wounded at Petersburg.

Lieut. Col. Jas. H. Corlin, Conn. Vols.
Major Geo. M. Curtis, 3d Batt. Rifles, N. Y. Vols.

Major E. A. Harkness, Lieut. Co. A, 3d Batt. Rifles, Adjut. 25th Mass., Major 51st Mass.

Captain F. E. Goodwin, Lieut. and Capt. 25th Mass. Wounded at Petersburg.

Capt. J. M. Cox, 3d Batt. and 14th U. S. Infantry.

Capt. G. W. Rockwood, 15th Mass. Prisoner at Ball's Bluff.

Capt. L. Wageley, 25th Mass.

Capt. J. C. Wynne, 13d Mass.

Capt. Wm. Emery, Lieut. and Capt. 25th Mass.

Capt. James J. McLane, 3d Batt. Rifles and 25th Mass., Lieut. and Capt. 1st N. C. Union Vols. Wounded.

Capt. C. B. Shaw, 3d Batt. Rifles and 9th Maine. Killed at Fort Wagner.

Capt. E. A. Morse, 25th Mass., Lieut. and Capt. 25th Mass. Wounded in the Wilderness.

Capt. John Gibbs, 31 Batt. Rifles, 1st U. S. Army. Wounded.

Capt. F. P. Woodward, Lieut. and Capt. 15th Mass.

Capt. Jas. M. Hervey, 25th Mass., Lieut. and Capt. 1st N. C. Vols. Died at Newbern.

Capt. Melville Walker, 31 Batt. Rifles, Lieut. and Capt. 24th Mass.

Capt. O. F. Stebbins, 7th N. H. Vols.

Capt. E. A. Wood, 51st Mass.

Capt. Horace Hobbs, 51st Mass.

Capt. T. R. Bradick, 3d Batt. Rifles, 7th Conn., killed at Fort Wagner.

Capt. F. E. Howe, 3d Batt. Rifles, Lieut. and Capt. 2d Mass.

Capt. Jalam Gates, 3d Batt. Rifles, Capt. and N. C. Colored Troops. Wounded at Onstee.

Capt. M. B. Bessy, 3d Batt. Rifles, Lt. and Capt. 25th Mass. Wounded at Petersburg, Va.

Capt. John W. Davis, Lt. and Capt. 25th Mass. Wounded at Petersburg.

Capt. R. H. Chamberlain, 51st Mass., and Capt. 60th Mass.

Capt. Wm. R. Steele, 3d Batt. Rifles, Lt. and Capt. 15th Mass.

Capt. J. W. Pomeroy, 7th Maine.

Capt. Joseph M. Richards, 10th Ohio Vols.

Capt. Lebbeus Brown, N. Y. Vols.

Capt. Eugene T. Miles, 53d Mass.

Capt. J. B. Goodell, 51st Mass.

Capt. Frank Bacon, 3d Batt. Rifles, 102nd N. Y. Killed at Chancellorsville.

Lt. Chas. B. Cutler, 24th Mass.

Lt. George S. Campbell, 25th Mass.

Lt. Geo. H. Spaulding, 25th Mass.

Lt. George Burr, 3d Batt. Rifles and 25th Mass. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Lt. Henry M. Mathews, 3d Batt. Rifles, 25th Mass. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Lt. H. M. Daniel, 3d Batt. Rifles, 24th Mass. Killed in the Wilderness.

Lt. Dwight Newbury, Adjut. 15th Mass. Killed at Mine Run, Va.

Lt. Chas. K. Stoddard, 3d Batt. Rifles, 21st Mass. Killed in Service.

Lt. Chas. H. Felton, 3d Batt. Rifles, 25th Mass. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Lt. Geo. A. Johnson, 3d Batt. Rifles, 25 Mass. and 6th Mass. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Lt. L. Caswell, 3d Batt. Rifles and 14th Maine.

Lt. C. N. Harrington, 3d Batt. Rifles and 51st Mass.

Lt. W. Cheney, U. S. Colored Troops.

Lt. A. A. Livermore, 3d Batt. Rifles, 21st Mass.

Lt. Harry T. Bradish, 3d Batt. Rifles, 21st Mass.

Lt. C. B. Kendall, 3d Batt. Rifles, Adjut. 25th Mass.

Lt. L. H. Bigelow, 3d Batt. and 51st Mass.

OFFICERS COMMISSIONED IN THE MILITIA
SINCE THE WAR, AND WHO SERVED
IN THE WAR.

Gen. R. H. Chamberlain, Capt. in the Guards, Major and Col. 10th Infantry and Brig. Gen. 3d Brigade M. V. M.

Major E. R. Shumway, 7th Vt. Captain in the Guards, Major 2d Infantry, M. V. M.

Col. J. A. Titus, 4d and 6th Mass., Captain in the Guards, Lt.-Col. and A. A. G. 3d Brigade M. V. M.

Capt. W. H. King, 24th Mass., Captain in the Guards, Major 10th Infantry, M. V. M.

Lt. F. C. Thayer, 51st Mass., Lieutenant in the Guards.

Lt. Jas. Long, 60th Mass., Lieutenant in the Guards, Lt. Jas. F. Meach, 14th Conn., Lieutenant in the Guards.

Lt. J. B. Willard, 4d Mass., Lieutenant in the Guards.

THE GUARDS TO-DAY.

Wm. A. Condy, the Captain, was born in

Lowell in 1862. In the following year his people came to Worcester, and here his home has been since. He was one of Mr. Hayne's boys at the Washington Street school. He enlisted May 23d, 1882. He was Corporal, Sergeant, 2d Lieut., 1st Lieut., and was commissioned Captain July 19, 1888. From that date to the present he has never missed a drill. He is a machinist by occupation.

First Lieutenant Moses H. Tisdell was born in St. Paul, Canada, Dec. 13, 1856. He enlisted in the Guards October 20th, 1883, and has held all grades of position to his present one, Corp., April 27, 1885; Sergt., Nov. 9, 1885; 1st Sergt., May 23, 1887; 2d Lieut., Nov. 18, 1887; 1st Lieut., July 18, 1888. Lieut. Tisdell is forman of Walker & Brown's finishing room.

Second Lieutenant Edwin G. Barrett is a native of Springfield, where he was born in 1866. He has lived in Worcester fifteen years. He enlisted May 25, 1885. He was successively Corporal, Sergeant, 1st Sergeant, and received his commission July 18, 1888. He is a salesman.

First Sergeant Wm. D. Preston was the captain of four years ago. He was born in Worcester in 1855 and was trained in our public schools, ending in the Thomas Street IX grade, with Mr. E. I. Comins. His first enlistment was Aug. 10, 1880, and he went through all the grades to Captain, with the exception of 1st Lieutenant. Resigning the captaincy in 1888, he was, for a year, Brigade Sergeant Major on the staff of General Briggs; but it is hard for a man of good soldier stuff to keep out of the lines, so in March, 1890, he re-enlisted, and was successively private, corporal, and then 1st sergeant. He is a machinist by trade.

The Roster of the Guards, Co. A, 2d Regt., M. V. M. is:

Captain, Wm. A. Condy.
First Lieutenant, Moses H. Tisdell.
Second Lieutenant, Edwin G. Barrett.
Sergeants, William D. Preston, John D. Grace, John H. Lander, Charles L. Putnam, Frederick H. Lücke.

Corporals, Charles W. Leonard, John G. Gowans, William H. Plummer, George F. Warren.

Musician, Henry R. Behren.
PRIVATES.

Walter H. Allison,
George E. Allison,
Charles J. Boyden,
Louis E. Boyd,
Fred E. Choate,
James T. Craikshank,
Charles P. Dwinell,
Hjalmar Franzen,
David Gowans,
Harry F. Gibbs,
John A. Harriot,
Fred E. Hill,
Albert Hutchinson,
William J. Harkins,
Calvin H. Jernison,
Frank W. King,
Rudolph F. Kholstrom,
Charles J. Knapp,
Merritt E. Knapp,
William H. Lee,
George P. Leigh,
Fred W. Lawrence,
Albert C. Lary,
William J. Moore,

Arthur G. Mills,
Edward C. Morse,
Edward J. Noether,
William J. Otto,
Clarence T. Oliver,
Enece A. Price,
William J. Price,
Alfred C. N. Petersen,
Charles A. Poland,
Edward R. Riedl,
Adolphus L. Roy,
George E. Kix,
George L. Stehd,
George W. Stebbins,
Wilbur R. Tilden,
Frank A. Thompson,
Joseph H. Thrain,
Frank H. Willard,
Clarence S. Willard,
George H. Willard,
Charles H. Webber,
George D. Watkins, jr.,
Curtis S. Yeaw.

It should be added that from their Clark

Street quarters, the company went to barracks provided on Mechanic Street, facing Norwich. Thence they moved to their present rooms on the second floor of the new armory. Here their surroundings are almost palatial, and long may they continue to cherish the memories of the past and to provide for future emergencies. The medal given to the best shot in the company is now held by Sergt. John D. Grace, and here is its history: "Presented by the Worcester Guards, 1840, to the Worcester City Guards, Sept. 19, 1860, to be shot for annually."

The back opens, and the inside is filled with names, and there are some on the outside. These are the names:
H. S. Whittenore, C. Tarbox,
H. A. Abercrombie, F. W. Barrett (2),
A. L. Pike, E. R. Shumway,
A. Provincher, Adin Brown,
F. E. Hall, F. W. Barrett,
Henry Brannon, M. R. Morgan,
Lyman E. H. Thinkham, F. S. Hoyt,
Edward Parker, A. D. Jefferson (3),
E. R. Shumway, Moses H. Tisdell (2),
W. H. King, John D. Grace,
E. R. Shumway,

LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE WORCESTER CITY GUARDS, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Gen. Josiah Pickett, Capt. E. A. Wood, Lieut. J. B. Willard, Lieut. F. C. Thayer, Col. T. S. Johnson, Lieut. F. E. Hall, Wm. A. Smith, Harvey B. Wilder, Col. E. B. Stoddard, Col. W. S. E. Hopkins, Capt. Chas. H. Peck, George Sumner, Henry Brannon, Jos. C. Ellis, Samuel F. Barnes, Gen. R. H. Chamberlain, Capt. Geo. W. Hubbard, Thomas E. Knight, Lieut. W. A. Pickett, Lieut. Forbes B. Fay, Theo. M. Remington, Benj. Zaeder, H. A. Jones, Maj. Nathan Taylor, Frank P. Goulding, Adin E. Brown, Harvey T. Buck, John B. Lepire, Thomas Kenny, Frank H. Rice, Daniel E. Denny, Maj. E. R. Shumway, Lieut. F. W. Barrett, Chas. A. Lewis, Lieut. James F. Meach, Horace W. Wilson, Dr. Geo. McAleer, J. Frank Quinn, Christy Weyer, John C. Speirs, Col. Aaron S. Taft, Frank A. Leland, Fred W. Blenus, Lieut. James Early, Iver Johnson, Jeremiah Murphy, John G. Brewer, Geo. L. Bliss, Col. John M. Goodhue, Hon. Chas. B. Pratt, W. F. Dearborn, Enoch Earle, J. Jos. Kennedy, E. H. Hammond, Hollis Mansfield, Wm. E. Lee, John J. McKeon, John J. Quinn, William F. Pond, Herman Lücke, Lieut. Frank S. Hoyt, John McGuire, Geo. F. Magoun, James McDonagh, Jos. V. Morway, Frank R. Macaulay, John L. Truax, Hon. Julius L. Clark, Hon. Francis A. Harrington, Arthur J. Marble, Geo. C. Whitney, A. Frank Gates, Wm. C. Wheeler, Levi W. Robinson.

These names are given in the order of their election.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

Simon E. Combs.

The ex-chief of our fire department died at his home, 17 School Street, Thursday, 9.30 p. m. LIGHT gave a portrait and sketch of the veteran in Vol. III, No. 10, May 9th, '91. He died possessing the love and respect of all who knew him. The funeral will be held tomorrow, Sunday, at 2.30 p. m. in the Universalist Church.

Public Library Additions.

Part of the books added during July. Indicates that the book is in the Intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

ALLEN, C. G. B. The great Tabor	34365
Amateur photographer's annual, 1891	34353
AMPERE, A. M. The story of his love; journal, etc., ed. by Madame H. C.	34366
ANDREWS, W. Yorkshire in olden times	34367
BAEDEKER, K. Belgium and Holland; handbook	1
BARKEE, E. H. Wayfaring in France	34368
BLYTH, A. W. Manual of public health	34369
BIKELAS, D. Seven essays on Christian Greece; tr. by John, Marquess of Bute	34370
BOKLAND, R. Yarrow; its poets and poetry; with introd. and notes	34371
CAMERON, V. L. Log of a Jack tar; or life of James Choyce, etc.	34372
CASATI, G. Ten years in Equatoria, and return with Emin Pasha; tr. by Mrs. J. K. Clay, 2 vols.	34373-4
CLERKE, A. M. The system of the stars	34375
CLIVE, C. W. (pseud. V.) Poems, new ed.	34376
CLONDESLY, H. Passing thoughts of a working man	34377
COOKE, C. W. R. Four years in Parliament with hard labour	34378
CRAWFORD, O. Round the calendar in Portugal	34379
CRELLE, A. L. Rechentafo; mit einen Vorworte von C. Bremiker	1
CUNNINGHAM, SIR H. S. The Heriots DE LEON, E. Thirty years on three continents; with chapt. by Mrs. De Leon, two vols.	34380
DOLLINGER, J. IVON Studies in European history; tr. by M. Warre	34383
DREYER, J. L. E. Tycho Brahe; scientific life, etc., in the 16th century	34384
EURIPIDES, Ion; with trans., introd. and notes by A. W. Verrail	34385
EVANS, A. C. Cruise of H. M. S. "Calliope," 1887-1890	34386
FISHER, A. T. Through the stable and saddle-room	34387
FITZGERALD, P. History of Pickwick; with bibliography	34388
GERARD, E. Bis	34389
GRAHAM, H. D. The birds of Iona and Mull	34390
HARTLAND, E. S. The science of fairy tales (Contemp. sci. ser.)	34391
HILL, G. With the Beduins; adventures in Syria	34392
GROSS, C. The gold merchant; contrib. to British municipal history, 2 vols.	34393-4
HORNUNG, E. W. A bride from the Bush, 2nd ed.	34395
JEBB, K. C. Erasmus; Rede lecture, 1890	34396
JORDAN, F. Character as seen in body and parentage, etc., new ed.	34397
KARR, W. S. S. Rules of India; the Marquess Cornwallis	34398
LA MOTTE FOUQUE, F. H. C. DE Thiodolph the Icclander	34399

LATHAM, H. Pastor pastorum; or Schooling of the Apostles by our Lord	34400
LAREFLEUR, E. DE Luxury	34401
LENEY, I. H. (Mrs. J. W. Russell) Shadowland in Eilan Vannin; folk tales of the Isle of Man	34402
LODGE, O. J. Elementary mechanic; incl. hydrostatics, etc., rev. ed. (Chamber's elem. sci. man.)	34403
MCRAE, C. Father of biology	34404
MALLESON, G. B. The Indian Mutiny of 1857	34405
VERNER, W. The First British Rifle Corps	1
WHISTON, W. F. C. Hermes Stella; or Notes and jottings upon the Bacon cipher	1

Miss Mary F. Robertson of 16 Walnut Street has been appointed clerk in the office of Clerk Brown of the Overseers of the Poor. She was selected from the civil service list.

Miss Nellie M. Tucker of the office of the Board of Overseers of the Poor has given notice of her intention to resign Nov. 1, after four years of service.

Dr. Geo. McAleer is enjoying his annual outing in the Maine woods.

Millbury is so near Worcester that citizens of said city rejoice in Wm. Windle's success in bicycling.

Though the most of us knew that "Sam" Babbitt was something of a veteran, no one was prepared for the following announcement from Spencer.

"Here Lyes ye Body of U. Abigail Babbitt, ye wife of Mr. Samuel Babbitt, who died Sept. ye 14, 1762, in ye 20th year of her age."

"Sam" says it must have been his first one.

Miss Annie May Henderson, a High School graduate, stays out of Wellesley College for a year to teach in the Norwood High School.

Fred H. Kendall, son of Horace Kendall and a graduate from the ninth grade of the Winslow Street school, has entered the sophomore class at Cushing Academy and will take the classical course.

Robert S. Baldwin is now on the ocean, headed for Bremen, whence he will make a European tour of several months. Mr. Baldwin has applied himself very closely to work upon the Spy since his graduation at Harvard in '85. He deserves a long and thorough rest.

The transferral of some portion of the Washburn & Moen works to the West is to cause the removal of some of our best citizens. Calvin M. Whitcomb and his son, Arthur M., of Lincoln Street, have already gone. They will be greatly missed. When Mrs. W. follows quite a blank will be left in Grace Church circles.

Boys' Club.

This most excellent organization is again open and under Superintendent Burgess' direction is again ready for business. Let every man who wishes his fellows well, "Lend a hand."

Destiny.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Waiting one time, some oracle to show,
The final outcome of this restless flow
Of life's intermingled peace and pain;
A little brook came purling through the dell
And answered me, oh singularly well.

"What if thine origin and mine's concealed;
Small part of all our pleasant ways revealed,
By dingy ridge, and eddy bay,
We sweep serenely to the foaming sea,
O'er God's depths, love sharpens thee and me.

And if sometimes for sharpness of the stones,
The song we sing, wells up in minor tones,
Or, gliding through the pleasant vale,
We catch the aria of love's refrain;
May it not mingle with heavens' sweeter strain?"
September, 1891.

GARRET FRUIT.
No. 3.

An agreement or Contract between Deacon Moses Larnard of Framingham and His Son Moses Larnard of Templeton Certifieth that the Sd Larnard of Templeton has Let his Son Moses to the above Sd Deacon Larnard of Framingham for the Space of three years two months and Nineteen Days after the Date hereof to work in his Servis for the consideration of a Note of the Sum of four Pounds and the Interest therof which Note was Dated November 21 one thousand seven hundred and sixty four & witnessed by Joseph Buckminster & Thos. Fassenden which Note Deacon Larnard hath assigned the sd Larnard of Templeton Sd Moses's Cloaths is to be kept in good repair During sd term on the Deacons Cost and further the Deacon is to Let Moses have time to Read some in the holy Scriptures every Day and wright a few lines every week. And During sd term of time the Deacon is with the best of his understanding and wisdom with circumspection and prudence to Command and Govern. and Encourage in good ways & if need be Correct the sd Moses. and further the Deacon is to give food & every thing necessary to the sd Moses in Sickness and health During the whole time or Servis—and at the end of sd term the sd Moses Shall be Dismissed with two Suits of Clothes viz one Good Suit to ware to meeting, and one to work in, also the Deacon Shall Give the above mentioned Note to sd Larnard of Templeton to all the above mentioned articles we bargain and Consent in witness whereof we hereto sett our hands this twenty Sixth Day of February one thousand Seven hundred & Sixty Seven.

SAMUEL GLEASON JUD
PEARLY HOW

the Clothing my Son Moses Larnard Delivered to Capt. Josedh Emes's wife in Framingham the fore part of Last Sommer to keep till his return or untill called for are as follows. one Hatt, one Red Broad Cloth Coat, one white Flinsting Jacket without sleeves, one pair of Blew breeches, also one old Green Coat, one cloth colored old jacket, a fine shirt, a pair of white thread stockings, and a pair of Shoes, a Silver Stock Bucket, one Home made Linen check Hankerchief, a pair of thread Gloves the above is the whole of the Clothing Mrs Emes had the Care of for my Son Moses Larnard all which above mentioned particulars Capt. Joseph Emes's wife Delivered to me the first Day of January one thousand Seven hundred and Eighty-one this is a true copy.

MOSES LARNARD.

Books and Bookmen.

The Minister's Wooing, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. In paper 50 cents.

Our publishers, this year, seem disposed to give us no old friends in new apparel. This story is No. 38 in the Riverside Paper Series. By the way, that river on whose side the press is planted is the Charles whose glories this most gifted woman has sung so many times and so sweetly. It was away back in 1859 that The Minister's Wooing ran through the pages of The Atlantic and then appeared in book form. The writer of Uncle Tom's Cabin and Dred was already famous; but here was a step in another direction. It was not political, but it was and is, probably, the best picture of New England home life ever written. Mrs. Stowe received letters of commendation from Archbishop Whately, Rev. Charles Kingsley, Gladstone and of it, James Russell Lowell said, "We do not believe that there is any one who by birth, breeding and natural capacity, has had the opportunity to know New England so well as she, or has the peculiar genius to profit by the knowledge. Already there have been scenes in The Minister's Wooing, that, in their lowliness of tone and quiet truth, contrast as charmingly with the timid vagueness of the modern school of novel-writers as the Vicar of Wakefield itself; and we are greatly mistaken if it does not prove to be the most characteristic of Mrs. Stowe's works, and that on which her fame will chiefly rest with posterity." In this cheap and attractive form, the story ought to have a re-reading by old friends and an introduction to the generation of new ones.

The History of Westborough, Massachusetts, Part I. The Early History by Herman Fackard DeForest. Part II by Edward Craig Bates. Published by the Town, 1891.

The town had done a good work. A book has been produced, that a hundred years hence will rank with Whitney's Worcester County, Draper's Spencer, and Reed's Rutland. It was a happy thought to divide up the work, giving to each writer that which he could do best. Mr. De Forest was once a clergyman in the town and in looking up church matters had incidentally, done a great deal more, hence to him the town turned when the history was decided upon. Judge Bates, from long residence and knowledge, was eminently qualified for an account of later events. Judge Forbes contributes a valuable chapter on Land Grants. The wife of the Judge is already known to many readers as a student of Westborough history in her Hundredth Town, a little book that was very favorably received a few years ago. There is no township in the Commonwealth whose story, well told, does not awaken interest. This of Westborough is exceptionally well told and is correspondingly entertaining. Her limits include territory that has echoed to the Indians war whoop, to the tread of the Revolutionary soldiers and the Rebellion drew a large number of volunteers to the strife against slavery. The chapter devoted to the war record is very full and valuable. While illustrations are not profuse, there are enough to give a very good

idea of what the town is and has been. She has elegant residences and well appointed public buildings. She has given birth to many distinguished men and some of these, as Horace Maynard, are depicted in photography. The Committee on Publication have done their work well and have reason to be satisfied with the results. Of the original committee, Chairman Geo. B. Brigham and George Forbes died, and in the latter's place, Mr. Charles S. Henry was appointed. So the committee, at the date of publication, consisted of Joshua E. Beeman and Mr. Henry. Of course the circle in which such a book is read is not a wide one. It is made up chiefly of those who were once residents of the town and those who are now living there, with those omnivours who are charmed with anything in the way of a local history. No town under takes such a publication for the sake of making money, but with such a work, well done, a town may congratulate itself on having served the public well. In the appendix may be found complete lists of all town officers in the past and the votes of the town for Governor to 1890 inclusive. The sketch of the town written by the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman in 1767 is given complete. A very full and exact index closes the volume, thereby rendering all the matter, preceding, accessible. The book itself, is a large octavo of above 500 pages, and is exceedingly well printed at the University Press, Cambridge. Finally, the town of Westborough undertook to make a book that her present and former citizens might be proud of and has succeeded. It may be purchased of the committee in Westborough. \$3 50, \$4 50 and \$6, according to binding. Postage 25 cents extra.

The Signboard and Other Stories, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. Kialto Series, No. 37. 50 cents.

Herein have been gathered, along with very brief sketches of the writers, The Signboard by Michael Masson; The Pale Young Man by Emile Souvestre; The Mummy's Foot by Théophile Gautier and The Sufferings of Claude Blouet by André Theuriet. Most excellent selections these are. The first one is the longest and the best. Of course, the atmosphere is quite different from that of America yet The Signboard can depict a truce at home as well as abroad. It shows the native selfishness of mankind whether French or Anglo-Saxon. In some respects, we are all very much alike. The Pale Young Man and The Mummy's Foot are most characteristically French as any one would suspect knowing ought of the writers. The last story is diverting and depicts the love sorrows of a young man, stricken with deafness; but fortunately, the story teller has the means of restoring him to health and, of course, happiness. Few stories are put forth in more attractive form than those which this firm sends out and many of them are of high quality. We like The Signboard. It is a good story and it is in good company.

The Scientific American sends out its September Builder and Architects edition, as ever, filled brim full of excellent devices for making mankind more comfortable. LIGHT notes with pleasure the growing tendency towards the Colonial and various English styles to the

effectual drawing away from Frenchness of all kinds, Mansard roofs included.

This month brings No. 1 of Vol. XII of Education, one of the most discriminating of the monthlies devoted to educational matters under the management of Mr. Frank H. Kesson. It is deserving of a wide and critical reading. "Eighty Years Running a Boundary," by Wm. Barrows, D. D., is a good supplementary lesson in geography for the very highest pupils. "Civic Instruction" touches upon a most pertinent theme, viz. good citizenship. "Primary Education in New Zealand" takes us to the Antipodes, while "Female Education" and "How to Study" are always pertinent subjects. Of such articles as the editors, on Horace Mann, we cannot have too many.

Dr. Wm. A. Mowry who founded the magazine and, till his association with Mr. Kesson, was sole editor, has severed his connection and is now superintendent of schools in Salem. The city is to be congratulated on getting the services of an honest, capable, zealous and high minded gentleman.

Ingalls Home and Art Magazine, published by J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass.

Though the magazine is more as a help to those who paint still it takes up many other branches of art work. The several pages of hints on charcoal and water color painting are very valuable to the amateur. The needle work pages have many articles that may be utilized for the coming Christmas. It is so nice to have things come long enough before so that we need not be hurried in our preparations. Price of the magazine, \$1 per year.

Elsie, by W. Heimburg, from Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago and New York.

Elsie is a sweet little German story that has been translated by Hattie E. Miller. It is a story of love but such never grow old and this with its baby Elsie to begin the tale, will captivate all hearts. The story is of two bachelors, cousins, the first of whom to present an heir, is to have, should it be a boy, the estate of the uncle. Elsie so disappoints her father by being a girl that he cares nothing for her, and her aunt takes her away and brings her up in the castle. She falls in love with a German officer and runs away from home to avoid marrying the old cousin whose sons are dead, and the estate will go to the crown for lack of an heir. The story ends with the adoption of the young officer as his heir, and Elsie marries him, and so all ends correctly as it should.

The Home Magazine, The Brodix Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

We turn first to the article of Mrs. Logan who writes entertainingly of Deserters, Refugees and Contrabands, as seen by her during the war. Then a paper on the French Legion by Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker is of interest. Next month a new department is to be added on music which will no doubt please many. There are many short articles on various subjects, all pleasing and some illustrated nicely. Price only 50 cents.

Rudyard Kipling's new novel, written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier for The Century, is entitled The Naulahka, a Tale of West and East. It is a story of America and

India. The principal characters live in a "booming" Colorado town, where the story opens, but the scene quickly shifts to the court of an Indian maharajah, whither the hero and the heroine journey to meet with most varied experiences. The story will begin in the November Century.

Vick's Magazine, as ever, is a storehouse of interesting matter for those who like fovers, and who does not? Like him who hath no music in his soul such an one ripe for treason.

Hints for the Million from Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill.

This book comes in paper covers, is of convenient size and contains something on almost every subject concerning the home. A good many recipes for preparing food, some for the diet of the sick, medicine, drinks of all kinds that can be made at home, hints on the care of the garden, and also the animals about the farm. In fact, though the book is not large, it contains a deal of practical knowledge for any and all who peruse it.

Table Talk from Table Talk Publishing House, Philadelphia, Penn. Price \$1 per year.

The first article is on Pickles and Catsup. The article on fruit is especially good in its lessons for the beginner. The new menus will be carefully gone through to find new hints for use in our own homes. The housekeeper's inquiries help many of the readers, they are so clear in their explanation of things asked about. The guest chamber, the fashions, and other papers on different subjects are all good, and fully up to the mark reached by former numbers.

Miss Alice M. Fletcher of the United States Interior Department and the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, will contribute to *The Century* in 1892 the results of her studies of the American Indian in a series of illustrated papers. They will give an intimate account of how the Indian actually lives and thinks, his music, home life, warfare, hunting customs, etc., and it is the opinion of Professor Putnam of Harvard that they will undoubtedly be the most important papers that have ever been published on the subject, and that they will give an entirely different idea of the Indian from that now commonly prevailing. The series will be called *The Indian's Slide*.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue this month Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, edited by John E. Matzke, Associate in Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University. This edition is to meet the wants of college students. It contains an introduction to show the true position of the play in the history of the French drama, and the notes furnish the information necessary to a correct appreciation of the text.

Here is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The two young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his

position and they parted with no confessions on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length, one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out!" It is said that the journal is still preserved in the Alcott family.—Argonaut.

Mrs Henry Ward Beecher's personal memoirs of her husband, under the title of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," will begin in the October issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Old South Leaflets.

Several interesting and important new leaflets have just been added to the general series of Old South Leaflets, issued by the Directors of the Old South Studies in History and furnished by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. All of them are connected with the English Puritan period, and are of the highest value in the study of the development of our own political system. They include the Petition of Right, presented by Parliament to King Charles in 1628; the Grand Remonstrance; the Solemn League and Covenant, which gave the name of "Covenanters" to the Scottish Protestants; the Agreement of the People; the Instrument of Government, under which Cromwell began his government; and Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament. These Old South Leaflets, furnishing these famous original documents, heretofore almost inaccessible to the mass of the people, for the few cents covering their cost, are invaluable. There are now nearly thirty in this general series, and none of them are more important than the half-dozen Puritan documents which are the latest additions.

The following is a complete list of the Old South Leaflets, general series, already published:—

- 1.—No. 1.—The Constitution of the United States.
- 2.—The Articles of Confederation.
- 3.—The Declaration of Independence.
- 4.—Washington's Farewell Address.
- 5.—Magna Charta.
- 6.—Vane's "Healing Question."
- 7.—Charter of Massachusetts Bay, 1629.
- 8.—Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, 1638.
- 9.—Franklin's Plan of Union.
- 10.—Washington's Inaugurals.
- 11.—Lincoln's Inaugurals.
- 12.—The Federalist, Nos. 1 and 2.
- 13.—The Ordinance of 1787.
- 14.—The Constitution of Ohio.
- 15.—Washington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States, 1783.
- 16.—Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison, 1784.
- 17.—Verrazzone's Voyage.
- 18.—The Swiss Constitution.
- 19.—The Bill of Rights, 1689.
- 20.—Coronado's Letter to Mendoza, 1540.
- 21.—John Eliot's Brief Narrative of the work Among the Indians, 1670.
- 22.—Wheelock's Narrative of the Founding of his Indian School, 1762.
- 23.—The Petition of Right,

- 1628.
- 24.—The Grand Remonstrance.
- 25.—The Scottish National Covenant.
- 26.—The Agreement of the People.
- 27.—The Instrument of Government.
- 28.—Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament.

The Inland Printer, Vol. VIII, No. 12. September, 1891, The Inland Printer Company, Chicago, Ill. \$2 per year.

This number ends the eighth volume and each number is a treasure house of fact and fancy; fact in the way of instructive matter and fancy in the pictures that grace many of the pages. Nothing in the way of half tone can be better than some of these illustrations. "Pretty Little Chickadees" in this September copy shows six little children sitting on a fence. They are as the girls say, "Perfectly lovely." The correspondence and the notes are timely and entertaining. A full page of nine portraits shows the foremen in the leading newspaper composing rooms in Chicago. A fine looking lot of men.

A Study in Words.

"John," said a farmer to his man,
"This grass will make good hay.
The weather's fine, do all you can
To caucus it today."

"To caucus it! what's that?" asked John
The master thus replied—
"Why, that's a phrase synonymous
With 'Have it cut and dried!'"

—Ballou's Monthly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pette, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. No. 24 Pearl Street.
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Mr. Wilton's Pastimes.

"Now who is that man? I've met him somewhere."

So cogitated Mr Wilton, the wealthy manufacturer of—who, as rain had commenced falling had taken a street car instead of waiting for his carriage. He had but just seated himself when the car was stopped and a sad-faced man fairly dragged himself into the only vacant place just in front of Mr. Wilton, passed his fare to the conductor and with a long sigh dropped his head on his hand.

Mr. Wilton's quick ear caught that sigh and the sad face drew his eyes from all others on the car, all the while wondering where he had seen it. The car stopped. A poorly dressed woman with a babe on one arm, a large basket on the other, a little lad clinging to her skirts, looked in vain for a seat.

As is often the case, most of the passengers seemed smitten with sudden blindness. The sad-faced man raised his head and seeing no one stir beckoned her to his seat, helped her and the children into it and took a place just beside Mr. Wilton's seat on the step.

"Hang it, I ought to stand instead of that tired looking fellow," thought the millionaire, touching him on the arm and crowding along.

A grave "thank you I leave soon" and a few blocks beyond he stepped off.

Mr. Wilton too, soon alighted at his fine residence where at the window smiling a surprised welcome, stood his noble wife and lovely daughter. A servant opened the door and to their inquiry why he had not waited for the carriage replied "I thought I'd try the car today and I *should* like to know the name of a man who was in it."

"Who pray?"

"Why, he gave up his seat he had just taken, to an ugly dressed woman and two babies and stood the rest of the way, though he looked tired enough to drop."

"I'm sure it was very kind of him" said his wife.

"Indeed it was. If she had been young and pretty who would have wondered, and where have I met him before."

"Describe him, father."

"In few words, he looked sadder than death."

"Just what we said of Mr Barbour as he sung at the chapel last night." Clapping his knee, Mr. Wilton exclaimed, "just it, that's the man, I saw him there the week before."

"I've missed his wife of late, perhaps she is ill. We will make inquiry tomorrow."

Dinner waited and contentedly discussing it, enlivened by the bright sayings of Archie the only son, the Barbours were forgotten for the time. Was it any wonder, with Mr. Wilton's endless calls upon time and money, expected to help on all social and religious movements, always ready and willing, large hearted, a little eccentric, yet withal a noble Christian, that the sad face of his fellow traveller slipped out of mind?

This sad man, Anson Barbour had been married about a year to a bright unselfish member of the choir of the church where he had modestly given his services as leader.

From a most uncongenial home he went on at last to share his by no means abundant possessions.

Having a situation in a large manufactory at the time, he hoped with economy to be able to make at least a comfortable home for Millie and in time be able to earn more at the shop. Unfortunately the foreman at the manufactory had, all unknown to Anson or Millie, been casting about some time for an introduction to her, determined if possible to make her his wife. Disappointed and angry that Anson had so thwarted his intentions, he at once discharged him, assigning as the excuse, when asked the reason by Anson, that work was dull and he was not needed. A month went by and to all his anxious search for employment as yet had only come disappointment to Anson, and things were becoming very sad at his home.

"I really grudged the fare today, but I was so completely fagged when I got back from Water street, I had to take a car," he said to Millie, as they discussed the situation that night.

"What are we to do, Millie? Jenks hated to trust me any more, and I could not tell him how soon I could settle last month's bill when he asked."

Poor Millie, she could eat no more, but bravely held back tears, and said "Now Anson, after you left this morning something almost like an audible voice said, 'why don't he apply at the Wilton Works,' and it kept coming to me all day, while about my work and now wont you in the morning try there?"

"Are you wild Millie? I was hardly skilled enough for the work I've been doing, and the work at Wilton's is far finer and more intricate."

"But do try Ansy, I feel sure you will succeed and get work, will you?"

"I'll do it to please you, but I'm getting tired of refusals," and the hopeless face fell again on his hand.

"Good boy" said Millie patting him as she cleared the table.

At ten the next morning he stood beside the foreman at the Wilton Works and proffered his request. A grave but not unkindly looking man, he asked what kind of work he was used to doing, and where he had been employed. He said "we are quite full now and I really don't think of anything at all like what you have been doing. Why do you leave the K—s?"

"I was discharged."

"Oh," and the keen eyes of the foreman searched the candid, sorrowful face, and somehow thought none the worse of the man.

He asked "have I seen you at the South End Chapel?"

"Yes, I attend there occasionally."

"I thought so. I'm sorry I can't give you work, but really,"—and here seeing poor Anson's head drooping, said "I will speak to Mr. Wilton, though it is against the rules, as he wishes me to hire without troubling him, wait a moment," and he disappeared in the office, where luckily he found Mr. Wilton alone.

"Don't like to break rules sir, but here's a man after work, who seems rather an uncommon kind. Should judge him thirty or thereabouts, respectable, Christian I presume, as I've noticed him appear at our chapel of late and interested in the service."

"Well," with a little frown, "is there work for him, is he needed?"

"No, sir, not particularly. I could find him some light work but the pay would be small. I wish you would see him."

"Send him in, no time to waste."

In a moment Anson stood before the man who the day before had so admired him on the car, but whom he in his sad preoccupation had noticed so little as not to recognize him now.

But the keen eyes knew him instantly and the rich man's face grew a shade less annoyed.

"Want work, Birenkek tells me, got a family?"

"A wife only."

"Any references?"

"None, I was discharged from my last place through a personal spite of the foreman, not dissatisfaction with my work."

"Had decidedly, foreman exceeded his rights. Birenkek thinks he may find something for you, say to him he may," and rising, he took his hat, and Anson with a "thank you" went out and gave the message.

"Report in the morning and I will have work ready for you, but I must tell you the pay will be small at present.

"I will not complain" and he was gone hardly knowing how he got home, but as Millie opened the door and with one glance at his face exclaimed with shining eyes, "there I knew you would get a place" he swept her along in his arms into the little sitting-room, this grave man, with almost boyish abandon.

"Tell me all about it," she said as they sat down to their frugal dinner,

He told her, but added, "Don't be too hopeful Millie, the pay will be quite small, I expect, for the present."

"But I shall be all the more economical" and what do you think, those good souls the Woods, brought us from the farm today, vegetables enough for the winter almost."

"They have! well let us be thankful and God bless them."

He reported in the morning at the Wilton Works and was assigned a light kind of work by the foreman, who was quite sure even that was not what that slight delicate looking man was fit for. In fact he was not a skilled workman, never would be, he sadly thought as he took his place resolved to do his best and put aside dreams. In early boyhood his musical talent had been considered marvelous but losing his parents at thirteen, he had been taken by an uncle into his store and, what with hard work and no kind of sympathy with his efforts to cultivate his talent he had been obliged to give up the hope of ever being proficient in it, only improving all the opportunities he could get in the church choir, where he was so helped on by an admiring chorister as at last to be given his place. And here he had met Millie—and his fate.

Disappointment had aged him somewhat, and yet there was something in his grave face and in the fine tone of his voice that attracted her, when younger men who wooed failed.

"How's the new man?" said Mr. Wilton to Birenkek a few days after Anson's employment.

"That man does his best I believe sir, but there—he's so full of music that he will never be a good mechanic. In fact I don't think the man is stout enough, for he looks mighty bad by night, I've noticed, ought to give it up

and get his bread by music, be glad enough to do it I guess."

"Ah," and the grand face dropped, a minute of cogitation, and Mr. Wilton said,

"Keep him till the end of the month, pay him well and we'll see."

Burke knew what that meant. He had known before of cases when his employer had "seen" to the great advantage of more than one poor inefficient workman, out of his proper place, and so he set his good heart at rest about Anson, kept him at work through the month and paid him so much more than he had expected that he went home and told Millie he felt as the brethren of Joseph did, afraid almost.

"And I'm so thankful. Now we can pay off Jenks, and see how small our bill is this month."

"You have economized Millie and deserve a new bonnet."

"No, I will have none this month. Come, eat your supper."

Mr. Wilton had, after talking with his foreman, taken up the morning paper and read a notice of the music committee of C— Church for a choir leader, and, putting the paper in his pocket, hastened round to one of them.

"I see you want a leader. I've got your man. Want to hear him?"

"Yes, when, and where?"

"Drop into H— Street Chapel, Sunday."

They did, and Anson, cheered by his brightening prospects, sang as never before. His fine voice, completely under control, quite took the committee by storm and after consultation they addressed him a note stating their wishes and offering a liberal salary and requesting an answer at once.

"Why Anson Barbour!" said Millie as, with tears actually in his eyes, he laid the note in her hands, "Where did they hear of you?"

"I know no better than you, but am I qualified? It is a large critical church, and if I should fail, give up a certainty for an uncertainty—"

"But you won't. There sit right down,"—opening his desk—"and write an acceptance, with thanks. You can never stand the work at the shop, do you suppose I have not seen it for the last week and worried over it?"

He posted his reply and then went to the shop to give his notice to Brenkee, hoping if possible he might be released at once, as he wished to devote his whole time to practicing in preparation for his new place, so he told Brenkee. That wise man, whom his chief had from the first instructed that he was to be a silent partner in the business, referred him to Mr. Wilton. To him he went asking for a release at once.

With feigned astonishment that gentleman exclaimed:

"Well really, Barbour, I congratulate you, for Brenkee tells me this is far more to your mind."

"That is true but before going I desire to return my thanks for your kindness to so entire a stranger as myself."

"Don't be too sure. I think I knew a little of you before, and that not to your disadvantage. 'Actions speak louder than words' is the adage. You are at liberty to go at once and success to you. I expect to hear from

you as the noted tenor soon."

How he and Millie wondered over the adage Mr. Wilton had quoted to Anson. How could he have known anything of him they asked as with glad hearts they discussed the future that night.

The committee had asked him to be at the church on the next Saturday evening when the new organ was to be tried before a select audience of musical people.

"Now I'm in for it, Millie, they'll be critical to a degree, I must practice every hour until then and if I should fail—"

"You will not fail, you will be helped" and a trusting devout expression came over the hopeful face.

Saturday night came. Mr. Wilton had sent his wife and daughter in the carriage, declining their invitation to go with them. After the audience were all in he crept softly into a back seat prepared to enjoy to the full his pastime. In a back seat, across the aisle, sat Millie excited, expectant.

The organ preluded, the choir rose, and Anson commenced the selected number in a soft minor strain. As his voice rose in stronger, more triumphant tones, the full choir swelling the chorus, Millie watching Anson's face full of enthusiasm, trembling with excitement, her eyes full of tears, too happy to notice anything about her, was quite oblivious of a pair of keen eyes fixed upon her from across the aisle. Mr. Wilton, who, full of delight, was softly slapping his hands while studying her face, and actually trying to growl out an accompaniment to the rolling notes of the grand organ, grandly played, though he had often declared there was no more music in him than there was in a donkey. Verily he had his reward that night in more ways than one, and when the music ceased, the audience poured out, he slipped past Millie in the aisle with the exclamation, "No caged birds in my works if I know it," and joined his wife and daughter at the carriage door to their surprise, they supposing him at home, but, as they studied his delighted face saw he knew more of the affair than they had supposed, and pretty Mabel declared she believed father had secured this situation for Mr. Barbour, and "I'm so glad he has it. How beautifully he sang and, oh, how radiant his wife's face was as we passed her."

"Good!" said her father. "One woman was happy tonight at least."

"Now do tell us how you managed to keep from him your part in it. How did you silence that committee?"

"Oh they'll keep dark, they are too proud of their chorister to own he was taken from the work bench. As to Barbour I was not going to be bothered with his gratitude."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances of admiration not lost upon the happy man who said:

"Remember this, you are to be silent partners in this too. You are not to deprive me of these little pastimes."

The next day gleefully relating to his foreman, Anson's triumph and enjoying his pleasure in it, he drew a bit of paper toward him, wrote a cheque for twenty-five dollars and tossing it toward him said, "Christmas is near by, the babies—there's a baker's dozen of them aren't they?—will want presents?"

"Not quite so many as that sir, but there

might be, considering your gift. You are always kind, I thank you for them and myself too," and the strong face looked a full appreciation of his employee.

"Prime fellow that Brenkee," said Mr. Wilton to himself as he went his way, "Always seems as glad of others' good luck as his own. Never a bit jealous. I declare when I think how he has acted in regard to Barbour, human nature seems a better thing than it averages."

As to Anson and Millie, after the rehearsal that night they pondered a good deal on that exclamation of Mr. Wilton's, and could come to no other conclusion than that he was in some way connected with their good fortune. "If he don't wish us to know all right, but I'm sure Brenkee could tell a little if he chose," said Anson. COUSIN CONSTANCE.

CREEDS.

"He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
Where the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed,
He did it well,
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

"He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspiring words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For man must feed
As well as pray,
What was his creed?
I cannot say.

"In words he did not put his trust,
In faith his words were never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.
He took the lead
In each good task,
What was his creed?
I did not ask.

"He put his trust in God, and worked
Ever along with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
Our lives amend,
Adopt his creed,
Nor fear the end."
—E. P. Powell in Liberty and Life.

To-day at three p.m. Mr. Caleb Wall will give a talk on local antiquities in Tatnuck, between the McFarland and Blair estates, His well known enthusiasm and fund of knowledge should ensure many hearers.

The distressing case of Joe Pitts and family comes up again. This time, he deserts his wife and baby on the common. They are better off without him than with him. Dry goods box for a house is not sumptuous.

In Marshfield.

Last Thursday, week, the 10th, inst, old boys and girls, trooped back to Dingley's Corner in Marshfield, once a part of Duxbury and indulged in reminiscence and history. Among others, our Ex-Alderman, P. Foster White, was present and read a poem. His sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Bosworth, was the historian of the occasion. All the exercises were of the most interesting character and were thoroughly enjoyed by the large party present. It is claimed that the first public school in New England was located near this place.

The Village Bell.

How often in still evening I have heard

The vibrant murmur of that ancient bell!
Sweet as the flute notes of a lone night bird,
Its mellow cadence on my senses fell.

High in the bellry like a sentry grim,

It hangs to guard the sleeper town below,
While round about it swift-winged swallows skim,
And on its great beams coo the pigeons low.

"To worship and unto the tomb I call,

Both one and all!" So reads the lettered rim.
A pregnant warning that to great and small,
The tottering aged and the strong of limb.

Fell many a solemn word its voice has spoke,

Though from its perch the funeral train was hid.
In the sad pause that follow every stroke,
It heard the earth fall on the coffin lid.

And when it listened from its sky gilt beight,

And heard the echoed shots at Lexington,
It told in angry clangs how went the fight,
That fused a hundred peoples into one.

Yet merrier peals have loosed its iron tongue,

When wildly rocking till its prison spurned,
It hung half out the bellry when it flung
Broadcast the news that peace had now returned.

Thou art no senseless weight of metal, wrought

By bare armed workmen in the foundry's glow,
Whose black floor meteoric showers caught
Like constellations shot from Vulcan's blow.

Thou art endowed with a mysterious power

Like bliff old Friar Bacon's brazen head;
Thou sayest loudly with each fleeting hour
"Time comes, Time is—Time has forever sped!"

Petersham, Mass. —Francis Zuri Stone.

NATURAL MUSIC.

It is a mistake to think that music is a natural art, yet this fallacy was so firmly rooted in the minds of our ancestors that the progress of the modern science was retarded greatly. Music is a natural art only in its elements, in their application it is entirely the product of the mind of man. The young lady who "dotes on music" might feel very indignant if she were told that a mouse dotes on music in just the same degree that she does, which is merely the appreciation of the natural elements of music. Almost all animals and almost all human beings are sensitive to these natural elements and are attracted by them. What are these elements and how do they arise? The first of these elements is symmetry. Every animate being is pleased by a tone, because it presents regular vibrations to the ear, while noise presents irregular and unsymmetrical vibrations. A higher symmetry is found in chords, wherein the different tones bear arithmetical relationship to each other in the number of their vibrations. A still higher symmetry is found in rhythmic structure, where the regular pulsation of accents gives a soothing effect and is appreciated lower down the scale of creation than the human race.

But here the natural elements of music cease. Not a step farther does the leadership of the Deity as expressed in nature take us. All the rest is the creation of man and is as diverse in its results as the different races of man. The Chinaman uses a five-toned scale and we a seven-toned one, yet neither can prove the other race in the wrong. We cannot show scientifically why one melody which displeases us should please some other person. Fetus has said that music is the art of moving the emotions by combinations of sound; and anything that does this to any person is music

so far as that person is concerned. The music of China, of India, of Europe, is each a school in itself, yet these schools have the natural elements of music in common, in some degree. It is when modulation and progression come into play that the divergences begin. Nature has not given to man a single modulation. A discord is akin to noise, yet civilized as well as uncivilized nations have heightened the effect of their music by the introduction of discords. Orlando di Lasso in the sixteenth century was the first to find in the discord the language of passion and there are many dissonances which are freely used to-day which would have set the teeth of the early musicians on edge. Only after the year 1594 did the seventh chords come into our music and the diminished seventh about 1600. The fact that our art is the invention of man causes it to be a constantly changing one and the very elements of change fit it more closely to the needs of the human race. But when the fact is once recognized that music is an artificial product made by man for man we shall not be quite so arbitrary in denouncing those who wander into new paths, and we shall admit that even Chinese cacophony comes under the head of music.—Louis C. Elson in the Boston Musical Herald.

Edward F. Fitzgerald, John Leary and Owen M. McGee, all High School and Holy Cross graduates have returned to Brighton Seminary.

James A. J. Donnelly, a former High School and Holy Cross boy, goes to the Washington Catholic University to complete his studies.

Frederic P. Vinton, the artist, is in Worcester again at work on portraits of Congressman and Mrs. Walker.

George R. Volkmar, for three years bookkeeper for the Western Union Telegraph Company, has accepted a position with the Security Associates.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooper and daughter Miss Ada arrived in Boston Sunday on the "Cephalonia" of the Cunard line from England. The trip combined business and pleasure. While in London Mr. Cooper secured many novelties for the house of A. S. Lowell & Co., of this city. They also visited relatives of Mr. Cooper who live in Scotland.

Lightning has not struck the Burnside Building but a State nomination has. This time it is Herbert McIntosh, Esq., whom the "Peoples' Party" has nominated for Adjutant General.

It is now talked that Col. J. A. Titus, long prominent in local circles, will locate permanently in Orange.

Librarian S. S. Green has issued in pamphlet form an excerpt from the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, containing his paper on George Bancroft read before that body at its April meeting. Like everything that Mr. Green writes, this paper is scholarly, and entertaining. Many personal items are given that cannot be found elsewhere in sketches of Mr. Bancroft's life. It must give a thrill of pleasure to every admirer of the great Historian.

'Tis not the Swiftest Stream.

'Tis not the swiftest stream,
Or broadest from side to side,
That, leaving its Springtime's dream,
Carries onward the clearest tide.

Oh for a crystal stream,
With pebbles in sight below,
To carry an inward gleam
Of Winter's melted snow!

'Tis not the strongest throat
Of th' woodlands' kingliest bird,
That carries the sweetest note
Or can echo the purest word.

Oh, for a slender throat,
With a low and tender strain,
That can o'er heal a heart's mote,
Calm for an hour its pain!

'Tis not the fairest face,
That smiles on the world's by-ways
That carries the noblest grace,
Or makes brightest the dreary days.

Oh, for a noble face,
That yet for its lowliness,
Can carry an open trace
Of 'the beauty of holiness!

—Helen Worthington Rogers.

Francis H. Staples and Howard E. Sumner are back again in Brown University, at their regular college work, their second year.

Mr. Andrew O'Connor has again used his hand to a purpose in depicting the bust of Albert Curtis, the man, of all others, who has given to New Worcester its prosperity. It is on exhibition in Peck's Art Store and reflects great credit on the sculptor. Few men can make a chisel better obey the minds behest than our Worcester artist.

No Worcester citizen seems to get more pleasure out of living than Mr. Jerome Marble. He is again off with his wife and friends on a forty-two days' hunting trip to the Far West. Those making up the party on the Excursion Car, Yellowstone are: Jerome Marble and wife, O. M. Ball, Miss Mabel B. Blanchard and Miss Emma Plimpton, of this city; W. E. Harmon and wife, Albert Griffiths and wife and Miss Helen Griffiths, of Boston; Charles Bill, Miss Annie L. Bailey and Miss Carrie J. Emory, of Springfield; Mrs. A. J. Whitney of Warren and W. H. Hutchinson of Lynn.

Miss Ida W. Johnson, who died in Princeton Saturday, week, was a daughter of the late Rodney A. M. Johnson. Her age was about 35 years. For some time her health has been poor and last winter, the most of the time was spent in North Carolina and New Jersey. On the return of warm weather she went to Princeton. Her funeral took place at Plymouth Church chapel Tuesday afternoon in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The floral offerings were many and beautiful, including crosses and pillars and many bouquets of cut flowers. The Schumann Quartet furnished music during the services. Rev. W. V. W. Davis of Union Church read the burial services. The burial was at Rural cemetery.

There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of a speaker, as in the choice of his words.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.



SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Figures. We have 75, and they must be sold at once. Among the number are COUPE ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description. GODDARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger COACH, one Brewster & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2-Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENSINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc., and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.

THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

About Folks.

Miss Mabel Streeter, W. H. S. Class of '80, left Tuesday for Vassar College. She was accompanied by the Misses Freeman of Millbury.

Officer Eneas Lombard has returned from his trip to Ireland and reports a very marked improvement in the condition of the Irish people, a statement that all will be glad to hear.

Mrs. Rhoda A Thayer.

This lady, an aged inmate of the Old Ladies' Home, died in Grafton, with Mrs. Davenport, with whom she had been spending the summer. She was born in Medway in 1816, a daughter of John Alby. Early in life, a school teacher, she married Fisher Thayer of Keesville, Ky.

Dr. Loring, Dead.

For many years, the name of this gentleman has been familiar to Worcester people, especially in connection with the New England Fair, so often held here. Year after year, he has spoken on the Agricultural Grounds and at the recent meeting he appeared as rotund and rubicund as ever. The Doctor was a capital after-dinner speaker and he never appeared at better advantage than at the reception given by the Worcester Light Infantry to the Salem Cadets, several years since in Horticultural Hall. He wove in a fine thread of Salem History along with his general remarks that was delightful to follow. Born Nov. 8, 1817, he was in his 74th year at the time of his death last Monday. He had received his share of state and national honors. He has been commissioner of Agriculture and U. S. Minister to Portugal. He ardently desired to be Governor of Massachusetts, but the worst men do not always attain that honor.

Curious Corner.

Who Shall "Bow" First.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the questions of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly. It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted, many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. Are they, because of these drawbacks, to be always debarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man? The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced, unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted, it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other. If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will, of course, not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing in the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat. The lady on her part will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting.—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Sixty the Average Age of Senators.

More than half of the constitutional convention of 1787 were men who had not reached the age of 45, while there are only seven men who are not past 45 among the eighty-eight members of the United States Senate to-day, and four of these come from the younger states of the West, where there are fewer old men than in the East, Maine and Vermont having, according to the census returns of age, more than six times as many males past the age of 60 proportionally as Colorado and the Dakotas.

No less than thirty-seven of the eighty-eight Senators, or nearly half of all, are past 60, and nine of them beyond 70, as three others will be within a few months. Mr. Morrill has a colleague from Ohio who, like him, was born in 1810; two who were born in 1816, and three in 1818. Three of these have, like him, sought and obtained re-elections after they were past 70. The average age of all the Senators falls only about a year short of 60.

In the Supreme Court the change is equally remarkable. Since Pierce's day but one man has been placed upon this bench who had not passed the age of 45, while of the twelve appointees during the past two decades no less than four were more than 60 when they took their seats. Of the eight judges left after Mr. Miller's death one is 70 years old, one is 74 and one is 77.

To become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary,—nature, study, and practice.

ORIGINAL, No. 34.

Small Fresh Fish Baked in a Crust.

BY MRS. D. A. LINCOLN,
Author Boston Cook Book.

Use small fresh fish, like trout, scup, perch, etc. Clean them and wipe dry. Cut gashes one inch apart through the thick flesh on each side. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Make a rich crust, with 1 quart flour, into which mix thoroughly 4 level tea sp. Cleveland's baking powder and 1 tea sp. salt. Moisten with thin cream sufficient to make a dough to roll out. Divide into two parts, and roll each part 1/2 inch thick. Lay the fish on one part, leaving two inches space between each fish. Put the other half of the crust over. Cut through the crusts around each fish; pinch the edges together tightly, and lay them some distance apart on a baking tin. Bake about 1 hour. Serve with egg sauce. Cook 1 tea sp. minced onion and 2 table sp. flour in a table sp. hot butter, add gradually 1 pint hot milk. Stir as it thickens, and season with 1 tea sp. salt, 1/2 salt sp. white pepper and 1 table sp. lemon juice. Add the chopped whites of three hard boiled eggs, and the yolks mashed and sifted, and serve very hot.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.

Cleveland's Baking Powder is wholesome, leavens most and leavens best. Try it.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

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Our standing offer:

A HOUSE LOT

near a growing city, for 20 subscribers. KEL-
LEY & FOLEY, Publishers, 30 West Washington
St., Boston, Mass. CAPT. F. KELLEY,
Camp 97, Brookline, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Tomato Honey.

This honey if well made will take the place of the ordinary syrups. It is of course, by far, more wholesome and pure. To each pound of ripe tomatoes, allow the grated yellow rind of one lemon and six fresh peach leaves; cut the tomatoes into pieces, add lemon rind and peach leaves, and cook slowly until they are soft and well done; then strain them through a bag, pressing hard. To each pint of this liquor, allow one pound of loaf sugar and the juice of one lemon. Boil for a half hour or until it becomes thick like syrup. Bottle and seal.—Table Talk.

French Candies.

If the children can make at least some of the candies they eat, they will enjoy them much more. Here is a good and easy recipe. To every pound of A 1 confectioners' sugar use the white of one egg. Roll and sift the sugar. Put the white of egg in a tumbler, and mark the measurement of it. Pour the white into a dish, and add the same quantity of cream or milk or water. Stir well together, then add the sugar, stirring thoroughly with a silver spoon. Place part of the mixture on a bread board, or, if on hand, a marble slab, or, next better than a board, a large tin tray. Dust a little sugar under the mixture and knead it into it. Roll it out half an inch thick. Cut off bits about an inch in size, and roll them into balls in the palms of the hands. Have ready half pound each of English walnuts, almonds, dates, figs, prunes, and raisins. Place half a walnut on each side of a ball. Roll the almonds in pieces of the dough, shaping them as you please, and dipping them in sugar as you shape them. Stone the dates, and in the openings just left put some of the dough, then roll them with sugar. Set the candy to harden on greased plates or paper. It is delicious. Some of the dough can be flavored with a little vanilla, some with lemon, and some with rose; and any bits of the preserved fruit which was first chopped can be worked up. The chief thing is to know how to make the dough, after that any liberty can be taken in the way of flavoring and shaping.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Fish is very good turned in salted flour, or salted egg and bread crumbs, and then put into boiling hot fat to get brown.—Advocate. Sponge Cake.

Five eggs, half a pound of loaf sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of flour. Separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks and sugar together until they are very light, then add the whites after they have been whisked to a dry froth, alternately with the flour. Stir in the lemon, put the mixture in small pans, sift sugar over them, and bake them.

Lemon Rolls.

Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of fine sugar, six eggs, half a pint of milk, quarter ounce of ammonia and sufficient oil of lemon to flavor; make these ingredients into a dough; roll it out into long, round strips and cut crosswise, slanting, into diamond shapes; scallop the tops with the back of a knife; bake on greased tins in a hot oven.—Boston Budget.

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3x3 yards, \$5.50 each.

3x4 yards, \$7.50 each.

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All goods delivered free of cost to the purchaser, whether in the city or adjoining towns.

Household.

Convulsions.

There are few diseases that frighten a mother more than convulsions and spasms, and yet there is but little danger unless they follow a previous illness, or after a fall. Then there is danger. Some children have such a nervous system that the cutting of teeth, a slight indigestion, a bad ear-ache, a severe fit of crying or anger is apt to cause a convulsion. When a child has a spasm, warm water should be made ready in a bath-tub, the mother or nurse should then undress the child, not on her lap, but on a bed, and above all things, keep cool. Do not tear everything to pieces, but get him undressed as easily and quietly as possible, dip him in the warm water for two or three minutes, but be careful that his head is not jerked about. As soon as the convulsion is over, let the child lie quiet if he will and go to sleep: he will wake up a great deal better. If convulsions are caused by a fall then the head should be bathed with arnicated water (one-fourth arnica tincture to three-fourths water) also given internally two drops tincture of arnica to one spoonful of water.

If caused by an over-loaded stomach or indigestible food, make the child vomit by making him drink warm-water and mustard mixed and rub his bowels. Mrs. P. J. D.

Hot water is a remedy. There is no remedy so easily attained as water. In cases of sudden illness it should occupy a high place as a remedial agent and save calling a physician. Strips of flannel folded length-wise dipped in hot water, wrung out quickly and applied to the neck of a child that has a croup, will give relief in a short time. The flannel strips should be changed every five minutes and made as hot as the child can bear.

And there is nothing that will so quickly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water, when promptly and thoroughly applied.

A thick cloth wet in hot water and applied to the seat of pain from tooth-ache or neuralgia will give prompt relief. Sprains, old sores, bruises, new cuts, heal more quickly from the constant application of hot water than almost any other remedy and this is the treatment generally adopted in hospitals. A hot water bag taken to bed with a person feeling chilly or having cold feet will often ward off a cold and perhaps an attack of pneumonia. A cup of hot water before going to bed is one of the best cathartics in cases of constipation and has a beneficial effect on the stomach and bowels. Mrs. P. J. D.

E. I. E., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "If E. A. F., in Inquiry Department, will set a saucer with a little sweet-oil in it, where the red ants are, she will find that they will leave everything else for the oil; out of it they cannot get; I have tried it for several years and have never known it to fail. It may be too late for this year, ours have all gone—but it is a good thing to remember for another year."—Table Talk.

Do not rub flannels on a board. The main thing is quick drying, and that they be washed and rinsed in water of the same temperature very quickly, and not allowed to cool between. —Boston Budget.

THE CLARK-

SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

WE HAVE HAD

but little to say of GAS FIXTURES of late—not that there was nothing to be said or that they were forgotten.

THE TRUTH IS

there are so very many things in a store like ours that are demanding attention from the advertiser that it is almost impossible to give exact justice to all.

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we pretend to sell we have the fullest variety—the newest and most approved patterns—so you will find it with GAS FIXTURES.

HERE THE PRICES

have been treated to the pruning process—almost monthly—for a year past. There is but little left of the original price now.

THE BEST OF WORKMEN

will give careful attention to any order you may place with us. Everything for light giving you will find, of course, in its latest development here. Piano, Library, Banquet, Parlor or Hall Lamps in a thousand varieties of form and finish.

THE PAST TWO WEEKS

has worked wonders in the Crockery Department. New wares are crowding in one upon another and arranged for sale as rapidly as possible. You would hardly guess this was the same place, the changes are so great.

IT IS NOW

You will see by frequent visits what is newest and best in the line of fancy porcelains.

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The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

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Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

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92 SUMMER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

WORCESTER, SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of ELSHA A. MIRICK, late of Princeton, in said county, deceased, Greeting:

Upon the petition of Moses H. Mirick and Lucinda Mirick you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved:

And the said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in *Lacy's*, a newspaper printed at Worcester, the last publication to be two days at least, before said court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives known to the petitioners, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this tenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

Considerate.

A New Orleans newspaper says that a squad of Confederate soldiers, who were wearing captured blue overcoats, rode up to a house in Tennessee during the Civil War and called out the owner: "Well, old man, what are you, Reb or Yank?" Old Canton was puzzled by the blue coats and gray trousers. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm nothin', and precious little of that." A similar spirit seems to have possessed a certain aged negro whom a writer for the New York World met some time ago, while wandering over the battle-field of Antietam. "Were you here when the fight took place?" asked the visitor. "Right yer, sah," answered the white-haired negro. "Then you saw it all?" "Well, sah, not zackly; but I saw all de dead folks arter de battle." "Why, didn't you see the movement of the troops?" "Well sah, I was one embarrassed heap that day. I knowed Gin'ral Lee was dependin' on me not to whoop for de Yankees an' Gin'ral McClellan was dependin' on me not to whoop ag'in 'em, an' so I done wen' down cellar an' sat on de head ob a cider barl an' let 'em fight it out de best way dey could."

A Self-raising Nose.

It is doubtful whether the annals of the American stage have anything more ludicrous than an accident which befell Actor Henry

Dixey on his last California tour. He was playing "The Seven Ages" at Los Angeles, to standing-room only. In his make-up as the Judge, in the fourth act, Dixey wears an artificial nose—a huge Roman nasal appendage of putty, colored with vermilion and ochre.

Upon the occasion referred to, Dixey made the discovery that the property-man had neglected to provide putty for that rubicund, judicial nose. Hastily summoning a call-boy, Dixey sent him out to the nearest grocer to procure some flour. Dixey hastily mixed the flour with a little water, kneaded it into dough, fashioned it into the semblance of his putty nose, and painted it as usual. The result was eminently satisfactory; the dough was lighter than putty and more adhesive, while there was no difference in appearance.

After a short wait the curtain was rung and the fourth act proceeded. It was a warm night and the heat from the gas footlights was quite oppressive. By the time Dixey had finished the celebrated dance in that act, and had responded to an encore, he was perspiring freely. This combination of circumstances had a most wonderful effect upon the comedian's artificial nose. The members of the company were thunder-struck to observe that the most prominent feature of the Judge's physiognomy was growing, and growing very rapidly, too.

Within three minutes from the beginning of the act that wonderful nose had doubled in size and was still growing with a persistence which threatened soon to eclipse the other facial features. The orchestra noticed the phenomenon and every player stared at it in astonishment. Then the audience observed the change in the Judge's appearance and wondered how it was produced and what it had to do with the play.

Finally the actor was obliged to slip lightly from the stage to take heroic measures for reducing the mysterious and inexplicable swelling of his nose. About two-thirds of it was left in the dressing-room this time, but the fractional proboscis continued its dilating tactics, and when the act closed, the Judge's nose was still much larger than usual.

When the curtain was rung down the members of the company made a rush for Dixey's dressing-room to find out what was the matter. There they found Dixey standing in the middle of the floor with his erratic nose in one hand and a small can of flour in the other. He was reading aloud to himself the printed directions on the can: "Self-Raising Flour—Requires no yeast or leaven. Mix with a little cold water and set in a warm place for a few minutes, when the dough will be ready for baking."—Chicago Mail.

A good story is told of Artemas Ward when traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemas remark: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemas went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow catcher from in front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

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School and College.

Kindergarten.

Possibly, the first school of this kind established in Worcester was that taught by Mrs. Anna B. Knox. She was a sister of Mrs. Geo. B. Gladwin and was one of the first pupils of Madam Kregie in Boston, herself a disciple of Froebel. This labor was undertaken by Mrs. Knox as a pastime during the stay of her daughter in Vassar College. She opened her school in the Wm. Brown house, once standing where Plymouth Church is now, in 1871. Here she remained two years, encountering from constituted authority about the same usage that all innovators receive and expect from the public, however, she gained a very cordial reception, and from the start she counted among her patrons some of the best people in the city. Later, she moved to Elm street and for a year was in the house that preceded the Y. M. C. A. building. Finally the school was held in the basement of the Public Library building and there was closed by the illness of the teacher, who died with her sister, Mrs. Gladwin, in May, 1876. Among those who patronized this school were J. S. and C. C. Baldwin, Henry Marsh, Stephen Sawyer, A. B. R. Sprague, Wm. H. Goulding and many others. At least two High School valedictorians began their school work here. The progress of most of these children through their school life is a pertinent comment on the success of the system.

High School.

From time to time, an item is seen in our papers as to the abridged course for college preparation. A word concerning the past is not amiss at this point, Twice the School Committee had undertaken a preparatory class for the school and twice had failed. Then, prompted by the fact that recitations were had each afternoon at the school, to the serious injury of both pupil and teacher, for the forenoon given to recitation also, where was the time for study, the Committee voted to establish a five years course. This was in 1880, and was made all the more urgent on account of the recent death of a girl who, it was claimed, had studied too hard. In spite of this vote, no move was made towards the revised course till in the month of January, 1881. Then the Rev. E. H. Hall moved, in a meeting of the High School Committee, that the principal of the school be directed to prepare a course as had already been voted.

This motion prevailed, and Jan. 20, 1881, a report was made, offering two courses, one of four and the other of five years, it being thought that the first was ample for all colleges, save Harvard. The Committee thinking that the year, saved in preparation, would deter many from taking the Harvard preparatory course, remanded the report back to the principal and asked for a course of five years only. On the following Monday, the 24th day of January, the course was reported, adopted and was at once announced to the school. That course has been in vogue ever since or till the recent renovation. The High School Committee in 1881, January, consisted of F. P. Goulding, Esq., Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Rev. Chas. M. Lamson, Dr. Emerson Warner, Rev. E. H.

Hall, George Swan, Esq., Mrs. Sarah B. Earle, and Dr. Rufus Woodward, a pretty good aggregation of citizens. No one can have any objection to getting a college or any other preparation in the quickest manner possible; but experience has taught that five years are none too many for the average individual to give to Latin, Greek, French, German, Algebra, Geometry and the science now called for in this preparation. What is needed is a system that will admit pupils earlier in their course than now. Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge and other cities admit children at a time corresponding to our VII Grade. If a Latin School in Worcester will bring this favor also, then Hail! But we have been told that not one item in the Grammar School is to be omitted, but whether English or Latin High is the destination, all must go through the Grammar Grades! Many of the High School studies should be begun long before they are or can be as things are now. The reformation thus far is mere surface work. It does not cut deep enough.

Wellesley.

At the final examinations in Wellesley College, June last, the following famous hymn of Philip Doddridge was given to the Seniors to be translated into Latin verse. The version given is that of Miss Lucia F. Upham who elected Latin throughout her course. She was valedictorian of the Worcester High School Class of '87.

AWAKE MY SOUL.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

Best Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my course begun
And crowned with victory at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

TRANSLATION.

Somno excitare, spiritus,
Et perge strenue,
Cursus dei te incitat
Coronaque aeterna.

Vox excitans omnes dei
Te appellat a coelis,
Ejus manus dat praeonium
Tibi petenti alic.

Beate Salvator, tibi
Ductus, viam coepi,
Et victor ad tuos pedes
Deus meum ponam.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Rev. Baxter—Well, I suppose that I must take a vacation, since the congregation has seen fit to raise the money to pay my expenses. — Sexton—You do not seem over enthusiastic, Elder.

Rev. Baxter—Well, the fact is, James, I've been thinking the matter over, and don't know whether to take it as a compliment or not. Tell me truly, as a friend, James, have my sermons been dry of late?

Sexton—Well, Elder, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but for the last month you would think that those in the last four rows hadn't had any sleep for a year.
Rev. Baxter (with a deep sigh) — It's as I feared, James; it's as I feared.

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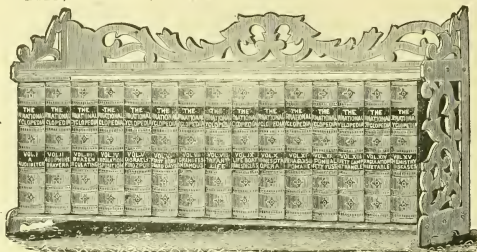
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Mention this paper.

CHURCH NOTES.

Two columns of church notes are left over till next week.

Y. M. C. A.

The speaker at the men's meeting at four o'clock tomorrow will be Rev. I. J. Wilcox, the new pastor of Park church. Alfred S. Roe will talk to the boys at three o'clock.

EPISCOPAL.

Rev. F. G. Burgess returned from a vacation trip to Europe Thursday evening. He reached Union Station about nine o'clock, where he was met by Harry W. Anderson and E. L. Barton, who conducted him to St John's church, of which he is pastor, where an informal reception was tendered him by his parishioners.

METHODIST.

The Central Massachusetts M. E. Sunday School Convention will be held in this city, October 21st or 28th, probably at Grace Church.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Hope—The people of the late venture in church enterprises have secured Joseph Cook for a lecture, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 26. Subject: "Seven Modern Wonders." The subject and its object appeal to every well disposed citizen of Worcester. The hall should be filled to repletion.

Caleb Wall's lecture at Tatnuck, of which there is an announcement elsewhere in this paper, has been postponed one week.

Read under Church Notes, the announcement of lecture by Joseph Cook. It will be his only appearance in Worcester this season.

Forty-Second.

Unfortunately LIGHT cannot do justice to a description of the reunion at Leicester, Thursday; but next week, the affair, successful in every respect, will be rehearsed in detail.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Holy Cross.

A tennis association has been formed at the college with a membership of 40. J. B. Shannon, '92, is captain and treasurer, and G. P. McDermott, '92, property man.

The Senior or Philosophy Class embraces but four Worcester boys this year, Martin Burns, Peter O'Shea, John P. Phelan and Jeremiah A. Riordan. The Junior class has eleven Worcester boys, while the Sophomore class has twelve.

The ball team will probably cross bats with the Milfords at Milford on Saturday. The base ball association held a meeting last week and elected Dennis O'Neil captain for the next year, and John W. Larkin, manager.

John H. Kelly, well known as the big centre fielder on the college nine and a member of the class of '92, leaves next month to continue his studies in the American College at Rome. James F. Timon will enter the Harvard Law School.

Joseph T. McKeon, Thomas A. McGovern, Patrick M. Mahoney, William A. Gillilan, John A. Reynolds and James J. Dolan, former members of the W. H. S. and H. C. C., leave on Monday afternoon to continue their studies in the Grand Seminary at Montreal.

The wedding is announced of Dr. Michael J. O'Meara and Miss Nellie O'Neil. It will be celebrated at St. Johns church Monday morning at nine o'clock.

Mr. Thomas E. Cunningham, a prominent Forester, who has occupied the highest positions of the order in this city, died suddenly of heart failure Tuesday and was buried from St. Anne's church Thursday morning, the four courts of Forestry in this city doing escort duty.

Rev. Robert Walsh, pastor of Immaculate Conception church, returned home last Sunday after a short trip through Ireland. Officer Lombard arrived on the same steamer with Fr. Walsh.

City Guard Anniversary.

The date of the anniversary parade has been changed from October 24 to 29, on account of the Music Festival.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond, having returned from Europe, will receive his pupils on and after Thursday, Sept. 27th, 1891, at his studio in the People's Savings Bank building, 452 Main Street. Hours from 10 a.m. to 12 m., 2 to 4 p.m., and by special appointment.

Major F. G. Stiles attended the reunion, Tuesday, of one of the companies of the 42d at Medfield, the home of Lt. Col. Stedman.

When Dr. Thomson was Bishop of Gloucester (says a writer of the North American Review) he was occasionally a sufferer from toothache, and resorted, by medical advice, to narcotics, to relieve the pain. One morning, after a night of great suffering, he left the house to consult the doctor; Mrs. Thomson entreating him not to allow the latter to prescribe a narcotic, as it affected his brain for some hours afterwards. On his way the Bishop met the postman, who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it in the street and read, to his surprise and gratification, his appointment to the See of York. He hastened back to communicate to his wife the exciting news. "Zoe—Zoe," he exclaimed, "what do you think has happened? I am Archbishop of York!" "There there!" she rejoined; "what did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again and are quite out of your head."

A commercial traveller by mistake handed a merchant, upon whom he had called, a portrait of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and blushing traveller, saying, "I hope you will soon be admitted into partnership."

About Folks.

Born in Belmar, N. J., Sept. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Leiper a son, grandson of Henry M. Smith of this city.

Among the teachers of Miss Idelle A. Clark, whose card appears in another column, were Mr. Stephen A. Emery and Otto Bendix on the piano, and in theory, Mr. Louis C. Elson, who is the founder of the system. Also she has received instruction from Jules Fichberg.

Lake Glazier.

It is one thing to believe, implicitly. It is quite another to make the public accept our beliefs. Mr. John C. Crane of Millbury, now in the West, is having something of a controversy with Commissioner J. V. Brower and thus far, he appears to have the better of the argument. He cites Brower vs. Brower and to the latter's disadvantage. Mr. Crane is to be commended for the thoroughness of his convictions.

Liscomb-Summer.

The good old town of Shrewsbury, the home for many years of the bride's ancestors, never presented a finer appearance than when the multitude of guests repaired to the old parsonage, now the home of George Sumner, Esq., to see his youngest child, Caroline A. married to Mr. Albert G. Liscomb, all of Worcester. For years, Shrewsbury has been the Summer abode of the Sumner's, where in the old home have been collected numerous souvenirs of the long ago, mementos of that revered pastor of the old First Church. Surrounded by all these tokens of former worth and by a world of comforts and luxuries of today, the young people were united in marriage, Wednesday at noon, the Rev. Calvin Stebbins officiating, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Kennedy of the Shrewsbury Methodist Church. The house was profusely decorated with flowers and from the fire places blazing logs recalled the past. The effect was one never to be forgotten.

The ceremony was performed in the Southwest room where doubtless the bride's great grandfather had performed a like service many times nearly a hundred years ago. Miss Helen Richardson of West Medford was bridesmaid. The bride wore a gown of Canton crepe cut en traine, with pearl passementerie trimming. The long bridal veil was fastened with orange blossoms. In her hand she carried a loose bunch of bride roses, gathered with white ribbon. The bridesmaid's gown was of gray crepe, very simply made. She carried pink roses.

The groom's best man was Mr. P. Barbeau Vale of St. Louis. The ushers were Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr., and Mr. Geo. H. Kimball both of New York. A reception followed the marriage and a breakfast served by Zahonyi. Putnam's Orchestra furnished delightful music and the wedding presents were numerous and valuable. The young people will reside, after their Western tour, in the Kindred apartment house, Oread Street.

A very pleasant incident was the receiving of a cablegram from Mrs. Liscomb and Miss May Liscomb from Germany, saying: "Best wishes."

Among those present were: Mr. Nathaniel S. Liscomb, Mr. and Mrs. George Sumner, Mr. Edward P. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sumner of Burlington, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sewell of Bath, Me., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen, Miss Linnie Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Holman, Mr. Charles R. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Plummer of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Goodell, Miss Edith Goodell, Mr. John M. Goodell of New York, Miss Mary A. Goodell, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Goodell, and Miss Fannie A. Goodell of Philadelphia, Mr. E. F. Richardson of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barnard, Miss Mary Barnard, Col. and Mrs. Fred W. Wellington, Miss Alice Goodell, Mrs. E. D. Buffington, Miss Mabel Buffington, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Gifford, Mr. Albert L. Gifford of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Minor and Mrs. Mary A. Eldred of Plainville, Conn., Mr. Fred E. Langley of Newport, K. I. Mr. and Mrs. Otis E. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Putnam, Mrs. Luther F. Richardson of West Medford and Miss Caroline Sumner, Miss S. W. Howe, and Miss Anna Howe of Shrewsbury.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Every seat is taken," is the stereotyped answer which greets the late comer nightly on application for orchestra chairs at Lothrop's Opera House.

"Storm Beaten," the popular melo-drama, which has Miss Katherine Robber and Max Freeman for heroine and hero, is an excellent attraction and greatly pleases the audiences. Miss Robber as Priscilla Sefton is far ahead of any actress who has been here in the part, and well deserves the generous applause accorded her at every performance. Max Freeman as Christian Christanson, and Wm. Cattell as Richard Orchardson, are fully up to the difficult and artistic work required of them in their respective parts. Mr. Richard Lyle as Pat O'Reilly, an Irish sailor with considerable vocal talent, and John Phillips as Venus, a colored gentleman who has a happy faculty of making things merry with his laughable specialties, were meritorious in their work and well received. In fact, there isn't a poor part in the play, nor an inferior actor in the company. The last performance will be given this afternoon and evening.

"Silent Protection" is the appropriate name of a "roaring absurdity," which precedes each performance. Miss Addie Phillips, Messrs. Lyle, Caswell and Hoffer are well fitted for their respective characters.

"Mardo," a sensational drama by the late Frank I. Frayne, in which Miss Kate Glassford will appear as the star, supported by Lothrop's Stock Company, is next week's attraction. This will be Miss Glassford's first appearance in this city.

All plays produced by Lothrop's several stock companies are rehearsed under the able management and supervision of Mr. H. Percy Meldon.

Mr. Meldon and Miss Tucker are playing to good audiences in "19," at the Grand Museum in Boston this week.

The smiling face of Manager Armstrong conveys the impression to an observer of the well-merited financial success of the new house. "A long-felt want well filled," is the verdict.

Obituary.

Died, at Melrose, Sept. 15th, Capt. Ivory Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin was born in Kennelbunkport, Me., where he passed most of his early years when not following the sea. He afterwards became engaged in hotel keeping and was for a long time known as the genial host of the Maverick House in East Boston, a popular abiding place of officers of the ocean steamers when in port, and where he remained until his final retirement from business a few years ago.

He leaves a widow and two daughters, a brother and two sisters, one of the latter being Mrs. George W. Gale of this city.

Invitations will be sent out Monday, for the Lakeside Boat Club's closing social, which will take place at the club house at Lake Quinsigamond, Friday evening, October 2nd. The committee having the affair in charge consists of W. E. Fairbanks, F. H. Goodwin and H. L. Green.

The most ubiquitous citizen of Worcester is Jerome Wheelock. The middle of the week he was registered in Washington. It seems only a week or two since he was in Paris and, certainly, in the interval he has been in this office.

The Quinsigamond Boat Club held its closing social at the boat house at the lake Wednesday evening. About thirty couples were present and had a good time. Dancing was indulged in for a few hours and refreshments were served. The affair was in charge of a committee composed of C. H. Bowker and Geo. A. Stearns, Jr.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, WORCESTER SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM B. CHAMBERLAIN, late of Worcester, in said county, deceased, testate, Greeting.

You are cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said county, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the final account rendered by Louise B. Chamberlain, the administratrix, with the will annexed of her administration of said estate, and now on file at this office, should not be allowed.

And the said accountant is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively in LIGHT, a newspaper printed at Worcester, the first publication to be two days at least before said court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or to their legal representatives known to the petitioner seven days at least before said court.

Witness, William F. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's

* STUDIO *

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Pupils received at any time during school year.

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THE * HOME * SCHOOL,

MAY ST., COR. OF WOODLAND,

will re-open September 23. Miss Kimball will be at the School after August 1, where she will be glad to talk with any interested in her work.

An excellent school home for your daughter. Call or send for circular.

MRS. MORGAN'S

Private School and Kindergarten
WILL BEGIN SEPT. 14.

Miss Kilham will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent nurse maid. Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

Mr. Walter Scott Kennedy

Will receive his pupils on and after MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, from 10 A. M., to 12; 2:30 to 4, and 7:30 to 8 P. M., at his music rooms, No. 1 Elm Street.

Mrs. H. W. Johnson

resumes teaching at Leland's Music Store on Mondays and Thursdays, after September 8th.

Address No. 2 Lincoln Place.

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is prepared to receive pupils for

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DANCING

GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon will re-open her classes in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m. Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from strangers. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Mattoon at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 6 to 7.

For terms and further particulars call or address Mrs. Mattoon. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. K. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence; call 405-5.

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In Memory of James Russell
Lowell.

BY SARAH JEANNE RICH.

O'er all the world, the good, the wise, the true,
Are mourning for thee, Lowell. Spirits sweet and rare
And sympathetic, like the heavenly dew,
Humility at large will love and bless and share.

As "strokes of nature makes the whole world kin,"
As mountains, strength and beauty to the landscape
give,
As oceans, kiss all shores with fragrant wind,
So like a beacon light, thou guid'st mankind to truly
live.

On breast of mother earth we lay thy precious dust.
And kindred dust keeps company with thine;
For Auburn is the shrine of Longfellow, the just
And earnest lover of the beautiful, whose laurels thine
didst twine.

The richest kingdoms of the earth, thy loving tribute
pay
To thee, whose spotless honor severed not from the
right,
But not less dear to thee on Elmwood's lawn the linnet's
by,
Or robin's laddene' note, missing thy voice, at morn-
ing's side.

But not less dear to thee, the lowly flower thou sung,
That in the springtime now, will shed its gold on thee,
Because cathedral bells for thee have tolled and rung,
And England's Abbey echoed with praises to thy
memory.

As the swift winds the thistles downy spear can roll
And toss far o'er the seas to plant upon the lee;
So o'er all earth's planet many follow to thy goal,
Bearing, from seed sown by thee, fruit to bloom eter-
nally.

Worcester, Aug. 15.

BOOKS and BOOKMEN.

The Coming Climax.

A most remarkable political brochure, and one which promises to create a decided sensation, is now in press for early issue by Charles H. Kerr, of Chicago. The author, Lester C. Hubbard, is editor of the Farmer's Voice, and stands in the very front rank of the leaders of the People's party, having been recently chosen chairman of the central executive committee of Illinois. The significance of the forthcoming pamphlet, which will be entitled "The Coming Climax," lies in the fact that it gives a frank and fearless summing up of the elements of danger in the present political and social conflict between plutocrats and workers. It is addressed to the people of cities, and embodies a forcible, direct and definite statement of the claims of the new party on city people. This brochure will be the first step in the organization of the People's party in Chicago and other leading cities, and it will doubtless be eagerly sought for. It will appear as the seventh number of Unity Library, and will retail at fifty cents in paper and a dollar in cloth.

"Mr. Hamlin was one of Maine's noted fishermen," says the Boston Herald, "and one little yearly excursion of his used to puzzle the knowing ones not a little. Every year he prevailed upon the officials of a certain Maine railroad to let him off an early morning train in the middle of a dense forest. He would disappear in the woods, and when the train returned in the evening Mr. Hamlin would be found waiting beside the track to be taken aboard. His basket on these occasions was always found to be filled with magnificent

trout, weighing anywhere around a pound to two pounds and over. Nobody else knew of a trout brook in the vicinity that gave promise of any such trout as he got, as the old gentleman always persisted in going alone, and a Maine paper says the exact locality has always remained a mystery."

Miss Idelle A. Clark,

Graduate of the
BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC
will give lessons in
PIANO AND HARMONY.
45 PROVIDENCE STREET.
Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

The Sanatorium is conveniently located on Main Street, accessible from every quarter. Horse cars pass the door direct from Union Depot without change. Every appointment and appliance for the treatment of disease. Each case comes under the direct personal care of the physician.

DR. CONANT'S

Compound * Vapor * Bath



THE * IMPROVED * TURKISH * BATH.

Only a limited number of cases is received, so that all may receive requisite attention. Medicated Baths and Electricity are our weapons and no scientific mind will dispute the power and virtue of said agents, especially when managed intelligently. Massage given thoroughly and scientifically. Baths and Board, \$12.00 per week. Baths, Massage and Board, \$15.50 per week. Baths, Massage, Board and Electricity, or the whole as indicated, \$18.00 per week. Single Sanatory Baths, \$1.25. Rheumatism, Blood Diseases, Kidney troubles, Tumors, Paralysis, are diseases we pride ourselves on "handling successfully."

W. V. PHILBRICK, M. D.

901 Main St., Cor. Gardner,
WORCESTER.



Week Commencing MONDAY, SEPT. 21st.

Every afternoon and evening during the week.

Miss KATE GLASSFORD,

Supported by LOTHROP'S STOCK CO. in the Romantic Mole drama in 4 acts, by the late Frank L. Frayne, Esq., entitled:

M. A. A. R. D. O.

A funny farce by the Comedy Company.

Mme. Percival's GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA.

Two performances daily, afternoon and evening.

Remember, you can obtain your tickets for any performance you wish to attend one week in advance, and have a seat secured for you. The box office will be open daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Doors open at 1.30 and 7 p. m. Certain rises at 2 and 7.30.

Prices: 10, 20 and 25 Cents.

The 20 and 25 cent tickets have coupon for reserved seats. The 10 cent tickets are admission to the gallery.

To the Honorable the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Worcester:

Respectfully represents Michael J. Power of Southborough in said County, and Annie E. Power his wife, that they are of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and are desirous of adopting Harry James Parker, a child of legal age, of Parker said Southborough, in the County of Worcester and Cecil H. Parker of Denver, Colorado, which said child was born on the third day of July, A. D. 1882.

That, your petitioner, Annie E. Power, is an own sister to the mother of Harry J. Parker and that she is well able to bring up and care for said child and that the father has abandoned said child.

Wherefore they pray for leave to adopt said child, and that his name be changed to that of Harry James Power. Dated this fifth day of September, A. D. 1891. MICHAEL J. POWER Annie E. Power.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER, 55. PROBATE COURT.

On the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioners notify the father of said child to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Worcester, in and for said County of Worcester, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by serving him, if found in this state, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days at least before said Tuesday, and if not, by publishing the same one week for three successive weeks in the newspapers of said County of Worcester, in said County of Worcester, the last publication to be seven days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court, this ninth day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co.

Organized 1869. Incorporated 1889.
Publishers, Printers, Book-Binders, Bank and Law Stationers,
190-200 DERRY STREET, SALEM.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, No. 245.

Promoters of Historical and Genealogical Works. Correspondence invited.

Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records.

Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

Fringed Gentians.

Our friend Arba Pierce knows where the choicest treasures of field and forest may be found. Nature's secrets are not hidden from him. He ever receives a hearty greeting, for in his hands he usually bears some trophy of a walk-a-field. Monday, he smilingly brought to LIGHT a glorious bunch of heavenly blue in the shape of the very earliest Fringed Gentians. We are unable to express proper thanks ourselves, so turn to Bryant, the Poet who long since embalmed this beautiful flower in imperishable verse. This is the season of the year to best appreciate their immortal words.

Then blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

A Well Known Restaurant.

There are many excellent restaurants in this city, but it is doubtful if one can be found better equipped with everything pertaining to a first class eating-house, than the cozy little dining hall at No. 32 Southbridge Street, which is owned and managed by Mrs. L. Benedict. It is situated but a short distance from Main street and is easy of access from all directions. Meals can be obtained at all hours. Strangers visiting this city will be amply repaid by giving this place a visit. Mrs. Benedict makes a specialty of catering to table boarders. The successful business established is well deserved.

Peck's Art Store.

Mr. A. E. Peck, the veteran dealer in art goods at 368 Main Street, has had his rooms thoroughly renovated, and next Monday he will open them for public inspection. That the public will approve goes without saying when the array of elegant objects, properly placed on backgrounds of exquisite colors is beheld. The front room is as of old, in size only, for new paper and painting have wrought a complete transformation. The chief glory, however, is found when we seek the art gallery. Here artisan and artist have united to produce a gem of beauty. The room is square, of excellent dimensions and height, lighted perfectly from above. Around and upon the walls the visitors will find scores of works of art in all forms of tracery. There are etchings, old friends and new; water colors, just from the painter's easel; crayons and engravings of every description. Among other charming objects is a line of French goods just received from a New York house. Amid this scene of loveliness, an object of admiration and respect, the figure of Albert Curtis, just from Artist O'Connor's hand, stands serene. Mr. Peck is entitled to many congratulations over the character of his opening.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
The walls are brick, the bars are steel,
In this progressive age.
—Washington Star.

Smith's

401 and 403 Main Street,

Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bldg.

We place on sale, to-day, 1 case 40 pieces, of Scotch Tweeds, in all the shades of greys and browns, all wool, 40 inches wide, at only 39c a yard. They are regular 50c goods, and one case only will be sold at 39c.

Edward L. Smith & Co.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

The Black Goods section contributes some elegant goods from its stock.

Nothing more attractive than a magnificent fabric called by an altogether new name, but that is in reality our old friend, *Irish Poplin*.

Three circles interlocked is the only figure, but it is enough, and is altogether elegant.

Lansdownes gracefully fall from ceiling to floor.

The lovely shades of *Silver Gray*, vert Rose, Canary, Coral, delicate *Pinks*, Blues and *Modes* win for the Lansdownes the most gracious attention.

This is to a *sensible* year in Ladies' dress. We have said it, and you can mark our prophecy.

Heavy cloths—very much like that worn by men—will be the rage for street dress.

Street dress of English or Scotch *Diagonals* and *Waxills* will be correct.

Suits embroidered with jet are permitted, and can be had from \$12.50 to \$37.50.

Ottoman *Brocades*, with warm *Oriental* figures, have approval, and are in beautiful display.

A very attractive suit is formed of alternate stripes of *Camel's Hair* and *Astrachan*.

Large *Scotch Plaids* are to be seen, and await your judgement.

Camel's Hair Cheviots with colored astrachan trimming with certain tinsel applique effects, are lovely.

Ladies' Cloth, and the *Amazon* are immense—that's a man's word. They cost from a \$1.50 to \$3.00 a yard.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

CLOTHES MADE TO MEASURE.

Gentlemen appreciate the value of good cloths for their fall suits.

They may not be over particular always as to the firmness of their summer clothing, but when it comes to winter, then the important question of security from fierce New England blasts has to be met and answered before the measure is taken.

No one knows the importance of heavy, thoroughly woven cloths for Worcester gentlemen, better than we know.

How can they?

Year after year we have given this question our utmost thought and constant attention.

Experience has shown us where the perfectly reliable manufacturers are, and we know how to avail ourselves of the best they can do.

We have a call for *the best*, and it is in harmony with our business instincts to *keep the best*.

It has been our effort always to show our friends that the very best goods need not be more costly than goods of a lower standard.

We believe it can be proved that it never pays to buy cheap cloths or to lessen the utmost of careful making in clothes.

Five dollars or ten, even, may mean to you

but a few cents a week on the real service the clothes give you.

What of that, when you get so much more that is stylish and good and serviceable for so slight expenditure.

Some men always look well dressed.

Ask them and you'll find their Clothes are two seasons old or more.

The reason for it all is that their clothes were well made from good cloth *intended* to give the best service.

They had the service and they had true economy in it.

We have splendid lines of cloths, we would be pleased to show them to you.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.--A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500 at COB.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 15, 1891: Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,599; Reserve Fund, \$52,310.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,567.68; Total, \$83,477.69.

Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 500.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Rooms 10 and 11

FOR

RELIABLE SHOES

at Fair Prices

Go to 16 FRONT STREET,

J. K. BROWN,

W. L. BROWN, Manager.



LEADING SAFETY BICYCLES.

Solid, Cushion and Pneumatic Tires. Full line of Supplies. Repairing a Specialty.

LEMONT & WHITTEMORE, 39 PEARL ST.
Open evenings.

E. W. COFFIN,

Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

Brown & Simpson

Piano!

Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

9 May Street, Worcester.

Larkin's,

395 Main St., Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-traps, Bag-straps Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry.

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Confectioner * and * Caterer,

6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

C. H. DRAPER,

Livery, Feed and Truck Stable.

Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

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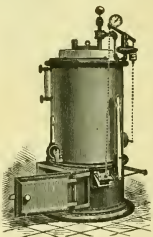
PHOTOGRAPHER.

492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

ROYAL STEAM HEATER.

Manufactured from the Finest Steel Plate and possessing all the latest Modern Conveniences.



This Heater is unsurpassed for excellence of workmanship and is the best in the market. Now is the time to secure estimates. The following is one of a great number of testimonials from our leading citizens:

WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 1, 1890.

THE ROYAL STEAM HEATER CO.

Gentlemen:—Having purchased two of your Heaters, one now in use this year, the other 2 years, I can safely say we could hardly keep house without one. I would rather take care of our Heater with 15 radiators attached than one parlor stove where I had to bring coal and carry away the ashes. Anyone intending to heat by steam should examine the Royal and note the working of the Grate, which I think is far ahead of any I have ever seen. I will gladly give information to intending purchasers. Respectfully yours F. E. BARNARD, Barnard Bros., Trunk Manufacturers, 494 Main St.

Branch Office, 39 Pearl Street, Worcester.



LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 4. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1891. FIVE CENTS

NEW
SOCIETY
BUSINESS
RECORDS
MUSIC
DRAMA
LITERATURE
ART
AND
LANDSCAPE



CARL ZERRAHN.

Conductor of Worcester Musical Festival.

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

Our Bargain Week for

Dining-Room Furniture!

READ THE PRICES:

Antique Oak Sideboards, good large bevel glasses, silver drawers lined, fine finish, 16, 18, 20 and 22 dollars.

Oak Extension Tables,

The best ever sold in this market for the price, viz: \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15.

Dining-Room Chairs

Go with Tables and Sideboards. We have them for \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75.

If you want more elegant and expensive Furniture for your dining-room we have it.

Read the Price List:

Sideboards from \$16 to \$150.

Dining Tables from \$6 to \$75.

Dining Chairs from \$1 to \$25.

SIDE TABLES, BUFFETS and CHINA CLOSETS.

A Good Stock to Select from.

Will you see ours before you buy? Our prices are very low.

247 and 249 Main Street, Corner of Central.

WALSH & HARRINGTON,

546 Main Street,

Jobbers and Retail Dealers in

Wall Papers,

Window Shades, Mouldings,
and Interior Decorations
of all Descriptions.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED IN A PROMPT AND
WORKMAN-LIKE MANNER.

E. A. Walsh,

Geo. H. Harrington.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
Clean!

It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
(Two-thirds coal
per hr. for fuel)

Manufactures
Guarantees every
Iron.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, MFG. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester, Mass.

OXYGEN

We have the genuine

Oxygen Treatment

FOR THE CURE AND PREVENTION
OF DISEASE.

It is not a Drug, but Nature's true Restorative in debility and all disordered conditions of the system.

Our Oxygen is fresh every day.

Prepared and administered with the utmost care by a Physician of large experience.

It will pay to investigate our METHODS and PRICES.

WORCESTER OXYGEN CO.

LINCOLN BLOCK,

368 1-2 Main, Cor. Elm.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city.
Especial attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 1434.

N. G. TUCKER.

W. F. TUCKER.

N. G. TUCKER & SON, SANITARY PLUMBING AND VENTILATION.

Dealers in Plumbing Materials.

56 Pleasant Street,

Worcester, Mass.

ELWOOD ADAMS,

Successor to H. W. Miller.

Look at this picture and read.



A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a housekeeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility.

One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

VOL. IV. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

No. 4

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild catarract leaps in glory
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, blow, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

A whole week of music.

The very air has recked with "Linked sweetness, long drawn out."

A year since, or Sept. 14, 1890, at anchor in the mouth of the River Scheldt, a gentleman picked up a copy of the London Times of the 13th, just brought aboard.

The first words that met his gaze were "The Worcester Music Festival." He rubbed his eyes and looked again but there they were clear and bright. He knew that for ten days he had been sailing against the sun and that breakfast had come a half hour earlier every morning but nearly two weeks of time gained was too much for him.

But he plunged into the reading, delighted with anything that savored of Worcester, and found the usual record of musical triumphs; but when the cathedral began to be mixed up in the description, he realized that it was not the Heart of the Commonwealth that he was reading about, but her prototype, the Worcester of old England.

For many years, three English cities, Worcester being one, have had a festival of a high order, the same passing from one city to another. In '90 it was Worcester's turn and the affair seemed to receive just about the same attention from musical England that our own annual singing gets from New England and New York.

It is said that these two Worcesters have many points in common and it certainly is a pleasure to find that one mark of similarity is a musical one. Year after year our city wells forth a volume of melody that astonishes communities much larger than our own, serving as a setting for the gems of sound that have been drawn hither for the public's pleasure.

Could Mechanics Hall tell the story of all the marvels there performed it would be a retail well worth the hearing. Suppose years ago a phonograph had been placed in the hall and that upon it had been recorded the sweet sounds coming from the throats of the many scores of sweet vocalists, we might at our will have reproduced melody that will never be ours again.

Since Secretary Monroe began his arduous duties, a whole generation of star and chorus singers has come and gone. The Madames and Mdles. and Signors and Monsieurs who have complained of the hall approaches have been legion and many have been starved forever, but the festival goes just the same: every year, by general consent, is an improvement on its

predecessor. At this rate what will the future be?

Worcester is able to secure this famous success through the early beginning made in our schools. These people in the chorus began their singing under the direction of Mr. Nason or Mr. Richards and, as infants, lisped by note and in time. The festival is set before our youth as a sort of musical Olympus, something to be striven for, an unequalled honor. In a degree, it is to our people what The Passion Play is to the dwellers in Oberammergau.

To the long time resident in Worcester it is very interesting to note the earnest air with which people seek Mechanics Hall, during festival week. It has become almost a duty and, three times a day, some of our citizens, ladies especially, repair to this scene of enjoyment, to follow with score in hand the progress of the program. There is nothing in our city that better illustrates its advance in culture than its devotion to the festival.

About the opening of the Columbian fair on Sunday! Have the advocates for this opening reflected what the extra labor will be for those who are to serve? How about the many attendants who, in one way or another, must be on hand for six days in the week? To add another day without a chance for rest savors of injustice. Then too, those people who have to do with railroads, hotels, etc., they are not considered at all. Possibly the advocates of the opening would have us adopt the French system where every body works so hard Sunday that all rest Monday. To an American, Monday is a dull day in Paris. Are we coming to the French notion? Do we want it? The Puritan Sabbath, dark as some paint it, was infinitely better than the Parisian.

Mr. F. N. Anderson resumes his teaching next Monday and will devote Monday, Friday and Saturday of each week to Worcester. Tuesday will be spent at the "Elms" in Spring field and Wednesday and Thursday at the School of Music in Hartford, Conn. Mr. Anderson's success as a teacher is well attested by the large number of his pupils who are now occupying prominent positions in church choirs in this and other cities.

Sibley—Ross.

The Rev. Dr. Gunnison was instrumental in changing the name of a W. H. S. graduate, class of '87, at her parents' home, No. 2 Charlton Street last Wednesday at 7 p.m., when Miss Jennie L. Ross was married to Dr. Frederick D. Sibley. Only immediate friends and relatives were present. Amid profuse floral decorations the nuptial knot was tied, the groom's brother, Mr. Wm. T. Sibley acting as best man and Messrs. Arthur K. Ross and Albert Hyde as ushers. The young people were pleasantly remembered in the way of many gifts. On their return from a wedding tour, they will reside at Hotel Pleasant.

Carl Zerrahn.

There are many music lovers in Worcester who would have very little faith in our annual feast of sweet sounds were its long time director not here. He has swung his baton over thousands. Since that beginning in 1865, omitting 1868 he has been steadily in place. Very few if any are in the chorus now who first responded to his sway and the stars' The early ones set, long ago. The leader's hair is not of its former hue and, possibly wrinkles have appeared on a brow that twenty-six years since was smooth; but the ear and the eye are as of old. They take in all the good and bad points of the rendering. He is ever the master of the situation. This year makes a full quarter of a century of Worcester Festivals in time, the 20th that he has conducted.

Mr. Zerrahn is a native of Malchow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Germany where he was born, July 28, 1826. Music was early indicated as his vocation and the education in this direction, begun in Roslock, was completed in Hanover and Berlin or finished as far as anything so eternally progressive as music can be finished.

He was one of the organizers of "The Germania Musical Society" in 1848. By way of London, where concerts were given, the Germanias came to this country. In September of that year, they landed in New York and began a series of successful concerts throughout the country. They appeared with Jenny Lind, Madame Sonntag, Ole Bull, Thalberg, Alfred Jaell, Camilla Urso and many others, disbanding in 1854. In that year Mr. Zerrahn became the musical director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston and he still remains in that position. From 1846 to 1882, he was the director of the Harvard Musical Association. He came to Worcester in 1865 and has been coming ever since except in 1868 when he was in Germany. He has appeared as a leader in New York and elsewhere, and has prepared several books for musical bodies. In Peace Jubilee days, he was a prominent factor. Worcester looks forward to many years of leadership at his accomplished hand.

Each year, a number of people from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, attend the Worcester Music Festival. Those here this year were Mrs. Edward Williams, Mrs. Thomas A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Bingay, Mrs. T. B. Crosby, Miss Julia Moody, Miss Blanche Horton, Mrs. Machinnon. Mrs. Bingay has quite a wide reputation as a pianist in the Province, being pianist for the Yarmouth Philharmonic Society.

Mrs. Partington has not been heard from much of late, but she was evidently in attendance at the Festival, as an elderly dame, who was undoubtedly she, was heard to remark at one of the rehearsals, that 'for real enjoyment there is nothing like a Sympathy Concert!'



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$2.00 per annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building,
Telephone No. 435-5.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1914.

CHURCH NOTES.

FREE BAPTIST.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Free Baptist Church building, at the corner of Jaques Avenue and Wellington Street, took place with appropriate exercises last week Tuesday afternoon. At two o'clock, the program began with the singing of the Doxology. Rev. Dr. John D. Pickles of Trinity Church offered prayer and Rev. H. J. White of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church read a scripture selection. After the congregation had sung a hymn, Rev. F. D. George, pastor of the church, announced that the laying of the corner stone was under the direction of the Advocates of Christian Fidelity, who had assisted materially in raising the building fund. He then read a list of the articles deposited in the box which was placed in the stone. The corner stone was laid by William P. Armington, President of the local A. C. F. society, assisted by Edwin B. Dow, vice-president of the general society, after which Miss Lizzie Weir read a poem, "Our Corner Stone," written for the occasion by Mrs. F. D. George. Rev. Thomas Spooner of Lawrence led in prayer, the congregation sang again and Rev. Mr. George gave a history of the work in connection with the erection of the building; Rev. H. Lockhart of Lowell, a former pastor of the church, spoke of his former connection with the church; Rev. J. J. Lansing spoke for the churches of other denominations and expressed a desire for the abolishment of strict denominational lines; Rev. George N. Howard of Lowell gave a historical sketch of the Free Baptist denomination. After singing, Rev. W. T. Sleeper pronounced the benediction.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Pleasant Street Baptist Church was filled to the doors Tuesday evening of last week, when the monthly meeting of the Local Union took place. President Tucker presided. Rev. H. Lockhart, formerly pastor of the Free Baptist Church of this city but now of Lowell, offered prayer and Rev. H. J. White, pastor of the church, welcomed the visitors in a brief speech. The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. I. J. Lansing, who gave an hour's talk on what he saw and heard at the

national convention held at Minneapolis in July. At the close of the meeting it was announced that the Pleasant Street Baptist society had the largest percentage of their members present and hence they will hold for two months the banner offered for the society having the largest percentage of members present at the bi-monthly meetings. The Lake View society ranked second in the competition. The next meeting will be held at Park Church in October, when the annual election of officers will take place.

METHODIST

Thomas Street. The members of this church are not the only ones who rejoice that Mr. Eklund is to remain in Worcester the balance of his term. What is Chicago's loss is our gain. We are more than pleased.

Trinity. The second annual banquet of the Epworth League occurred Monday evening, Sept. 14. Tables were set for 150 and every seat was taken. The first exercises of the evening were participated in by all. After supper President John Legg introduced the toast-mistress, Mrs. G. H. Brackett. With well chosen words she introduced the speakers who responded as follows: "Why our League is Epworth League," John Legg; "We extend to you a Welcome," Miss Edith G. Kinney. In welcoming the guest of the evening, Rev. W. I. Haven, she made a touching allusion to his sainted father, Bishop Gilbert Haven; "Look up, Lift up," Rev. W. I. Haven. This motto calls us to avoid looking down, looking too much on a level to the affairs of others, or inward at ourselves, but look up to Christ and lift others up to Him. "A Young Man's Influence on our League," William D. Chase; "Faults and Faculties," Joseph K. Greene. We are not responsible for our faculties but we are for their development. "A Young Woman's Influence on our League," Miss Jennie M. Dann. A pure noble life will make itself felt. "Our Reading," Rev. J. D. Pickles called attention to our denominational literature, and urged that we read systematically. We need to know also what not to read. "Our Opportunities," Miss Florence M. Sears. It is our duty to improve them. They come to us every day.

"And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heart ache
At the setting of the sun."

There were also songs by Miss Jessie Pond and Miss Annie Smith accompanied by Geo. N. Morse. Over the company was the outline of the League Cross formed by the League colors, red and white, stretched between the posts in the middle of the vestry.

Y. P. S. C. E.

At the meeting of the executive committee of the Local Union, held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors Monday evening, the Endeavor society of the Baptist church of Millbury was admitted to membership and arrangements were made for the special meeting of the Union at Park church, Tuesday, October 13, when the annual election of officers will occur. Mr. Lingley of the Pleasant Street Baptist society, Dr. Bristol of the Millbury Congregational society and Miss Gay of the Main Street

Baptist society were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers to be voted upon at the meeting.

The chairmen and members of the temperance committees of the city societies are requested to meet in the Young Men's Christian Association building next Tuesday evening. It is desired that they bring scissors and pencils.

Y. M. C. A.

Last Saturday's Boston Traveller contained a portrait and sketch of the Worcester association's building.

Two of the soloist at the Music Festival this week are to appear in the Association course of entertainments. Miss Laura Burnham, the soprano, will be here October 29, with the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club and Herbert Johnson, the tenor, will appear December 17.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Pilgrim.—Next Tuesday evening, the 29th inst, the Pilgrim Ladies Aid Society will give a supper and Conundrum Party in Pilgrim Hall. All invited.

BAPTIST.

Main St.—Last Sunday at 6 P. M. a memorial tablet to the memory of Deacon William Ward was dedicated, speaking being by the pastor, Mr. Pendleton, and by Principal D. W. Abercrombie of the Academy. The inscription is as follows:—

"WILLARD WARD,
CONSTITUTED MEMBER OF THE CHURCH
FOR FIVE YEARS A BELIEVED DEACON,
BORN JULY 6, 1818. DIED SEPT. 17, 1885."

The tablet is on the north wall of the church. Many of our churches might be similarly ornamented to excellent purpose.

Festival Notes.

Wednesday afternoon between the movements of Schuman's Symphony, photographer Blair took a picture of the chorus, orchestra and conductor Zerahn. Evidently the chorus did not know that the picture was to include them, for they waved their fans and moved their bodies unconcernedly. Considering light, and circumstances the result was fairly a success. The orchestra and leader are quite good.

It might be added to the item concerning the Hon. W. W. Rice's health that he not only rides out, but walks out as well.

Col. Wellington returns the Cushing Battery visit to Worcester by a run down to Fort Adams in Newport.

Miss Mabel Norcross and Miss May Goulding leave October 1st to attend Mrs. Meade's Hillside school, Norwalk, Conn.

Daniel Seagrave has been elected a lay delegate to the general convention of the Universalists, by the state convention, now in session at Norwood.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pettes, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. No. 24 Pearl Street.
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A Great Festival.

The thirty-fourth in number of years, this week's Music Festival has been No. 1 in quality.

From the "Arminius" down to the "Israel in Egypt," the success has been continuous, and the large audiences that have attended every concert have applauded to the echo the performance of works which, in their selection as a matter of taste and of musical progress, have commended themselves to the critics and the great mass of the people alike.

The week started off with the usual day of rehearsals, which gave but slight promise of what was to come. On the first day, there is always a disheartening "tuning up" of the orchestra, and a preliminary effort of the chorus. As Holmes puts it:

"You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken life should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon."

Not quite as bad as that, of course, for the bassoon that dared to crack under Mr. Zerrahn's baton and the magic influence of the Festival, would commit the unpardonable sin.

But on the second day things started in very smoothly, and the organ recital in the afternoon, now a fixed feature of the week, though the least satisfactory concert, had much of interest in its make up.

It is pleasant to repeat old favorites, from time to time, and the fact that "Arminius," was to be heard for the third time met with expressions of general satisfaction. The Festival here struck its key-note of success, which was sustained through the three succeeding days.

But after "Arminius," there was little in the way of past programs. The new works which followed have attracted much attention from the outside world, and the critics who have always said that the Worcester Festival management is not professional are silenced this year. Several works entirely new to American audiences were presented, and aside from these, the selections from the "old masters" were timely.

The chorus began its work grandly with "Arminius," but it did not cover itself with an equally scintillating glory in all that followed. This was not so much because it was unable to cope with the music, as because it had attempted to learn too much in too short a time. Mr. Herbert's choral work suffered on this account, and so did the Lohengrin finale. Such music can only be rendered after the most diligent and extended study. Mr. Zerrahn's inspiring presence and direction cannot make up for the insufficiency of labor. The chorus must learn that motto of the three things necessary to success: "Work, work, work." Yet this must not be taken as an expression of dissatisfaction with the body of singers itself. It is a faithful chorus, and it sang many things with abundant ality.

New artists came to us this year, and they brought no disappointments. It is true, there were some performances not up to the standard, but not in crucial places. Their work was generally more than satisfactory. The orchestra did excellent work.

Of Mr. Zerrahn, it need only be said that he

was, as he has been in many years past, the spirit in the flesh which lifted the impulse of the whole to a lofty plane.

The Festival management is to be complimented on its arrangement of the programs, and can hardly find fault with the generous praise accorded them through the week.

The First Program.

In some ways, the organ and song recital, with which the work of the Festival really began, on Tuesday afternoon, was a good deal more of a concert than that of last year; in other ways it was not nearly so much so. The organ work was made the chief feature, a year ago, and there were only two or three vocal numbers put in to give the program something of variety; but this year it became a concert in regular form.

Mr. G. W. Morgan, the veteran organist, found a fine instrument ready for him, and the audience found in the player a master of the instrument. Probably the number for the organ and harp duet, the Oberthur Larghetto, in which his daughter figured as the harpist, pleased the people as well as anything he played; but his own "organ fantasia," a variation of themes from Wagner's "Tannhauser," was one of the best things ever brought out on the Mechanics Hall organ, and his remarkably beautiful rendering of the composition brought him unstinted applause, to which he was forced to respond with a second number, by way of encore, it being "The Sad Sea Waves," a ballad by Sir Jules Benedict, with extemporizations by Mr. Morgan himself.

Miss Maud Morgan, who appeared as the harpist, won a little triumph of her own, aside from that she shared with her father in the duet, by a harp solo from John Thomas's "Seasons," entitled "Autumn." Her touch was firm, her method graceful, and the unpretentious music found ready liking among those in the audience, which was extended to the encore number she played, a pretty little "Lullaby" by Hasselman. In the trio for the harp and flutes, she had less opportunity to display her command of the instrument, but she bore her part well even there. It was a selection from Berlioz's "The Childhood of Christ," and lacked any remarkable charm.

Three ladies sang at this recital. One, at least, came with a ready welcome from Worcester people. Mrs. Ada May Benzeng, *née* Drew, used to sing to friendly ears at Plymouth Church, and the announcement that she would appear at the Festival pleased a great many of her friends and admirers. Her song was a patriotic one of Mattei, into which she put all the earnestness her deep contralto voice could command, but she was not really at her best, and though she was generously applauded, she did not sing again.

Miss Laura M. Burnham sang the long cavatina from the "Carnival of Venice," as arranged by Benedict, and could not claim to have scored a great success. She would very likely have done better in a simple ballad.

Probably there would be no serious dispute among the solemn gentlemen in the critics' row, as to the award of the palm to Mrs. Karinka Paulsen-White, who sang the aria, "Plures mes yeux," from "Le Cid," by Massenet, and did it so well that she was recalled at

once. Mrs. White has never been heard here before, and indeed is not very well known. She is a Norwegian lady, the wife of a Winchester gentleman, and it is evident that her music is all true art to her. She has a voice of pure and resonant quality, and showed thorough understanding of her notes.

Mr. Herbert Johnson, to whom the suggestion of his Ruggles Street Quartet connection will probably cling a long time yet, came out and sang an Italian aria, "Cielo e Mar," from "Da Gioconda" by Ponchielli, in ordinary voice.

The afternoon's performance, in detail, had some faults, and lacked the successful and judicious arrangement given the programs which were provided for succeeding miscellaneous concerts but there is no doubt that the idea of a regular program is pleasing to many who patronize the festival, and that something beside the heavier organ numbers must be provided in order to win their continued approval. To the acute taste of the musician, the opportunity for organ solo work is one to be improved to the utmost, but there are musicians and people who like music, and it is unfair to treat the one class to its favorite draught, at all times, without considering the palate of the other.

Arminius.

The famous Campanini shone as "the bright particular star" at the Tuesday evening concert, and his wonderful tenor, which his unfortunate illness has been said by some to have seriously impaired, did not reveal any loss of strength or quality in the Siegmund work of the "Arminius." Campanini sang enthusiastically and he got an enthusiastic welcome in return.

He had able coadjutors in Mr. Heinrich Meyn, the baritone, who sang the part of "Arminius," and in Miss Lena Little, whose contralto was effective as the Priestess.

Max Bruch, German by birth and German in all his musical instincts, wrote nothing better than this strongly dramatic oratorio, full of splendid music, both chorus and solos, and in no place strained or lacking energy. It tells the story of the revolt of the German tribes against their Roman oppressors, in the first years of the Christian era, and brings out the mysticism of their forest-sheltered religion and their warlike uprising in perfect pictures painted in musical utterance. Woman has ever figured in the great movements of peoples and history gives her an always important place even in the annals of early pagan tribes. The Priestess of Wodan is given an appropriately effective part, therefore, in this oratorio.

The choruses of the work are uniformly strong, and the opening, "What is 't that looms like thunder-cloud afar?" throws forth the first strong picture. The chorus went at it with a will, Tuesday evening, and save for a very few minor qualifications, deserve to have it said that they have never sung better. Mr. Zerrahn did not have to rap for their attention but once, and they kept their eyes on him in a way that must have gratified the veteran conductor and was certainly an improvement over some of their past records in that direction. "Arminius" is not involved in its chorus work to the degree of many works of this dra-

matic character, but it does need the closest attention to the conductor's direction, and all the force that the chorus can command. If there was a slow attack once or twice, it was not seriously bad, and the evenness of the volume was immensely effective.

It is understood that this was the first time that Campanini has attempted to sing English words. He has been faithfully studying to sing in English opera, for some time, and deserves a compliment for his success. Of course, he did not "Yankelky" the words, but his odd little accent was not at all disagreeable, and he could be readily understood, with an occasional glance at the words. Campanini is wonderfully sympathetic. That touching air, "O days of grief and desolation" was moving to the last degree, and in his final effort, "Ah me, what darkness," his power was splendidly displayed. The audience gave him a perfect ovation, and it would have been strange indeed if he had not received such, for the least appreciative could not have failed to be moved by such noble lines, so magnificently rendered.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn made an equally favorable impression, in his way. His baritone is of good quality, and he sang with grace and spirit. In the long recitative, "shall we submit to disgrace, we, Wodan's freeborn sons?" he had hard work to do, but he sustained it well to the end, not always with the greatest possible vigor, but never without good expression.

Miss Lena Little read her part satisfactorily, but she was vastly better in the descriptive than in the strongly dramatic passages, where she did not rise to equal the success of the men in their parts.

He would be an over-captious critic, however, who set out to pick flaws in a performance so excellent musically and so interesting and satisfying to the taste of the people. Only good words for all concerned were heard, at the conclusion of the performance, and though there had been no positive demand for a repetition of any part, it was not because the work had failed to please.

Symphony and Song.

The taste of the unmusical public for such things as the fourth Schumann symphony, which was the opening number of the Wednesday afternoon concert, is like that of most people for pickled lines—it has to be acquired. This fourth symphony is notable for the fact that the composer ran the movements together, and if it had not been for a photographer who created considerable commotion by taking a picture of the orchestra, at the close of the second movement, the people would have thought it was like Tennyson's brook. The orchestra did not play it in altogether glorious style, but it is not an altogether glorious thing to play.

The Tschaiakowsky number, two movements from the fourth symphony, in F minor, was much better. The andantino is full of light and shade, and the scherzo is as bright as can be. The use of the woodwind is marked for its excellent effect, and the modest part of the brasses, supplementing that of the strings and the woodwind, is productive of some charming measures.

Why the "Peer Gynt" suite has not before been played at a Festival concert does not

appear, for it has been "standard" for some time, and is a most interesting composition—picturesque even to abruptness. The symphony orchestra is familiar with it, and would have no excuse for not playing it well. The ending was perhaps a little less satisfactory than it should have been, but it was very warm in the hall, that afternoon, and it was evident that the orchestra shared the general discomfort. If the players got somewhat tired, it is no great wonder.

The concerto for violoncello, in which Victor Herbert displayed his instrument to great advantage, is an interesting thing, quite Frenchy, calling for the best of technique and an artistic appreciation. These Mr. Herbert could be safely expected to give, and he did not disappoint his hearers. But it looks strange to see Mr. Herbert so nervous, for nervous he certainly was. He gripped the instrument with his right hand, and did not know what to do with his left. He shook himself out of his collar, and he looked appealingly down at the audience, and found great relief in a friendly smile which he bestowed upon some one whom he recognized. Mr. Herbert knows his instrument thoroughly, and his performance thereon is usually more interesting than his work as a conductor.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman followed the Schumann symphony with the air from "Don Carlos" Verdi's work entitled "O Fatal Gift." Her warmth of expression and her sweetness of voice made amends for the fact that she was not always quite equal to the song's demands. But she had a very winning way, and the audience called her back, which was not out of place. Then she sang a pathetic little song about a dead love, which Nevin entitled "At Twilight."

Mrs. Seabury C. Ford had a trying interruption while she was singing the "Bella mia fiamma, addio" aria of Mozart, in the way of a child's cry up in the chorus seats, which was unfortunate to the last degree, but, though Mr. Herbert stopped the performance in the very middle of it, Mrs. Ford did not lose her presence of mind nor falter in her song, but went on as if nothing had happened. She showed dramatic ability of a decidedly gratifying order though she was perhaps florid in expression at times. She came back in response to a welcome given in no uncertain way, and sang "Les Filles de Cadix," by Delibes, a piece in light and airy style, wherein she had another success.

The enthusiasm of the audience on this particular afternoon ought not to be unnoticed, for it was almost wholly made up of ladies, and their appreciation of or liking for the symphony work, of which there was a generous supply, was so strongly manifested as to be out of the ordinary, and their interest in the performance extended to the soloists, to all of whom they gave unstinted meed of applause.

A New Dramatic Work.

There is no warrant for repeating Dr. J. F. Bridge's "Repentance of Nineveh," unless it be so amended as to omit all after the title and supply new work. It is a grotesque thing, as an oratorio, for which the musical world will have very little use. It was given in Worcester, England, a year ago, and it was given in Worcester, Massachusetts, Wednes-

day; and that will suffice for the present. The audience squirmed under it, and well it might. Yet all this with such soloists as Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mr. Carl Duff and Mr. Herbert Johnson, all of whom sang their parts exceedingly well, and gave to the performance the only interest it possessed.

It would not do to say that it was wholly unsatisfactory the performance, that is because these ladies and gentlemen gave to it some artistic work wholly out of proportion to the merits of the thing. But it is almost too bad to ask Mme. Nordica to sing a part so little commensurate with her wonderful ability, though she knew how to put into her lines a beauty which was all her own.

Mrs. Carl Alves probably reads her music as well as anybody who will sing at the Festival. She is a modest little woman, and she made no splurge, but she exhibited qualifications for dramatic work which won her exceptional favor.

Mr. Carl Duff was a thoroughly satisfactory king, and sang his lines in a voice of great strength and purity. Mr. Herbert Johnson also sang his tenor part well.

The chorus work was satisfactory at some points and not so much so at others, but we forgive the chorus a good deal, considering what it had to do.

Praise must be accorded to Mr. E. N. Anderson's "distant chorus," the voices for which were mostly supplied by the swarth of the Ground Club. It was a delicate little work to do. Mr. Anderson always does such things well.

The orchestral scoring is frequently obscure, dull and not remarkable for any touch of appropriate sentiment.

We find very little use for "The Repentance of Nineveh."

But the first part of the program was as agreeable as was the latter part disappointing.

Wagner's coda to the Gluck overture from "Iphigenia in Aulis" makes it a dual work, and it is interesting and was well rendered.

The *intermezzo* from Mascagni's new opera, "Rustic Carnival," however, was the most delightful thing played during the day, and nobody has yet been found to quarrel with the composer's ideas of execution. It is interesting to know that this opera is to be given in Worcester, later in the season, at the theatre, by Emma Luch's full company, and if it sustains the promise of the *intermezzo*, it will be a taking thing. It seems as if a new star has already arisen on the horizon of Italian music. The *intermezzo* is played by the violins, with organ and harp parts, and occasionally the woodwind, judiciously introduced. It had never before been given in America, and is therefore entirely new to all listeners.

The dramatic scene of Rubinstein's "Hagar in the Desert," is a most exciting work for the contralto. Mrs. Alves showed great pathos and a wide range of voice. We do not wholly fancy the work itself, and doubt its great popularity. There is little but strenuous expression in it, and even the closing song of praise which Hagar raises for her deliverance does not dispel this impression. Mrs. Alves must be conceded to have sung this scene with an ability that drew the most out of it.

Mrs. Frank W. Ruggles, who has frequently

lent valuable assistance at festival concerts, in taking incidental parts, sang the boy's part of Ishmael; and Mr. Carl Alves, whom the audience did not have the pleasure of seeing, sang the angel's part from behind the chorus.

We mention Mme. Nordica last, because she was the best, and because it is pleasant to leave a notice of this concert, thinking of her and her captivating songs. She was down for the exquisite waltz song of Gounod, "Ah, je veux vivre," and she sang it bewitchingly. She looked beautiful, too, and her smile was a symphony in itself. She is a down-easter, and used to be known to us as plain Lillian Norton. Her foreignized name does not take away her graciousness and her splendid presence. She warmed the cockles of every heart with the grizette-like dance of her song; and of course she had to sing again. Her second selection was recognizable to about everyone present who had ever heard any singing to mention. It was the dashing polonaise from "Mignon," and this also pleased the people greatly. Moreover, they felt so glad that she did not sing "Home, Sweet Home," the "Star Spangled Banner" or a selection from "Comrades." The encore notion of singing "The old songs" is evidently going by the board. Let it go.

A magnificent basket of roses, presented Mme. Nordica at the close of her song, showed what warm friends were listening to her singing. The name of the donor was not given, but the graceful compliment undoubtedly came from a Worcester gentleman whom Mme. Nordica has entertained in London.

American Composers.

The Thursday afternoon concert, dedicated to American composers, was pleasing in most respects, and commanded the enthusiasm of the hearers, not for its Americanism alone, although probably it was gratifying to many present to hear the eagle scream, but for the decided proofs of the existence of such a thing as American musical genius.

It would be unpardonable not to mention the MacDowell suite first of all. This beautiful composition, having four movements, was played for the first time, and the most critical will agree that it is destined to endure through a good many decades. It is certain to "wear well." It is highly imaginative, and the titles of the movements, "In the Haunted Forest," "Summer Idyl," "Shepherdess Song," and "Forest Spirits" show what sort of fantastic utterance the composer here sought. The orchestra played this beautiful suite with a dash that would have delighted the composer, had he been present.

If Arthur Adams could have been called back from the higher world of song to which his spirit took its flight, a year ago, to hear the first performance of his Mass in C Minor, he would have realized how great his musical possibilities were. To the orchestral development of this work he gave great care, and made of it something different from most works of the kind. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, sure to be a favorite with a Worcester audience, sang the uplifting lines of the "Sanctus," with great fervor and sweetness, and had a reception that would have pleased almost anybody.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman sang her alto part with

discretion and good taste. The male singers were Dr. G. R. Clark and Mr. Albert Lester King, who ought not to have had a whispered tete-a-tete during the performance.

Victor Herbert, as well as the audience, heard for the first time his new work, "The Captive," with full orchestra and chorus. The score of the "Captive" bristles with difficulties which the chorus had not succeeded in overcoming in such rehearsals as they had given the work. The orchestration has at times remarkable features, certainly new and, occasionally, ambitious to an alarming extent. But it is a work of which Mr. Herbert may feel proud, and when the orchestra and chorus have mastered it, he will not have to work as hard to lift them up to his ideal as he did on Thursday afternoon. We believe the general verdict would be in favor of its repetition at some time in the future.

Mrs. Seabury C. Ford sang the difficult soprano part with a faithful endeavor to do it justice and succeeded comparatively well. Mr. Carl Duffit's fine voice made the "Captive's" part one of the best features.

The new song of Whitney Coombs, "The Heavenly Message," won Mr. Duffit an encore, to which he responded with a German song of Lassen, "It was a dream," which was preferable to the first and much more "heavenly."

The Artists' Concert.

Worcester turned out in full array for the Thursday evening performance. That is always the case on artists' night, but there have been many artists' nights on which the measure of praise to be given the several performances must have been much less than in this case.

The audience was given a pretty good opportunity to say whether it liked Richard Wagner's music or not. It said with surprising acquiescence that it found Wagner quite to its taste, though it must be confessed that when the vivacious Del Puente sang the song from "Carmen," there was an exhibition of enthusiasm that was unmistakable in showing that after all, the "impressionist" pictures of Wagner were not as truly satisfactory to the people's taste as the less exalted notes of Bizet.

Beautiful Mme. Nordica, with her magnificent dress, which made the people's eyes stick out, and might just as well have had thousand-franc notes pinned on for trimming, so far as expense went, was regal in her manner, and she sang like a seraph. After the Handel air, "Let the bright seraphim," she sang the Rossini "Barber of Seville" air, "Una Voce," and then she went out with a storm of applause following her. The Festival has never had a more popular star than Nordica. It is partly due to her wonderful ability, and partly due to her fascinating manner. Her other single piece was "Senta's ballad," from the "Flying Dutchman," and this she sang with equal success.

Miss Lena Little went very evenly through her "Samson and Delilah" song, "My heart at thy sweet voice," and did not create any enthusiasm, which was not surprising. She would never have gotten her meshes about Samson long enough to shear his locks, with that kind of a song.

Del Puente, who sang the air, "Eri tu,"

from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschero," ingratified himself with the audience, at once. He came up so confidently and with so satisfied an air, as much as to say, "Well, this is pleasant; isn't it?" and then he had such an irresistible way of leading Mme. Nordica off and on. Oh, Del Puente was the Romeo of that performance! Fortunately, his singing warranted the audience in continuing to feel pleased with him, and when he sang the Teodor song, he gratified the popular taste beyond question.

It was funny to hear people rave over Campanini, and talk about his "perfectly lovely" and "superb" singing. Campanini was not the real Campanini Thursday night. He was in poorer voice than on Tuesday evening, and he was too robust in tone. It was like one of William Ludwig's performances, when the great Irishman bellowed like a bull through "Nazareth." Campanini sang the "Lohegrin's Narrative," first, and a song from "Mignon" by way of encore.

In the trio, with Nordica and Del Puente, he had to thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat pocket in order to hold down that useful article of wearing apparel. Nordica and Del Puente sang against him with a determination not to be outdone. We do not believe there is any active demand for this sort of music.

Mr. Franz Wilczek, a graceful player, did a Vieuxtemps caprice, a Sarasate Gypsy Dance and the "Prize Song" from Die Meistersinger, with excellent effect.

The orchestra had for its number a "Faust overture" and a piece of Grieg, the Norwegian, and the program ended with the prayer and finale to "Lohegrin."

The Pianist's Concert.

The Friday afternoon concert has come to be that devoted to bringing out the notable pianists of the week. Yesterday afternoon was an unfortunate time for a concert of any kind, owing to the oppressive heat, and the close atmosphere of Mechanic's hall on a warm day is enough to lend terrors to any sort of performance to which people have quietly to listen.

Franz Rummel, who played the fourth concerto of Rubinstein, that in D minor, is one of the world's great pianists. A man of striking appearance, his simplicity of attire and presence is in contact to the "artistic" look which such people usually have. He played the three movements as though the day were Christmas and appeared to suffer less from the heat than any of those about him.

Marked by a soulfulness which artists who play only "show pieces" never manifest, and full of a fiery eloquence which now rose to wonderful strength and then fell to a subtle sweetness, his performance of the concerto became one of the very first events, in the order of praise, of the entire Festival. He struck his notes incisively and accentuated with wonderful clearness. His technique is exquisite.

Warm though it was, and tried as the audience was, after an overture and a four-movement symphony, it could not forego another

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There never was so much LIFE in this store as now; there isn't now so much LIFE in a store in town elsewhere.

The store appearance shows it; the improvements for our patrons' convenience mark it; the superb decorations silently evince it; the more varied and more beautiful goods than ever all over the house tell it; the matchless dress fabrics alone sustain it; the increasing trade attests it; the busy brains and bodies all about prove it; and every visitor speaks of it.

There isn't a spot here from top to bottom, from tin cups to carpets, but what now has more LIFE in it and about it, in every way, than ever---to say nothing of the hundreds, eye thousands of buyers here daily adding to it by their presence, and by their purchasing, their encouragement and their praise.

You should look at our window today---and you should take a walk over our store this week for above reasons? visitor to music festival or Worcesterite---buyer or looker---both welcome. YOUR LIFE will be brighter for it; and you may catch some---of ours.

October Harper's 28c and Scribner's 22c.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

The Institute has during the vacation received considerable additions to its equipment. In the Salisbury Laboratories has been set a new seventy horse-power upright boiler which will be used chiefly for heating, while the Babcock & Wilcox boiler can be employed exclusively for experimental work. The pier has been set in the steam-engineering room for a third engine which is nearly completed. A Thomson-Houston electric lighting plant has been purchased for the electrical engineering-room and several pieces of valuable apparatus, purchased abroad are now being set up. Considerable painting and varnishing of rooms, fixtures and furnishings have also been done.

The third week finds all the students at their post,---only one member of the Institute who was expected to return having failed to put in an appearance. The Senior Class members 36, the Middle 57, the Junior 81, and there are four more who are expected to join these classes at or before the middle of the year. F. E. Bradford and A. L. Rice of the last class are taking the course in electrical engineering. The total number of students is over 30 more than last year at this time. For all exercises except lectures in chemistry and physics, the Middle class is divided into three sections and the Junior into four. This gives divisions of about twenty throughout all classes. The reduction of the number, allowed the Mechanical Drawing Division, to twenty is a great improvement.

C. T. Tatman '93, and W. H. S., '89 has left the Institute, and will enter Harvard Law School in October, a step he has long contemplated. He was local editor of the W P I, vice-president of his class, and one of the most popular and prominent men in the school.

Football has taken a decided boom this Fall, and bids fair to carry tennis and general athletics along with it. The second day of school, a meeting was held and a Football Association, independent of the Athletic Association, was formed and the following officers elected. President, Southgate '92; vice-president Stark, '93; secretary pro tem, Cleveland '93; directors, '92, Alderman; '93 Hopkins; '94, Harris. No secretary or treasurer was elected from lack of time.

Heals, '85, formerly teacher in the Fall River High School, has been appointed instructor in mathematics.

The Senior class has completed organization for the next half year, as follows:---Pres. H. M. Southgate; vice-president G. F. Freed; secretary, F. E. Hammond; treasurer, E. L. Smith. C. A. Tucker was elected captain of the class foot-ball team.

About \$80 was pledged on the spot to pay expenses, and subscription papers are to be circulated. At a meeting held Thursday noon, H. M. Southgate '92 was elected captain. The several classes have made up teams, and a series of class games is promised. From these players the Institute Eleven is to be

made up. D. A. Bullard '93, Manager, intends to manage a series of games with the smaller colleges, those, here to be played on the Lake View Grounds. Practice is had every night on Bliss's field, and a strong effort is to be made to retrieve the old time reputation of the Tech.

The Y. M. C. A., of the Institute will give a reception in the Salisbury Laboratories, one week from Friday night to the members of the Junior class and their lady friends.

M. J. Leyden has resigned as editor-in-chief of the W P I, and with the loss of the local editor, C. T. Tatman, the board is left in a somewhat crippled condition. Four new editors are to be elected this Fall, one from '92, two from '93 and one from '94.

Wesleyan.

The college year opened Thursday, Sept. 17, at nine o'clock, the Freshmen class numbering about seventy. Recitations began on Friday and everything is now in running order.

There are several additions to the corps of instructors. Mr. F. H. Goodrich comes as instructor in Greek after a years study abroad, and Mr. Nicholson from Harvard as instructor in Latin. Mr. E. Rosa has been made associate Professor in physics and Mr. W. W. Daniels of Princeton instructor in political science. A new course in electricity has also been formed with Prof Rosa at the head. The large brick building back of North College has been fitted up and is to be used entirely for this course.

Great improvements have been made about the college grounds and many repairs in the buildings give the college property a much nicer appearance than last year.

Even thus early a great boom has taken place in Athletics. College meetings have been held and an entirely new set of rules adopted, which it is expected will put athletics at Wesleyan in a very high place.

Amherst.

Amherst opened the 17th of the month with about the same number of students to attendance as last year. The Freshman class numbers eighty three, a slight increase over the class of last year. There are also about ten additions to the upper classes. The first Saturday night of the term was suitably celebrated by a race rush between the two lower classes. The Freshman made a noble showing, but were outnumbered at the finish. No serious accidents marred the pleasure of the occasion.

The old "South" dormitory, under the generous provision of G. Henry Whitcomb, is being rapidly made into a very habitable building. It will be ready for occupancy about the middle of October.

The Worcester delegation at Amherst this year includes five men; in the Senior class, Charles E. Burbank, Walter H. Hildreth and Charles E. Hildreth; in the Junior, Lewis T. Reed; in the Sophomore, Harry E. Whitcomb.

High School.

The Major Henry Winn who is the gubernatorial candidate of the Peoples Party was once a teacher in the High School of this city. He has had a long and successful career as lawyer, business man and legislative.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s

NEW BOOKS.

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By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, author of "But Yet a Woman," "Passe Rose," etc. With portraits of Mr. Neesima and Hon. Alpheus Hardy. Crown 8vo, 52 cc.

This account of one of the most famous Japanese of modern times is deeply interesting. His education in America, his contribution to the wonderful transformation of Japan and the light thrown on that unique country by his letters, render the book peculiarly valuable and engaging.

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And Other Poems. By HELEN GRAY CONE. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

A tasteful little volume containing some of the most genuine poetry which has been produced in this country for some years.

The House of Martha.

A Novel. By FRANK R. STOCKTON, author of "Rudder Grange." \$1.25.

"The House of Martha" is a sisterhood devoted to celibacy, religion and charity. A man falls desperately in love with one of the "Sisters" and proposes to have a "Brotherhood." Those who have read Mr. Stockton's novels, can guess how interesting this is.

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Poems, by LISETTE WOODWORTH REESE. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

A beautiful book with about seventy poems, some depicting Nature with unusual truth and vividness, others celebrating a love that uplifts and ennobles.

* * * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

Books and Bookmen.

None of the monthlies get the start of Ballou's in earliness of appearance. October is surely the name borne on the cover. As usual the contents are varied and material may be found to suit all tastes. The odds end at the end of the book i. e., the facetiae and the quaint and the curious are among the best features in the number.

Our Little Men and Women from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers.

A beautiful full page picture of the young Duchess has the place of honor on the first page of this number. A poem full of life is the Three Little Maids, and its illustrations are the life of it. There is a picture of the numerous children in the De Lesseps family, besides several full pages or almost full page illustrations in the book. The pretty story of Lady Gay has a portion, but the only way to satisfy the children is to begin with the first page and go through to the last. The price is \$1.00 per year.

Babyland from D. Lothrop and Co., Boston, Publishers.

As usual the magazine is full of pictures of babies and animals, making it a perfect number for the little ones. The funny little poems are all illustrated so nicely that baby can almost read the story herself. The price of this dainty magazine is 50 cents per year.

By the kindness of Mr. W. Cruikshank, we are privileged to look through a spelling book, that long since, directed little Englishman in the way Orthographic. It is "Wogan's Improved Universal Speller" by Daniel Fenning. Its motto is:

"This education forms the tender mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

It is modeled much on the plan of the Webster's Speller which was the horror as well as the mentor of our grandparents.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., will shortly publish a new novel by Grant Allen "Recalled to Life." Its plot is peculiarly strange and startling.

The commotion made by the article on Gen. Sherman in a recent number of the Atlantic is quite likely to be repeated and intensified by an article on Gen. Thomas in the October number. It is by Colonel Henry Stone, who was a member of General Thomas's staff; and with natural pride he extols the genius and achievements of his chief, but not beyond the approval of those who were in the best position to judge of the singular greatness of Gen. Thomas's character and the importance of the work he did during the War. The article contains some strictures upon other officers who were very high in the service, and is not likely to escape criticism.

James Stillie, a veteran dealer in second hand books at Edinburg, says of Mr. Gladstone that on one of his last visits to his shop "he began to think he was buying too many of my scarce books, and, to the great amusement of Lord Rosebery, who was with him, he exclaimed, 'Gad, I must leave this shop, or I shall be ruined.'" Mr. Stillie began his ap-

prenticeship as a bookseller with John Ballantyne, in 1816. One of his duties was to deliver proofs to Scott of Alabotsford. He recently said of Scott: "Some men are proud, but Scott was not like them; he had a kind word for everybody. He did not know what pride was. He spoke to me as if I was his equal. And he was a great man—a very great man; there'll never be his like again."

The Century has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley. They deal with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education, etc. Dr. Wheatley has gathered the materials for these papers in long and close study, and he has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

The October Educational Review is the strongest number yet issued. Prof. James H. Blodgett, special agent of the Census for Statistics of Education, begins the interpretation of the Educational Statistics of the Eleventh Census; President Francis A. Walker argues for the higher appreciation of Schools of Technology; Prof. Herbert B. Adams traces the beginnings of University Extension in America; John T. Prince of Massachusetts, describes some of his recent experiences in the German schools. Other articles are by Professor Hanus of Harvard, Superintendent Aaron Gove of Denver, Dr. Larkin Duntun of Boston, Professor Hammer of Munich, and the editors. Important book reviews are by Sir William Dawson of McGill College, Montreal, Prof. B. I. Wheeler of Cornell, Prof. Garnett of the University of Virginia, Professors Hyslop and Jackson of Columbia, Professor Sanford of Stanford University, Superintendent Calkins of New York, and the editors. This issue also contains the full text of the great English act, known as the Elementary Education Act, 1891, which introduces free education on a large scale. This act ranks with the famous speech of the German Emperor (in the February number) as the most important educational documents of the year.

Old South Leaflets, Nos. 22-28, published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5 cents each.

This firm is continuing the good work, begun several years ago, under the editorial care of Mr. Edwin D. Mead, so well known as a careful student of history. Last week LIGHT published a full list of the monographs from 1 to 28 inclusive. Of these later numbers, it might be said No. 22, "Wheelock's Narrative," is an account of the original design, rise, progress and present (1762) state of the Indian Charity School in Lebanon, Conn., afterwards the foundation of Dartmouth College. No. 23, "The Petition of Right," takes us to England in the days, June 7, 1628, of Charles the First. No. 24, "The Grand Remonstrance," is also in the days of that unfortunate King, Dec. 1, 1641. No. 25, "The Scottish National Covenant," is of about the same Feb. 17, 1638. Adhesion to this League and Covenant caused many a gaping wound in those perilous times. No. 26, "The Agreement of the People," bears date, Jan. 15, 1648-9 just before the King lost his life. No. 27, "The Instrument

of Government," Dec. 16, 1653; savors of Cromwell and his council. No. 28, "Cromwell's First Speech to the Little Parliament, July 4, 1653. This was otherwise known as Barbone's Parliament. Each leaflet is a picture in bright or somber colors of those days so famous in history. They are well edited.

The Atlantic Monthly for October, 1891. Contents. The House of Martha, XLVIII. Lili, Frank R. Stockton; Emily Dickinson's Letters, Thomas Wentworth Higginson; The Hawkbit, Charles G. D. Roberts; Grant Her Hill's Partridge, Rowland E. Robinson; The Arctic Ideal, Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; Deep-Sea Springs, Edith M. Thomas; In London with Doctor Swift, Henry F. Randolph; The Lady of Fort St. John, XIII. NV, Mary Hartwell Catherwood; General George H. Thomas, Henry Stone; The Cave-Dwellers of the Confederacy, David Dodge; The Equinoctial on the Ipswich Dunes, Frank Bolles; The Bubble, John J. Tabb; The Late Sir John Macdonald, Martin J. Griffin; A People Without Law, L. James Bradley Thayer; James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891, Oliver Wendell Holmes; Ignatius Von Dollinger, E. P. Evans; Mr. Howell's Literary Creed; Comment on New Books; The Contributors' Club; Mr. Lowell and the Atlantic.

Those who have seen the autobiography of Ben Butler so far as it is completed assert that it is full of spicy reading. The chapter of it which the New England Magazine for October, by special arrangement with the publishers, brings out in advance of the publication of the book, reveals the boyhood life of Butler. It contains illustrations of his early home, his mother, himself as a young man, Waterville College, which he attended. Read between the lines one cannot fail to see the influences which were working to bring out the Ben Butler of later years. He was the same Butler in boyhood that has been so prominent and progressive ever since.

Millbury.

The first meeting after the summer vacation of the Millbury Social Union occurred September 17, at the M. E. Church. Fully 75 persons sat down to a bountiful supper provided by the Epworth League as caterer. The Hon. J. H. Walker was the guest of the evening and spoke on "How to promote the business interest of our town."

The piano won by Will Windle has been on exhibition in J. H. Ferguson's window. Everybody pronounces it a beauty.

Miss R. Louise Nield of the Normal School is apprenticing at the Ledge street school.

Millbury must be becoming famous for the liberal education of her young people, 18 young men attending Worcester Academy; 2 entering Boston University School of Law, namely, T. H. Sullivan, W. H. S. '85 and J. C. '91. H. G. Hopkins W. H. S. '85, Dartmouth '91; Edgar Bartlett attending Becker's for short hand and Miss Eastman for bookkeeping, short-hand and typewriting.

The course of lectures of the M. E. Church will commence October 8.

A number from this town are attending the Music Festival.

The ladies, society of the Baptist church met with the Rev. A. M. Crane, Tuesday evening.

Camp 13 D. of V. was mustered last Friday

evening by Dep't President Mrs. Walker. A public installation took place in the Town Hall, after which a very fine entertainment was given. The camp starts with the brightest prospects.

The ladies' society of the M. E., Church met Thursday evening, Mrs. Houghton and Van Ostrand being hostesses. A supper, musical and literary entertainment and social chat filled the evening.

The fire alarm has become self-acting and rings at will. Sunday evening about 10 o'clock people were startled to hear it ring. Mr. Sears, one of the engineers, says it is due to the influence of the electric lights. If so, it is about time it was fixed as sometime there will be a fire and people will think it is the "Electric light alarm."

Millbury is represented on the board of monitors at the academy by Charles Cook. Congratulations.

Old Boys.

For thirty years, the exiles had been smouldering and on Saturday last they burst into bright flames. It was in 1861, that the Excelsior Base Ball Club of Upton played the Mechanics of Worcester, and left the game a drawn one. Since then base ball, as well as the art of war, has been transformed. To play ball as it was formerly played here seemed almost a resurrection, but for the sake of the Old Men's Home and for the pleasure of seeing the game out, the survivors of both sides met on the Worcester Base Ball grounds last Saturday and had it out. Mr. William Lawrence of the Police Force had been the chief agent in reviving the old spirit and in getting the boys together. All the Worcester players were veterans while some of the Uptons, at the best, were sons of veterans. The names and ages of all were as follows: Wm. Lawrence, 61, captain; A. D. Putnam of Spencer, 40; W. H. Mason, 46; Hayes Leighton, Spencer, 46; H. E. Fayerweather, 47; E. F. Robinson, Spencer, 45; C. A. Mann, 44; D. H. Barnes, 50; M. A. Boyden, 47; O. F. Ballou, 41; H. E. Parsons, Spencer, 38; J. H. Walker, 43; G. A. Norcross, 52; Winslow M. Harrington, 49; substitutes, Jack Spring, 55; Samuel Barnes, 48.

The Excelsiors put into the field: Geo. H. Stoddard, 58, captain; Geo. E. Childs, 49; Albert Davis, 49; J. W. Tall, 64; James Gorham, 23; E. M. Baker, 26; Alonzo Southland, 40; George R. Pierce, 44; D. A. Farrington, 51; C. J. Fishbe, 36; George A. Wood, 45; J. H. Bowen, 31; Myron Forbush, 40; Ed. Aldrich, 29; substitutes, John Hines, 34; W. H. Wellington, 44.

The game began at 3 p.m. and lasted one hour and a half, ending with a tally of twenty-five to nine in favor of the Uptons. While the attendance was not so large as might have been expected, enough tickets had been sold to net something for the home. Many an onlooker hoped that the old Massachusetts game might be revived.

J. L. Hibbard acted as referee; Hon. Chas. G. Reed was judge for the Mechanics, and W. H. Wellington acted in the same capacity for the Excelsiors.

At the banquet, which followed in the evening at the Bay State, it is safe to say that the Worcester club scored as many points as did

their visitors. The afternoon exercises had given all most excellent appetites and they made way with Landlord Douglass' spread in short order. General Manager Lawrence was at the head of the table and, after the feast, directed the speaking. He congratulated the Upton club on the victory and hoped to see the old game revived. He then introduced Mr. George H. Stoddard of Upton as a member of the old Excelsiors, who extolled the round ball game in glowing terms and read a letter from Mr. Knowlton of Upton, the famous manufacturer, who has not abated a jot of his old liking for the game. Illness prevented his presence. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester spoke next, recalling some memories of the old game and the introduction of the new. H. E. Parsons of Spencer read a series of letters more than thirty years old bearing on the game. Interesting remarks were made by George Wood of Upton, Hazel Leighton of Spencer, W. H. Wellington of Upton and Mason Boyden of Worcester. With a vote of thanks for Mr. Lawrence, the meeting broke up. Whether the Massachusetts game is ever revived or not, the day was well spent and was fragrant with reminiscence.

Emmet Guards.

This has been a great week for the Guards. They began the same by a trial shoot at Framingham, Monday, and in the evening their great fair in Father Mathew Hall commenced. Owing to their careful management, the attendance was very large from the beginning and the results all that could be wished.

1000 M 1000

One thousand questions and answers on United States History, Civil Government, Literature and Finance by

Richard H. Mooney, A. M.,

Principal of the Quinsigamond Grammar School, Worcester, Mass.

It will stimulate a love for history, literature, politics and public affairs.

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Suggestive to teachers and valuable as a remembrancer. E. H. RUSSELL,
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Clear in statement of all that is of interest in our history as a nation.

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Every child in the land ought to be compelled to commit it to memory.

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For sale at the bookstores, only 50 cents, and by the author.

A Street-Car Romance.

How the Loss of a Purse led a Young Man to Matrimony.

"Tickets!" shouted the smart young conductor, as he bowed his way through the passengers standing in a car which was being drawn swiftly up California Street.

It was about half-past five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon that I found myself inside a car filled with men returning from business, scattered among whom was a sprinkling of members of the fairer sex, who, incumbered with their innumerable purchases and wrapped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips of their noses to appear over their long boas of fur or feathers. It was one of those cold, foggy evenings that make pedestrians hurry along at top speed, while the policemen at the corners of the streets tramp up and down to keep themselves warm. The ladies seemed to have great difficulty in bringing their purses out from their small muffs or from their deep pockets, and a continuous string of apologies was offered for involuntary elbowings, caused by endeavors of their benumbed hands to obtain bold of the nickels for their fares.

"Why, where is my purse? You haven't got it, have you, Ethel?" exclaimed a sweet voiced lady of middle age, after a hasty search in her muff and a lengthy exploration of the mysterious depths of her handsome gown.

"No, ma'am."

"Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops—down at the White House, probably."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the lady who had spoken, and the conductor began to look very knowing.

"Haven't you got any money?" he demanded, in a gruff tone.

"No; I have lost my purse, which contained all the money I have about me. But my husband will pay for us in the morning, or I will send the money to the office at once on returning home."

"Can't do it, ma'am," replied the conductor; "you've got to pay now or get out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tendering him a dime; and then, turning to the elderly lady, I added: "It is the rule of the company, madam. The conductor can not give credit to passengers. I hope you will permit me to spare you annoyance of having to get out at this hour."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, "and I accept your kind offer willingly. Will you be good enough to give me your address, that I may discharge without delay this small debt?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I said; "I shall be very well satisfied if you will give the sum to the first poor person you meet."

"Oh, no, not at all, sir, I must insist—" Under such pressure, I could hardly refuse, and as the car was now approaching Hyde street, where I transferred to the cross-town line, I took the three transfers the conductor gave me, and, confused by the deep interest of the other passengers, now all eyes and ears, I hastily drew out a card, and, raising my hat, extended it, with two transfers to the lady.

But it was the young girl who, blushing deeply, took them.

The following day I had almost forgotten

the incident, when among my letters, I found one—in an unknown hand—writing—bearing the city post-mark. I opened it and saw, attached to the top corner of the visiting card inclosed, five two-cent stamps. On the card was printed:—

MR. AND MRS. JOHN G. CARMAN.

While underneath was written:

Mr. and Mrs. Carman present their compliments and thanks to Mr. Paul, Barnard for his kindness and civility, on Tuesdays. No.—Pine Street.

I put the card aside on my desk, under a vase of violets, and it was not till one morning, nearly a week, latter that I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in a street-car whom you look at for an instant with more or less attention; but in my case, I had hardly had a glimpse of the mother or the daughter, and had not even the least idea if they were pretty or otherwise. From their accent and manner, however, there could be no doubt they were of the upper world—but, after all, of what interest could they be to me?

Nevertheless, I did feel interested, so why should I attempt to deny it? Their address had been given to me, and also their day at home. The address was printed, but "the day" was written in a modern, angular English hand. Not so the lines of thanks, the handwriting there was the delicate, precise kind that young misses were taught thirty years ago. The mother had certainly written them.

But who had written "the day"?

I became curious. How could I find out? Yes, there was a way. . . . But to call on people with whom I had only exchanged a few words, almost on the street, and who, in a week, might have forgotten both my name and face, was rather a delicate matter. Then I should have to undergo the torture of feeling myself an intruder, as the servant would announce me in the reception-room where, perhaps, half-a-dozen ladies, unknown to me, would look me over from head to foot as I advanced, as if to ask: "Who is this person and where does he come from?"

When I thought it well over, however, I reflected that there had been occasion to talk of me, and, at the name of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carman would know very well who I was. At all events, I determined to renew the acquaintance, and so the following Tuesday found me at the door of No.—Pine Street.

I must confess I did feel rather uneasy when my inquiry "Mrs. Carman?" brought the answer: "Yes, sir; shall I take your coat, sir?" and I was presently ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where I proceeded to pull myself together while awaiting Mrs. Carman.

* * * * *

Since then some months have passed.

"Paul, what are you writing there?"

"A little story, darling."

"Let me see."

"No, no—no yet."

But she looked over my shoulder, and a small hand soon covered my eyes, while an arm slipped round my neck and her soft lips pressed mine.

"Oh, you naughty boy? But just wait a minute."

She disappeared, laughing, and came back

quickly with a pink satchel, from which she drew out two pink street-car transfers.

"You see, I've kept them safely—you did not think I had thrown them away, dear? The first Tuesday I cried all night. If you had not come the second—"

"Well, what would you have done, Ethel?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, do."

"You won't be cross? Well, I would have sent you one of them by post."

"How jolly! And Mrs. Carman knew—"

"No, no no! She was ever so surprised when you called. It was I who, before closing the envelope, secretly wrote at the foot of the card "Tuesdays." Are you sorry?"

(And then there is the sound of the kissing).
—The Argonaut.

Among those making up the entering class at Wellesley are Misses Alice E. Denny, Nellie E. Stimpson and Winnie A. Hill of this city.

LIGHT's friend Mr. W. Cruikshank, leaves on our desk a most beautiful cluster of Roger's Grapes. It is as luscious as the best California Muscatel.

Recent items concerning the health of the Hon. W. W. Rice have led people to suppose that he was not recovering from his recent illness. He is, however, really improving and, on pleasant days, rides out. This will be grateful information to his many friends who have followed his enforced keeping at home with anxiety.

Miss Leila O. Cunningham a High School girl of '81 is teaching school in Spencer. She has been there, already, three years and before going to Spencer, was five years in Stafford, Conn.

City Guards.

This Crack Company of the Militia will celebrate their Fifty-first Anniversary on Tuesday next by a Target Shoot, Review and Dress Parade and Dinner. Shoot at the Military Range, 1 P. M. Review and Dress Parade on the common at 6 P. M. Dinner at Continental Hall at 7:30, P. M. May the weather be propitious.

Among the surviving original members should be included the name of Samuel Jennison of Boston.

Chamberlain—Dennis.

Another High School graduate, changes her name. This time it is Elizabeth W. daughter of our enterprising fellow townsman James E. Dennis. She was married Monday, Sept. 21, at 6 P. M. to Mr. C. Lester Chamberlain, the Rev. Dr. Gunnison performing the ceremony at her home, No. 257 Pleasant Street. Following the marriage ceremony Zahony set forth a marriage feast and at 7:30 the twin, now one, started on a wedding trip. The house had been beautifully adorned with laurel and goldenrod. Only intimate friends of the families were invited. The bridesmaids were Miss Maud W. Waite and Miss Grace L. Crawford. The ushers were Howard Frost, Willie Dennis and Herbert F. Blood. On their return they will reside at No 3 Bellevue Street.

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING !!

MECHANICS HALL,

Monday Evening, September 28, 1891.

Hon. George F. Hoar, U. S. Senator, will preside.

SPEAKERS:

Hon. EDWARD P. ALLEN, Member of Congress from Michigan. * * * * *

* * * * * Hon. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE, of Lowell.

Ladies particularly invited. North and South Galleries Reserved for Ladies.

Worcester Brass Band will Furnish Music.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.15 O'CLOCK.

MEETING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Sept 15, 1891.

Since my last letter the regular theatrical season has commenced and is now in good running order, with every prospect of a good paying year. So at least all the managers report, and you would judge so yourself were you to take a stroll up Washington street, in the vicinity of theatre row or in the neighborhood of the other theatres and see the brilliantly lighted entrances, the sidewalks filled with a gay crowd on amusement bent, while the cars, and all varieties of public and private carriages help swell the throng.

There is a kind of undesirable excitement in it all that is quite frequently as interesting as the play itself. This is all the more noticeable if one has been out of town on a vacation and all at once finds himself again in the procession of city life. We Americans pay out more for amusement than any other nation in the world and we must have it in our own nervous way, too, as a rule, or we are not satisfied and many times not then. Anything for a change.

You hear family men growling, at the heavy expenses at the sea-shore or in the country and they return home with a bit of relief only to find innumerable theatres and concerts and operas inviting them to bring forth their hard earned ducats. They may come high but we must have them.

We are having an era of the realistic farm drama in town at present in the shape of the "Old Homestead" and the "County Fair."

Of course you all remember our old friend "Josh Whitcomb" so long played by Denman Thompson, well he is now running the "Old Homestead" at the Boston Theatre, in the same true touch of nature that kept it in favor with the New Yorkers for several years and promises a phenomenal run here. At the Park Theatre Neil Burgess is to give the "County Fair" the entire season, and seats may be obtained for eight weeks ahead. It looks now from the excellent business that all they anticipate will be fully realized and that the Hul will extend its long continued hearty greeting as New York did. No expense has been spared in either play to make as real a picture of country life as possible with the haymows and the cattle and the grain in the barn, and the horse race at the county fair. Everything connected with the plain, homely, honest farm life is given so vividly that you almost think you are back on some old farm of the old Granite state.

There is something more than even the good acting of the respective stars that holds and draws these large audiences night after night: when many an emotional society drama goes to the wall. The people are brought near to a natural, honest, moral, rugged life, to scenes and conditions many a person in front of the foot-lights has experienced in early life, so that, after all the, moral line on the stage does count and "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

The Museum opened with "Ye Earlie Troubles" by Henry Guy Carleton, a New York author, and it has met with a very good reception, as good as anything given there for

for sometime. The company is practically the same it was last year, the new members had not very prominent parts, but the entire company appeared to good advantage especially Miriam O'Leary who perhaps carries off the honors. Miss Emma Sheridan, formerly leading lady, is now playing with Mansfield in New York. Her place here is taken by Miss Campbell, a very intelligent actress.

Hoyt's "Texas Steer" is having a good time at the Tremont Theatre. All his pieces do well here, where he is known as an ex-Boston newspaper man. His pieces are invariably bright and witty, lots of snap and go, with catchy music and pretty girls. "Blue Jeans" at the Hollis is an old attraction, that too gives considerable of country life. "The Power of the Press" at the Globe as you might expect is mighty and will prevail.

Most of the sea shore resorts are closed—or ought to be. Some always hate to go, and almost wait until they need ulsters and seal skins. Really though, September, if not too cool, is about the best month you can have for an outing and if you hit upon a place that combines the country and the shore you sometimes don't know when to leave, but I will stop here.

WATSON.

Judge — "How far did the thief carry your pig?" Complainant — "Fully two miles away from my house." Judge (to prisoner) — "What have you to say to this charge?" Prisoner — "It was only a joke, Judge." — "Six months— you carried the joke too far." — "Fie—gone."

There is no place like home.—Hayne.

"Forty-Second" in Leicester.

This regiment was made up of companies from such remote sections of the state that full meetings of its survivors are not common. The Eastern portions reunite at Downer's Landing in mid-summer; Medfield has its annual gatherings and the Worcester County representatives have regularly met somewhere near Worcester or in the Western portion of the county. The completion of the Electric railway to Spencer opened the way to Leicester nicely, so on Thursday, Sept. 17, above one hundred veterans, accompanied by members of their families, repaired to that historic town to fight their battles over again and spend a few hours in social pleasure.

The town hall was thrown open to them and under the presidency of Deacon James Miller of North Brookfield, the reunion proceeded. The hall was well filled by people to whom a gathering of veterans means much. After all, the routine meeting is not what calls the "Boys" together. Officers are elected *pro tempore* on the report of a committee. Col. Jos. A. Titus of Worcester was designated as the comrade to present a historic sketch for reading at the next gathering. A committee reported the following names as those of officers for next year, President, H. O. Sawyer of West Brookfield; vice-presidents, Mason A. Boyden, C. H. Allen, S. S. Denny; secretary, Charles S. Knight; treasurer, George Mann; executive committee, J. E. Bigelow, Henry Converse, A. Knight, J. C. Eaton, J. W. Howe, M. A. Aldrich, G. L. Stone, C. P. Barton, James Miller.

Before dinner, as there was a little time unoccupied by business, the president called up on Major F. G. Stiles of this city. Apparently his listeners knew that the Major always said something good, for they accorded him the closest attention while he recalled scenes and events of nearly thirty years ago. Every word of the speaker was appropriate and most happily given. His thoughts of the regiment and its history led up admirably to a poem by Col. John Hay on those who fell in the strife.

At the beat of the drum, by the one who was once the "Drummer Boy," a line was formed, stretching away from the hall to the Leicester Hotel, where Landlord Ciddings had prepared a sumptuous repast. It is doubtful whether his spacious edifice ever held a happier or hungrier throng than that which sat around his tables on that day. But even the hungriest cannot always eat and when the culinary rattle ceased, President Miller rapped to order and introduced as the first speaker Gen. Isaac S. Burrill of Roxbury, the old Colonel, an officer who suffered eighteen months imprisonment, an ordeal that blanchied his hair and brought on age, years before its time. The General was sure of his footing in that company and every ear was in full accord with every word and sentiment of the venerable gentleman. He was generously applauded.

For the first time at these annual gatherings the Lt. Col. Dr. Joseph Stedman of Medfield was present and many hand shakes were had in memory of New Orleans and points even further South. The Colonel digressed into a bit of history as to a certain 4th of July pa-

rade in the Crescent city, revealing that it was for the purpose of overawing the stalwart Rebels who had contemplated an uprising. The years have dealt very kindly with Dr. Stedman and his presence and reception were alike cordial and pleasant.

Adjutant C. A. Davis of Roxbury followed, and was rejoiced at meeting his old fellow soldiers. Captain Cogswell might have felt that the day was gotten up on his account for the honors of the day certainly were his in the matter of introduction and greeting. His remarks were mainly retrospective, dealing with the men who had followed him to the field. It is evident that the Captain fills a large space in the hearts and memories of the 42d. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester excused his presence, as he was not a veteran of this regiment, on account of his friendship for Major Stiles and his respect for all assemblages of old soldiers.

The Rev. A. H. Coolidge of Leicester, who had said grace at the beginning of the dinner spoke in a happy strain of the scenes when the Leicester Company was raised and Captain Cogswell started the list. N. E. Converse of Co. E expressed an earnest wish to prepare and preserve all possible records of the men. Lieut. Duncan and E. F. Carpenter happily escaped making speeches by passing the labor along to some one else. Mason Boyden of Worcester spoke of visiting recently scenes identified with the past of the 42d. J. F. Kehler spoke briefly and Mrs. D. E. Denny of Worcester, spoke feelingly of her recollection of the far away days. Frank Smith produced an old diary and read passages from it descriptive of his experience while Comrade S. Bothwell recalled some pleasant memories associated with Colonel Burrell. It was past three p.m. when the veterans adjourned to the parlors and made ready to go home. Here are some of the names of those who enjoyed the day: President James Miller, Gen. I. S. Burrell, Lieut. Col. Joseph Stedman, Maj. Fred G. Stiles and wife, Adjutant Charles A. Davis, Capt. J. D. Cogswell and wife, Col. J. A. Titus, W. H. Montague and wife, F. R. Dame, N. E. Converse and wife, N. E. Jaques and wife, M. A. Boyden and wife, J. J. Upham, A. J. Williams, J. M. Duncan, W. T. Alden, S. J. Sibley, A. M. Goulding, George Morgan, E. F. Carpenter, M. A. Aldrich, John Danforth, H. C. Cheney and wife, Horace Gleason, G. M. Roberts, T. R. Newell, Charles Parkman, E. M. Hubbard, Emerson H. Stoddard, Charles H. Allen, Charles M. Marsh, Sumner Holmes, Frank A. Smith, G. J. McCracken, J. C. Eaton, T. S. Snow, A. C. Dimond, A. S. Roe, Charles S. Knight, Jr., and wife, Miss Bertha Knight, Mrs. O. Price, W. S. Sprague, Emory Sturtevant, F. M. Lamb and wife, J. O. Boyd, J. E. Bigelow and wife, George Mann, Mary Williams, Mrs. D. E. Denny, Mrs. A. W. Cole, J. F. Kehler and wife, Etta V. Cogswell, J. C. Veaton, T. Duncan, H. S. Doane and wife, C. Parkman, Sumner Holmes, F. A. Smith, Mrs. F. R. Doane, S. Bothwell and wife, Mrs. P. R. Newhall, D. Johnson, H. B. Cheney and wife, George Hubbard, Henry Bischoff and wife, S. D. Richards, A. H. Flagg, George P. Hatch, H. L. Watson and wife, E. L. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Dimond, John H. Hildreth.

Exceptions prove the rule.

About Folks.

The Worcester Oxygen Company which has its office at 368½ Main Street, corner of Elm, in the Lincoln Block, is now prepared to furnish its patrons with home treatments. Many persons who find it inconvenient to call at the office will undoubtedly appreciate this opportunity. Dr. J. W. Gould and T. D. Bristol, M. D., the proprietors, are well pleased with the success of the company. The Oxygen is prepared fresh every day and administered according to the requirements of the condition of the patient by an experienced physician, thus securing the best possible results to be attained from a combination of nature and science.

Comrade James K. Churchill, Senior Vice Commander of the G. A. R. Department of Massachusetts is having his time pretty well occupied in visiting Camp Fires and the Fairs. October 5th, he will be in Fall River, Fitchburg the 12th and in Oxford the 14th. All G. A. R. Fairs.

James S. McKeon, late of Holy Cross College, about departing for Montreal was presented, last Sunday, with \$50.00 in gold by his associate altar boys of St. Anne's Church.

Birthdays are always in LIGHT's way and that of the Davis Art Company comes this week. Just one year of life and the cat that ate the canary with expanded face stands in the advertising column to express the proprietors satisfaction. "I have eaten the Canary" is an old cut and it is a stroke of genius.

Caleb Wall's lecture in Tatnuck is again postponed till October 3d.

Every one interested in the lecture of Joseph Cook must bear in mind that he will give his "Seven Modern Wonders" in Association Hall, October 26, for the benefit of Hope Church.

Dr. J. P. Rand and wife have returned from a two weeks' pleasure trip through Massachusetts and New Hampshire and report an enjoyable time. Mrs. Rand is much improved in health.

Don't fail to read Daniel A. Howe's advertisement of teas and coffee. During the summer, his long established place of business has been wonderfully improved. The old Waldo Block so far as this store is concerned, seems completely transformed. The floor has been lowered nearly two feet, enabling him to better display his large collection of household goods. In the rear of the room a fine office has been arranged, but Mr. Howe is not much of an office merchant. He is out and doing. No better nor more extensive assortment of teas and coffee can be found in this city. To fully appreciate the changes that have been made in the store, one should call and see for himself.

Mrs. Helen DeCamp of the W. C. T. U., one of the tireless workers who keep the world moving reported one week ago to the Union results of the Fair enterprise and was presented with a fine portrait of Miss Frances E. Willard.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.



**SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES
TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.**

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Figures. We have 75, and they must be sold at some price. Among the number are COUPE ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description, GODDARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger COACH, one Brewster & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2-Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENNINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc., and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.

THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE
permanently eradicated by the
ELECTRIC NEEDLE**

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

MISS H. M. PROCTOR,
99 SUMMER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,

12 LAYARD PLACE, (Old Stand,) WORCESTER.

Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED

in a Superior Manner.



ICE CREAM! Delivered to all parts of the City. Supplying Parties, Lodges, etc., a specialty. No. 131 Pleasant Street.

E. W. COFFIN,

Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

1839 ESTABLISHED 1839

Magnificent Stock of the Celebrated
PIANOS of

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77 Upright Pianos

in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, Rosewood finish.

7 Grand Pianos,

Rosewood and Mahogany.

13 Square Pianos,

Special Inducements Offered.

20 Organs,

From \$25.00 to \$125.00.

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S. R. Leland & Son,

446 MAIN ST.

ORIGINAL No. 46.

Breakfast Vanities

BY MRS. DEARBORN,
Principal Boston Cooking School.
Mix and sift together 1 pint pastry flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tea sp. salt and 1 heaping tea sp. Cleveland's Baking Powder. Mix to a stiff dough with milk, using only sufficient to make it stiff enough to roll. Toss out on a slightly floured board, roll out very thin, cut into small squares with a sharp knife or pastry wheel and drop into boiling lard.

Shake the kettle gently to facilitate their rising, and when well puffed up turn them and brown the other side. Drain on paper. They should be cooked in fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread while counting sixty, and are quite hollow when cooked. Serve with maple syrup if liked.—(Copyright, 1891.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.



Pure crystal cream of tartar and soda make a perfectly wholesome leaven. There is no other leavening power in Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

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Residence, 61 West Street.

Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find

In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,

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Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

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interest of the

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Grand Army of the Republic,**

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Per Year. i \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.**Fruit Ginger Bread.**

One cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of stoned raisins, one-half cupful of water, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the water, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger, two and one-half cupfuls of flour a pinch of salt.—Advocate.

Corn-Flour C. esse-Cakes.

To one pint of milk and one ounce of corn-flour add four well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Put these in an enameled sauce-pan on the fire, and bring it up to a boiling-point. Flavor with essence of lemon. Line some patty pans with puff paste, pour in the above custard, dust sugar over them, and bake.

Delicious Sponge Cake.

Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately, and mix nearly all of one cup of sugar with the whites, the rest with the yolks. Add one cup flour, one generous teaspoon baking powder, and one-quarter teaspoon salt. After mixing all these well together, add one-half cup of boiling water.—Boston Budget.

Rice, boiled very dry, is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes.—Boston Budget.

Creamed Rice.

Steam a cupful of rice in two cupfuls of milk till the grains are tender and have absorbed the milk; let it cool, then add a cupful of whipped cream flavored with vanilla or lemon extract, and stir into the rice. If it is in the season when the berries are ripe, substitute for the flavoring extract crushed and sweetened strawberries or raspberries; and when served very cold in a pretty dish, it is a nice dessert.

Rice Cube.

Mould the plain boiled rice in a form that can be cut in half inch-thick slices like bread; between each slice of the cold rice spread a layer of bright jelly, and pile until you have half a dozen layers of red and white. Serve cold, with cream and sugar.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

Crisped Bread.

There were several slices of stale bread and some crusts. These were spread in a pan and put in a very hot oven for ten minutes. In that time they became brown and crisp, and were delicious with the hot chocolate. Broken rolls, crusts and slices of bread never go begging in our house. Sometimes they are made crisp in the manner described; sometimes dipped in cold water, spread in a pan and put in the hot oven for about ten minutes, when they are taken out, buttered and served very hot; again, they are toasted, dipped in boiling water and buttered, and served very hot; or, if they are not used for luncheon, they are dried slowly in the warm oven, put in a canvas bag and pounded, are then sifted through the flour sieve, and bottled for use in bread-making. Sometimes, in summer they are crisped in a moderately hot oven, and then crushed on a board with a rolling-pin, poured in to a deep dish, and served with bowls of milk for luncheon, or on Sunday evenings for supper.—Good Housekeeping. Maria Parloa.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

**BAKERY, Charles M. Rogers,
166 PLEASANT STREET.**

**W. A. ENGLAND,**

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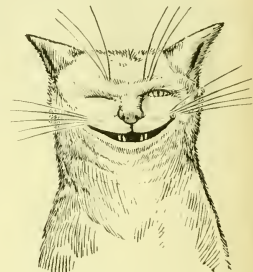
**FINE WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY
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Festival week brought, with its other attractions,

BIRTHDAY

for the new Art Store. We shall continue to keep alive the marked interest in CHOICE ETCHINGS by all the leading artists. Colored vacation views, French pictures in etchings and colors; water colors by F. A. McCure, C. H. Lincoln and Elen Harrington, etc. The above design by our special artist of the "Smile of Satisfaction" is indicative of our thanks and the applause of the public. HERBERT MCINTOSH, Proprietor. F. B. Crocker, Manager.

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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at
**HOWE'S TEA STORE,
273 Main Street, Worcester.**

We have just received a large invoice of fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60 cents a pound.—Try it.
Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a pound. If you can be suited, we can do it. Give us a call.

**N&W * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.**

A Great Festival.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.]

piece. Then he played a "Nocturne" of Louis Brassin, a dainty, tender little piece which made life seem once more worth living, to the perspiring listener.

The accompaniment was for the most part intelligent, though sometimes it had a "wilted" effect in the tempo.

Other than this, the program was chiefly for the orchestra.

Drorak's symphony, No. 2, in D minor, has four movements, of which the second is most interesting, the phazo much less so, and the finale crisp and pleasing.

The "Egmont" overture is chiefly pleasing for the triumphant ending. The orchestra certainly did not put a great deal of spirit into it, and a change in the program was not welcome.

Dr. G. R. Clark's solo was Gounod's recitative, "Yes, she flies from me still," and the air, "She alone charmed my sadness," from "Irene." Dr. Clark's performance was not above the commonplace, and the audience had not the spirit to give him a recall for the sake of a compliment alone.

The other soloist was Mrs. Seabury C. Ford. This was her last appearance and the bolero poem the "Sicilian Vespers" was suited to her voice and method more thoroughly than anything she had previously sung. Her encore was a rather foolish thing, not worth the powder on such a hot day,—"Dear, when I look into their eyes."

There was quite an awakening over Salo's Rhapsody in A, a french composition by a Spaniard. Both movements are brim full of catchy phrases and brilliant coloring. The triangle the harps, and minor instruments are made to do service in carrying out the composer's idea. The orchestra seemed troubled by a trifling uncertainty among the things,—but the woodwind harmony was complete and as a whole there was little fault to be found.

That portion of the audience which deserted before the Rhapsody made a mistake.

The Closing Oratorio.

When Mr. Zerrahn came upon the platform, to direct the last performance of the week, he was greeted by a burst of applause, a waving of handkerchiefs by the ever loyal chorus and a twanging of strings by the orchestra, all of which he accepted with manifestations of pleasure. But the surprise in store for him a little later was a more enduring testimonial to the good-will of the people with whom he has been so long associated in the work of the Worcester Festival.

At the close of the intermission, when Mr. Zerrahn rapped for attention, President Edward L. Davis walked upon the platform and made one of those timely speeches which he so well knows how to make, speaking of the love and regard in which Mr. Zerrahn is held by one who know him, and referring to the fact that this was his 25th year of directorship of the Worcester Festival. Then he handed him an envelope.

Mr. Zerrahn was greatly moved. His first effort at a speech in reply was hardly audible; but he did make out to speak to the people,

to the chorus and to the orchestra. It was a charming thing in every way.

The envelope contained a check for \$1500.

The Festival closed with a performance of selected parts of Handel's noble oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." More might have been given, but there had been a surfeit of lengthy programs before, and it was too warm a night to contemplate drawing the program out larger than it was.

The orchestration of this oratorio is half its glory. Strains of wondrous beauty accompany the words throughout, and, rightly sung and played, it is one of the really great oratorios.

The chorus sang well last night, and gave little cause for criticism. In such beautiful work as the chorus, "But as for his people," it excelled, and the chorus was not once divided against itself, as it has been known to be on other occasions.

"I will sing into the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, and "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," were done about as well as any body of singers could be asked to do them.

Mrs. Alves sang her alto parts with good expression, and maintained the reputation for which she has established.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker's clear, strong soprano was heard to great advantage in the recitative, "Thrice happy Israel" and the concluding solo with chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord."

A biking for Mr. Herbert Johnson in Oratorio is apt to grow upon the faithful listener. The range of his smooth tenor voice is exactly suited to such work as that in the "Israel," for example, and Mr. Johnson seems to have the Oratorio spirit. As long as he displays that, it will not much matter whether he is stocked with the trinkets of the profession, or not.

He sang the air, "The enemy said," and his recitative, "Now there arose a new King" with careful attention to the details, and produced a general effect as pleasing as could well be asked.

Myron W. Whitney, bass, which may be perhaps be called "standard" for oratorio, was heard in the virile lines, "God, looking down, confounded all their host," and Mr. Carl Duffit's strong voice lent valuable aid in the duet, "The Lord is a man of war."

This concert was certainly an acceptable finale to the week of song. It was not quite like giving "The Messiah" or the "Elijah" in complete form, but to do that with the "Israel" was out of the question. The selections were made by no careless hand, and the cutting of the work was done with good judgement.

There was little of which to speak complainingly, on this final night of the week's music, and it must be said that it was a harmonious and satisfactory ending.

To place the thirty-fifth Festival in advance of the one whose spirit is now a matter of history, its moving works will need to begin early and work late.

School and College.

Valuable correspondence from Smith, Polytechnic, Holy Cross, High School, Boston University and Mt. Holyoke is unavoidably laid over till next week.

"Prayer ardent opens Heaven."—Young.

The Week.

CITY.

Sept. 11—Worcester police think the wounded man, arrested yesterday, the noted masked burglar of Boston, Providence, Hartford, etc.

Ben T. Hammond reaches home from Europe.

The disastrous fire on Central Street this morning, destroying twenty one head of stock along with barn, Mr. J. A. Banroff's property, is thought to be of incendiary origin.

12—The noted arrest of yesterday proves to be George Ellwood an escaped convict from Ohio and a famous burglar.

At the Lake, Mr. Cusker of Lowell wins the championship of America for swimming.

13—Col. A. George Bullock reaches home from his trip abroad as a member of the World's Fair Commission.

Reduced fares causes many people to visit the Lake.

14—Meeting of Methodist ministers of Worcester and vicinity at Grace Church.

Board of Aldermen grant another liquor selling license.

15—Ellwood confesses that he is he.

Old Taber organ shop burns on Hermon Street.

Thomas F. Cunningham drops dead in the Wire Mills. Heart disease.

16—Boys' Club opens for work. Lots of happy boys.

Two fire alarms, but little damage.

17—Three alarms of fire. The fire on Manchester Street, Baker's Lumber Yard, the worst in years. Obviously, Worcester is beset by fire bugs.

Ex-Chief Simon E. Combs dies, 64 years.

18—The losses in the great Baker fire foot up \$15,000. The fire bug should be caught. Somebody would like to have the city looted.

19—Athletic sports on the Worcester oval. Worcester Mechanics' Hall Club plays off an old game with the Excelsiors of Upton.

Natural History Society completes its removal to the new quarters on Harvard Street.

20—Ex-Chief Simon E. Combs buried with imposing honors from the Universalist Church. Rev. J. D. Pickles preaches a very patriotic sermon.

21—Emmet Guards fair in Fr. Mathews Hall, opens with a great rush.

Recent fires make insurance business very heavy.

22—Worcester's annual Music Festival begins under cloudless skies.

Fire alarm on Green Street. Regular thing now.

State Fish Commissioners visit Worcester to look at site for a hat ferry.

23—Worcester veteran firemen go to Lowell and are beaten, but they have a good time.

The Daily Post, a new Democratic paper, appears.

24—Nordica secures a crowning triumph at the Festival.

COUNTY.

9—Rev. Wm. Barrow of New Brantree dies in Attentment, Mass., 76 years.

10—Benj. E. W. Davis of Shrewsbury dies suddenly.

Mrs. Minnie, wife of Henry Capron, dies in Uxbridge, 52 years.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

NEW * YORK * SUIT * AND * CLOAK * STORE.

512 Main Street.

We are now entirely ready with new styles of jackets, palatols, wraps and capes for the coming Winter. Our stock is at its best estate and we can offer purchasers the benefit of a wonderful variety and assortment during the next ten days.

Referees, Cutaways, and Long Garments. Misses' Ulsters in New Fabrics, Misses' Jackets in every style and quality.

The Newest Styles of the Season in Fur Capes, Black Marten, Mink, Astrachan, Monkey, Krimmer, and Persian Lamb.

RICHARD HEALY.

RAYMOND'S
VACATION
EXCURSIONS.

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

A WINTER
IN
CALIFORNIA.

The first and second parties of the season will leave Boston Thursday, November 12, and Thursday, December 10, for Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Riverside, and other Southern California points. The trip will be made in a special train of Magnificent vestibule Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining-Car. Every ticket entitles the holder to visit Los Angeles, the Raymond, East Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, San Diego, Redondo Beach, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Jose, Mount Hamilton, San Rafael, and other leading resorts in California. A choice of Four Different Routes Returning. Nine Returning Parties under Special Escort. Return Tickets also good on all trains until July 1905. Independent tickets, covering every expense both ways, giving entire freedom to the passenger while in California, and also in making the journey homeward. Hotel coupons supplied for long or short sojourns at The Raymond, East Pasadena, Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Hotel Redondo, Redondo Beach, Palace Hotel, San Francisco; Hotel Rafael, San Rafael; Hotel Venetian, San Jose; The Arlington, San Marcos, Santa Barbara; Santa Cruz, and other famous Pacific Coast resorts.

Dates of other California Excursions: Oct. 15; January 4 and 14; February 2, 11, and 25; and March 10.

Dates of Mexico Excursions: January 17; February 7 and 21.

Send for descriptive circulars, designating whether book relating to California or Mexico tours is desired.

RAYMOND & WILFONG,
22 Washington St. (opposite School St.), BOSTON,
MASS.

The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co.

Organized 1866. Incorporated 1889.

Publishers, Printers, Book-Binders, Bank and Law Stationers.

190-200 DEBRY STREET, SALEM.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, NO. 245.

Promoters of Historical and Genealogical Works. Correspondence invited.

Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records.

Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.,

* PRINTERS. *

Book, Newspaper, Catalogue, Church, Society, Wedding and Commercial Printing of every kind executed in the best modern style.

No orders too large; none too small.

154 FRONT ST.

ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

GEORGE C. BLANCHARD,

DEALER IN

Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.



BICYCLES.

Agency for
Standard Wheels.

195 FRONT ST.

L. J. ZAHONYI,

Confectioner and Caterer,

348 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

To the Honorable the Judge of the Probate
Court in and for the County of Worcester:

Respectfully represents Michael J. Power of Southborough in said County, and Annie E. Power his wife, that they are of the age of twenty-one years or upwards and are desirous of adopting Harry James Parker, a child of Della G. Parker of said Southborough, in the County of Worcester and Cecil H. Parker of Denver, Colorado, which said child was born on the third day of July, A. D. 1885.

That your petitioner, Annie E. Power, is an own sister to the mother of Harry J. Parker and that she is well able to bring up and care for said child and that the father has abandoned said child.

Wherefore they pray to be adopted said child, and that his name may be changed to that of Harry James Power. Dated this fifth day of September, A. D. 1894. Michael J. Power Annie E. Power.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

On the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioners notify the father of said child to appear at a probate Court to be holden at Worcester, in and for said County of Worcester, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any he has to say against the said petition, which should not be granted, by serving him, if found in this state, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days at least before said Tuesday, and if not, by publishing the same once a week for three successive weeks in the newspaper called LIGHT, printed at Worcester in said Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the last publication to be seven days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of ELISHA A. MIRICK, late of Princeton, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

Upon the petition of Moses H. Mirick and Lucinda Mirick you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved.

And the said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in LIGHT, a newspaper printed at Worcester, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court, and to send a copy to be sent, in written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or to their legal representatives, known to the petitioners, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

O'Meara—O'Neil.

Monday morning, at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Thomas Griffin, Dr. M. J. O'Meara was married to Miss Mellie E. O'Neil. In the sanctuary were Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, Revs. Dennis Scannell, Eugene F. Brosini, Han. C. M. Foley, M. T. O'Brien and Wm. T. Finneran. A large number of friends and relatives were present who were seated by the following ushers: Edward J. McMahon, John J. Murphy, Dr. Wm. J. Delehanty, Dr. M. F. Fallon, Thomas H. Hall and John F. O'Connor, principal of the Blackstone High School.

Dr. John A. Carroll was best man and Miss Lillie O'Neil, a sister, was bridesmaid. Among those witnessing the ceremony were Andrew Athy, Dr. J. H. Kelly, W. J. O'Halloran, Dr. M. V. O'Callaghan, Mrs. James Carroll and family, Dr. T. A. Purcell, and Dr. Mahoney of Holyoke, Dr. P. J. Finnegan and wife of Cambridge, Dr. Charles Cahill of Cambridgeport, Miss Eva Lucier of Nashua, N. H., Dr. W. F. Gleason of Providence, John W. Ferguson of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wall of Marlboro.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Catharine O'Neil, 15 Vernon Street, and Zahonyi furnished a wedding breakfast.

He was a musician but not one of the big class to shine in the Festival, but just a little away off twinkler and he was blind, but he could play the picolo and that shrill pipe he kept in action, which the crowd surged to and fro, almost jostling him off the walk, while they sought the Hall. Between his knees was a small zither which he played while the pipe rested. LIGHT wonders how many pennies the premium paying Festival goers dropped into his gaping box. After all fine concerts are not appreciated.

LIGHT knows a young man who seemed, following an evening out, to be oppressed by melancholy. To anxious inquiries as to the cause, his only response was, "How do you expect a fellow to look when there was only one boy and six girls!"

A symphony in yellow was one of Whistler's trump's; but Barnard & Sumner's north window, during the past week has had a symphony in all the colors of the rain-bow. The ladies spent so much time regarding it that some missed the rehearsals in Mechanics Hall. The designer is a first class artist.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

ONLY

First-Class Through Car Route

TO THE

WEST!

Commencing June 7, 1891,
Through Trains Leave Worcester:

- 9 50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
- 11 40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
- 3 25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
- 4 17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
- 8 00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

FOR

HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN & NEW YORK.

LEAVE BOSTON.	AR. NEW YORK.
10 13 A. M.	3 30 P. M.
12 12 A. M.	5 30 P. M.
5 06 P. M.*	10 00 P. M.
12 29 A. M.*	6 45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.
A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

Reduced Rates of Fare

For Round Trip Tickets on Account of Summer

VACATION EXCURSIONS.

On Sale June 1st to September 30th, and good October until 31st, 1891.

FROM BOSTON TO THE

Popular Resorts of New England, New York and Canada.

Including local excursions to places in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. The only line running Quick Trains, Superb Equipment and Through Cars via

HOOVER TUNNEL ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO TROY, ALBANY, SARATOGA AND NIAGARA FALLS, AND VIA LAKE CHAMPLAIN ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO

WEST PORT, PORT HENRY, PLATTSBURG, BRANDON, BURLINGTON, ST. ALBANS, ADIRONDACKS and MONTREAL.

Summer Excursion Book

giving information in regard to routes, rates, fares and list of Hotels and Boarding Houses, can be obtained at the Company's office, 250 Washington Street, and mailed free on application to J. K. WATSON, General Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

VOLAPUK.

Flens Volapuka:

No kôm mulas lukatimik e nifatimik vobadof denulik binom manifik bevi uts, kels senoms das dunoms vohi gudik Gôda ven steifoms linôon vohi nole gletikum gula hevunetik kel ovodabin baladi dô dîns vali hevû nets vela. A! nolân binom pomet pakama vidikum velata. A! kritan, setenam meda kritail. A! hetan kig, mostepadin nukik e vemik puda valenik. A! sofân bludota, kosiedatî kel tanom, me fetanoid soludik hlofeta, netatis tala.

Blekohs yufi kalikas kels klôidoms ni fudi. Niekoms kulaba de Worcester binom dohd hal, nullidoman volapukaklub nolomelupik binom ot, e kopannas vali ogetoms noçan raikiv givul nusin valik dô mostep volapuka. Oplidohs ohe getûn nemis plo hal u! hoinik klubas at. Binom mod votas valikas flagin steins vitimik fa uts, kels manifoms ladis ome. Vol no gômôn al dîns nulik, gudikos aikelik mutos paimekadôn su vol e sâgo binos somo ko volapuk do emostop binom bito ko glôful milagûkun nen steif patik slopelas omik.

Friends of Volapuk:

With the coming of the fall and winter months, renewed activity is manifest among those who feel that they are doing God's good work when endeavoring to bring the world to a larger knowledge of that international tongue which will result in a closer union in all things, of the nations of the world. To the scientific it is promise of a wider diffusion of truth, to the Christian, an extension of the Christianizing means, to the hater of war, a new and powerful promoter of his race, an element which binds in the close bonds of brotherhood the nationalities of the earth.

We ask the assistance of all who believe in the future. Fee of admittance to our Worcester Club is one dollar; fee to the National Club is the same, and all members receive the official organ giving all the news of the movement. I would be glad to receive names for one or both these organizations. It is the way of all reforms to require self-sacrificing efforts on the part of those who open their hearts to it. The world does not run to new things, anything good must be forced upon it, and it is even so with Volapuk, although it has made the most wonderful growth heretofore without particular effort of its adherents.

F. L. HITTINS.

Mystic Park.

The exhibition of horse flesh and speed on this course next Tuesday promises to be one of the most attractive ever held in New England. All the best known exhibitors in the country will be represented. These include James O. Gray of Kentucky, John R. Graham, and B. D. Whitcomb of Boston, J. R. Farnum of Waltham, J. J. Crawford of the Highland Stock Farm, H. T. Cutts of Orwell, Vt., and many more. Gentlemen drivers will be interested in knowing that a silver cup is offered specially for them. Many noted persons will be present during the four days of the meeting. Invitations have been extended to the governors of the different states to attend with their staff and several have already sent their acceptance. Besides, other well known public men will be on hand. Coaching parties will be special features of the occasion. The affair promises to be the best yet given in this part of the country.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICES.

Office of the City Treasurer, No. 1 City Hall.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 29, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the Tax List for 1891 has been computed and is heretofore published.
Amount, \$1,000,000; rate, \$14 per \$1000 plus \$20 each.

Interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum will be charged on all unpaid taxes from and after Sept. 1st, 1891, to the 1st of October, 1891.
Notices will be issued on 11th, 18th, 25th, 31st, 1891, to all persons whose taxes shall then remain unpaid, and in case said taxes should have been paid on or before October 1st, together with a receipt therefor, and to the extent of such amount, the undersigned will proceed to collect the same according to law.
Office hours from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m.

W. S. HARTON,
Treasurer and Collector of Taxes.

Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of Mortgage given by H. M. DE LORAIN of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a corporation legally established in said Worcester, dated November 1, 1886, and recorded with Worcester Deeds, Book 131, Page 72, and by a breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, October 28, at 10 o'clock p.m. the property conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit: A parcel of land, and the buildings on the same, in the said Worcester, bounded as follows: to the north, beginning in the westerly line of Whittier Street, one hundred (100) feet north of the north line of Whittier Street. Then in the said line of Whittier Street, northerly, one hundred (100) feet; thence westerly by land now or late of J. M. Hilditch, one hundred (100) feet; thence southerly, by land now or late of D. S. Messenger, one hundred (100) feet; thence easterly by land now or late of H. M. DeLorain, one hundred (100) feet; to the said subject of being.

This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments, City of Worcester, on land sold at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on the delivery of the deed, within ten days.

THE HOME CO-OPERATIVE BANK, BY
THOMAS J. HAFFNER, SECRETARY
E. B. GLASGOW, ATTORNEY.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, late of Worcester, in said county, deceased, be ite, knowing:

You are cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said county, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the final account rendered by Louise H. Chamberlain, the administratrix, with the will annexed of her administration of said estate, and now on file at this office, should not be allowed.

And the said account is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in a newspaper printed at Worcester, the first publication to be two days at least before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or to their legal representatives known to the petitioner seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this 18th day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SULLIVAN, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of FREDERICK M. WILKIE, late of Worcester, in said county, deceased, to-wit:

You are cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said county, on the first Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved; and also why the said petitioner, the executor therein named, should not be exempt from giving a surety or securities on his bond.

And the said petition is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in a newspaper printed at Worcester, the first publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage paid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or to their legal representatives known to the petitioner, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this 18th day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SULLIVAN, Register.

Smith's

401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Build'g.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

We shall open to-day for your inspection, two of the greatest bargains in Black Faillie Silks that it has ever been our pleasure to show.

No. 1. All Silk 24 inches, at \$7.10 a yard. Would be considered good value ordinarily at \$1.25.

No. 2. A very heavy, rich Faillie, all Silk, 24 inches wide, at \$1.25 a yard. Has never been sold by anybody for less than \$1.75.

Colored Sarahs at 50c, 50c, and 75c.

New Shades in China Silks at 40c.

Colored Satins 2 c. 17.10 and 50c.

Newfancy Silks for trimmings in black and colored VELVETS.

We have always enjoyed the reputation of being headquarters for velvets.

This season we shall continue to hold that prestige. We have in stock all the latest colors at popular prices.

Colored velvets at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$3.50 a yard.

Black velvets at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$1.50 a yard.

Colored velvetines 50c.

Black velvetines 50c, 75c and \$1.00

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.



Week Commencing MONDAY, SEPT. 28th.

Every afternoon and evening.

MISS ETHEL TUCKER,
SUPPORTED BY

Lothrop's Stock Company.

The beautiful American Drama, in 3 acts, as originally produced by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, entitled

“49”

Grand Lady Orchestra.

A farre by the Comedy Company opens each performance. Matinees daily at 2 P. M., Evenings 7:30 o'clock.

Doors open at 1:30 and 7 P. M. Prices 10, 20, 25 cents. Reserved seats secured one week in advance. Box office open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Entertainments.

Friday Populars.

At the close of one musical festivity comes the announcement of another treat for Worcester people, in the Friday Popular. Daniel F. Gay has secured for the coming winter, a course of ten entertainments made up of excellent artists and well varied. It is surprising that the price for so fine a course can be placed so low as \$1.50 for the ten. But whatever the price, there is no mistaking the fact that the talent is first class. The management does not plan to sell any single evening tickets.

There will be a preliminary concert Oct. 23 and all those attending this will receive a check entitling them to choose the next day a seat for the full course. The sale will not be open to the public till Oct. 26th. Thus those attending the preliminary concert will be assured of a good seat.

Further information can be obtained from a twenty-four page prospectus to be had of C. L. Gorham & Co., who will sell the tickets for the course.

Lothrop's Opera House.

It is almost superfluous to say any longer that the plays at this popular theater draw crowded houses every evening, for it has been said so often within the past few weeks that it is now taken for granted. The melo-drama, "Mardo," has been the attraction this week. "There are many exciting scenes and incidents, which afford opportunity for the display of much artistic work, both by the actors and in the scenery, which bears so important a part in the modern play. Justin Paige and Miss Kate Glassford assumed the leading parts and succeeded in winning very generous applause. The one-act comedy which preceded the drama was exceedingly funny. It was entitled "Poor Pillioddy." This afternoon and evening the last performances will take place.

Next week the stock company of which Miss Ethel Tucker is leading lady, will return. The five act drama "49" is the name of the play to be presented. Tickets for all performances on sale one week in advance.

A Well Known Restaurant.

There are many excellent restaurants in this city, but it is doubtful if one can be found better equipped with everything pertaining to a first class eating-house, than the cozy little dining hall at No. 32 Southbridge Street, which is owned and managed by Mrs. L. Benedict. It is situated but a short distance from Main street and is easy of access from all directions. Meals can be obtained at all hours. Strangers visiting this city will be amply repaid by giving this place a visit. Mrs. Benedict makes a specialty of catering to table boarders. The successful business established is well deserved.

Richard Healy will have no formal opening this year, but he is prepared at any and all times to show the latest styles in cloaks, jackets and capes. He now has his full winter stock in place. For variety and for quality, it is undoubtedly excelled by no other to be found in the city. An excellent idea of what will be "the correct thing" in wraps this winter, can be obtained by giving Mr. Healy a call.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

High Art Woolen dress goods show their beautiful faces from our South window to-day.

A lovely new Mode shade in *Amazou Cloth*, is richly embroidered with Silk in ombre shades, tipped with iridescent beads, and is very effective.

A Splendid Myrtle Cheviot has for trimming ecru Astrachan which is generously used for neck, waist, sleeves and bottom of dress.

A beautiful *Coral Red* has wide bands of Camel's-Hair in peculiar reddish brown, with slight tints interspersed that match the Coral red ground.

Another beautiful fabric is presented in a new brown upon which the designer has wrought a "Razze Dazze" pattern bewildering to masculine eyes.

Another in *Porcelain* blue with deep border of velvet braid, edged with jet and silver beads.

Still another—a green Cheviot, the bottom banded with double rows of Astrachan, running up through which are skeleton vines and leaves, the leaves flecked with tinsel as touched with the early frost.

The *High Art* woollens make a display unequalled.

They hold court in the South Window.

The Silks in the North window.

You can pay homage to either one, Or to both.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Worcester County Mechanics Association.

Lecture Season, 1891-92.

Course "A" commences Nov. 9. Course "B" Nov. 16.

Annual dues are payable on and after Oct. 1. Lecture tickets to members at Washburn Hall on Thursday, Oct. 1.

Engagements completed as follows:—

Boston Beacon Orchestral Club, Twenty-five

Lady Artists under direction of Miss Marietta

R. Sherman. (In both Courses.)

The Boston Rivals.

The Schenck Quartet, of Chicago.

Taft's College Olee and Banjo Clubs.

Lithuanian Quartet.

SOPRANOS.—Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Eugenia M. Baldwin, Lillian E. Wood.

Hattie C. Lull.

ALTONS.—Anna L. Bell, Susan E. Whittey.

TENORS.—Samuel E. Easton, William Harris.

BALFON.—John K. Tjely.

BASSO.—George H. Jott.

SOLO VIOLINISTS.—Miss Olive Mead, Mr. Felix Winterhult.

SOLO PIANISTS.—Miss Louisa Komau, Mr. Albert F. Conant.

READERS.—Mrs. Jessie Edridge Southwick,

Miss Ida M. Clemens, Mr. John Burgess

Wicks.

Leland T. Powers.—Character Impersonator.

Herbert Stanley Penton.—Illustrated Lecture, "Adventures in the Sandwich Islands."

Roberts Harper.—Illustrated Lecture, "Swiss Mountains and Valleys."

C. Milton Chase.—Illustration in a refined entertainment of "Mystery and Art."

Organ Concerts precede every Lecture. All entertainments at 8 o'clock. Announcements as to the

Sales of Evening Tickets later.

W. M. A. SMITH, Clerk and Treasurer.

THE CLARK- SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

TOO MUCH

Cannot be written in praise of "B. & H." and "Rochester" Central Draft Lamps. We place them upon the same level. We have sold these makes since they were first made. We know them to be RIGHT in every way.

THE PIONEERS

In any new and radical departure from old ideas, if their theories prove correct, always have imitators. How often are their productions as good as the original and genuine?

SO IT IS

With Central Draft Lamps. Imitations of the Rochester are numerous. Dozens of their imitators have failed to succeed, dozens more will, and still other dozens will doubtless fill their places.

EACH YEAR

Some NEW WONDER built upon ideas stolen from the "Rochester" or "B. & H." is heralded far and wide. The strongest claims are made for it. Many are sold. People are disappointed. Cry out against it. Its manufacture is stopped.

WHO IS INJURED?

The consumer, as usual, takes the loss. Look at any discarded lamps. You will find all sorts of names upon them, but the "Rochester" or "B. & H.," never.

WE SELL YOU

The "Rochester" or "B. & H." Other people do the same. There might be more money to us in an "Exclusive Sale" of some one of the other sorts that we could control. We prefer to sell the best, as with everything else.

THE ADVANTAGE

That comes to you from buying at this store is. You have the ENTIRE line of both makes from which to make your selection. The prices are based upon the cost. Our large buying of these two best of lamps brings the smallest possible price.

IF YOU BUY

"Rochester" or "B. & H." of ANYONE you are SURE of a good thing. Any other sort uncertain.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

It should be borne in mind that headache may arise from internal eye troubles, and all cases which resist well-directed medication should be sent to an oculist for examination.

Kerosene poured on red flannel and bound on the throat will greatly ease a sore throat. It will also heal cuts and cure chillsains.

A good illustration of the injurious effects on the sick of deprivation of sunlight is given by Dr. Hammond in his treatise on hygiene. He says: "I shall never forget the appearance presented by the sick of a regiment I inspected in Western Virginia. They were crowded into a small room, from which the light was shut out by blinds and India rubber cloth. Pale and exsanguined, ghost-like looking forms, they scarcely seemed mortal. Convalescence was almost impossible, and doubtless many of them died who, had they been subject to the simplest laws of nature, would have recovered. In convalescence from almost all diseases sunlight acts, unless too intense or too long continued, as a most healthful stimulus both to the nervous and physical systems. The evil effects of keeping such invalids in obscurity are frequently very decidedly shown, and cannot be too carefully guarded against by a physician. The delirium and weakness, which are by no means seldom met with in convalescents kept in darkness, disappear like magic when the rays of the sun are allowed to enter the chamber. I think I have noticed that wounds heal with greater rapidity when light is allowed to reach them than when they are kept continually covered."

Enough instances of the beneficial effects of sunlight have been given, it is hoped, to induce people to open their blinds and let the light into their houses; even if it does fade the carpets, it will brighten the cheeks of the inmates and gladden their hearts.

Cleaning Carpets.

Perhaps the most thorough way to clean a carpet, especially a Brussels carpet, is to lay it on a clean grass plat, face down, and beat it as it lies there. After being beaten thoroughly, it can be dragged by the corners over the grass, which will brush off all adhering dust, and the carpet will be cleaned in the most approved manner. To beat a carpet on a line is but an imperfect way, and the work is not as well done, unless by the most patient beating, besides not being as easy as the first mentioned way. The so called carpet-beating machines in use in this country are barbarous in their treatment of choice floor coverings. With, perhaps, twenty others, our carpets are tumbled about in a great cylinder, until they are folded in a thousand ways, and returned, instead of the stiff, firm carpet sent out, soft, limp articles, that have lost half their wearing qualities.

In England, Ireland and Scotland the prudent housewife compelled the carpet beaters to discard the rotary carpet destroyer, and automatic beating machines are now used, which beat carpets as near like hand work as is possible for machinery to do it. If living in a city, it will pay to employ men to take carpets out into the country and beat them, as above described. After comparing results, carpets will never be beaten by machinery again.



Parlor Furniture.

Never was our stock so complete as the present season. Our Parlor Suites in Silk Brocattelle, upholstered in new and novel effects, are charming, and are sure to please. Our leader is one for \$100. It would trouble you to duplicate it anywhere else for \$125.

ANOTHER GREAT BARGAIN is our Rug Suite, price \$75. Look at those others ask you \$90 for, and see if ours is not the same, at \$15 less price.

SOLID MAHOGANY Chairs and Rockers. We have a great variety of styles, and one in your parlor is the correct thing. From \$9 upwards.

Carpet Department.

We shall continue the sale of our 3 frame Body Brussels, with borders to match, price \$1. per yard, until all are sold. Remember, they are perfect goods, the regular price of which is \$1.35.

Another great bargain are our Tapestry Brussels Carpets, price 35c. per yard.

They are good quality, good style, and low priced.

Parlor - Stoves.

A large and fine assortment.

from \$14 to \$35.

Stoves * for * the * Chamber

From \$6 to \$10.

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FRIDAY POPULARS.

Ten * High-Class * Evening * Entertainments

In MECHANICS HALL.

Preliminary Concert, Oct. 23.

THE

"Friday Popular" Concert Co.

Organized especially for this occasion.

Ms. Pauline-Glidden Chapman.

The leading Lady Cornetist in the country.

Mrs. Maude Murray.

One of the best, if not the best. Dramatic Readers in the United States.

Miss Fannie Mead, Whistler.

Called the "Nightingale of Brooklyn."

Mr. William Lyle.

A Banjo Humorist of great versatility and refinement.

Single Tickets, Reserved Seats, 35 Cents.

Tickets go on sale at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s, 454 Main Street, 9 a. m., Saturday, Oct. 17th.

Those attending this Concert will receive, on entering, a check entitling them to choice of seats in advance of the general sale for the following course of

10 ENTERTAINMENTS.

Be sure and attend this Grand Concert, that you may secure a good seat for full course of

Friday Populars!

1. Nov. 6—The Walter Emerson Concert Co.
2. Nov. 20—Olof Kræmer, the Esquimaux.
3. Dec. 18—Prof. De Motte, electricity.
4. Jan. 1—The Whitney Muckridge Concert Co.
5. Jan. 15—The Swedish Concert Co.
6. Jan. 20—Novel Oriental Entertainment by Peter Von F. Manroev, The City of Jerusalem.
7. Feb. 12—The Kellogg Concert Co.
8. Mar. 4—Jaha de Witt Miller, the uses of ugliness.
9. Mar. 18—Howell's Jarco, "The Register."
10. Apr. 1—Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Get a Twenty-Four Page Pamphlet FREE,

At the Music Store of C. L. Gorham & Co.

EVERY * SEAT * RESERVED.

Full Course Tickets, - \$1.50.

For entire course of Ten Entertainments.

Tickets on sale for course Oct. 26th at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s.

Be sure to attend the preliminary that you may secure a good seat for the course.

Clover Blossom.

For the Children.

Pray who are you? I asked of a child
That I saw in earnest play,
As I trudged along life's dusty road
One morn in the month of May.

She paused, and biting the wide shade hat,
That rested on bright sunny curls,
Said, "I specs I see my papa's Clover Blossom,
And one of de sweetest of girls."

And what are you doing? my sweet litt'le ell,
I asked, and she looked in surprise,
"Why don't you see, making the boys and the girls
Some real nice mud pies."

And where do you live? I asked once more.
She answered in innocent glee,
"Why I live's ter home, in a great big house,
The doggie, and kittie, and me."

And where did you come from? I asked her again,
With a bright pleasant smile and a nod,
She looked in my face and earnestly said,
"Why, I specs 'dat I must come'd f'm God."

Clover Blossom, Clover Blossom, you're a wonderful
with 's,

With your curls, and your bright sunny eyes,
And I think that the angels must have brought you
down here,
From the gardens of Paradise.

You're a ray of bright sunshine on the river of life,
Shining out like a star, fair and clear,
Sent to lead us poor souls up the pathway of light
And open the gates for us here.

—Fred L. Hildreth.

Democratic Headquarters.

These have been established at No 410 Main Street and are in the care of James H. Underwood. Efforts are making to secure naturalization of eligible parties.

Leicester.

The weekly prayer-meeting in the Methodist Church was led by members of the Epworth League of Grace Church. Those who went out were Misses Emma Bates, Alice Bates, Alice G. Buck, Flora Minor, Alice E. Worth, Lucy Richardson and Mr. F. J. Metcalf.

Military Etiquette.

The Army and Navy Journal, which is considered ultimate authority in military matters disposes of a subject that our soldier boys have discussed no little since the excursion of the Light Infantry to Washington last April. Then there was a good natured difference between the City and Emmet Guards as to the right of the line, each claiming it, one on account of first proffering an escort, the other on account of seniority of the captain. This very clear question and its equally lucid answer will set at rest subsequent issues of similar import.

"Sergeant Worcester, Mass., writes: 'We will suppose there are three military companies, B, C and D. The captain of D is senior captain, B goes away on a pleasure trip, C tenders its services as escort and is accepted. Later, D tenders its services also, and they, too, are accepted. Now we parade, not as a battalion, but as independent companies. Which has the right of line, senior captain D or C, who first tendered their services and were first to be accepted?'

Ans.—Under all rules of Military etiquette, Co. C being the first accepted, should have precedence."

Horace Kendall,

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THE * IMPROVED * TURKISH * BATH.

Only a limited number of cases is received, so that all may receive requisite attention. Medicated Baths and Electricity are our weapons and no scientific mind will dispute the power and virtue of said agents, especially when managed intelligently. Massage given thoroughly and scientifically. Baths and Board, \$12.00 per week. Baths, Massage and Board, \$15.50 per week. Baths, Massage, Board and Electricity, or the whole as indicated, \$18.00 per week. Single Sanatory Baths, \$1.25. Rheumatism Blood Diseases, Kidney troubles, Tumors, Paralysis, are diseases we pride ourselves on handling successfully.

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WORCESTER.

**THE SCHOOL YEAR OF THE
Worcester County Music School**

Begins TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1891. Applications for pupils received at any time.

Pupils received at any time during school year.
E. L. SUMNER, Director, 379 Main Street.
(Opposite Elm Street.)

THE * HOME * SCHOOL,

MAY ST., COR. OF WOODLAND,

will re-open September 23. Miss Kimball will be at the School after August 1, where she will be glad to talk with any interested in her work.

An excellent school home for your daughter. Call or send for circular.

MRS. MORGAN'S

Private School and Kindergarten

WILL BEGIN SEPT. 11.

Miss Kimball will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent nurse maid. Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

Mr. Walter Scott Kennedy

Will receive his pupils on and after MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, from 10 A. M., to 12:30 to 4, and 7:30 to 8 P. M., at his music rooms, No. 1 Elm Street.

Mrs. H. W. Johnson

resumes teaching at Leland's Music Store on Mondays and Thursdays, after September 8th.

Address No. 2 Lincoln Place.

Miss CAMILLE M. CLARK,

a pupil of

GEO. L. OSGOOD, OF BOSTON,

is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,

at her residence, No. 21 John Street.

DANCING

GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Matton will re-open her class in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m.

Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from strangers. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Matton at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 6 to 7.

For terms and further particulars call or address Mr. Matton. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Corliss & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence: call 453-5.

MR. B. D. ALLEN

is ready to receive applications for lessons in

PIANO AND ORGAN

Playing, and in the Theory of Music, at his room in Harrington Building, 23 Main Street. The Fall term opens October 1. Pupils desiring special hours will please arrange prior to that date.

About Folks.

Mr. Elwyn H. Fowler, a graduate of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, who has since his graduation been one of the corps of tuners at the Institution, has taken up his residence in Worcester at No. 16 Oberlin St., and offers his services as a piano forte tuner.

Worcester people are doubtless familiar with the great work done at this school in educating the blind and training them for useful citizens. Among the vocations there taught, music and tuning naturally hold leading places. The tuning business done by the Institution is a large one, the care of the Boston school pianos, mostly Chickering grands, and much of the finest work in the city being intrusted to its tuners. On the Institution tuning circular appear flattering testimonials from such well known musicians as B. J. Lang, Julius Eichberg, Henry C. Carey, James M. McLaughlin, Calixa Lavallee, and others, some of which were elicited by Mr. Fowler's work while he was in the employ of the Institution.

Mr. Fowler comes with the highest recommendations from the Institution, and leading musicians here testify to the excellence of his work.

Prof. W. W. Greene, the well known dancing teacher, will re-open his classes at Grand Army Hall, Monday evening, October 12. Further particulars will be found in his advertisement in this paper.

Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's Winter Trips to California.

It goes without saying that California is the most attractive and popular winter resort in America. Its remarkably salubrious and equable climate gives it an advantage over every other section of the world, in fact. That the coming winter will witness an increased tide of travel to the Pacific Coast, is already strongly indicated. The only remaining question, then, is as to the best way of reaching the land of perpetual Spring and Summer. This query is easily answered. Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's series of eight winter tours provide comforts and luxuries otherwise unattainable. Their parties move across the country in magnificent vestibuled trains, with dining-cars and every other first class appointment. The journey becomes a pleasure even to those who dislike ordinary traveling. Independent tickets are sold, permitting the holder to exercise his own preferences as to the place and time of sojourn and the date of his return. He can travel eastward by any of four different routes, and in any of nine different parties, or independently in any train, the return tickets being good until next July. The first and second parties leave Boston November 12 and December 10. Send to Raymond & Whitcomb, 299 Washington Street (opposite School Street), Boston, for a descriptive circular.

A Kodak Miniature.

Only a look of autumn hair,
Caught on the front of his vest,
He thoughtlessly touched the button.
His wife she did the rest.

—Selected.

ORDER NOW



and thereby be sure of getting your Monumental work in place at an early day. No better and fairer place to be found than at
EVANS & COMPANY,

Manufacturers of

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SINCE 1845.

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Miss Idelle A. Clark,

Graduate of the

BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,

will give lessons in

PIANO AND HARMONY.

15 PROVIDENCE STREET.

Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

**Mr. Ben T. Hammond's
* STUDIO ***

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

→ Dancing Class, * Prof. W. W. Greene →

Respectfully announces to former patrons and residents of Worcester that he will begin his Fifth Select Class in Dancing at Grand Army Hall on Monday, Oct. 12. For further particulars, see circulars at Leland's and Osborne's Music Stores. Objectionable parties not admitted.

About Folks.

Rev. M. L. Srolowitz begins his duties as pastor of the Sons of Abraham church, Plymouth street, today. He comes from Frenn, Russia, where he has been situated for 16 years.

Roger F. Upham is first vice-president of the Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance union.

Hon. Edward L. Day was re-elected, this week, a director of the E. & A. R. R.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

The Rev. W. T. Worth will deliver a lecture in Grace M. E. Church, Thursday evening, Oct. 8 for the benefit of the church.

At the Reform Club, last Sunday night, Major F. G. Stiles put himself on record as being most decidedly in favor of woman's suffrage, a sentiment which seemed to please his auditors also. He believes that such a franchise would aid the Temperance Cause.

Mr. Charles H. Williams, formerly of this city, but lately of Three Oaks, Michigan has removed to Kalamazoo of that state, where he superintended of the Featherbone Company. The business was formerly in Three Oaks.

Leicester.

The annual meeting of the Leicester Magazine Club, was held at the house of Mr. William U. Stone last Monday evening. These officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. A. White; secretary and treasurer, J. C. Watson; executive committee, H. A. White, J. C. Watson, W. F. Holman. The following is a list of members. The periodicals are forwarded in the order indicated. A. H. Coolidge, H. A. White, Miss Ida F. Warren, Geo. E. Marsh, Mrs. C. A. Denny, Mrs. Wm. U. Stone, Mrs. L. D. Thurston, Mrs. Alonzo White, Miss Eldora E. Loring, Wm. F. Holman, J. C. Watson, Mrs. F. H. Gifford, C. A. Page. The Club voted to take The Century Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, Popular Science Monthly, Good Housekeeping, Forum, North American Review, Harper's Young People, Harper's Bazar, Cosmopolitan, Scientific American and The Magazine of Art. The regulations are given below: Periodicals shall be forwarded on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and only in the order indicated by the list. On second reading send only to those whose names are checked. Each member shall note the exact date of receiving and forwarding in ink. Members wishing a second reading will check their names. Fine for detention, five cents a day. Any member receiving a publication which is overdue, shall at once report the delinquency to the treasurer. The member who has the last reading of a periodical shall forward it to the secretary. Any person injuring publications will be held responsible. Fine for non-attendance at the annual meeting in September, one dollar. First reading, three days; second reading, one week.

The members of the club regret that Mrs. Harrington withdrew her membership. Mr. Page was the fortunate one to fill the vacancy

and he was made welcome by all. The club enters upon the 12th year of its reign.

"Nothing lives in literature but that which has in it the vitality of creative art; and it would be safe advice to the young to read nothing but what is old."

Monday evening was one of pleasure as well as profit. Miss Stone dispensed lemonade, and the eleventh anniversary passed off with pleasant anticipations for long life to all the members of the Leicester Magazine Club.

Amateur Sports.

The members' handicap games on the Worcester Oval last Saturday were very successful, though fault might be found with the slowness with which the events were run off. The results were as follows:—

100 yard dash, first heat—W. H. Allison, 7 yards, first; J. H. Adams, 4 yards, second. Second heat—W. H. Fuller, 5 yards, first; H. H. Sibley, 6 yards, second. Final heat—Allison, first; Adams, second. Time, 10.45 seconds.

Putting 16 pound shot—F. J. Zaeder, 2 feet, 31 feet 9 inches; R. J. Clapp, 3 feet, second, 31 feet 7 inches.

One-half mile run—Fuller, 45 yards, first, 2 minutes 11.5 seconds, W. A. Beaudette, 75 yards and Allison, 10 yards, tied for second. Beaudette won the toss.

One-mile bicycle—F. J. Johnson, 60 yards, first, 3 minutes 5.45 seconds; Miller, scratch, second.

220 yards hurdle—Adams, 8 yards, first, 30 seconds; Allison, 10 yards, second.

Pole vault—Kinsley, 6 inches, first, 9 feet, 5 inches; Brennan, scratch, second, 9 feet 1 inch.

220 yards dash—Adams, 9 yards, first, 24.15 seconds; Allison, 15 yards, second.

One mile run—J. M. Gallagher, 30 yards, first, 4 minutes 49.45 seconds; Beaudette, 120 yards, second.

The second and last of the members' games takes place this afternoon, when a large number of athletes will compete in the following events:—

Quarter-mile run, one-mile walk, 120 yard hurdle, running broad jump, throwing 16 pound hammer and two mile bicycle. Admission will be free to members upon presentation of membership tickets. Also ladies will be admitted free.

Badly Fooled.

Last night a body of men stood in a drug store in Athens, talking over the exceedingly dry state of affairs in Clark county, at present.

A gentleman walked in and, accosting the druggist, asked for some turpentine. He pulled a bottle from his pocket and handed it over to the druggist.

"It's had beer in it," remarked the gentleman, "but it's all right."

The druggist filled it with a white-looking liquid and the gentleman as he passed out gave the crowd the wink, as much as to tell them that they could get all they wanted back in the drug store.

They smacked their lips in delight. Finally one of them walked back and said: "My wife is sick, and the doctor says for me to get some turpentine, and you can just put in this little flask. It's had whisky in it, but it is all right."

The flask was filled at once. And then another put up the plea that he was all broken up, and that the doctor had advised him to rub himself all over with turpentine, and he wanted a quart.

His whisky bottle was filled also. And so on for some time, until the whole crowd had laid in a bottle of turpentine apiece.

The last one, just as he rounded a neighboring corner, was suddenly taken with a pain, and concluded to try the virtue of a drink of —. Well, he took it, and then swore. He raved and tore his hair, and frantically pawed up the earth. A few blocks from where he stood, another turpentine buyer was calling for water and swearing he was a conflagration. And so it went.

The druggist sold out his stock of turpentine at a good profit, and Clarke county still remained dry.—Demorest (Ga.) Times.

Grace.

She faced herself so tight

She couldn't eat.

Then, for excuse, remarked:

"Grace before meat!"

—Judge.

Then life is—to wake not sleep.

Rise and rest, but press

From earth's level where blindly creep

Things perfect'd, more or less,

To the heaven's height, far and steep.

When see? When there dawns a day,

If not o' the homely earth,

Then yonder, world's away.

Where the strange and new have birth,

And power comes full in plav.

—Browning.

General Sherman, one of our exchanges says, was fond of telling this bit of negro philosophy: "When I was in the army in Georgia, a slave-owner one Christmas missed a fat turkey. He suspected a fine looking colored man, and had him brought before him. 'You have stolen my turkey and eaten it,' said the irate master. 'I see not gwine to say I didn't when you says I did, massa.' 'I ought to do something to you. What have you got to say why I should not punish you?' 'Well, massa, you hain't los' anything particular. You see, you has a little less turkey, and a good deal more nigger.'"

The Evening Sun tells of a parson who had call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. "How is it, Josiah," said the neighbor, "is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "Paw is still praying for light, but most of the things is packed."

* MR. ANDERSON, *

Will give instructions in

SINGING

at his Studio,

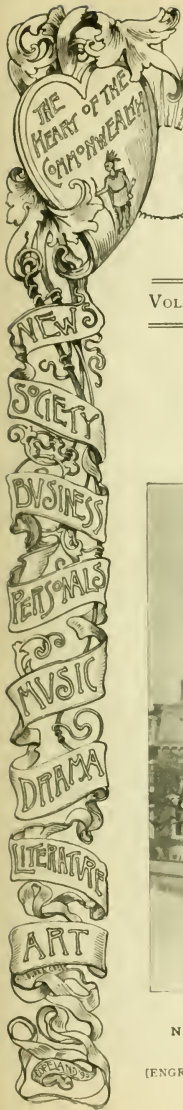
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MONDAYS, * FRIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,

From 12 to 6 P. M.

A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.



LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 5. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891. FIVE CENTS.



Natural History Rooms, Corner of State and Harvard Streets; the Old Edwin Conant Mansion.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

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✦ DESKS * THIS * WEEK. ✦

Desks of all kinds, in all woods, beautifully finished. See our

PARLOR DESK FOR \$10!

It is a wonder for the money. We have better ones varying in price from

\$12 to \$50.

We have Parlor Desks and Bookcases com-

bined, in great variety—a very convenient piece of furniture—the desk on one side, and roomy bookcase on the other, with cabinet top over all. A good case of this kind for \$15; perfect gems for \$25. We have more than thirty designs from which you may select, at from

\$15 to \$70.

Do not fail to see our stock before purchasing anything in the line of Furniture, as no store

contains a finer assortment, and our

Prices are the Lowest.

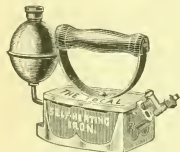
OFFICE DESKS we had almost forgotten, but we carry the best kinds always in stock, and sell a good 5 ft.

Roll Top Desk for \$50.

Compare our goods and prices with any other.

Goods shown with pleasure.

247 and 249 Main Street, Corner of Central.



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Durable!
Odorless!
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It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
two-thirds cost
(per hr. for fuel.)

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With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

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FOR THE CURE AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

It is not a Drug, but Nature's true Restorative in debility and all disordered conditions of the system.

Our Oxygen is fresh every day.

Prepared and administered with the utmost care by a Physician of large experience.

It will pay to investigate our METHODS and PRICES.

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COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Especial attention given to the family trade.

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Sanitary Plumbing and Ventilation

Dealer in Plumbing Materials.

56 Pleasant Street,

Worcester, Mass.

ELWOOD ADAMS,

Successor to H. W. Miller.

Look at this picture and read.



A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a housekeeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility. One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

Vol. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

No. 5

"What is my faith," you ask of me?

My faith is not of words and creeds,
My faith is in all faithful acts,
And in all noble deeds.

My faith is that all should try
To make this world so glad and bright,
That hearts should fill with gladness all,
And every soul with light.

—O. F.—

There is no lack of diversion in Worcester.

The Festival left the steady goers so tired that some said they could sleep a week.

But hard after that came the Republican mass meeting and the gathering of the clans for the Democratic convention.

Every body who was present must concede that City Committee Chairman Winslow bore his honors excellently and that he had reason to congratulate himself over the success of the meeting.

Then if a man of either party entered Mechanics Hall at about 1 p.m., Tuesday, and beheld the furor of applause that greeted Governor Russell he must have concluded that this is thoroughly a young man's day in politics.

From the West gallery there was a great array of bald heads visible but every one was bobbing in behalf of the boy like figure on the platform, the young governor about whom the Republicans and Democrats differ so much in sentiment.

Then, too, on the same day, the City Guards celebrated their 51st anniversary, ending the same with a dinner at the hall of the Continentals, having present at least one man who was a Guard fifty-one years ago.

In all these festivities, there are found people who talk about a new City Hall. Wouldn't it be a good idea for them to wait till the new Post Office is built? One thing at a time. Then, when that is completed, perhaps we shall know better where we want the City Hall. Possibly, too, there may be, then, less than now who would consent to yield one foot of the Common for any such purpose.

Build monuments there; but when the time comes to tear down the present edifice, by the way, paid for, let no structure of any kind be erected there. Generations hence, blessings will be ours if we hold this space for just what it was at first devoted to, a Common. There are places enough for the City Hall, better in every way than that, which may be given, too, if we will but bide our time.

Have a care for the little ones. A lady has been heard to say, "I was married when very young and how I lacked in judgement! I have locked my little boy up in a dark closet and have gone out calling, leaving him to cry himself to sleep. I condemn myself every time I think of it. I can't punish myself now

save as the memory afflicts me; but I can lift a warning voice to other mothers, young as I was, and who wonder why they must be tied down to a child's cradle." If by any chance that cradle becomes empty, then fancy the sorrow that follows. Better the same with its bud of promise there, though it takes all your time, than the cradle forsaken and you desolate. Don't leave your children to shift for themselves in their early childhood. Flames may burn or the darkness may terrify! Care for them constantly and, by and by, you will be repaid a thousand fold.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Comrade Alfred S. Smedley, who has been away from the city four months in Halifax, Vt., has reached home again, having taken an eighty miles drive down from his Vermont headquarters. He arrived in Worcester, Sunday last. He has all the appearance of perfect agreement with Vermont atmosphere and fare.

The Lakeside Boat Club observed the closing of its lake club house, last evening, by giving a reception to its gentlemen and lady friends. As LIGHT was already printed when the affair took place it is unable to give a detailed account this week. It is safe to say, though, that it was very successful and very enjoyable, for this is always true of the Lakesides' receptions. A fuller account will be given in the next paper.

Mr. Wm. E. Starr, of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company, has been attending the meeting of the Actuarial Society in Toronto, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1st, his first visit to that Canadian city since 1836, and then it was called York.

Mr. Orman L. Taft, superintendent of the T. K. Earle Man'g'g Company, returned Monday from Nantucket, where he has been taking a well deserved rest. Mr. Edward P. Taft returned with him.

Two blossoms of the night blooming cereus opened last Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Warren J. Cutting, 123 West Street. Many friends and neighbors were present to watch their gradual unfolding. Miss Clara Burnham, pianist, and Miss Knight, vocalist, entertained the company most acceptably. War songs were sung, in which all joined. Ice cream and cake were served, and all spent a most agreeable evening.

Miss Helen De Forest Marshall, who has had excellent success in her art studies, will instruct pupils at No. 1 Congress Street. Thursday, from three till ten o'clock, friends were received at her home to inspect her work.

Monday, Alfred C. N. Petersen, W. H. S. class of '86, took the entrance examinations for the school of architecture, Boston Institute of Technology, and passed them successfully.

The Rev. Anson Titus, formerly settled over the Universalist Church in Charlton, but later in Towanda, Penn., has been visiting in Worcester this week. He is an accomplished antiquarian and genealogist.

Mr. Chas. A. Gray, W. H. S. class of '91, has entered Harvard for a special course in English literature.

O. B. Hadwen is one of the expert judges called at the Brockton Agricultural Fair.

Mr. Samuel Hathaway of Thompsonville, Conn., an old Worcester resident and a valued contributor to LIGHT has been in the city during the week, drawn hither in part by the anniversary of the City Guards.

Twenty-Fifth.

The annual reunion of this Regiment will be held on the 15th, inst., in G. A. R. Hall. Dinner in Continental Hall as usual.

For Hope Church.

The lecture by Mr. Joseph Cook, Oct. 26, at Association Hall, on "Seven Modern Wonders" is considered one of the very best of his subjects. It is an epitome of an around the world trip taken by him. In his incisive way he tells us of the wonders of today, far eclipsing those of the early world.

Marriages.

At the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wednesday, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, Patrick F. Clark and Miss Hannah E. Shea. At St. John's Church, by the Rev. M. S. G. Thomas Griffin, Wednesday, Daniel E. Conlin to Miss Mary E. Keegan.

At St. John's Church, Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. C. M. Foley, James McGinn to Miss Bridget McDonald.

A Sutton Record.

There are several burial grounds in Sutton. Some are private, more are public. Of some, the deeds of holding are recorded, but one has the record in a queer place. The man gave the plot, but no County office has any record of the gift and the only one extant is that chiseled upon the stone commemorative of the giver. But this is considered sufficient, for here one may read that the stone is sacred to the memory of him who gave the land for the cemetery. No one presumes to dispute the validity of the title.

Nearing Heaven.

Recently during the Junior singing hour at the High School, a pupil to play accompaniments did not appear, so one of the teachers volunteered. The exercise was the chanting of the Lord's Prayer. It was very slow and the conductor repeatedly stopped the class before reaching the word Heaven in the first clause, till finally, the pianist in despair left her seat exclaiming, "Mr. R. I think these Juniors are entirely too long getting to Heaven."



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1891.

The excellent photograph for the cut of the Conant Mansion, LIGHT owes to Mr. Eben Harrington of Harvard Street.

Rev. Father Thomas J. Conaty of the Church of the Sacred Heart sends out the October Monthly Calendar, as ever filled with material useful to the members of his parish. He makes it an epitome of facts pertinent to his church and people. Golden Rod is very fitly the refrain in this month.

LIGHT hereby acknowledges the courtesy of a season ticket to the Sioux City, Iowa, Corn Fair, and regrets exceedingly that distance will not permit the pleasure of taking a part in this wonderful feast of Mondamin. Should any LIGHT readers be going that way, this ticket is at their disposal with the expectation of a right good, well *corned* letter in return.

Worcester's whilom schoolboy and teacher, Charles S. Chapin, appears to be on the top-most wave of success in Fitchburg. The High School is much larger than ever before, in fact the numbers are away beyond the usual percentage of attendance. All this is gratifying to his Worcester friends.

Town Talk of Fitchburg comes out with a new front; a great improvement. The form is just a little suggestive of the well known title page of LIGHT; all the better for that of course. It looks as though Fitchburg people enjoyed "Town Talk."

The Amherst Student, under the business management of Charles E. Hildreth of this city, appears in a new form. A very handsome cover has a new title head, with a picture of the beautiful college church included, and below is a picture of President Gates. A picture in this place, is to be a feature hereafter. "The Student" has an excellent look, and if there be an Amherst graduate in these parts who does not take the paper, let him be held for disloyalty. It is one of the very best college papers.

About Folks.

Corrections.

In LIGHT's account of the Guards, two

weeks since, some blunders appeared. For Major Francis A. Blake, read Mayor James B. Blake. The Guards in the Rebellion should have been signed Ex-Captain, but the words were dropped down into the next line. Major Shumway belonged to the 4th not 7th Vermont.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

Among the many young pianists of this city who are winning success in their chosen profession, Harry C. Mullett appears to be one of the leading. One year ago he opened a studio in the Knowles Building, and last season, his first in this city, was very successful. The one just commencing is even more promising than the last. Mr. Mullett received his instruction from Arthur Adams, the composer of the mass given at the recent Festival and from B. J. Lang of Boston.

October 1st Mr. John Marble celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday at No. 33 Harvard Street. Twelve of his near friends and relatives gathered to take tea with him and congratulate him on the return of the day which finds him so well and hale as he is. Flowers were sent and the day made pleasant in every way by the thoughtfulness of his many friends.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond recently received a letter from William Shakespeare, the famous London teacher and composer, whom he met in his recent trip abroad, in which occur the following lines: "I must express my gratification at the strides I find you have made in the art since we met two years since. Our last lessons and conversations I am sure will give you courage to resume lessons with increased ardor and high standard." Commendation from so high an authority must be very agreeable to Mr. Hammond. It certainly delights his friends.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

It was a border drama which held the interest of the crowds at this resort this week. "49" is full of stirring events. A fortune, a missing heiress, a pretended heiress, good men and villains all get mixed in many complications until the last act when all trouble clears away and justice and virtue prevail. "Old 49," Mr. J. Francis Kirke was a striking figure. Miss Ethel Tucker, as "Carrots" the missing heiress, was a decided success. They received excellent support from the remainder of the company. "The Artful Dodger" was the title of the farce which preceded the drama. There will be two more performances of these, one this afternoon and one this evening.

The New England comedy drama "Dad's Girl" will be given next week by the stock company of which Miss Katherine Rober and Mr. Max Freeman are the leaders. The farce which will precede each performance is entitled "Baker's Daughter."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pettes, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. Res. 21 Pearl Street.
Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols. Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 397 Main St.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

(Center) Gloves.
Butterick's Paper Patterns.
Sole Agency | E. C. Bart's Shoes.
Foster Kid Gloves.

WORCESTER Saturday, Oct. 3 1891.

Bengaline is the new wave in black silks. It is being everywhere mentioned and advertised. Fashion journals commend its use for many styles of gowns.

The fabric is of silk and wool; warp of silk, filling of wool. The wool is invisible and very fine. The virtue of the combination lies in the strength of the fabric and its lightness and softness. It drapes nearly as gracefully as a silk-warp henrietta, and lacks none of the raven-black brilliancy of the Faille Francaise.

Bengaline is superior for wear, softness, and in mellow touch to any black or colored silk at its price. It will never crack or slip. Its wrinkles shake out like brilliantine, and it does not tumble or muss, as a pure silk.

In black, the weaves are of a fine faille pattern, and of the now fashionable cord surface. \$1.25; 20 inches. We have never thought of marking the price over \$1.25, so were a little surprised upon being shown Saturday a piece of the very same Bengaline as this \$1.25 number, bought by the lady who exhibited it in Boston for \$1.50. Suffice it to say that this lady was more than surprised; she was indignant.

Bengaline is also here in colors; the cord effect being heavier than in black. The shades are rich, deep, and warm; \$1.50 a yard. The faille-like weave is \$1.25, in the new Fall shades.

Small, cute figures in dainty colors, scattered quite wide apart over solid black grounds have the lead for combination dresses of black or autumn colors in either silk or wool; \$1.00.

For evening gowns:—

Jacquard Indias, with self-color figures. White, cream, pink, lavender and blue, \$1.25. The same Indias as above with colored French flower figures, \$1.37.
Plain white China silk, 75¢; 28 inch.
Crepe de chine, \$1.25.
Highest class two-toned novelties, elaborate brocades, etc., \$2.50.
Bengaline Jacquard, \$1.25.
Green satin, with open-work lace stripes, \$1.25.
ANNEX.
DANFORTH & MCKAY COMPANY.

The City Guards,

The Field Day of the Guards was not smiled upon by the skies though every item on the program was carried out. The shooting may not have been quite up to the record of former years, but there were reasons for that. The dress parade was among the best ever witnessed in Worcester. The evening in Continental Hall was enjoyable, quite devoid of formality, every one enjoying himself in his own way. Rebball set out the tables and they were lavishly covered and liberally patronized, while the band of Battery B, furnished delicious music. Among the past members and guests present were Mayor F. A. Harrington, Alderman Francis Plunkett, Gen. Robert H. Chamberlain, Gen. Josiah Pickett, Col. E. J. Russell, Maj. E. R. Shumway, Capt. E. A. Wood, Capt. L. G. Bigelow, Capt. Harry B. Fairbanks, Vice Depart. Com. G. A. R., James K. Churchill, Sen. Vice Com., J. B. Leprie, G. A. R., Capt. E. H. Leavitt, Orange, Lieut. George H. Harlow, Armorer George E. Hubbard, Lieut. P. L. Ryder, Lieut. Waldo Simpson, Lieut. H. W. Haynes, Lieut. W. F. Gilman, Lieut. George M. Rice, 2d, Lieut. James Early, Lieut. John E. Lancaster, Lieut. S. A. Willis, Lieut. Hathaway, George S. Bliss, W. F. Pond, A. S. Roe, A. J. Marble, F. H. Rice, John J. Quinn, Charles Thwing, E. L. Hayden, Alonzo Hoyle, Adin E. Brown, Thomas Kenney, James McDonough, William Wilkins and Herman Lucke.

At 9 o'clock, Captain Condy called the company to order and introduced Alfred S. Roe, who announced the prize winners. First prize, company gold medal, to be held for the year, and a gold watch, Lieut. M. H. Tisdell, his third time; second prize, sharpshooter's badge and a shaving mug, Corporal Geo. E. Warren; third prize, a revolver, Private E. A. Price; fourth prize, a gold ring, Private Charles Dwinnett; fifth prize a silver-headed cane, Musician H. R. Behrens; sixth prize, gold stud, Private E. H. Willard; seventh prize, order for cuff buttons, Lieut. E. G. Barrett. The "leather medal," a toy gun, went to Private Walter Allison, who brought the diminutive piece to a carry and saluted on receiving it.

The first prize for honoraries, a gold headed umbrella, went to Lieut. J. B. Willard, and the second, an order for a hat, to John J. Quinn.

At 10.15 "Auld Lang Syne" brought the gathering to an end.

There is a flourishing veterans' organization of the Guards and at the afternoon meeting in G. A. R. Hall, Gen. Josiah Pickett was elected as president. Other officers elected were: Gen Robert H. Chamberlain, ex-Sheriff A. B. R. Sprague and Maj. E. R. Shumway, vice-presidents; Capt. E. A. Wood, secretary and treasurer.

- The members of the veteran body are:
- *David J. Baker, Worcester
 - *George A. Brown, "
 - John G. Brewer, "
 - George E. Barrett, "
 - Geo. L. Bliss, "
 - Fred W. Blennus, "
 - Henry Brannon, "
 - Simson M. Bellows, "
 - Adin E. Brown, "
 - *Julius L. Clark, West Newton

- A. W. Cunningham, Providence, R. I.
 - James K. Cleveland, Worcester
 - Franklin A. Clark, "
 - John W. Clark, "
 - Daniel E. Denny, "
 - James Early, "
 - W. F. Emerson, "
 - John H. Field, "
 - Forbes B. Fay, "
 - Herbert H. Fairbanks, "
 - Clarence M. Fogerty, "
 - Silas W. Goddard, "
 - Frank E. Goodwin, Thompsonville, Conn.
 - *Samuel Hathaway, Quincy
 - Chas. A. Howland, Worcester
 - Horace Hobbs, "
 - Francis A. Harrington, "
 - H. A. Harrington, "
 - E. L. Hayden, "
 - A. F. Hoyle, "
 - D. J. Harper, "
 - George C. Joslin, Boston
 - J. A. Knowlton, Worcester
 - Samuel H. Leonard, West Newton
 - Nathaniel S. Liscomb, Worcester
 - John B. Leprie, "
 - J. A. Long, "
 - F. M. Linnell, Boston
 - Wm. H. Lucas, Worcester
 - Henry Mellon, "
 - Harry F. Merritt, "
 - Robert W. Ney, Waukegan, Ill.
 - Chas. E. Newton, Worcester
 - Willard F. Pond, "
 - Geo. E. Patch, "
 - Thomas C. Rice, "
 - Geo. M. Rice, 2d, "
 - E. R. Shumway, "
 - Frank N. Smith, "
 - Frank Stewart, "
 - Geo. A. Snow, "
 - J. B. Willard, "
 - Frederick W. Ward, "
 - Warren H. Willard, "
 - George C. Whitney, "
 - H. W. Watkins, "
 - Chas. A. Wood, "
 - Edward M. Woodward, "
- *Charter members of the W. C. G., 1850.

DEVENS AND METCALF.

Dedicated to the Worcester City Guards by
A Charter Member.

The charter members are few and growing less, year by year. Soon the last will strike his flag; the touch of the elbow in line will be broken and the story of the beginning will be told only in written history.

But it matters not who falls out. The march still goes on, and the heavy foot-fall of years, the cadence step of the march of centuries

Halts not for high nor low,
But in your drum beat, to-day
Sound the ruffles of woe,
As you pay affection's tribute of marching salute,
O'er the new made grave
Where our beloved Devens sleeps!
But a twelve month ago and
His ringing voice stirred our souls
With words of eloquence, of cheer and love.
And now he lies there beneath
The silent shelter tent of death.
A relieved soldier taking his rest,
With his stary shroud around him,
Beneathing us the rich legacy
Of the sweet memory of the noble life,
And many virtues of the Soldier,
The Statesman, the Orator, the Lawyer the Judge and
the Friend.
Peace to thine ashes, comrade, Peace!
But thee immortal Chieftain's spirit
Will still lead us on.

At our fiftieth anniversary, too,
An honored Honorary was there,
Who now with thine arms sleeps
The sweet sleep that knows no waking.

And over all the land beneath
Many a costly grave 'neath
Are sorrowing hearts that tremble with
A faithful guide and teacher gone,
And who will ever lose his memory green,
And enshrine the name of Metcalf
Among their best beloved friends.
And so they go, through
The dark valley of the shadowy wilderness
To the immortal campfires glow
A low bugle notes of minor strain,
The triple shout, death's last refrain,
And the order comes, "Forward, March!"
And with quick-step feet
To the drum's muffled beat,
We who remain, take up thine' march again.
Lead on Young Guard! Oh lead on!
With sweet hosannas of song,
Eighteen thro's toast to Ninety-one
"Hail Young Guard, and march on!"

CHURCH NOTES.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The program for the installation, next Tuesday evening, of Rev. Inman L. Wilcox as pastor of Park Church is as follows: Voluntary and anthems; statement of council, scribe; invocation, Rev. R. M. Taft; anthem; scripture reading, Rev. Lawrence Perry; hymn; sermon, Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D. D.; installing prayer, Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Perkins; response by choir; right hand of fellowship, Rev. C. M. Southgate; charge to pastor, Rev. A. H. Coolidge of Leicester; address to people, Rev. George H. Gould, D. D.; hymn; benediction.

The Ladies' Aid Society connected with Pilgrim Church announced a most interesting musical and literary entertainment to be given in the vestry, Thursday evening, Oct. 8th. The program has been most carefully arranged and comprises the choicest selections from the extensive repertoire of the several artists whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee as to its merits. Miss Susie D. Drew, the elocutionist, has already appeared before Worcester audiences at three different times under the auspices of this same society and upon each occasion has been accorded a most hearty welcome and received the most enthusiastic commendations of all who have listened to her. The fact that she brings with her on the present occasion Miss Carrie Louise St. John, vocalist; Miss Vida Ayer, violinist; Miss L. Myrcie Ludlow, pianist lends added interest to an entertainment that will undoubtedly receive a most liberal patronage.

UNIVERSALITY.

The Ladies Social Circle of the First Universalist Church will hold its first meeting this season on Tuesday, next.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The funeral of Walter Hoyce took place from St. John's Church last week Tuesday morning. He was a charter member of the Father Matthew Society, having received the pledge from the noble hands of Father Matthew, him self, forty-two years ago.

The Forty Hour's Devotion commenced at Sacred Heart Church last week Sunday morning at half past ten mass. The Rev. M. W. Mulhane was celebrant, the Rev. J. J. Tyrrell, deacon, the Rev. J. J. Donnelly sub-deacon. The ceremonies closed Tuesday morning with a high mass at eight o'clock.

The Rev. Robert Walsh is to hold a bazaar next month to aid in the building of his new house.

The Worcester Natural History Society.

As a rule a city or town may be known by the number and quality of her public institutions. In this direction, Worcester has long enjoyed an enviable reputation. Among the societies and agencies working for the public good, that one to which this article is devoted is worthy of conspicuous mention. At this moment, when its removal from the old quarters, in the Worcester Bank Block, to its new abode on Harvard street is just effected, it is eminently fitting that the new home should be pictured and the Society described. The projectors of this organization are yet living and its parentage is certainly honorable, for it was in August, 1852, agreeably to a call printed in the Spy, that the Rev. E. E. Hale, then the pastor of the Church of the Unity, called to order a meeting of representative young men in Waldo Hall. Our present Senator, George F. Hoar was chairman and Wm. Mecorney, Secretary. From this time, place and beginning grew this flourishing body. Of course, there were mutations and tribulations, not a few, but the growth is what we know as the Natural History Society. A permanent organization was effected in December, 1852, with the late Francis H. Dewey, President; George W. Bently Vice-president; George F. Hoar, Corresponding Secretary; Nathaniel Paine, Recording Secretary; and Henry Woodward, Treasurer. This was a good foundation. April 16, 1853, the Society was incorporated and subscriptions were solicited for the formation of a library. About \$1,300 were raised for this purpose and 867 volumes were given out-right by citizens. This library was opened June 18, 1853. A reading room was also established.

It was not till 1854 that the natural history department of the society, now so prominent, was begun. In fact, up to that time, it was a Lyceum and Literary body. The great Scientist, Prof. Louis Agassiz, was invited to visit Worcester and to give the benefit of his experience and knowledge. He came the 28th of April, 1854 and inspected the collection of specimens that had been held by the Antiquarian Society for the old Lyceum. This lot was passed over to the new body and the department was under the care of the Rev. E. E. Hale as chairman, Mr. Wm. E. Starr, Secretary; and James B. Blake, whom Henry A. Marsh soon succeeded, as Treasurer. Eight curators of as many divisions were also appointed. In 1856 Dr. John Green placed his valuable library in the care of the Society. These books, with others belonging to the Society or in its care passed in 1859 to the care of the city, forming the foundation of the Public Library. The report recommending this disposition was signed by Dr. George Chandler, Albert Tolman and the Rev. T. W. Higginson.

During the winter months of many years, the Society maintained very flourishing lecture courses, but these were finally given up, leaving only the work in natural history for which it was specially organized. In 1866, the name became The Worcester Lyceum and Natural History Society and every effort was directed toward natural history attainments.

The Society as we know it today, with its many divisions and workings may be said to date from the Presidency of Dr. W. H. Raymenton. This was in 1880. He at once set about classes of instruction in various departments and for many years gave nearly all his time to its furthering. It would be unfair, however, not to mention in this connection the long services of Mr. Thomas A. Dickinson, who invited hither that eminent Scientist, Francis G. Sanborn who long cared for the cabinet. Mr. Dickinson succeeded Mr. James G. Arnold in his custodianship. Dr. Raymenton drew into the free class work a large number of the very best teachers in the city, such as Messrs. Jackson and Lyford in Botany; Thompson, Fuller and Perry in Geology; Forbush in Taxidermy; Dr. Francis in Photography; Mr. Bemis and Dr. Woodward

an edifice large and commodious. The effects of the society have been carried thither and as rapidly as possible are being placed. It is hard to transform a fine dwelling house into the ideal museum, but just as far as possible this is being done under the capable direction of President Bemis and his assistants, Mrs. O. H. Morrow and Mr. E. L. Morris. As we enter the State Street door we have at our left the old reception room of the homestead, with the very carpet and center table, still in place, with the face of the daughter, whose early death inflicted such a wound upon Mr. Conant, looking down upon what will be the office of the society. Across the hall is a suite of rooms where will be displayed cases and where public meetings will be held. In the halls, also, are cases of specimens. On the second floor will be more cases along with the



EDWIN CONANT, ESQ.

and Workman in Anatomy and Microscopy and many more who were willing to give time and talent for the bettering of the public. Large sums of money were requisite to carry on this work; Dr. Raymenton seemed to have the "open sesame" to the pockets of Worcester's wealthy citizens so that in his nine years of office about \$5,000 were paid into the treasury for the expenses of the Society.

March 6, 1884, the name was changed again to that which it holds now, the one to obtain, probably, for many a day. The quarters, ample as they at first appeared on Foster Street, gradually grew too narrow and the bequest of the late Mr. Conant came none too soon to meet a pressing want. Mr. Conant, in willing his fine residence, corner of Harvard and State Streets, placed at the disposal of the society

working laboratories. The third floor is devoted to storage purposes as is also the barn.

Following the very successful presidency of Dr. Raymenton, Mr. E. H. Forbush was placed at the head, holding the place till his appointment upon a state commission, when he resigned and Dr. Merrick Bemis was elected his successor. The superintendent of the museum is Henry Billings. In conclusion, it may be said that the society is doing a great deal to popularize the study and pursuit of Natural History in its many phases. There are few young people who are not delighted with the cases of specimens and a leaning towards nature is very easily effected. Dr. Alexander Agassiz has visited our society as did his father before him and has spoken in terms of praise of the work it is doing here.

Some day, the proceedings and discoveries of our society must be published, ranking, it is hoped, with those of the famous Institute of Salem. It is growing in form and favor. Earnest and faithful people are sustaining it and, in the future, more than in the past it must be an institution of our city. It is a place for boys and girls to visit and in it be taught to love nature in all her guises.

The former has repeatedly paid off deficiencies and purchased land, while the latter has liberally met the wants of the society. To them, along with H. H. Bigelow, is owed the building up and the maintenance of the Camp at the Lake. Many thousands of dollars have been expended in making this a pleasant and profitable place for boys during the vacation season. Located north of the causeway it is

these Summer Schools, drawn from such diverse localities indicate most decidedly their popularity and success.

EDWIN CONANT, ESQ.

The generous benefactor of the town of Sterling and of the Natural History Society was once a well known figure in Worcester, but this was long ago. Latterly he went but little from his home. At the time of his death, he was the oldest member of the Worcester County Bar.

A native of the town of Sterling, he ever retained an exceeding fondness of her and her interest. He was born Oct. 20th, 1810, and was graduated at Harvard in the famous class of 1829. He studied law with Rejoice Newton and William Lincoln in Worcester. Beginning practice in Sterling in 1832, he remained there four years and then came to Worcester, where his home continued, though he was a practitioner for only about ten years. Inheriting great wealth from his father, Jacob Conant, he had had enough to do in looking after its investment and progress.

His first home in Worcester was on the site of the present St. Johns Episcopal Church and a memorial window from him is in the edifice for his daughter.

While yet a law student, he gave a Fourth of July Oration in Worcester in 1831, and in 1836, he was elected President of the Worcester Agricultural Society, thus indicating his love for Natural History, still further indication of which is seen in his bequest to Worcester's Natural History Society. With an abundance of leisure, plenty of means and refined tastes it is not strange that his private library was one of the finest in the city.

Mr. Conant's first wife, whom he married in 1832, was the daughter of Hon. Joseph Estabrook of Royalston and sister of the late Mrs. Isaac Davis. Both his children, now dead, Elizabeth Anne and Helen Maria, were by his first wife. His last wife was Elizabeth S., daughter of Joseph Wheeler, Jr., who was son of Rev. Joseph Wheeler, formerly Unitarian clergyman in Harvard, and afterwards register of probate in Worcester from 1776 till his death in 1793.

For many years his home was, at the corner of Harvard and State Street, at his death given to the Natural History Society.

Very rarely were people seen about the house and citizens who had passed it daily, for years knew nothing of the kind gentleman who resided there. His deeds of kindness were not ostentatiously done, but his gifts to the town of Sterling could not well be hidden. There, a substantial building and a well equipped library will long bear tribute to his love and generosity.

He died at 11 a.m., March 2d and his funeral was observed the Thursday following. A former pastor, the Rev. E. H. Hall from Cambridge conducted the services, which were attended by many of our most respected citizens. His will disclosed many public benefactions, his Alma Mater receiving the final and largest share, though the gift to our Society is a large and worthy one. He is buried with his kindred in Rural Cemetery.

The library building in Sterling given by



Schray THE NEW HOTEL, STERLING.



Hotel PUBLIC LIBRARY, STERLING.

In addition to the home work of the society it is also responsible for the Summer School at Natural History Park. Several gentlemen aside from Mr. Conant have been prominent in their benefactions. Mr. Salisbury, the elder, as well as his son have done much for it and with them must be included the Hon. Joseph H. Walker and Mr. Thomas H. Dodge.

annually growing in favor. The last two seasons, under the care of Mr. Charles E. Burbank of Amherst College have done much to popularize this place of Natural History work. The methods and prospects of the camp were set forth by Principal Russell of the State Normal School in a report to the State Board of Education, 1887-'88. The patronage of

Mr. Conant in 1836, in memory of his deceased daughter, Miss Elizabeth Anne, cost \$600, and followed a former gift of \$500, for the purchase of books. Standing near the public common, in the center of the village, the edifice is an ornament to the village. LITTON is indebted to Librarian C. B. Tillinghast, of the State Library for the use of the accompanying cut. There are in the building above 4000 volumes in the care of Mrs. Bonney, librarian. It was formally dedicated, October 13, 1836, with an address by the Rev. Edward H. Hall of Cambridge, but previously of Worcester. There is much in Sterling to remind the people of Mr. Conant. This building, the new hotel and the old Conant mansion is yet standing, the abode of Mr. Nourse. The villages beautiful in itself, becomes through Mr. Conant's munificence one of the most attractive places in the state.

Another illustration of Mr. Conant's continued interest in his native town, is seen in his connection with the new hotel project. After the burning of the old hotel last year, efforts were made to rebuild, but it was only when Mr. Conant lent his help that it was possible to secure the requisite means. The Conant Hotel Company was organized and incorporated and immediate steps taken towards building. It was late in the fall when the work was actually begun and about July 1st, when the new Sterling Inn was ready for occupancy. Its site is that of the old hotel, though set back much further from the street, leaving a beautiful lawn in front to the east, while directly at the north is the village common. The building is from plans by Architect Stephen C. Earle of this city and presents an exterior of quiet, simple dignity and a convenient, pleasant and homelike interior. It comprises a main building 40x55 feet with a wing 38x40 feet. It has the lower story of cobblestone masonry, with shingled wood construction above,—two stories to the main part and one in the wing and a quaint, rather flat gambrel roof with widely projecting eaves. The view here shown is from the south-east, as seen when approaching the road from Worcester. A broad balcony extends the entire length of the east front of the main building and over the carriage porch at the north, and gives shelter to the entrance on the north end and to the front entrance. The latter with its wide single door and sidelights, faces the street which leads up from the railway station and opens into a hall which connects directly with the office at the right. This occupies the north-east corner of the lower story and connects directly with another hall and the north entrance. From this hall the main stairs lead to the principal story, and a parallel flight on the outside leads to an entrance on the main story. The kitchen occupies the south-east corner of the lower story of the main building and the rear of this story is devoted to store-rooms, heating apparatus, etc. A billiard room occupies the entire ground floor of the wing. This has its own separate entrance at the front, and an inviting fireplace. The principal story of the main building has the parlor at the north-east and the dining room at the south-east, each with a fireplace and a corner bay. The remainder of this story, and the stories above are devoted to single rooms

and rooms in suites, together with the requisite halls, stairways, bath rooms and abundant closets. Its steam heating ensures comfort in winter, and an abundant supply of fine running water satisfies the first requisite of a healthy human habitation.

Mrs. Mattoon's afternoon dancing class will meet for the first time next Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. The evening class will not commence until October 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Mander A. Maynard have been taking a ten days drive through the country, visiting Greenville, Turners Falls, Northfield, the Deerfield Valley and other places of interest. They proclaim the excursion a most enjoyable one.

Mrs. Jennie Rice Ware, late a teacher in the High School, will be in the city Thursday. She begins her Boston School duties next week. There was an interesting article from her pen in the N. E. Journal of Education Sept. 10. Therein are set forth the disadvantages of mingling so much church work with school life. It should be read by all parents.

Major Wm. T. Harlow returns from a trip to Savannah, Ill.

Dr. George H. Kelley second son of the late Dr. Frank H. Kelley has opened an office on Elm Street.

General Robert H. Chamblin deputy grand commander visited Lowell Thursday in his official capacity.

Joseph E. Davis and family will spend the winter at the Tudor in Boston.

Mr. W. L. Noble, for some time past connected with the dry goods house of Edward L. Smith & Co., as a salesman, leaves this week for Pittsfield, where he has accepted a position as window trimmer in a prominent local house.

An ex-governor of Wisconsin, famous as a story-teller, is reported by the Chicago Tribune as having related an anecdote of his own experience with a man of the latter class. The governor was at a clam-bake in New Jersey, and, after dinner, was called upon for a speech: I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low-necked clams that I wasn't in the least sort of condition for speech-making. At that moment a long-faced old man, directly across the table scowled at me and said, in a stage-whisper: 'Little-neck clams, little-necks—not low-necks.' I paid no attention to him and went on with my remarks. After dinner he followed me out of the hall. 'You are from Wisconsin, ain't you?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'You don't have many clams out there, I reckon?' 'Well,' said I, 'we have some but it's a good way to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well.' He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half. 'Why man alive!' said he, 'clams ain't got no feet.' He turned away, and shortly afterward approached one of my friends: 'Is that fellow governor of Wisconsin?' he inquired. 'Yes,' 'W-a-a!,' said he, 'he may be a smart man in Wisconsin, but he's a good deal of a fool at the sea-shore.'

Lowell.

FOR M.

There in the silent room where we walked, in the great dark house, he lies:
In the chamber of Death there is only peace, though the rooms of Life are sad:
To the whispered queries of those who come there are mournfully hushed replies.
As though in glad he could find no joy, when his life was always glad.

The life that can be lived out but once he turned to the use of men,
And when he was crushed by sorrow, in meekness he kissed the rod;
His joy we may weep for only since his hand lays down the pen;
His songs are the people's, ever, while his soul communes with God.

It is not so much the part he bore in the daily work of the world,
But the grand, sweet influence coming from all that he thought and said,
The voice for the Right, and the search for Truth, under Liberty's banner unfurled,
The fragrance of good deeds bravely done that lasts though the man be dead.

Born out of the true nobility, and suckled at Freedom's breast,
He saw in the Past's broad sunset the blood-red light of wrong;
He read out the Future's promise, and summoned mankind to the task,
And the pean he sang at the last was righteous victory's song.

Mourn not, O heroes of Elmwood! Weep not, O my brothers, for him!
The work that he had to do he did, and he sowed immortal seed;
In the hearts of his fellow-countrymen he poured love's wine to the brim;
His monument God has sculptured, in a race of black men freed.

It was not all strength and courage,—he left us some sweetness and light,
And Earth, as he needed the beautiful since Time his circuit began;
With each his own well-ronn'd and finished, he has fought out the good fight;
Let us write no word on his marble, but think what he was as a man.

—Frank Roe Batchelder.

MIRRORS.

The beetle's polished shell
Gives back the far-off sun;
Within the garden well,
When day at last is done,
There is a glimpse of starry skies.
And with the humblest face
That haunts the quiet lea,
A shadow of the grace
That shone from Calvary,
Can live, and speak from out the eyes,
—Helen Worthington Rogers.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Clark.

It would appear that our local university is disposed to restore the word Commencement, to its old time meaning, *viz*: a beginning rather than an ending of the college year. Tuesday the university year began with addresses by President Hall, and President Carter of Williams; eulogies on Dr. Sargent and General Devens by Dr. E. E. Hall and Colonel Hopkins and the conferring of degrees upon Drs. Bumpus and Nichols. The prospects are encouraging for the coming year.

Dr. J. P. Rand still has his office at 49 Pleasant Street though he has moved his family to 19 Freeland Street.

School and College.

(Held over from last week.)

High School.

Tuesday last was rhetorical day but no formal exercises were held in the hall. The first two hours were however devoted to the study of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It has become necessary to take another day in the week for the drawing classes. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday will be devoted to that work and a class will also meet Friday afternoon.

The pop-corn man, as of yore, is on hand with his wares and should receive the liberal patronage of the pupils. It certainly is a worthy cause.

Mr. Hector Belisle, who was mentioned last week as pianist, has been relieved of his duties by Miss Mollie Kuddy. Mr. Belisle finds that other duties will prevent his playing, which the pupils will all regret.

Mr. Arthur H. Merriam, who has recently resigned from the Summer Club, gave a supper to his friends last Friday night, at Rebboli's.

The meetings of the clubs were held as usual last Friday. In the afternoon, the Altheia held a largely attended meeting in room six. The following report was carried out:—Piano solo, Miss Chapin; paper:—"Life of Margaret Sydney," Miss Warner; reading, from the works of Magaret Sydney, Miss Jenkinson; extemporaneous address, Miss Harrington. Question:—Resolved, that women have more influence on the morals of a country than men; affirmative:—Miss Walkins, Miss Keith; Negative:—Miss Foster Miss Perry. It was decided in the affirmative.

The attendance at the Summer Club meeting was much improved, there being over thirty-five members present. The programme:—Reading, "The Charity Collector," F. E. Gilbert; declamation, "Col. Cochran's Oration," J. F. Monroe; reading, "A Medley," G. R. Bliss; reading, "An account of an interview with a gutta-percha man," Harry H. Hill.

The Assembly men did not fall from their standard at the last meeting and the attendance last Friday was even an improvement on the week before. The question, "Resolved, That socialism, as embodied in Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' is both practicable and desirable," was debated in the affirmative by W. L. Pentecost, G. B. Knowles, and in the negative by G. W. Mathews, and H. K. Larkin. It was decided in the negative. The remainder of the programme included a declamation, an extemporaneous address and a reading by Messrs. J. F. McGrail, F. A. Stockdale and A. H. Austin respectively, Mr. Reid also read a paper.

The Eucliea met in Room 11 as usual and listened to the following:—Declamation, "St. Gregory's guest," J. O. Tierney; declamation, "The Launching of the Ship," P. J. McLaughlin; declamation, "Erin's Flag," W. J. Murray. The question, Resolved, That the annexation of Cuba to the United States would be beneficial to this country was debated in the affirmative by J. J. Jackson, C. F. Leonard, C. E. Dowd, J. I. Tierney and in the negative by W. J. Foran and W. E. D. Stowe. It was decided in the affirmative.

Holy Cross.

The Rev. Edward I. Devitt, President of

Boston College, visited Holy Cross last Wednesday. His presence was the occasion of a holiday for the students.

The ball team has played two games during the past week and was beaten in both. The nine can hardly be expected to compete with a well organized nine at present. They lack four of last year's nine, including Merritt who is now catching on the Chicago league team. There are many good ball-players among the new comers and it is highly probably that the baseball season of '92 will witness as many creditable victories as did '91.

The Holy Cross boys who left last Monday to enter the Grand Seminary of Montreal received quite a send off from their many friends who gathered at the station to bid farewell.

Smith.

The college opened Friday morning, Sept. 18, with over seven hundred students enrolled. The entering class numbers two hundred and thirty regulars beside many specials. Many were turned away on account of the difficulty of the examinations.

There are but few changes in the Faculty, Fraulein Bende has charge of the German department, during the absence of Frau Kapp, who is in Europe.

The general frolic given specially for the benefit of the Freshmen class was held in the new gymnasium Wednesday evening. The size and beauty of the building was thoroughly appreciated.

There are eight Worcester girls in the entering class, Misses Heald, Harrington, Wood, Estabrook, Stone, Inman, Smith and Sprague.

Mt. Holyoke.

The college opened the 17th with a larger number of students than ever before. The Freshmen class presented one hundred and thirty seekers for knowledge to the friendly arms of Alma Mater. Saturday the Seniors took their seats as usual in chapel. '92 will be comparatively small when it graduates because of the changing of many from the old seminary course to some one of the college courses.

The main building has been greatly improved during the summer months. The chapel has been finished in hard wood, also the north entrance to the dining room and other places.

Many a familiar face is missed among the faculty. Dr. Lowell will take Dr. Frissell's place, Miss Graham will have the classes in psychology and political economy, Miss Mc. Master will take the classes in art and Miss Carter's place in the gymnasium will be taken by Miss Clark, who will teach according to the Delsarte system.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Colonel Higginson were guests at the college, Tuesday, while the Woman's Suffrage Convention was held in the village. It is to be feared the young ladies have not fully grasped the idea that their rights have been withheld from them.

Wednesday next, the Seniors will give the Freshmen the opening reception of the year.

Miss Mary Clark and Miss Florence Syvret, W. H. S., '91, enter the college this year.

Boston University.

The college of Liberal Arts opened Thursday, Sept. 17th. The opening address was de-

livered by Prof. Borden P. Bowne. His words were addressed to the incoming students, and were full of good advice.

There are several changes in the faculty this year. William Cranston Lawton has accepted the chair of Greek at Bowdoin College; and Dr. W. C. Kitchen is pursuing a post-graduate course at Harvard. Prof. A. H. Buck has returned from Athens, where he has been for the past year, and he will resume his work in the Greek department. He will be assisted by Joseph R. Taylor, recently professor in Northwestern University. Mr. Taylor will also assist in the Latin department. Foy Spencer Baldwin, who graduated in '88, has been appointed to a fellowship. He also has charge of the Freshman English class.

John Wenzel, '91, is to have charge of the college library this year, the library being open every afternoon. He will attend lectures in the University Law School mornings.

This year's Freshmen class is very large, there being about eighty entering students.

Jim Putnam.

He was a Sutton man. Queer name, but it was his, solely and truly. His tombstone says so to this day. He was summoned into court, once, and the judge took exceptions to the first name, saying that could not be a Christian name and he was on the point of fining for contempt, but the party says, "That's my name, sure," and his father spoke out in meeting, saying, "Who's right, Judge. That's name, I gave him that myself. I knew if I named him [James they'd call him Jim, so I just named him Jim to begin with and I had him christened that. No body will nick name him now. There's no James about it," and the judge had to hear Jim Putnam's testimony.

1000 M 1000

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Books and Bookmen.

A Bit of Literary Criticism.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIGHT:

I find in LIGHT, September 19th, a poem entitled, "Creeds" which reads mischievously like a poem which appeared many years ago in a Newark, N. J., newspaper entitled "What Is His Creed?" The poem alluded to does not bear the author's name, but as a coincidence the similarity is worthy of note. I am able to give two additional stanzas. The second and third stanza in the appended copy being omitted in the poem by E. P. Powell, taken from Liberty and Life. Much interest is manifested by some of your readers as to the authorship of this "double," found. The quotation marks in your copy are duly observed, but if these are attributable to E. P. Powell, the question is incorrect and the "double undid him."

Permit me to call further attention to his adoption of the last four lines of the second stanza of my version, with which to close his third verse; also, the transpositions occurring throughout the poem. It may be seen that the version in LIGHT, suffers in a translation of sense. Which is the original poem? The following is a copy of my version.

What Is His Creed?

He left a load of anthracite

In front of a poor woman's door,

When the deep snow, frozen and white,

Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed;

He did it well;

"What was his creed?"

I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"

In sitting down and rising up;

When mote he got he gave the more,

Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead

In each good task.

"What was his creed?"

I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow.

Soft, white, and silent in its fall;

Not like the noisy winds that blow

From shivering trees the leaves: a pall

For flowers and weed,

Drooping below.

"What was his creed?"

The poor may know.

He had great faith in leaves of bread;

For hungry people, young and old;

And hope inspired, kind words he said.

To those he sheltered from the cold.

For we must feed

As well as pray.

"What was his creed?"

I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,

His faith in words he never wist;

He loved to share his cup and crust.

With all mankind who needed it.

In time of need

A friend was he.

"What was his creed?"

He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he

Worked well with hand and head;

And what he gave in charity

Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

Let us take heed

For life is brief.

"What was his creed?"

"What his belief?"

Heroines, Julien Gordon; A Tiffin with a Taotai, Edward Bedloe; October, Florence Earle Coates; The Bells of San Gabriel, Gertrude Franklin Atherton; A Minor Chord, Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Dream and Deed, Katharine Lee Bates; The Common Roads of Europe, John Gilmer Speed; "Sea-Bird of the Broken Wing," Roden Noel; Sonnet upon Courbet's Picture "The Wave," R. T. W. Duke, Jr.; With Washington and Wayne, Melville Phillips; The Lost "Landfall" of Columbus, William Agnew Paton; Divided, Helen Grace Smith; Humanitarian Hours, Lillian North; Rhymes of Childhood," R. M. Johnson.

The appearance of the magazine is greatly enhanced this month by the introduction of illustrations. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of George W. Childs. And the article, With Washington and Wayne, is accompanied by two full page pictures on extra fine paper, and others in the text. The story is told in a very entertaining manner. The Landfall of Columbus is the island on which he first stepped, and its identification is now a question of doubt. A Tiffin with a Taotai needs explanation. It is nothing more than a dinner in high society in China. Of course every one will read the story. It is bright and breezy and with plenty of go in it, and compares most favorably with the other popular novels of the widely-read author, the Duchess.

Those who are interested in the relations between the United States and Canada will find very much worth engaging their attention in an article on the late Sir John Macdonald in the October Atlantic, written by Mr. Martin J. Griffin, Librarian of the Library of Parliament, Ottawa, who writes with a full knowledge of the late premier and personal acquaintance with him.

The well-known humorist Edgar Wilson Nye, better known by the name of "Bill Nye," which was bestowed upon him many years ago by brother journalists in California, will contribute to The Century during the coming year a series of articles descriptive of his experiences in different parts of America and in various capacities. He calls them his "Autobiographies," and the first one, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," will appear in the November Century. It is understood that Mr. Nye has not drawn so largely as is usual with him upon his powers of invention, but has endeavored to present a series of pictures of American life which will both amuse and instruct.

A new feature has just been introduced in the New England Magazine. It is, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," a gossip about writers and books by Walter Blackburn Harte, which is as frank and unconventional in tone as any of the political articles from his pen that have made his name familiar.

The Pansy. Edited by Isabella M. and G. R. Alden. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The new volume will begin with the next number and from the prospectus we think will be quite equal in interest to the one just closing. There are to be several continued stories by well known and loved writers for children, and, in fact a deal is promised for the coming year. In this number all will turn to the continued story of "Twenty minutes late" and will

wonder whether Caroline finally decides to stay where she is, or go home. There are portraits of some famous people, and the short stories and the letter box are fully up to any number preceding. Price \$1.00 per year.

Wide Awake from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The frontispiece is a picture of Edith Southby, showing her to be a lovely girl. The finest article in this book is a sketch of the three maids of the lakes of which she was one. There are portraits of the others, Sara Coleridge and Dora Wordsworth. The first story is a thrilling adventure with Russian wolves by Lieut. Col. Thorndike. There are three Natural History articles ever so many stories both short and continued, among them being the Pepper story, and three chapters of Miss Matilda Archangeau Van Dorn. The fine pictures and poems make up a thoroughly good number which any one may have for the small sum of 20 cents, or a year for \$2.40.

Good Housekeeping. From Clark Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

We think it is not only that this magazine contains in the way of reading matter that makes it so popular every where, but its neat and attractive appearance. It is of convenient size, the print is clear, and at the beginning of every article is a fancy initial, or a unique headpiece, that tells at a glance what the reader has in store for him. For instance, in a three page paper on tomatoes the head-piece shows a housekeeper just screwing the top on a can which she has presumably filled with preserve. "Ten Mornings in a Kitchen," shows the room with its furniture. "Care of the Skin," has a bowl and pitcher with a towel. The story, "Life in a Flat" has the mistress waiting for her callers who will not come when she is at home, but persist in leaving a card when she is out. So all the way through, the endless variety both in the reading and the setting will strike one as does no other magazine of its size. Its price, too, is another good thing, it being only \$2.40 a year.

St. Nicholas for Young Folks, from the Century Co., New York.

The first article is full of pictures of cats and dogs, besides a portrait of the artist. J. H. Dolph. Any lover of pets will thoroughly appreciate these pictures. Nobody will skip the story of Toby Trafford which comes to an end, this number bringing the hero out all right, and disposing of all the characters in a satisfactory manner. A curious relic deals with an old figure head and to the lovers of the antique, it is well worth reading. The eastern story also closes this month with the capture of the pirates. There is a page or two of the folklore stories; an article for athletes in "Little Plunket's Cousin," something nice about Hans Andersen, a ridiculous tale of the clock, the King, and his court and people, a child's adventure in the west, an article on Black Art, and a paper on "Books of Olden times" taking the old methods of writing and later the binding. All these papers are fully illustrated, and the poems and correspondence make a number that may well end the volume. The index is also in this month. Price is \$3.00 per year and it is well worth all that one gives.

Lippincott's for October.

Contents. Lady Patty; the Dutchess; Healthy

J. E. L.

A Classic Town: The story of Evanston by Francis E. Willard, Woman's Temperance Publishing Association. Chicago, 1891. \$1.50.

An interesting theme is this book treated by a complete mistress and then the publisher has taken the matter in hand, producing an unusually attractive volume. It is a nearly square 12mo of 423 pages, profusely adorned with specimens of the engraver's art. Evanston is the seat of the Northwestern University, one of the most important institutions in America. Here Miss Willard was, for many years, at the head of the women's portion of the University and in Evanston, she still has a home. Consequently, she knows this beautiful city like a book, just like the book she has written concerning it. Of course it is not so large a book as her Reminiscences, but it is quite as interesting. Local history, as a rule, has only a local value and patronage but in this case, subject, writer and manner combine to make Evanston attractive everywhere. The town is an accompaniment of the University and came after the college, a condition that would pretty well do away with the contests so frequently waged 'twixt town and gown. Located on the shores of Lake Michigan, just out of Chicago, Evanston has an exceptionally beautiful situation and it has grown to be an exceptionally beautiful city. Miss Willard narrates the incidents of the founding of the College and city and the many parts of the latter accompanying the description, in many cases by excellent pictures of face, building or street. There are no less than sixty-three faces given and twenty buildings. Many people thus pictured are those known to fame, as Dr. John Evans, one of the founders, Orrington Lunt, who selected the site, Dr. Joseph Cummings, late President of the University and other officers of the University, with some Chicago workers whose homes are in the Classic Town. Any one, knowing aught of Miss Willard's mastery of style would expect from her an entertaining book on any theme, but in this she has excelled herself. She has made of her "Classic Town" a classic in literature. It is sold by subscription and Miss Ruth Pellet is the agent for this city.

The Atlantic Monthly for October is of unusual interest to Worcester readers in that it contains an article by a former Worcester resident, Col. T. W. Higginson and that he refers to people once well known in our midst. The piece in question is "Emily Dickinson's Letters." She was the niece of Mr William Dickinson, formerly so well known here. It seems that the poet had written to the then "Rev." T. W. Higginson and he was obviously much puzzled by the tenor of these letters. He says: "Circumstances, however, soon brought me in contact with an uncle of Emily Dickinson, a gentleman now now living; a prominent citizen of Worcester, a man of integrity and character, who shared her abruptness and impulsiveness but certainly not her poetic temperament, from what he was indeed singularly remote. He could tell but little of her, she being, evidently, an enigma to him as to me." To readers in this city, this beginning ought to be sufficient to prompt a most absorbing interest in these letters which are curiosities of the rarest type. She inclines to

her mentor, for such she obviously rates Mr. Higginson, some of her stanzas and beautiful some of them are. Was ever any thing written, prettier than this?

The Humming Bird.

"A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel
A resonance of emerald
A rush of cochineal
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head,
The mail from Tantis probably,
An easy morning's ride."

Her poems have gone through six editions in six months. At last, the mentor meets his pupil and this is the description. "After a litte delay, I heard an exceedingly faint and prattling footstep like that of a child in the hall, and in glided almost noiselessly a plain, shy little person, the face without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she herself said, 'like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass' and with smooth bands of reddish chestnut hair. . . . She came toward me with two day lilies which she put in a childlike way into my hand, saying softly, under her breath, 'These are my introduction.'" The description of the father whom the writer knew only from his picture is singularly applicable to his brother, our late Worcester resident. Had the Atlantic only this article, telling of Emily Dickinson, it still would be one of the best numbers of the year.

Augustus Jones, Jr., The Little Brother and other stories. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Lee & Shepard, Boston, 50 cts.

It is claimed that there are more people who can write good long stories that can catch and hold the attention in short ones. This is undoubtedly true, but when the writer of this book was living, there was at least one man who could rivet the attention of his reader from the very onset and hold it to the end. If there ever was a brighter story than "Little Brother" then it never came in LIGHT's way. He was a jewel of a boy, yet there are hundreds of boys just like him playing about our streets every day, only they are not written up. Ludlow's humor is of that lasting character that it is just as keen and bright today as it was thirty years ago. His boy was one of the universal kind. They are not effected by the mutations of time. "Fleeing to Tarshish," "Little Briggs and I" and "A Brace of Boys" are of the same general style as "Little Brother." Many a mother has read these stories and lived over again the childhood of the men of business of today. The reader will very likely grow red around the lashes, at times, but tears will soon give way to smiles. Ludlow pushed the world a long way into the sunshine.

New England Magazine for October, 1891.

Contents. The Public Libraries of Massachusetts, * Henry S. Nourse; When thou art far From Me, Philip Bourke Marston; Newburyport, * Ethel Parton; James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale; James Russell Lowell, Sarah K. Bolton; Mont St. Michel, * A. M. Mosher; The Undercurrent, C. H. Crandall; The Innocent, * Frances Courtenay Baylor; Possession, E. O. Boswell; Gen. Butler's Boyhood, * Benjamin F. Butler; Lowell's "Pi-oner," * Edwin E. Mead; The Woman's Movement in the South, A. D. Mayo; The Siege of Louisburg, S. Francis Harrison; Jan Jansen Sheep-Header, Charles Howard Shinn,

Editors' Table; The Omnibus.
* Illustrated.

The Century For October.

Contents. Portrait of Rudyard Kipling, Frontispiece; My Last Days in Siberia, Geo. Kennan, pictures by George A Frost, Henry Sandham, and Irving K. Wells, Was it an exceptional case? Matt C. Grim; Aerial Navigation, the Power required, Hiram S. Maxim, pictures by the author and by E. L. Meeker art photographs. Hestized by the Utes, The Massacre of 1879, Col. E. V. Sumner, pictures by Frederick Remington; On a Blank Leaf in "The Marble Faun," Elia W. Peattie; A Water Tournament, (Play in Provence) J. Elizabeth Robins Fennell, pictures by Joseph Pennell; In Answer to a Question, Lila Calot Perry; The Press and Public Men, Gen. H. V. Boynton; An Escapee in Cordova, F. Hopkinson Smith; Masks, Richard E. Burton; Pro Patria, In Memory of a Faithful Chaplain, K. W. Gilder; The Story of a Story, Brander Matthews, decorations by George Wharton Edwards; The Wood-Maid, Helen Thayer Hutcheson; Who was El Dorado? Lieut. Henry Rowan Lemly, with twenty-six illustrations from the Ruiz-Randall collection; The Robber, James B. Kenyon; Italian, Old Masters, Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, W. J. Stillman, with engravings by T. Cole; Rudyard Kipling, Edmund Gosse; Love, William Willard Campbell; Tarrying in Nicaragua, To California in 1849, Letters of Roger S. Baldwin, Jr., pictures by Gilbert Gaul, W. Taber, A. B. Davies, W. L. Dodge, J. A. Fraser, G. W. Edwards, and from photographs by O'Neill, map by Colton & Co.; Lincoln's Personal Appearance, J. G. Nocolay; A Summer Pool, Charles G. D. Roberts; A Faithful Doctor, (conclusion) Edward Eggleston; Lowell.

Topics of the Time: "The Century" a National Magazine; A Cheap-Money Retrospect; Presidential Voting Methods; The Key to Municipal Reform; James Russell Lowell, Poet and Citizen.

Open Letters: "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," H. V. Powell, E. S. MacLay; A Reply to Certain Criticisms, George Kennan, Eric-a-Brac; What my Clock Says, Nelly Marshall McAfee; The Poet Paradox, John Kendrick Bangs; "Deserving Poor," George Horton; To the River St. Lawrence in Autumn, Douglas Sladen.

In the announcement two weeks ago of "Coming Climax" published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, it should have been stated that the book will be sold by Putnam, Davis & Co.

A CHARACTERISTIC.

I met a dog the other day
Upon a corner crossing,
Who bore the marks of bloody fray
And quite a recent tossing.

The cuts were thick upon his back,
One eye was closed completely,
And leaving growl with every track,
Along he moved obliquely

A drop lurked within the eye
With which he navigated
And though run down by passers by,
Not he who exasperated.

Now, when a man is thus indigne
And like-sees gett'ing indigne,
The ear he wants of everyone
And chance to do his talking.

And though the dog I met to-day
Would halt and gaze about his way,
To none had hea word to say
Indeed he was dumfounded.

— Herr Cherrys.

Back to the Old Home.

Such a dear old house it was! Nestling down in an old-fashioned garden, with an orchard full of weather-beaten apple trees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient cedars drew up about it like faithful guardians, the low, white house, with its broad wings, made you think of a mother bird brooding over her well-filled nest. But the nestlings were all gone now, had wandered far from the old house, which seemed to them shabbier and more cramped every time they came back for a visit.

Only grandma clung to it closer and closer as the years went by. When the busy sons and fashionable daughters called it lonely, and the grandchildren wondered over its queer little cuddly holes, and remarked with open contempt upon the stiff old furniture and tiny-paneled windows, the old lady listened and said nothing, but her heart throbbled with pain as though she had heard the maligning of some dear friend.

"They don't, of course, know," she thought, excusing them in her gentle way. "Though to other eyes it may seem poor and old-fashioned, to me it never can be so, for it is the first, the only home I ever had." And after the sad, tender manner of the old, who only have a happy past and empty present without a lurid future here, she fell a-dreaming of by-gone times, when her faithful John had brought her a bride to this dear home, which seemed so grand and beautiful then, after an orphaned childhood and girlhood without a settled home.

How could it ever seem lonely and humble to her, when it was so rich in a thousand happy, blessed associations? Had not she and John planted that very mountain ash together? Had not that been John's favorite rose bush? And could the rooms ever seemed empty and cramped to her, when every nook and corner spoke to her, sometimes of the living or the dead, as eloquently as tongue could do?

Here was where she used to sit and watch the fire on Winter evenings, rocking the cradle with her foot, while she toasted the bread John liked brown to a shade. This dark spot on the worn floor was where Baby May had turned the ink over while she sat writing to the soldier father far away, where the Pottomac rolled its bloody waters. And here beside the centre-table, on which lay the well-thumbed family Bible, she had knelt and prayed for twenty years with John, prayed with her little ones in tearful grief when he was gone, prayed for them when they slipped from her arms out into the world, and where she still nightly beat her stiff, old knees to pray for them and theirs.

Grandma only loved the old house better as the years rolled by, but when old Phoebe, who had been half servant, half companion to the old lady, died, it was decided in family council that she must really make up her mind to live with one or the other of them, and it was out of all question her remaining in that gloomy old house all alone.

So one sad day, overpowered by the sons and daughters who meant to be kind, grandma went softly to and fro over the old house, taking leave of it all, and the last of the fare-

wells was the visit paid to the two mounds under the oak, where John slept and the first-born little son. Then, with a feeling that the world had come to an end, grandma drove away to the fine big residence—they don't call them homes now—where Henry and Henry's wife, who, for all her kindness, rather overpowered grandma with her fine ways, had given her a stately room, and, what was most dreadful, a maid! A maid that called her "Madame" and for "Yes" said "Oui!"

Yes, they meant to be kind to her, but the gray stone pile and the maid gave the old lady the feeling that she was in an asylum and had a keeper, and in spite of all the grandeur, grandma's wrinkled cheeks lost their soft pink, like that of a half-withered rose, and she grew feeble and worn, though every one was so busy that it passed unnoticed. She was pining for the old home, though she felt it would be ungrateful to say so, and somehow to pray in the magnificent church, where she sat in a velvet-cushioned pew, did not seem to give her help, for God was not close to her, she thought, as He used to be when she knelt at home. If she could only go back and tell her friend all about it, just once kneeling where John seemed to come and join her! This feeling grew and grew, though as there was no one to tell it to, she shut it up in her own lonely heart.

One morning the French maid came running down to the family with great excitement in her dark face, and in broken English informed them that "Madame had slept not in her couch, nor could Celeste find her anywhere, though she search, she searched everywhere?"

Then Henry recollected all at once that he had rather neglected his mother lately. "Mrs. Henry forgot her "cultured" calmness and joined in the search, whispering bitterly. Jane came running in with reproaches for herself and all the others. Joe left his desk for once and set telegraph wires to work, and confusion and grief reigned supreme, while the sons and daughters found their minds wandering back to childhood and "mother," as they had not done for years, and I think they learned over again, and far more perfectly, the lesson of filial love.

Hours passed, and no news came of the missing, and fears grew graver and stronger, till at last Henry, walking the floor in anxiety, exclaimed suddenly, as the idea struck him—"She's gone home!" and running to a draw in his desk, where keys of every size and form lay bunched and singly, he turned them hastily over.

"Yes the key is gone, and she has wandered back home. I'm sure of it. Why we did not think of it before, I cannot think. Oh, mother! you never wanted to leave it, the dear, dear old house where we were born, and which sheltered us all so faithfully. And we dragged you from it, selfish dolts!"

"Too impatient to wait for trains not due for hours, they set off across the country in carriages. As they drew near the old house they found news of the lost one. She had passed only an hour before, plodding wearily along the familiar road, so with lightened hearts they went on.

Leaving carriage and horse at the village, they followed the rest of the way on foot.

When they came to the swinging white gate through the wet grass they saw a pathway trodden by one who had visited the long mound, with the tiny one beside it, under the oak, but they also saw that she had gone thence to the house. So, weeping softly, and not ashamed of the tears either, the party tipped like children up the low, wide steps, through the hall, and paused reverently at the door, with remoral hearts that longed to tell that gentle old mother, as they had once done over some childish disobedience, that they "were sorry, mother."

The stillness in the old house grew oppressive while they stood uncertain, and though they listened, there was no faint footfall as of one going about after the fashion of one just getting home. They pushed softly open the door of the old sitting-room, and there, with her white head on the open Bible and a smile of joy and peace upon her dead face, knelt grandma, who had gone home to find welcome from her John already there.—Philadelphia Times.

ZEK'EL BROWN UNBURDENS HIMSELF.

The neatest woman in this town,
Folks say I've got for a wife;
And what folks say is gospel truth
This time you bet your life.

Keturah Brown she beats the world
On bakin' bread an' pies,
But her best bolt is fightin' dirt
And circumventin' lies.

Her temper's like her pie-crust, which
They're both uncommon short;
An' tho' I'm free-and-easy like
Sometimes she makes me snoot.

There aint no sense in havin' things
So dum'd-all-fired neat,
Nor sayin' ev'ry time I step,
"Now, Zek'el, wipe your best!"

I can't set down in our feet room,
It is so slick an' spruce;

Fact is, most everything we've got's
For good for common use.

Though next to godliness the Book
Puts cleanliness, I'm bound
To say Keturah's mighty apt
To run it in the ground.

There aint no use in kickin' 'em
Prepared to bear my cross;
Some day, perhaps, I'll wear my crown;
Keturah she can't best.

Things round in Heaven. An' since we're told,
That there no moth nor rust
Comes to corrupt, I guess its safe
To say there aint no dust.

But oh, what will Keturah do
Within those peary gates,
If she no longer finds the dirt
That she so dearly hates?
O'ershadowed Heaven itself will be,
Engulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in
And cannot use a broom.

—Portland Transcript.

A New Psalm.

The faults of juxtaposition were well illustrated recently when a teacher at the High School had certain dictation work put upon the board and, run along together, the result was as follows, "Ichadod involuntarily broke into a Psalm tune, Dread Olympus was turned into a buckleberry hill." The pupils are wondering yet just where that Psalm can be found.

"My father will leave me nothing to do."
—Alexander.

Our Street Railway Service.

BY H. KINGSBURY MAY.

In 1885, eighteen years after the incorporation of the Worcester Street Railway Company, it was the owner of a few mediæval bad cars, whose pre-historic attributes linked them with a past, sacred in its hallowed antiquity, operating a line of about four miles in length, in a city with a population nearing 80,000. Our South end friends will never forget the picturesque, grotesque and burlesque variety of improvised vehicles impressed into service to help resuscitate this Kip Van Winkle corporation from its somnambulant death. We recall no profanity more redolent with the sulphuric protechnics of complete disgust than that of the present president of the Street Railway Company; yet, no lost soul ever revelled in profanity, that more resplendently embellished a subject so forgivingly burdened with self-justification. Here was a business opportunity in the hands of this corporation hardly second to none in the city: a monopoly, competitor-less, and the right of way through every important street to be had, without price, simply for the asking, and this network of streets, in a progressive city whose population was fast nearing 100,000. Surely, this Alpine business imbecility has no recorded duplicate in the history of American street railway service. In the mirror of comparison we see the intensified reality of the supreme wretchedness of this wretched service, which was a total eclipse in the firmament of street railway aspirations.

Exhibit A, practically includes every community in the United States of over 8,000 inhabitants having four miles, and a fraction thereof, of street railway service. In this classification of the cities, town, and villages, standing on an equality of street railway mileage, with our own city, with its then population of nearly 80,000, and considering the population of these various communities, we clearly see the exact rank of our local service in 1885.

EXHIBIT A		
Miles of Street Railway Service.	Census 1890.	
Ashabula, O.	3	8,338
Beatrice, Neb.	4	13,836
Belleville, Ill.	4 1/2	15,361
Beverly, Mass.	4	10,821
Cairo, Ill.	4	10,324
Columbia, S. C.	4	15,353
Danbury, Conn.	1	16,552
Flushing, N. Y.	4	10,868
Fond Du Lac, Wis.	4 1/2	12,024
Freeport, Ill.	4	10,189
Fresno, Cal.	4	10,818
Huntington, W. Va.	4	10,108
Jacksonville, Ill.	4	10,740
Jamestown, N. Y.	4	16,038
Lafayette, Ind.	4 1/2	16,243
Lockport, N. Y.	4	16,038
Logansport, Ind.	4	11,328
Michigan City, Ind.	4	10,276
New Britain, Conn.	4 1/2	19,007
New Brunswick, N. J.	4	18,603
Newport, K. I.	4 1/2	19,457
Norristown, Pa.	4	19,791
Ottumwa, Ia.	4	16,001
Paris, Texas.	4 1/2	8,254
Parkersburg, W. Va.	4	8,408
Piqua, O.	4	9,090
Portsmouth, O.	4 1/2	12,304
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	4	20,206

Quincy, Mass.	4 1/2	16,723
Sandusky, O.	4 1/2	18,471
Wilmington, N. C.	4	20,059
Winona, Minn.	4	18,208

Can there be found among the wreckage of business opportunities, a sadler confession of pitiable imbecility, than this company's own history, written by itself, in its own official reports?

In 1885, the dry rot of the Worcester Street Railway Company attracted the attention of Fall River and other investors. The incorporation of the Citizens' Street Railway Company was the immediate result. The Board of Aldermen never more gladly granted a franchise, so fraught with encouraging hope. The new company quickly rolled the streets of its choice, and set rolling stock in motion, the like never before seen in the streets of Worcester; there was a business snap and energy that characterized all its movements, so refreshingly in contrast with the hide-bound shuffling of the old company, so tenaciously encased within its shell of penurious contentment. The fate of the Citizens' Company is common knowledge; the old company opened its mouth, and the new company submissively assented, at a price, to be the Jonah; but swallowing this morsel of business energy made it possible for the old company to squirm a little livelier, and time has proved the efficaciousness of one dose of modern street railway tonic.

Assuming that our present service, so vastly increased under the impetus referred to, includes a trackage of twenty miles, it is interesting to see into what group of cities our service falls as it is today.

Exhibit B includes those cities in the United States whose service is relatively the same in mileage or approximately near that of our own.

EXHIBIT B		
Miles of Street Railway Service.	Census 1890.	
Hartford, Conn.	18	53,230
Little Rock, Ark.	21 1/2	25,874
Paterson, N. J.	20 1/2	78,147
San Jose, Cal.	19	18,060
Savannah, Ga.	25	43,489
Sioux City, Ia.	25	37,806
Springfield, Mass.	21	41,179
South Bend, Ind.	17	21,819
Springfield, Mo.	17	24,850
Terre Haute, Ind.	17	32,129
Trenton, N. J.	21	57,458
San Antonio, Tex.	18	37,923
Troy, N. Y.	27	69,050
Saginaw, Mich.	22	46,322

Exhibit C includes those cities in the United States whose service is approximately twice the mileage of that of our own.

EXHIBIT C		
Miles of Street Railway Service.	Census 1890.	
Atlanta, Ga.	40 1/2	65,533
Chattanooga, Tenn.	42	29,100
Columbus, O.	34	88,154
Fort Worth, Texas.	35	23,076
Houston, Texas	40	27,572
Dayton, O.	42	64,220
Dubuque, Ia.	41	3,311
Richmond, Va.	3	81,888
Salt Lake City, Utah.	15	11,484
St. Joseph, Mo.	11	55,321
Lincoln, Neb.	4	55,154
Oakland, Cal.	14	180,882
Mobile, Ala.	15	31,070

Exhibit D includes those cities in the United States whose service is approximately three times the mileage of that of our own.

EXHIBIT D		
Miles of Street Railway Service.	Census 1890.	
Indianapolis, Ind.	60	105,436
Knoxville, Tenn.	70	22,535
Los Angeles, Cal.	73	59,395
Memphis, Tenn.	73	64,495
Portland, Ore.	55	46,185
Topeka, Kan.	54	31,007
Toledo, O.	68	81,434

Is it not painfully apparent that our service will not bear the test of neighborly comparison, and that the city's deficiency in street railway service is a serious obstacle to her material growth and progressive expansion?

Is the service such as a busy community, pressing on to 100,000, with its multiplying needs, demands? Is the service, today, proving its value, as an up-building factor, in the cluster of material forces, now pushing the city into greater prominence? Is our service even loyal to the city's interests?

Unless it can be conclusively established that the citizens of Worcester are pre-eminently a distinctive non-street-car-riding class, that as a business investment the service is unremunerative, then it must be a just inference that she requires only one-half the mileage of the cities of her class.

Is the local service sustained? The company's own answer, in its last official report, shows a rare precedent in its possibility, of an eight per cent dividend. For the year ending Sept. 30, 1890, it is officially stated that the company carried 4,851,574 persons, receiving therefor \$2,324,755, yielding a net income, above operating expenses of \$57,017.

Do we not here clearly see the unmistakable evidence of public loyalty? In these days of doubtful investments, an eight per cent. dividend, honestly earned, and honestly paid, means a business success, hence the company's lack of vitality is not due to a lack of financial support.

As the company has conspicuously failed to rise to the level of its opportunity in the past, it is only reasonable to assume that it will never find itself in complete sympathy and touch with the spirit of progressive unrest that permeates every on-rushing purpose in the up-building of our beautiful city. To have such a corporate lag-gard, aimlessly and brainlessly shuffling through our streets, whose only creed is that of selfish inflation of a hopeful and grasping vendor, is one of the greatest misfortunes that could overtake a progressive people.

Under the conditions, then, as they exist today, in what direction must the city look for a live street car service, a pushing, aggressive agency. Possibly, to the Worcester, Leicester and Spencer Street Railway Company. May this corporation never so desecrate its charter, as to stultify every instinct that points to a realization of the public necessity for its own existence nor for a quarter of a century pickle itself in the indolent brine of the corrodent rust of business imbecility. The electric service of the Worcester, Leicester and Spencer Street Railway Company comes to the city at most opportune time, the harvest season of street railway possibilities. With a broad, intelligent and aggressive management in the absorption of waiting streets in every part of the city; in the wisdom of linking these beautiful suburban localities with the

centre, this company can lay the foundation of Worcester deeper than it has yet been laid.

May the opening of the Worcester, Leicester and Spencer road prove to be the resurrection morn of the full fruition of hope, the redemption of our "quick transit" system. No review of our street railway service would be just, that did not gratefully recognize the valued service of our respected citizen, Hon. Charles B. Pratt, who six years ago consecrated himself to the holy purpose of lifting our service from nothing to something, and whatever of merit there is in it today is due more directly to him than to any other person. In his peculiar environment of foreign capital he has earned the enduring gratitude of every appreciative citizen. To have increased the mileage five fold, under such limitations, is indeed a notable record. Unfettered, and emancipated from New York unsympathetic capital, he would be the right man in the right place and one of the city's greatest benefactors.

We gladly record the public's appreciation of the opening of the electric railway to the Lake, within the past few days, and we would not withhold from the Consolidated Street Railway Company the great credit in taking one step of business energy in 1891. Would that it might continue to electrify our impatient roadways. We also welcome the North End Street Railway Company, and we congratulate it upon its successful opening within the past few days. Surely these latter days have been radiant with the spirit of street railway awakening, and whose repentant conviction seems to be rampant.

Out of this recent infusion of street railway virus, may the body politic have speedy issue from local street railway stagnation.

VOLAPÜK.

Konsöl de Polonius sone Laertes. Hamlet, Act I, Scene III.

E tidasets at nemödik in mem olik
Lenlogölöd kaladi. No pikölöd tikis,
Ni odunolöd ma tik nefulik.
Binolöd fienik ab lenu komunik,
Flenis kelis labol e lenuom omas eblöfö,
Labekipolöd omi lane olik ko nugs dülina ;
Ab no satolöd nani ko lotanam
Kamadana alik nulik e nemadik. Vitölöd
Nütlidi al ran; ab binöi in
Dilekölö omi dat tael odleod omi.
Givölöd sentii mene valik, ab vögi olik nemö-
dikanes

Lensumölöd blami mana alik ab kipolöd cedi
olik

Klots olik so delidik ka böb kanom lemön,
Ab no bida jovik, ligöfa no lumagifök,
Tbo kiöt efno lenuon mani ;
E in Flent, mans cäda e veita

Binoms givöfök e välama sesumikün dö at.
No obinolöd lusumel, ni lugivel,
Tbo lugiv bölödum ofeno omi it e fieni

E lusumam smalön desidii lanedata
Atos plu valikos, al di it abinölöd velatik.

E matos sukön, äs neit sukom deli
Das no kanol binön nevelatik mane aikelik
Adyö : labadam obik yunomöd atosi ole.

—F. L. Hutchins.

An Unfashionable Resort.

Perhaps the island least known to the world, though the largest of the group of 365 that lies within Casco Bay, is that of Great Chebeague. Perchance some of the readers of *LIGHT* may never have had an opportunity to visit this secluded section of the world, I will let fall from my pen a few drops of ink in which you may find reflected not only the material island itself but also a glimpse of the inhabitants.

About midway between the City of Portland and the famous Orr's Island, it lies some nine miles from the former place. A bird's-eye view would reveal to the observer an island some five miles in length, of irregular shape dotted here and there by one-story, unpainted farm-houses with occasionally a house of more modern aspect. As one approaches from Portland the first impression received is that of a rocky, wooded island, the general surface of which is many feet above the sea, but a closer examination, as one passes along its shore towards the east reveals that the rocks and woods of Deer Point, which first arrested his attention, form only a small section of the island. The general character of the soil is fertile, sloping gradually toward the sea in unbroken meadow-land, but is intersected here and there by long ledges of rock, many of them extending across its whole width.

My place of stopping while upon the island was in one of these low, unattractive farm-houses that stood upon a spot high above the sea, overlooking the open ocean.

Life here is uneventful, the stillness broken only by the songs of the birds, and the constant roar of the tide upon the shore. The silence verges almost upon that of the death chamber throughout a day of fog. Welcome is the time when the sun again pierces its lower strata and it begins to rise as though some spirit above had grasped the upper corners of the veil and was quickly drawing it up, as a curtain rises, revealing to the vision once again nature decked in its brightest robe. As the veil is lifted let the reader step with me from the front door of this ancient farm-house, out upon the ledge just below the house, that rises perpendicularly many feet above the sea. What do we behold? The first object of interest is the long strip of coast made irregular by the numberless points of rocks that extend far out into the water and between each two of which lies a little cove, with its pebbled beach thickly studded with the tiny yellow shell found everywhere along the coast of Maine.

Then, as the scene expands, may be seen just beneath the fog, both Long and Little Chebeague islands to the west, while eastward lie the sloping meadows and the rocky projection of Deer Point. At last the vision is uninterrupted and just within the horizon may be seen Harpswell Neck to the east and a section of the mainland near to Portland to the west, while immediately ahead lies the broad expanse of open ocean.

But now that the reader has before him a view of the island and its surroundings let us look a moment at the human element. The natives are, when classed as a whole, a shiftless, lawless people, many families living at the very door of starvation simply from lack of

energy to earn a good living. Nature yields here an abundance of the necessities of life, at their very doors as it were, if they would but stretch forth their hands and grasp her product. But, instead they sit beneath their roofs in lazy enjoyment, smoking and dozing hours away. Let no one think, however, that the entire population of Chebeague belongs to this class, though a large percentage does. Some are fishermen, some farmers, the latter outnumbering the former. A most noticeable feature to the stranger is the primitive manner in which farming is carried on. One might almost imagine himself back in the days of fifty or sixty years ago. There being but few horses on the island, ploughing and harvesting are carried on by the aid of slow moving oxen and hand labor. The creamery, or any of the improved methods of dairying are wholly unknown to them. Water is carried into but few of the houses, the old time custom of drawing from the well with buckets still prevailing. The most well-to-do farmer on the island still draws all his water in this manner.

But little thought is given to education though in the two small school houses the simple rudiments of the common branches are taught. Two plain houses, small and of quaint architecture, constitute the church homes of the islanders, and here each Sunday morning many of them congregate to listen to the word of God. Though to outward appearances many of them seem so indifferent to a higher sphere of living yet there lives within them one trait deserving mention: a trait which I fear is far less apparent among people of higher aspirations. It is their feeling of gratitude for any kindness done them. The simple words of thankfulness in response to the merest act in their behalf, are not, as we so often hear, mere words, but rather seem to be an expression of deep feeling from the heart under an uncomely covering. If in the mirror of my little drop of ink the reader finds a sufficiently clear reflection of the island of Great Chebeague to study more fully in respect to its details, let me leave you here still perusing one of the most beautiful spots along the coast of Maine.

Barbarous.

My own taste may have been at fault, but I saw a lawn decoration one day last summer that struck me as being singularly inappropriate and even barbaric. On either side of a well kept carriage drive at the side of the lawn and leading up to a side door were rows of cobble stones, as large as a half bushel measure and these stones were painted red, white and blue, and around each stone was a row of glaringly white sea shells. I leave the general effect to your imagination.

On either side of the path leading to the front door were so called "gypsy kettles", which were really two dinner pots painted a vivid red hanging from three equally red sticks fastened together at the top. It was not Fourth of July or Bunker Hill day or any other day when such decoration would have been appropriate for a few hours, but in size flaunted from the top of the "gypsy kettle" poles, while a pair of huge tin centur plants painted a vivid green were set in large red vases near the gate. There was not a flower to be seen.—J. L. H. in *Vick Magazine* for September

¹ Order is Heavens' first law.—Pope.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.
BRUSSELS
 SOAP.



SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES
 TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Prices. We have 75, and they must be sold at some price. Among the number are COUPE ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description. GODDARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger COACH, one Brewster & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2 Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENSINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc., and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.
 THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE
 permanently eradicated by the
ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.
MISS H. M. PROCTOR,
 92 SUMNER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,
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 Ladies and Gents' Garments
DYED * AND * CLEANSED
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TRY **Bronner's**

ICE CREAM! Delivered to all parts of the City. Supplying Parties, Lodges, etc., a specialty. No. 131 Pleasant Street.

E. W. COFFIN,
Store Fixtures
 310 Main Street, Worcester.
 Name this Paper.

Continuity of Life.

There is a continuity of life,
 And all this turmoil, and this endless strife,
 If entered and maintained with purpose true,
 Will spiritualize, and swift insure a new
 And broader field of life beyond the grave.
 Those here who meet all earthly ills, and brave
 The elements that would enslave the soul,
 That dwarf, and hinder from a perfect whole,
 Are counted victors there in truest sense,
 Enrobed in white, the type of innocence.
 Think not your well-earned future rest means sloth,
 A garden plot for sin! Heaven is worth
 With soil that doth invite the seeds of sin,
 And proves receptive to all shades; therein
 Is growth prolific, and its magnitude
 Appalls us, and we see the jagged, rude,
 And devious ways that dim the bright beyond.
 In that beyond is work to seal the bond
 That binds us to the Infinite; there peace
 And rest, well earned through faithful work, release
 Through our own active will, from slavish sin,
 From impress that such sinful life will win.
 Until we stand like monarchs in a realm
 Where right is might, and good will overwhelm
 The stain we name as sin, but all is good.
 Sin is the law of good misunderstanding,
 A rash perversion, or abuse of law,
 Which we, in blindness, as an evil saw,
 Accounted as an element distinct.
 And gave it future life and vast pre-ict,
 Where subjects writhed in torment night and day
 And bent in homage to a demon's sway
 O, dread delusion that has dwarfed the mind
 'Tis thin and shadowy as the changing wind,
 And yet, the seer is for such a special place.
 We live, and breathe, and have this saving grace,
 To shape our ends as suits our own behest,
 To die a sinner, or be counted blest.
 'Tis in our hands to shape our future life,
 To live, and act like heroes in the strife.
 And yet, the seer is for such a special place,
 Meet with a coward's front, and we k debate
 The varied paths, that from our birth accrue,
 Divergent paths in this life and the new
 Nay, may we know and never cease to feel
 An impulse that will show increasing zeal
 To fan with noble deeds the spark of life,
 And to a loftier sphere our lives incline.
 If we can boast the God within as born,
 We then can claim to laugh all frie: d as scorn,
 If we are but an atom from th: it source
 Whose laws are proved an over-ruling for e
 Then we are God, and have the power to be
 Rulers of s-ll through all eternity.
 Demean not God by calling self a slave,
 But rather kindly lend toward life I've gave.
 If we are God we have an endless life,
 And we can prove it with all lifesinging rife
 If I can see His handwork of love,
 Can look, with upturned face, to skies above,
 Have strength to scan each passing, fleeting cloud,
 Nor think it needful I my face must shroud,
 Why should I bend as if in abject fear
 'To Him who girds with suns his beautiful dear?
 Nay, I will keep my soul so white, and and pure
 That even to the erd I can endure
 To see God's face within the changing skies,
 I will not droop my lids to veil mine eyes,
 Nor grovel in the dust on beaded knee.
 My gracious God has made a king of me,
 And when I see in nature, joy and grace,
 And know the worth of earth's abiding place,
 That I am blest with power to know and be,
 And that eysian fields are waiting me,
 My soul is filled with suns beautiful pride
 The God within me will not let me hide,
 But in my heart is one seraphic song,
 That if I will I can avoid the wrong.
 —Mrs. A. H. Hinman.

A comfort in a sickroom is a wooden bed-rest, which, when placed behind the pillows, enables the patient to sit up easily. Another contrivance which I have seen answer admirably is a very long net, the ends of which were fastened to the bedposts, and, being passed behind the patient and containing the pillows, formed a secure means of resting him when sitting up.

is a spoonful a spoon



One rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder does as much work as a heaping teaspoonful of others; quite a saving on a year's bakings.

Cleveland's leavens *most* and leavens best. Try it.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

Dentists. 11 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass

Residence, 61 West Street.

Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
Most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find

In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
10 FRONT STREET.

ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING

Room 1, Burside Building, 329 Main St.,
Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold
on commission.

MRS. S. M. KEYES.

THE RESERVE

The only Weekly Paper published in the
interest of the

**Sons and Daughters of Veterans,
Grand Army of the Republic,**

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Per Year. * * \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Brown Cake.

One cupful of good brown sugar, three eggs beaten separately, half a cup of butter, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of strong cold coffee, three cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of chopped raisins and one cup of currants, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and mace; bake in jelly cake pans. For the white part take two cups of white sugar, one of butter, three cups of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and the whites of four eggs; bake in jelly pans, and put together alternately with the dark, spreading icing flavored with vanilla between; ice on top.—Ballou's Magazine.

Citron Preserves

Pare deeply and cut the citron into any fancy shape you desire. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar to each one of fruit. Boil the fruit rapidly for twenty minutes in a strong solution of alum water (made by dissolving alum in hot water).

Skim the fruit out into cold water, where it should remain until next day.

Skim out of the alum-water and boil in clear water until soft and clear looking.

Make the syrup and when it boils add the fruit and the juice of one lemon for every two pounds of fruit. Fifteen minutes is usually long enough to boil the fruit in the syrup.

Grape Preserves.

Squeeze the pulp from the skins, saving the latter.

Boil the pulp slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, then rub through a collander to remove the seeds. Add a very little water to the skins and boil them fifteen minutes.

Allow one pound of sugar to each pint of pulp, and add both to the boiling skins, and boil the whole together fifteen minutes, stirring constantly to prevent its adhering to the kettle.—Washington Home Magazine.

How to make fruit cake that will last a year or more is important to every housekeeper. One pound of currants should be washed and drained thoroughly; one pound of raisins should be likewise treated and then chopped finely after the pits have been taken out; chop also half a pound of citron. Leave this fruit until the last. Make the cake part as follows: Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, add one cup of butter, one of molasses, half cup of sour milk, and spices to suit the taste. Stir six cups of flour in this mixture, and then add fruit, mixing another half-cup of flour at the same time to prevent settling.—Boston Budget.

pudding Worth Eating.

There are rice puddings and rice puddings. The old-fashioned one, if made in the right way, is not to be "sneezed at." The following one is vouched for by Mrs. Rorer, principal of the Philadelphia cooking school. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls of washed rice, same quantity of sugar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, and a half cup of raisins to a quart of new milk; place it in a moderate oven and cook slowly for about two hours, stirring every fifteen minutes for the first hour and a half, the last half hour the oven should be sufficiently hot to form a thin, papery crust of a deep brown shade on the top; the pudding when done should be creamy, not solid.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles N. Rogers,
BAKERY, 166 PLEASANT STREET.



W. A. ENGLAND,

DEALER IN

FINE WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY

& OPTICAL GOODS.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

394 Main Street.

RAYMOND'S
VACATION
EXCURSIONS.

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

A WINTER
IN
CALIFORNIA.

The first and second parties of the season will leave Boston Thursday, November 12, and Thursday, December 10, for Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Riverside, and other Southern California points. The trip will be made in a special train of magnificent vestibule Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining-Car.

Every ticket entitles the holder to visit Los Angeles, The Raymond, at East Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, San Diego, Redondo Beach, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Jose, Mount Hamilton, San Rafael, and other leading resorts in California. A Choice of Four Different Routes Returning. Return Tickets also good on all trains until July 1892. Independent tickets, covering every expense both ways, giving entire freedom to the passenger while in California, and also in making the journey homeward. Hotel coupons supplied for long or short sojourns at The Raymond, East Pasadena; Hotel del Monte, Monterey; Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach; Hotel Redondo, Redondo Beach; Palace Hotel, San Francisco; Hotel Katand, San Rafael; Hotel Vendome, San Jose; The Arlington and San Marcos, Santa Barbara; Santa Cruz, and other famous Pacific Coast resorts.

Dates of other California Excursions: Oct. 15;

January 12 and 14; February 2, 11, and 23; and March 10;

Dates of Mexico Excursions: January 12;

February 2 and 25.

Send for descriptive circulars, designating whether book relating to California or Mexico tours is desired.

W. A. ENGLAND & W. H. CHASE,

256 Washington St. (opposite School St.), BOSTON, MASS.

J. W. GREENE,
PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at

HOWE'S TEA STORE,

273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60 cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a pound. If you can be suited, we can do it. Give us a call.

N.W. * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

Speak Up, Gentlemen,

and don't close your eyes to the established fact—THAT

PINKHAM & WILLIS

ARE THE ONLY

ONE-PRICE Furniture And Carpet House In the City.

THAT some will offer you a discount in price—

THAT, with the reduction given, Pinkham & Willis' prices are much less than all others.

THAT a customer who wished to purchase our \$75 Rug Parlor Suite, found, on inquiring, that the price asked by others was \$90.

THAT our \$35 Chamber Set can be bought only of Pinkham & Willis at that price; while others will charge you at least \$40 for a set no better.

THAT in Solid Mahogany Chairs and Tables, and

Fine * Fancy * Furniture

of all kinds and in all woods, Pinkham & Willis show the finest line to be seen in Worcester County.

THAT Pinkham & Willis believe that all should pay the same price for goods, both rich and poor alike.

THAT the man of moderate means should buy his goods on liberal terms of credit, at cash prices; the same as his neighbor in easier circumstances.

THAT Pinkham & Willis are selling a Folding Work Table for \$1.25 that is sold everywhere at \$2.00.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

Neuralgia is a most distressing complaint but it is often relieved by simple remedies. Wring clothes out of hot water to which salt and a few spoonfuls of ammonia have been added, apply the hot clothes to the part affected, change when cold until the pain is gone, then cover with a warm soft cloth to prevent taking cold.

Another good remedy is to paint the place of pain with the oil of peppermint using a camel's hair brush. Half a drachm of ammonia in a goblet of water with gum camphor dissolved in the water, a teaspoon to be taken internally, quantity of camphor, a piece the size of a pea. It generally gives relief. An excellent liniment for neuralgia is one ounce of sweet oil, one ounce of strong water of ammonia five drops turpentine, mix well, to be rubbed on with flannel every half hour until the pain is gone. If the pain is very severe in the side of the head two drops of laudanum in half teaspoonful warm water, dropped in the ears will generally give instant relief.

For sore throat. Chloride of potash, dissolved in water, is a standard remedy. A gargle made of salt and vinegar, with a little cayenne pepper, mixed together, will often cure a sore throat, combined with hoarseness. It stimulates the glands and promotes free secretion, and thus relieves the hoarseness. When the throat begins to feel a little sore, a piece of gum camphor as large as a pea kept in the mouth until dissolved will often cure it. (Some doctors say if the gum is used in season it would always prevent diphtheria). The symptoms of diphtheria are chills, a slight fever at the beginning of the disease, stiff neck and inflammation of throat, gray colored spots show on the inflamed parts. The voice sounds husky, the pulse is small and quick, in some patients the countenance will be full and bloated, in others pale and sunken. At this stage of the disease if the patient does not receive immediate treatment the putrid symptoms appear.

In the first stage of the disease give a cathartic and give one every third day as the putrid secretions must be thoroughly evacuated. Induce a free perspiration and apply to the throat and chest, a wash made as follows: one-half pint good cider vinegar, one-half cup of the grease tried out of salt pork, one teaspoonful of salaratus or soda, boil all together a few minutes, then apply with a flannel. Change as often as the flannel cools. If these directions are followed in the first stages of the disease the putrid symptoms will not appear at all. Keep the patient in bed and have the air warm, but have it very pure and avoid all draughts.

One of the best methods of cleaning hair brushes is to put a full teaspoonful of household ammonia into a basin of warm water. Dip the bristles in and rub briskly with the hand, or better still, with another brush. When thoroughly cleansed put in the sun to dry bristle-side up. Two brushes may be thus readily cleansed at once.—Boston Budget.

Worcester's delegation at Harvard this year will be large including, among others, George and Randolph Crompton, D. Osborne Earle, Ernest H. Wood, John D. Baldwin, A. Bowman Woolf, Walter S. Adams, Edward H. Warren, and H. H. Chamberlin Jr.

THE CLARK-

SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

We are constantly receiving the

NEW PATTERNS

PIANO, BANQUET AND TABLE LAMPS

and can show to-day the finest variety ever put on the market. We are showing to-day elegant styles in the "CENTRAL DRAFT" which would be an ornament to any room—in Onyx, Bright Silver, Oxidized Silver and Brass—at bottom prices. "Rochester" and "B. and H." we make a specialty of, and are convinced there are no better made. We will be glad to show them, sale or no sale

THE CLARK-SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Richard Healy's Jacket Bargains.

\$9.75

BUY AN ALL WOOL CHEVROT JACKET, WITH PRIME NATURAL ASTRACHAN FUR COLLAR, AND ASTRACHAN ORNAMENT, 29 INCHES LONG AND FIRST CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR. THE SAME JACKET IS SOLD FOR 12.50 ELSEWHERE IN THIS CITY. THIS IS A SEASON OF LOW PRICES WITH ME.

RICHARD HEALY, 512 MAIN STREET.

Our Marshal.

City Marshal Washburn of that city, a candid, conscientious man but not a radical on the temperance question, not six weeks ago in answer to the inquiry by the writer, "Was there as much liquor sold and drunk, or so many arrests made, in Worcester under the no-licenses regime as in the years when licenses were granted," he promptly replied, "No, sir; not one third as much." And this result, the Transcript believes, will follow in any community where the officers entrusted with enforcement of the law do not wink at its violation; or worse, are in collusion with them, as is feared they are in this locality.—Windham County Transcript.

As a lawyer, Abraham Lincoln used to say that the best way to gain a just case was to free it from legal technicalities and get it "properly swung to the jury." In his "Life of Lincoln," Mr. Herndon tells a story to illustrate what his former law-partner meant by that peculiar phrase. A certain pension-agent had recovered for the widow of a revolutionary soldier the sum of four hundred dollars due and unpaid to her husband at his death, and had retained one-half of the amount for his fee. The claimant, a crippled old woman, hobbled into the office and told her story. It stirred Lincoln up, he brought suit against the agent, and on the day of the trial he said: "I am going to skin Wright, and get that money back." He did so. When the case came up, Lincoln put the white-haired claimant on the stand, and she told her story to the jury. When it was ended, Lincoln drew a picture of the hardships of Valley Forge, describing the soldiers as creeping barefooted over the ice, and marking their tracks with their bleeding feet. Then he contrasted the hardships endured for their country with the hardened action of the agent in fleecing the old woman of one-half of her pension. He was merciless; the members of the jury were in tears, and the agent writhed in his seat under the castigation of Lincoln's denunciation. The jury returned a verdict in favor for the full amount, and Lincoln made no charge for his services.

The bare trees of the forest
Their wretched garb resume,
The skies above are bluer,
And deeper lights illumine
The clefts upon the mountain side,
The ripples of the ocean tide.

—W. W. Caldwell.

Fashion.

There is very little that is new in shoulder capes of fur.

The newest driving cloak is of box cloth, in that particular shade of drab worn by the "whips" on the four-in-hand coaches. It is modelled on the Newmarket shape, and the bodice is ornamented on either side with a row of pearl buttons. For chilly weather there is a cape of the same material, which buttons on to the collar of the coat.

The most charming of wrappings are among the new importations, all of them picturesque and most of them becoming. For evening wear for the street or for any purpose one and all modes are elegant and distinguished. There is always an element of picturesqueness from the color which is dominant in every thing, outer garments as well as gowns and head gear. Half length garments are perhaps less becoming to short figures than to taller ones, but they are very stylish and quite the new mode for all.

For afternoon gowns the India silk is the chosen fabric, and a pretty way to add to the effect of the lace, since lace is de rigueur, is to have a frill of plain silk the color of the most prominent figure of the design placed under the lace ruffie, which gives a touch of color to the lace, brings out its woven pattern, and is a trifle out of the ordinary way of trimming.

Corduroy is made up in short suits for mountain-climbing, pedestrian excursions of all sorts, and for morning rambles over country roads and through forest tangles. These gowns will serve an excellent purpose this winter as rain dresses. The fine wools are in excellent variety. Their exquisite texture and coloring will make possible some of the ravishing costumes noted in many seasons.

Girdles have become very popular as well as elegant since they were introduced by the Cleopatra craze. They are of the medieva type, clasping at the front, encircling at the hips, and hanging far down on the skirt.

Browned Flour.

This is very useful to thicken gravy and give it a brown color. Put your flour into a pan, and set it over a moderate fire, stir it all the time till it is brown, but do not let it scorch as it will communicate an unpleasant taste to the gravy. When it is cool put it in a jar for future use.

LEGAL NOTICES.

TAXES.

Office of the City Treasurer, No. 12 City Hall, Worcester, Mass., Sept. 24, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the Tax List for 1891 has been committed to me for collection.
Amount, \$1,309,985.35; rate, \$14.50 per \$1000; polls, \$2.00 each.
INTEREST at the rate of seven per cent per annum will be charged on all unpaid taxes from and after SATURDAY, the 10th of October, 1891.
SUMMONSES will be issued on THURSDAY, Oct. 15th, to all persons whose taxes shall then remain unpaid, and in case said taxes shall not have been paid on or before October 31st, together with accrued interest, and penalty costs for said summons, the undersigned will proceed to collect the same according to law.
Office hours from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 to 4.30 p.m.

W. S. BARTON,
Treasurer and Collector of Taxes.

Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of Mortgage given by IDA M. DE LORME, of Worcester, to the First Commonwealth Bank, a corporation legally established in said Worcester, dated Nov. 16, 1889, and recorded with Worcester District Deeds, Book 124, Page 35; and for a breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, October 20, 1891, at four o'clock p.m., the property conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit: "A parcel of land, and the buildings on the same, in the City of Worcester, bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the westerly line of Whittier Street, one hundred (100) feet north of the north line of Edgeworth Street; thence, by the said line of Whittier Street, northerly, one hundred (100) feet; thence, westerly, by land now or late of William Miller, one hundred two (102) feet; thence, southerly, by the same now or late of D. S. Messenger, one hundred (100) feet; thence, easterly, by land now or late of Charles Herliam, one hundred two (102) feet; and the place of beginning."

This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments. Fifty dollars in money must be paid down at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on the delivery of the deed, within ten days.

THE HOME CO-OPERATIVE BANK, BY
THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary.
E. L. GLASGOW, Attorney.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. WORCESTER 55

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of FREDERICK W. BAKER, late of Worcester, in said county, deceased. Greeting:

Upon the petition of Martha J. Barber, you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved; and also why the said petitioner, the executrix therein named, should not be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in a law newspaper printed at Worcester, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage paid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court, and to the judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co.

Organized 1866. Incorporated 1889.
Publishers, Printers, Book Binders, Bank and Law Stationers,
196-200 DEBRY STREET, SALEM.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, No. 242.

Promoters of Historical and Genealogical Works. Correspondence invited.

Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records.
Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

L. J. ZAHONYI,

Confectioner and Caterer,

348 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Gentlemen, do you know it?
You pay a great deal of money for certain kinds of foreign made Undergarments.

To-day we'll match any English made *Undershirt* or *Drawers* with American made garments for *about one-half the English price.*

Take a Cartwright and Warner grade, splendid of course, but then we match the \$4.00 quality with American at \$2.00 to \$2.50. *Ladies!*

Jersey vests and *Drawers* grow in favor, and for good reasons.

If you want to know about prices, the answer comes quickly.

It depends altogether upon what you want. We'll give a fair shirt for 25c.

For 50c you can have a right good one. For 75c an excellent one, good enough for any one, really, and fully as good as the \$1.25 quality of last year.

You can have them with long sleeves or short sleeves.

When you strike the \$1.00 \$1.50 and \$2.00 qualities, then you touch the excellencies.

For men we have a 50c *Undershirt*, heavy, soft French neck and ribbed bottom. A great shirt, with drawers to match, at same price.

No man would object to wearing this year's 75c shirt or drawers. They have long ribbed collars, and are fine.

Prices go up to \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and 4.00.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

Reduced Rates of Fare

For Round Trip Tickets on Account of Summer

VACATION EXCURSIONS.

On Sale June 1st to September 30th, and good October until 31st, 1891.

FROM BOSTON TO THE

Popular Resorts of New England, New York and Canada.

Including local excursions to places in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. The only line running Quick Trains, Superb Equipment and Through Cars via

HOOSEC TUNNEL ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO TROY, ALBANY, SARATOGA AND NIAGARA FALLS, AND VIA LAKE

CHAMPLAIN ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO

WEST PORT, PORT HENRY, PLATTSBURG, BRANDON, BURLINGTON, ST. ALBANS, ADIRONDACKS and MONTREAL.

Summer Excursion Book

giving information in regard to routes, rates of fare and list of Hotels and Boarding Houses, can be obtained at the Company's office, 250 Washington Street, and mailed free on application to J. R. WATSON, General Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

Total Annihilation.

"Oh! he was a flowery toothblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As passed on a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the toothblack smiled a forlornly smile
"No free bites here!" he cried,
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Saw one who stood at his side.

"Bili, give us the core," he whispered low
That toothblack smiled a new merr,
And a noticeable dimple grew in his cheek,
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"
—Mary D. Brine.

Dr. George McAlcer recites in Forest and Stream, for Sept. 17, the pleasures of his late outing in the Maine woods.

Dr. John A. Andrews, the oldest physician in Worcester, had an eighty-ninth birthday, Wednesday last. He is living at 195 Pleasant Street.

Mrs. S. H. Howard has returned from her visit to England. Her son, Fred, the tenor, is studying in Frankfort with Herr Julius Stockhausen. His address is 45 Savigny Strasse.

Mr. Caleb Wall will give his talk on local antiquities in Tatnuck, today, at 3 p.m. All interested are requested to meet him between the McFarland and Blair places.

Our well known librarian, Mr. S. S. Green, president of the National Librarians' Association is off for San Francisco, where the anniversary meeting is to be held.

"Pinafore" is having quite a revival in some parts of the state as well as in Hartford and New Haven, Conn. Springfield local talent is in rehearsal for some charitable purpose, while at Westfield, the Business Men's Club, under the direction of Mrs. Mattoon of Springfield, who is well known here in musical and dramatic circles, will sing the opera Oct. 14 and 16. At the latter place Mr. C. C. Kenyon, a pupil of Mr. Ben T. Hammond and Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles of this city, will sing in the cast. On Sundays Mr. Kenyon has charge of the music at the Webster Square M. E. Church, where he is giving universal satisfaction.

Advertisement readers will notice the change in the firm of N. G. Tucker & Son. Mr. Nathaniel G. Tucker has been in business many years. He retires and his son, William F. will continue the business of plumbing in all its forms at 56 Pleasant Street.

Past Commander A. M. Parker of Post 10, G. A. R., has been appointed to inspect Posts 25 and 59, and W. A. Gile to inspect Posts 131 and 167.

During the week, the Catholic Lyceum has held a successful festival, at Lyceum Hall.

Col. H. B. Verry of the governor's staff is accompanying his chief in visiting the Agricultural Fairs. Thursday, he was in Upton.



401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bulldg.

We carry an assortment of gloves that can not fail to meet any requirement in style, finish, size or shade of color.

Two or three new lines have been added to the stock this week, which we are pleased to mention, because of their decided value and low price.

As pretty a glove for \$1.00 as ever shown by any body, is our new 8 button Mousquetaire Suede, in black, tans and slates.

It's equal has never before found its way to this city to be sold for less than \$1.25. It will please you to be able to buy such a handsome glove for so little money. We recommend it.

Another new arrival is a 5 button Foster Lacing Glove of 79. It comes in all shades and black, and looks good enough to sell for a dollar. It would sell for that price in almost any store, but, as there is a slight difference between our regular dollar glove and this one, we make the price only 79c.

White Chamois Mousquetaire Gloves, \$1.00. The genuine Foster Glove, \$1 to \$1.75.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

ONLY

First-Class Through Car Route

TO THE

WEST!

Commencing June 7, 1891,

Through Trains Leave Worcester:

- 9 50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
- 11 40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
- 3 25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
- 4 17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
- 8 00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

PROF.

HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK.

LEAVE BOSTON.	AP. NEW YORK.
10 13 A. M.	3 30 P. M.
12 12 A. M.	5 30 P. M.
5 06 P. M.*	1 00 P. M.
12 29 A. M.*	6 45 A. M.
*Run Daily.	

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Week.

CITY.

- Sept. 25—Festival ends gloriously. A purse of \$15,000 presented to Mr. Zerrahn.
Infantry target shoot at Peat Meadows.
- 26—Athletic sports on the Worcester oval.
The old Worcester Board of Trade an obstacle to the formation of the new one.
- 27—Two fire alarms. The fire bug still lives.
Many Armenians to join the Y. M. C. A.
- 28—Benjamin Zeader dies at 20 Wellington Street, 57 years.
Republicans have a mass meeting in Mechanics Hall. Addresses by Senator Hoar, Ex-Congressmen Allen of Michigan and Greenhalge of Lowell.
Congregational Club holds 100th meeting.
- 20—Commencement day at Clark University.
Democratic Convention in Mechanics Hall renominates Governor Russell.
City Guards celebrate anniversary.
- 30—Sons of Veterans open their fair in G. A. R. Hall.
Banquet of Boot and Shoe and Furnishing Clerks at Lincoln House. May they get shorter hours.
Governor Russell spends the night in town.
- Oct. 1—Funeral of Ben. Zaeder from his daughter's home. Sermon by the Rev. Jos. F. Lovering.
September has twenty-five bell fire alarms, breaking the record.

COUNTY.

- 11—This is the season for town fairs and in some respects they are more satisfactory than the larger ones of county and state.
Endowment Society matters troubling Spencer.
- 12—J. J. Hambleton of Charlestown dies suddenly in Sturbridge.
- 15—Albert Laramée, three years old, killed by the fall of a flower stand.
- 16—Judge Field of Athol attacked by sudden illness in Gardner.
- 17—Veterans of the 43d Mass. Volunteers hold reunion in Leicester.
- 18—Lancaster and Clinton indulge in a fair. Governor present. Nothing like a fair to stir up bucolic ardor.
Sturbridge also exhibits fruits of the soil.
Hon. Barnum Nye of North Brookfield 96 years old today.
- 19—Holden Congregational Church extends a call to the Rev. Albert Warren of Hampstead, N. H.
Mr. George Ball of Upton, a son of the Rev. George S. Ball, injured by falling from the roof of the house.
- 22—Italian boy, Lonnie Edero, loses both feet on Electric K. R. in Spencer. Brought to Worcester and dies.
- 23—Governor Russell attends the Fitchburg Agricultural fair.
- 24—Shrewsbury Methodists re-dedicate their renovated church.
Clinton man and daughter carelessly drink washing fluid for medicine. When will people look at the label?
- 25—Governor Russell at Barre Fair.
Republicans nominate Calvin D. Paige of Southbridge for Senator from 11th District.
Mrs. Amy F. Place dies in Saundersenville, in 94th year.
Rev. Geo. S. Ball nominated for the Legislature by Republicans.

- 26—Leicester Hotel closes the season with a brilliant society gathering.
- 28—County Post Offices are undergoing a visitation by Post Master Greene of Worcester or his substitutes.
- 29—Uxbridge has a successful Agricultural Fair and no racing. The Blackstone Valley has some farms left yet.
John M. Burrage of Leominster fatally burned.
- Oct. 1—Satinet mill of Gillespie & Sullivan burned in Oxford.
Governor Russell speaks at Upton's Fair.
Three men killed by passing train in Leominster.

COMMONWEALTH.

- 11—Republican conference in Boston in behalf of Crapo.
- 12—Mrs. President Harrison expected in Auburndale, does not come and such disappointment!
- 13—A quiet Sunday throughout the state.
- 14—Dr. Geo. B. Loring dies in Salem, 74 years.
- 15—Charles A Wood a victim to hydrophobia in Salem.
Boston Daily Post to change hands.
Joseph Pulitzer gets the first Post for a fence around his "World."
- 16—Chas. H. Allen of Lowell nominated for governor by the Republicans.
- 17—Republican campaign flags thrown to the winds.
Funeral of the late Dr. George B. Loring in Boston.
- 18—Langdon W. Moore, famous bank robber, confesses to many cases of crookedness.
West end car stables burned in East Boston.
- 19—Gubernatorial Candidate Allen addresses the Massachusetts Club in Boston.
- 20—Boston Central Labor Union looking after legislators who did not favor, last year, all possible labor legislation.
- 21—Taunton whiskey conspirators endeavor to shoot Judge Fox. They are fortunately foiled.
- 22—Great Republican meeting in Music Hall, Boston. The ratification complete.
Boston School Committee reports favorably on progress of Manual Training.
- 23—Mrs. President Harrison, daughter and grand-children received in Lynn.
The famous Hopkins will case is on in Salem.
Attempts to arrange a joint debate between Candidates Allen and Russell unsuccessful.
- 24—Universalist convention at Norwood comes to an end.
Short term endorsement orders are making many assessments. There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
- 25—In Avon, Mrs. Annie E. Makepeace shoots her husband's face off. Her name not a misnomer.
- 26—Republicans to circulate Governor Russell's speech at Democratic expense.
Congressman Lodge will debate pending issues with Ex-Congressman John E. Russell.
- 27—Rev. Brooke Hereford will resign Boston pastorate to return to England.
Adulteration of food said to be common in Massachusetts.
- 28—It is possible that Lodge and Russell will not debate after all.
- 29—Mrs. President Harrison and daughter visit Concord.

- 30—Boston catches a fire bug. If Worcester could do as well!
Governor Russell at Great Barrington Fair.
- Oct. 1—Mrs. President Harrison visits Wellesley College.

NATION.

- 11—Georgia Legislative Committee on Finance in favor of voting \$400,000 annually for the support of widows of Confederate soldiers.
- 12—Eleven Lafayette College (Penn.) boys suspended for hazing. When will they cease to be boys and become men.
- 13—New York Democrats making great preparations for next convention.
- 14—New York Democrats very busy at Saratoga.
Our Ex-Representative Crapo arrives in New York. He should not have gone to Europe.
"Out the way, old Dan Tucker
You're too late to come to supper."
- 15—Troy, N. Y., dedicates an imposing soldiers monument.
President Harrison gets back to Washington again. Vacation is over.
- 16—Koswell P. Flower nominated by the Democrats for governor in New York. The state can now decide as to its favorite flavor.
- 17—Lt. Governor Jones of New York, bolts the Democratic nomination.
Francis Hendricks of Syracuse appointed collector of New York in place of Fassett.
R. P. Flower, Democratic candidate for governor in New York resigns his seat in Congress. Therein he differs from Gov. Hill who thought a United States senator-elect clings to his seat in Albany.
- 18—Ohio political assessments disturbing Washington clerks.
Col. Frederick Conkling, brother of the late Senator dies in New York, 76 years.
- 19—Six lives lost in a fire in Chicago.
Colonel Lyman will have to leave the Civil Service Commission.
- 21—Oklahoma again in a state of tumult over another boom.
Twenty-six car loads of cattle wrecked in Pittsburg. Beef never was so high before. The pile is said to be 100 feet in height.
- 21—Prof Langston urged for an appointment to the Court of Claims.
Fred Douglas not in favor of Negroes migrating from America.
- 22—It is claimed that Mr. Blaine will refuse Republican nomination.
Alliterative Elder Burchard of N. Y., dangerously ill in Saratoga.
- 23—Unitarian National Convention in Saratoga.
Recalcitrant MacQueary leaves the Episcopal for the Universalist Church.
Mr. Blaine leaves Bar Harbor.
- 24—New York editors who printed accounts of the Sing Sing electrocution plead "not guilty" to indictment.
- 25—Secretary Blaine cannot help the Republicans in Ohio.
- 26—Chinamen captured and will be returned to China. They crossed from Canada.
Pennsylvania Legislature called together by Governor Pattison to investigate charges of fraud.
- 27—Canonading in Texas breaks the long drought, at least so it is claimed.

- 28—Bonanza king, Mackay, crosses the continent in 4 days, 12 hours, 38 minutes, breaking the record.
- 26—Almy trial begins in Woodsville, N. H.
New York athletes ahead in the Detroit games.
- 30—Train robber holds up a train near Utica, N. Y. What next!
The famous Dr. Mary Walker held in custody in Hanover, N. H.
- Oct. 1—Leland Stanford, Jr., University in California opened.
Governors muddle in Connecticut referred to the Supreme Court. Should have gone there at first.
Trouble among the Exeter, N. H., Academy boys.

WORLD.

- 11—Famous cataract in Labrador located by Bowdoin College students.
Italian steamer, Taormina, collides with Greek vessel, Thessalia, and sinks, forty lives lost.
- 12—Cholera reported in Bombay.
- 13—Italy does not care to exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago.
- 14—So the Russian bear is to gobble up Turkey, i. e., Constantinople at one gulp. It may result in indigestion. There was a Crimean war once.
- 15—Sir John Steel, sculptor, dies in England. He made the figure of Wellington, in front of the Edinburgh, P. O., giving rise to this remark, "It is a figure by Steel of the Iron Duke in bronze."
- 16—France recognizes provisional government in Chili.
Mr. Spurgeon worse again.
- 17—President Carnot reviews the French army.
- 18—The bodies of 1200 victims of the flood in Censuegra, Spain have been burned. Not all found yet.
- 19—The Pope addresses a large delegation of Frenchmen in St. Peter's.
England will maintain her position, with reference to the Dardanelles, by fighting if necessary.
- 20—Russian peasants burning houses that they may plunder them.
Balmaceda of Chili said to have committed suicide.
- 21—German opera has a hard time in Paris.
King of Romania wishes to resign.
- 22—London has a case of supposed cholera.
England recognizes new Chilean government.
- 23—Balmaceda's Silver will remain in the Bank of England.
Prof. Winshird of Leipsic renounces Catholicism on account of disbelief in the "Holy Coat" of Treves.
- 24—China troubles still fermenting.
It looks as though a war in Europe were inevitable.
A Parnell paper to be started soon in Dublin.
- 25—The Czar of Russia visits Emperor William.
The Queen of Spain purchases an estate in Italy.
- 26—Count Crispi divides Italians to couple the names of King Humbert and Queen Victoria.
- 27—Starving Russia will lay out \$50,000 in burying a dead grand duke. Better lay out some of that money in caring for living people.

- 28—Chili feels touchy towards our country.
Fenian Stephens returns to Ireland.
- 29—David Evans elected mayor of London.
Russia suffering from famine: but there is an abundance of money for burying grand dukes.
- 30—Boulanger, the noted French leader, takes his own life.
- Oct. 1—Nihilists try to blow up Austria's Emperor. Do not succeed.
Chili will be hot enough before all foreign claims are settled.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Wellesley.

College opened September 9th, and contrary to custom, nature has favored us with delightful weather from the first day.
As usual every available place is filled, and in addition to special students, many regulars are boarding temporarily in the village, hoping that vacancies will occur.
President Shafer is back with us again, much improved in health.
Many changes have been made in the courses of instruction, especially in the required work of the first year. A course in English has been added, which is to be under the able direction of Miss Julia Hall of Worcester, who is the sister of President Hall of Clark University. The Billie work has been changed somewhat, and is to be directed by Miss Sara Emerson. It has been felt that in former years the best results have not been gained from the work in the gymnasium, because the classes have had to be held in the evening, consequently this year Freshmen will be required to attend three hours of class drill per week, and that during the daytime.
The gymnasium has been re-fitted for the change in the work, dressing rooms have been added, so that it is now as convenient as such small quarters can be. We are hoping that some one will soon see our need of a larger one, and make it possible for us to have it.
The Freshmen class numbers 194 this year. As usual, having had given way to as energetic endeavors to make them at home.
On the first Saturday evening the officers of the Christian Association received both old and new members of the college, in the center of the main building. During the reception the Freshmen were serenaded by the Sophomores.
Sunday, Sept. 13, was Flower Sunday. Dr. Parsons of Toronto, formerly of Boston, preached upon the text "God is love."
Monday Sept. 28, a reception was given by the class of '94 to that of '95. The reception was made a little less formal by giving it something of the character of a conversation party. During musical selections an opportunity was given for conversation, and at the end of each selection, a change of partners was in order.
Wednesday, Sept. 30, President Shafer received a telegram from Mrs. Harrison, that she might be expected at 5 in the afternoon. The week before she had called informally upon President Shafer, but this was to be a more formal visit. A half holiday was declared, and the college assembled in a body to do her honor. Upon entering the building she was greeted by the college cheer from the seniors, which was taken up successively by juniors

and sophomores, freshmen and specials, who encircled the open center on the floors above. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee then received the Faculty and senior and junior classes in the Browning room.
The Freshmen had meanwhile formed themselves into a line on either side of the driveway and amid a great fluttering of handkerchiefs the party made its way to the Art Building, where an informal reception was held for about an hour and a half. Because of another engagement Mrs. Harrison was then obliged to leave, but she may be sure that all over the Union, wherever any of the present Wellesley girls may be, she will always have warm admirers.

Caulleria Rusticana.

It seems that the first presentation in this city and almost the first in the country of any part of this, at present much talked about composition was at one of Ben Hammond's recitals. December 20th, of last year, Mrs. Albert Curtis Marble sang in Colonial Hall, the stornello, "Fior di giaggiolo." Also, April 30th, of this year, Mr. Mortimer Howard sang at Mr. Hammond's studio, "Preludio e Sicilliana."

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,

Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.



Week Commencing MONDAY, OCT. 5th.
Every Afternoon and Evening.

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School and College.

Worcester Academy.

"A city which is set on a hill cannot be hid." Beautiful for situation, on Providence hill stands the Academy, throwing the beams of intellectual light all about it. There are in the air intellectual, religious and physical influences making themselves felt all through the city.

The Academy opens this Fall with the largest attendance in its history, there being 185 as against 145 last year. The dormitories are full and it has been found necessary to hire the Wyman House opposite the grounds to accommodate all. This is in charge of Mr. White.

During the Summer, extensive improvements have been made. The dormitories have been newly painted and placed in the very best of order and changes have been made in the school-house which add to the beauty, comfort and usefulness of the building. The grading commenced a year ago has been completed, making an ample and admirably arranged campus for sports.

A new department has been arranged, known as the Polytechnic Preparatory course, to prepare for the Tech. It is in charge of Mr. Jesse Phillips who has been studying higher mathematics in Europe for the past year and a half.

A new instructor has been secured since the opening of the term, making nine in the faculty, an increase of three since a year ago.

Miss Everett, instructor in elocution at Wellesly, will be engaged to give instruction to the entire school in elocution.

Altogether, the growth of the school is great and healthy. The influences, while not at all denominational, are thoroughly religious and the young men are taught to feel that a true conception of life and a high ideal of manhood is the thing to be aimed at. No better school can be found for young men. Everything possible is done for them from the work in the finely equipped gymnasium to the religious exercises in the chapel.

Cornell.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Roe:—

I send you herewith the itinerary of the Annual Inspection Tour for 1890, arranged by Prof. R. H. Thurston of Sibley College and open to all students in Cornell University. These trips have been taken for seven or eight years, and are now one of the fixtures of the Easter vacation. The trips are naturally of greatest interest to the technical students, but form a very pleasant vacation for any one interested in the great mechanical laboratories and workshops of the East. In 1887, one of the parties visited Worcester, and went through the W. P. I., Washburn & Moen's and, I think, Jerome Wheelock's. Usually from fifteen to twenty-five students, accompanied by from one to five of the faculty, follow the entire program for each section, but for the past two years over four hundred students have availed themselves of the opportunities offered and have spent a few days with the party.

Reduced rates on the railroads, and special rates at the hotels are secured and many places are visited, to which individuals could

never obtain entrance. The excursions are in very high esteem by the faculty.

In other departments of the University, the system of excursions is highly developed, and classes in the School of Agriculture frequently spend several days in visits to fine farms. Classes in Social Science visit the jails, poor-houses and asylums of the state, the classes in pedagogy go to neighboring towns and cities, and each Spring, the entire classes of Junior and Senior civil engineers, are sent away for two weeks to put in practical work, and to study their subjects on entirely new ground. Cornell is enthusiastic over the excursion system, and believes it can teach a student many things obtainable in no other way.

Lehigh University at Bethlehem, Pa., has begun to follow Cornell's example. If you can use this letter or the program, I shall be glad to have you do so.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIE ERYLVE WARE.

Here follow no less than five sections, divided among Eastern, Western and Southern regions. Cornell seems to get along in spite of all excursions, but what a risk she runs!



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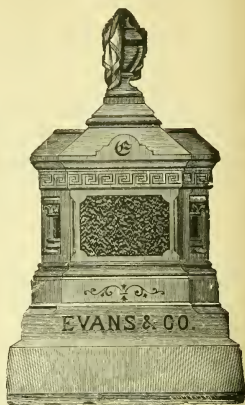
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in French, German and Art.

Miss S. E. LAUGHTON,

in Gymnastics, Elocution and Physical Culture.

Pupil's Gymnasium secured for the use of the School.

Classes will form there soon. Any, whether otherwise connected with the school or not, may join in classes in the gymnasium, also in Music, Art, German, Italian, French, Literature or other branches. Call or send for information to MISS KIMBALL, Home School.

MRS. MORGAN'S

Private School and Kindergarten

WILL BEGIN SEPT. 11.

Miss Kilham will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent music maid.

Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

Mr. Walter Scott Kennedy

Will receive his pupils on and after MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, from 10 A. M., to 12; 2:30 to 4, and 7:30 to 8 P. M., at his music rooms, No. 1 Elm Street.

Mrs. H. W. Johnson

resumes teaching at Leland's Music Store on Mondays and Thursdays, after September 8th.

Address No. 2 Lincoln Place.

Miss CAMILLE M. CLARK,

a pupil of

GEORGE L. OSGOOD, OF BOSTON,

is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,

at her residence, No. 23 John Street.

DANCING ~~~~

GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Albright Mattouan will re-open her classes in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 7 p. m.

Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from a friend. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Mattouan at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 14, 21, 28, from 6:10 to 7.

For terms and further particulars call or address Mrs. Mattouan. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Goodham & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence; call 405-5.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,

Graduate of the

BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,

will give lessons in

PIANO AND HARMONY.

45 PROVIDENCE STREET.

Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's

* STUDIO *

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

MILLBURY.

One of the children of Mr. James Daniels was quite badly bitten by a dog Sunday afternoon. She had a piece of cake, which she was eating, when two dogs owned by Mr. Daniels came up. One of them tried to take the cake, the other tried to prevent him, taking the child's part. During the trouble the child was thrown down and as she fell she threw up her left hand which held the cake. The dogs, seeing it, snapped at it and bit her hand in four places. Dr. Booth, who happened to be near, dressed the wounds. The dog has been shot. At last accounts the child was doing well and will probably be all right in a short time.

The M. E. Church has arranged a course of lectures to be as follows; Oct. 8, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., Boston; Oct. 15, Prof. A. S. Roe, Worcester; Oct. 22, Chaplain G. A. Crawford, U. S. Navy; Oct. 29, Rev. F. K. Stratton, Somerville; Nov. 5, Rev. W. N. Colburn, Waltham; Nov. 12, Rev. G. S. Chaubourne, D. D., Cambridgeport.

District Deputy A. S. Pinkerton paid an official visit to Bethesda Lodge, D. of R., Thursday evening. A fine collection was served for the meeting.

Dr. Alden, secretary of A. B. C. F. M., preached at the 2nd Church, Sunday morning and evening. He very interestingly portrayed the work of the Foreign Missions.

The official board of the M. E. Church held a meeting Monday evening for the transaction of routine business.

The quiet of the Sabbath is disturbed by young men from Worcester riding through the town, shouting and blowing upon horns and in other ways creating a disturbance. It is bad enough to have to tolerate the sewerage without being forced to receive the skum of humanity.

What might have been a serious accident happened Sunday afternoon. Mr. Robert Molt, with his sister and brother, was driving on Elm Street and when near the watering trough, a team, coming in the opposite direction, shied at the water, flowing from the trough across the street, crashed into Mr. Molt's team, throwing him out and injuring him quite badly, so that he was insensible for a time. The horses cleared themselves, but were caught near the Tourtellotte House. Mr. Molt's sister and brother were badly frightened but not injured. The team causing the trouble was from a lively stable in Worcester and was driven by a man employed by Washburn & Moen as a driver. This escaped injury.

The home team defeated the Woonsocket 7 to 4 Saturday.

Rev. A. M. Crane preached his farewell sermon Sunday. He expects to start the last of the week for his new pastorate at Medfield.

At the regular meeting of Roland E. Bowen Camp, S. of V., Monday evening, four new recruits were mustered in. Action was taken in regard to attending the fair at Worcester. It is expected quite a delegation will go.

The ladies of the Unitarian Society held a fruit social Tuesday evening in Blanchard Hall. Supper was served from six to eight, after which dancing and a general good time was enjoyed.

We have to chronicle the departure of more

←Dancing Class, * Prof. W. W. Greene→

Respectfully announces to former patrons and residents of Worcester that he will begin his Fifth Select Class in Dancing at Grand Army Hall on Monday, Oct. 12. For further particulars, see circulars at Leland's and Osborne's Music Stores. Objectionable parties not admitted.

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MONDAYS, * FRIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,

From 12 to 6 P. M.

A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.

of Millbury's young people for school and college. Chas. H. Lincoln for Harvard; Henry W. Cronin for a medical college at Baltimore, Md.; Harry Martin for Becker's.

John W. Sheehan, a native of this town, a graduate of the High School in the class of '85, who has been practicing law since 1888, having studied with Col. W. A. Williams, has opened an office in Farnsworth's Block, where he can be found evenings. He has had abundant success in his profession and is in every way worthy the patronage of his fellow townsmen.

Mr Lowell's Will.

Those parts of Mr. Lowell's will which relate to his library and manuscript are as follows:

I give to my friend Charles Eliot Norton a book from my library at his discretion.

I give to the corporation of Harvard College, for the library thereof, my copy of "Webster on Witchcraft," formerly belonging to Increase Mather, President of the College, and also any books from my library of which the College library does not already possess copies, or of which the topics or editions in my library are for any reason whatever preferable to those possessed by the College library.

I give my friend Charles Eliot Norton all my manuscript, correspondence, and papers, to dispose of the same at his discretion, hereby constituting him my literary executor.

The material which Mr. Lowell had collected for his biography of Hawthorne thus passes into Professor Norton's hand. The "Critic's" Boston correspondent doubts "if the author had progressed so far in the work as to leave even a fragment ready for the publisher. Had not pain afflicted him in his final years he would have made this work his pleasure."

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves, ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our auditors.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

ABOUT * YOUR * OVERCOAT.

You thought about it yesterday, didn't you? The chill in the air was grateful and suggestive.

You won't like to be seen on the street in October without an overcoat, especially when all other sensible men are wearing theirs in comfort.

Hundreds have had the wisdom to select the cloth and leave their measure, so that the OVERCOAT will be ready the moment it is wanted.

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Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500; at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,502; Reserve Fund, \$32,210.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,507.68; Total, \$63,220.68. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 100.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

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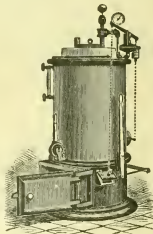
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This Heater is unsurpassed for excellence of workmanship and is the best in the market. Now is the time to secure estimates. The following is one of a great number of testimonials from our leading citizens:

WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 1, 1896.
THE ROYAL STEAM HEATER CO.
Gentlemen:—Having purchased two of your Heaters, one now in use three years, the other 2 years, I can safely say we could hardly keep house without one. I would rather take care of our Heater with 13 radiators attached than one parlor stove where I had to bring coal and carry away the ashes. Anyone intending to heat by steam should examine the Royal and note the working of the Grate, which I think is far ahead of any I have ever seen. I will gladly give information to intending purchasers. Respectfully yours F. E. BARNARD, Barnard Bros., Trunk Manufacturers, 492 Main St., Branch Office, 39 Pearl Street, Worcester.

LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 6. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891. FIVE CENTS.

THE HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH
NEW
SOCIETY
BUSINESS
PERSONALS
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DRAMA
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THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL PASTORS.

Rev. Inmann L. Willcox.

Rev. Laurence Perry.

Rev. E. W. Phillips

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

No. 6

Human experience, like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.
Coleridge.

Yet experience is of some utility in showing us how we may improve as we progress. All experience serves to direct the present and to provide for the future.

The vast array of reports with which the shelves of every law court are freighted are simply collections of experiences. Is it not possible for us to sail in the wake of those stern lights that Coleridge names and thereby have our own paths illuminated?

As yet, much of America's building is of an ephemeral character. We build today, our children or ourselves tear down tomorrow. How many of Worcester's structures could be standing one hundred years hence, yet few European cities cannot point the visitors to edifices that were standing before Columbus set forth on his voyage.

Possibly, when we look at the monstrous character of some of these buildings, we have reason to rejoice that they are not indestructible. When the architect took Gen. Sheridan over the newly finished Pension Office in Washington, the latter remarked that it had only one failing. Quite elated, the architect wanted to know what that fault was, but it is probable he was not so happy when the General said, "It's fire proof." That they are not fire proof is too often the best thing that can be said of certain pretentious edifices.

There have been very little system and rule in the building of our city. Our growth has not been the result of any system nor effort. Topsy like it has grown, till we have a population of more than 30,000, crowded into an area altogether too limited. Always conservative, it has been very difficult to break away from the thought, that all Worcester should live within a stone's throw of the Common.

Last week, LIGHT had an unusually lucid presentation of our street railway system, contrasting it with those in other cities of similar size. When cities, nearing our population were named, it was found that they had nearly twice our miles of railway. The reason for this is very evident. Covering wider areas, means of communication were necessary and street service of some sort followed. Some times it led and it is probable this will be the case in this city. Every new line of railway makes homes possible.

There is little doubt that ere many years, the electric road to Spencer will run through a continuous street of well built houses. Not unsightly structures, without form (and would that they were void) but pleasant home-like structures, such as may be found on the newly opened up North End region and in some parts of New Worcester. Similar lines of ser-

vive to Shrewsbury, Millbury, Tatnuck, and other outlying districts must produce similar results.

Were the homes of Worcester to cover all the territory included in our city limits, it would be just so much better for the people. In Worcester, there are 23,040 acres. Were our people spread over all this surface instead of being in so many crowded centres, what earthly paradises we might have? The time is far distant when any such crowding as that common in European cities will be necessary here. Rapid transit will do away with much of the unnatural way of living now prevalent.

Last week, LIGHT referred to the possible using of a part of the Common for City Hall purposes. That this proposed use is not liked by others is evident from the following note:

DEAR LIGHT:

Thanks for your word against using the Common as a site for a new City Hall or any other building. Hosts of citizens are of your way of thinking on this point.

ONE OF THEM.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Smith College Seniors recognize the merits of a former W. H. S. girl in making Miss Marion Drew class treasurer. She is a daughter of Mr. Charles C. Drew of the Directory.

Mr. Herbert F. Blood, who soon after his graduation from the High School took up the Insurance business and who for some years has been in the employ of Mr. A. C. Monroe, has accepted a position with the American Fire Insurance Company with headquarters at 156 Broadway, a section given up almost wholly to this line of work. His home will be in Brooklyn, the city to which so many New Yorkers retire when their work is done. Mr. Blood will be missed from a large circle of friends in Worcester.

Mr. Charles T. Tatman, late of the Polytechnic, has entered the Harvard Law School.

Mrs. T. K. Earle and daughter will spend the winter in Boston.

Mr. Alfred S. Roe gives his account of the Passion Play, in Millbury, next Thursday night.

Mrs. Annie Russell Marble contributed to the Golden Rule, the national Christian Endeavor Society weekly for October 1, an article on "The girl graduate at home."

The Chandler Street pupils did a nice thing Tuesday, in sending to their principal, Wm. H. Bartlett, a fine bouquet of flowers. Maggie Wilson and Ella Chamberlain made the presentation. They remember those in bonds as bound with them.

Miss Nettie J. Murray of this city is to be

instructor of physical culture in the public schools, Nashville, Tenn. The West is to be congratulated.

Mrs. James G. Arnold of Harvard Street with Miss Alice G., and Mr. Charles H., her daughter and son, has just returned from a protracted visit to East Greenwich, R. I.

Miss Abbie Tisdale of West Dedham is visiting at No. 3 Dix Street.

Mrs. Anna (Phillips) Fay and husband of Hartford, Conn., are rejoicing in the birth of a girl baby, born in August. Mrs. Fay was graduated from our High School in 1885, a sister of Mrs. Joseph H. Perry of Highland Street.

Mr. T. J. Leland, who has held the position of janitor in the Burnside Building ever since its erection, resigns this week and will remove to his country residence at Woodstock, Conn. Hereafter he will spend the Winter season in Florida. Mr. Leland was foreman in the Washburn & Moen wire mill from 1861 to 1882, his practical knowledge and long connection with the business giving him an enviable reputation among wire manufacturers. In connection with several other gentlemen, he formed the Palmer Wire Company, and was the superintendent of the concern until his health failed, when he returned to this city and accepted the janitorship of the Burnside Building. Only last week Mr. Leland was offered a salary of \$2,500 to accept a position as superintendent of a well known wire company, but thinks he has earned a rest by his long and arduous term of labor in this city. Mr. Leland will be greatly missed by a large host of friends, who wish him success in his new undertaking.

Miss Marshall.

The exhibition of her art work with which the friends of Miss Helen De Forest Marshall were recently favored is deserving of more than the passing notice which space last week allowed.

It embraced a large variety; portraiture, still life, landscape and flower studies being included, and water colors, oils and crayons represented. Where all was so good, it is hard to particularize as to merit; but a number of crayon life studies were especially noticeable as indicating the young lady's unusual talent as a portrait artist. Miss Marshall has been taking an extended course of study at the Cowles Art School, Boston, and has been awarded several prizes. Her work clearly shows that her training has been of the highest standard and that she is possessed of keen artistic feeling. She is to be complimented on having one of the finest collections we have ever seen in a private exhibit.

Miss Marshall is intending making art her profession and has already become favorably known as a teacher of painting. Her Summer vacation being past, she resumes teaching at her home No. 1 Congress Street.



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HER NEIGHBORS.

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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1891.

The Cornell Daily Sun, under the efficient editorship of Louie E. Ware, of Worcester, presents a very fine appearance. A daily college paper certainly marks a great advance in educational lines.

That misfortunes never come singly was well illustrated last week, when, in addition to exchanged names for the Library and Inn in Sterling, an interposed r changed "fiend" in Mrs. Hieman's excellent poem into "friend." Friends are to be preferred to fiends, as a rule, but in that particular place, the writer wished

"To laugh all fiends to scorn."

LIGHT's readers will note the corrections and extend sympathy to all concerned.

Any one interested in LIGHT is urged to send in any personal item for the columns of this paper, all for the public's use. Visitors and visited, weddings, births and funerals, parties and entertainments will be most cordially greeted. Send them in.

School and College.

High School.

Through some misunderstanding on the part of some of the pupils, the class in book-keeping under Mr. Muzzy was unusually small on the opening day. It is to be hoped that more of the pupils will wake up to the advantages placed before them, to fit them for the duties of life. What more practical subject have we before us than this?

The Glee Club, which has come to be considered a leading feature of the school, opened its season very successfully last Monday afternoon. Through the efforts of Mr. W. L. Sprague and his associates on the new-members committee, eighty-six new members were admitted to the club, swelling the total membership to its limit, one hundred and twenty-five. No regular work was taken up but the hour was consumed with the singing of popular songs. Miss Mary Brandt officiated at the piano, in the absence of Miss Ruth Stone, the regular club pianist.

The appearance of the library has been improved by the addition of a new desk for the use of Miss Jillson.

Henry Dennis, John McKeon, and Clarence

Desmond, all of the class of '91, have successfully passed their examinations for admission to the Harvard Medical School, an honor both to themselves and the school which prepared them.

Mr. Wm. McAleer, of the class of '91, left Monday night for New York, where he is to study medicine. A party of his friends gave him a hearty send off at the station.

The Glee Club is very fortunate in that it has added to its membership Misses Alice Tucker, Ethel Curtis and Edith Sessions, all of the Class of '95, and all of whom have distinguished themselves in the musical line.

The foot ball eleven connected with the school is steadily increasing in strength and with a little more practice will be able to cope with the other elevens in the city. The W. H. S. eleven practices with the Dalzell eleven about twice a week and usually comes out victorious.

The clubs as usual held their meetings last Friday, a good attendance being marked in each case. The speaking was the finest, perhaps, in the assembly.

The Assembly's program included a reading, "Tent on the Beach" by G. W. Field; extemporaneous address on question, Resolved, that the city should incur the expense of building a new city hall, John Reid; paper, "A Visit to Niagara Falls," G. B. Knowles; reading, "Fable for Critics," W. W. Orr; question, Resolved, that the German race has done more for the world than the French race; affirmative, J. F. McGrail, E. W. Cutting, W. W. Orr; negative, H. L. Belisle, F. A. Stockwell; decided in negative; critic, E. A. Denny.

In the Euclia, the men were earnest in their debate and showed much spirit in their readings and declamations. The club is now on a high standing and will soon rival the other clubs in excellence of debate. The program follows: Declaration—Declaration of Irish Rights, John Curran; extemporaneous address on the question, Resolved, that the Democrats should be in power, F. C. Carrigan; readings by C. J. Hickey and C. E. Dowd; question: Resolved, that the Australian Ballot Law is conducive to the best interests of the country; affirmative—J. B. Murphy, J. J. Tierney, H. J. Murray; negative—P. J. McLaughlin, W. E. D. Stone, J. Curran. It was decided in the affirmative.

The Sumner Club's program: Reading, The Crusade, A. F. Parrot; declamation, Old Ironsides, G. A. Collie; extemporaneous address on the question, Are monopolies a benefit to the community, C. E. Andrews; reading, An American Deacon, H. F. Cutter; question, Resolved, that the morals of the United States are degenerating; affirmative, C. E. Andrews, W. L. Sprague, F. E. Gilbert; negative, E. W. Goodell, G. A. Collie, J. F. Munroe; decided in the negative.

The Altheia's program: Reading, Miss Bancroft; piano solo, Miss Taylor; dialogue, Misses Chapin, Gates, Hale and Harrington; comb duty, Misses Barnard; question, Resolved, that idleness is the cause of vice; affirmative, Misses Warner and Newton; negative, Misses Jackson and Perry; critic, Miss Foster.

The regular weekly rhetorical exercises were held in the hall Thursday morning.

They included the recitation of a poem on Dr. Holmes, "Filling an Order," J. T. Trowbridge, by Miss B. C. Bancroft; singing by the Weldon Male Quartet, which consists of Arthur H. Merriam, Geo. R. Bliss, Geo. F. Ellinwood and Walter S. Bliss, of Kuntze's "Evening Song" and the recitation by Miss Alice Gates of "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

Amherst.

To the names of the Worcester boys at Amherst should have been added that of Mr. E. Bryant, '95, who is pledged to the Chi Psi Fraternity.

The foot ball team is hard at work, and in spite of the amount of new material is already making a good showing. There are very few remarkable players, but whatever team work can do will be done by this year's eleven. The scores that have been made thus far against other teams are very satisfactory and promise well for the league games.

The total number of men in college this year is 335, of which the Junior class contributes ninety-two; the Seniors are second, and Freshmen third with eighty-four.

Senator Hoar was in town last week at the Woman Suffrage meeting, and spoke at chapel briefly the next morning. His remarks were especially upon the value of training in oratory.

Polytechnic.

The Tennis Association has elected the following officers:—President, L. C. Smith '92; vice-president, H. Sinclair '93; secretary and treasurer, G. M. Eaton, '94. It was voted to levy an assessment of twenty-five cents on each member, and settle up the small debts outstanding against the association. An executive committee consisting of L. C. Smith, '92, J. A. Derby, '93, and A. C. Higgins, '93, was elected, and ordered to investigate the matter of having four dirt courts laid out on the grounds.

The enthusiasm at the Institute over football, is something tremendous this year. Probably more than a hundred students attended the Tech-Academy game last Saturday. The athletic directors have voted to omit the regular Fall field day; the Tennis Association has practically given up the idea of a tournament this season, and all available money and push is being put behind the pigskin to keep it rolling in a manner creditable to the school.

The Institute eleven is practicing every night on Dewey's field, and real solid practice too. Some evenings, there are as many as fifteen or twenty candidates for the second eleven thing heretofore almost unheard of. Everyone is learning foot-ball. Games are being arranged with Amherst, M. I. T., Brown Varsity, Amherst Agricultural, and other colleges. One game has already been decided upon. The Institute eleven will play the Harvard second eleven at Cambridge, October 31. The attempt to secure Lake as coach, failed, for the famous ex-Tech player, could not get away. Wednesday, W. D. Berry, of this city went to Conn., to engage Stagg, if possible to take his place.

The Faculty has appointed as an athletic committee to meet the students, Profs. Alden, Kinnicut, and Conant, and Messrs. Coombs

and Beals, and it is hoped that the rule limiting the out of town games to two, will be modified, and that more encouragement will be given the students than has been in the past.

The members of the Y. M. C. A., deserve the thanks of the Institute for putting through so successfully their reception. It was perhaps the first real social event of any importance ever indulged in on Tech hill and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. There was singing by a selected quartet; music by a banjo and guitar trio; violin and whistling solos, for entertainment. Light refreshments were served during the evening. A large number of young ladies were present to animate and grace the scene, and the sombre brick walls of the Laboratory, and even the pebbly roof, listened for the first time to youthful tete-a-tetes. The reception was ostensibly given by the Y. M. C. A., to members of the Junior class, but as there was only about twenty-five students in the Institute not included in one of these two organizations, everyone was invited.

The Camera Club has elected E. H. Keith '94, President; A. C. Higgins '93, vice-president, and E. W. Vail '93, secretary.

A shower-bath has been placed in the basement of Boynton Hall for the use of the football players.

Cornell.

At this institution, there are no less than twenty-five distinct courses. One of the latest departments opened is that in philosophy, said to be the broadest in America. The Philosophical Review will be published by this department. The Course in Pedagogy is especially popular. Prof. Moses Cook Tyler is lecturing on the history of religion, a new department in Collegeville. Prof. Herbert Tuttle has given his opening lecture on Modern European History.

Dudley Academy.

The hill in Dudley had a celebration, Tuesday, Sept. 29th. It is well known that Mr. Conant of Pawtucket has repeatedly been the benefactor of the town and academy, one of his latest gifts being a new church edifice to take the place of the one burned a few years ago. Mindful of his generosity, certain Pawtucket friends, under the lead of Mr. Parks raised \$500.00 to buy a 2200 pound bell which was presented on this date as a mark of appreciation of Mr. Conant's worth.

Ex-Governor Littlefield of Rhode Island was master of ceremonies, representing the forty or more joint givers.

Rev. John Williams of Kansas, an old Dudley boy, offered prayer and the Rev. Mr. Richards, pastor of the church, with the Rev. Mr. McGreggor of Pawtucket joined in the exercises. Mr. Parks made the formal presentation and Mr. Richards accepted. Dinner was served at the Conant mansion. Meanwhile the bell had been elevated to its place and at 2 P. M., a general bell ringing took place in which all donors took a hand. Then all repaired to the Academy Hall where the exercises were continued in the way of a memorial of the old bell lost in the fire. Miss Ada L. Leland, for three years a pupil in the Worcester High School, but now a pupil in the Academy recited with telling effect Poe's *Bells*. She was the recipient of many compli-

ments on account of her success. Afterwards Ex-Governor Littlefield, Olney Arnold and Mr. Conant spoke. Thanks were voted to Mr. Parks and all who had taken part in this Rhode Island tribute to Massachusetts.

Holy Cross.

John H. Kelley of Fairfield, Conn., formerly of the class of '92, has been visiting his classmates at the college the past few days. He will sail for Rome on the 24th. He was presented last Thursday by his classmates with a handsome gold cross, similar in design to the class medal. Mr. Kelley was a prominent member of the college, being centrefielder on the ball team, and one of the best singers in the Glee Club and one of the leaders of his class. The best wishes of his classmates and college friends will go with him.

Rev. E. J. Welch, S. J., preached at St. Paul's church last Sunday.

The field sports will be held sometime during the coming week. Mr. John H. O'Connor, '92, has been elected chief-marshal for the day.

James F. Timon, W. H. S. '88, H. C. C. '91 and T. H. Sullivan of Millbury, H. C. C. '91 have entered the law department of Boston University.

The ball game scheduled with Woonsocket for last Thursday was cancelled on account of bad weather.

The teachers and pupils of the School of English Speech had a very enjoyable gathering at their rooms in Colonial Hall, Wednesday evening. The school began its year's work Thursday, October 8. The rooms are very finely arranged for the several departments of instruction. The large hall fitted up for reading and dramatic study has a large stage, curtains, etc., and will seat over two hundred.

There will be classes in Shakespeare, history, and literature, voice culture, reading, pronunciation, gesture, fencing, etc. The courses of study are adapted to meet the wants of students, from those who are still pursuing a general education elsewhere, to the professional student, the amateur of literature, the searcher for physical and intellectual refreshments; in fact for all those who wish to keep abreast of the time in speech and bearing.

Special mention is made of a new class being formed for the study of the dictionary, particular attention being given to accurate pronunciation of words, their elements, combinations, accents, and at the competitive examination in June, prizes will be awarded. The first prize will be the Century Dictionary, the second a gold medal. This class will probably be largely attended by students from different schools, but also it is hoped many others will avail themselves of the opportunities offered at such terms as to be in the reach of hundreds of our young people. The second class of fifty will be formed as soon as the first begins work, but all will have the same course and all compete together. All desiring evening hours will have places given them.

Church Choirs.

E. N. Anderson and Henry Dike Sleeper, of this city, are on this year's board of teachers of the school for church musicians at Hart-

ford, Conn. Mr. Anderson will teach vocal culture and interpretation, and Mr. Sleeper, sight reading, harmony and counter point.

The Salem-street Church Choral Society met last week to lay out plans for the coming season. Officers were chosen, B. D. Allen being re-elected director. Rehearsals will be held till the fortnightly rehearsals begin. The society will shortly take up Schuman's "Pilgrimage of the Rose."

The Epworth League took charge of the meetings in the Leicester church last Sunday. Fourteen went out, Misses Alice E. Bates, Annie Bates, Emily Bates, Carrie Clark, May Foster, Nellie Layng, Gertrude L. March, Flora Minor, Lucy Richardson, Mrs. Nellie Moulton, Messrs. A. L. Farwell, C. S. Forbes, F. J. Metcalf and D. R. Taber.

The regular monthly preachers' meeting will be held next Monday. Program: Symposium, How to conduct a prayer-meeting, opened by Rev. Geo. S. Butters; Sketches of Sermons, Rev. F. A. Liverett, Rev. Garrett Beckman; Law of Festivals, Rev. T. Curwick; The Lalty in Church Work, Rev. N. Fellows.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest L. Pettes, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. No. 24 Pearl Street.
Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols. Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 377 Main St.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, OCT. 10, 1891.

Thirty pieces of HARTFORD, LOWELL, WHITTALL'S, PHILADELPHIA Brussels Carpets, standard prime five frame quality, 89 cents a yard, this morning; continuing until sold; which won't be long we know:

In extending this remarkable offer the object of the new manager and buyer of carpets is to sell off at once, carpets bought previous to the change in management, which began with this season.

The price is strangely low, even for the poorest Brussels carpets made, and when extended to the standard makes--Lowell, Bigelow and Whittall, it is indeed remarkable.

The qualities are all that can be desired; and the patterns are in colors from very light to dark; the darker carpets are well suited to the hall, library, dining-room, or private office.

The reduction is from \$1.15 and \$1.25. Six of the thirty pieces are in the window.

Third floor.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

Three New Pastors.

The Congregational churches of this city are called upon to welcome, this month, three new pastors to their already large ranks of workers. Rev. Inman L. Willcox becomes the pastor of Park Church; Rev. E. W. Phillips begins his first pastorate, at Hope Church at South Worcester and Rev. Laurence Perry commences his first pastorate, at Lake View Church. The latter two will be ordained at their installation services.

As all three are still young, both in years and in the work, there is no long story to tell. LIGHT simply introduces them to its readers, telling of the preparation they have had for the work upon which they now enter.

Rev. Inman L. Willcox.

Last January, when Rev. E. G. Fullerton ceased to be pastor of Park Congregational Church, the church began to look about for some one to fill its vacant pulpit. In February, Rev. Inman L. Willcox, the pastor of the Shrewsbury Congregational Church was invited to occupy the Park Church pulpit for one Sunday. The congregation was so favorably impressed with his sermon and with his manner that he was invited to preach again in June. Very soon afterwards a call was extended to him by the church to become its pastor. He accepted the call and began his work early in August. The installation services were held at the church Tuesday evening.

Rev. Inman L. Willcox was born in Oxford, New York, in 1859. His ancestors were of English descent and were among the pioneers of New England. His grandparents removed to central New York, settling in what was then almost a wilderness. His parents were farmers and consequently in his youth he followed the same calling. He attended each year the two terms of the district school.

When he was nineteen years old he entered Oxford Academy. He completed the full four years preparatory course, graduating in 1882. In the Fall of the same year he entered Hamilton College, from which he was graduated in 1886. He then entered Andover Theological Seminary, completing his three years course here in 1889.

From the beginning, Mr. Willcox's object in securing his education was that he might become a Congregational minister. The influences surrounding his home life did not bring him to this decision as his parents were Universalists, but he attended the Congregational church in his native town and there received his first impressions of that faith which he afterwards adopted as his own. His studies and experiences later strengthened his belief in the Congregational doctrines.

He preached his first sermon while in college, in a church in a neighboring town. During the summer preceding his entrance to the seminary he preached several times in the Congregational Church of Sydney, New York, and was invited to become its acting pastor. He preferred, however, to complete his education. After the first term, throughout the entire seminary course he preached nearly every Sunday, in this way earning sufficient money to pay his entire seminary expenses. One year he supplied a pulpit in New

Hampshire and another year he filled the pulpit of the Congregational Church in West Hartford, Vermont.

Very soon after graduating from Andover, he received an invitation from the Shrewsbury Congregational Church, then without a pastor, to preach there as a candidate. The church was so well pleased with him that he was at once given a call to become its pastor. He had already received another call from the church in Sydney, New York, but he accepted the one from Shrewsbury. The ordination and installation took place October 18, 1889.

At the beginning of his pastorate, interest in the church was at a low point as there had been no pastor for nine months. The Christian Endeavor Society existed almost in name only. But with the coming of Mr. Willcox the interest revived. The congregations increased in numbers and the church membership grew. The Christian Endeavor Society was reorganized and is now in a very flourishing condition. The contributions for benevolence increased, doubling in last year alone. Also last year, the church was remodeled and has now one of the most beautiful interiors of all the country churches within many miles of Worcester. And last, but by no means least, during the two years pastorate, the church membership was increased by eighteen new members.

In June, came the call from the Park Church. The Shrewsbury people did not wish to lose their pastor and sent him a letter begging him very earnestly to remain with them. But it seemed best to Mr. Willcox to accept the call to Worcester and he notified Park Church to that effect in an informal letter, June 22, and with a formal acceptance early in July. He came to Worcester August 1st.

Mr. Willcox married, in 1885, during the last year of his college course, Miss Myra Tower of Oxford, New York. One child, a girl now nearly three years old, has come to brighten the household. Mr. Willcox resides at 72 West street.

Rev. E. W. Phillips.

Rev. Mr. Phillips is the first settled pastor of Hope Church. This church was started originally by the Congregational City Missionary Society as a mission. Later it became one of the members of the Church of the Covenant, over which Rev. Albert Bryant, then superintendent of the City Missionary Society, presided as pastor. The Houghton Street Church and the Lake View Church were the other members. In 1889, when Mr. Bryant resigned as superintendent of the City Missionary Society to become pastor of the Belmont Church the three members of the Church of the Covenant separated and each became an individual self-supporting church, the Houghton Street Church retaining the name of the Church of the Covenant. Hope Church has never had a settled pastor but has hired young students as workers. Mr. Joseph Walther, who is now studying at Brown University worked here for the longest period. However, after the 19th of this month, Hope Church will have a regular installed pastor of its own.

Rev. E. W. Phillips was born in Nelson,

New Hampshire, August 5, 1861. When he was four years old his parents removed to Harrisville in the same state and when he was twelve they again moved, this time to Marlboro, New Hampshire. During this time he attended the public schools and worked in a factory during vacations. At the age of sixteen, he first experienced religion.

He entered Kimble Union Academy at Meriden, New Hampshire when he was seventeen. He completed the regular three years course and then continued his studies another year to prepare for college, having decided to study for the ministry. He graduated from the academy, valedictorian of his class.

He entered Williams College in 1884 and was graduated therefrom in 1888. At the final elections of this class he was chosen secretary, a permanent office. In the Fall succeeding his graduation from college he entered Hartford Theological Seminary. During the first year he was elected the Seminary book agent, on account of his recognized business ability. Also he soon became interested in the work among the city missions. During the first Summer vacation he was pastor's assistant in the Fourth Church of Hartford, of which Prof. Graham Taylor is pastor. He did mission and open air work. At various times he also worked for the Connecticut Bible Society on the religious canvass of Hartford.

At the opening of the second seminary year he became the pastoral assistant of Warburton Chapel Mission, which position he held through the year.

When the second Summer came, he decided to spend his vacation resting at home. But when he reached there he found a small country parish without a pastor and accepted an invitation to supply its pulpit for the entire Summer. Success crowned his labors. Among other good works he accomplished, he was instrumental in organizing several Christian Endeavor Societies in that and neighboring towns.

In the fall of 1890 he returned to the seminary to begin his last year. In December he received an invitation from Hope Church of this city to preach here as a candidate for pastor. He did so and very soon a call was sent by the church inviting him to supply the pulpit Sundays until he should complete his seminary course. Mr. Phillips accepted the call. He preached every Sunday, coming from Hartford every week for that purpose. In the spring of 1891, he was invited to become, September 1, the permanent pastor at a salary of \$1100. He accepted the invitation and began his work as regular pastor in September. The ordination and installation will take place at Hope Church, corner of South-bridge and Princeton streets Monday, October 19.

Mr. Phillips married, this week Wednesday, Miss Chamberlain of Sharon, Vermont, a graduate of Oberlin College. His home is at 12 Princeton street.

Rev. Laurence Perry,

the pastor-elect of Lake View Church is a native of Maine, having been born in Portland, in June, 1861. His parents were merchants in comfortable circumstances, as had been his ancestors for several generations. When he

was fifteen years of age the family moved to Newton, Mass., where he entered the High School. He did not complete the course there but, at the age of eighteen, he entered business in Portland. Later he removed to Boston, engaging in business there also.

In the Spring of 1887, he decided to study for the ministry. His early instructions led him to adopt the Congregational faith and he began his studies in the Fall with a course of languages with Prof. Haley at Lowell. The following Spring he spent one term in study at Boston University and in the Fall of 1888 he entered the theological school connected with the University. Two years were spent here and then he went to the Hartford Theological Seminary to complete his education, graduating therefrom last May.

In March of this year, Rev. Mr. Latham, who was then acting as pastor for the Lake View Church, invited Mr. Perry to supply his pulpit one Sunday when he was unable to occupy it himself. In May, when the church had no leader, it invited Mr. Perry to preach again, which he did with the result that he was at once given a call to become its first settled pastor. The call was accepted and Mr. Perry began the work in June. The date of the ordination and installation has not yet been decided upon.

Mr. Perry is unmarried and boards, at present, on the Boulevard, at Lake View.

An Old Letter.

The following letter, belonging to Cyrus L. Hutchins of Erie, Pa., member of Co. A 25th Mass. Vols. later Lieut. 15th Mass. Vols. was taken from the mansion of Gov. Page, Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 1864. It is directed to "Honorable John Page esquire at Williamsburg, Free. R. H. Lee."

CHANTILLY, 20th APRIL, 1778.

MY DEAR SIR,

Tomorrow morning I shall set out for Congress, having been detained five weeks from thence by the illness and death of my much loved brother of Bellevue. He has expressed a desire to have his eldest Son placed under the immediate and sole care of the reverend Mr. Maddison of the College for the purpose of finishing his education. My brother had a high opinion of, and an affectionate regard for Mr. Maddison, but my acquaintance with that worthy gentleman is not sufficient to warrant my application to him on this subject. By means of your friendship therefore, I would wish to interpose Sir with Mr. Maddison to receive my Nephew and conduct his education. If it can be done, we want to have Master Lee boarded in College, but be confined altogether to Mr. Maddison's tuition. Will you be pleased to consult Mr. Maddison on the subject, and inform Mrs. Lee of Bellevue by letter directed for her by Post to the care of James Hunter, esqr., near Fredericksburg, whether this can be done, and what the College expence together with Mr. Maddison's private charge will amount to. No time will be lost in sending the young gentleman down, when Mrs. Lee shall know that he can be received as it is proposed above. I hope your goodness will excuse this trouble since it arises from the desire of our deceased friend, from my necessary absence and from the small acquaintance that I have with Mr. Maddison.

I have heard with much astonishment that some people in Newkent and others in Gloucester have proposed to stipulate with their Delegates that they shall not vote for my continuance in Congress because I made a motion there that General Washington should be removed from the command of the American Army! If this had been proposed because I had the last week murdered the Emperor of China, it would be just as well founded, and as well founded in truth. But Sir, all the arts and tricks of Tories, and their Abettors, shall not prevail with me to desert the public councils during the present storm, unless it shall be determined so by those who have a right to do it; and then, I shall without a murmur retire from distress and pain to ease and happiness. As the Independent representative of an Independent people, I have a right to move what my judgment directs me to think is for the public good. If I have erred, I am answerable for my mistakes no doubt, but then my reasons should be heard before condemnation takes place. Thus much upon a supposition that I had made the motion supposed, but when the charge itself is a groundless and malicious lie, what must be thought of the Propagators of it, or of those who suffer themselves to be so far deluded as to censure an innocent man without evidence or hearing.

All this personal and malignant persecution of the Tories does not affect me near so much as the abominable manner in which I am told, that those who are intrusted, conduct the transportation of Pork to the Army. I am very wrongly informed if this most necessary article does not lie at many Stages with hoops loose, some off, some heads out, and the Pork spoiling having lost its pickle. That between Fredericksburg and Caves ware house, only 8 miles, the waggons make two days travel, when paid at an enormous daily hire! To prevent a total loss of the pork, to expedite the business, prevent fraud, and to save us from the heavy expence of transporting useless Meat, should not proper Inspectors and Coopers be employed at each Stage to separate the Sound from the unsound pork, and to apply fresh pickle and Coopersage. And surely a Waggon Master, ought forever to attend every brigade of waggons to compel the accomplishment of proper days journeys when the Waggons are hired by the day more especially, and to prevent any abuse of the public provisions. I assure you my dear friend there is no time to be lost in rectifying this important matter. Colo. Jett informed me as I lately passed thro King George County, that the former and the latter drafts, amounting to 42 men were yet in the county no Officer ever having been appointed to call for them. There are in our jail of this County two Deserters from the Army who may be ordered under the same Officer with the K. George Draft to camp. Colo. Jett further said that a certain Thos. Hungerford of the Contl. Army was in the County of K. George & who would readily carry these men off if ordered to do so. Every principle of policy and safety calls for an immediate reinforcing of the Army, I pray you then Sir to contrive it, so that an Officer may immediately be ordered to take these two deserters from hence, & the Drafts from King George County. I hope to write you in a few days from Congress, until when I remain as usual, most affectionately yours.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

Autumn.

Now comes the artist Autumn, and with lavish hand
Puts on his colors over every wood and tree,
Reds, golds and yellows are at his command,
And browns and olives blend harmoniously.

When every cast-off leaf becomes a treasure,
Of glowing pigment, marvelously planned,
And scarlet oak and maple tree doth measure
The gamut of all color from his hand.

Then let our eyes feast on this rare display,
And thro' the wood and meadow let us roam,
Perhaps as through some field we take our way,
(Our eyes may chance upon a gentian bloom.

Soon o'er this needle carpet that we tread,
Ere many changes of the moon be told,
A whiter one, all smoothly will be spread,
To keep, from all beneath, the Winter's cold.
M. M. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Little and Miss Grace Little, 15 King street, have gone to Boston for the winter. They will be at home to their friends at No. 3 Joy street.

Mr. R. J. McKay, of the Denholm McKay Company will soon remove, with his family to No. 15 King street.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Mrs. Langtry suffers from a severe chronic catarrh.

During 1892, Alexander Salvini will make a tour of the world with a French supporting company. The American dates will be played in New Orleans.

A well known stock actor during the first performance of a piece forgot a long and important speech at a time when the prompter wasn't on deck. He hesitated a moment and then led the heroine into a cabin. In ten minutes they emerged before the impatient audience, and Mr.—said, "Now darling, you know the story of my life." It was out of sight.

Bill Nye says his play, the Cadi, reminds him of some of the weaker passages in Shakespeare.

Marie Wainwright is said to be a perfect dream of daintiness, grace and beauty in her new play, Amy Robsart.

"Max Elliot," or rather Mrs. Granville Alden Ellis, whose dramatic and other intellectual writings appear frequently in the Boston Herald, recently re-married her divorced husband. She is evidently striving for a reputation for eccentricity.

Very few people are aware that Otis Skinner, leading man and manager for Margaret Mather is a son of Rev. Charles Skinner of Somerville. Otis made his debut as John the Piper's Son at a Sunday School entertainment, twenty years ago.

Milton Aborn, the opera comedian, has done the best work of his life this season. Several times people in the audience have been seen to smile.

The souvenir presentation fad was topped recently by the management of Palmer's theatre New York, who gave each of the audience at the hundredth performance of the "Tar and the Tartar," a solid silver souvenir spoon.

Edgar L. Davenport of the Boston Museum, was quietly married last week to Louis Davis a popular young lady of that city. Miriam O'Leary, of the same company is reported engaged to a young Boston physician.

About Folks.

The classes in English Literature, taught by Mrs. Annie Russell Marble began last Monday in the rooms of Mrs. Morgan in Y. M. C. A. Building. The classes meet once a week.

At the meeting of the Reform Club last Sunday night, Major F. G. Stiles recited with telling effect, Col. John Hay's "The Advance Guard."

Col. Ivers Phillips of Boulder, Colorado, is visiting friends in this city. He seems hale and hearty in spite of his more than eighty-six years.

The many friends of Mr. Salem Copeland of Wachusett Street are regarding his serious illness with much anxiety. He is attended by Dr. r. Wörner and Ellis.

Rev. George S. Pelton of Higganum, Conn., who was the first pastor of Park Church, has been spending this week in Worcester, staying at the residence of Mr. C. W. Bowker, 114 Elm Street.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Gird starts Monday for Utica, N. Y., where she will visit friends.

A Wisconsin judge lately refused to naturalize a German who had lived in this country twenty-five years, amassing a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. He wished to go back to his native country protected from German demands by his American papers, just as all these years he had claimed to be a German, thus excusing himself from American obligations. All hail to such a judge! Would there were more like him.

Mr. Wm. S. Smith, till recently of Smith & Adams, has bought out the hardware business of Neale & Goulding, nearly opposite his old stand. Mr. Smith has had an almost life long experience in this line of business, having passed twenty years with the late Henry W. Miller and five years in company with Mr. Elwood Adams. In his new place he will carry a general assortment of hardware goods. Mr. Neale, who will remain in his employ, was also one of Mr. Miller's boys.

James H. Churchill, son of James K. Churchill, Senior Vice Commander of the G. A. R., and himself a Worcester High School and Technical boy has taken rooms in the new Exchange Buildings on State Street, Boston, and announces himself as a patent solicitor. His native vim and energy will surely carry him well to the front.

The lecture of Mr. Joseph Cook, on the 26th inst., for the benefit of Hope Church must not be forgotten. He repeats his famous talk on "The Seven Modern Wonders" in Association Hall, as above.

Conant Mansion.

In connection with LIGHT's account of the Natural History Society in last week's paper it might have been stated that the new house of the society was erected by George Hobbs, the first 1st Lieutenant of the City Guards and afterwards Brigadier General of Militia. It was long his home.

Amos A. Parker.

This aged gentleman of Fitzwilliam, N. H., and LIGHT's frequent contributor, passed his 100th birthday last Thursday, the 8th, inst. Few people reach such a point in life's journey. Next week there will be something about the event in these columns.

A New Music Book.

Mr. C. P. Morrison, organist at the Main Street Baptist Church and for many years one of the most prominent musicians in Worcester, is the author of a Method for the Piano-forte, whose first part is just issued by the White-Smith Music Publishing Company of Boston. In the first part, for sale by S. R. Leland & Son, are 128 pages of matter which Worcester music lovers, especially, will be glad to see. It must prove a great success.

Cadet School.

It now appears that the Republican candidate for governor, Hon. Charles H. Allen, was once a cadet at our Highland School. He was a member of the class of 1864 along with Mr. Frank A. Leland. With one year intervening he went thence to Amherst College.

Mrs. Luther K. Leland.

Mrs. Mary E. Leland, who died Saturday, Oct. 3d at No. 9 Dix Street, had been an invalid for many years. Her former home was North Grafton where her funeral was attended, Tuesday, at the residence of Mr. Wm. T. Barker. There were prayers at her late residence, at 1 o'clock.

Fashions.

The Scottish Syndicate has made a great strike in issuing a paper with the above title. They have put out 200,000 copies, dividing the same among the cities represented in the corporation. The Denholm & McKay Company is the Worcester representative. It is shaped very much like Harper's Bazaar and it certainly makes a remarkably good appearance. There are sixteen pages, with full page illustration, stories by Bret Harte, Harriet Prescott Spofford and others. All cuts were made expressly for this paper. The fashion plates are many and excellent. Music, Art, and Old World Gossip are given. In a word, the paper seems to have reached at its first step a position usually attained only after years of trial and labor.

Caleb A. Wall.

The talk of Mr. Wall in Tatnuck was well attended last Saturday, all expressing much satisfaction at the words of the Antiquary. This was the ninth meeting that Mr. Wall has conducted as will be seen from the following list: Lake Park, June 15, 1889; Packachoag Hill, July 13, 1889; North Worcester, Dec. 6, 1889; Pilgrim Hill, (South End) April 1890; Burncoat Plain, (N. E. Worcester) May 24, 1890; Coal Mine Farm, (Plantation Street) June 14, 1890; James Draper's (Bloomingdale) Aug. 19, 1890; Sagatabscott Hill, Feb. 1891; Tatnuck, Oct. 3, 1891.

Parker Genealogy.

Mr. Theodore Parker, of this city, has in press a genealogy of the Parker Family, a work upon which he has been laboring for

four years. It will be a book of 400 pages and will be worth much to the student of this interesting subject. The name, including so many noted people will make the book of special value. It is promised before the close of the present year. Charles Hamilton & Co., are doing the printing.

Fay-Davis.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Slater Fay to Miss Alice Julie Davis, Tuesday, was one of the pleasant social events of the season. They were married at 3 Bellevue Street, where their home is to be. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. S. Ball of Upton who did a like service for Mr. Fay's parents. George Butler was best man and Miss Leighton of Clinton, bridesmaid. The ushers were Messrs. Walter Wesson, Booker, Francis and Flint. Rebboli served a supper at 6 p.m. Numerous gifts were received and later the young people started on a wedding trip to New York. Mr. Fay was once a High School boy and is now a book-keeper with James Legg & Co. His new venture has LIGHT's best wishes.

"FRIDAY POPULARS."

Notes About Town.

Dr. Louis E. Lamson, who for the past three years has been second bass at Piedmont Church, has received a call to fill the same position in the Congregational Church, Millbury.

Mr. George A. Clark, with George H. Clark & Co., leaves shortly for a protracted trip, in the hope that he may regain his former health. His associates will wish him success.

Mr. Z. Frank Little, who for the past year has conducted the New York Dry Goods House, has removed to Portland, Me., where he is to engage in the wholesale and retail dry goods business with his brother X. John and A. Little. The brothers have been in the business for the past fifteen years and success in their new venture is assured. The house will be the largest outside of Boston, in New England. Mr. Little's many friends here unite in wishing him many prosperous years to come.

My Marriages.

The lecture by the Rev. Mr. Worth at Grace Church last Thursday evening on the above subject was well received. The proceeds were devoted to the Church Aid Society.

James Russell Lowell.

(*Loeace's Ode, I., 24*)

God gave thee power to make such music as should soothe

Our wounded hearts, Melpomene;

Sing to us now, fret, oh! I mourn, without regret or shame,

One most beloved.

Eternal sleep clasps our Quinctillus, whose like nor

Honor, Truth,

Justice, nor Loyalty shall see again!

By good men wept, he died! Virgil, our friend is gone!

Yet all thy tears are vain—

Thou canst not call him back; may, had thy lute

A sultan's magic than the Thracian's harp

It could not summon from that Yonder Shore

The phantom that has crossed thither.

Hard—hard is this!

And yet sweet Faith lightens the burden of the cross

We likewise could not bear.

—Eugene Field.

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Books and Bookmen.

The Artist Printer for September, A. C. Cameron & Co. Chicago and St. Louis, \$1 per year.

This periodical grows in size and interest. The table of contents reveals a deal of matter pertaining to the master printer's good. The evils of competitive bidding are shown. Printing for the blind will interest those who wish to know how this is done. Volapuk is continued. The correspondence from all parts of the country is specially valuable. Every printer should read "The Artist Printer."

Prof. McMaster promises the third volume of his history of the United States this Fall.

The Publishing House of Lee & Shepard has long been an institution of Boston, but Mr. Lee has been the firm for some years, for Mr. Shepard passed away several years ago.

William Morris, the English poet, artist and socialist, affects a singularly shabby and unpicturesque attire. He may be seen on Oxford street, in London, wearing an old slouch black hat and an ancient sack-coat, baggy trousers and a blue flannel shirt. The necktie is usually missing and sometimes he wears no collar. But his flowing white hair and beard make him an object of interest to every passer-by.

Mrs. Gladstone has contracted to write a series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, especially intended for American women. The series will be called "Hints from a Mother's Life," and in it the great English statesman's wife will tell the method which she adopted in bringing up her children. As Mrs. Gladstone is one of the most practical women in England, and her children have all attained positions of eminence, her articles for the *Journal* will have a peculiar interest to every mother in the land.

One of the most important articles of the month is an article on James Russell Lowell by Edward Everett Hale in the October number of the *New England Magazine*. Dr. Hale is well known to all the world as a brilliant essayist, and the close intimacy which existed between him and the poet gives a personal interest to his article, which adds to its attractiveness. A number of anecdotes of Lowell are incorporated in the body of reminiscences and criticism, and, receiving publicity now for the first time, give the article a piquancy which it could not otherwise possess. A fine portrait of Lowell in his study, taken just before his death, forms the frontispiece of the magazine.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who first came before the public as an illustrator, and later as the author of "The Led-Horse Chain" and other novels of Western life, has written a new story which will be one of the serial features of *The Century*. Mrs. Foote has chosen a field unbacked in fiction, the irrigation schemes of the Great West. "The Chosen Valley" will be illustrated by the author.

The poet Shelley could never see a body of water without lingering to sail paper boats.

Twisting up any bit of paper into small likeness of a boat, he would launch it carefully and watch it with solicitude until it floated out of sight or sank. He would even consign valued letters to the waves when other materials gave out. One day, having exhausted his supplies in the round pond in Kensington Gardens, he found himself destitute of paper beside the Serpentine, which afforded noble opportunities for navigation. His pocket contained nothing but a $\frac{1}{2}$ note. He hesitated long but finally yielded. Twisting the bill with unusual care, he set it afloat. At first the tiny craft spun helplessly in the current, but finally getting its bearings, struck out boldly for the opposite shore. The reckless poet, hastening across the river, awaited it with grave solicitude, and after much maneuvering ran it ashore. Removing it from the dangerous element he spread it carefully in the sun to dry, his face beaming the while with proud satisfaction.—Exchange.

The *New England Magazine* would be expected to give something about Lowell, nor does it disappoint us. He is shown first in his study at Elmwood, that ideal study, with outlook upon Mount Auburn where so much that he loved was buried. In fancy we can look through the partition to the second part of that study and see the many treasures that the poet had hoarded there. Mr. Hale's article is all that we could wish from the hand of the writer and friend. The history of "The Pioneer" that early venture of Mr. Lowell's, accompanied by pictures is in quite a new line but it is a charming bit of retrospect. Mr. Nourse's "Public Libraries" is much of a compend of Mr. Tillinghast's Report to the State Board of Education, but it should have an extensive circulation. "Newburyport" by Ethel Barton, (Is she a relative of James?) is an excellent showing of that quaint old town by the sea. Possibly General Butler's reminiscences will be read as readily as anything in the October number, for whatever the public may think of the General, few have ever deemed him dull. Like the most of New Englanders, he has a famous lineage and his boyhood was precocious. Dr. Mayo sets forth "The Woman's Movement in the South" and S. Francis Harrison tells over again "The Siege of Louisberg."

Table Talk. Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

Half the magazine is given up to the department of Housekeeper's inquiries. Among them may be found menus for weddings, and little lunches, with small dinners, all with full directions how to prepare the different articles which are on the list. One lady asks for a list of kitchen utensils and it is given in full. Besides these given as answers, there are the usual three pages of menus for every day in the month, a varied list that no one can complain of. An article on Quinces will be found very reasonable at this time, and with other papers on different subjects, this number is a thoroughly useful, as well as helpful one. Price per year \$1.

The Cottage Hearth, published by The Cottage Hearth Co., Boston, Mass.

The opening story contains a lesson for

young girls and is written by Margaret Vandegrift. A paper on a diamond mine is well illustrated. A bit on "Then and Now" by Mrs. Diaz ought to receive more than a passing glance. Hope Harvey has another one of her characteristic talks with the girls, and two pages of music will delight those who care for that. Many of the machine poems are printed for which a prize was offered. Another prize is offered this month it being a biographical puzzle to solve. The needlework pages are full of suggestions for fine work, and as a whole the number is a good one. Price per year \$1.50.

The Ladies' Home Journal from the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

The article to which all will turn first is that one by Mrs. Beecher and in a frank pleasant manner she tells of her first acquaintance with her husband of after years. Two new departments start this month one being a page for the boys, under the direction of Foster Coates, and the other being the domestic department under the able management of Maria Parloa. There are very entertaining stories and with the number and variety of its subjects we think that this number is even better than any before it. Mrs. McKinley's portrait is in the column devoted to unknown wives, and there is also a picture of Mrs. Whitney with her story. Its price is within reach of the average reader it being only \$1 per year and we do not wonder that its circulation continues to increase.

The *October Century* has its usual invoice of excellent goods. Rudyard Kipling, the famous story teller, looks out at the reader through a pair of spectacles, indicating that habits or birth, have given him weak eyes, for he is, as yet, scarcely thirty in fact is still a youth of only twenty-six; but the portrait will be a source of satisfaction to many a reader who would like to know how the writer looks. Mr. Kennan's Siberian article gives still another indication of Russian beastliness and makes us wonder whether that individual can be civilized. Aerial navigation, that twin brother of perpetual motion, has a number of illustrations, while "Besieged by the Utes" is a thrilling description of the Colorado Campaign of 1879. General H. V. Boynton's article on "The Press and Public Men" is vigorous as is everything from his pen. "The Story of a Story" is an original sketch from Brander Matthews. "Tarrying in Nicaragua" verges on the *California Series*, so long running through the *Century*. It begins to look as though they might be a century long or possibly as extended as H. H. Bancroft's *History of the Pacific Coast*. It did not seem possible that anything remained to be said about Abraham Lincoln, but Col. Nicolay has an article on his personal appearance. Already the life and times of Lincoln begin to assume the magnitude of the Napoleonic memoirs.

John Peters, a novel in two volumes by Aella Greene, Springfield, Mass.

The first volume is *New England* through and through, as thoroughly American, as Judd's "Margaret." While not necessarily resembling them, the book suggests impres-

sions aroused by Dr. Holmes' Elsie Venner and Edward Eggleston's "The Circuit Rider," for John Peters is a Methodist minister who finds himself in one of the out of the way towns of Western Massachusetts where, till his coming, the rigorous rule of the standing order, or Orthodox church, had never been disputed. How true to the letter are the pictures of the Reverends Jonathan Edwards Barler and Abimelech Barrett may be, LIGHT has no means of judging, but for the good of Christianity, it is to be hoped that their tribe is a small one. Such unyielding, Pecksniffian bigotry as they typify has no place in the nineteenth century. As the scene of the story is laid in the "Fifties" it is probable that the intervening thirty years have wrought many changes. How did the writer happen to take Peters for his hero's name? Was he thinking of that prevaricating 'Peters who, in his history of Connecticut, gave to that State her Blue Laws and to the country, attributes as wild as anything in the Arabian Nights? But this could not be, for John Peters is a man, Methodist, Wesleyan or New Light though he may be, who seems the soul of truth and the very example of all that he preaches. A novel with a Methodist preacher for a hero, certainly, is not so common as to be passed without more than usually careful reading. The sect and its preachers are not given to romance. Their lives are realities if any are, but here in rock ribbed, Orthodox planted New England, Mr. Greene locates his story and makes it absorbingly interesting. He develops the Davis School house vicinity finally into the thriving village of Taylor's Mills and then Dayville with as much skill as Edward Everett Hale would employ with much of the fancy of Belamy. Or better, were the majority of mankind as good and tractable as those whom he settles there, "Looking Backward" and similar stories would have no vocation. "John Peters" has an excellent mission. The love of the beautiful is cultivated and the possible results of such cultivation are skillfully shown. The thrift and enterprise of the average New Englander are manifest with his inborn love of justice and fair dealing. Mr. Greene would not have it appear that all clergymen of the Orthodox church were Barbers and Barretts for his Dr. Robinson is as genial and delightful a gentleman as any one could wish to meet. There are deacons and, again, there are deacons. All are not "Lem" Barnes nor "Squintus" Beales, for he also shows us Sherwood's and Newtons, who are true laborers in the Master's vineyard.

Covering a period of something more than ten years the story runs through the Civil War. Many of the characters have a part in that and of course win distinction. The effect of the story is healthful, its promptings good. To the reader, vice of any kind will have a darker hue from the reading of "John Peters" and virtue will be correspondingly enhanced. Our hearts go out to the orphaned Atherton and we hate "Deacon" Grout, hoping that many like him cannot exist. A writer who can thus depict right and wrong, leaving in the reader's mind a newly kindled determination to do better in life is a preacher of the most healthful character and this is just what Mr. Greene effects. He has been known for

some years as a writer of excellent verse; but here he gives us prose though the poet's fancy runs through it all. He readily drops into epigrams and philosophical expressions as this, "While those who excel a man in that which is his boast, excite his jealousy and destroy his peace, those who imitate him add to his importance and heighten his enjoyment." All lovers of New England, whether at home or abroad, all those who believe in living and letting live, and those who believe in fair play and no favors, the world over, will enjoy "John Peters" and will be better and stronger for the reading.

Scientific American.

One of the greatest attractions of the late Fair, to the small boy at least, was the balloon ascension and parachute jump. But one week of such things does not satisfy him, the parachute is made with handkerchief, string and stone, and descends many times a day. Some youngsters want to know the why of things, and to them the coming of the Scientific American of Sept. 5 was opportune. In it was described to his satisfaction the whole process from the inflation of the balloon to the end of the journey. Other important articles of the month are: Report of the Meeting of the American Association; Kenwood Observatory; Lava Plains of Idaho; Railway Tunnel under the St. Clair River, between the United States and Canada; the Locust Outlook. Munn & Co., N. Y. \$3 per year.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Ware, so long a favorite teacher in the High School. A portion of the letter, printed in the N. E. Journal of Education, and dealing with two personal cases is omitted for want of room. LIGHT would like to print all.

Lessons, or Church Work?

"Have our young girls time and strength to do both well? Is it wise to try to do both?"

Now, strange enough, one of the trials of the teacher whose opinion had been asked was the work demanded of the girls by the churches of her own denomination. Many a conversation and remonstrance had the young lady in question caused,—and she was but one of many. There must be a sale before Christmas, a New Year's entertainment, an Easter sale, an Old Folks' Concert for February 22, a May Festival, to say nothing of a fortnightly sociable, beside the Y. P. S. C. E. sociables and fairs occasionally; all these were to supply money for the church coffers, a new carpet, a new piano, some chairs for the primary rooms, etc. Thus the best energies of at least one day in the week must be devoted to church work.

"But," the young girl says, "don't you think the church work is very important?" We all know, by experience, the zeal which comes when youth find it can "manage," and the delight which inspires one when she thinks she is really doing good; yet the teacher must say "No" to the question; she herself must give up prayer-meeting often, because the next day's work requires rest. But, "Our minister says we can do this better than any one else"; and it seems cold logic to say

to her that the best way to serve God is to do the daily work, to fit for a useful life. She cannot realize that the burdens of church work, as well as of the rest of life, will be ready for her after she has left school.

The young lady mentioned above had her headaches when she had been working late in the evening at some entertainment, and had spent the afternoon in getting ready; then, if her lessons were learned, she must rise early, after too little sleep, and study before breakfast. Before she had recovered from one dissipation, another was upon her. If one were to judge by the opinions and expressions of the girls, the churches could not carry on their work without such aid.

It seems like interfering with a mother's rights to ensure this custom the teacher need not look in the paper or have a Sunday bulletin to know when the church has an entertainment the girls and the lessons show it, but the mother does not see the trouble. From a conference over the matter, the girls would go away feeling that their Christian duties and privileges were to be curtailed before that apparent good of the teacher, lessons.

Could not the pastors have a voice in this matter? If the girls have learned the lessons required, have assisted at home, if necessary, can they not have the remaining time for real recreation? If the mother's pride cannot deny itself the pleasure of the thought of her daughter's executive ability, could not the church exist and work with fewer entertainments?

It is not over-study which exhausts many of our girls; it is overwork and too little true recreation."

MRS. JENNIE RICE WARE.

Excursion to North Adams.

The Fitchburg Railroad will have next Saturday an excursion to North Adams. Round trip tickets will be sold for \$1.50. The number is limited to four hundred. Excursionists may return either the same day or Sunday or Monday. Those who return the same day will have sufficient time in North Adams for a trip over Hoosac Mountain.

Artistic Upholstery.

The firm of Warden & White, upholsterers, 537 Main Street, are now prepared to fill orders for the fall trade. The members of the firm are men who thoroughly understand how to do their work in an artistic manner, and make a specialty of the manufacture of Turkish furniture in many beautiful and unique designs. Their hair mattresses are exceedingly well made and stand any amount of wear and tear.

A Difference.

Current papers contain the following: "Gen." Booth, of the Salvation Army, has received a perfect ovation in Australia. Great crowds have joined in the army's processions and monster meetings have been held. The advent of Booth in the colony has given a strong impetus to revivalism.

Also repeated mention is made of the fact that John L. Sullivan's Company is stranded in the same Southern land. Virtue seems to remain in the antipodes. Do poisons and their antidotes always accompany each other? It will take a deal of Booth to counteract Sullivan, but he seems to be ahead in Australia.

Nip and Tuck.

From Vick's Floral Magazine.

The Controlling Committee of The Fresh Air Fund had just left their treasurer alone in his office. That big-hearted man at once turned his thoughts toward trying to solve the problem why the number of country-famished children must always so exceed the possibilities of the Fund—the more money the more children, it seemed—when the quick pat of bare feet and a childish voice aroused him.

"See yer, Colonel Borton, I jes found this out yer, an' he 'lows he wants some fresh air fun, too. Says his name is Nipper Stokes, an' ef you'll jes write it down 'long o' mine—mine's Tuckey Blike, you know, Tuck fer short—why him an' me kin be pard; I'll take keer of him."

"No, you wont!" retorted the animated bunch of tatters referred to, "I kin take keer o' myself—I'll show you;" and he squared off like a flash and gave his would be patron such a blow on the face as sent him backward on the floor with a thud.

Springing up, Tuckey paused not to wipe his bleeding nose, but rushed at Nipper as if to annihilate him that instant. But Nip was ready, and parrying his blow, tripped Tuck off his feet, and jumping on him commenced a series of poundings, quite worthy some long-fostered revenge.

At first, Col. Borton had thought to himself, "Its 'nip and tuck' sure enough;" but soon discovering it was mostly Nip and very little Tuck, he sprang up and pulling off the young pugilist gave him a good shaking, while exclaiming—

"You young ingrate! is this the way you return kindness? Tuckey was trying to do you a favor and befriend you."

"Well, then, what'd he pitch into me fer, when I was jes showin' him that I kin take keer o' myself?" Then turning, he sneeringly called out—"Say, Tuck, dye think now I need somebody to take k-e-e-r o' me?"

"You bet I do, the very worst way."

"Yes," said Colonel Borton, "you are in great need of somebody to take care of you, and to teach you, first thing, that though a boy may act like a brute, there's a wide difference between the two, really."

"Yes, I know. A brute's got four legs. Two's all I want."

"I don't mean that at all. Listen. A brute can't change himself into anything higher or better than what he is. Suppose he had the will to do so, he could never, by any possibility, transform himself into a being of superior order. All his life he's obliged to act out his brute nature. He cannot rise. But a boy, now—a boy like you—isn't bound down like that. He can improve himself, and continue improving until he may finally grow into a man like—well, for instance, like the mayor of our city; and be looked up to and be respected by everybody."

"Me? did you say a boy like me kin grow in to a man like the mayor? By crackey!"

"Yes, that's what I said. What hinders? Or, you might try for a man like me, if my make-up would be easier to reach."

Nip looked Col. Borton all over—up and down, and up; and then glancing around the comfortable office said:

"'Twould be a plaguey sight easier. The mayor's awful high an' mighty. Anyway, to be like you'd be good enough.—Je-whillikins! But how can a feller begin?"

"You'll have to quit rough talk and rough habits—no more fighting, bullying nor loafing around."

"Can't quit that where I live. Why, you'd be killed if you didn't jes fight yer way, every day, all the time."

"In what part of the city do you live?"

"In Tophet, if you know where that is."

"I've heard of the locality. That's where a mission was established."

"Not much. We stoned 'em off. Perlicemen come to help 'em. But we's watching for 'em. More'n a hundred o' us billies rushed onto 'em like a swarm o' rats. We jes rained stones an' mud an' brick bats at 'em an' driv 'em off; an' they stand off. They darsent shoot into a crowd o' youngsters, nowhow. No, they darsent. So an' there's too many of us to be 'rested. So we beat 'em."

"And now you're willing to leave all that and try to make a man of yourself?"

"I'd as lief."

Hereupon, Tuck, having got his bloody nose dried off, interrupted with—"See yer, Nip, if yer goin' to make fer Colonel Borton I'll strike out for the mayor, I will."

"All right; rip away. How's yer nose? You ortent to insult a feller the way you did." Then turning to Col. Borton, Nip said—"I wont know how to get my grub. Must I quit stealin' when I'm hungry?"

"You certainly must," answered Col. Borton, now thoroughly dismayed at the depravity developed by this young embryo of his prospective duplicate.

"You certainly must," he repeated; "but, if you are in earnest about beginning anew life I'll show you how to earn enough before supper to pay for it; and then you must keep on learning right along."

"By jinks! that'll be jolly."

"Here are four cents for your capital to start on. Tuckey will show you into the office of the Evening Post in this block. They have a corps of newsboys with the name of the paper on their caps and they'll sell you none unless you hand over this note I've written. When that's been read you can get two copies of their paper for two cents each, and I'll buy them of you. Now we'll see what you can do."

When the boys returned, Col. Borton paid Nip three cents apiece for the papers, saying—"Now you've increased your capital to six cents. Hurry back and buy more papers; you'll have to rush business lest everybody be supplied before you've made enough to stop on. Carry papers into all the rooms of this building. Tell the occupants that I sent you, or they wont buy of such a grimy ragmuftin."

At this Nip squared off again, but quickly subsided, saying—"I wouldn't take sich gab as that off'm anybody but you."

"I wonder what? Aren't you dirty and awfully ragged?"

"But I aint a muff nor a muffin neither."

"No, you're a newsboy. Be off with you now. I've something good to tell you when your next papers are sold." Then turning to Tuckey, who was becoming dazed with a new-born commercial ambition, he said: "You, Tuck, may go home now and help your mother

with the sick baby. Tell her how you picked up a Tophet boy and how you've helped to start him in business. And remember to be on time for your 'fresh air' outing."

"Yes sir." The last words dispelled his immediate longing for commercial life, and sent him off with flying feet.

Presently Nip rushed in out of breath, saying—"Here's nine cents I got for three papers. Now, when I buy four papers there'll be one cent over. What'll I do with that?"

"Save it till you have earned a mate to it. Figures are curious things. Another odd cent will turn up if you'll keep steadily on; and then you'll put the two together and buy an extra paper."

"I'll do that. Now what's that you're goin' to tell me?"

"It's this. If you can sell two more lots of papers you'll have nineteen cents. Then I'll take you to the Newsboys' Mission Room where you can get a bath, your supper, a clear bed and your breakfast for ten cents. There you'll have nine cents left to commence business on tomorrow. You can buy morning papers, and begin early. But this is not all. At the Mission Rooms they'll put you in a good suit of clothes after your bath, if I recommend you, and I think I can."

"Yer right; you kin recommend me. I ain goin' to run away with them good clothes."

"What made you think of such a thing so quick?"

"Kase all o' them fakes in Tophet'd think was greeney not to do it. They'd peel 'em off'm me double-quick if they'd ketch me with 'em. They don't allow anybody to wear fine toggery there. They'd raise a yell and go for'im. The best feller'd git 'em an' batter 'em off. But, hooky! I must git."

"For what sort of things would he batter them!" asked the Colonel, as Nip rushed for the door. The answer came back: "Tangle legs an' opium."

"What a schooling in vice that boy has had! ejaculated his benefactor; "and yet the germ of the desire for something better is not extinguished."

When Nip had sold his next four papers he took no time to report, but with his twelve cents in hand (besides the odd one) he immediately bought six more.

In less than a minute after he had landed in the street again Col. Borton heard a panting voice at his door scolding out: "Them cussed paper boy's gettin' mad at me. See how they've yanked my rags till I'm naked. Kint I fight 'em when they bluff me?"

"No; show them the placard the Post man gave you. Why don't you stick it in your ha' you can't? Sure enough. Come here; I'll pin it on. Wait; I'll pin it up this big tear. Now run. If the boys bother you, tell a policeman; he'll settle them."

Nip's activity and seeming success had begun to disturb the regular newsboys of that locality. Considering him an interloper they decided to run him off. So upon his next appearance they met him with a yell of "Rag bag! Rag bag? Hurra for the champion Rag bag."

Nip stood still and gazed at them for an instant so hot with rage he could hardly see. Then remembering his instructions, also the good suit he should be able to show them in the

By the Sea.

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN.

morning, he pointed to his hat, then to a policeman—whose attention was already arrested by the noise—and hurried off with his papers, the policeman buying two of him at once in return, he said, for his quiet mannerly conduct when assailed.

This remark was not lost upon Nip. "I'll bet its goin' to pay no t' fight," he reflected. Selling these two papers so easily was a great lift, for the buyers were scattering to their homes rapidly. But Nip didn't realize that his parti-colored tatters fluttering as he ran, made him a genuine curiosity and helped to sell his papers. But he did realize that, sooner than he expected, he was sold out.

With his heart leaping in a tumult of joy he bounded into Col. Borton's presence, slapped his nineteen cents upon the table before him, gave a little shout of "I've done it! I've done it!" and then executed a series of somersets over the floor in continuous revolutions until the excess of his exuberance seemed to be expended. Then he sprang up saying:

"I'm so happy I feel like I'd bust."

"You have reason to be happy," responded the Colonel, "you've really done wonders. But before I take you to the Newsboy's Rooms I must tell you that if you go in there as one of them, you'll have to learn to read and write. Kind ladies are conducting a school for boys like you. Do you think you can settle down to steady business like that?"

"I know I kin, schoolin' is what I want."

"Very well then, we'll go; and the office door was locked and the two passed down into the street—a study for both men and angels.

When Nip found himself confronting a mirror in the bath-room of his new quarters, he was at first transfixed by full view of his dirty, tattered image. But recovering his wits, he hastily shook his fist, exclaiming: "Mebbe you think you're Nipper Stokes! You'll find out yer mistake, directly. Good-bye, you onry mud-snipe; nobody'll ever see you ag'in."

When a bath, trimmed hair and fresh clothing had completed his transformation, Nip rushed to the mirror and was again mute with astonishment. Regaining his speech he said exultingly: "Didn't I tell you!"

"It was not him you told," said his amused patron, looking in the door.

"That's so; 'tother feller's slunk. Hip hurrah! but hold on; I musn't turn somersets now, must I?"

"No you must act as that new boy looks. Now, come; and I'll see you seated at your supper."

Some thoughtful woman had sent flowers for the table and there was a bouquet at each boy's plate. The sight of them electrified Nip. He had never seen a flower at Tophet. On the street that day his eyes had lingered upon the few displayed in show windows, and had followed longingly those in moss baskets borne by flower-girls. Now he had some for his very own. Must he eat them? he wondered. They were a part of his supper. But O, they were too pretty to eat. He'd wait and see what the other boys would do with theirs. And now Col. Borton was bidding him a kindly good-night; and Nip, well content, was left in this homeless boys' paradise.

MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do."—Ambrose.

Only a week at the shore! yet what an amount of benefit one can derive from seven long, sunny days, beside the glorious sea. How invigorating is even the first taste of its balmy breath, as it blows fresh and sweet from its fragrant bed, and curls the soft tressels of hair, that cling about the face. How the salt spray, the dancing waves fling abroad so saucily, tingle the cheek with a faint reflection of the seashell, and start the slow blood into a swifter current through the tired frame. Awe-inspiring, and soul-refreshing is the grandeur of the sea; lifting one out of the littleness of small things, into the higher atmosphere of eternal greatness; sweeping over one's soul, and washing away with the tide, all narrowness of creed and egotistical dogmas, and broadening the horizon of the inner life, into a fuller conception of the Creator's plan.

As one looks over the quiet water at sunrise, when the rosy god is flinging his golden arrows into its peaceful bosom, and the gentle ripples glisten and gleam in the amber light, and the sleeping tide is hushed in pleasant dreams, all is still and calm. Far in the distance the white sails look like huge swans on a placid lake, while the great steamers, gliding so swiftly through the waters, leave long silvery trails behind them, like the shining sides of cold serpents. On the beach the white sands glisten in the sunlight, and the damp sea-weed clings to the earth, as though glad of its contact with solid ground. Dainty shells, and sea-worn pebbles, gleam in the sunlike precious jewels; and one gathers a pocket full of them, almost as eagerly as though they were in fact diamonds and pearls; and later perhaps, they may really become quite as precious, as mementoes, of this happy hour by the sea.

By and by when the sun has climbed higher into the heavens, and the slowly waking tide is making soft billows against the shore, the surf is thronged with bathers, and here, while watching the merry antics of the laughing crowd, one has a good opportunity to study one side of human nature.

All sorts and conditions of men, women and children, splash about in close proximity to each other, diving and swimming, laughing and shrieking, and dashing the water into each other's faces in playful abandon. Often the comic side strikes one so irresistibly, that it is impossible not to have a hearty laugh, at the expense of some dignitary, who, having dropped so much of himself with his clothes, looks forlorn enough, till the friendly sea covers up all deficiencies, leaving only his head bobbing about with the waves, like a small pumpkin afloat; and when some stout matron, in close fitting bathing suit of gorgeous hue, trips down to the water, and timidly wades out, up to her waist, while she screams and tosses her arms in anything but a graceful gesture, one cherished ideal of "golden-haired mermaids chanting their melodious song over the briny deep," swiftly vanish, leaving only stern reality's truthful picture, and one calls to mind the words of Thomas Gradgrind, in Dicken's hard times, "Facts, sir; nothing but Facts."

Dear little children, whose plump white bodies are held firmly in the strong arms of "nurse," spatter the water about, dancing and crowing, and looking like rosy little cupids. While pet dogs frolic about the sands, dashing in and out of the water at the beck and call of their master or mistress.

All sorts of odd people one meets at the seaside, and having nothing better to do, how natural it is to give reign to the imagination, and weave romances about the faces we see.

A slim youth, dark sunburned face, large melancholy brown eyes, and dazzling white teeth, seemed to be a special favorite with young and old; and the slight foreign accent when he spoke, told that though among us, he was not of us. Always the gayest of the gay, in the crowd of merry-makers, there was a shadowy something, that seemed to set him apart from the rest, while the look of sadness in the dark eyes, even in his merriest mood, roused my woman's curiosity to know the cause. A little later I overheard bits of talk in his soft broken English, that soon solved the mystery: the death of "Mudder" who was always a "saint," and also a dearly loved sister, in that far off foreign home; a long illness that had prevented his reaching them in time, roused the sympathy of my mother's heart, and sent my thoughts traveling through space, to the bed-side of that dying mother who called in vain for her boy; while the homesick look in his face, made me long to comfort him; for sorrow makes us all of one kin.

The married flirt with her train of youthful admirers, the plump widow in search of "number two," and the girl of the period, all have their place in the ever changing panorama of sea-side pictures. Speaking of pictures, brings to mind an odd specimen of humanity, whose tall slim form passed before my eyes so often, that I was forced to notice his peculiarities. "Camera fiend" was one of the appellations given him, for camera in hand he wandered about solitary and alone, seeming only bent on collecting views of the surrounding country. Scarcely ever speaking unless spoken to, and shunning all friendly overtures, he won for himself the name of "Lonesome."

Who that has ever watched the sea at night, when the angry waves, black and threatening, beat against the shore, and the heavy breakers, with their crests of white foam, dashing over the rocks in wild abandon, has not felt the wonderful power, the fearful significance, of the mighty deep. How the swiftly rising tide, that but a few short hours before, seemed dimpling the great waters with sunny smiles, suddenly flings off all restraint, and with demoniac power, slashes, and dashes about with cruel fierceness, reaching out long black arms, higher, and higher, on the shrinking sands, as though it would drag the whole earth down, into its mighty depths. How the white sails are tossed about like the worn-out playthings of a naughty child; while the monstrous waves fling themselves over the sides of great steamers, with threatening insolence.

Overhead, the purple clouds drift across the azure of the sky, hiding the gleam of the stars, that now and then peep out from behind the dusky curtain; while the pale, sweet face of the moon, as it comes slowly into sight, throws a silvery ray across the tossing sea, like that tender touch of the Master's hand, when he said, "Peace, be still."

Public Library Additions.

More books added during July. I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.			
ALLEN, C. G. B. What's bred in the bone	34446		
AMMEN, D. The old navy and the new; with app. of letters from Gen. Grant	34447		
BALZAC, H. de. Ursula; tr. by K. P. Wormeley	34448		
BIRGGS, C. A. The authority of Holy Scripture; in aug. address, 2d ed.	34449		
BRINTON, D. G. The American race; linguistic classification, etc.	34450		
BURT, M. E. Browning's women; intro. by E. E. Hale	34451		
CAMPBELL, J. G. E. H. D. S., Marquis of Lorne. From shadow to sunlight	34452		
CARLIER, A. Marriage in the U. S.; tr. by B. J. Jeffries	34453		
CASTLE, E. Consequences; a novel	34454		
COMBE, T., pseud. A question of love; story of Switzerland; tr. by A. R. Ramsey	34455		
Committee on Better Roads. Essays on road-making for which prizes were awarded by the Univ. of Penn.	34456		
CRAWFORD, G. A. Centennial of New England Methodism; report with add.	34457		
CRAWFORD, F. M. Khaled; a tale of Arabia	34458		
DAVENPORT, B. R. Best fifty books of the greatest authors, condensed for busy people	34440		
DIXEY, W. The trade of authorship	34442		
DUNBAR, C. F. Comp. Laws of the U. S. relative to currency, finance and banking, 1789-1901	34459		
DUPRE, F. Thoughts on art, and autobiographical memoirs; tr. by E. M. Peruzzi; intro. by W. W. Story	34470		
EISEN, G. The raisin industry; pract. treatise	34352		
ELLIOTT, S. B. Jerry; a novel	34441		
EMERSON, P. H. Wild life on a tidal water; with app. "Brydon, past and present"	1		
Envois of the Rotch travelling scholarship; by C. H. Blackall and S. W. Mead	1		
ENQUEMELIN, A. O. Buccaneers and marooners of America; new illust. ed., ed. by H. Pyle (Adventure ser.)	1		
EYRE, W. L. W. Brief history of the parishes of Swananton and North-ington	1		
FITZGERALD, P. Picturesque London	1		
Four Kings of Canada; the Indian princes from No. America (pub. in 1710)	1		
GERARD, E. and D. A sensitive plant	34460		
GENOUCOT, E. and J. de. Histoire de Marie Antoinette; ornée par Giacomelli	1		
GUPPY, H. B. Homes of family names in Great Britain	1		
HANCOCK, A. R. Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock; by his wife	34461		
Handbook of games; enl. ed. 2 vols. (Bohn's lib. of sports and games)	34438.9		
HARCOURT, L. F. V. Achievements in engineering during the last half century	34462		
HARDY, T. A group of noble dames	34463		
HERRICK, C. T. What to eat; how to serve it	34464		
HILL, G. B. Footsteps of Dr. Johnson; illust. by L. Speed	1		
HITCHCOCK, T. Unhappy loves of men of genius	34465		
HOLLAND, H. S. and ROCKSTRO, W. S. Memoir of Mme. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, 2 vols	34466.7		
HUNTINGTON, W. R. The peace of the Church (Bohler lect., 1890)	34468		
JANNEY, T. A. Color studies; and A Mexican campaign - Stories of old new Spain	34469 34445		
JOHNSON, W. F. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman; rev. with introd. by Maj. Gen. O. W. Howard	34348		
JOHNSON, W. P. Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston	34443		
KHUSH-HAL KHAN KHATAK. Afghan poetry of the 17th century; select. from his poems, ed. with trans. and introd. by C. E. Biddulph	1		
KIPLING, R. Mine own people; with crit. introd. by H. James	34471		
KOVEN, R. DE. Robin Hood; comic opera; libretto by H. B. Smith	1		
LANKESTER, E. R. Zoological articles, contrib. to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," etc.	1		
LELAND, C. G. Gypsy sorcery and fortune telling	1		
LENNER, J. VON. Story of an abduction in the 17th century; tr. by C. Bell	34472		
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TRENCH, R. C. Select glossary of Eng. words used in senses different from their present, 7th ed., rev. by A. L. Mayhew	34429		
WOLFF, H. W. Rambles in the Black Forest	34434		
WRIGHT, W. Lectures on the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages	34435		
VOLAPÜK.			
Sibinön u na sibinön.			
Hamlet, Act III, Scene I.			
Se'lläädabuk fa Post.			
Sibinön, u no sibinön? bi binom säk, Lan li-binom nobikum, ich sufom Jedis e sagitis laba lenoik, U ich vaforon oki ta mel tobäs, E finom omis tadunöik? Deilön, sipön, No sibinön, e pikön das finon sipölo Laladöli e jokis mil natik Kelis menad gelütom, binom lefulam Vipik divodiko. Deilön, sipön, Sipön! na dilimön; si, at binom fikul: Bi dilms kelc kanoms kämön du deil siplik, Ven udelemufots komoligt at menik, Mutoms stöpon öbis: notedonös kodi, Kel mekom lin tu lonedik lenelabik, Bi kim vilom sufön flapis e nestimis tima, Badis lepedik, boloti mena pleidik, Tomis löfa paestimöt, stebis tonä, Nejemöni löpaläs, e nois Kelis melid sufadik getom de mens nedigik, Dü om itan komon sumön stili omik Ko dag nüet? Kim vilom polön lodis Plonöi e sütdik du lif lenik; If ded bios pa dos deil, Topöf nenöik se mied kela Tavel nonik sefom, no kofudom vill; Kodöli omis suvön liedlis plisenik, Bufu sipdön al votiks nepesivik? Also konsien mekom öbis valik tempäbis; E also köi natik suda Jinom mälikid dub köi neledik tika E beginams näimük e veütükim, Klii kud at, flekoms lefumis omsik E poliüdoms nemi "danams." Translated by A. W. Bateman, Sydney, New South Wales.			
Those Slow Trains.			
IN LIGHT of Sept. 19th, I saw a joke by Artemas Ward. The following is similar to it, but the author unknown. A gentleman while riding on a Southern railroad noticed the bell ring. When he asked the cause, he was told it was to avoid running into some cows ahead. The train soon started on again, and in a short time the bell rang and it stopped once more. Then the man exasperated said "I believe we have caught up with those cows again."			
W. H. T.			

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.



SPECIAL SALE OF SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK.

We must have room, and to get it we shall sell our Second-Hand Carriages at Very Low Figures. We have 75, and they must be sold at some price. Among the number are COUPE ROCKAWAYS, CURTAIN ROCKAWAYS, CARRYALLS of every description, GODDARD BUGGIES (several used but little), PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES, DEMOCRAT WAGONS, one Twelve Passenger COACH, one Brewster & Co. VICTORIA in perfect order; one 2-Seat Pony Surry, one Pony Buggy, one KENSINGTON (nearly new), one Two-Wheel TOP CARRIAGE; several Express Wagons, one Sulky, etc., and a lot of old Carriages and Wagons, from A DOLLAR up. Come early and get a Carriage for a little money. We want the room more than we do the Carriages.

GEORGE C. DEWHURST, 17-19 PARK STREET, Opposite Common.

THE LARGEST SALESROOM IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE permanently eradicated by the ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

MISS H. M. PROCTOR,
92 SUMNER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,

12 Layard Place, (Old Stand,) Worcester.

Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED

in a Superior Manner.



ICE CREAM! Delivered to all parts of the City. Supplying Parties, Lodges, etc., a Specialty. No. 131 Pleasant Street.

E. W. COFFIN, Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

A Tale of Love.

In the sunset's golden splendor,
I beheld a tale of love,
And it came most like a meteor
From the scene I saw above.

In the meadow I was lying,
With the river close in view,
While the sun in grandeur dying
Made its ever fond adieu.

For there like a lover parting,
Stood the sun with longing glance
While the river still departing
Swept along in vigilance.

Like a maiden seemed the evening,
Kissed by sunset's fond adieu,
And at morn in brighter meaning
Came the lover firm and true.

—Herr Cherytree.

Miss Gertrude L. March, who advertises in another column, is the highly successful or ganist of Grace Church. She has had the advantages of long instruction from Mr. H. J. Lang of Boston, to whom she refers.

Mrs. Lizzie C. Roath.

This lady, for so many years the teacher of the infant department in the Grace M. E. Church S. S. and for the past year engaged in city mission work in Lowell, is going to New Haven, Conn. Last Sunday, she met the infant class in Grace Church and as usual gave them a treat from her inexhaustible fund. Monday she went to New Haven to address the bodies in whose behalf she will labor for the coming year. These are the young men of Trinity Episcopal Church, Yale College, Y. M. C. A. and the Davenport Church Y. P. S. C. E. Her address was in Davenport Church. The movement, thus under way, is calculated to influence certain classes that usually do not attend church. A better woman for such work could not be found. Mrs. Roath has enthusiasm, devotion and attainments all rendering her a host in herself. If the bulwarks of sin ever do give way, it will be through the efforts of workers like her.

Principal Bartlett.

In the language of Sam Lawson in "Old Town Folks," "The best on us does get took unawares sometimes." The Chandler Street principal, Wm. H. Bartlett, as he mounted the steps of the school superintendent's office last Saturday morning, had little notion of the fate in store for him. "Grab that boy" was the salutation received as he opened the door; but the boy was active and slippery, the master not so small and quick as he was thirty years ago, and the grabbing was not altogether a matter of words; but he seized him, though at the expense of a badly wrenched or sprained foot. Medical aid was summoned and Mr. Bartlett was removed to his home. For the past week he has had ample opportunity to reflect on the story of the chestnuts and the cats paw along with such suggestion of juvenile depravity as the incident merited. Numerous friends have testified to their interest by calling and the youngsters on Chandler Street are heroically endeavoring to reconcile themselves to their principal's absence, which by the way is the first instance of a whole day off since his coming to Worcester, in 1856. The boys sometimes think their teacher's quite too healthy.

ORIGINAL. No. 67.

Flannel Cakes.

BY NELLIE CAMPBELL BEDFORD.

Four cups flour; one-half cup white-corn meal; four eggs; one tablespoon butter, melted; two cups milk; one teaspoonful salt; two level teaspoons Cleveland's Baking Powder. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Sift the flour, meal, salt and baking powder together, add the milk, egg yolks and melted butter and beat hard. Stir in the lightly beaten whites and bake on a griddle.

Only Cleveland's baking powder, and its mixtures are made for that.

The cake dries out, gets husky, crumbles, or turns less like bakers' bread, it isn't bad luck but bad baking powder.

Cake keeps moist, keeps its natural flavor when made with Cleveland's Baking Powder. One special excellence of Cleveland's.



Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

11 Pleasant St.,

Dentists. Worcester, Mass

Residence, 61 West Street.

Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,

10 FRONT STREET.

ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING

Room 1, Burnside Building, 329 Main St.,
Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold on commission.

MRS. S. M. KEYES.

THE : RESERVE

The only Weekly Paper published in the
interest of the

**Sons and Daughters of Veterans,
Grand Army of the Republic,**

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Per Year. * * \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Apple Shape.—Boil a pound of sugar with half a pint of water, and skim. Add one pound of pared and quartered apples and boil till tender and clear. Add the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Pass it through a sieve, together with half a box of gelatine, dissolved in a little cold water. Separate four eggs, and beat the white to a stiff froth. Mix them with the apple, and cool in a mould. The yolks of the eggs make the sauce, with a quart of milk, sugar, and flavoring, and boiled thick till creamy.

Cream Puffs.—Boil one tumbler of water and a quarter of a pound of butter together. While boiling stir in a tumbler and a half of sifted flour, all at once. It is sufficiently cooked by the time it is mixed. When cool, stir in one at a time five unbeaten eggs. Drop on greased tins or gem pans, and bake fifteen to twenty minutes. For the cream use two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of sifted flour, half a pint of milk, and butter the size of an egg. Boil till thick, and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut the puffs round, in halves; fill the lower part with cream, lay the upper halves on, and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Apple Jack.—Make the same as apple pie, leaving out the sugar and spice; when done take the upper crust from the under one, spreading half the apple on the inside of each crust; sprinkle a handful of sugar and put small pieces of butter on the apple, and lay the upper crust, apple side up, on the under one. Eat while warm, as it is not good when cold.

Omelette Souffle.—Break six eggs separately; beat the yolks of four. one teaspoonful of flour, three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, and flavoring together; beat the whites till stiff; mix all lightly; pour into a buttered dish and place in a hot oven. It is done when risen and lightly brown. Roll out on a hot dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Puff Balls.—Put one gill of water and one ounce of butter to boil; when boiling, add one gill of flour, stir until you have a smooth dough, take from the fire, and when cool add one unbeaten egg. When this is well beaten in add another, and beat continuously for five minutes. Drop this mixture in tiny little balls on greased baking tins; bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

Cream cakes.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three-fourths cup of milk, two eggs, beaten separately, 1½ cups of flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Cream for filling: One-half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, one egg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, sweeten to taste. Heat milk to scalding, in which cook the cornstarch stirred smooth in a little cold milk, add the eggs last, flavor and spread when cold.

Dessert Chestnuts.—Roast them well, taking off the husks. Dissolve four ounces of lump sugar in a wineglass of water, then add the juice of a lemon. Put the chestnuts into this liquor, stew them over a slow fire for ten minutes, add sufficient orange-flower water to flavor the syrup, grate lump sugar over them, and serve up quite hot.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.
Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles M. Rogers,
BAKERY, 166 PLEASANT STREET.



W. A. ENGLAND,
DEALER IN
FINE WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY
& OPTICAL GOODS.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

394 Main Street.

C. REBBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,

6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

Mrs. S. H. Childs' Home-Made.

**GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE : WAFERS,
PINE : APPLE : WAFERS**

— AT —

John * A. * Hartigan's,

47 PLEASANT STREET.

L. J. ZAHONYI,

Confectioner and Caterer,

348 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

J. W. GREENE,

P L U M B E R.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.
Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its
branches promptly attended to. Telephone
Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at

HOWE'S TEA STORE,
273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of
fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine
drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60
cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak
for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a
pound. If you can be suited, we can do it.
Give us a call.

NEW * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.



**Pinkham
& Willis.**

DINING-ROOM

FURNITURE

A good Antique Sideboard, \$20.

Others from \$25 to \$150.

Dining Room Chairs and
Tables at low prices.

**CARPET
BARGAINS**

1800 yards All Wool Ingrain
Carpets, 51c.

Tapestry Carpets. A good one
for 75c.

5-frame Body Brussels, \$1.00
per yard; regular price \$1.25 and
\$1.35 per yard.

30-inch Smyrna Rugs, \$2.75.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate open fire, break an egg into it and stir up; when it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or currant jelly.

People who are fond of sea bathing in summer should know that a most effective and yet simple substitute for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. A warm salt bath of this kind is the most refreshing tonic for an exhausted body. But don't go out of doors after taking it. Just before going to bed is the right time.

For perturbing a room, pastilles to be burnt, may be made at home, at small expense, from the following formula: Eight drachms caracilla bark, two drachms yellow sanders, four drachms of gum benzoin, two drachms styrax, two drachms oilbanum, one and one-half drachms nitre, six ounces of charcoal, mucilage of tragacanth, sufficient quantity. Reduce the substances to a powder, form into a paste with the mucilage, make into tiny coins, dry in a moderate oven.

Meat is not especially injurious except when excessive eaten. Few should eat it more than once a day, and then very moderately. It is not indispensable, and a family might get along without it for almost any length of time and suffer no real injury if provided with a wholesome variety of vegetable food. The health of many families might be much improved by the change. Dr. Cragie, author of a work on the practice of medicine, says: "Diet consisting of animal food is not requisite either to preserve health or to maintain strength, and diet of articles from which the flesh of animals is altogether excluded is perfectly adequate to the sustenance of the human body in a state of good health and strength."

Dr. Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations," says: "It may indeed be doubted whether butchers' meat is anywhere a necessary of life. Grain and other vegetables, with the help of milk, cheese and butter, or oil, (where butter is not to be had,) it is known from experience, can, without any butchers, meat, afford the most plentiful, the most wholesome, the most nourishing and the most invigorating diet.

There should be a small table about the height of the range or stove for use as a resting-place for utensils when omelets, griddle cakes, etc., are made. It should be covered with zinc.

To remove rust from steel, rub with kerosene, and soak for a day, polishing with emery dust and kerosene.

A wet towel heated with a hot flatiron passed over it will often alleviate the pain of ach'ing heads. With two flatirons, one heating while the other is held by the patient, hot applications are easily made.

In cleaning black stockings, it is not necessary to wash the entire stocking every time they are done up. By a little care the feet only may be washed, and thus the color may be retained much longer. Stockings should never be put into the suds until they are turned wrong side out.

The tomato may be traced back to the sixteenth century, and although it is mentioned since then by several writers, it did not become a marketable edible till 1829.

THE CLARK-

SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Silver Things

Of silver through and through never grow old in the sense that other articles grow old—age adds to their value. Passing down from generation to generation, and even more carefully treasured by the latest holder, they become priceless mementoes of the past.

Not Idle

Reminders—the life of real silver is long, useful, satisfactory—but loved and honored members of the family of table things, outranking even fine old china in the esteem of the household.

It is no Wonder

That articles of silver are in so great request for presentation—what other material could be so appropriate?

That "Make Believe"

Silver is useful is undoubted—it supplies the need of today—we question if it ever really cared for by its possessors except for the use it serves, while in the glory of its short-lived glitter.

It Isn't True

It hasn't even the appearance of truth, every piece seems to be saying, "I try to look like silver—I'd like to make you believe I am silver, but you know and I know I'm a cheat—a lie."

There is

Other beside 'silver plated friendship.' Should not the gift of TRUE friendship be something that IS true, something of real value, something that is what it seems to be, something of silver?

Cost for Cost

The baser article will, of course, make more of a showing—a silver dollar covers a wide expanse of cheaper stuff, but a silver trifle will be treasured and its honor gratefully remembered long after the sham gift and memory of the giver have passed away.

Gorham Silver Ware

Is the recognized standard; to their cunning artificers is due the credit of originating the greater part of the beautiful designs known to the silver world. We have added to the stock of our newly re-organized silver department an excellent choice of the newest productions of this most famous factory, "Gorham's." NOW ON VIEW.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

New York Suit and Cloak Store.

RICHARD HEALY, PROPRIETOR.

Unapproachable Value.

SEAL PLUSH CAPE, HIGH SHOULDERS, ROLLING COLLAR, SATIN LINED AND LONDON DYE

ONLY \$5.00.

THE BLACK CHEVIOT JACKET WITH NATURAL ASTRACHAN SHAWL COLLAR WHICH I ADVERTISED IN THIS PAPER LAST WEEK TO SELL FOR 975 I HAVE REDUCED TO \$850 IT IS THE BEST VALUE IN THE STATE FOR THE MONEY.

School and College.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

At a meeting of the "Tech" held Wednesday evening, the following officers were chosen President, A. MacKay '93; vice president, N. M. Paull '93; secretary, H. W. Bowen '93. The directors are Prof. Kimball, President MacKay, and F. H. Metcalf '93. Directors from '92 and '94 were not elected. It was voted to hold meetings on Tuesday evenings during the year, the next meeting will be next Tuesday, and rules will then be adopted and assignments made for succeeding meetings.

The athletic directors have voted not to have a field meeting this Fall. All the energy available in school will be put into football, and everyone hopes that at least the despised "Academy" may this year be defeated. The first game with the Academy occurs this afternoon. Arrangements are also being made for games with Amherst and the Harvard freshman. The eleven are practicing every night and a coach is to be secured at once, Lake from Harvard if possible.

The competition for election to the W. P. I. board, closes Monday noon for the Senior and Middle classes. F. B. Knight has been elected editor-in-chief. L. W. Rawson, assistant business manager.

The Middle and Junior classes have organized as follows:—

Middle class:—president, A. D. Finn; vice-president, J. A. Derby; secretary, Nathan Heard; treasurer, W. H. Larkin; athletic director, L. P. Strong; baseball manager, F. H. Metcalf.

Junior class:—president, E. B. Whipple; vice-president, C. A. Burt; secretary, C. G. Harris; treasurer, C. B. Allen; base ball manager, D. W. Bradt.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held last week, the following officers were elected: president, F. A. Morse, '92; vice-president, R. C. Cleveland, '93; secretary, E. B. Whipple, '94; treasurer, R. H. Hammond, '92. Messrs. Southgate and Camp were approved as directors from classes '92 and '93 respectively.

High School.

Wednesday morning the usual regular exercises were held in the hall. The program, which was fully up to the standard of excellence, was as follows: reading,—“The Chambered Nautilus,” Miss Bessie Dean, '92; select

reading from “Julius Caesar,” William H. Orr, '93; violin obligato from Wagner, Miss Winifred Crane, '94; declamation “Dorothy Q,” Miss Maria Wright, '92.

The classes in book-keeping under Mr. Mussy, will be resumed next Monday.

The boys who desire to be placed upon the football eleven met on the grounds of the Worcester Tennis Club last Wednesday afternoon, and consumed the time in practice. The school has, without doubt, fine stock and under the efficient management of Mr. Allie Warren, it can compete successfully with any.

Last week the eleven played a practice game with the eleven from Dalzell's school, but were defeated by a score of 12 to 4.

One of the French teachers had a very arduous duty the other day when it became necessary to explain a *jabbe* to one of her pupils.

The Bibles have returned from the bindery, dressed in a gaudy red dress. Quite a novelty.

The next meeting of the New England Association of colleges and preparatory schools, will be held at Cambridge, in Harvard Hall, Oct. 16 and 17 next. Dr. G. Stanley Hall of this city, will speak on “The outlook in higher education.”

The opening exercises in the morning have been changed some this year. Monday and Thursday there will not be any singing for the three upper classes, but Mr. Chapin will talk over with the pupils the important happenings all over the country that have been read in the newspapers the day before. The other days, half the time will be singing and the other half on the newspapers. The fourth class will sing Monday and Thursday in Mr. Nolan's room. “This is something that has been tried before but has always failed” and Mr. Chapin who is a great “newspaperist” will probably make it interesting. Why should not all the pupils read the newspaper?—Fitchburg Mail.

The above concerns a gentleman who was valedictorian of his 1876 class in the W. H. S. and is now the successful Principal of the Fitchburg High School.

Miss Joan Eames of Ashland spent last Sunday at the home of her brother, Mr. Whitjng Eames, at a Dix Street.

Margaret Dickinson, of the class of '91 W. H. S., has begun her kindergarten studies in Boston.

Capt. J. B. Knox of this city will give his popular lecture on “Army Signals” in Reading, on the 16th next.

Office of the City Treasurer, No. 42 City Hall.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 24, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the Tax List for 1891 has been committed to rate for collection.

Amount, \$1,299,385.35; rate, \$14.60 per \$100; poll, \$2.00 each.

INTEREST at the rate of seven per cent. per annum will be charged on all unpaid taxes from and after SATURDAY, the 10th of October, 1891.
SUMMONSES will be issued on THURSDAY, October 15th, to all persons whose taxes shall then remain unpaid; and in case said taxes shall not have been paid on or before October 15th, together with a *certiorari, return, and twenty cents for each summons*, the undersigned will proceed to collect the same according to law. On 4 hours from 9 a. m., to 1 p. m., and from 2 to 4 30 p. m.

W. S. BARTON
Treasurer and Collector of Taxes.

Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of Mortgage given by JDA M. DE LORME, of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a corporation legally established in said Worcester, dated November 13, 1889, and recorded with Worcester District Deeds, Book 1314, Page 395, and for a breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, October 28, 1891, at four o'clock p. m., the property conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—“A parcel of land, and the buildings on the same, in the said Worcester, bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the westerly line of Whittier Street, one hundred (100) feet north of the north line of Whittier Street; thence, by the said line of Whittier Street, northerly, one hundred (100) feet; thence, westerly, by land now or late of William Miller, one hundred (100) feet; thence, southerly, by land now or late of D. S. Messenger, one hundred (100) feet; thence, easterly by land now or late of Charles Farrington, one hundred (100) feet, to the place of beginning.”

This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments. FIFTY dollars in money, may be paid down at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on the delivery of the deed, within ten days.

THE HOME CO-OPERATIVE BANK, by
THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary.
E. B. GLASGOW, Attorney.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of FREDERICK W. BARBER late of Worcester, deceased, greeting: Upon the petition of Martha J. Barber, you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester on the third Tuesday of October, to-wit: the 27th day of October next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased should not be approved; and also why the said petitioner, the executrix therein named, should not be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in *L. O. R.*, a newspaper printed at Worcester, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage paid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said deceased, at their legal residences, to-wit: to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, the twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

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OVER ON OUR STREET.

One of our best natured denizens believes in being on good terms with every one. He has a good story to tell every time I meet him. If he has the blues he keeps the same to himself. He cares not a whit whether the man talked to be rich or poor. "Years ago," he remarked the other day, "when I was an apprentice I went to dinner at twelve and on my return at one p.m. I invariably met at a certain corner Mr. F— M—, a man much older than myself and accounted wealthy. I always raised my hat and made my very politest bow but he only looked at me as much as to say, 'Who are you any way?' This had been going on a long time and I was bound to get a bow from him so one day as we neared, I laid all the money I had in the palm of my hand, it was a double eagle and as usual raised my hat. What a change. The sight of that bit of gold wrought miracles in Mr. —'s face. He smiled the broadest kind of a smile and from that day onward he began bowing as soon as he saw me. I tell you gold is a mighty eye opener and back limberer."

I frequently meet a father and his son, though they are very seldom together. They are so differently constituted that it would be difficult for them to keep step. The father carries a cane and he switches off every stray leaf possible. He is on the look out for every cat and dog along his way, and there is not a child on his route who does not exclaim with joy as he comes along. He is the man who takes his vacation by just using a little more time in going to and from his meals. Now the son sees nothing around him. His eyes are cast down, but he frequently smiles, apparently at his own thoughts. Trees, flowers, pets of all kinds, are all lost to him. He sees absolutely nothing about him yet he is far from blind. Does this difference arise from a little near-sightedness? Doubtless he is just as happy as his father but in a different way. One looks outward, the other inward. The father, in his own enjoyment, makes others happy and, for this reason, his manner is preferable. But we cannot, all, have the same ways and motions.

The beginning of school brings many surprises to the little folks. One small boy found himself sent up over a certain grade. He was not expecting it, but he was pleased, all the same. A little friend said to him, "Georgie, were you promoted?" "Promoted, I guess I was; I was more than promoted, I was elevated."

A little tot had learned her golden text for Sunday School, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." She wished to enter her aunt's room but aunty did not wish visitors, just then. "I want to say my golden text," is the remark of infancy. "Oh speak it through the keyhole," says aunty; and this is the way the 23d Psalm, or a part of it, went through, "The gold is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Mr. O. B. Hadwen is chairman of the committee on publication and discussion and a member of the committee on fruits of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

Mr. Albert A. Lovell of Medfield was in Worcester, Tuesday. He reports his father, Mr. Joseph Lovell, as in fair health.

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\$5 gets a good pair.

For \$6 we give you a blanket that is sold generally for \$8.

It is an all wool blanket with borders of bright blue and red.

It is as good a blanket as anybody really needs, and it is fit for anybody to buy.

It is fit to use in the guest chamber.

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We say each year, instead of each season, because the call for Wrapper Blankets never wholly ceases throughout the year.

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Lothrop's Stock Company in the Romantic French Society Drama, in 5 acts, entitled:

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Preceded at each performance by the farce, "SLASHER & CRASHER."

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SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1891,
AT 2 P. M.

No Athletic Meeting in New England has ever brought together so many Famous Athletes.

OVER 125 ENTRIES IN 17 EVENTS,
STARS WHO HAVE WON CHAMPIONSHIPS.

HARRY L. D'UDRIS,
American Half-Mile Championship,
MORTIMER REMINGTON,Quarter-Mile Championship of the World.

C. L. NICOLL,
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A. B. GEORGE,
World's Championship for One-Mile Run.

H. L. CURTIS,
American and English Championship for One-Mile Walk.

T. P. CONNERY,
American Championship for One-Mile Run.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BICYCLISTS,
WINDLE, ZIMMERMAN, RICH, and WORDEN

Music by the Worcester-Brass Band. A Concert before the Games begins.

ADMISSION 25c.
Grand Stand 25c. Extra. Tickets at Putnam, Davis, & Co.'s. No Postponement of the Games on account of the weather.

Miss Margaret, daughter of Major Wm. T. Harlow and a graduate of our High school, Class of '90, sails next Wednesday, by the Red Star Line, S. S. Friesland, for Antwerp, in company with her aunt, Miss E. S. Bemis. She will spend one year, and possibly a longer time, in study, in Cassel, Germany.

The Week.

CITY.

- Oct. 2.—Fair of Sons of Veterans ends. Democrats hold senatorial caucuses.
- 3.—Young Republicans form a Campaign Club. Frank B. Hall, Esq., president; E. B. Fisk, Secretary, temporary.
- "Tech" and Academy play foot ball. Game forfeited to the "Tech." Shouldn't be so spunky.
- Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hobbs celebrate silver wedding at 89 1/2 Main Street.
- 4.—Fire alarms as numerous as ever. Is it a conspiracy to tire the firemen out?
- Reform Club celebrates 15th anniversary of James McCullough's signing the pledge.
- 5.—A prisoner dies at the Station, rum's victim.

St. John's Church opens a two weeks' fair at Mechanics Hall.

- 6.—Republican caucuses. Representatives nominated Ward 1, Alfred S. Roe; Ward 2, James F. Crosby; Ward 3, Michael H. Murphy; Ward 4, Charles F. Rugg; Ward 5, Joseph S. Perry; Ward 6, H. J. Jennings; Ward 7, Henry G. Taft; Ward 8, Geo. S. Clough. A majority of Manning delegates to senatorial convention.

Democrats renominate John R. Thayer for senator.

County Republican Convention renominates present incumbents.

School committee re-elects A. P. Marble, superintendent of schools.

- 7.—Young Republicans organize. F. R. Batchelder, president.

City Guards and Light Infantry visit Holyoke.

Battery B. has field day on the Agricultural Grounds.

- 8.—Congressman Walker talks to the French Club on Free Coinage, etc.

COUNTY.

- 2.—Spencer closes a very successful two days agricultural fair.

3.—Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Taft in Blackstone.

- 4.—Henry B. Pratt of Shrewsbury falls and breaks a leg.

Walter Chase's barn destroyed by fire in Millbury.

- 6.—Spencer defeats the proposition to have the town generate its own gas.

7.—Mrs. Susan R. Leland dies in Charlton, 70 years.

COMMONWEALTH.

- 2.—Mrs. President Harrison visits the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Massachusetts abounds in politics.

- 3.—Gen. Butler having a row over the publishing of his book. Is it an advertisement?

Seventeen Baptist Missionaries sent from Boston.

- 4.—Boston Central Labor Union consider the reduction of watch makers' wages, and declare the same unnecessary.

5.—Cambridge has roast pork. John C. Squire & Co's packing establishment burned. An Elia might write an essay on "Roast Pig."

- 6.—Mr. Blaine says he cannot take a part in the Massachusetts contest.

7.—Mary Clegg fatally shot in Lowell by Harry Entwistle, a rejected lover.

- 8.—Hon' Chas. H. Allen, Republican candidate for governor, laid up with tonsillitis.

NATION.

Oct. 2.—Warner, N. H., gets a new Public Library from George A. Pillsbury.

Montana gets first snow, three feet deep.

3.—And now it is claimed that "Tom" Reed will resign. Anything for excitement.

Kingston, N. Y., bank in trouble over defaulting treasurer.

A girl baby born to Ex-President Cleveland and wife.

4.—Heavy fires in Baltimore and Indianapolis.

5.—A Rice Trust to be formed in the South. Fuddings will be dearer.

Fire destroying big trees in California.

6.—Past Department Commander Innes in Washington, looking up next year's encampment, G. A. R.

Ex-Gov. Cheney of Maine may be Secretary of War.

7.—Chicago unveils an equestrian statue of General Grant. Much may be forgiven the Lake City for this. She leads the country in doing the hero honor.

Methodist Ecumenical Council begins in Washington.

8.—House of August Belmont in New York City burned.

Alvin R. Duntun of penmanship fame dies in Camden, Me., 79 years.

WORLD.

2.—Gladstone addresses 4000 people at New-castle.

3.—Papal pilgrims have trouble in Rome. When in Rome they should do as the Romans do.

General Boulanger buried in Brussels; the last of a pretender.

4.—Brazil buys grape vines from the United States.

Italy and France fraternize over statue of Garibaldi at Nice.

The son of the Prince of Wales thought to be a bad boy.

6.—King of Wurtemberg dies.

Romania's Crown Prince renounces his succession.

7.—Charles Stewart Parnell dies in Brighton England. 45 years.

Sir John Pope Hennessy dies in Queens town.

8.—The death of Parnell will reunite the Irish Party.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Dad's Girl," the drama presented at Lothrop's this week, besides being a very attractive play in itself has additional interest to Worcester play-goers in that it is placed among scenes with which many are familiar.

The company now playing it at Lothrop's seems to be giving it all the artistic finish which it requires.

Miss Katherine Rober as Miss Malvina Sophie Hoskins and Max Freeman as Stephen Wainwright are the leaders and receive excellent support from the others.

The farce which preceded the drama was entitled "The Baker's Daughter." The play will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

The announcement for next week states that the French society drama "Claire and the Forgemaister" will be presented with Kate Glassford as Claire. The curtain raiser will be "Slasher and Crasher."

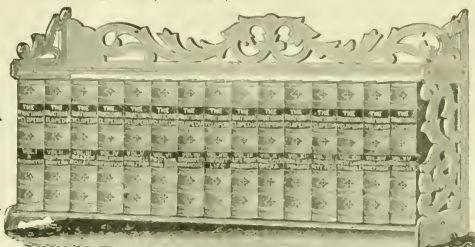
Geo. T. Pierce, a member of Post 10, G. A. R., is laid up by a serious attack of illness.

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Mention this paper.

Church Notes.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Hope.—The Ladies Social Union of Hope Church will observe, next week Thursday afternoon, October 15, its tenth anniversary. All past members are especially invited to be present. A social, an interesting program of addresses and a supper have been arranged for their entertainment.

Park.—The ecclesiastical council to examine Rev. Inmann L. Wilcox in regard to his fitness for the pastorate of Park Church met at the church Tuesday afternoon and organized with Rev. A. E. P. Perkins, D. D., as moderator and Rev. Laurence Perry as scribe. It consisted of the pastors and delegates from the Congregational churches of this city, Leicester and Shrewsbury, Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Cutler, Rev. Dr. Perkins, Rev. Dr. George H. Gould, Rev. W. G. Tuttle, Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Rev. M. H. Hitchcock, Rev. R. M. Taft, Rev. Leon D. Bliss and Rev. Geo. S. Pelton of Higganum, Conn., the first pastor of the church. Rev. Mr. Wilcox read to the council a paper which he had prepared, stating what had been his education and his beliefs, which paper was highly satisfactory to the council, who voted to proceed with the installation exercises in the evening.

The program in the evening opened with a voluntary and anthem, followed by the statement of the council by the scribe, Rev. Laurence Perry. Prayer was offered by Rev. R. M. Taft and after another anthem, Rev. Laurence Perry read from the Scriptures. Following the singing of a hymn by the congregation Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D. D., preached a powerful sermon from the text 2 Kings, 11:15. Rev. Dr. Perkins offered the installing prayer and the choir responded. In behalf of the sister churches Rev. C. M. Southgate gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor; A. H. Cooldige of Leicester gave the address to the people, gave some excellent instruction in his usual pleasant manner; the congregation sang a hymn and the service closed with benediction by the new pastor.

METHODIST.

The next meeting of the Social Union, next Monday evening at Trinity Church, will be of more than usual interest as the presidents of the Boston, Providence and Springfield Unions will be entertained as guests. Supper will be served at 7:15.

Grace.—Tomorrow evening, at seven o'clock, the cantata, "God is Love," will be given under the direction of C. F. Hanson. This is the third presentation in America, having already been sung twice in the First Universalist Church of this city. The choir will be assisted by the following soloists: Sopranos, Mrs. H. W. Johnson, Mrs. L. W. Briggs, Miss Nellie Layng; alto, Miss Flora Minor; tenor, Geo. O. Sawin of Gardner; baritone, A. L. Farwell. There will be an orchestra of eight pieces. The pastor will make a short address, appropriate to the occasion.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The annual meeting of the Local Union will be held next Tuesday evening at Park Church, corner of Elm and Russell streets. The election of officers will take considerable time but there will be one speaker, Rev. Webster Woodbury of Millford. Contrary to the notice previously given, there will be a contest for the holding of the Union's banner. As at first arrange there was to be a competition only at the regular bi-monthly meetings, but this has been changed so that hereafter all meetings will be included. The rule of the contest is that the society having the largest percentage of its members present at the meeting shall have the keeping of the banner until the next contest.

Connelly—Ho.

Thursday afternoon at three o'clock in St. Anne's Church, Miss Sarah A. Holt was married to Joseph A. Connelly of the Boston Store, by Rev. Wm. Finneran, of St. John's parish, a cousin of the bride. Jeremiah Sexton was groomsman and Miss Margaret Griffin bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a white silk dress with veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was dressed in pale blue and

carried a bouquet of pink roses. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, 7 Prospect Street. In the evening, the happy couple started on a wedding trip to Boston. On their return they will reside at 23 Hawley Street. There were a large number of presents, including a chamber set from the bride's sister, a marble clock and much silverware.

1000 M 1000

One thousand questions and answers on United States History, Civil Government, Literature and Finance by

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It will stimulate a love for history, literature, politics and public affairs.

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Every child in the land ought to be compelled to commit it to memory.

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It is a treasure. GEO. F. BALCOM, M. D.,
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4:17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.

8:00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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LEAVE BOSTON.	AR. NEW YORK.
10:13 A. M.	3:30 P. M.
12:12 A. M.	5:30 P. M.
5:06 P. M.*	10:00 P. M.
12:29 A. M.*	6:45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

About Folks.

Mr. Samuel D. Waite and family, lately, made a fishing excursion to Hubbardston, Mrs. W.'s old home. The honors of the day belonged to Miss Alice who caught fifteen, quite distancing all the others.

Comrade Alfred S. Smedley has trees of the finest apples in his Halifax, Vt., abode as a fine basket of them on LIGHT's table bears testimony They taste as well as they look.

Lieut. John E. Lancaster, son of Mr. Frank E. Lancaster and interested with his father in cotton manufacturing, is announced as engaged to be married to Miss Agnes M. Fanning, daughter of Mr. David H. Fanning. Ten years ago the Lieutenant was a High School boy. Since then he has been a member of the Light Infantry and is now the Adjutant of the 2d Regiment, M. V. M.

Medfield.

Prompted thereto, possibly by the visit of the Worcester Society of Antiquity, a similar organization has been effected in this town. It was incorporated as the Medfield Historical Society. Among other officers, is found the name of Albert A. Lovell as secretary. That he will make a good one, goes without saying. The president is William S. Tilden, who has already written a history of the town. The town has generously voted the use of rooms in the town hall for an indefinite period.

Red Jacket.

"The Waterloo Library and Historical Society desire your presence at the unveiling of the monument to Red Jacket, chief of the Senecas, at his birthplace. Ceremonies at Canoga, Seneca Co., N. Y., 2 p.m., Wednesday, October 14, 1891. Oration by Hon. W. C. Bryant of Buffalo, N. Y.

S. R. WELLS, President."

The foregoing is a copy of an invitation sent to LIGHT. Nothing would give greater pleasure than the power to accept and be present, but time and distance prevent. It will be an honor to assist in paying respect to a man whom even his foes respected. A king among savages, he would have been great among those counting themselves far his superiors. No response more eloquent was ever uttered than when, neglected by his hosts, at a council fire and tardy recognition was made he refused the proffered seat saying, "The earth is my mother, I will repose on her bosom."

Red Jacket was a Chief of the Senecas, one of the renowned six nations. Born in 1752, he lived till 1830. Washington gave him a silver medal. Though once in league with the British, late in life he was of service to the Americans. This act of the Historical Association comes none too soon. New York is at last awake to monumental significance. Saratoga's shaft lifts up its head and nods to Oriskany's, with the latter's memories of Herkimer. Auburn's tribute to Logan has long waited for this companion piece in Seneca and both will, over the interval, signal to the tower which crowns the height near Elmira, commemorating Sullivan's expedition against the very tribesman of Red Jacket. New England rejoices at this historical tribute. Let

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Fraulent HAEGERMEYER of Berlin, in French, German and Art.
Miss S. E. LAFFORTS, in Gymnastics, Elocution and Physi. Culture.
Pilgrim Gymnasium secured for the School. Classes will form there soon. Any, whether otherwise connected with the school or not, may join classes in the gymnasium; also in Music, Art, German, Italian, French, Literature or other branches. Call or send for information to MISS KIMBALL, Home School.

MRS. MORGAN'S
Private School and Kindergarten
WILL BEGIN SEPT. 11.

Miss Kilham will re-assume charge of the Kindergarten and will be assisted by a competent nurse maid. Mrs. Morgan will be at the school rooms on the mornings of September 11 and 12, and will receive admissions to the Kindergarten and to the Advanced Classes.

DANCING
GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon will re-open her classes in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m.
Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from strangers. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Mattoon at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 6 to 7.
For terms and further particulars call or address Mrs. Mattoon. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence, call 4195.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,
Graduate of the
BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,
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ON
MONDAYS, * FRIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,
From 12 to 6 P. M.
A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.

Maine Woods and Waters.

From Forest and Stream,

The fatigues of the previous days contributed to a lengthy morning nap, and we were aroused from our slumbers by the presence of strangers in camp. Turning out and making a hasty toilet, we find the genial Dr. George F. Emerson, of Boston, and guide, in waiting to tender the compliments of their camp on the Middle Jo Mary, some six miles distant, where some half dozen professional and business men for many years have followed Thoreau's example and made their camp on its romantic shores. With kindly forethought, knowing that we would be fatigued after the journey, they brought with them numbers of beautiful trout, that our feasting and enjoyment of life in the woods might begin with the first morning. Courtesies that were highly enjoyed by us frequently exchanged between the camps, and the writer indulges the hope that he may again grasp the friendly hands and share the boundless hospitality of the jolly campers on the Little Jo Mary.

Going down to the water's edge, we find an oblong lake some four or five miles in extent, surrounded by dense forest growth, now looming up in the morning sunshine with the summit of Kathadin in the back ground some twenty miles away. As we look out upon the sea we realize that—

"High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

What a quiet, restful scene! How we expand our lungs and drink in the health-giving ozone! There in the cove yonder are a mother doe and her full-grown young disporting themselves in the water, here within a few rods saunter about a black duck and her brood of ducklings as proud and unconcerned as if no enemy were near, there a break in the water as some monster trout completes his morning meal.

Our reverie is disturbed by the advent of a canoe and a cheery voice sings out: "Get aboard, and let us at them." We are soon enjoying the pleasures of the sport, and provide an ample supply for the larder, returning to the water all that could not be used, as it is our rule never to waste.

The declining sun found us at the water's edge in wonderment at the play of colors in cloud and on mountain top. Streamers of green and gold shot up to the zenith until it seemed as if the dome of heaven was decorated by angel hands, and the mountain tops were clothed in a living, brilliant purple that shaded into darkness with the setting sun. The day ended, we gather around the campfire, with trees hoary with age for companions all around us.

"'Tis eve, 'tis night, a holy quiet broods
Over the mate world; winds, waters are at peace,
The beasts lie couched amid rustling woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas,
No twitting bird sings farewell from the tree."

The evening wind sings a crescendo through the surrounding forest, and swings its censor of incense breathing balsam and pine; and we drop off in blissful, restful slumber until again

"The vapors around the mountains curled
Melt into morn and light awakes the world."

And so go days and weeks; and who shall say that we did not regret when the hour of parting came? But stern duty calls, and as if from a gentle reverie aroused we return to the treadmill of every day life, looking forward in fond anticipation to the time when we will again make our camp on the Little Jo Mary.
Geo. M. ALDER,

Worcester Mass.
A certain small boy in this Worcester of ours has learned geography enough to know that heat increases as we go towards the South. Sunday, he was sent on an errand which necessitated about a mile of tramping. Returning, quite flushed and heated, he remarked, that he must have gone as far South as the equator.

English Literature.
The classes that Mrs. Annie Russell Marble is conducting are excellent illustrations of deserved success. Beginning in her own parlors, she found herself, by increased numbers, compelled to seek more extended quarters and so sought the school-rooms of Mrs. Morgan in the Y. M. C. A., building. Here, meeting Mondays, she has two classes, of twenty pupils each. These pupils are, in the main, former High School girls, thus testifying to their appreciation of her worth and ability. The range of studies will include Shakespeare, George Eliot, Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and Charles Dudley Warner.

Mrs. Marble is a graduate of the High School, Class of 1882, Smith College 1886, and from 1887 to 1890 was a highly successful teacher in the school.

This work that she is doing must be of the utmost utility.

→Dancing Class, * Prof. W. W. Greene←
Respectfully announces to former patrons and residents of Worcester that he will begin his Fifth Select Class in Dancing at Grand Army hall on Monday, Oct. 12. For further particulars, see circulars at Leland's and Osborne's Music Stores. Objectionable parties not admitted.

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Miss CAMILLE M. CLARK,
a pupil of
GEO. L. OSGOOD OF BOSTON,
is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,
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Dealer in BICYCLES and SAFETIES,
BRAZING, ENAMELING, and NICKELING DONE
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NOTICE.

Machines remodelled with Pneumatic or Cashion tires. A few shop worn and second-hand machines for sale low. Now is your time to buy in easy payments. These machines will be sold for \$15 to \$25 down, and \$2 to \$3 per week and I paid for.
Hall's Block, 195 Front Street.

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YOUR FALL SUIT.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT?

Do you know that a *Suit of Clothes* can be bought for almost any price you could name?

Do you know that in a great many cases one suit of clothes will LOOK about as good as another suit that would cost you \$5 or \$10 more?

Do you know that a great part of the price you pay for the *cheap* suit of clothes is made up of the cost in *making them look like the better kinds?*

Do you think that the *cheap* kinds will con-

tinue to look like the better kinds after a week or two of service?

Supposing you do *appear* to save a dollar or two on a suit of clothes, of what will that avail when the real character of the goods and the making is made manifest in less than a month, and you are compelled to say:—

"Well, I cannot go with you to call—my clothes look so badly."

We have never talked much to you about *cheap clothes*.

We talk a good deal to you about good clothes.

We never tire in telling you about the genuine quality in our cloths.

We have no hesitation in telling you how *well* they are made.

We are not afraid to declare our knowledge and experience, and that they are at your ser-

vice and of value to you.

We know good cloth.

We know good workmanship.

We know correct styles.

We will have nothing else.

This season we place on our counts SUITS that we believe will please you.

That they are altogether best for you to buy *we know*.

That for \$12, \$15 or \$20 we give a better suit for style and service, everybody ought to know.

Do you know this important fact?

You ought to know it.

Will you take a little time that we may prove it all to you?

We'll talk it over with you any day.

But it won't require much talking. You'll see the difference quick enough.

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NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.—A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500 at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,590; Reserve Fund, \$2,210.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,507.68; Total, \$33,308.69. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600. Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms 16 and 17



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WILLIAM S. SMITH, for the last five years of the firm of Smith & Adams, and previous to that with Henry W. Miller for many years, having purchased the Hardware business of W. H. Goulding & Co., 171 Main St., will continue same under firm name of Wm. S. Smith & Co., and will carry a full line of Builders' and General Hardware, Carpenter and Machinist Tools, Cutlery, and Drawing Instruments.

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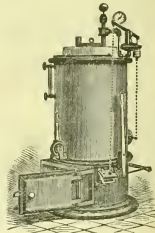
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Manufactured from the Finest Steel Plate and possessing all the latest Modern Conveniences.



This Heater is unsurpassed for excellence of workmanship and is the best in the market. Now is the time to secure estimates. The following is one of a great number of testimonials from our leading citizens:

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THE ROYAL STEAM HEATER CO.

Gentlemen:—Having purchased two of your Heaters one now in use three years, the other 2 years, I can safely say we could hardly keep house without one. I would rather take care of our Heater with 13 radiators attached than one parlor stove where I had to bring coal and carry away the ashes. Anyone intending to heat by steam should examine the Royal and note the working of the Grate, which I think is far ahead of any I have ever seen. I will gladly give information to intending purchasers. Respectfully yours, F. E. BARNARD
Barnard Bros., Tank Manufacturers, 64 Main St.
Branch Office, 39 Pearl Street, Worcester

LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 7. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891. FIVE CENTS.



Interior View, Antiquarian Hall, Worcester.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]



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* * * CHAMBER * FURNITURE. * * *

You read about Chamber Suits and the very low prices at which you can buy them. If a Mattress and Spring are given without extra charge, what can the suit be for \$20 or \$25 and sold on a long credit at that?

We offer a suit for \$23 and believe nothing better can be bought for \$28 elsewhere. There is much newspaper talk about \$35 Suit. We will show you a better one for \$30, and you shall be the judge.

Our better Suits are sold on close margins. We have them in Mahogany, Oak, Maple and Walnut. Do not decide on a Suit till you have seen our line.

Our goods are paid for. Every discount is saved, and our customers get the benefit. Our business is economically managed. We have no men out to drum up trade and get a commission that must come out of customers.

We have everything desirable in Furniture at

247 and 249 Main Street, Corner of Central.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
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It saves Time,
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Iron.

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With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SOUTER & BEALS, MTG. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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Look at this picture and read.



A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long, anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a housekeeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility. One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

VOL. IV. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

No. 7

Come forth into the light of things; let nature be your Teacher.—Wordsworth.

We are getting the extremes of weather.

One week in October we return to Summer wear, and merchants withdraw their Fall goods from the window.

The weather observer declares the weather unparalleled and looks up all that Wiggins, Foster and other weather cranks have written. After all, our talk and thoughts will make no difference with the situation.

We shall have to take things as they come, whether we like them or not; still the weather and one's health are inexhaustible themes. We cannot make our hair black nor white, that is by fair processes, but we persist in discussing just such absurd questions.

"How are you" is a stock expression. Every man says it to his neighbor and neither waits for an answer, unless a man is really ill and then he is likely to hore his neighbor in telling about his condition. The truth is every man likes to talk about himself and if he can get the chance he will set forth his individual merits, forgetting that his woes are best kept within his own breast.

But it is impossible to formulate a rule of conversation that shall be applicable everywhere. The world famous conversationalists were, at the same time, ineffable bores on occasion. It was only Boswell who followed Samuel the First unflinchingly and as for the Second Samuel, his portly figure standing alone, with closed eyes and fingers rolling the detached button, while words flowed on unceasingly, is a picture familiar, at least, in the fancy of all lovers of literature.

Who is the good talker? That depends. The French Queen of Speech declared a certain listener a most entertaining man, yet dumb from his birth, he had not opened his mouth; but had acted the dummy while she rambled on, only too glad to find one who interposed no barrier to her amazing volubility. He is not the best talker who rattles off the most words. They may be as empty as bubbles. Few people who are well posted can fail to make entertaining statements of what they really know.

During the past year, a certain Harvard professor came up to this city to lecture to a class of boys on "Manliness in Boys." While seemingly a valuable theme, does not second thought declare the errand one like carrying coals to Newcastle? Are not boys, as a rule, more manly than men themselves? Do boys in dealing with each other do the mean things that men, in business, are constantly guilty of?

Would not the average man prefer to have his case judged by the average boy rather than by any person, seasoned by the years of

long service in trade or profession? The boy will have no business maxim of "Every man for himself" before his eyes but he will be ten times less selfish than his elders. Would a boy in dividing the items left by a deceased playmate, appropriate for himself the choicest portions? Yet many a man acting as the executor of his friend's estate has robbed the widow and the fatherless.

A certain Worcester tradesman refused to purchase goods of a wholesaler in a neighboring city if the latter continued to sell his ware to a man who was a rival in a small way. Both men were members of churches and both would claim to exemplify the Eleventh Commandment. How is that for manliness! There never was a boy who could do a meaner thing in dealing with his fellows than the grown man will excuse himself for doing through the exigency of trade.

Preach manliness by all means. We cannot hear too much of it; but rather counsel lads to retain that by which they were at first endowed, train it, cultivate it, that when they become men, it may not depart from them. Let it become so firmly fixed in their natures that when man estate is reached they will not become business liars, and self-justified thieves. Manliness is by no means a necessary characteristic of the being who reaches his majority.

In Texas a judge has refused to naturalize an applicant who said he was a socialist and a disciple of Most. The judge gave a decision in writing that the principles of socialism were directly opposed to the Constitution of the United States, and he would not make the man a citizen. This will make a very interesting case for an appeal.

Possibly, the country, at large, may awake to a realization of the importance of this subject. A few more Chicago Anarchist riots may be necessary to teach us that they are not all men who walk erect and talk articulate speech.

Carl Hammond Nye.

That is his name and he became a resident of Worcester September 6th of this year of grace. His parents are Charles D. Nye, in the employ of Putnam, Davis & Co., and Mrs. Mabel G. (Hammond) Nye, daughter of Dr. L. H. Hammond. Mr. Nye is a graduate of the W. H. S., Class of '85 and his wife went from the school to Bradford Academy. That the family and friends are happy over the event, goes without saying and congratulations are in order.

Swedish Fair.

Our citizens of North Europe extraction are specially interested in the Fair to be held in Mechanics' Hall, the last week in this month. A Swedish Fair calls out a hearty response from our citizens, both native and foreign born.

In the Calm of Eventide.

O Eventide! 'sweet Eventide,
The hour of childlike prayer,
When hearts heavy and aching
Implore the Father's care.

O Eventide! 'sweet Eventide,
The best hour of sad and thought,
It helps repenting souls to trust
In God's protecting power.

O Eventide! 'sweet Eventide,
The sun with reverent bow,
It seems to bend the knee in prayer,
To thine approaching rays.

O Eventide! 'sweet Eventide,
When heaven to earth shines down,
The father opens wide his arms,
The child in faith draws near.

O Eventide! 'sweet Eventide,
Foretaste of heavenly rest,
It is the soul's sweet resting place,
The soul enjoys dear Eventide.

—Mrs. C. S. Drury

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—St Andrew's Church Record.

Amherst.

Initiations were held at most of the fraternities last Monday evening and a number of Worcester men were present. The fraternity system at Amherst seems to be gaining strength yearly and winning the confidence of the faculty by the results achieved. Nine societies have chapters here at present, and the rivalry among them for college honors tends to the best effects on the men themselves, while the charm of life in the society houses forms one of the pleasantest features of the college course. About eighty per cent of the men in college are members of the fraternities.

At the recent Senior class elections, Charles E. Burbank was for the fourth time elected gymnasium captain of '92. His re-election is a deserved tribute to Mr. Burbank's ability as an officer.

Among the awards of prizes to the Class of '93 for the best orations of Spring term Sophomore year was one to Lewis T. Reed.

Mr. Franklin P. Rice, who for three years, has occupied rooms in the Burnside Building, will soon transfer his printing business to the new edifice of the Society of Anti-Quity. Hence he will continue to send out the books that have contributed so much to the well being of Worcester.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

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second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1891.

Cyrus L. Hutchins of Erie, Pa., the contributor of the old letter in last week's paper was a lieutenant in the 1st U. S. Volunteers, not 15th Mass., as stated.

People who have pianos to tune will do well to note the advertisement of Elwyn H. Fowler. He does good work and is a deserving man.

LIGHT for Oct. 21 will be a paper of unusual interest having a portrait and sketch of Pastor Eklund of the Thomas Street Methodist Church and portraits with sketches of all the former presidents of the Womens' Relief Corps. Also a full account of the establishment and objects of the order.

The Clinton Courant, one of the brightest of Worcester County papers and, already, a model of typographical neatness, has joined the procession of eight paged papers, losing thereby something of its familiar appearance but retaining all of Editor Parkhurst's incisiveness and vigor.

The Arrat comes to LIGHT for the first time, not the real mount but an Armenian paper bearing that name. It has four pages of five columns each. There are seven columns of English from which may be gleaned some of the hardships to which Armenia is subjected by the Turks, also some of the aspirations of the Armenians for independence. P. M. Ayvad is editor and proprietor.

The Chicago Inter Ocean of October 5th is a Grant number, setting forth the dedication of the equestrian figure of the Rebellion suppressor that Chicago has reared to his memory. The Western giant has put New York completely in the shade. Gotham is waiting for the country, at large, to erect the monument, just as she allowed the New York World to carry through the Liberty's pedestal. It was a good thing for the World. Chicago, though, can give the Empire City points on how to do many things.

In hired quarters, room is a very important item, for this reason, one of these days, LIGHT will dispose of all back numbers, so you who have not complete files had better look up the missing dates and fill them when possible. Remember that no paper contains so complete a picture of passing Worcester as does this very sheet. Its value is not exhausted in a single reading, but grows more and more valuable as the weeks go by.

The Twenty Fifth.

The Twenty-Fifth.

That regiment is fortunate that twenty-six years after the strife can form in line with the same leader at the head who led them on many a well fought field. Of the regiments that were peculiarly Worcester County in their formation, the TwentyFifth with a single exception is the only one that yet forms under the direction of him whose voice was long since heard in battle's din. General Pickett is still with his boys, but General Lincoln no longer assembles his old command, the Thirty Fourth. The Fifteenth will meet on Wednesday next, without their adored Devens. The Thirty Sixth, long since learned to reunite without the old regimental head; the Twenty First lost its identity before the war closed and only the Fifty First, of our local veteran bodies aside from the Twenty Fifth continues to respond to a war colonel's voice.

Though not the largest gathering yet held, that of Thursday was an excellent one. One hundred and sixty comrades came together in G. A. R. hall, talked over old times, discussed present and future prospects and elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

President, Josiah Pickett; Vice Presidents, E. P. Brown of South Gardner, Co. 1; Samuel H. Putnam, Co. A; Christian Class of East Hampton, Co. G; L. G. McKnight of South Gardner, Co. H; Lyman Leighton of Clinton, Co. B; Chaplain, J. E. Spaulding of Fitchburg, Co. F; Secretary and Treasurer, Claire W. Putnam of Co. K; Executive Committee, W. O. Wilder, Co. H; F. U. Gates, Co. K; W. S. Bugbee, Co. A; Christian Schlenker, Co. G; James M. Drennan, Co. F; Finance Committee, George B. Proctor of Fitchburg, Co. F; Wm. E. Murdock of Boston; Co. K; Harvey Clark of West Gardner, Co. F.

Secretary Claire W. Putnam reported the following deaths during the year past:

Co. A, Henry F. Knox, Charles Forbes of Boylston; Co. B, Willard Clark, Andrew Bagley; Co. C, O. W. Cutter; Co. D, George W. Hastings; Co. E, Patrick Leahy, Leominster; Co. F, James A. Stockwell, Richard F. Collins; Co. G, John L. Meyer; Co. H, Geo. H. Carter; Co. I, Joel Flagg; Co. K, H. B. Spooner.

Just before dinner, the comrades fell in and marched down to the City Hall, when Thomas O'Flynn, a nephew of Capt. "Tom" O'Neil, killed at Cold Harbor, photographed the veterans. Then they came back to Continental Hall, where Rebhoff had furnished one of his bestapests. General Pickett presided and with him sat Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, 51st Mass.; Gen. Wm. F. Draper of Hopedale, 36th Mass.; Chap. J. C. Spaulding; Gen. George R. Hawkes of Templeton, 21st Mass.; Chaplain C. M. Smith of the 1st Mass. cavalry, and honorary member A. S. Roe, Regimental Surgeon Dr. J. Marcus Rice, Secretary C. W. Putnam, Capt. A. H. Foss, Col. Orson Moulton, W. M. Willis and Maj. M. B. Bessey.

Grace was said by Chaplain Spaulding. After the feast was over, General Pickett began the after dinner part by some pleasing references to the past and then introduced Gen. W. F. Draper an early 25th man, but late of the 36th. The general made a felici-

itous response, and after him General A. B. R. Sprague the 1st lieutenant colonel of the regiment recalled early memories of the formation of the 56th and of the battle baptism received at Roonoke. General Hawkes of the old 21st was called out. The general then announced fund of War Memories to draw from and he could talk entertainingly much longer than he did for the early association of the two regiments gave them a very brotherly feeling.

Surgeon J. Marcus Rice, as he always does, exhibited the true soldierly feeling and alluded to the fact that the general had a great deal of love was one of mercy. His care in this respect caused his capture once. Alfred S. Roe spoke of his pleasure in being an honorary of the regiment and of his experience when abroad one year ago. Comrade Leach of Warren read an interesting poem, entitled "Looking Backward" and wanted the comrades to keep an eye on Commissioner Emerson Stone. The latter responded feelingly for the late Colonel Upton and Quartermaster Brown. Then came the regimental historian, Capt. J. Waldo Denny. He spoke with feeling, according to his fellows forty more reunions. Drennan followed. Sergt. Major Samuel H. Putnam was called out and Comrade McKnight told of his meeting old foes, now friends in Alabama. Oscar Tourtelotte and George E. Potter responded while Thomas Saul of Waltham, 77 years of age, said he expected twenty-five more gatherings like this. Secretary Putnam, Corporal Bugbee and Chaplain Spaulding spoke briefly and a small boy, Luther H. Stone, a son of Captain Emerson S. was made an honorary member as was C. F. Wilson also. During the exercises Geo. F. Oakley sang several war songs, accompanied by C. W. Wilson. The meeting closed by the adoption of the following resolution, moved by Captain Stone.

"Resolved, that it is the sense of the association that the government of the United States owes to the prisoners of war who endured the horrors of Andersonville and the prisons of the south, a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, and that, in just recognition of that debt, our government should see to it that those who survived the horrors of those accursed pens should receive the most generous treatment at its hands, and that the memory of those who perished should forever be kept green."

Turkish and Russian Baths.

Thursday and Friday the new Turkish and Russian Baths at No. 1 Sudbury Street were open for public inspection. The proprietor is S. R. Jensen and the manager is his brother, N. S. Jensen, who has had a long experience in one of the finest institutions of the kind in the country, that of A. L. Wood, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The entire building is occupied by the institution and is fitted for the giving of almost every form of bath that has been devised. In its construction great care has been taken to secure pure air, good light and ventilation. It is lighted by incandescent electric lights. The water is supplied by an artesian well.

The hours of opening for the reception of bathers as follows: Ladies, 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. on each week day except Wednesday, and from 2 to 9 p.m. on Wednesday. Gentlemen, 2 to 9 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday; 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. on Wednesday, and Saturday from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m. On a 9 o'clock noon on Sunday. The Baths can take a bath Saturday evening and occupy room until Sunday morning. Miss Elin Lundberg, a lady of long experience, will take charge of the ladies' department.

In connection with the institution the manufacturer publishes a paper "The Thermæe," which gives detailed accounts of the different baths and the benefit derived from them.

CHURCH NOTES.

METHODIST.

The next convention of the Methodist Sunday School Union of Central Massachusetts will take place in Grace Church, Wednesday, Oct. 28th, forenoon and afternoon. Papers will be presented by the Rev. J. D. Pickles and Rev. W. T. Worth of this city; Rev. A. W. Tirrell of Chicopee Falls; Mr. F. J. Metcalf of Worcester and the Rev. Geo. S. Butters of Fitchburg.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Hope.—Rev. E. W. Phillips will be ordained and installed at Hope Church, corner of Southbridge and Princeton Streets, Monday, Oct. 19. The council will meet at 3 p. m., to review proceedings and examine the candidate. All the Congregational churches in the city are invited, the First Church, Leicester; the Congregational Church, Spencer, and the Second Church, Millbury; also, Rev. Dr. Cutler, Rev. Dr. Gould, Rev. Dr. Perkins, Rev. Wm. G. Tuttle, Rev. M. H. Hitchcock, Rev. A. M. Taft, Rev. Henry Hague, Rev. C. M. Palmer of Paxton and Rev. Dr. Graham Taylor of Hartford, Conn. The public services will be held at 7.30 in the evening. Parts will be taken as follows: Invocation, Rev. Albert Bryant; Scripture reading, Rev. Laurence Perry; prayer of ordination, Rev. Wm. T. Sleeper; right hand of fellowship, Rev. W. V. W. Davis, D. D.; charge to the pastor, Rev. I. J. Lansing; charge to the people, Rev. C. M. Southgate; closing prayer, Rev. Geo. H. Gould, D. D.

At a business meeting of Central Church Wednesday, the Sunday School Superintendency, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Leon D. Bliss, was filled by the promotion of First Assistant Superintendent J. S. Brigham. Second Assistant Superintendent Charles Baker, Jr., was promoted to first assistant and Nathan F. Heald was chosen second assistant.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The annual meeting of the Local Union was held at Park Church Tuesday evening. On account of the storm, the attendance was much smaller than had been expected, only about one hundred being present. The program began with a Scripture reading by the president, D. B. Tucker, and prayer by John A. Sherman of the Park Church society. After singing, the reports of the numbers of the members of the different societies present were read. The Park Church society had the largest per cent of its members present and was awarded the possession of the banner until the next meeting. The recording secretary's report, which followed, stated that Union has existed four years and that during the past year twelve meetings have been held and the number of societies has increased from 21 to 29. The corresponding secretary's report showed that during the year the total membership of the societies has increased from 1145 to 1745. The treasurer's report showed that there was a small balance in the treasury.

The report of the committee to nominate officers for the coming year was read, accepted and adopted, the nominations being as follows: President, D. B. Tucker; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. H. Sampson; treasurer, H. H. Roach. After singing again, the president introduced Rev. Webster Woodbury of Millford, who gave an interesting address on "Self Culture through Endeavor."

The next meeting of the Union will be held at the Dewey Street Baptist Church in November. The principal speaker of the evening will be the Rev. Phillip Nordell, a Baptist Clergyman from New London, Conn. He will speak on interdenominationalism.

The regular monthly meeting of the executive board of the Union will be held in Y. M. C. A. parlor, next Monday evening.

The Christian Endeavor state convention will be held at Springfield, November 17 and 18.

Last Sunday was the sixth anniversary of the 141st Church Endeavor Society. The only special observance of the anniversary was the preaching of a sermon in the evening by the pastor, Rev. C. M. Southgate, on "The ideal Christian Endeavor Society." From his earnest manner it was evident that he believed in the principles of the society and it was also evident that he had received much valuable assistance from the society in his church. He said the ideal society should be positive and pliable, full of enthusiasm and steadfastness, should have loyalty with breadth and individuality with co-operation. The Pilgrim society began six years ago with a membership of 19, which has increased until now the total membership numbers 153, of which 109 are active, 30 associate and 14 affiliated. The number added during the past year is 47. Also during last year fifteen active members have united with the church. During the six years of its existence the society has received and expended over \$1000. This amount, save the very small portion necessary for the society's expenses, has been devoted to missionary purposes, both home and foreign. At present, the society is supporting a native preacher in India.

The Park Church Endeavor Society will celebrate with a supper, next Thursday evening, its fourth anniversary.

Y. M. C. A.

The educational classes will open Monday evening and the rolls of the various classes will remain open until that time. Instruction is offered in French, business arithmetic, penmanship, book-keeping, phonography, German and English grammar.

The sale of tickets for the Association course has been unusually large. The sale for the single series opened Wednesday and the sale for single nights will open next Wednesday. This is beyond all question the best course the Association has offered for several years, a fact which seems, judging from the large sale of tickets to be appreciated. The first entertainment will take place October 29 and will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club.

The gymnasium classes are larger this year than for some time. Wednesday evening, in the drill, the entire floor was covered.

Mr. W. H. Hadley of the Water Street

Mission of New York will talk to the boys tomorrow at three o'clock about the boys of New York. He will also address the men's meeting at four.

At the annual meeting Tuesday evening new directors were elected as follows: F. F. Knowles, A. S. Roe, J. F. Keyes, C. H. Carpenter, J. J. Lundberg, C. M. Rogers and D. W. Abercrombie.

The state convention will be held at Brockton, Oct. 22 to 25. The local Association will be represented by President Rugg, J. B. Hunt, J. E. Thomas, J. L. Kelley, George C. Whitney, Secretary Gale, Luther Slade, H. L. Bancroft, W. E. Lewis, George L. Sandford, C. Forrest Wesson, W. D. B. Meade.

J. G. Wooley will speak to the Association later in the month.

George F. Burr, a High school graduate, Class of 1890, is cashier in Raymond's restaurant, Washington street, Boston, near the Old South Church.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Ernest I. Pottes, collecting agent, gives personal attention to the collection of bills. No. 24 Pearl Street.
Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols. Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 307 Main St.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 1890

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks. Rage! Blow!" Sets you thinking of warmth-giving garments, doesn't it? We were never in better shape to meet your needs ---man, woman and child.

For women there are all the usual styles, in vests and drawers and combination suits, ribbed and plain as well. Children and men equipped for any degree of cold. The sorts are

white merino, natural wool, blue wool, scarlet wool, colored wool, black wool, silk and wool, all silk.

Everything is here that should be. We give no heed to the numerous ephemeral underwear wonders, called "sanitary," "hygienic," "health-preserving," "medicinal." They savor too much of buncombe and quackery---with high prices.

One test for our underwear is to wash it. When "medicated" garments come to the wash-tub their uselessness is proved.

section one, east aisle

DENHOM & MCKAY UNION

American Antiquarian Society.

The 21st day of October is the reputed anniversary of America's discovery. Accordingly on that date, the above society holds its annual meetings in this city, gathering in the well known building, corner of Main and Highland streets. It is no part of this article to give a detailed history, that has been written, repeatedly, but LIGHT would briefly set before its readers a few of the interesting features of the organization and its collections. Isaiah Thomas, that staunch old patriot of the Revolution, the first man to read the Declaration of Independence in New England, was the founder of this body and gave to it his library, land for the building and money for its maintenance. Naturally, he was the first president, from 1812 to his death in 1831. A part of the old hall is still standing, the domed structure on Summer street between the Belmont corner block and the old school house. The north wing, thereof, was torn down to make room for the large block on the corner. Early in the Fifties, a demand for increased room drove the society to new and more commodious quarters which also have been added to once. Libraries that are useful grow and there is a constant stream of literature flowing into this receptacle for books. Valuable as the collection is, there are many intelligent people in this city who know little of its extent and significance. In fact, some of Worcester's visitors could tell more of what the contents are worth than many well-to-do inhabitants. From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., save on Saturday afternoon, visitors are welcomed, except when the society meets. Annual meetings bring together a great many distinguished gentlemen. At this time, the Rev. E. E. Hale; the Rev. Dr. Ellis; Dr. Samuel A. Green, Ex-Mayor of Boston, Senator Hoar and others assemble in the main hall and listen to the reading of papers on historical subjects. The membership is not large; but it is select.

The visitor, entering the edifice, sees first the heroic figure of Moses, from Angelo's design and a full length painting of Robert B. Thomas, the famous founder of the *Old Farmers' Almanac*. Upon the walls are faces of men noted in American history, among others an ancestor of Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Rev. Francis H. of Salem. In a room at the left is the printing press of Isaiah Thomas, on which he printed the *Messachusetts Spy*.

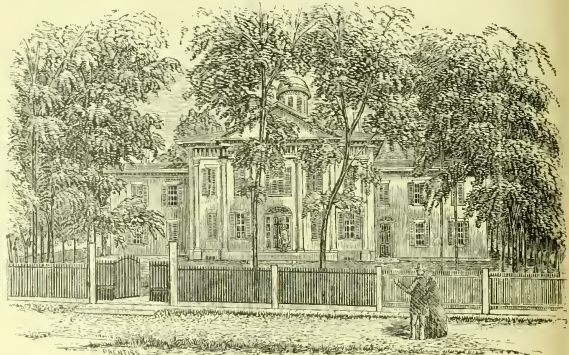
Back of this is the room, covering nearly all the first floor, devoted to duplicates of which the library has an immense number and from which many accessions to the collection are made through exchanges. Still further on to the first floor of the new building or enlargement referred to is the room devoted to the files, in bound volumes, of newspapers. Of these there are over five thousand, a number in excess of any other collection with the possible exception of that of the Congressional Library at Washington. But this far outranks that in point of value containing as it does, sixteen volumes of the *Boston News Letter*, the first newspaper printed in America, beginning in 1704; seven early volumes of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, started in 1756, the oldest paper in this country, still extant. It

has almost complete files of the Connecticut Courant established in 1764, several volumes of the *Newport Mercury*, 1758, and the *Connecticut Gazette* 1763. Of the *Massachusetts Spy* the sixth oldest paper in America, its list is complete. There is also a nearly complete set of *Nile's Register* and from the Revolutionary period down to date, there is nowhere else so perfect a picture of men and events as this room affords. The historian of today dresses up his characters as he sees or imagines them; but these newspapers show us the men as their contemporaries regarded them. What wonder, then, that the earnest student frequents this part of the building and from this almost limitless collection derives his information? It is difficult to name a paper of prominence in the eastern part of the country that cannot be found here, where every convenience is offered for consultation.

Retracing his steps to the vestibule the visitor ascends the stairs to the second story, when turning to the left he enters the office and pays his respects to the present Librarian Mr. Edmund M. Barton. He will be found

and loving hands bore him tenderly to his last resting place in Mt. Auburn. Fortunately, a little more than two years before, he was prevailed upon to sit for his portrait and Custer, a Boston artist, succeeded in throwing upon canvass an almost perfect semblance of this eminent scholar and this now looks down from the walls upon the scenes of his manifold services to history. Mr. Barton, who had long been Mr. Haven's assistant and who is now in control of the collection, is Worcester born and bred, a son of the late Judge Ira M. Barton. From his many years of acquaintance, he knows his books perfectly and it is amazing with what ease he finds any book that the library possesses.

In a case in this room are about sixty books from the celebrated bindery of Bedford, the most of them from the famous Brinley collection to which the Society felt heir to the extent of five thousand dollars. Probably no collection of books, by the Mathers, is so complete as this, each little book in its uniqueness and splendor of binding representing almost a fortune and making the mouth of the



OLD ANTIQUARIAN HALL, SUMMER STREET.

genial and ready to talk about the treasures under his care; but those of us who have visited this room in years that are gone, will instinctively look over that great desk, with its revolving top, which once stood in the middle of the room, for that venerable form which for so many years sat behind it and from his chair gave kindly greeting to all seeking his counsel and advice; and they were many who came asking information from Samuel Foster Haven, for nearly fifty years the Librarian. Should we pause to tell all the good qualities of this gentleman we should write nothing more, for his virtues were legion, his accomplishments many, and his kindness limitless. The obligations that many were under for assistance can, perhaps, be expressed in no better manner than in quoting from Palfrey's Preface to his "History of New England" when he says, "To no one am I indebted for more light than to that eminent archaeologist, Samuel Foster Haven of Worcester." In September, 1887, he ceased from his labors

and *connoisseur* water with envy and admiration.

In an ante room, adjoining, are found the publications and proceedings of the Society and it speaks volumes for the worth of the organization, to learn that few books are more highly prized than some of the early numbers of its own proceedings. Many a man reckons himself fortunate in having a complete set of them and many more are in despair, almost, at their inability to perfect their list.

Returning to the Office, where a tall clock, once in John Hancock's House, chimes out the quarter hours, we pass thence to the main room of the building where the annual meetings of the society are held and around whose sides are arranged alcoves extending in two tiers to the ceiling. In each of these alcoves, at the top are hung fine oil paintings of men conspicuous in the state and nation as of John Davis, John Winthrop, Stephen Salisbury and many others. In glass cases, on either side of the entrance to this room are preserved many of the choicest treasures of the collection.

such as the Cranmer Bible; a Missal on Velum, date 1304, most beautifully illuminated; two black letter Bibles of 1476 and 1478 respectively; a Koran elegantly executed in manuscript; an MS. on Papyrus, similar to one in the British Museum; a copy of Herodotus from the press of Peter de Maximus at Rome 1475, the oldest printed book in the collection; three of the original stamps which stirred up the trouble between this country and Mother England, and an Alta Californian printed on satin in gold letters in 1851. There is beside a mug or pitcher once in the possession of the Winthrops, so famous in early colonial history. This is accompanied by a paper written as follows in 1667 by the hand of Adam Winthrop "at ye feaste of St. Michael An 1667 my Sister ye Lady Mildmay did give me a stone pott tipped and covered with a silver Lydd."

In a safe, to prevent loss by fire or theft, are a copy of the John Eliot Bible in the Indian language (the library has two others not so perfect) printed in 1663 at Cambridge, and a Bay Psalm book, so precious that the one in Dr. Shurtleff's collection brought \$1,025 at

delvers among books that Worcester boasts. He has written much on matters pertaining to local history. Among those constituting the council are the following names well known here: Rev. Edward E. Hale, Judge P. Emory Aldrich, Librarian Samuel S. Green, Charles A. Chase, Hon. Edward L. Davis, Postmaster J. Everts Greene. The auditors are William A. Smith, Secretary of the Mechanics' Association and Colonel A. George Bullock.

The man interested in the history of his native town comes here for facts. At this table an aged man read diligently for eight years. Some day, a book will come from his searching. Our late Chief Justice Horace Gray, now of the United States Supreme Bench, is a member of the society and one might almost think that a liking for antiquarian research were a requisite for judicial honors. A U. S. Senator is one of the vice presidents and is often seen here looking up the pedigree of his colleagues. Here, too, is a schoolmaster who thinks a little delving in the musty past may relieve the tedium of the present. An ex-clergyman is declaring that he never supposed

and inspiration. Mr. Harton and his assistant Miss Mary Robinson, are only too ready to place every convenience at the disposal of the seeker. Much of the prosperity of the society is owing to the constant care and aid of its late president, Mr. Stephen Salisbury, senior, himself a son of one of the early citizens of Worcester, he spared no effort to place the society on a sure and firm foundation. The addition to the building came solely through his generosity. The rapidly filling shelves will soon reach the limit of the building's capacity viz., about 20,000 more volumes. What will be done then? There is little doubt but that some means will be found to continue the usefulness of this vast treasure house of American History. A. S. R.

First W. C. T. U.

The ladies of this body have elected Mrs. D. D. Tatman delegate to the State Convention in Haverhill, the 20th, 21st and 22d of October.

Roses.

"The Last Rose of Summer" has long been the theme of poets and who that ever heard Parepa Rosa sing the almost inspired words can forget the melody; but what shall be said of a whole bouquet of roses in October? This is the time of ashen skies and flurries of snow; but a most lovely collection of tea roses, with sweet peas and pansies was brought to LIGHT's office just one week ago. They grew under the care of Mrs. M. C. Thayer, President of the First W. C. T. U. and to her, LIGHT hereby returns thanks, hoping that her reward for services in humanity's behalf may be as beautiful and fragrant as these flowers plucked by her industrious hand.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 10, 1891.

Editor of Light:

Dear Sir,—Noticing the letter of J. E. L. in your issue of the 3rd inst. relative to the poem "What is his creed," which you had reprinted from E. P. Powell's "Liberty and Life," we wrote at once to Mr. Powell to learn its authorship.

He answers: "I picked up the poem or a part of it in a newspaper scrap—certainly never intended to claim it as mine—nor could I find who wrote it; but liked it and used it. Hope the author does not imagine I ever sought to claim it."

We trust you will publish this in justice to Mr. Powell, and we hope that some of your readers may locate the author.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES H. KERR & CO.

HOME-COMING.

We had traveled over water,
We had traveled over land,
We had tarried 'neath the mountains,
We had tarried on the sand
But of all our happy roaming
The most joyful was home-coming.

O'er time's water we have journeyed,
Trodden time-lands many years,
'Mong Howe's mountains we have lingered,
And on slopes wave-swept by fairs,
But of all our life-long roaming
Will most joyful be heaven-coming.
Mary Willard Gleason White.



ANTIQUARIAN HALL.

action in Boston and whose sale the Old South church tried to prevent by legal injunction.

The list of wonders might be extended much further to include the Caxton Memorial Bible, published in 1878 at the Caxton celebration in London. There were but one hundred published; but all the work of printing and binding was done in twelve hours. There are several others in this country.

As has been already stated, here gathers the society on October 21st. The President, Stephen Salisbury will preside. His father long held the office and was an unflinching friend of antiquarian research. His son inherits all of his father's zeal. The first Vice Pres., George Bancroft has passed away since the last meeting, but the second Vice Pres., the Hon. George T. Hoar, will surely be present. The Recording Secretary, Hon. John D. Washburn is in Switzerland. Nathaniel Paine, the Treasurer, has long held the office, and is, himself, one of the most indefatigable

there had been so much written on genealogical subjects. Just up one flight of stairs may be seen a young man who, for several weeks, has been studying old almanacs. Who can tell what will come of it? Another man wishes to find out all about fences and he ransacks the whole library for information and finds it and so the list might be indefinitely extended. All seek information and nearly all find it.

The Library contains about 90,000 volumes. These are covered by subject and every day some delver in the realm of archaeology, local history, or genealogy may be seen hard at work. The advantages which this collection has conferred on the historical student are incalculable. Mrs. Richardson sought here material for her history of the United States as did also Bancroft, Hildreth and Gay. Palfrey was a frequenter of these halls and, in fine, it would be difficult to name any considerable work on American history whose author has not here sought aid

REPUBLICAN MEETING

—: IN :—

SKATING RINK, under the auspices of YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN CLUB,

Saturday Evening, Oct. 17, 1891.

HON. * THOMAS * B. * REED, *

Ex-Speaker of National House of Representatives, will address the
Republicans of Worcester.

West Gallery reserved for ladies and their escorts. Meeting at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Worcester Brass Band will furnish music.

Per Order, Executive Committee of YOUNG MEN'S CAMPAIGN CLUB.

Entertainments.

Mr. E. N. Anderson is to continue the good work which he began last Winter, in spite of the fact that those two ventures brought financial loss to him. It will be remembered that, last January, he conducted a performance at Central Church of Handel's "Messiah." The church was crowded to its utmost limit and the receipts were a trifle in excess of the expenses. In the afternoon and evening of May 22, he conducted two concerts in Mechanics Hall which will remain for a long time in the memory of those who attended. The price of the tickets for these concerts was placed so low that, though in the evening the hall was filled, the receipts were considerably over one hundred dollars less than the expenses. But Mr. Anderson was satisfied because he had accomplished the object he had desired, that is he had given Worcester people an opportunity for hearing standard music for a price of admission which all could afford.

To continue his plans begun last year, Mr. Anderson has had under consideration for some time a Christmas festival of oratorio music. Last Monday he decided to undertake it and signed a contract for the orchestra. The festival will be held in Central Church Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. The program, as now arranged, is as follows: Thursday afternoon, public rehearsal of the "Messiah," with soloists, chorus and orchestra; Thursday evening, the performance of the "Messiah"; Friday afternoon, miscellaneous concert, including Guilman's new fantasia for orchestra, organ and two harps, a piece brought from Europe this Fall

by Mr. Anderson, McKenzie's "Benedictus," for orchestra and several appropriate vocal and orchestral selections; Friday evening, Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Christus," and parts of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The chorus will consist of one hundred voices, as far as possible the same as those in that of last May; the soloists will be local singers and the orchestra will consist of thirty-two pieces from Boston.

Mr. Anderson's object in arranging this festival is the same as it was last year and consequently the tickets for single concerts will be sold for twenty-five cents and season tickets will cost one dollar. As the expenses will be about eight hundred dollars and as Central Church seats about nine hundred people, it will be very readily seen that nearly every seat must be sold for every concert in order to meet the expenses. For his labor Mr. Anderson will get nothing, save the hearty thanks which all who attend will be sure to give him and with which he seems to be satisfied.

Amos A. Parker.

The rooth birthday of this distinguished resident of Fitzwilliam was observed, on the 8th inst, though not quite as his fellow citizens had intended. A public meeting in the town hall had been contemplated but a fall from a chair in which he had been standing, trying to suspend a picture, had so bruised him that home was thought to be the best place for him. So a quiet day was passed by his own fireside rather than in public. He is bright and cheerful notwithstanding the fall.

Postmaster John S. Fay and wife of Marl-

boro were in the city Thursday stopping over for a day with Major F. G. Stiles. They are taking a carriage trip to Brookfield. He is a veteran of the Thirtieth regiment and lost his right arm and leg by a shell while before Fredericksburg guarding the pontoon bridge. A fragment of shell struck the Captain and Second Lieutenant killing them both, then struck Fay shattering his arm and leg, and then passed on killing a man in a Pennsylvania regiment lying further off. A sergeant lying near Fay had laid his gun down for a moment and the shell struck it and bent the barrel like a hoop. His post office papers were made out and signed by Lincoln, but were given him by Andrew Johnson. They visited the Society of Daughters of Rebecca, Queen Esther lodge Thursday evening.

Cutting—Hall.

Elmer G. Cutting was married, Wednesday evening to Miss Katie T. Hall. The groom is bookkeeper at the Morgan Spring Works and the bride has been milliner at Barnard, Summer & Co's. Their home will be at No. 99 Green Lane.

Corn Prizes.

To all parties of the city of Worcester raising one or more acres of corn, I make this announcement.

That competitors for the ten premiums on corn which I offered last spring may bring in their string of thirty ears, to Horticultural Hall, any time after Monday morning, Oct 19. Thursday, Oct. 22, the judges, O. B. Hadwin, C. L. Hartshorn and one other person will award the premiums. Please register by numbers.

JOSEPH S. PERRY.

Our Schools.

CHAPTER VI.

The Teachers.

In the series of articles on "Our Schools" published last year I took occasion to say of "the long list of teachers, who for one hundred and sixty-four years had always given grace and dignity to the profession and had contributed, more than any other cause to establishing the past reputation of our schools," that "this eulogium was never more merited than it is today, especially in the higher grades;" and it may equally apply to a considerable proportion of the other grades, notwithstanding the favoritism that has in too many cases influenced their appointment.

But the evil results of this favoritism are still so apparent as to call loudly for reform.

It is this favoritism and this pedantry in high position that have so long kept the schools in a routine of studies whose chief effect has been to retard the progress of education. The truth of this statement is proved every day by the experience of visitants to the schools, but we have only room for a single instance. A former graduate writes as follows:

"My experience in a late visit to a grade school will show in a slight measure the methods that are now employed in squeezing all the interest out of school work and thus making it a dry and monotonous routine of distasteful and laborious tasks. The first class in this school was being taught the art of penmanship. Each scholar had on his desk a copy book which contained various names and maxims, all written in the scrupulously correct, clear and ugly, writing-master style.

"It was the duty of each scholar to copy as exactly as he could these words and maxims: every one was compelled to adopt the method of holding the pen which the teacher directed; the teacher—not realizing that no two human beings have exactly the same handwriting, and no two human beings set about writing their signatures in the same way—was probably thinking she was conferring a blessing on the scholars by reducing their writing to a characterless monotony. But her afternoon quiet was rudely disturbed; the class had come to the word *Nenophon*, the meaning of which no one in the room knew; but one aggressive little fellow, (a veritable *Oliver Twist*, who was always asking for more information than the fountain head of knowledge could or would supply.) this little fellow presumed to come up to the desk of the school mistress and say, pointing to the word *Nenophon*, "Teacher what does that mean?" The respectable and almost venerable school marm was astounded, for twenty years she had plodded through that copy book without finding any interesting facts that might be connected with the names and maxims contained therein, such a question had never been asked before. Her grade was one of the highest in the school system, and the average school boy, when he reached her room, had had all originality and all desire for learning anything effectually ground out of him. This boy, however, was new to the public schools and he persisted in his audacious attempt to learn a new fact and so he repeated the question, "Teacher what does that word

mean." The teacher collected her scattered wits and tried to answer him. Before her mind there floated vague ideas. There were the telephone and the phone-ophons, would the *Nenophon* be a new instrument invented by Edison? No, she thought not. Suddenly she remembered hearing the name of *Nenophon* in connection with some battle or other great historical event, (she may even have heard of the *Anabasis*, but had long forgotten what it was,) and so beaming kindly on the boy, she gave this instructive and encouraging answer, "my child, *Nenophon* is the name of a person?"

"*Ex pede Herculeum*," it is needless to multiply instances of the perfunctory, heartless and hopeless routine of our present school methods; heartless because hopeless and hopeless because no thorough reform can be looked for under the present régime. H. H. C.

ABOUT FOLKS.

The Lakeside Boat Club is now in its Winter quarters in the Burnside Building.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hedden was born, October 6th, a promising baby, already named Ruth Gertrude. Mrs. Hedden was Eva G. Nelson, W. H. S. class of 1883

Mr. Alfred S. Roe will talk on "European Experiences" at the Dewey Street Baptist Church, October 22d, at 8 p.m.

Mr. John C. Crane, who was one of the late Glazier Expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi, has reached his home in West Millbury.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. R. Tiffany of Castle Street, have been made exceedingly happy by the advent of a little stranger in the family, in the person of a bouncing baby boy.

In the award of Sophomore Scholarship at Harvard, the names of R. K. Shaw and H. C. Lakin, from this city, appear.

Principal Chapin of the Fitchburg High School gave LIGHT a brief call, last Saturday. The northern part of the county seems to agree with him.

Harry N. Rice, who was graduated at Harvard in June last, took, during his Senior year, the first year's work in the Law School, and has just passed successfully the examinations. He is now abreast of the young men who were in the class of 1890.

Mr. Charles W. Linnell, for some time connected with this paper but who is now a clerk in the pension office, Washington, has been spending his vacation in this city. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Henry Palmer of William Street. He returned to Washington early this week.

Mrs. James Early.

The funeral of this estimable lady, who died the 9th, inst., took place Monday, at 10 a.m., in St. John's Church, Rev. Mgr. Griffin officiating. The burial was in St. John's cemetery. Mrs. Early as Mary Ann Kean was a graduate of the High and Normal Schools, of the latter in 1877, and had been a teacher in our public schools. She leaves a wide circle of mourning friends.

A Lament.

Oh, I'll be old and pale,
Lying so silent there,
With roses sweet and frail,
Scattered mid locks of hair,
Hearest thou the bitter wail
Of my despair!

I lay my brow to thine,
Rain kisses on thy cheek,
Yet doth no voice or sign,
My yearning spirit reach,
Oh, can't thou not divine
My anguish, sweet!

Alas, thou wilt not wale,
Though morn is on the hills,
And the glad sunlight breaks
O'er tree and flower, and rill,
Each bird its nest forsakes,
But thou, so still.

Yonder thy little bed,
And close beside the chair
On which thy bright young head
Bow'd down to whisper prayer,
Ah me, the hour I dread,
And thou not there.

Life, oh the weary thing
It will be, missing thee,
It unto me it bring
No angel ministry
From the bright land afar
Where thou art as a star.

—Cousin Constance

Worcester, Sept. 10.

The Misses Burnside have recently given fifty-four books to the Sunday School library of the Royalton, Vermont, Congregational church. They are all standard works of the highest order, and are given for a memorial to Miss Nellie M. Stearns, whose father is proprietor of the *Cascadac House* in that town.

A house full of friends greeted Major Geo. F. Thompson and wife, Thursday evening, the 8th inst. It was the 40th anniversary of their marriage and also, Mrs. T.'s birthday. Merry making was in order till a late hour.

Mr. Wiley S. Thompson, a clerk in the War Department, Washington, D. C., is spending his vacation with his parents, Major and Mrs. Geo. F. Thompson, 76 Agricultural Street.

Mr. Edgar R. Howe who, for many years, was with M. D. Gilman, is now living in North Vernon, Ind. in the interests of the Non Secret Endowment Order.

Miss Eva L. Truscott, formerly of the High School, State Normal School '91, is teaching in Ashby. Next term, she may teach in the High School of that town.

Out of the Dust.

A certain Worcester small boy had a birthday. He had presents, among them, a small trunk. He was happy; but he discovered that his aunt had a trunk in the house also. His curiosity was aroused. "How does it happen, Aunt, that you have a trunk here?" "Oh, I used to live here. I was here before you were born." "Is that so? I wonder where I was then? I guess I must have been floating up and down the street." This aroused Aunt's curiosity and she says, "How was that?" "Oh, don't you know that I am made out of the dust. I suppose I was dust on this street and that is the reason, I happened to float into this house."

Books and Bookmen.

Recalled to Life by Grant Allen. Henry Holt & Co., New York, Leisure Moment Series, 40 cents.

Ever since Hugh Conway wrote "Called Back" we have been having a series of stories in which an entranced state is an important feature. The title suggests just the condition of affairs that follows. At eighteen years of age a terrible shock produces absolute oblivion of the past, only a terrible, bloody picture for a background. But Mr. Allen is a master of plot and detail. He never minds distance when he writes and so, in this story, gives us England, Australia and Canada; but they are introduced naturally, not dragged in. But how the novel of the day introduces features that were not dreamed of in Sir Walter's day. Even Dickens had no use for a bicycle and an instantaneous photograph apparatus. Of course, the adept in photography might wonder how the plates could be taken from the camera, in the light, without destroying them; but it will not do to examine a short story too closely. The heroine sets out to find a murderer. She finds him or rather her she traces the slayer down to herself. Not even Major Winthrop's Cecil Dreeme was a neater bit of plot than this. The psychological features of the story are well wrought out and while we may not find the tale so thrilling as Bred in the Bone yet it is what the publishers put it forth for, an excellent diversion for leisure moments.

If there was anything of importance left out of the October number of the Inland Printer, it is not apparent at the first glance, for it would seem that everything talked about and discussed in a printing office were here given full display. This is No. 1 of Vol. IX and crowded as it is with advertisements, it must be a grand success. The frontispiece, Mark Twain's face, is a fine sample of the engraver's art, worthy to rank with Albert Durer's, and the Evangeline, though different from the familiar form that "sometimes in church yards strayed," is beautiful. The more one regards it, the more attractive it becomes. In every way the number is a tribute to the taste and enterprise of Chicago. Published by the Inland Printing Company at \$2 per year.

Wide Awake. F. F. Cloth, \$2. Boston, D. Lothrop Company.

A new volume of Wide Awake means always expectation in its announcement, enjoyment in its monthly realization, and a full feast when the bound volume appears. Such a feast—full and satisfactory—is offered in the new volume just issued in the warm and cheerful red covers that so many young people have learned to welcome and enjoy. The change in type made in the magazine at the beginning of the year makes an especially attractive page when seen in bulk between covers. But new type and crimson covers are not everything. The feast of good things spread in this new volume is attractive and appetizing. Here are names well-known in every home in the land. The famous Pepper family, with whom Margaret Sidney has made us all acquainted, are here again met with in her entertaining serial, "The Five Little Peppers Grown Up," and Kirk Munroe, one of the editors of Harper's Young People, has a capital railroad serial, "Cab and Caboose," that is both realistic and dramatic. Amanda I. Harris and Sarah Pratt McLean, Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison and Mary E. Wilkins, Elzabeth Robins Pennell and Frances A. Humphrey, Graham R. Tomson and Katherine S. Macquoid, Emilie Poulsson and Katherine B. Foote and Susan Coolidge, Governor John D. Long and Elbridge S. Brooks, Oscar Fay Adams and Henry Kirk White, Dr. Alexander H. Japp and Henry Baker, Ernest Ingersoll and Grant Allen and Lieutenant Frémont are but a few of the names attached to story, sketch, and verse to which such illustrative artists as Taylor and Hassam and Bridgman and Bacon and Pennell and Barnes have added pictures. The volume is crowded with good reading from cover to cover, not too many continued stories, and the short ones sparkling, bright and entertaining. A series of studies in figure drawing by Caroline Hunt Rimmer is full of interest and practical suggestions for any child who likes to use the pencil.

Our Little Men and Women for 1891. Cloth, \$1.75; boards, \$1.25. Boston, D. Lothrop Company.

No prettier or more attractive annual for younger readers exists than the yearly (bound) volume of Our Little Men and Women. It is always bright and cheery, always healthful and helpful, always charming in its material and fascinating in its pictures. The volume for 1891 is no exception to this rule. It is beautifully printed and bound, and the stories and poems of which it is made up are such as every little man and woman welcomes with enthusiasm and enjoys with unalloyed pleasure. Mrs. Archibald's story of a lovely but very human baby girl "Lady Gay," and Jennie Stealey's story of two bright little New Mexican boys, "The Little Freighter," are such as all children love to hear, and are but samples of the good things in this new volume, whose bright and attractive covers will draw many eager young eyes to investigate and feast upon the brighter things they enclose.

The Un'iscovered Country, a novel by William D. Howells, Riverside Paper Series. 30 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In this striking novel Mr. Howells treats spiritualism with great skill and fairness; he describes life among the Shakers very charmingly; and tells an engaging love story. The New York Evening Post pronounced it "a novel of unusual power," and added, that "as a drama of life and passion the story has a measure of power which belongs to very few novels of our time." It is fortunate that a story of so great interest is brought out in a form and at a price which should give it a very wide reading.

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Scientific American, Architects and Builders Edition, for October.

If people do not have beautiful and pleasant homes it will not be because the publishers of this monthly have not done their best to picture them. Every page contains the semblance in which happiness might be found, a thing to live for, to work for. The majority of the engravings are of moderate cost houses.

Ingalis' Home and Art Magazine for Octo-

ber is at hand, and already the hints for Christmas are appearing in its pages. An article on All-hallowe will be of use to many in preparing for small gatherings to celebrate the night. A fine paper on "Arts and Artists," and the criticisms asked for by the readers fill several pages. There are hints on china painting, and also wood carving. The frontispiece is a beautiful study of morning glories. We wish it might have been given in colors though the palette for painting it is carefully given. Price of the magazine is \$1 per year.

Educational Review, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph. D., October, 1891, Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3 a year.

This magazine is a welcome visitor and starts off the new school year in excellent form. The leading articles are "The Place of Schools of Technology in American Education" by Pres. Francis A. Walker of Boston; "American Pioneers of University Extension," by Herbert B. Adams; "Impression of German Schools," by John T. Prince and "Education in the Eleventh Census Year," by James H. Blodgett. It would be invidious to discriminate in regard to these articles. All are worth careful study. It is comforting to find that Mr. Prince thinks our American schools not without merit. University Extension is a theme occupying much time and attention now at home and abroad. The Reviews of educational works and the Resumes of Foreign matters are more extended than those given by any other American Educational publication.

Education, a monthly magazine of science, art, philosophy and literature of education, Frank H. Kason, editor, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. \$3 a year.

Dr. Unton continues his series on "Moral Education" and Elizabeth Porter Good considers "The Woman Problem." "European Learning in Japan" is particularly interesting, by Wm. C. Kitchen; then we are taken to New Zealand for "Primary Education." Z. Richards writes of "Teaching, Learning, Instructing and Educating." "Mediaeval England" as seen in her ballads by Laura Sanderson Hines, A. M., is particularly interesting. Doubtless, it will grace many a recitation in English Literature. "Manual Training for the Schools of Boston" by Samuel E. Capen is a timely setting forth of the most pertinent matter now agitating the educational world.

Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago.

The heroine is an Irish girl, beautiful, witty, and independent. She commits the error of marrying for a home, and after obtaining a home, her independence leads her to commit other errors, and in consequence of these she incurs the distrust of her husband and a separation is the result. One true heart clings to her in spite of all and her friend Emma advises, cautions and saves her from the tongue of the world by speaking for her on all occasions. Diana tried to earn her way by writing, but failing, at the last she sells the secret, told her by Mr. Daer, to an editor, and as a result he, angered by her deception, goes back to his old love and Diana tries her best to die. Just in time Emma, Lady Dunstane, comes in to save her. Doubtless the book ends too

suddenly. It is a good showing of the impulsive nature of the Irish race, and also brings in London society.

The Cosmopolitan for October, Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., New York.

For many years The Century, Harper's Monthly, and Scribner's have held almost without rivals, the leadership among the American monthly publications. But a few years ago a new contestant entered the lists, began to draw upon the leaders, who, judging from present appearances, will now be obliged to struggle hard to retain their lead. This new factor in the contest is the Cosmopolitan. In one point at east, that of excellence and number of illustrations, it has already not only got abreast of the leaders but is slightly in the advance. Its literary merit it is so near to the older magazines that only the sharpest eye can detect the slightest difference. As a sample of what this magazine offers its readers each month he current number may well be taken. The titles of the articles show a wide diversity in subject and the names signed to the articles are very frequently those of men who have a "wide reputation as an authority on the subject on which they write." "Three Women of the Comédie Française" by Elsie Anderson de Wolfe is given the first place in this number. "Some Great Storms," by William A. Edly will be interesting reading to many. It is, like all the other articles, superbly illustrated. Osman Bey, who is a young Turkish gentleman of high rank and who has been educated in the United States, writes entertainingly and instructively of the "Modern Women of Turkey." Those who like Mr. Edly's article will probably turn next to John Bunker's article on "The New Desert Lake." Muat Halstead's sketch of Cincinnati is not dry, as might be expected, but it holds the interest to the end. His Review of Current Events is missed from this number and to many it is a serious omission. It is hoped that this department is not permanently dropped. "Lady Clare" is the story of a horse, by the well-known novelist, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Jenny L. Hopkins writes about "An Oyster Village" and Harry L. Wells tells of "The Massacre of the Peace Commissioners." The last installment of Amélie Rives' new novel "According to St. John" is also found in this number. Edward Everett Hale takes, this time, "Gambling" for his subject, in his series on Social Problems and Brander Matthews in his regular contribution writes on "Certain Recent Foreign Fiction." The poetry is as follows: "In the Ruin of a Thunderstorm," Louise I. Guiney; "My Ideal," Laurence Maynard; "Las Caritas de Calamidad," Ella L. Dorsey; "Superstition," E. F. Ware; "The Violet Bank," Clinton Scollard.

The address of Librarian Samuel S. Green before the American Library Association in San Francisco the 13th, inst., is a highly interesting and valuable document and LIGHT regrets its inability to reproduce it in full. There never was a better review of the growth and development of our present system of library care and usefulness than Mr. Green presents. (One portion of the address, particularly pertinent to Worcester people is the description he gives of the recent exhibitions of

pictures in the upper rooms of the library. Mr. Green has long been an innovator in matters pertaining to books and has, thereby, succeeded in placing his name among the very first librarians in the country. Not only in America, but in Europe as well, he has a distinguished reputation.

The House of Martha, by Frank R. Stockton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. \$1.25.

The readers of the Atlantic have already had this story as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly. Doubtless many have waited till its appearance in book form that they may take it in short order, rather than have the delayed reading from month to month. Stockton has the merit of originality, though his under-study suggests Edward Everett Hale's "My Double and how he undid me." As in fairy stories, Mr. Stockton has no difficulty with the novel when once he is granted a start. He does not travel so far with his characters as do some authors; but he does keep them exceedingly busy. The House of Martha is a sort of Protestant nunnery, whose inmates take vows of celibacy and go about trying to alleviate the woes of humanity. The hero of the story needs an amanuensis and secures one from the House in the shape of a gray dressed and scoop-bonneted individual, Sister Hagar, by name. She does not like the name no more than does the hero and they agree to fall back on her original name, Sylvia. Of course, there are lots of obstructions in the way of true love. To begin with, they have to talk to each other, with a grated door between them, and, till a wandering wasp came in at an open window, Mr. Vanderley had no idea how beautiful a being his scribe was. Women cannot abide mice and winged creatures, so Sylvia, nun or not, has to jump about, doffs her bonnet and finally kills the intruder.

The hero, after her departure, takes the insect and preserves it most carefully. Finally, it is anxiety to keep this souvenir by him that delays his departure for Europe long enough to let him receive a message from Sylvia's mother, who sends for him to come to her at once. He goes, and learns that the House of Martha is dissolved, that vows are cancelled and Sylvia may be his.

The closing scenes give a tender picture of felicity and happiness to come. Mr. Walkirk, who has been the second self in the story, the under-study does not undo his principal as did the character in Mr. Hale's narrative; but he is constant to the end. In fact, there are no plotters in "The House of Martha." All are excellent people and the reader will close the book with a feeling of great satisfaction. Virtue and constancy are rewarded and there is no wrong doing to punish. The stamp of fresh, airy, delightful life pervades every page. For sale by the Denholm & McKay Company, Boston Store.

Plays and Players.

Our old friend Effie H. Ober, former manager of the Boston Ideals is happily married to V. P. Kline, a Cleveland lawyer. Mrs. Kline is the best stepmother in Cleveland. So say the three children of Mr. Kline.

Anna Katherine Green has dramatized her novel "The Leavenworth Case," and it is making a big hit in Chicago. Mrs. Green is

thinking of devoting all her literary energies to the drama after this.

Denman Thompson played to a \$5,170 house Labor Day in Boston. This breaks all records for one day's performance in that city, the highest previous amount taken in that time being \$4,700.

Elsie Anderson De Wolfe, New York's fashionable amateur actress, made her professional debut in that city last week, in Sardou's latest and greatest play, "Thermidor." The piece scored an unqualified hit, but the actress was severely handled by the critics.

There is rumor that Edwin Booth is breaking up. He was found recently by a newspaper man wandering aimlessly around Boston, being unable to find his way from one street to another.

Manager Alf. Hayman has been having trouble in securing a satisfactory servant girl. The first girl would only give him one night out in a week, and as he has to be at the theatre every night, she discharged him. Then John Russell suggested that he keep on the look-out for stranded farce comedy companies and engage a soubrette. He did so, and he found one—a blonde, "I had to let her go though," he sighed, yesterday. "She did nothing but dust the furniture. You know how soubrettes dust furniture on the stage, why, she dusted all the varnish off our piano in three days. Last Thursday I was down in the flat writing up some press notices, she was unaware of my presence. Pretty soon she stopped dusting and said: 'Ah, there is no one here. I just have time to try that little song and-dance I learned last night.' Then she started in on 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' I interrupted her with two weeks' notice and she took one. She goes with "A Spool of Thread" by the author of A Rubber Band and Ball of Twine. I am now in correspondence with brother Bolony Kiralfy in an effort to draw on his back row."

One day it was raining hard when Mrs. Lease boarded a street-car. The car was chuck full, and all the men on the seats sat closer back and evinced a determination to keep a position of sedentary comfort. Mrs. Lease cast her eye down the car, and, at the same time, a man in the corner started to rise. "Don't," said the man next to him, grasping his arm: "that's Mrs. Lease. Don't you know her? She believes in equality of both sexes. Woman suffrage, you know." The stooped man smiled and got up. "Come," said the speaker, still more importunate, "you're not going to get up, are you? If she thinks she's equal to a man, let her stand. Give her a dose of her own medicine." But Mrs. Lease had taken the man's seat, greatly to the discomfiture of the other, who wanted to see her stand. Next day he met the stranger on the street. "Hello," he said, "you're the man that gave you your seat to Mrs. Lease. You missed a good chance to take her down a little. There wasn't another man in the car that would have given you. Wasn't impolite, you know. Just a little joke. What made you get up? Did she hypnotize you?" "See here," said the man addressed, "I guess you don't know me." "Can't say that I do. Who are you?" "I'm Mr. Lease."

The Corbin Deer Park.

The following is from the pen of Hon. Charles R. Corning, of Concord, who, with a party from Pine Cliff, paid a visit to the park on Thursday last:—

"Six miles straight over the hills from Newport village are the outlying confines of the famous deer park of Austin Corbin. It is only a few years old, yet its name is known all over the country. Surely so remarkable an enterprise deserves an unlimited notoriety, for nowhere under the sun is such an extraordinary collection of animals to be seen. The energy and determination of Austin Corbin are shown as forcibly in his deer park as in his various railroad and steamship projects. Who but he would have undertaken the labor of getting together such herds of buffalo, deer, elk and boars? Unlike the late Mr. Barium, the menagerie element does not figure in his plans; his beasts are of *genus Americanus*—all, I believe, save the Austrian boars. To give anything like a clear description of the features of this immense territory is impossible, but those persons familiar with New Hampshire topography will easily make a rough picture for themselves of more than thirty thousand acres of mountains and valleys, rocks, ledges, undergrowth and forest, ponds, streams, brooks, hummocks, fens, and bogs, with scarcely a spot anywhere in the purchase level enough to make a tennis court. Into four townships does the park extend—Newport, Croydon, Cornish and Grantham all contribute their ugliest and wildest acres to gratify the insatiable ambition of the man who was born among these unpromising rocks, and who forty years ago went out in the world to seek and to gain its golden smiles.

What Mr. Corbin has in mind regarding so magnificent a domain does not appear, but he is doing his work with a system that promises good results. I have it from good authority that the cost of this empire of the wilderness is fast climbing toward \$300,000, but the lord of the manor keeps cheerfully planning for future aggrandizement, and scarcely a week goes by without carrying with it a car load of new animals bound for the park.

This vast tract of hills and rocks is entirely enclosed with strong wire fence, ten feet high, and thirty miles long, with posts some fifteen feet apart, costing the snug sum \$1,500 a mile, and to enclose it has reeled off about 500 miles. The cost of capturing and shipping the animals has been enormous, the buffaloes alone costing nearly a thousand dollars a head. It is a strange notion or tad for a man to buy so many miles of rugged land and so many million tons of rocks and quarries, and turn in upon them scores of wild animals. But this is what Mr. Corbin has done and what he is doing.

He has done with the bought-out farms of Croydon and Grantham as the Poors did with Star Island at the Shoals. He has bought the people, bag and bedding, and given good sums for the homesteads. Considering the nature of the animals abounding thereabouts, a speedy removal on the part of the vendors became a necessity attaching to which is none of the sentimentalism of Evangeline and the Arcadian farmers. A few houses are occupied

by game-keepers, for the animals need watching, but the larger number are deserted.

To this terrestrial Noah's ark the people of Pine Cliff, by invitation of Mr. Willard D. Emery of Boston, journeyed a few days ago, going to Newport by cars, thence to the Park by carriages. The way is rough and ascending and it was this that made the unfolding scenery to the north and east, disclosing the blue and irregular mountains, linger longer. On the height near the gamekeeper's house the expanse of view is generous and it is from this point that one gets some idea of the extent of Mr. Corbin's domain. Far away and over the hills is the park; across wide valleys and over granite-cropped mountain is the home of the buffalo and deer. No wonder that with so vast a grazing ground the animals keep out of sight. Our party was surely in luck for the buffaloes were considerate enough to be sunning their shaggy heads in an angle of the fence near the highway. Nineteen big, burly bison, more than in all Dakota, lazily rolled their eyes and swayed their huge heads in true prairie style. Only a week ago an infuriated bull buffalo made things lively to encroaching guests, but when I peered through the meshes of the wire fence my surprise was great to behold a man calmly gathering apples while around him were two scores of wild beasts. He had a complete understanding with the animals and when his task was done he placed his ladder against the fence and came out into the world. It frequently happens that people get no sight at the animals and go away disappointed, but in our case they were on dress parade and afforded us every facility of watching them.

Near sunset, they say, the buffaloes and deer come into the field near the farm house, but their habits in this respect are not constant and there are periods of days at a time when only one or two fugitive buffaloes or elk can be seen moving slowly over the stubble. The Corbin park is going to be one of the sights of New Hampshire and already its fame attracts visitors from every quarter; teams are going and returning; the lively stable business of Newport is stimulated and at the gamekeeper's house thrift has established a lunch table piled high with cakes and pies and fruit. We all came away wishing good health and long life to that distinguished son of New Hampshire, Austin Corbin.—The Republican Champion.

(Much has been written and said about the game preserves in foreign land; but how many know that such estates as Mr. Corbin's exist in the United States. A little of the Henry George single tax application would lessen the pleasure of such a possession.)

Arresting Sheridan.

Little do we know the experiences of the men whom we meet daily in our walks. Almost daily, a certain Worcester ex-patrolman may be seen who once had the fortune to put Phil Sheridan on the defence. It came about thus. Private R. was on his post, doing sentinel duty, on the very outpost, in the Shenandoah Valley. While thus guarding the Union, he discovered a horse and rider approaching. Nearing, the individual appeared to be a very innocent countryman who wanted to pass the guard, offering all sorts of rubbish as an ex-

cuse but the guard would take nothing but the countersign which the party seemed to know nothing about. He had dismounted and approached quite near to the sentinel who, however, halted him. "Well," says the countryman, "I f I can't go on, I can get on my horse again." "Not a bit of that," replies the guard, "You may stand just where you are till the relief comes," and his rifle is handled for business. When the corporal and relief come along, the former says, "What have you here?" "Well I don't exactly know, but I should think from the way he talks he was a d—d fool." At this a number of horsemen ride up and the arrested party, throwing back his farmer's big coat, reveals the buttons and stars of a Major General. He says, "You see I am General Sheridan, I suppose I can go now." "That depends. If you are Sheridan, you've got the countersign and you can advance and give it." Whereupon the General, who had been testing the mettle of this outpost, did advance and give the word properly. Then all rode on, but the next day the story leaked out and the soldier's associates told him he would catch it for making the General stand. That very day he was summoned to headquarters and was made an orderly there, the General remarking that he thought no spies would get in while such a soldier as R. was about.

Prison Survivors.

As a rule there is a sombreness hanging over a meeting of surviving prisoners of War that does not prevail when regiments and companies reunite. Their common memory is one of sorrows and horrors and, as a consequence, the ghastly is likely to take precedence. The more than forty men who assembled in G. A. R. hall, Friday afternoon, one week ago, represented a large share of all the places used as prisons by the Confederacy. The old board of officers were re-elected as follows: President, Charles M. Smith, Worcester; vice presidents—A. S. Atherton, Wakefield, Reuben M. Colby, Worcester; secretary and treasurer, William Jubb, Fitchburg; chaplain, A. E. Stearns, Worcester; executive committee, Albert Mason, Luther D. Goddard and A. S. Graton.

In the evening, nearly sixty men sat down to an excellent dinner, served by Landlord Tower at the Lincoln House. Following the disappearance of the food, and the eaters gave ample testimony that prison fare had not permanently disabled their appetites, came remarks by the President, Charles M. Smith, who exhibited relics of his prison life. After him, Alfred S. Roe spoke of revisiting Danville, the scenes of his prison experience; Luther D. Goddard told of Libby; Elisha T. Robinson gave a thrilling account of his imprisonment and attempted escape, also exhibiting a fac simile, in bronze, of the gold medal given to his brother, Major Robinson of the U. S. Army Pay Department for his services in rescuing Secretary Seward from the assassin, Payne. Geo. W. Hubbard spoke of his privations and observations as held by Dr. A. K. Gould, M. J. Chapin and Edwin Hoyle. It was a late hour when the meeting broke up.

Miss Flora A. Simmons, W. H. S. Class of '91, on examination, has taken a scholarship prize at Vassar, worth \$125.

The Successful Man.

The successful man invariably bears upon his brow the marks of the struggle which he has undergone. The best sailors come from the roughest seas. They who seek to avoid care and labor, and who choose for themselves an easy path, are simply defrauding themselves of the noblest qualities of manhood, and are making themselves like mushrooms grown in the shelter, instead of oaks which have wrestled with a thousand storms, and which still lift their giant arms and sun-crowned heads triumphant towards the skies.

How true these statements are: when we see a man who is not successful, we need but look into his past life, and we find that he has not put his mind and whole purpose in life upon that which he is engaged; while on the other hand, if we see a man who is successful, we find that he has spent his time and energy in achieving that in which he has been successful.

For example, take the life of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, he was born of poor parentage, his father being a common laborer, hardly earning enough to support his family. George therefore at an early age was compelled to go to work. He made up his mind to be an engineer. He had everything to contend with, his education had been sadly neglected; but he did not shrink from his duty. Day after day he toiled alone, night after night he studied, little by little he gained ground, until he had reached the coveted position. Yet he was not satisfied. He wanted larger and greater success, and by continued perseverance he accomplished that which made the nations look on in astonishment.

He invented the locomotive, which to-day we could not get along without; but at that time, it was rejected by all.

For another example, take the Peel family, they were poor, and obliged to work hard for an existence; yet they managed by working day and night, and trying experiment after experiment, and as the result they introduced to the world the art of printing cloth.

But we need not go to Europe for examples of successful men.

We have but to look over the history of our own beloved United States, and written out in bold outlines, we see the names of many men, even by putting their whole attention to one object, have won success, which will never be blotted out, until the world shall cease to exist, and shall be no more. I will name a few of these—Columbus, the discoverer of America; his desire to accomplish one object, and his risking his all in accomplishing it, brought him to success.

William Penn, in his treaty with the Indians, was a success, and he spent his time in making it such.

George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield, all ex-presidents of the United States, won their positions by continued labor and determination.

The wisest man has said in his Proverbs, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before obscure men." Has not this been true, and is it not true to-day?

The man who is diligent in business, is a desired companion, both of the industrious and the drone. Some man has said, "What has been done, can be done again," and it is so; men have won success, and man can do it now.

How sad it makes one feel, when he hears young men, just entering upon the struggle of life, saying, "There is no use of trying, I can never succeed."

There never was a statement more absurd than this. There is not a young man to-day, who, if he will but chose some occupation, and determine to stand at the head of that occupation, but what can do it.

How much more honor a successful man has, than a man who is not successful! A horse that is successful in winning a race, is the one that is looked upon with favor, while the others are shunned.

How much more then when a man is successful in an honorable business, or profession, is he respected than he who is not successful.

If all young men who read these lines, will from this time out, be diligent in business, and try to make a success of what they are doing; they will by perseverance reap success. The men who find fault with their position in life, because they are not as well off as others, lack something, and, although they do not realize it, they are the ones to blame, and not their employers.

There are men who are going to meet with success. Do you want to be one them? If so, you must commence at once, and learn your business thoroughly be patient, industrious, not fooling away your time, but making every moment bring you some knowledge of your business. A man who does this is bound to be successful. A. D. BUTTRICK.

SALEM COPELAND.

One day here, another there. It is only a short time since Mr. Copeland was making his regular trips to his work. While suffering some of the infirmities of age, his health had uniformly been such that he never lost much time from his daily round of labor. Thursday, Oct. 1st, a physician was summoned and he never left his home again. Uræmia was the name of the disease causing his death, which took place Saturday, October 2 at 2 p. m. Mr. Copeland was born in Thompson, Conn., Aug. 11, 1815, came to this city when twenty-three years of age and here pursued a long course of industry and enterprise. He was foreman for the Providence Screw Company, before its removal to Providence. After that he was tool maker for the Washburn wire mill on Grove street. He was subsequently foreman for Alzirus Brown, who then made agricultural machines. Then he became foreman for the late J. M. C. Armsby in the manufacture of pistols in the Armsby building on Central street. At that time he started the manufacture of the Cook extension divider in the Armsby building, under the patent of Dr. S. W. Cooke, dentist.

Mr. Copeland removed to the N. A. Lombard building, on School street, in 1873 and continued the same business there with C. W. Chamberlain, under the firm name of Copeland & Chamberlain, until 1889, when he

removed to another part of the Lombard building and carried on the business there alone until July 24 last, when he formed a stock company with Charles E. Neale, Mr. Copeland being president and Mr. Neale secretary.

Mr. Copeland was a thorough workman in all that he undertook and is said to have made the first iron planing machine ever used. His home for many years was No. 2 Wachusett street, though before going there he was the builder of the cottage house No. 5 Dix street. While he was, by occupation, a mechanic, he had the greatest fondness for flowers and remarkable success in cultivating them. For years he has been the chief donor of flowers for the pulpit of Trinity Church, and the pleasure of church goes in seeing the results of his care was no less than his in presenting them. Perhaps an incentive to his floriculture was the fact that his wife, who died in March 1884, had for many years been an invalid, and he tried to make home as happy for her as possible. His wife's maiden name was Catharine Marcy of Southbridge, a member of that family so conspicuous in the history of our southern township. Mr. Copeland was her second husband. He leaves in Worcester a sister, Mrs. Paris Smith of Hancock street.

In his church relations, he was long a member of the Methodist church, first of Laurel street and later of Trinity, whose pastor, the Rev. J. D. Pickles attended his funeral, Tuesday, last at 2 p. m. at his late residence. The weather was almost a repetition of that when his wife was borne away to the tomb; but there was a numerous assemblage of those who had loved him in life and who wished to once more look upon his face. A quartette of sweetly blended voices sang "Come ye disconsolate" and "Abide with me" and the pastor of the deceased read passages from the Scriptures and followed with fitting words as to Mr. Copeland's good deeds and virtues, closing with a reading from Bryant, "I saw an aged man." The burial was at Rural Cemetery. His was a well rounded life. He attended prayer meeting the evening before his illness began, so there was no long time of mental and physical inaction and with his favorite anemones placed about his placid face, he looked as though he were merely resting, and, to the Christian, what else is Death than a final rest? He ceased, at once, to labor and to live. Along his accustomed walks he will be missed for many a day.

Mr. C. Frederick Goddard, W. H. S., class of 1891, who entered Phillips Exeter, to prepare for Harvard College, is doing very finely in that ancient school.

Dr. Herbert B. Howard, W. H. S., class of '77, Harvard '84, has succeeded to the superintendency of the State Alms House in Tewksbury. Dr. Howard was for several years in Colorado, having an excellent practice. In 1876, he was the reader of the Declaration of Independence in Mechanics Hall, at the last Fourth of July celebration had by this city.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Senior Vice Commander James K. Churchill, G. A. R., has his time pretty well taken. Monday night he was in Fitchburg, Wednesday in Oxford. Fairs in both places.

Church Notes.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The annual meeting of the Worcester County Sunday School Superintendents' Union was held Monday evening at the Young Men's Christian Association building. After a dinner at Rebboli's, a business meeting was held at which the following officers were elected: President, A. W. Edson; vice-president, James Logan; secretary, H. L. Miller; statistical secretary, Miss Ida Gaskill; treasurer, George R. Bliss; executive committee, the officers with J. M. Stone, P. G. Kent and H. M. Whitney of Auburn. Later there was a discussion on the subject, "The objects for which our Sunday School Superintendents' Union was formed," in which J. M. Russell, Arthur E. Gray, Hon. Chas. G. Reed, James Logan, J. A. Dodge of Grafton, M. M. Taylor and Mrs. M. P. Higgins took part.

BAPTIST.

Pleasant Street—This church is issuing weekly a very pretty little scheme having on its first page a picture of the new edifice and on the next a calendar for the week. The idea is excellent and ought to avail in bringing in many to the services.

Y. W. C. A.

Under the direction of Miss Grace Williams, the captain of the Young Womens Christian Association Boat Club, the young ladies held a very enjoyable peanut party at their rooms last week Monday night. The half hour preceding the contest was spent in a social way, after which came the chief feature of the evening. Prizes were awarded to the following, according to the size of their find: First, ladies—a pound of candy, won by Miss Topley; first, gentlemen—Mr. Prentiss; booby prize—a doll in a nutshell, won by Miss Mabel Wright. Over sixty young people were present and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. After the contest, the time was spent in music and song.

EPISCOPAL.

The following clipping from a Northampton paper will be interesting to many Worcester people because the rector of the St. John's church, Rev. P. M. Washburn, is the son of Charles F. Washburn of this city.

George Bliss, the New York banker, and a native of Northampton, has made public this week the fact that he is to build St. John's society a fine house of worship. Nothing is yet known as to the cost, but there is no doubt but it will be one of the finest structures in the valley. The site is certainly one of the very best in town, and the wonder is that President Scelye did not get the property for Smith college, especially in view of the fact that the institution now owns on three sides of the place. Practically the new church will be on the college grounds, and possibly may be known as the college church. At any rate many of the girls have been crowding into the little dark-brown church across the railroad track. The popularity and real worth of the rector, Rev. P. M. Washburn, and the fact that three of the leading churches of the city are without pastors may have something to do with this increased attendance. Certain it is that the society needs more room. The society was organized back in 1826 and the present church was built in 1829, being mat-

erially enlarged in 1855. Since Mr Washburn took the parish the debt upon the handsome new rectory has been paid off and a small fund started toward a new church.

METHODIST.

The first meeting of the Methodist Social Union after the vacation was held Monday evening in Trinity vestry. The room was tastily decorated with bouquets of autumn leaves on the walls and wound around the pillars.

An excellent supper was provided by caterer C. S. Yeaw and at precisely 7:15 the President, A. S. Roe, called the meeting to order. The divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. J. D. Pickles, after which he led the singing of the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds." After supper the President introduced the Hon. L. T. Jeffs, President of the Boston Social Union. He referred to the presence of the ladies, contrasting the custom here with the Boston Union which invites the ladies only at every third meeting. He also spoke strongly of public free schools and America for Americans.

Rev. C. A. Littlefield, President of the Connecticut Valley Social Union rehearsed the progress of Methodism in the Connecticut Valley, giving statistics both of church and league. Albert J. Manchester, master of the Thayer school, and President of the Providence Social Union spoke of the lax interpretation of the Bible and the needs of farther development of Christian love. These three gentlemen were guests of the Union. Remarks were also made by the Hon. C. C. Corbin, and the Rev. E. T. Curnick of Webster.

The song by Miss Aileen Kennedy was finely rendered and was heartily applauded. There were many ministers present and it would have been pleasing to have heard from them; but the hour was late, and the meeting was closed by singing the doxology.

Trinity. An old fashioned union Love Feast was held in this church last week Friday evening. The pastors of all the Methodist Churches in the city were present. This is the first of a series of such meetings.

The following officers have been chosen by the Epworth Leagues for the coming year: TRINITY. President, Edward F. Miner; vice-president, O. M. Donaldson; secretary, Miss C. Eugena Wood; treasurer, Franklin B. Darfee; chairman of committees, religious, Mrs. G. H. Brackett; social, Mrs. John Legg; literary, Miss Mary A. Drake; finance, Wm. A. Warden. Chapter No. 584.

LAUREL ST. President, Sylvanus A. Walker; 1st vice-president, F. A. Whitman; 2d vice-president, Mrs. S. A. Walker; 3d vice-president, Miss Annie Hunter; 4th vice-president, Mrs. A. L. Sargent; secretary, John Dobie; treasurer, Fred Porter.

CORAL. Haven Chapter, No. 4206. President, G. W. Hastings; 1st vice-president, Carrie M. Bunce; 2d vice-president, Edelbert M. Howard; 3d vice-president, Mabel V. Stanhope; 4th vice-president, Mrs. E. R. Merrill; secretary, Nellie M. Knowles; treasurer, W. E. Higgins. Elections in November.

GRAVE. No. 582. President, Frank J. Metcalf; 1st vice president, Miss Cora D. E. Robinson; 2d vice president, W. T. Rogers; secretary, Mrs. A. S. Roe; treasurer, W. C.

Healy; auditor, F. N. Tainter; directors, Miss Edna Raod, D. K. Taber, W. A. Pentecost.

WEBSTER SQUARE. President, J. L. Thomas; 1st vice president, A. D. Stone; 2d vice president, Minnie Bacon; 3d vice president, Henry Guy; 4th vice president, Helen Guy; secretary, Etta Rawlins; treasurer, Hattie Tainter.

The following were the delegates that went to the annual convention at Portland. Trinity—Mr. and Mrs. John Legg, Mrs. W. E. Howe, Mrs. E. F. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Warden, Miss Florence D. Warden; Coral Street—Rev. J. O. Knowles, Mrs. H. C. Graton, Richard D. Murphy, Will E. Higgins, Miss Cora E. Perry, Miss Nellie M. Knowles; Webster Square—Rev. W. N. Richardson.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

Lothrop's Pleasant Street Opera House still continues to be the best paying theatrical venture in the city. The immense crowds which attend the evening performance attest the fact that the class of entertainments given is what the Worcester theater-going public has long wanted.

"Claire and the Forgemaster," a French society drama, in which Miss Kate Glassford and Mr. Charles Barringer are the particular shining stars, has been received with great favor. The costumes of the ladies and the stage settings are perfect. Each performance is preceded by a farce, chock-full of funny situations, entitled, "Slasher and Crasher," in which Lothrop's Comedy Company has an excellent opportunity to display its talent. The last performance will be given this afternoon and evening. Patrons will avoid the rush by securing the tickets in advance. Manager Armstrong has recently completed arrangements whereby it is now possible to purchase tickets in the large hall. Every need, necessary for the comfort and enjoyment of the audiences is looked after with eagle eye.

"A Legal Wrong," a melo-drama of intense interest, which was written and played by that well-known dramatic actor, Dominick Murray, in all the principal cities of America, will be the attraction next week. It is at present receiving its first presentation by Lothrop's Stock Company at the Lothrop Museum in Providence, with Miss Ethel Tucker in the leading role. Already a large number of seats have been secured by numerous theater parties.

Theater parties, by the way, are becoming very fashionable at this cozy little theater.

School and College.

WORCESTER, Oct. 11.

MR. ALFRED S. ROE, *Dialist*.—In this week's edition of LIGHT I noticed a statement to the effect that the Worcester High School foot ball eleven usually defeats the Dalzell School eleven in practice games. Allow me to state that of the three practice games, that have been played between the two schools, Mr. Dalzell's eleven has won every one with the following scores: First game, 12 to 6; second, 16 to 0; and third, 22 to 4.

Yours sincerely,

A PUPIL OF MR. DALZELL.

The above letter is referred to the High School correspondent.

LIGHT.

CURIOS CORNER

Why they are "Suckers."

The first settlements of Illinois were made in the southern portion of the state. The land was new and rich, and yielded abundantly with but little cultivation; but there were no means of transportation or markets, and money was scarce and hard to get, an old-fashioned picayune looking as big as the bottom of a half-bushel, and was carefully hoarded to meet some contingency. As a result of this state of things all the surplus population regularly every spring took up their line of march to the Galena lead-mines where they worked during Summer, and as regularly every Fall took up their line of march for their homes in the southern part of the state. This being the habit of that numerous family of fish called suckers, which then, as now, ascended the streams in the Spring and decend in the Fall, the bands of Illinois settlers fluctuating between their homes and the mines soon became known as suckers, and later on the name was generally applied, and Illinois became known as the Sucker state, and her people as Suckers.—Galesburg Register.

The First American Flag.

The first American flag that was saluted by any foreign nation is owned by Mrs. H. K. P. Stafford, of Cottage City, Mass. The flag has thirteen stripes and twelve stars. The patriotic ladies of Philadelphia presented it to John Paul Jones, whose name has become famous for the successful victories he gained for America. It floated from the mast of the Bon Homme Richard in its engagement with the English vessel Scrapis, and was shot away and fell into the water. Mr. James Bayard Stafford, father of Mrs. Stafford's husband, a lieutenant, jumped into the water and saved it from an untimely fate. He was wounded by a British sword and disabled for life. After the war was over the flag was presented to him for meritorious service. Three thousand dollars have been offered for these old "stars and stripes." It was exhibited at the centennial by Lieutenant Stafford's daughter. At the inauguration of President Harrison it was carried in the procession.—Congregationalist.

A well-known physician of Quebec went over to Ontario by request and prescribed for a patient. He has been fined \$100 for it, because he was not registered in Ontario.

After returning from the theatre at night, Mme. Bernhardt eats a light supper, at which only one hot dish is served. Her big meal of the day is her 12 o'clock breakfast.

Senator Palmer once worked for 25 cents a day on an Illinois farm, and afterwards learned the trade of a cooper. He paid his own way through college.

Uncle Benjamin.

The story is told that, once on a time, a certain family lived in the same house with a brother of General Butler. As frequently happens, the children of the respective households fell out, whereupon one of the little folks not a Butler, said, "Well, I wouldn't have a father that stole spoons." To which the Butler replied, "It wasn't our father that stole the spoons, that was Uncle Benjamin." This is not an ad. for Butler's book.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS
SOAP.



E. W. COFFIN,

Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

Worcester Coal Company,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

COAL. COAL.

General office, 18 Pearl St., Y. M. C. A. Building; Yards, 23 Manchester St. and 319 Southbridge St.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,

12 Layard Place, (Old Stand.) Worcester.

Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED

in a Superior Manner.

FOR

RELIABLE SHOES

at Fair Prices

Go to 16 FRONT STREET,

J. K. BROWN,

W. L. BROWN, Manager.

TRY *Bronner's*

ICE CREAM! Delivered to all parts of the City. Supplying Parties, Lodges, etc., a specialty. No. 131 Pleasant Street.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the
ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

MISS H. M. PROCTOR,
92 SUMNER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

Horace Kendall,

DEALER IN

Furniture, Ranges, Carpets

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

No. 319 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Mechanics Hall Building.

ORIGINAL. No. 57.

Graham Muffins

BY MARIA PARLOA.

For twelve muffins there will be required half a pint of graham, half a pint of flour, one generous tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful and a half of Cleveland's Baking Powder, one egg, and two gills and a half of milk.

Mix the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve. Turn the bran from the sieve into the mixture. Beat the egg till light and add the milk to it. Stir this into the dry mixture. Add the butter, melted, and beat well for half a minute. Bake in buttered muffin pans for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.—(Copyright, 1897, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.



Cleveland's Baking Powder is the antidyspeptic leavening agent. The leaven comes from cream of tartar and soda, nothing else; no ammonia or alum.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

11 Pleasant St.,

Dentists. Worcester, Mass

Residence, 61 West Street.

Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
10 FRONT STREET.

ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING

Room 1, Burnside Building, 339 Main St.
Machine Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold
on commission. MRS. S. M. KEYES.

THE : RESERVE

The only Weekly Paper published in the
interest of the

Sons and Daughters of Veterans,
Grand Army of the Republic,

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Per Year. * * \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.**Stuffed Eggs.**

Boil six egg fifteen minutes. Cut in halves, take out the yolks, mash fine, add a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of grated cracker; season with salt and pepper, rub together until smooth. Fill the hollows of the whites with the mixture and press together. Dip first in beaten raw egg, then in grated bread crumbs, then in the egg again, and lastly in bread crumbs. Fry in boiling lard. Serve hot with cream sauce.

In serving chocolate shake a very little cinnamon over the filled cup to make the beverage like the chocolate of Mexico and Havana Venison.

Have the steak cut about an inch thick. It may be cut from the loin or leg. For one pound of steak, put in the granite-ware dish one tablespoonful of butter. Place over the lighted lamp, and when the butter is so hot that it begins to color slightly, lay the steak in it and dredge lightly with salt and pepper. Cook for six minutes, turning the steak four times. Keep the dish covered while the steak is cooking. Serve on very hot plates. Cold boiled sweet or white potatoes, can be fried in another dish and served with the steak.

Another Method—Cook the steak the same as by the first receipt, but when it has been cooking for three minutes, add one table spoonful of currant jelly, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, a grain of cayenne and one whole clove. Stir this well in the dish. When serving the venison put a little of this gravy with each portion.

A Third Way—Slices of rare cold roast venison can be prepared the same as in either of the foregoing receipts, cooking them four minutes.

Waffles

Into three cups of flour stir one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one saltspoonful of salt. Then add two cups of milk, two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and, last of all, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in very little warm water. If the batter should prove too stiff, add a little more milk.

Some excellent taffy may be made by taking one quart of molasses, and a half a pound of butter, and boiling the two until the mass thickens. This will take about half an hour. Then stir with a spoon until, on taking out a little taffy, it becomes hard on immersion in cold water. Take half a teacup of vinegar, pour into the mass, and stir for a half a minute. Then pour the taffy into buttered tins, or dishes, and set aside to cool.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

Put into a bowl a cupful of powdered sugar; mash all the lumps; then put into it two teaspoonfuls of milk, stirring until smooth; add enough more milk, drop by drop, to bring the mass to about the consistency of cake batter, being thick enough not to run and thin enough to spread easily; add a few drops of flavoring rose or vanilla, as the case may be, and the frosting is made. If chocolate icing is desired, about an eighth of a cake of Baker's chocolate, broken in small pieces and allowed to melt in a tin on the back of the stove, may be briskly stirred in while warm.—Good Housekeeping.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles M. Rogers,

BAKERY, 166 PLEASANT STREET.



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CLOCKS, JEWELRY
& OPTICAL GOODS.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

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C. REBOLI,

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Mrs. S. H. Childs' Home-Made

GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE : WAFERS,
PINE : APPLE : WAFERS

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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.
Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its
branches promptly attended to. Telephone
Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at

HOWE'S TEA STORE,
273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of
fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine
drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60
cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak
for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a
pound. If you can be suited, we can do it.
Give us a call.

NEW * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

The * Bedroom.

The furniture of the Bedroom presents no great difficulties in the way of selection—the different prices being dictated by the requirements of the rest, and of the toilet. Walnut, Ash, Oak, Mahogany, Birch or other sets may be selected. It is unnecessary to state that the BEDSTEAD should be the most comfortable and convenient one you can afford to purchase.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads

are becoming very popular, and for this reason we have added to our large stock of chamber furniture an assortment of these goods that will compare favorably with any stock anywhere—and at reasonable prices.

BRASS BEDSTRADES,

IN CHOICE DESIGNS.

IRON BEDSTRADES,

IN WHITE OR COLOR.

IRON BEDSTRADES,

BRASS TRIMMED.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads

OF ALL KINDS.

IRON BEDSTRADES from \$8.50 upwards,

including Wire Mattress.

BRASS BEDSTRADES from \$34 upwards.

These Goods Now on Exhibition

Carpets!

We shall continue the sale of those heavy ALL WOOL carpets for this week only—price

51c A YARD.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

Beef Tea for Invalids.

Take a nice steak, remove all the fat, put it on a perfectly clean gridiron, over a clear bright fire, watch it that it may not brown, turn it two or three times until it is hot through, then cut it in small pieces and put the pieces in a lemon squeezer and press the meat juice quickly into a hot cup or bowl, in this way every drop can be extracted from the steak, season it carefully, and give it hot and the most delicate stomach will relish it. A few spoonfuls will be more nourishing than a cupful prepared in the ordinary way. D.

Oatmeal Gruel.

Mix four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal in a little cold water, then stir it into a quart of boiling water, cook twenty minutes, then add a little salt and sugar. D.

proves it.

Chicken Broth.

Take half a chicken, remove all the fat, break all the bones, boil half an hour in three pints water, season and strain it.

To prepare an egg for a sick person, beat the egg until very light, add seasoning to taste, then steam until thoroughly warm through. This will not take more than ten minutes, and the most delicate stomach can easily digest it.

Six hard shell clams, wash well, boil in one pint water for two minutes, strain carefully, if too salt, dilute with hot water.

How to Reduce Flesh.

Many people who are moaning to-day under a load of ungainly fat could, in one year, gain a form of symmetry and comfort. The plan used is very simple, needing only perseverance and patience. Any one trying these rules faithfully will, at the least, lose one pound of flesh per week. The plan has been tried with great success. To begin with, rise at seven o'clock, take a warm bath, then give the body a hard rubbing; for breakfast eat any kind of fruit in season, soft boiled eggs, oatmeal or hominy with fruit-sauce (no milk, meat, sugar, nor fish, allowed). One hour after breakfast, go through a course of physical exercises, which must be followed by another good rubbing; then take a half hour's rest, spend the day in active business or pleasure, but eat no lunch and dine at night upon fruit, or a few vegetables. Eat brown and rye bread, but eat no meat, no sweets, no liquids; the liquids of the fruit will quench the thirst sufficiently. Retire early, but first go through another course of rubbing that will be felt in every muscle and nerve centre of the body. If anyone will closely live by these rules and not get weary in well doing he will certainly lose those extra pounds that make a life a burden to him. D.

There are a number of ways of preparing beef for mince-meat, and several different cuts are used. The most common cut is a piece of the round which is boiled till tender. This makes a very good mince-meat. Cook-books sometimes recommend the use of beef tongue or the inside of a roasted sirloin, but this is so expensive that these pieces are seldom, if ever, made use of for this purpose.—Boston Budget.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.—Goldsmith.

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SAWYER & Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Full Line of

FIRE-PLACE • FURNISHINGS

Now Open.

WE ALWAYS

intend to be the first to show the new things in every branch of our business. We never had a better chance to prove our ability to do so than now. There is so much in Fire-Place goods that is new and good this year our stock had to be more than doubled to fairly represent the various manufacturers

WHICH

Brass or Old Iron decide the question for yourself either way you may be sure of finding at our stores *what* you want both in pattern and price

AND SPEAKING

of price—do you know—you can buy for less money to-day, in this particular line than ever before, should we tell you the reason of it you would decline to be interested. What concerns you is the actual money outlay—why *should* you care out of whose pocket the difference comes

AND SO WE SAY

Fenders, Andirons, Fire-sets, Bellows, Hearth-Brushes, Wood-Baskets, Screens, and all things that make up the furnishings of a Fire-Place—all the new patterns, both in Brass and Wrought Iron. Probably more in variety than you have ever seen to gether before at the best prices ever named

FOR DECORATING

Fine plain wood French bellows

NEW LINE

Brass Table Tea Kettles and 5 o'clock Teas

JAPANESE SCREENS

another new lot goes on sale this day, four and five fold of cloth and paper (Paper Hanging Department)

TRUE CHINA.

That's what the new Toilet Sets are. Twelve patterns, now shown for the first time new in color, shape, decoration and what is best of all "American" manufacture—not that we haven't sold American sets before, but we have never the equal of these in every way and very much doubt if anything so good made in this country has been shown before. Full Set complete with Jar, \$15.00

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Public Library Additions.

Remainder of books added during July.
I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

ALLEN, JOSEPH and LUCY CLARK, Northborough, Mass. Memorial by their children	34495
AMES, F. American leads at whist; with directions for play	1
Appalachian Mountain Club. Map of the country about Boston	1
BAHSON, J. J. Notes and additions to the History of Gloucester	1
BARBRETT, J. A. Evolution of the ordinance of 1787, etc., (Univ. of Nebraska Seminary papers)	1
CAULKINS, F. M. History of Norwich, Conn.	1
CLARK, E. History of the 7th Reg. of New York, 1806-1889, 2 vols.	1
CUDWORTH, W. H. History of the First Regt., Mass. Infantry, 1861-1865	1
CURRY, J. L. M. William Ewart Gladstone	34496
ELLIS, C. M. History of Roxbury town	1
Gentlemen; simple mundities	34492
GOSS, J. D. History of tariff administration in the U. S. (Stud. in hist., etc., vol. 1, No. 2)	1
Historical sketches and events in the colonization of America, etc.	1
JOKAI, M. "There is no devil;" a romance; tr. by F. Steinitz	1
JONES, U. J. History of the early settlement of the Juniata Valley	1
KINGSLEY, G. The Roman and the Teuton; lects. new ed. with pref. by F. M. Müller	34494
Letters of Brunswick and Hessian Officers during the Amer. Revolution; tr. by W. L. Stone	1
LEWES, G. H. Principles of success in literature; ed., with introd. by F. N. Scott	34497
LODGE, H. C. Boston (Historic towns)	34473
MACDONALD, E. Old Copp's Hill and burial ground; with hist. sketches	1
MACDONALD, G. There and back	34475
MCCARTHY, J. Sir Robert Peel (Prime ministers of Queen Victoria)	34474
MCLAUGHLIN, A. C. Lewis Cass (American statesman)	34476
MEAD, E. C. Genealogical history of the Lee family of Virginia and Maryland, 1300-1866	1
MILIN, A. L. and MILLINGEN, J. Peintures de vases antiques; pub. et com. par S. Reinach (Bibliothèque des monuments figurés Grecs et Romains)	1
MOORE, G. Impressions and opinions	34477
MOORE, S. T. Kyle's open gate	34478
MOULTON, R. G. Address on the University Extension movement A lecturer's notes on the working of University Extension	1
MULLER, F. The science of language, 2 vols.	34479 80
MUNTZ, E. Tapisseries, broderies, etc.: recueil de modes, auc. et mod. préc. d'une introd. (Bibliothèque internat. de l'art)	1
MURFRE, F. N. D. Felicia; a novel	34481
MURRAY, D. G. and HERMAN, H. He fell among thieves	34482
PARSONS, A. R. Parsifal; or Richard Wagner as theologian	34484
PATTERSON, H. Handbook to the U. S. Local Marine Board examination	34485
PERRY, L. C. From the garden of Hellas; translations from the Greek anthology	34486

P. G. W. Whist in diagrams; suppl. to American whist illustrated	34483
Rochester's official bi-centennial record, July 22, 1879	1
RUSSELL, H. Yawning (Delsarte ser., No. 1)	34498
SCHWAB, I. The Sabbath in history, part 1 2	1
SELHAMER, G. O. History of the American theater, vol. 3	1
SHAKESPEARE, W. Pericles, Prince of Tyre; introd. by A. Morgan (Bankside Shakespeare)	1
SLOSSON, A. T. Seven dreamers	34487
SMITH, W. and others. Dictionary of Greek and Roman antiquities, 3d ed. rev. and enl. vol. 2	1
Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, commonly called "The Harvard Annex"; story of its beginning and growth, etc.	1
SOTELDO, A. M. Spanish grammar	34499
Speaker's Garland, The, vol. 7; 100 choice selections, Nos. 25-28	1
STEAD, W. T. The story that transformed the world; the Passion Play, 1890	1
STILLÉ, F. G. Life and times of John Dickinson, 1732-1868 (Hist. Soc. of Penn.)	34488
STOCKTON, F. R. and others. Eleven possible cases	34489
TAYLOR, B. C. Annals of the classics of Bergen	1
University extension; its definition, history, organization, etc.	1
UTTIET, M. G. (ps. Maxwell Gray) In the heart of the storm	34490
WASHBURN, E. W. Studies in early English Literature	34500
WATERS, H. F. Emancipation of the English ancestry of George Washington	1
WHITMORE, H. Free Masonry in No. America; also history of Masonry in New York, 1730-1888	1
Why I am what I am	34493
WILKINSON, W. C. The epic of Saul Webster, W. The actor; and other speeches	34491
Woodbridge record; account of the descendants of Rev. John Woodbridge of Newbury, Mass., comp. from the papers left by L. Mitchell	1
YOUNG, A. W. History of Chautauqua Co. N. Y.	1

Womans' Club.

This organization held the first meeting of the season in Colonial Hall, Wednesday. Owing to the illness and consequent absence of the President, Mrs. Abbie L. Stone, the chair was occupied by Mrs. Eliza D. Robinson, Vice President. Mrs. Emma G. Hall was elected corresponding secretary. Spanish Literature was the theme for discussion, Miss Annie Russell Marble reading a paper on Spanish Prose and Mrs. Annie McMurray one on Spanish Poetry while Mrs. S. E. Lawton illustrated the poetry in song. Kindergarten will be discussed at the next meeting, Oct. 28.

Merriam-Smith.

At the residence of the bride's parents, No. 68 Portland street, Wednesday, Miss Anna L. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Smith was married to Mr. Wilton H. Merriam, son of Deacon W. H. Merriam, Secretary of the Knowles Loom Works. Dr. A. Z. Conrad of the Old South Church, was the officiating clergyman. The presents were numerous and valuable, including deeds of real estate to the amount of \$1,000 from Deacon Merriam. Both of the young people are graduates of the W. H. S. when Mr. Merriam went to the Worcester Polytechnic. Their residence will be at 938 Main street.

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Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bldg.

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is no larger or better stock of Hosiery and Underwear in this city than ours. We carry complete lines of both for men, women and children. There is nothing left out that ought to be here. Customers are surprised at the large amount of space we have given to these departments. We will still further surprise you by frequently giving special bargains for reliable goods at from one-half to three-fourths the usual prices.

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A Great Chance:

LADIES' ASTRACHAN TRIMMED REEFER JACKETS purchased by me at a great sacrifice to the makers, will be offered this week at only **\$7.50.**

These garments would be considered cheap at \$10.75 and they are sold elsewhere at a much higher price. Come early, as this is a bargain that cannot last many days.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,
Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.

WORCESTER CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

The 14th Annual Meeting will be held in Room 6, Mechanics Hall,

MONDAY, 19TH INST.

at 7.30 p. m. Officers will be elected, the 23d series offered at \$1 a share, and about \$10,000 loaned. Dues received and shares sold at the office, Walker Building, Room 122. The dividend just made is at the rate of 6% per cent.

STEPHEN C. EARLE, Pres.
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Commencing June 7, 1891,

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LEAVE BOSTON.	AR. NEW YORK.
10 13 A. M.	3 30 P. M.
12 12 A. M.	5 30 P. M.
5 06 P. M.*	10 00 P. M.
12 29 A. M.*	6 45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

▲ S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Fashion.

A becoming and very stylish skirt for stout figures, that can be made of either silk or woolen, has a full, straight back, side plaited to meet in the middle and fan outward to the foot. The front is inlaid; that is the selvages of the front breadth are turned forward to meet in the center of the top and fastened, leaving them loose below, so as to close when the wearer stands and open when she sits. A straight breadth is sewed to each selvage, and the seams bound with inch-wide ribbon or galloon; or finished with two rows of machine stitching, half an inch apart. These breadths are simply joined to the back breadths, or laid in a side-plait, turning forward, farther toward the back and the edge finished as in front, at the option of the wearer. For a very stout figure a breadth can be inlaid at the sides, as in front. The foot is finished with a plain or machine-stitched hem; the latter when the seam are stitched.—Spectator.

OLD-FASHIONED jewelry is again coming in vogue. Garnets, which, though not expensive are among the most becoming and ornamental of stones, are entirely restored to favor, and it is said that the long forgotten onyx, the amethyst, and even the curiously-veined malachite will reappear, this winter. Formerly, pearl, onyx and malachite were conceded to be the property of the house decorator rather than of the jeweler. But some specimens of these stones have much artistic value. Wider bracelets and necklaces are seen, and it seems probable that the heavy bands which looked much like handcuffs may once more be considered beautiful. In short, this is a time to ransack old jewel boxes, and bring out whatever oddities lie hidden there.—Fashion.

STILL THE RIVER GLIDES AWAY.

Autumn lays are fast advancing,
Fields and meadows now are brown,
Cryer hues are yet enhancing
Fairest Autumn's golden crown.
Still the river keeps its pleasure,
Spreading leaves and blossoms wide,
While the Summer's fullest measure
Yields to Autumn's coming tide.
Aye! the river runs forever
Mirroring now the Autumn day,
And though seasons thus may sever
Still the river glides away.

Here CherrieTree.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

The Cloak Room crowded from morning till night—

Crowded with eager buyers,
Ladies who wanted good garments,
Stylish garments—
Reliable garments—
Full length garments—

At the fair prices, the ladies are always ready to pay for a perfect thing.

We have no need of a seemingly common prices in order to win your favor.

There may be some in this city of Worcester who are influenced by the cry of *something for nothing*.

There are ever so many more who seek first substance, quality and style before they care enough to ask the price.

The best *Outside Garments* made for sensible women have long been found here.

They are here now.

No one questions our high quality.

We have splendid garments in full lengths made this year, made perfectly, trimmed properly, fit you as they should, at the price you are willing to pay for goodness.

We avoid the driftwood of the market.

We leave that sort of thing to those who prefer it.

We give you *garments* that you will be proud to wear, and we charge you the proper price for them.

You need not expect to get something for nothing here, or rather the pretense of it.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.



Week Commencing MONDAY, Oct. 19.
Every Afternoon and Evening.

Miss * Ethel * Tucker,
Supported by LOTHROP'S STOCK CO.,
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"The Yankee Peddler."

GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA.

Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2.
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PRICES:

Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c.
You can secure seats for any performance,
one week in advance. Box Office open daily
from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.



High School.

Already there is talk among the Seniors as to the class presidency. Already six or seven names have been mentioned in connection with the office. The election promises to be spirited and will furnish a topic of conversation for weeks to come.

Mr. Perry has experienced some difficulty in arranging to meet his classes in the evening lately. Either the weather has been cloudy or the moon bright, thus interfering with the viewing of the stars.

Miss Mary L. Bridgeman's classes in English Literature is at present pursuing the study of Shakespeare's "Henry Fifth."

At the meeting of the Glee Club held last week, Miss Florence Everett was elected club pianist for the ensuing year. There were one hundred and ten members present.

Miss Carrie Stockwell, formerly of the class of '93, but now at the Framingham Normal School, visited the school Monday.

The school has a novelty in the form of a new necktie. It is the invention of Mr. Geo. Hawthorn of the class of '92. One day the past week his entire recess was taken up in trying his new idea.

Miss Marguerite Marble, a daughter of Mr. A. P. Marble, has returned to school, after a year's absence on account of ill health.

Our worthy janitor, along with his other duties, cannot resist the temptation to study. He can be seen every morning in his office, eagerly scanning the pages of the Boston Globe.

Miss M. Edith Sessions wishes it stated that pressure of other duties will prevent her joining the Glee Club the coming year.

A galaxy of pleasing faces greeted President Witherby last Friday night as he called the meeting of the Summer Club to order. Before him sat about twenty members of the Aletheia, among whom were: Winona Taylor, Mabel West, Vida Newton, Florence Goddard, Alice Spaulding, Alice Foster, Edith Perry, Susie Fisher, Grace Morse, Clara Harrington, Bessie Keith, Alice Babcock. The young ladies were under the care of Miss Carrie A. Townsend and enjoyed the following excellent program rendered by the club: Reading, "Montogpaw," J. F. Monroe; paper, "America, Her Prospect and Career," F. E. Gilbert; declamation, "Pleading Extraordinary," A. F. Parrott; reading, "Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe," C. C. White; Question: "Resolved, that the United States Congress should restrict voters and not the States." Affirmative, W. L. Sprague, E. W. Goodell and H. H. Hill; negative, C. E. Andrews, E. C. Witherby and D. G. Burrage. The question, after a fierce debate, was decided in the negative by a vote of eight to six. The members of the club think it would not be a bad idea to have the young ladies come up to every meeting. Previous to their going to the Summer Club meeting, the young ladies of the Aletheia held their meeting in room 6, and carried out the following program: Piano solo,

Miss L. Jackson; paper, "Life of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps;" Miss Alice Foster; reading, Miss Alice Gates; poetical medley, Miss Florence Goddard; Question: "Resolved, that literary men have done more for the world than warriors." Affirmative, Misses Perry and West; negative, Misses Taylor and Topanelian. The question was decided in the affirmative. Next week Friday, the club will have an "open meeting" in the school hall. All are invited.

The meeting of the Eucleia was well attended and with Mr. Chas. J. Hickey in the chair, the club listened to the following well-rendered program: Declamation, "The Lesson of War," M. Curran; declamation, "Sheridan's Ride," J. Gannon; paper, "The Chilean Rebellion," W. J. Foran; declamation, "The Martyr," F. McDermott. Question: "Resolved, that the liquor traffic in this State should be abolished." Affirmative, W. E. D. Stone, C. F. Leonard; negative, C. E. Dowd, T. C. Carrigan, P. J. McLaughlin, W. J. Foran. The question was decided in the negative.

The Assembly meeting was full of interest from beginning to close. The declamations were well prepared and the debate justly sustained on either side. The report: "The Grain Crops of '91," F. E. Knowles; oration, "Civil Service Reform," J. F. McGrath; extempore address, G. W. Elinwood. Question: "Resolved, that we find more worthy of praise than blame in the character of Oliver Cromwell." Affirmative, H. R. Larkin, W. L. Pentecost, John Reid; negative, G. W. Field, W. W. Branam, H. L. Belisle. The question was finally decided in the negative.

G. T. W.

Boston University.

Last Spring the trustees appropriated \$100,000 for an addition to the medical school building. The work is now going on rapidly and it is hoped that the building will be ready for occupancy by next Spring. This is much larger than the original school building and will contain the physiological and microscopical laboratories, the library, a museum, and a number of lecture rooms.

"This year the three years' medical course will be discontinued and hereafter four years of professional study will be required before promotion to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Up to this year the four years' course has been optional.

Dr. Borden P. Bowne, professor of philosophy at the College of Liberal Arts is at work on a text book on Logic, and the manuscript is nearly ready for the printers.

This year the classes in Psychology and Theism are required to present original theses on prescribed subjects. Each member of the class in Esthetics this term will be required to write fourteen papers of four or five hundred and a thousand words each. A change is also made in the United States constitution class. Instead of using Wilson's "The State," as formerly, Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is the principal text book, and Wendell's "Comparative View of Government" is used for comparing the United States Government with the government of England, France and Germany.

Polytechnic.

Hon. J. H. Walker will give a talk upon the

Pilgrim Question, before the Senior Class in the chapel at 8.30 Monday morning. All other students are invited.

The W. P. I. eleven plays that of the Cambridge Manual Training School at Worcester Oval this afternoon. This game was arranged at the last moment, to take the place of one previously fixed upon with Brown Varsity, and which had to be given up because of the latter's inability to come. The eleven expects to play Harvard Freshman the 21st at Cambridge, and Wesleyan Nov. 18th at Middle town.

Church Choirs.

The sacred oratorio of "The Pilgrim," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, will be given by the choir of Pilgrim Church, in the church, early in December, under the direction of J. Vernon Butler. Rehearsals have begun, and singers who would like to take part in the production are requested to apply at once to the director.

In Association Hall, Thursday evening, the Worcester Ideal Concert Company gave a highly satisfactory concert under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The artists taking part were, E. P. Crierie, the vocalist; Mrs. Lizzie S. Bowen, reader; Miss Alma L. Collins, contralto; Frank A. Lalone, cornetist; Miss Clara H. Burnham, pianist. The good-sized audience which attended was very much pleased with the program and encores were frequent.

About thirty Marlboro visitors were present at Queen Esther Lodge, Daughters of Rebecca, Thursday night.

Alderman Warren C. Jewett reported slowly convalescent.

Wall—Stevens.

Tuesday evening James H. Wall and Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens were quietly married, Rev. Calvin Stebbins officiating. He was assisted by Rev. Geo. G. Craft, of the first Baptist Church. After a short trip they will return to make this city their home.

Mrs. N. D. Warden.

Mrs. Narcissa (Davis) Warden, widow of John Warden, died Wednesday, the 14th inst, at 4.45 p.m., at her home, No. 95 Park Street. Here she had lived for above forty-six years. Her age was 79 years, 10 months and 15 days. She was born in Orange, Mass., and June 14, 1837, was married to John Warden, who was formerly a tailor in this city, conducting a business on the site of the present Richmond Block, but later in life dealt in real estate. He died in 1865. The Wardens were early Methodists in Worcester, belonging to the old church, once standing in the Meadows, corner of Exchange and Union Streets burned in 1844. Later they were at Park Street and Mrs. Warden was one of the constituent members of Trinity. In her day, she was one of the active, progressive Christians in that body. She has not been well since Thanksgiving, whence her final illness seems to date. She leaves three children, Abbie L., Mrs. Charles H. Carpenter of J. H. Clarke & Co., Mr. John D. Warden of Fall River and Mr. Wm. A. Warden of Worcester. Her funeral is held today at 11 a.m., at her late residence.

The Week.

CITY.

Oct. 9—Republican Senatorial Convention. David Manning, Esq., nominated.
Henry A. Denny celebrates 85th birth-day.
Annual reunion of Rebel Prison Survivors.

10—Great Athletic meet on Worcester Oval at the Lake.

Judge Uley decides in favor of Street Railroad vs. Boyden who proffered transfer check, though not on the next car. Appealed.

Salem Copeland dies at No. 2 Wachusett Street, 76 years.

11—Democratic Representative caucuses. Nominee, Ward A. Jacob C. Hooper; Ward 2, Fred S. Dearborn; Ward 3, Eugene M. Moriarty; Ward 4, James H. Mellen; Ward 5, James F. Melavan; Ward 6, Charles J. O'Hara; Ward 7, Richard Matthews; Ward 8, C. F. Aldrich.

Democratic County Convention—Meeting of Methodist ministers in Grace Church.

Methodist Social Union at Trinity Church.

13—Continentalists start on their annual excursion, this time to New York.

Prohibitionists nominated John A. Sherman for the State Senate.

14—Barn of John G. Jefferd's in Quinsigamond burned, 13 valuable horses suffocated. Democrats hang out a campaign banner over Main Street.

15—Reunion of the 25th Regiment. A good turn out.

H. B. Wellington buried from the Universalist Church in Rural Cemetery.

The Continentalists reach home from their annual outing.

COUNTY.

Oct. 9 Oxford preparing for the largest G. A. R. fair ever held in town.

Governor Russell addresses Clinton democrats.

Francis Hagar of Upton dies, 80 years.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pease celebrate silver wedding in Spencer.

12—Harvard has a large peach crop.

13—The county affords little but political news at present.

Mrs. Eunice Clark dies in Uxbridge, 77 years.

14—G. A. R. Fair begins in Oxford.

15—Worcester Central County Grange holds all day meeting in Auburn.

COMMONWEALTH.

Oct. 8—Dr. William Carroll Emerson, assistant instructor in chemistry at Harvard Medical School, dies.

9—Endowment order of the Red Cross encounters more trouble.

10—Governor Russell in Springfield.

Hon. Chas. H. Allen not improving so rapidly as could be wished.

11—Boston raids Chinese gambling houses.

League formed in Boston to suppress "Sweating" system.

12—Wm. F. Barrett, after a hot contest, renominated for the legislature in Melrose.

13—First issue of the Boston Post under its new management.

14—Ex-Speaker Reed of Maine addresses a Republican rally in Music Hall, Boston.

Order of the Red Cross enjoined from doing business by Justice Dunbar.

Bishop Phillips Brooks consecrated in Trinity Church, Boston.

17—Dr. R. S. Storr's re-elected president of the American Board.

NATION.

9—The Cleveland baby will be Ruth.

10—U. S. S. Dispatch wrecked on Assateague Shoal.

Sugar and cotton in the South below an average crop.

11—The President's private secretary Halford dangerously ill.

13—J. W. Narramore, a Wesleyan Senior, missing since September 30.

Earthquake in California.

13—Providence will have no more licensed sparring matches.

A schooner launched in Providence, the first in twenty years.

14—Mrs. Julia Benson of New Haven reaches the age of 100 years.

Worcester Continentalists happy in New York.

15—Fly wheel, 40 feet in diameter bursts in factory in Manchester, N. H. Mill wrecked and several lives lost.

WORLD.

9—Labor troubles in Brazil.

Famine and fever devastating the Volga Valley.

Prof. Benj. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar of Oxford, dangerously ill.

10—Parnellites assault John Dillon in Dublin.

Prof. Jebb of Oxford elected to Parliament.

11—Parnell buried amid a great display of mourning.

12—After all, Parnell's death does not end the factional fight.

Heavy storms prevailing on the Atlantic.

13—China protests against Russian aggression. Instead of acquiring more territory, Russia should care for what she already has.

14—Freight Steamer Citta di Roma, from New Orleans, lost. Captain and First Officer drowned.

15—England suffering from severe storms. The worst in years.

J. Brainard Hall has been to Washington, looking after Pension Business.

J. P. Crosby has visited the Nation's Capital to see about lodgings for Post 10 at the next Encampment.

Miss Ida F. Thayer and Mrs. L. J. Kendall returned this week to their homes in Tatnuck, from Belfast, Me., where they spent a very pleasant week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edgecomb, Mrs. E. was a resident of our city several years previous to her marriage. They visited several places of note and made the ascent of Mount Percival in Northport, where a fine view of the sunrise was obtained.

Miss Minnie Flagg of Holyoke is visiting her cousin, Mrs. George A. Thayer, Austin Street.

WEDNESDAY, October, 14, '91

TO THE EDITOR OF LIGHT—I flash you a glint of rude sunshine for your LIGHT, which

I found in a letter from a friend at Washington, D. C., who, last week, heard the "Poet Scout" recite the following rhymes which are without publication, but I am favored with a copy, signed, J. W. Crawford, ("Capt. Jack.")

J. L. L.

Sunshine Behind the Cloud.

I never like to see a man 'erassin' with the damps
Cos' in the game of life he doesn't always ketch 'em
But I can always cotta 'em a fair sized squawp
Who takes his clothes and thanks the Lord it isn't any wass.

The're aint no think'ing and sweatin' at yer back
Yer can't expect the troubles mo'n yer own show'n
think.

Remember when beneath the leaf I yet a fern heard
to bow'd

That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud
If you should see a fellow man with troubles 'n' be unfur'd
An' lookin' like he did not hav'na friend in all the world,
Go up and slay him on the back an' 'feller. "How d'ye do?"

An' grab his hand so warm, he'll know he has a friend
in 'em.

Then ax 'im what's a hortic' 'n' and hush his cares
away.

An' tell him that the darkest night is just before the day
Don't talk in gray-ward palver, but say it right out loud.

That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.
This world at best's but a flash of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny, and some are shashed
with rain.

An' that's just what it order be, for when the clouds roll
by.

We'll know how to 'preciate the bright and sunny day.
Then learn to take it as it comes, an' don't sweat at the pores.

Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours.
So always keep rememberin' when 'ares your path
is shord

That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.
J. W. CRAWFORD, ("CAPT. JACK.")

IOOO M IOOO

One thousand questions and answers on United States History Civil Government, Literature and Finance by

Richard H. Mooney, A. M.,

Principal of the Quinsigamond Grammar School, Worcester, Mass.

It will stimulate a love for history, literature, politics and public affairs.

A. P. MARBLE, Ph. D.,
Superintendent of Schools, Worcester.

Suggestive to teachers and valuable as a remembrancer. E. H. RUSSELL,
Principal of the State Normal School at Worcester.

Clear in statement of all that is of interest in our history as a nation.

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Every child in the land ought to be compelled to commit it to memory.

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It refashes the mind with a ready and accurate knowledge of our history.

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It is a treasure. GEO. F. BAUM, M. D.,
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Valuable to student, teacher and public.

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Just the book for examinations. *Gazette*.
Convenient Source of reference. *Sph.*

Mental jukebox. *Light*.
Unique and instructive. *Telegraph*.

For sale at the bookstores, only 50 cents, and by the author.

Amateur Sport.

Success was stamped upon every feature of the Worcester Athletic Club's first open handicap meeting at its Oval at Lake View last Saturday. Never before in Worcester and not many times in New England has there been gathered together such an array of athletic talent. All the leading athletic clubs of New England and the two largest in New York entered their best men and, though some of them who had b been expected failed to come, enough champions did come to satisfy everybody.

The immense crowd which filled almost to overflowing the grandstand and bleachers was intensely enthusiastic and, yet, it was not partial by bestowing its applause on local men alone. Credit was given wherever it was due without regard to the emblem worn by the contestant. Zimmerman, especially, was a favorite, many in the grandstand forgetting, in their desire to see him win in spite of his severe handicap, the local men in those events. Queckberner and Curtis were also favorites, as well as Remington and George.

The Worcester Club's athletes made a very remarkable showing, being beaten in number of points scored only by the Boston A. A. and the Trimount A. C. Donahue's success was particularly pleasant. That he would win both of the shorter dashes, and that Freeman, another Worcester Club man, should take the second prizes of the same events, nobody had dared to hope. But that was just what happened. The winning by Allison of the first prize in the half-mile was also very agreeable to Worcester people, though it was not as great a surprise as the running of W. H. Fuller, who won third prize in the forty-four yards run. Before this season he has never been a contestant in running events but has devoted his attention to the jumps, in which he has been quite successful. But in the members' games during September he ran in the half and quarter-mile runs. In the former, with a handicap of forty-five yards he was a winner with a record of 2 minutes 11.5 seconds. In the quarter mile, with a handicap of eighteen yards he was a very close second to Bigelow who won in 51 seconds. Judging from these records, many of his friends expected to see him run well last Saturday, but when, with a start of only twenty-five yards on Remington and ten yards on Finneran, he led until within twenty yards of the finish and crossed the line a close third, they were very agreeably surprised. With a little more experience, Fuller will make a strong quarter and half mile runner.

The summary of the games is as follows:

120 yards hurdle. 1st, P. J. Finneran, B. A. A., 10 yards penalty, 18 sec.; 2nd, R. G. Brown, B. A. A., scratch; 3rd, E. B. Bloss, B. A. A., 3 yards penalty.

100 yards dash. 1st, J. J. Donahue, W. A. C., 2 1/2 yds., 10 1/5 sec.; 2nd, J. C. Freeman, W. A. C., 8 yds.; 3rd, A. E. Martin, Mel. A. C., 1-2 yd.

One-mile bicycle. 1st, T. H. Connelly, T. A. C., 200 yds., 2m. 30 3/5 sec.; 2nd, R. W. Taylor, Mel. A. C., 200 yds.; 3rd, John Paulson, Col. C. C., 250 yds.

One-mile walk. 1st, M. J. Doyle, T. A. C., 45 sec., 7 m. 24 3/5 sec.; 2nd, W. A. Beaudette, W. A. C., 60 sec.; 3rd, H. L. Curtis, M. A. C., scratch.

440 yards run. 1st, M. Remington, M. A. C., scratch, 50 3/5 sec.; 2nd, Finneran, B. A. A., 15 yds.; 3rd Fuller, W. A. C., 25 yds.

One-mile run. 1st, A. B. George, M. A. C., 15 yds., 4m. 20 3/5 sec.; 2nd, G. H. Hodgkins, T. A. C., 50 yds.; 3rd, J. M. Gallagher, W. A. C., 85 yds.

220 yards hurdle. 1st, Finneran, B. A. A., scratch, 26 4/5 sec.; 2nd, J. H. Clausen, B. A. A., 10 yds.; 3rd, A. E. Martin, Mel. A. C., scratch.

Two-mile bicycle. 1st, Connelly, T. A. C., 350 yds., 5m. 24 1/5 sec.; 2nd, R. W. Taylor, Mel. A. C., 350 yds.; 3rd, John Paulson, Col. C. C., 400 yds. Zimmerman, scratch man, made the mile in 5 m. 38 2/5 sec.

220 yards dash. 1st, Donahue, W. A. C., 7 yds., 22 1/5 sec.; 2nd, Freeman, W. A. C., 16 yds.; 3rd, Allen French, B. A. A., 10 yds.

Half-mile run. 1st, W. H. Allison, W. A. C., 25 yds., 2 m. 1 1/5 sec.; 2nd, E. L. White, T. A. C., 12 yds.; 3rd, Dadmun, M. A. C., scratch.

Running high jump. 1st, H. L. Hallock, M. A. C., scratch, 5 ft. 9 3/4 in.; 2nd, P. C. Sturgel, T. A. C., 5 in.; 3rd, T. Porter, Mel. A. C., 7 in.

Putting 16 pound shot. 1st, F. H. Scott, Met. A. C., 5 ft. 43 ft.; 2nd, D. Long, B. A. A., 3 ft. 6 in.; C. A. J. Queckberner, M. A. C., scratch.

Running broad jump. 1st, E. B. Bloss, B. A. A., 6 in., 21 ft. 6 1/2 in.; 2nd, P. C. Sturgel, T. A. C., 2 ft. 3 in.; 3rd, J. H. Adams, W. A. C., 1 ft. 4 in.

Pole vault. 1st, P. C. Sturgel, T. A. C., 10 in., 9 ft. 9 1/2 in.; 2nd, Finneran, B. A. A., 12 in.; 3rd, E. W. Kingsley, W. A. C., 6 in.

Throwing 16 pound hammer. 1st, D. Long, B. A. A., 20 ft., 120 ft. 9 in.; 2nd, Queckberner, M. A. C., scratch; 3rd, R. G. Brown, B. A. A., 30 ft.

The record of the clubs is as follows: Boston A. A., 4 firsts, 5 seconds, 3 thirds; Trimount A. C., 4 firsts, 4 seconds; Worcester A. C., 3 firsts, 3 seconds, 3 thirds; Manhattan A. C., 1 first, 2 second, 3 thirds; Melrose A. C., 2 seconds, 3 thirds; Metropole A. C., 1 first; Columbia C. C., 2 seconds.

THE OUTLET OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JOHN C. CRANE.

Sault Ste. Marie, (Soo St Mary) is an historical place. Situated at the outlet of Lake Superior, it has ever been an important point in the history of our country. It is reached by going up Lake Huron or by the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal. The writer visited this place famed in history in August last, going over the latter route.

For sometime previous to reaching the Soo, we had traversed a wild and desolate wilderness, climbing up the rocky heights that be-tokened that presence of minerals. At last we reached the station on the Canadian side and soon on we go over the great inter-colonial bridge that separates that point from the American shore. After crossing the rapids at the outlet, we find ourselves once more beneath the stars and stripes, and submit to be overhauled by the custom officer.

The Soo, as it is called for short, has a population of about 10,000, which is somewhat scattered. Here is the great ship canal that makes it possible for vessels from Duluth and other ports on Lake Superior, to find their way to the Atlantic. At this place a grand view is obtained of the lake and the numerous craft afloat on its waters. Many of the early French missionaries had here their field among the Indians in their labor of love. From this

point in 1820, General Lewis Cass entered Superior with his canoes, on an expedition to find, if possible, the source of the Mississippi river. Over the great lake he made his way to its head and thence overland to Sandy Lake Minnesota. From that point he sailed to where its waters entered the river. He then pushed his way up as far as Cass lake, which was the highest point reached by him. Twelve years later Schoolcraft was at Sault Ste. Marie with another expedition for the same purpose. He pursued nearly the same journey as the former, and entered the Mississippi at the same point. Schoolcraft, however, was more fortunate than Cass in his explorations, for he succeeded in going beyond Cass lake (or as once known upper Red Cedar) and fixed the source of our greatest river in Itasca.

The traveler who visits Sault Ste. Marie cannot but be much interested in the place, on account of the part it bore in the early settlement of our country, and the important place it occupies as the outlet of the nation's greatest lake, and also being the junction of three important railroads of Canada and the great Northwest.

The Sault, or Rapids (Falls of St. Mary) was in early times the place where many councils were held with the Indians as it was for a long time, the stronghold of the Chippeways. The town was originally settled by the French fur traders and in 1820, there were not over twenty dwellings of the whites here. The bed of the falls or rapids is rocky and the excavations that have been going on for some time, have left on the shores for a long distance, masses of the red sandstone which attract the attention of the visitor. Peculiar white-stones are numerous here and at other points on Lake Superior water-worn into curious shapes, some of which were secured as mementoes of our visit. At the "Bawating" Falls of the Chippeways a ship canal was built in 1853, and in 1870 great improvements were made, the entire cost amounting to \$5,000,000. Two others are now in process of construction as well as a new lighthouse of magnificent proportions.

Sault Ste. Marie was the ancient capital of the Chippeways, and even to this day their descendants are found here, telling of the departed glory of their forefathers. A day spent at this place will yield to the student a rich fund of historical information. No point is more prolific in Indian traditions and reminiscences of the days of the early fur traders than this, now abridged as "The Soo."

A glory departed—the Chippeway tells Of deeds of his fathers, at the Sault's wild hills. Of desperate contests on land and on lake With the foe who sought their stronghold to take. But the smoke of their battles long since died away. And the Chippeway passed from the Bawatings spray To his future home, that he still doth hold, Where he dreams of the glory of the days of old.

Joseph Cook.

The lecture of Joseph Cook for the benefit of the Hope Church in Association Hall, October 26 should not be overlooked. "The Modern Wonders of the World."

Womans' Relief Corps.

This highly useful auxiliary to the Grand Army will hold a fair in G. A. R. hall Oct. 29, 30, 31st. Their efforts to assist in caring for veterans are worthy the support of every citizen of Worcester.

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in French, German and Art.
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in Gymnastics, Elocution and Physical Culture.

Pilgrim Gymnasium secured for the use of the School. Classes will form there soon. Any, whether otherwise connected with the school or not, may join classes in gymnasium; also in Music, Art, German, Italian, French, Literature or other branches. Call or send for information to MISS KIMBALL, Home School.

DANCING
GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Matton will re-open her classes dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m.
Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from range 5. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Matton at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 7 to 9.
For terms and further particulars all or address Mrs. Matton. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Gorham Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence; call 453-5.

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MISS CAMILLE M. CLARK,
a pupil of
GEO. L. OSGOOD, OF BOSTON,
is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,
at her residence, No. 23 John Street.

*** MR. ANDERSON, ***
Will give instructions in
SINGING
at his Studio,
NOWLES BUILDING, 518 MAIN ST.,
ON
ONDAYS, * FRIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,
From 12 to 6 P. M.
A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.

Dawn!
An Apostrophe to Our Flag.

BY F. O. EVERETT.

Shine there! Enfranchise! Emboldened by Liberty's Hope, and her loftiest aims! The peevish purpling shrines Of the clouds softly curling, till dim in the grey Of the morning, afar to the East, come the fins Of the pickets of day, as they sweep O'er the hills and the valleys, asleep.

And touch them with soft salutation. See! the King Sends his greeting! O flag, with thy stars and thy stripes;

As with sparkles of joy and of life all awing He flings showers of wealth on thy azure, and lights Up the blush of thy white-silk fold, With his deep tissue-impress of gold.

Wave then thee three arms in salute! Unbosom thy stars! Thou art woven with wonderful beauty for men! While the air's deep pulsations through loyal huzahs Send to thrill with allegiance again and again. Still thy holiest mission shall be 'U'nto all men the flag of the free!

Floot there! Supreme! A nation's grand heritage! Proud

Of thy ransoms from war's wild alarms! Free! free As the winds that from Heaven's wild battlements crowd To envelop thy folds in the great crystal sea Of the morning. Bright glisten thy stars To triumphant release from all scars! Boston, Oct. 12th.

Mr. Sidney Patterson and family of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mrs. Patterson's father, Mr. Frank Towle of Crystal Street. Mr. P. is superintendent of electric railways in the capital. Mrs. Pasterson was Miss Rosa K. Towle. They have three interesting children.

Lynch—White.
Daniel Lynch of Boylston was married, Wednesday, in the Congregational church of that town to Mrs. Hattie L. White, for some time a teacher in the Worcester public schools. The first marriage in the church for more than fifty years.

The late Emperor William objected to the Banker Bleichroeder, and it was only by dint of pressure exercised upon venerable his majesty by Bismarck that Bleichroeder and his daughter were very reluctantly invited to court balls. Once his guests, the old monarch determined that the banker and Miss Bleichroeder should be hospitably treated, and finding that the young lady lacked partners and was left to sit out all the dances, he himself in person ordered every young officer whom he met in the ball-room to invite her to dance. Much to their annoyance the gilded youths of the Guard were forced to obey. They did so after their own fashion, however, and, marching up to the lady one after another, they exclaimed in far from engaging or affable tones: "Most gracious Fraulein, by the commands of his imperial and royal majesty I invite you to dance with me." The poor girl's mortification may be more easily imagined than described.

Pity and forbearance should characterize all acts of justice.—Franklin.

And yet, and yet I know
Out of the dark must grow
Sommer or later whatever is fair,
For the heavens have willed it so!
—Anon.

LAWRENCE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 22.

DEWEY * STREET * CHURCH,
a Harvest Supper will be served at 6 p. m. At 8 p. m. a lecture will be delivered by
MR. A. S. ROE
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IT'S YOUR SUIT NOW.

October is hurrying fast. It won't be long before the November frosts will be with us, and the question of your WINTER SUIT must be settled.

One thing you must face, you cannot avoid it, no matter what you may read or what may be said.

THE QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE.

Must be determined by you before you start out to buy the suit you want for this winter.

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You will have the perfection of fit.

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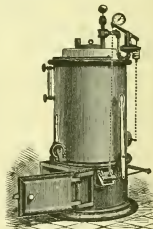
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 8. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891. FIVE CENTS.

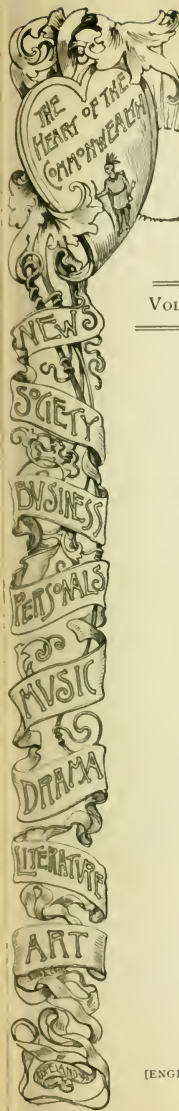


REV. HENRY W. EKLUND,

Pastor of 2d M. E. Swedish Church.

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A young and pretty woman, pleasantly occupied, is always a pleasant subject for contemplation. Nothing fades the face and spoils the features more than long anxious hours spent over a stove or range which "won't work". None of this unpleasantness is experienced in using the Richmond ranges. They are quick and reliable. We are this season offering unprecedented bargains in these ranges. It is worse than folly, it is positive cruelty to a housekeeper to expect her to use an old stove or range when a moderate investment will procure this marvel of utility.

One of the chief advantages in living today is in having a perfect cooking stove or range. Don't fail to call and see the "Richmond" at the old store of

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

No. 8

Let in through all the trees

Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright,
Their sunny colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

Autumn tints!

Can anything be lovelier? Late frosts give us the most gorgeous coloring.

What a blaze of glory the trees are in? What wonder that some people would have Autumn last all the year! Think of gathering nuts under a canopy more resplendent than the garbs of royalty.

America is pre-eminent in arboreal tints. The leaves in Autumn time, in the old world, lack something that American foliage possesses, abundantly. Bryant could not help, writing his "Forest Hymn." "How God's first temples are frescoed in October!"

It was Poe who wrote of lonesome October but he was liable to have spells of disagreement with everything and he must have been there when he wrote "Ulalume"; yet the refrain is melodious.

"The skies, they were ashen and sober,
The leaves, they were crisp'd and sere
The leaves, they were withering and sere
'Twas night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

Poe was the poet of sound, and sense never was allowed to hinder a jingling rhyme. But we all love October, in spite of winds and poets words.

That enthusiasm is not altogether dead was evident when the immense Rink was crowded to the doors to hear "Tom" Reed of Maine talk on the issues of the campaign. From plan to finish, the rally reflected no little credit on the young Republicans who managed it. Pres. Batchelder and Secretary Wood gave an earnest of the enthusiasm that the young element is to infuse into politics. Mr. Batchelder's words were admirably chosen and his manner happy. Chairman Walker did well just what a presiding officer should do, introduced the speaker, paying him a merited compliment in so doing. Mr. Reed's speech convinced his listeners that the race of orators did not die with Clay and Webster.

Then next week, Mechanics Hall will ring with applause at the presence of Governor Russell and other Democratic notables. The plaudits will be just as loud and just as sincere as those that greeted Ex-Speaker Reed at the Rink. The divergence of public opinion keeps the public pretty well stirred up. Little danger of stagnation in Massachusetts.

Later in the week the Republicans have the hall again and there will be words from Col. Chas. H. Allen and more enthusiasm. After all the work and talk, black will continue black and white, white. But such philosophising does not alter the fact that political meetings are an absolute essential in representative governments.

A few days since, the GAZETTE printed several interviews with Worcester gentlemen about a new City Hall. Apparently the reported struck a "Common" streak for nearly all were in favor of using all or a part of this ancient heritage. But now Ex Mayor Davis, in the same paper, gives cogent reasons why the Common should be free from all danger of occupancy. Nor is the gentleman alone in his opinions. The Common is too good for a city hall even. Nothing permanent should be placed there but monuments. We must save something for posterity.

If Captain Willard Glazier does not satisfactorily prove to the world that he has really discovered new sources for the Mississippi, it will not be for lack of energy in pressing his cause. From York, Penn. comes a paper, The Age, with a long account of the recent trip and its results.

Hon. George S. Barton.

The sudden death of this estimable gentleman has removed from Worcester one of our most distinguished citizens and a very prominent business man. He did not go at the end of a long and prosperous career, but in the midst, of his course. To the casual acquaintance, he seemed to be a probable factor in Worcester interests for years to come. The son of Rufus and Nancy Barton, he was born in West Millbury, July 18, 1825, the youngest of nine children. From schools, he gained all that Millbury could give him and at twenty years of age came to Worcester, apprenticing himself to Howe & Goddard, makers of paper and calico printing machinery. In 1849, he became a partner in the business and with the same business he continued to his death. Since 1867, the corporate name has been Rice, Barton & Fales. Five years he was in the Common Council, four years an alderman and in '77 and '78 he was the senator for the Worcester district. For nine years he was a trustee of the Worcester County Mechanics Association. Two years, he was vice-president and in 1876 he was president. He was a director of the Worcester Safe Deposit and Trust Company from its organization in 1869. He was, at one time, a director in the Boston, Barre and Gardner R. R., and in 1880 was its president. He was also a heavy stockholder and a director in the Providence and Worcester R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, he attended the regular meeting at the Safe Deposit, but, at noon, not feeling well he rode home. Though receiving the best of medical care he did not rally and at 3 a.m. Saturday, passed away.

In social life, Mr. Barton was prominent, being a member of the Brigade and Worcester Clubs. As a Mason, he was a member of Athelstan Lodge, and was an honorary of the Continentals. In politics, he was a Republican.

Mr. Barton was twice married. He first wedded Miss Emeline Blake of Pepperell who

who died in 1882. Their children are Charles S. and Mrs. Etta Barton Witter, wife of George B. Witter. His second marriage in 1882, was to Mrs. George Dudley of Winsted, Conn. While formerly an attendant at the Salem Street Church, he has, late years, been connected with the Church of the Unity.

His funeral was held at his late residence, 851 Main Street, Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. Calvin Stebbins of the Church of the Unity conducting the services. There was a large attendance of the foremost representative people of the city. At 10 a.m., the large force of employes of the firm had filed through and taken a final look at their late employer.

The pall bearers were Hon. Moses B. I. Goddard of Warwick, R. I.; Hon. F. T. Marble, Hon. Samuel Winslow and Lewis C. Stone, representing respectively the Providence and Worcester R. R., the Worcester Safe Deposit and Trust Company, the personal friends of the deceased and the Rice, Barton & Fales Machine and Iron Company.

The burial was in Rural Cemetery One after another, prominent men who have borne business and civic burdens depart from us. Others take their places; but it will be a long time before the face and memory of George S. Barton fade from the public mind.

Mr. Crocker of the Davis Art Company was the artist of the fine crayon of the Rev. John Galbraith, recently placed in Grace Church vestry.

Sterling.

An excellent audience, both in quality and quantity, assembled in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening to consider political issues. The speakers were Alfred S. Roe and the Honorable Alfred S. Pinkerton of Worcester. The latter gentleman set forth most convincingly the reasons whereby the people of the commonwealth should support the Republican nominations. The new inn in Sterling is a gem and in its beautiful dining room an admirable supper was served at 10 p.m. to the speakers and members of the town committee. A new sidewalk extends from the Post Office to the Town Hall. Sterling is progressing.

Republican Rally.

The meeting at Mechanics Hall, next Tuesday evening, will be one of unusual interest. To the attractions of a possible and a past Governor is added the presence of Comrade "Jack" Adams of Lynn, or as he is known at the State House, Sergeant at Arms I. G. B. Adams. If there is an old soldier in Worcester, of whatever politics, who can hear Adams and doesn't, he deserves to be drummed out of camp. He went through the whole war, a member of a fighting regiment and he has a way of impressing his listeners that always brings down the house. Every veteran in Worcester owes it to himself to be on hand.



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1891.

Comrade William Crane of Medfield has, in the last Norfolk County Gazette, a well written article on Northern Vermont.

The W P I, bearing the names of several High School friends, appeared last week. It is a very creditable production, full of matter interesting to those who are interested in the school.

LIGHT, hereby, returns thanks to the fair donor for a copy of "The Mount Holyoke," a fine example of enterprising college journalism.

LIGHT is under obligations to an unknown friend for a description of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, reprinted from the Overland, and for a copy of the San Jose Mercury devoted to the same subject.

The thirteenth and final number of Berkshire Hills Record for the season is received. It contains a number of excellent engravings, and is, in every way, exceedingly creditable to its Worcester editor, Mr. William H. Chase.

Amateur Sport.

Last Saturday, at Springfield, Will W. Windle made a new world's mile bicycle record, making the mile in 2.15. Henry C. Taylor made the half-mile in 1.06, another world's record. C. F. Taylor made a mile in 2.21 1/5, a new intercollegiate record.

At the athletic meeting of New York A. C., last Saturday in New York. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., made a new world's record for throwing 56 pound weight, His throw was 34 ft. 11 in.

Hovey of Harvard won the finals in the intercollegiate tennis tournament at New Haven last Saturday. Lee, University of Pennsylvania was second.

P. J. Fineran, Boston A. A., made a new world's record last Saturday, for 440 yard hurdle. His time was 57 2/5 sec.

In Outing for October, the well-known athlete, Malcolm W. Ford, explains the mysteries of the "Running Broad jump" so clearly that the novice cannot mistake his instructions. Diagrams and illustrations from instantaneous photos show exactly how the famous performers cover great distances.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known American or British writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Oct. 24, 1891.

Signed

i.
"Live to learn, and learn to live
Only this content can give;
Reckless joys are fugitive!"

ii.
"He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man, but his wisdom and wit."

iii.
"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;"

iv.
"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eyes looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!"

v.
"Ah what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive."

vi.
"No one knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms."

Answers, with names of prize winners, in two weeks.

All those who like current truths cogently stated should hear Joseph Cook on Modern Wonders next Monday evening at Association Hall. Lecture for the benefit of Hope Church.

Mrs. Mattoon's evening dancing class will commence for the season next Wednesday evening, Oct. 28. Her afternoon class, which has always been very large, is the largest this year it has ever been.

Antiquarian Society.

The meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, Wednesday last, was fully up to the usual standard of interest. The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston was made one of the vice-presidents in place of Hon. George Bancroft, deceased. Among others, the Rev. Calvin Stebbins and Francis H. Dewey, Esq., of Worcester were elected to membership.

Are there not
Two points in the adventure of a diver?
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.
—Browning's Paracelus.

In thy discourse take heed what thou speakest, to whom thou speakest, how thou speakest, and when thou speakest.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, Oct. 24, 1891.

{ Foster Kid Gloves,
{ Flenee Gloves,
{ Cottontail Gloves,
Sole Agency { Gloves altered and repaired,
{ Butterick's Paper Patterns,
{ E. C. Bart's Shoes.

By a former Worcester lady.

New book, The Sabbath in Puritan New England. Alice Morse Earle. Price \$1.

November Leslie's, 22c; Harper's, 28c; Scribner's 22c. Both due today.

October "FASHIONS" free.

Section one; east aisle.

The weekly rubb'ing, scrubbing, and scouring of clothes over a health-destroying, back-breaking, knuckle-skining wash-board is over with, or will be, as soon as you know about the New Era Clothes Washer. So the sooner you see it the better. It will astonish you; it is a wonder. Demonstration now in progress in kitchen department. We are sole agents for the city and 20 adjoining towns.

Down stairs.

There has been a great stir in our carpet hall for more than a week. The bargain items are still running. But the Whittall, Hartford and Lowell best quality Brussels at 89c—recently \$1.15 and \$1.25—will soon be a memory here. Bring room size with you.

Third floor.

Pure silk mittens 50c; all sizes; fancy woven backs, of fine spun silk and with silk ribbons. Quality and weight the same and mittens the equal in every particular of best silk mittens ever before sold for 87 1-2c. These are new goods. They cannot be matched in this market under 87 1-2c.

Section two; centre aisle.

Irish-punto lace curtains at \$2.95, \$4.25 and \$5.25 per PAIR. There have never been curtains of this class offered that have shown such pleasing designs and so much of them as these draperies, considering the price. No house in the country can show better value for the money. We challenge anyone to exhibit for sale equal values for the money.

Third floor.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY

Vassar College.

[From a Private Letter.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, OCT. 11, '91.

I suppose when you see this letter you will be amazed and wonder how I made such a skip from Dutchess county to Ulster, but as I informed you in a previous letter of an excursion to Lake Mohonk, given by Mr. Thompson, a generous friend of Vassar, I don't think you will be wholly surprised.

Yesterday morning, all the girls in the Norris Home dormitory were called at five o'clock. We arose, prepared ourselves for the pleasure of the day, enjoyed a hot breakfast and by fifteen minutes before six were gathered in front of the main college building. This day was the outing of the Seniors and Juniors with invited guests from the lower classes. Twenty or more barges were the means of conveyance, twelve in our load, including Prof. Dwight, curator of the Museum and teacher of Geology. We made a jolly party and at six o'clock we left the college grounds, passing by the porter's lodge and through the streets of Poughkeepsie, the Seniors blowing their horns and giving the Vassar cry. We reached the ferry boat, but there were too many Vassar girls for one boat, so we waited patiently for its return and, finally, we were all over the river and among the "Highlands." Here we passed through the mountainous regions of Ulster County, a long drive of sixteen miles. Toll gates and bands of gypsies varied the beautiful way and gave us a chance to express ourselves. Through the towns of Centerville and New Paltz we passed; then we soon began to ascend the mountain ranges. By winding, yet good roads, we climbed up "Skytop" of "Shawangunk Mountains." The views as we journeyed on, were grand and magnificent. Along the way we met barges filled with people coming from "Lake Mohonk." Among the number I recognized President Taylor of Vassar, returning from an Indian conference held the day before, at the Lake. After a long but not tedious drive, we came in sight of the stately public houses and the Lake. No word pictures of mine can give you an idea of the beauties of the scenes, spread out before us, as we approached, and were surrounded with the grandeur of this enchanting spot. Let it suffice to say, that Lake Mohonk is the ideal place to visit.

It reminded me of pictures of Switzerland that I had seen and the descriptions, given by Mr. A. S. Roe, in his lectures last winter in the Y. M. C. A. course. It was a great surprise to us to find such a beautiful lake on the top of the mountains. It is a gem, exquisite in itself, about one-half a mile in length and some hundreds of feet in width a spot more beautiful and interesting is rarely seen. When we arrived at the "Mountain House" and passed into the reception room, bright fires were burning in the fire places, giving a comfortable, cheering aspect to the scene. A large library and reading room; spacious halls with grand appointments, inside and outside, carried with them an ever present feeling of satisfaction. Hunger asserts itself always among the mountains. A traveller going skyward would be very unwise to economize on

the start, as to his commissary. The kitchen and table maids, who always accompany the Vassar girls in their outings, brought in the lunch from the wagons and prepared the table in the dining hall. It was a caution and wonder to those not acquainted with the ways of the Vassarites to witness the hand and mouth gymnastics as the piles of sandwiches, eggs, cake, pickles and fruit upon their tables dwindled away and the hot coffee settling everything to the right spot. It is a saying, in this neighborhood, that the citizens of Poughkeepsie only on rare occasions invite the girls of Vassar out to tea. It is not because they are not well looked after in this respect. The training and exercise required, furnish a healthy appetite.

After lunch, a party of us proceeded to make the ascent of "Skytop." As up we went, beauties here and there met the gaze on every side. Now and then, coming across the little Swiss huts built along the way, we would enter, sit down and view the scenery. No words can express the grandeur of the vista. I have climbed the Hoosac Mountains and viewed the enchanting scenes of the Deerfield Valley, but the spectacle witnessed in the Shawangunk mountains surpasses all. Now we are standing upon Skytop, the hill of difficulty is reached at last, and we walk out on Pinnacle Rock and just drink in the vision. The eye could stretch over a broad expanse of sixty or more miles. It seemed as though we were up in a balloon, for the world below appeared so small. The road leading to New Paltz, by which we came, looked now to us, like narrow footpaths or silver threads; the villages and residences were scarcely larger than bird houses. Away off in the distance the Fishkill Mountains stretched their tops towards the heavens. How grand and glorious it has been to stand and look up at the mountains, but how much nearer heaven and to purer thoughts to stand on their summits and realize the gigantic works of God. His omnipotence seems so much greater.

We gathered a few stones and began our descent from Skytop, to wander in labyrinth paths where it was a joyful pleasure to climb over the rocks, and to hardly find our way, had it not been for the red arrows painted on the rocks. If any one loves to climb, and you know I do, here is the best chance in the world. Still it seemed as though I was in Switzerland, and I imagined myself a chamois leaping from rock to rock, over crevices and by precipices and I exulted and gloried in the power of leaping and climbing. Through the "Lemon Squeezers" and other difficult passes, where no fleshy person can go, the path led, and now, at the base of "Pinnacle Rock," we stand staring up at that straight face nearly five hundred feet high. Then again a sense of awe returns when we look at that frightful precipice. At last we trace our way out of this maze, and return to the hotel at the head of the lake. Toward Eagle Cliff, opposite Skytop, with the lake between, we bend our steps. Through little picturesque huts we passed down by the water's edge, crossing rustic bridges, going out over the waters and standing on rocks in the water, then passing through the beautiful valley of Lamhdin's Glen we went until we had nearly reached the cliff beyond; so here we turned about, and retraced

our steps for the time of our departure was near at hand. The cave, grotto and other interesting places, for want of time, we reserve till we come again.

At the appointed hour we started in our barges from these delightful scenes around Lake Mohonk, with cheers for Mr. Smiley of the Mountain House, while we spelled V-a-s-s-a-r and the guests at the house fluttered their handkerchiefs—we left for our college home. On our way back, a rivalry sprang up among the drivers, seconded by the girls, as to who should lead the procession. Our driver, Barney Morgan, won the seventh place in line, just too far in the rear to take the first boat across the river. We reached Poughkeepsie in the early evening, passing through the streets singing college songs, till porter's lodge was reached; here we disembarked and, reaching our room, prepared ourselves for the closing event of the day. The supper bell warned us of the event and right gladly we obeyed.

F. A. S.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. C. Ellis, Leicester Street, 22d inst. their baby girl was christened, Elizabeth Boynton, by the Rev. A. Z. Conrad, 1st D. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Conrad, Capt. J. B. Knox and wife, Deacon Geo. T. Witherby and wife and Miss Roberta Salter. After the ceremony came an elaborate supper, and several hours of social enjoyment.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"A Legal Wrong," a play well known to most theatre goers, is being presented at Lothrop's Pleasant Street Opera House this week, by the stock company of which Miss Ethel Tucker and J. Francis Kirke are the leaders. The play itself is one of the best which has been presented at this house since it was opened and the company is fully capable of giving it the finished performance which it requires. The farce "The Yankee Peddler" is exceedingly funny. There will be two more presentations, this afternoon and evening.

Seldom indeed in a popular priced place of amusement is a play of such high character presented as "The Ranch King," but it will be at Lothrop's next week. Appropriate scenery, fine stage settings and stage costumes are absolutely requisite. All of these prerequisites are promised for the coming production, and as the entire strength of Lothrop's stock company is to be employed in the cast, a most finished performance of this delightful romance of the Western border is assured.

The finished and favorite little actress, Miss Katherine Rober, will sustain the role of Pug, a precocious child of the frontier, a part suited only for a bright, bewitching and vivacious actress, and one for which Miss Rober is most eminently fitted. Max Freeman is cast for the character of Donald McDonald, the ranch king. Preceding the melodrama, the farce, "My Mother-in-law's Visit" will be given.

When you once profess yourself a friend, endeavor to be always such. He can never have any true friends, who will be often changing them.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Geo. E. Kirby & Co., Dealers in Umbrellas and Parasols. Repairing and re-covering a specialty. 337 Main St.

Rev. Henry Werner Eklund.

The pastor of the Thomas Street Methodist Church was born in Huskvarna, signifying "The Housemill," a suburb to the city of Jönköping January 17, 1848. This city with a population of 20,000 people lies at the southern extremity of Lake Vättern, the second largest body of water in the kingdom, just a little south of latitude 58°. Huskvarna has 2,000 inhabitants, something more than 100 miles from Stockholm. The village lies in a charming valley at the foot of a tree-covered mountain range. Through this valley a river leaps by seven successive falls (Vattenfall) from 30 to 70 feet in height, all of these existing within a distance of less than an English mile. To this picturesque landscape may be added the resonant sound of the rushing waters. The water power here is very great. Formerly, it was a place for the manufacture of firearms for the Swedish army; but on the transfer of this work to the government shops at Eskilstuna, the manufacture of more peaceful utensils, as stoves and sewing machines, followed. Mr. Eklund's father, Nils M., was a mechanic in Huskvarna all his life. He was the head of a happy and peaceful home. The father, the soul of kindness, the mother, Helena Jacobson, inclining to strictness. She maintained a most rigid oversight over her children, having a more than usually clear mind; but her son says, today, that her rule was not too severe. The characteristics of father and mother blended to make of our Worcester pastor, an earnest, devoted, pushing minister.

The mother was the first teacher and at five years of age he was sent to school and began the catechism. His teacher was the village pastor, the Rev. Mr. Adrian, an able and aggressive man, who prompted his children to do their very best. He soon displayed an unusual interest in the youthful Eklund and remarked to the father that he must not make a mechanic of his boy but a minister; but the father could not afford the outlay for an education. Accordingly Mr. Adrian said that the boy would have to do as many other aspiring youths have done, "work his way up." "I will help him so that he need not enter the lower classes of the schools." This word was kept and with two of his own children, the lad progressed finely, acquiring a decided liking for books rather than for the playground. But there came an end to these plans and prospects, for the kind teacher was promoted to a larger parish in the south of Sweden. His successor had not the same interest in the boy, so, instead of preparing for the state church at the age of sixteen, he went into the shop. He said to his father, "I'll be dead before the end of the first year," so strong was his disappointment over the end of his ministerial expectation. But his kind father showing him that the first way was blocked, he gave himself to the task of making himself a first class mechanic. He still found time, however, for reading. Had Pastor Adrian remained, quite likely Mr. Eklund had become a well read clergyman of the established church. He was to be a minister but not of that denomination. In 1866, a great revival of religion swept through that

part of Sweden and he was converted. In March 1869, with his parent's consent, he left his home for Rockford, Ill., where he had relatives who were members of the Methodist church. His parents had especially cautioned him against falling into false doctrines, laying particular stress against the Methodists. In his ignorance, he promised but he found himself quite unable to keep the same, for in 1870, in spite of himself, he was drawn into this body, so much reprobated by his parents. After three weeks of trial he became a class leader and was taken into the church in full connection. April 8, 1871, he was prevailed upon to accept a local preacher's license and was obliged to preach once a week. Being urged to leave the shop and to begin study again, he began by private instruction, taking lessons in the English language, and then went through the Swedish M. E. Theological School, now permanently located in Evanston, Ill. He was ordained an elder in 1877, by Bishop Jesse T. Peck and was sent to Burlington, Ia., where he remained three years. Then came two years in Galesburg, Ill. In 1882, the Market Street (First) Church in Chicago, the largest Swedish M. E. Church in this country, requested the bishop to send Mr. Eklund there, to be the successor of the Rev. D. S. Sorlin who was once so successful in Worcester and whose body is buried here. Mr. Sorlin had had a continuous revival in his Chicago pastorate of three years and with Mr. Eklund it was just the same.

Then came a visit to Sweden, to see his parents and to study the workings of the M. E. church there. Accordingly, in 1885, he was stationed over St. Paul's church, Stockholm, by the Swedish conference, arriving in the middle of August. He soon improved the chance to visit his old home from which he had been separated nearly twenty years. To Mrs. Eklund, Sweden was a new world, for though of Swedish parentage, she was a native of Geneseo, Ill. In Stockholm, a revival accompanied his pastorate and he received above three hundred probationers into the church. He succeeded in lifting a debt of several thousand dollars from the church. So great was the interest in the meetings, he was obliged to hold two services every evening, the first beginning at 6 o'clock and ending at 7:30, when one crowd would go out and another come in. He spoke four and five times each Sunday and at least once every day in the week. The result was new ground occupied and a Mission church, now independent.

But all this was too hard. He could not stand it, and there was no chance for a change in Stockholm. So again he became Mr. Sorlin's successor and came to Worcester, on May 29th, 1887. His record here has been pretty well stated repeatedly. In the Thomas Street church, he found 134 members; there are now 340. The edifice, originally built for a Methodist chapel, then was the Church of Christ, has been added to, till there can be no more additions and now is quite too small. Every Sunday it is crowded to its doors, the Stockholm story over again. He has been asked for in Chicago, at Market Street, but he is anxious to locate in Lake View a part of Chicago where there are many Swedes and

but small church accommodations. At one time it seemed as though he would go in October; but he will now doubtless fill out the full five years, ending in April next. To Worcester people, generally, this is a very satisfactory situation. We cannot anticipate the action of the next conference. Should any plan be devised that will keep Mr. Eklund, there will be very many glad hearts, for he is truly a pastor. He preaches and teaches. He finds places for both men and women to labor in. He is alive to all their interests. Worcester's liking for the minister is fully reciprocated by him and his family. He was married, Oct. 16, 1873 to Miss Almeha Christina Gustus of Geneseo, Ill., where her father was in business. He was a good union soldier during the War and marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. Mrs. E. has seven brothers and sisters of whom she is the eldest. Mr. Eklund had two brothers, only one of whom grew up and he died in Upsala in 1879 aged 24 years. His parents died in 1888, the father in February, the mother in April. To our Mr. and Mrs. Eklund have been born three children, Arthur H., Grace Amanda, and Florence Almeha.

These nearly five years have served to make Mr. Eklund a well known man in this city. He is capable of almost constant work. His parents brought him up with the most intense dislike of all intoxicants and not a drop has ever passed his lips. He has never entered a theater, in a word, he is a Swedish Puritan constantly practicing what he daily preaches. The estimation in which he is held by his people is evident whenever and wherever they meet. He is devoted to them and they to him. Success to Pastor Eklund.

The Swedes in Worcester.

There are few records of more sudden and considerable growth than that of the Swedes in this city. In 1875, according to the census, there were 166 Swedes and Norwegians in Worcester. At this time there are probably more than 800. The chief motive for this very large settlement, is the extensive shops of the Washburn & Moen wire works. The iron products of Sweden have long been among the best in the world and skillful Americans have studied the art of iron making in that northern land. They have settled chiefly in Wards Two and Five, a large part of the flourishing village of Quinsigamond being made of their people. They make good Americans. They do not demand the teaching of their native language in the schools nor do they ask for special schools on any pretext. They seem in haste to be thoroughly assimilated, or better to be reunited to that portion of their race which turned southward from North Europe in the days of Hengist and Horsa to settle Great Britain. They are forging ahead in all lines of business and their names begin to appear in politics. In their wards they come near holding the balance of power. In 1868, Bengt Engström came to Worcester and worked as a potter. He may be accounted the Swedish patriarch of Worcester, at any rate, in length of residence. He still turns his wheel at 41 Water Street. In the same year comes Mrs. Mary Holter, a sister of Charles R. Frodigh. Her husband is a Norwegian. About the same time appear

ed John P. Styffe, foreman of the Norton Emery Wheel company. John Engström came in 1879, as did Magnus Alström, foreman at Washburn & Moen's and John Jeppson, Superintendent at the Norton Emery Wheel Co. Among the Scandinavians who are appearing in business may be named as Grocers, Hans Trulsson, Lundberg & Lybeck, F. O. Dalquist & Co., Ryberg & Nylen, Magnusson & Förlén, Johnson & Thorn; Market men, Beck & Berg S. Hult & Co., Axel Carlson & Co., Boots & Shoes, C. J. Ekstedt & Co., Frodigh & Co.; Gents furnishing, A. W. Hjelm & Co., Gustaf Ellström; Music Dealer, C. F. Hanson & Co., Books and news, A. P. Lundberg; Intelligence Offices, S. E. Hanson, B. E. Bernström; Furniture, Carlson Brothers; General Store, C. A. Eklund & Co.; Merchant Tailors, Kronoff Brothers, Matson & Gustafsson; Contractors and Builders, L. M. Peterson, Nilson & Silven; Paper Hanger, Peterson & Nelson; Painter and Decorator, Alfred N. Jokelund. To these names must be added a large number of corporations and stock companies. The Swedish Church are the 1st Methodist in Quinsigamond, Pastor, Victor Witting; 2d Methodist, Thomas Street, Rev. H. W. Eklund; Swedish congregational, Providence Street, Rev. Karl F. Ohlsson; Swedish Baptist, Eastern Avenue, Rev. J. V. Hjerström; and the Swedish Lutheran, Millbury Street, Rev. Sven G. Larson. All these bodies have united to hold a Fair in Mechanics Hall Oct. 28-31. The cause to be benefited is the Swedish cemetery in New Worcester, a cause that is dear to all Northmen's hearts. The response will surely be a generous one.

The Fifteenth.

It is memories of Ball's Bluff that induces this Worcester County Regiment to come together on the 21st of October. Considering the services and the fatalities that befell General Devens' "boys" it seems strange that so many survive to fight the battles o'er. Only a very small number of regimental organizations can tell of more casualties than "The Fifteenth." Wednesday, there was over them the shadow of their Colonel's death. It was a well meant tribute to propose to leave the presidency vacant on his account, yet one that the General would hardly have approved. The men took it thus and promptly put in place General Kimball of Fitchburg who, though Colonel of the 33d, has many choice associations with the regiment to which he was first attached. A large part of the meeting was devoted to reminiscences of the departed officer. The business meeting was in the hall of the Royal Arcanum and dinner was served at the Lincoln House.

Ayer's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in city or country. For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail. Try a box of them; they are sugar-coated.

Albert Tolman.

The remains of this aged gentleman, so recently an object of love and respect, as he walked our streets, are buried today from his late home on Catherine Street. Later, LITTON expects to refer, at length, to his life and works which surely do follow him.



Wesleyan.

The prospects for a successful year at Wesleyan seem even more bright than they did at the beginning of the term. The Freshman class now numbers nearly eighty, while to the upper classes a few new names have been added and hardly any decrease in these classes is noticed.

The new electrical course is a feature which will no doubt attract the attention of many; having a capable man at its head, Prof. E. B. Rosa. A new building has been fitted up to be used expressly for this course and no pains will be spared to make the course of great utility to those who wish to pursue it.

The addition of Prof. Rosa to the faculty gives opportunity for more elective work in physics, which department is under the general supervision of Prof. Crawford.

Mr. W. W. Daniels of Princeton, the new tutor in political economy, gives entire satisfaction and the trustees are to be congratulated on securing so desirable a man.

The same may be said of Mr. Nicholson, the tutor in Latin who comes to us from Harvard.

The courses in Latin and Greek have been enlarged and the facilities for a deep research into the ancient languages have been increased.

At the Spring meeting of the trustees, a sum of money was appropriated for a gymnasium and we are assured that work will be begun upon it in the Spring.

The most enthusiastic college meeting which has been held for years took place two weeks ago, when an entirely new athletic scheme was adopted. Nearly two thousand dollars was raised among alumni and undergraduates to be used for promoting the general athletics at the college. The effort made last year at Springfield aroused the fellows and we are sure of doing better work there this coming Spring.

The football team is doing good work and though many good men were lost from last year's team, the chances for success are very good. The religious interest at Wesleyan, for which the college is noted as well as for work in other lines, is greater than it has been for a long time. Mr. Sayford, the college evangelist, has just closed a series of meetings which have been very well attended and in which much good has been done.

During the Summer, four Wesleyan men were engaged in city mission work in New York City, being supported by voluntary subscriptions from the students.

It is probable that before long a new recreation hall will be built. It is needed and will be hailed with delight by students, as the rooms which are now used are not very convenient.

The regular initiation took place two weeks ago.

At this time many of the alumni as well as under grads from other colleges were present. At "Alpha Delta Phi" over eighty men as-

sembled including delegations from Yale, Trinity and Amherst. "Psi Upsilon and Epsilon" also had a presentation from the alumni.

The Y. M. C. A. of the college are planning a course of lectures by distinguished men, the first to occur in a few weeks.

Holy Cross.

The Provincial of the Jesuit order has been visiting the college during the past week.

The class of Philosophy had a specimen last Friday on "Dialectics" at which most of the faculty were present.

The field sports were held on the campus last Saturday and were very successful. The Juniors succeeded in carrying off most of the prizes, McKone especially distinguishing himself for his brilliant runs. The Senior's tug-of-war team proved to be the strongest in the college. John H. O'Connor '92 was chief-marsh. Mr. J. Frank Quinn acted as referee, Danl. J. Downey as starter, and James P. Leary as timer.

A foot ball team has been organized at the college and is practising daily under an experienced trainer. It bids fair to be very strong. J. P. Phelan '92 has been elected manager and J. C. O'Donnell '92 Captain. Should the "Techs" consider a challenge, a good game may be looked for.

Boston University.

President William F. Warren read a paper on "University Extension" before the ecumenical conference at Washington.

The students of the University were addressed at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall Sunday afternoon by Rev. Chas. L. Goodell, 77 pastor of the Highland Church. The Y. M. C. A. male quartette furnished appropriate music.

E. H. Bennett, the dean of the Law School, resumed his work in the school Thursday. He has been abroad for his health.

The Philomathian Dramatic club gave a "matinee" last Friday afternoon. The play presented was "A Box of Monkeys." It was a grand success. "Lend me Five Shillings" will be the next attraction.

The freshmen of the College of Liberal Arts have organized a foot ball team, with the hope that it may develop into a college eleven. W. A. Nichols, '95, is captain, and A. B. Meredith, '95, manager. Players and positions are: Left end, Howard; left tackle, Harding; left guard, Wyman; centre, Howell; right guard, Meredith; right tackle, Catterm; right end, Perkins; quarter-back, Noyes; half-back, Flower and Jones; full-back, Nichols.

Polytechnic.

The regular meeting of the Tech Elect was held Tuesday evening, and the large number present showed this society to be one of the most popular at the institute. Papers upon "Elementary Electricity" with explanations of apparatus occupied the time. The attendance was twenty-seven, although a rainy night.

Hon. J. H. Walker's address to the students Monday morning has attracted considerable attention. The city papers quoted from it in articles all the way from four lines to a column and a half, and the Boston Globe commented upon it editorially. His allusion to the politi-

cal economy taught in the colleges as all humbug was what stirred up the hornets' nest.

About fifty of the students returning from the Reed meeting at the rink last Saturday got entangled in the branches of a large tree which had been cut down near the corner of Lancaster and Highland Streets and, before they could release themselves, were dragged to the top of Tech Hill. There the tree fell across the front steps of Boynton Hall, and the boys crawled out uninjured. "A P. I." for the tree was given and then the crowd started on a two-mile tramp across the city to give the Home School a serenade, only to find the girls had all gone to the theater that evening to see Modjeska. When the stragglers got back to their rooms the next morning, they were to say the least, tired.

Since last week's LIGHT appeared, the Institute Eleven has played two games of football, and each time was defeated. The first time by the Cambridge Manual Training School, 13 to 6, and the second by Harvard Freshmen, 20 to 10. Of course there are the usual number of croakers who say "I told you so," and argue that the Tech never can play football and might as well give it up now as later. But the students generally, though disappointed, are by no means discouraged. If football had prevailed in the school to any extent for three or four years, so that the players had had experience, if the eleven had been coached, if there was a gymnasium, then these two defeats would be discouraging, but as it is with an eleven made up of men some of whom have almost never played the game until this fall; without the instruction of skilled players and with the practice of but one or two games, defeats mean little. The Institute three years ago had a victorious eleven. There is still an opportunity for another this year.

This afternoon the eleven plays the Amherst "Aggies" on Worcester Oval at 3:30. A fine, close game is expected. Next Saturday, at the same place, they meet the Harvard second eleven.

High School.

More than a score of visitors has been among us from different parts of the state this week.

Tuesday, after a week's intermission in the rhetorical exercises, a most enjoyable hour was spent in the hall, the following being the program: Reading, selection from "Lady of the Lake," Miss Clemence '93; bass solo, Mr. W. B. Tower '92; reading, "How the old horse won the bet," Miss Flossie Flint, '93.

Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock 97 members of the Glee Club met under the direction of Prof. Richards, and passed a very pleasant hour. Previous to the club work, Mr. A. C. Whiting gave a mandolin solo, "The Flower Song," Lange. The selection was exceedingly well rendered and a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Whiting by the club.

In my letter of two weeks ago I made it appear that the school football eleven usually defeated the eleven from Dalzell's school. Allow me to correct the statement. What I meant to imply was that although the school eleven was usually defeated, yet it contained the best men and showed the more skillful playing.

Miss Alice Babcock, formerly of the class of '94, has left the school and is attending Hinman's Business College.

A party of young men from the Assembly and Summer Club visited the presentation of "As You Like It" at the theatre last Friday night. Among the company were: George Matthews, Wm. Tower, A. H. Meriam, E. C. Witherby, Hector Belisle, W. W. Orr, and John Reed.

It is rumored that there is to be a school paper run outside of school, yet devoted wholly to the affairs of the school. The pupils will look forward to its appearance with much expectation.

At a largely attended meeting of the Senior class Monday noon in the lecture room, the class voted to send a bank of flowers as a token of their esteem for Miss Nellie Agnes Daly, one of their former members.

Mr. Perry finally hit upon a pleasant night, Wednesday, when the classes in Astronomy came up to pick out the starry orbs.

Smoking around the school building has been carried on to a great extent lately and recently Mr. Wight found it necessary to reprimand several of the boys. It is to be hoped that this will stop all further trouble as it reflects not alone on the person, but upon the school.

Miss Hattie Littlefield, late of the class of '93, has entered Becker's Business College.

G. T. W.

Wellesley.

The advantages of college life in the country away from the hurry and distractions of the city are very evident, and Wellesley is so near Boston that it is not deprived of hearing many who represent active work in the world.

Oct. 3, Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson, '80, spoke most enthusiastically of the College Settlement work in New York city. It is hoped soon to start a settlement in Boston.

The first Monday in October is always sacredly kept as a memorial day for Mr. Durant, the founder of the college, as it is very near the anniversary of his death. At his expressed wish, no monument, picture, or outward sign of his memory has been raised. Debarred from such an expression, former students who knew him so well gladly come on this day and try to introduce Wellesley's latest classes to the one who was such a prominent feature in Wellesley life in their day. This year Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, was the speaker.

Since we last wrote Prof. Ryder of Andover Theological Seminary, Dr. Palmer of Andover and Dr. Nordell of New London, Conn., have occupied the pulpit on Sunday.

Oct. 15, Dr. Schaufier spoke most entertainingly of the difficulties of mission work in the crowded tenements of New York city. At the close of this address he conducted a Bible reading for the Student Volunteers.

Prof. Whiting, Miss Emerson, senior president, and Miss Steinson, junior president of '62, represent the college at the Temperance Convention in Haverhill, this week. Miss Emerson is to speak of the position of Wellesley on the temperance question.

During the past weeks, the college has been filled with discussion as to the best possible candidates for the class offices. Elections are at last over. Miss Geraldine Longley has

been elected a member of the executive committee of '92, and Miss Bertha Longley is vice president of '94.

Smith.

The social event of the Fall, the Sophomore reception, was given to the Freshmen in the new gymnasium Wednesday night. The Sophomore colors, crimson and white, were effectively used everywhere, from the decorations of the class room to the lettering on the dainty programs. The souvenirs were especially pretty and appropriate, and '94 congratulated itself on the success which the evening certainly was.

Last week Monday night a general informal reception was given to faculty and students in the gymnasium. It lasted only an hour and all enjoyed themselves so much that it will be probably followed by others. In consequence of the great size of the college, more effort is needed to let all become acquainted, and it is hoped these receptions will help toward accomplishing such a result.

The elective gymnasium classes of Seniors and Juniors, have already begun work. With the new gymnasium, the new system and the new teacher, good results are expected.

Thursday was the Annual Mountain Day, a holiday given to the students for all day excursions and good times. It is always fully appreciated and improved and this year was no exception to the rule.

Miss Alice E. Robbins, W. H. S., 1889, is Vice President of the Sophomore class.

Mrs. N. Allen, 80 years old, mother of Mrs. Geo. Burr, 10 Walnut street, fell Thursday morning and broke her left arm just above the wrist and also dislocated the latter. Dr. Rich reduced the fracture and speaks encouragingly of her condition.

Church Choirs.

Rehearsals have begun for the cantata "Ruth," to be given in Piedmont church. The composition is by J. Astor Broad, formerly of Worcester, and in its presentation the quartet will be assisted by a chorus of fifty voices under the direction of Seth Richards.

The Last of Earth.

It was a sad scene that took place at St. Anne's church last Monday morning. It is not very often that father and mother are buried at the same funeral. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kelley were buried from their late residence on Gage Street last Monday. The services consisted of a solemn high mass of requiem at St. Anne's church, Rev. E. H. Tober, celebrant, Rev. E. F. Brosnihan, deacon and Rev. W. F. Hartigan, subdeacon. The interment was at St. John's cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley had been married forty years.

The funeral of Miss Nellie A. Daly, formerly a member of the W. H. S., '92 took place from St. Anne's church Tuesday morning. There were many floral tributes, including a pillow inscribed "92" in blue immortelles from classmates at the High school. She had passed the examination for the Normal School last February and would probably have entered had not ill health compelled her to relinquish her studies.

The Wrong Schoolhouse.

Jack came down to breakfast holding both hands to his jaws, as if without that support they would inevitably fall off. His face was the picture of gloom, appropriately framed in by the white handkerchief tied around his head.

"How do you propose to teach school today, Jack?" inquired my uncle Peter.

"And oh, Jack!" I exclaimed, "you were going to take me out with you today."

I was visiting Jack for the first time, and he had promised me for that day a private exhibition of his pedagogic methods and subjects, in which matters I took a mild interest, since I look forward confidently to a professorship after graduation, if not Harvard or Yale, perhaps in Habinston Academy. Said Jack to me, "Why can't you visit the school as you intended, Will, but as teacher?"

Here was a chance to test my professional possibilities. The school was two miles distant, and after directions as to my way, for I was entirely ignorant of the local geography, I set out with a confidence as high as Mt. Everest, while the handkerchief-muffled imposter of a cousin waved me to victory from the sitting-room window.

After I had scudded over more than a mile, I came short up against an unfortunate difficulty—a fork in the road.

"Jack said nothing about a fork in the road," grumbled I to myself. "Now what's to be done? I must hurry, or those young ones will go home again and miss some excellent instruction. That would be too bad. Stay! There is a native. Can you tell me where the schoolhouse is?"

"There's the Peacock School'ouse an' the Bensley School'ouse. One's down thata-way an' th' other this a-way."

"Which does John Lawrence teach?"

"Junno. I b'long in the Coon Crick distric', an' I dunno. Has yourn a big elm out in front?"

"Yes, that's it. Jack told me about that."

"Well you jes' follow on down that road there till you come to a school'ouse a settin' by the road, an' there it is."

A short walk soon brought me to the building. I found the door already unlocked, but no crowd of mischievous boys hailed my entrance. No one was there but a quiet little girl, sweeping up kindling chips.

"Your regular teacher will be unable to be with you today, Miss, but I will fill his place with what ability I can command. What's your name?"

I do not think I ever saw any one look quite so surprised as that girl did then. However I saw nothing very strange in the matter, and repeated:—

"What's your name? I am to teach you to-day."

"Alice Stanley."

"How old are you, Alice?"

"Eighteen."

"'Whew?" thought I to myself, "she doesn't look fourteen!"

The desk as a whole was quite a contrast to Jack's study-table at home.

The last bell rang and Alice Stanley came in. I quietly remarked, "I am to take the place of your teacher to-day. Will some one start a song?"

Calling a class, Peter Thompson failed to come forward. I urged him to no avail.

I took hold of Peter's shoulder. If commands are not obeyed, use force. That's my motto. Immediately Peter gave such a yell as I never heard from mortal lungs. I sprang back as if I had touched off a mine. Peter did not desist, but to the first burst succeeded an avalanche of blubberings that came down like the cataract of Dodore. I retreated in dismay and Peter halted with strange suddenness. He sulked behind his apron, however, till recess.

Confronted by those five infants the query rose imperiously before my bewildered mind, "How in the name of Pestalozzi do they teach children their letters. I took the reader and pointed to the first letter of the alphabet "What is the name of that letter?" I inquired. They gazed at me in stupid amazement.

"You surely know what that letter is. Tell me at once," I said I severely.

Motions in one or two eyes. Alice Stanley's hand goes up.

"Question, Alice?"

"Please, sir, teacher uses the word method."

The word method? What might that be? My course in college so far had contained no information on that point. Perhaps it was in the scientific course. To cover my confusion I looked at my watch. It was far past recess time, and I rang the bell.

I measured off just five minutes for the recess. Time was precious if the morning programme was to be completed. Promptly at the expiration of the time I rang the bell, and as the astonished company hustled back to their seats I noticed Peter Thompson's place vacant.

"Where is Peter?"

"He went home crying."

"Said he'd tell his ma."

"Said he warn't goin' to no old school," volunteered a dozen voices. I summoned "B geography." This was a class of intermediate grade, whose lesson for the day was Africa. All went smoothly until I began to talk about the animals of Africa, the lions and the giraffes and elephants. Up went a small hand.

"Teacher said they hain't no elephants in Africa."

Up from the back seat that hand again.

"Well, Alice?"

"Teacher didn't say that. Teacher said there was no elephants in Australia."

"Yezzar. Teacher said they was elephants in Africa. I forgot."

I do not know what was the matter with me. I certainly knew better, but I went on to tell about the kangaroos. I suppose the word Australia suggested them.

"Well, Alice, what now?"

"Teacher said there were no kangaroo in Africa."

"Alice, you may study your lesson. You are not reciting just now."

Right here the door opened wide, and in it stood a little bit of a woman, with a sun-bonnet on her head and a mop in her hand, the cloth frozen stiff. She panted with one hand on her heart. "Where's the schoolmarm?"

"He could not be here to-day. I take his place. Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am? May I ask your name?"

"I'm Missus Thompson. My poor little

boy just come home a-cryin' as if his little heart would break, an' I'd just like to know who's been misusin' of him. I'd put the law on 'em, I would! Pretty gony on in a school-house, I must say! Oh, there you are, Miss Stanley! Why ain't you in your proper place?"

"Mrs. Thompson, may I see you a moment in the lobby?" asked Miss Stanley, while I stood entirely dumfounded.

"Spose you may."

While they went out I got my hat and overcoat and put them on. My brain was in a whirl. That little girl! But after all there was a certain air of maturity about her. And that Dekeleia! And the giggling. I was a fool. As I got out into the lobby, how, I know not, Mrs. Thompson was departing with a broad grin on her face. Miss Stanley held out her hand with several roguish dimples playing hide and seek about her cheeks.

"Pardon me. I thought at first some one was trying to play a trick on me through you, but I fear now I have been the trickster. I was quite tired and disgusted this morning. If you were a teacher—pardon me for imagining that you are not—you would know how glad I was to rest and hear some one else teach, and learn how." This last added slyly.

When she had directed me across the fields I lifted my hat and walked off. As Miss Stanley entered the schoolroom, I heard the tumultuous clapping and cheering.

I plunged fiercely on, reviewing the morning's experience with burning cheek whose fires were none the cooler by the time I reached my cousin's school, which also I noticed was fronted with a big elm.

As I went nearer the unmistakable buzz of a school in session greeted my ears. Wonderingly I rapped at the door. It opened, and lo, Jack.

"How's your tooth?" savagely said I.

"Might as well own up. It was all a trick. I came out here and hid. I was going to hear you teach all the morning, and then disclose myself. The boys were in the secret, but when you didn't come the joke was on me. Where have you been?"

But that I never told.—Amos R. Wells, in Detroit Free Press.

A story, which European newspapers seem to think will amuse their readers, is going the rounds that a few years ago a Western man, name unknown or not divulged, was suddenly elevated to the post of "Secretary of the United States Navy." He went to see the launching of one of the first ironclads. When everything had been explained, he deemed it necessary to say something, but found his mind a blank. At last, he suggested that "the darn thing seems hollow," and relapsed into silence.

In New York, on the East Side (says the Sun), there is a club of newsboys, bootblacks, and street gamins of every degree. One night, recently, the women of the church that supports the club gave the boys an entertainment, the main feature of which was a recitation by a beautiful East Side elocutionist. The woman, dressed in silks and lace, stepped out on the platform, and began to recite a pathetic poem, the refrain of which was—"Oh, where, oh, where is Mary?" The third petition of the inquiry was answered by a shrill voice: "She's on de Islan', mum, washin' fer de loonies."

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.



Studies in American History, Mary Sheldon Barnes, A. B., and Earle Barnes, M. S. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1891. \$1.25.

The first part of this duet of names is already familiar in connection with her studies in General History, a book that produced a genuine sensation in the educational world. Almost all history is written from some partisan standpoint. If unbiased at the beginning, the writer finds himself unconsciously sympathizing with one or the other side, ere he has advanced far in his task. But Mrs. Barnes, an American, aims to write an impartial American History; to show during the Revolution, even, the feelings of British and Tories who are generally given scant hearing by writers, this side the Atlantic. Then, too, in the vexed and perilous days of slavery and war, she states the sentiments of both sides. There is no reason why schools in South Carolina and Texas should not use the book as well as those in Massachusetts and Illinois. Going to the prime sources of history, the annals of the day, she runs these together, making a narrative, perhaps not so thrilling as one that tells our side only, but certainly one that is vastly more beneficial. The child, trying it, might find difficulty in acquiring a mastery of the manner; but once learned it would seem that the results should be most praiseworthy. A vast array of material is named whence were drawn the quotations given in the volume. With any considerable number of these books and papers at hand to still further furnish data, the theme could be made still more valuable. An interesting portion of the book is the concluding chapter, where pertinent issues of the day are named as subjects for the consideration of the student. Miss Mary Sheldon of Wellesley College and Oswego Normal School fame has become the wife of Earle Barnes, one of the professors in the new California (Leland Stanford, Jr.) University and together they project this book upon the public. If all the forthcoming books from the extreme Western University prove as valuable as this, then most truly will it merit its title of "The Young Giant of the West."

A Matter of Skill, by Beatrice Whitty, from Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago.

At first a young girl is packing a trunk and that is always a matter of skill. She is going to visit her aunt because Mr. Flight has fallen in love with her and she doesn't want to marry him and hopes he will forget if he tucks away. On the cars she is robbed of her ticket and purse as well as her watch. Mr. Jones, the son of a wealthy man who has recently moved into the hall on the hill near her aunt's, comes to the rescue and provides for her much against her will, for she is independence itself. The story from this point is a matter of skill in wooing, but her pride will not let her be too easy a victim and in pique he engages himself to another. The young man father loses his money and the forward man goes into business.

Mr. Flight dies leaving his money to Helen and she makes it a matter of skill to make Mr. Jones repeat his declaration of love. Needless to say she succeeds.

Dedham Historical Register, Vol. II, No. 4, Dedham, Mass., Quarterly. \$1 a year.

In its terra cotta cover, with the picture of the Dedham Library and Historical rooms displayed, the October Register is gladly received. This visitor is proving the almost exhaustless character of the treasures that every town possesses in the way of local history. A beautiful heliotype shows us a fireplace in the library of the historical rooms about and in which are many articles used by our ancestors, while above it hangs the portrait of Mrs. Vose, the generous benefactor of the society. The essay descriptive of this collection was prepared by Miss Rachel M. Ferguson, a member of the last graduating class in the Dedham High School and for it she was awarded the first prize offered by the Historical Society. A second prize was given to Miss Helen L. Taft. Is not this a good idea, to divert the youthful mind into concrete channels rather than to make them devote so much attention to abstract matters. The title of the essay is "Domestic Utensils and furniture used in Dedham since 1635." Other titles are "Lusher Wills," "Dedham in the Rebellion," "Boston and Providence R. R.," "First Parish in Dedham," "Births in Dover, Mass.," "The Ames Diary," "Births in Franklin, Mass.," with Notes and Queries.

The Salem Historical and Genealogical Record, October, Vol. II, No. 2, Salem Press. \$1.50 a year.

"Travelling in the Olden Time," is the first article in this number and it sets forth the way the early settlers took to travel about the Atlantic coast, a journey then from Boston to Philadelphia was much more of an undertaking than for our people now to go to San Francisco. Other subjects treated are "Notes on the Hines Family of Essex Co.," "Gleanings from English Parish Registers by Eben Putnam, the editor; "Inscriptions from the Charter Street Burial Grounds, Salem, and also from the Old Burial Ground in Plymouth, Conn.," "Records of Georgetown, Me.," "The Pillsbury Family Reunion," with Notes and "Queries." "Notes" with which the number concludes are not the least interesting items in the magazine.

Sir Walter Scott's Marjorie, edited by Mary Harriett Norris. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston and New York.

This is the last volume published in the Student's Series of English Classics, prepared originally to meet the demand of pupils preparing for the examinations in English Composition on entering college. The editor prepared Silas Marner in the same series and is an instructor in English Literature. There is first a comprehensive biographical sketch of the great novelist; then important facts in his life. These should be well scanned by the student. After the poem, follow forty pages of explanatory notes. The latter are of peculiar value, betraying a deal of research on the editor's part. There can be no reason why the pupil should not be able to pass an examination on this great poem, should he do his part well. If he has the least love of rhythm, the

melody of the poem will attract him, but that alone will not give all that should be known about it. The writer was "The Wizard of the North," a myriad-minded man and he used hidden allusions as though they were every day matters. The notes in this book clear up many a mystery. We cannot grow so old that the blood will not tingle at mention of Flodden Field. The poem is filled with passages that have become a part of our daily language "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" were the last words of Marmion.

A Commercial Geography for Academies, High Schools and Business Colleges, by John N. Tilden. M. A., M. D. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston and New York.

Here is something decidedly new. We have had Commercial Arithmetic and early in the century there was printed a Grammar of Commerce, but Dr. Tilden has surely struck a new vein, induced probably by the needs of a Commercial College which, also, had no existence, till recent years. The idea of the author is to give to young people contemplating a commercial life, in the most comprehensive manner, that training which shall best equip them for business. Accordingly much of the matter in descriptive geography is omitted. Consequently the student will find more stress laid upon the Erie Canal in New York State, than upon the fact that Saratoga Springs is an important watering place. There is enough of prefatory matter concerning terms used in all forms of geography, to put the pupil at ease as to their meaning. There we find a grouping under different countries of raw products, manufactures, commerce, seaports, cities, etc. In this way are treated the United States, Great Britain, France and other nations. The utility of this volume need not be confined to commercial colleges. Lying on the desk of any Grammar School teacher, it would be a book of constant reference, for it points to many facts that the careful, painstaking instructor is ever seeking to impress upon his charges. In brief, Dr. Tilden has culled from a wide range of science, history and description just what the learner ought to know about the surface and contents of this planet. It is not a book of statistics but there are enough of them to fully illustrate the text. It marks a decided advance in text book making.

The October number of the favorite sporting magazine, *Outing*, is a gem of artistic skill and literary ability. The opening chapters of Wenona Gilman's new racing story, "Saddle and Sentiment," occupy the leading position, but from cover to cover the October number is full of interesting contributions by well-known writers.

FENCING.

Ancient and Modern.

Friend, imagine yourself with me in a dense forest. There is light ahead and we must be near a clearing. We hear discordant cries and savage yells mingled with the clash of sticks. We reach the opening. Before us is a vast assemblage, a motley crowd, who, judging from the clothing worn, have boycotted the clothing stores and resorted to the skins of beasts for protection. But we do not look at

this, the centre of the group claims our attention, for there in a clear space are two stalwart savages, the champions of their respective tribes, each armed with a club and protected by a shield. They are engaged in mortal combat.

One strikes at the other with his club. His adversary parries the blow with his shield and returns it. Back and forth over the open space they fight, striving for the supremacy of their race. Now parrying, now returning, now advancing, now retreating, now standing and returning blow for blow with the rapidity of lightning, now breaking away, and, for a moment glaring at each other like wolves, then close once more for the final struggle. It is short. One weakens and staggering under a well directed blow, is unable to parry the next and with the third is crushed to the ground.

His friends gather round and amidst cries and groans and the wail of the death song he is borne from the field to die. If he is not ready to do this he is gently assisted, for his relatives no longer want him.

The victor, on the contrary, is loaded with honors, escorted to a sumptuous feast and given his choice among the charming young ladies of the tribe for a wife.

This is an ideal sketch of the earliest fencing. The foil was a wooden stick or club, and used in the roughest manner. Skill was at a discount and strength at a premium, though it must not be supposed that there was no skill used in those early days, for there was the birth of our modern art.

The next step was to form the sticks into a sort of sword, pointed and with an edge, such as the Spaniards found in Mexico on their first visit. When metals were discovered, bronze swords were introduced and heavier shields were necessary. The bronze sword disappeared with the advent of tempered steel and to the present day no material has been found to take the place of or compare with the latter.

The form of the sword has varied at different times and in different countries. Those used by the Roman legions were short and strong, with a blade seldom exceeding nineteen and one-half inches in length, but two edged and calculated for both cut and thrust. These were the swords used in the Gladiatorial combats where great skill was often displayed. The head and body were generally partially protected by armor and a small shield was carried in the left hand. The British swords were large, long, heavy and clumsy; and those of the Normans and Saxons partook of the same character.

Shields were carried for protection, varying in shape and method of use, and the body partially or entirely covered with armor, until the sword became lighter and so much more easily handled, that it was used to parry with. Then the shield was abandoned altogether and a second sword carried in the left hand; this to be used when the right was disarmed, or, if the contestant was expert he would fence with both, sometimes together and sometimes alternating. Again the second sword was abandoned and a short dagger took its place to be used at close quarters. This was finally given up and a partial return to the shield was made in the shape of a well padded and armored glove on the left hand which was used to ward off the adversaries point.

In the mean time the sword was being made of finer steel with finer temper. It had grown lighter and handsomer and was considered indispensable to a well dressed gentleman's outfit. The art of fencing was becoming a study on the continent and was an accomplishment no gentleman would be without.

It does not appear that this weapon was used in England before the reign of Elizabeth; and Darci informs us that one Roland York was the first who brought into England "that wicked, pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier called a tucke used only for the thrust."

About the thirteenth year of Elizabeth, he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruffe and the longest sword. This was carried to such an extent that her Majesty made proclamation against them both and placed selected citizens at every gate to cut the ruffes that were over a sixteenth of a yard in depth and to break the sword exceeding a yard in length.

This small sword being always worn, was a most convenient weapon with which to settle disputes; in fact it was said that subjects were brought up for dispute that the gentlemen might show the skill with which they could handle their side arms.

Today there is no place where fencing is brought to such a degree of perfection as in France. Where the American uses his fists the Frenchman uses his sword. In this country fencing is becoming popular as a means of recreation as well as exercise, and there is no exercise better calculated for bodily strength and activity than fencing. By it the muscles of every part of the body are brought into play; it expands the chest, and occasions an equal distribution of the blood and other circulating fluids throughout the system.

To the polite speaker, it has been found to impart an ease and freedom of gesture attainable by no other exercise while teaching valuable lessons in patience and self-command.

Ladies as well as gentlemen delight in the exercise and there is nothing more fascinating than to watch the quick, easy movements of a graceful lady fencer. The art is now taught in all the large cities and in some foreign countries it is part of an education. Fencing is now practiced so generally in the large cities that it is becoming to Winter what tennis is to Summer. It ought to be encouraged and to be more thoroughly understood for it is all that can be desired for physical exercise and far pleasanter and more interesting than ordinary gymnastics.

The foil used for practice is of about the same length as the regular small sword, thirty-four and one-half inches, but much lighter. The blade is quadrangular in shape tapering from the hilt to the point which latter is generally blunted and tipped with rubber to prevent accidental injury. In addition to this a wire mask is worn to protect the face, and sometimes a padded vest or shield is used.

As a sport it is harmless while full of excitement, and calling for skill and dexterity.

As an exercise it is unequalled.

GEORGE K. CLARK.

The man who does not get what he deserves must learn to be content with what he gets.—William Winter.

Woman's Relief Corps.

Though war has long been considered man's peculiar province, woman has ever borne her part in caring for the sick and wounded. Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix are names quite as fragrant as those of Napier and Grant. Whatever the sad reflections in a soldier's mind, when menaced by hostile foe, he well knew that anxiety for him was deeply felt in the hearts of mother, sister and wife. In many ways, during and after the war, they managed to alleviate hardships in homes where the stroke of battle had been felt; but the Grand Army was seventeen years old before an organization was effected for regular methodic work. It was in Denver, 1883; that representatives from Massachusetts met those from other states and united in the patriotic body, whose parts are now found in more than half the states and territories of the Union. Massachusetts claims the proud preeminence of leading in this mission of mercy. As she sent Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton among the very first to serve in the hospitals. So her ladies were the first to organize and their ideas prevailed when the plans for organizing were submitted.

Previous to 1879, there existed certain Ladies Aid Associations working in connection with the G. A. R. Department commander, Horace Binney Sargent, recognizing the merit of these bodies, sanctioned the assembling of a convention, which was called to meet in Fitchburg, February, 12, 1879. To this call, sixty-six delegates responded and a state organization came into existence. Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller of East Boston was made the first president. The objects stated were: "To assist needy members and their families in sickness and distress, and all needy and sick soldiers, sailors and marines, or the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, sailors and marines; to do all in our power to alleviate their distress; to further the interests of all subordinate corps, and institute new corps throughout the state. Corps No. 1 was the E. V. Summer Corp of Fitchburg. In 1880, a similar body having been organized in New Hampshire, it was added to that of Massachusetts. In 1882, Connecticut came in, in like manner. Thus there was the nucleus of an order when the meeting came in Denver, July 25, 1883. Mrs. E. Florence Barker of Malden was elected first president, and from that day to this the Woman's Relief Corps, both in state and nation, has gone on with a constant record of prosperity. As has been seen, the order in Massachusetts is older than the parent body; an anomalous condition already accounted for. But it was not till after the Denver organization that George H. Ward, Corps 1, came into existence, the charter signed by E. Florence Barker, president, and Sarah E. Fuller, secretary, bearing date, May 4, 1883. The charter members given in the order of signing the application were as follows, read across:

Elizabeth C. Lovings,
Emma T. Armstrong,
Helen F. Jewell,
Anna M. Buck,
Harriet A. Lamb,
Abbie M. Cassell,
Lydia A. Bigelow,
Angie A. Robinson,
Lydia M. Payne,
Mary N. Rebers,
Hattie D. Gardner,

Lucretia A. Rice,
Lizzie F. Hubbard,
Mary H. Burr,
Lizzie S. Knowlton,
Nellie Putzer,
Jennette P. Babbitt,
Elizabeth L. Walker,
Martha A. Denny,
Sarah A. Bryant,
Lydia M. Stearns,
Marilla A. Fottler,

Helen E. Smith,
Mary O'Garra,
Lizzie A. Dunbar,
Jennie M. Sprout,
Emma J. Odie,
Anna H. Burbank,
Julia F. Ward,
Lila A. Sanders,
Florence M. Remington,
Hannah E. Whitten,
Sarah E. Carr,
Alda J. Rice,
Sarah P. McIntire,
Isabel K. Brewer,
Margaret E. Barker,
Nellie M. Rawson,
Emeline S. Rawson,
Adaline S. Fuller,
Adella J. Clough,
Mary I. Upham,
Nellie M. Clough,
Emily E. Ward,
Kate A. Ingraham.

The work of these women, and those who have joined since, has told in the comfort and happiness of many families. They have contributed food of all kinds, have clothed the poorly clad, have sent coal, paid rent and have nursed the sick. They have found homes for orphans, and have paid the R. R. fare for women and children to remote points in the West as far even as St. Paul and even to California. When fathers have fallen into evil ways, they have taken his place in caring for the defenceless. Is not this a mission of love and mercy? Is there not reason for the existence of the Corps?

There are matters, in the care of destitute families, that women can better attend to than men. So the Relief Corps comes in to do what their husbands and fathers cannot well superintend. From 1885 to 1891 inclusive, the corps has expended \$993 55 besides, in this 1891, refurbishing Room 16 in the Soldiers Home in Chelsea at an expense of \$180. Adding the first two years outlay, the Corps has expended more than \$1,000. Considering the quiet way in which all of this has been done, the record is a proud one. But more means are called for. The fair in G. A. R. Hall next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday is to replenish the treasury. The object is worthy the patronage of every lover of his country. A dollar invested here will, in some way serve to ameliorate the woes of some distressed being whose record lays hold on the war. No worthier claim was ever presented to the citizens of Worcester. The presidents of the Corps from the instituting to the present are as follows.

Mrs. Lucretia A. Rice.

The first president of the Corps, perhaps to her more than any other one person, is due its organization. Her name appears second on the charter list, though she was the one who did the most interviewing and soliciting to obtain the names for the beginning. By common consent, the Corps regards her as its chief organizer. She is Worcester County born, claiming the good old town of Sterling as that of her nativity. Her father, George L. Stewart, a farmer, is still managing affairs on the old homestead, a most charming place for the summer vacation season. Three of Mr. Stewart's daughters married men who bore arms during the Rebellion. Mr. Frank H. Rice whom Miss L. A. Stewart married is the well known Main street photographer and was, in War times, a member of Co. K, 53d Regiment, commanded by General John W. Kimball of Fitchburg. They have only two children, Harry N., W. H. S., '89, Harvard '91 and now a student in the Harvard Law School and Miss Minnie, at home. As the first president of the Corps, Mrs. Rice has no record of previous offices; but in the State Department she has been Assistant Inspector, and Inspector, and was a delegate to the national Convention when held in Portland.

Never in robust health, she has, nevertheless, been a tower of strength in fostering and furthering the interests of the order. As inspector, nothing was allowed to prevent the performance of duties. Wherever she should be in carrying out the principles of the Woman's Relief Corps, there she was found.

Mrs. Jeannette P. Babbitt.

The daughter of Luther Gates, a Sterling farmer, this lady was born in that beautiful town and during a part of her childhood, went to school in the same house to which Mary's little lamb followed her one day. She came to Worcester in 1848 and her membership in the Relief Corps arises from the fact that her husband, Samuel Flint Babbitt, was a member of Co. F, 4th Heavy Artillery. In G. A. R. circles no people are better known than "Sam" or Flint Babbitt and his wife. But Mrs. B. has a claim to local note on her own account; for as Widow Bedott she has no equal in Worcester, and in amateur theatricals she has taken well many a character. For seventeen years, she has been the librarian of the Mechanics' Association and has watched over the growth of the library of that body from 4,000 volumes to this point where it is progressing on its eleventh thousand. Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt have one son, Harry C., who went from the High school in Mr. Peterson's day to the Institute, whence he was graduated in 1878. He is now the chemist of the Welman Iron and Slate Company, Thurlow, Penn. with post office at Chester. Mrs. Babbitt is a charter member of the Corps and was its first Senior Vice President and succeeded to the presidency in 1885. In all that pertains to the interests of the Corps she is active and vigilant.

Mrs. Angie A. Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson is the only President, thus far, who was born in Worcester. Her father was Timothy Kidder, a native of Vermont, who was a skilled mechanic and excellent musician. A brother of Mrs. Robinson, Geo. M. Kidder, served in the 4th N. H. Volunteers, was wounded at Deep Bottom, was taken prisoner, held nine months, came home and lived only eleven days thereafter, dying two weeks before the surrender of Lee. Miss Kidder, in 1861, became the wife of Wm. L. Robinson who was in the Navy during the Rebellion, serving on the U. S. Gunboat "Mangham." Few men in Post to are better known than Comrade Robinson he having been commander three successive years. At the dawning of the strife, as a girl, she worked, day and night, Sundays included, to make ready the jackets for the first Worcester soldiers, those militiamen who shed so much luster on Massachusetts. As a young wife, she knew all there is to be known of anxiety. Her first born child came in War times and was a bouncing boy of eight months before his father saw him. They have six children, George; Maud, who is Mrs. John E. Ewing of Providence; Wm. J.; Harry C.; Beatrice and Sally. Mrs. R. was one of the original members, passed through the three regular gradations to the presidency and since then has been treasurer two years. In the department Mrs. Robinson was, for one year, a member of the Executive Council.

She has attended nine Department and three National Conventions.



PRESIDENTS OF THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Mrs. Lucretia A. Rice,

Mrs. Lizzie F. Hubbard,

Mrs. Angie A. Robinson,

Mrs. Jeannette P. Babbitt,

Mrs. J. Victoria Simmons,

Mrs. Anna H. Burbank,

Mrs. Mar ha A. Denny,

Mrs Adelia J. Clough.

ALL CITIZENS SHOULD ATTEND.

HON. CHAS. H. ALLEN,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR,

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG,

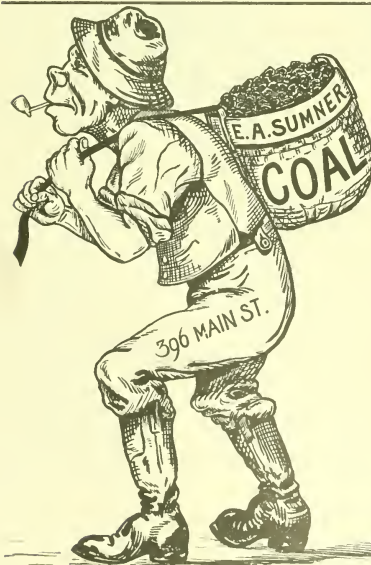
CAPTAIN JOHN G. B. ADAMS, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF MASSACHUSETTS,

will address citizens of Worcester at a

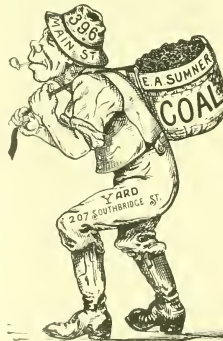
Republican Meeting in Mechanics Hall, Tuesday
Evening, October 27, 1891.

Hon. F. A. Gaskill will preside.

North and South Galleries reserved for Ladies. Music by Battery B Band. Meeting
at 8 O'Clock. Doors Open at 7 O'Clock.



"We'll make it hot for 'em!"



Mrs. Martha A. Denny.

The daughter of Robert D. Fisher, she was born in Northbridge, Mass., and passed her girlhood in that pleasant town. Mr. Fisher was a native of Halifax, N. S., and as a ship builder in his early days, helped construct the very vessel in which his subsequent wife, born in Edinburg, came to America. Later, coming to the states, he was a wheelwright and carpenter, in the latter business working among others for Tilly Raymond and Joel and Harvey Upham, helping build the Bay State House and Mechanics Hall. He died one year ago. Her oldest brother, John P. Fisher, was in the United States service and was lost at sea, off the coast of California in 1852. She was married to Daniel E. Denny April 17, 1867, though they were acquainted before he enlisted in Co. E, 42d Regiment. He is now, as he has been for some years a postal clerk on the Boston & Albany R. R. Their pleasant home is on West Street, near Highland, where they have reared their family of three children; Alice in Wellesley college, a High School girl of 1890, Arthur E. in his Senior year in the High School and Florence, in one of the earlier Grammar grades. A charter member of the order, Mrs. Denny, has served as Treasurer, two years, and then passed through the regular grades of Junior and Senior Vice Presidents to the final position of President. She has also served as Department Ass't Inspector and installed, instituted and inspected many Corps.

Mrs. J. Victoria Simmons.

This lady was born in Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., the daughter of Mr. George R. Waldron, editor of the Hamilton Republican and whose partner was Garfield's Postmaster General, Thomas L. James. She was married to Charles E. Simmons, Aug. 28, 1860. Mr. S. through Worcester born, went to Hamilton to attend Madison, now Colgate University and it was during his college course, that he married the editor's daughter. Mr. Simmons went to Madison rather than Brown on account of the wishes of his academy chum and he tells to this day of the laugh at his expense over his mistaking Madison County hop poles for bean poles, thinking that the New York variety of beans was unusually aspiring. After all, a Massachusetts Yankee need not be pardoned if beans were so easily suggested to him. Mrs. Simmons has reasons enough for being a member of the Relief Corps, for her father and oldest brother were members of the 157th New York and her husband was in Co. F of the 21st Mass. It was a singular coincidence that in the progress of the war all three of these near relatives were wounded in the same month. Today, her father is blind, through the usage of war and her brother is postmaster of Hamilton. Mr. Waldron, Senator, was for several years state librarian in Albany. An uncle of Mrs. Simmons, General W. F. Rogers, commanded a Division in the 6th Corps, going out as Colonel of the 31st N. Y. He is the commander of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., and was Department Commander in 1878. He presented the name of Capt. John Palmer at the Detroit Encampment and was instrumental in his election. Her home was in Hamilton during the strife and there her eldest son, Charles G. was born.

This son was a graduate of our High School, Class of '82 and of Madison University, now Colgate, 1886. Subsequently, he took a theological course over, and is now a Baptist minister in Charlemont and Rowe, this state, where he has, also, found a wife. Henry D., the second son, went from our Grammar school to the Academy and, married, lives on North Ashland Street; Flora A. is a High School graduate Class of '91 and is now in her first year at Vassar; Hannah C. is in the first year at the High School and Edward Burnside is a nine years old lad in the Grammar School. He was born on the 20th anniversary of the battle of Roanoke Island, his father's first fight. Hence his name. Mr. Simmons is well known as a Baptist minister in this city, where he and his have been the most of the time since the War. Mrs. Simmons joined the Relief Corps in New York State, where her mother was the first president of the first Corps in the state and when Mrs. S. was president here, she initiated her own daughter, Flora, thus having three generations in order. In the Worcester organization, Mrs. Simmons has been Senior Vice President one term and was president in 1888. Since then, she has been an aid on the Department Staff and in 1890 was a delegate to the National Convention in Boston.

Mrs. Lizzie F. Hubbard.

As Lizzie F. Decker, her girlhood was spent in Hallowell, Me., where she and her future husband went to school, as fellow pupils, and where, as she says, they slid down hill together, an amusement that Maine people will be sure to remember, but the war was fought and won before they were married which was in 1865, Oct. 11. They celebrated their silver wedding in a quiet way in 1890. Mr. George W. Hubbard was a member of Co. E, 3d Maine Regiment, the one that General O. O. Howard came home from West Point to command, a regiment that saw the hardest kind of service during the conflict, and came home at last, crowned with glory. When General Howard visited Worcester in 1890, it was her husband's privilege to meet him at the station and to escort his old colonel to the Post 10 camp fire. The Hubbards came to Worcester in 1875 and Mr. H. is the armorer at the new armory at the north end. They have three children, G. Walter, once in the High School and recently in the Union Station Ticket Office; Lottie M., a graduate of the High School, Class of '90 and now employed in the Free Public Library and Addie E., who is in her second year in the High School. Mrs. Hubbard was a charter member of the Corps, her name appearing fourth in the list. She was conductor three years, Junior Vice two; Senior Vice one and President in 1889. In 1890 she was assistant inspector of the State Department.

As a girl, Mrs. Hubbard was one of the hard working girls who thought nothing too good for the soldier. Sewing, even taking her machine to the town hall that the hospitals might be well provided and soliciting and sending barrels and boxes to the front. She was one of the many thousands who made the country worth fighting for.

Mrs. Adelia J. Clough

Mrs. Clough is a native of Lynnfield Center,

Essex County, a daughter of John Perkins, long farmer and influential citizen of that place. Both of her parents are still living. Though no one of her immediate family was in the army, her favorite cousin died of starvation in a Rebel prison, and another cousin was killed in battle only a few days before the expiration of his enlistment. There are no Americans who were not in some way interested in the strife. She became the wife of Dr. Benj. F. Clough in 1871 and at once took up her residence here. Dr. Clough, a native of Kennebunkport, Me. had come to Worcester in 1869. His war record was in the Navy, being on the Flagship Blackhawk, of the Mississippi Squadron, and on the hospital ship, Red Rover. Their only child, Bertha F., a beautiful girl of eleven years died in 1884. Mrs. Clough, a constituent member, was, for three years, the treasurer of the Corps and then passed through the three degrees of Junior and Senior Vice Presidents to the President's chair.

Mrs. Anna H. Burbank.

the eighth and present president of the Relief Corps is New Hampshire born, a native of that granite producing town, Fitzwilliam, where her father, Silas White, tilled the soil. It was also his native town. Her ancestry is excellent, including a grandfather who served in the Revolutionary war for six years. Her early school advantages were those of her native town. In her immediate family, a brother, Wyman S., went into the war to suppress the Rebellion. He was a member of Berdan's Sharpshooters and is now one of the police force of this city. Miss White became the wife of Mr. Daniel E. Burbank in 1861, while he was a soldier in Co. A, 2d New Hampshire Regiment. Though the latter was not wounded, he saw something of Rebel prison life, having been captured at Williamsburg, in the Peninsula campaign. His business is that of an engineer. They have two children, Chas. E. now a Senior in Amherst, having been graduated from our High school in 1887, and Fanny, who has spent one year in the city's highest grade. The son will be readily recalled as the Commandant, for the last two years, at the Natural History camp. Mrs. Burbank is one of the charter members of the Corps, was Guard three years, and then passed through the gradations of Junior and Senior Vice President to her present office.

The regular meetings of the Corps are in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. The officers for the present year are President, Mrs. Anna H. Burbank; Senior Vice President, Emma A. Savels; Junior Vice President, Mrs. Camilla E. Jenks; Treasurer, Mrs. Addie A. Pinkham; Secretary, Fannie B. Allen; Chaplain, Mary S. Hine; Conductor, Flora A. Simmons; Guard, Sarah A. Towle. In the following roll of membership, the names of charter members, already printed, do not appear. Remembering that nearly every name represents some friend, living or dead who served as a soldier, the list becomes one of peculiar interest.

E. D. Adams,	Cornelia A. Lord,
Carrie M. Adams,	Louise M. Long,
Mary J. Abbott,	Hannah N. Lord,
Elizabeth Avery,	Mary H. Lock,
Mary E. Alden,	Isabel A. Lemorie,

Mary A. Ames,
Fanny B. Allen,
Angie Andrews,
Susan P. Ames,
Maggie T. Adams,
Sarah A. Bullard,
Gertie W. Bemis,
Marriette F. Bortley,
Lizzie F. Ballou,
Mary A. Bushnell,
M. Jennie Benchley,
Cornelia W. Hayden,
O. Lamira Briggs,
Mary E. Barto,
Julia A. Brigham,
Helen J. Brewster,
Mary S. Brusco,
Abbie M. Bush,
Oliver Burdette,
Emily F. Fryson,
Jennifer L. Bliss,
Adia A. Bradford,
Rena H. Bennett,
Abbie E. Cleaveland,
Hattie R. Colburn,
Mattie F. Clemence,
Oliver C. Cole,
Sarah J. Colby,
Julia K. Cissold,
Abbie R. Cook,
Mary J. Crane,
Amelia F. W. Clemence,
Mary F. Childs,
Julia A. Clark,
Myra A. Cooley,
Eliza Crook,
Susan Crane,
Elizabeth Cummings,
Lucy B. Chamberlain,
Mary E. Clark,
Morgan M. Draper,
M. Vienna Deane,
Mary E. Dalrymple,
Lizette M. Downs,
Isabel N. Dilworth,
Carrie E. Dickinson,
Barbara Dickinson,
Helen De Lamp,
Charlotte E. Eaton,
E. M. Ellis,
Flora A. F. Well,
Sarah K. Estabrook,
Irene F. Fairbanks,
Catharine Fritz,
Jessie E. Foster,
Jane F. Flint,
Maria E. Flood,
Mary S. Fairbanks,
Annie E. Fritz,
Sarah E. Fisher,
Lucinda A. Fairbrother,
Clara A. Fales,
Abbie M. Gassett,
Mary E. Garland,
Emma E. Goodwin,
Ann S. Gould,
Fannella S. Gilman,
Alice May Goodrich,
Amelia J. Goddard,
Jennie M. Goddard,
Sarah L. Gotes,
Ella M. Griffin,
S. J. Houghton,
Cynthia A. Hildley,
Hattie W. Hildt,
Abbie L. Howe,
Emma F. Harrington,
Mary S. Hine,
Eunice B. Harnford,
Ella N. Harrington,
Lottie M. Hubbard,
Susan L. Hays,
Cornelia L. Hooker,
Isabel K. Howe,
Annette Hubbard,
Abbie A. Hall,
Martha J. Ham,
Mary E. Jones,
Carolla E. Jenks,
Emma K. James,
Mary A. Johnson,
Catharine Jones,
Emeline Johnson,
Carrie Jones,
Mary A. Judge,
Julia A. Johnson,
Cordelia Knight,
Hester O. Kanouse,
Nettie E. Lewis,

Clara F. Lawrence,
Sophil H. Lincoln,
Harriet C. Lawrence,
Lavinia G. Low,
Adeline J. Lawrence,
Mary Lally,
Elizabeth Lawrence,
Mary Lamb,
Evelyn K. Monroe,
Lucy A. Mellor,
Mary A. Macomber,
Mary F. Murray,
Margaret Macovee,
Angie A. Miller,
Susan E. Mitchell,
Sarah A. Massey,
Mary J. Montague,
Lucretia L. Morse,
John A. Mills,
Elizabeth D. Morse,
Susan A. Mills,
Bessie McCue,
Abbie F. Moore,
Emily McCracken,
Sarah J. Maynard,
Lizzie M. Mayo,
Elen P. Norcross,
Harriette Nowhall,
Jennie R. Olney,
Marrietta Oakley,
Emma E. Pike,
Abbie F. W. Patterson,
Della E. Putnam,
Sarah A. Pratt,
Susan M. Peacock,
Adeliza Perry,
Francena E. Porter,
Evelyn P. Pond,
Addie A. Pinkham,
Sarah J. Prince,
Mary E. Pender,
Sarah A. W. Pepper,
Elizabeth P. Pines,
Esther C. Parker,
Susie A. Potter,
Mary E. Peacock,
Helen Plunkett,
Nellie M. Perry,
Mary E. Peck,
Lucy M. Robinson,
Sarah J. Rawson,
Mary A. Rawson,
Sarah J. Rice,
Mary E. Scott,
Charlotte J. Sibley,
Emma H. Sutcliffe,
Clara A. Sawyer's,
Anna M. Shroyer,
Julia A. Stone,
Mary B. Smith,
Emma R. Searle,
I. Victoria Simmons,
Mary A. Sherman,
Melinda A. Stiles,
Flora A. Simons,
Sarah M. Stockwell,
Lizzie M. Sutter,
Clara A. Stone,
Caroline Thompson,
Isadora F. Towle,
Louise D. Thompson,
Hannah M. Talbot,
Father J. Torrey,
Annie M. Towle,
Sarah A. Towle,
Francisca Tewson,
Rhoda H. Twining,
I. Lizzie K. Tatt,
Mary A. Thomswood,
Abbie A. Upham,
Jessie E. Verrill,
Mary A. Whitton,
Ella I. Winslow,
Kate E. Wilder,
Lizzie M. Wallace,
Margaret E. Walker,
Mary M. Wheeler,
Mary A. Wellington,
Ella I. Winslow,
Mary Williams,
Mary H. Woodis,
Abbie S. Whitcomb,
Sarah C. Whitney,
Mary A. Woods,
F. Emma Wood,
Martha A. Ware,
Angie Wheeler,
Susan J. Ware,
Mary A. Wiggins,
Gertrude B. Whipple,
Evelyn H. Wesson,
Mary A. Young,



Landmarks.

Miss Freeland, whose history of Oxford the public anxiously awaits, says the old mile stone on Lincoln Street is the most interesting historical object in Worcester. Yet who can give its history? Let us stop one of the most aged men who walk our streets, Ex-Alderman, Samuel Porter, and ask him about it. "Mr. Porter, do you know anything about the old Mile Stone on Lincoln Street?" "No, only it was always there I guess. At any rate it goes back of my recollection. There used to be a similar one further along towards Shrewsbury and also one near where Austin Street comes into Main. Then, too, there was one in New Worcester; but I never heard when they were placed nor who put them in place." So much for Mr. Porter. Now we will interview Caleb Wall. He is not so old a man as Mr. Porter, but he has been taking notes all his life and he surely will be able to tell us all about it. Alas! We fail again, for Mr. Wall can only say that the memory of man runneth not to the time when it was planted. "It has been moved several times in the changes of the road and street but as to the time and agency of placing, I can't tell." Another gentleman, long an authority on local matters, says, "I have read somewhere, I am quite sure, that this is one of many stones placed along the old "Country Road" by a Provincial enactment made in Governor Belcher's day." If he be right, then the stone is more than 150 years old for Belcher was governor from 1730 to 1741. And again if this be the true version, the stone is a good argument for the wearing qualities of red sandstone, though the lettering, obviously, has been recut.

The "Country Road" was the thoroughfare from Boston to New York and Albany. In Worcester county, it passed through Northborough, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Leicester, Spencer, Brookfield and so on west to Springfield. The historians of all these towns mention the road but not a word about the mile stone. How much curiosity of to-day, a little care by the chronicler a hundred years ago, might allay! Draper of Spencer and others say that from Marlborough to Worcester it was called the "New Connecticut road" and from Worcester to Brookfield the "Country road." The exact date of its location is not known, but it must have been before 1725 for in that year the town of Leicester was complained because there was no bridge over Seven Mile river, a stream now in Spencer. Originally this road was simply a path through the woods, passable only for pedestrians and horsemen. It was thus traveled as early as 1674, when between Marlborough and Brookfield there was no dwelling, save a few log houses in Worcester.

As to the stone itself. Thousands of people have passed it scores of times with no attention whatever. In fact, were its presence to be mentioned to all those citizens who habitually travel Lincoln Street, fully one half would either deny its existence or would say, "Well, I never saw it." It is not obtrusive in form,

standing close to the fence on the north side of Lincoln Street in front of No. 50. The figure incorporated in the heading of this article is an exact reproduction of the stone and lettering. It will be noticed that the distance by highway to Boston is less than by rail and that the traveller to Springfield will save six miles if he ignores the train and sticks to the "Country road." Time is not considered in the estimate.

One of our citizens whose boyhood was spent in Spencer, says he recalls a similar stone about where Prouty's shop is now, and that the filling in, to improve the road, covered it up. How many more can be remembered by those who read this article? Landmarks will be a regular theme in LIGHT and contributions are solicited.

One chronicler, Worcester born and reared, says, "I can't tell when the stone was put in place but I remember the following" A gentleman by the name of Goodwin, subsequently postmaster of the city of Lowell, says that in his boyhood, his mother sent him after a pot of white paint. On his return to his Lincoln Street home, just beyond Sawyer's lumber yard, he, boy-like, gave the top of the mile stone a daub as he passed by. He says that forty years afterwards he visited the city and found on the stone traces of that boyish freak. That must have been the very best kind of paint and lead and no barytes. Who has another story to tell!

Getting the most out of life is simply giving the most out of it. We only truly possess that which we share.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mr. W. N. Manning of Rockport, Mass., publishes through Oliver Ditson Company of Boston a school song entitled "Our Country's Pride." The air is alert and catchy. The children will readily learn it and will like to march to it. Here are the words, quite apropos to the present situation.

"Hear scholars all, our country's call,
For brave men true and right,
To be filled by the boys who try
To reach the highest light.
Our fathers fought and dearly bought
Our freeman's righteous rights,
What noble gift for home and things
Out free American schools.

CHORUS.

Well march and sing, our song shall ring,
The stars and stripes we'll wave, we'll wave;
No foreign hand shall rule this land,
Our Country's Pride we'll save, we'll save.

Our nation great in every state,
The dearest blessings give,
To those that try without a sigh
A loyal life to live,
With courage strong we'll study long,
With grateful hearts will strive
Our very best before we rest
To make our Country thrive.

CHORUS.

Mr. Clarence J. Harris, who is about entering the Lay College at Revere, has composed a march, entitled, "Memories of Home" which he will dedicate to his mother. Mr. Harris is a Northbridge boy who has received his musical instruction from his mother, and the piece, as played by him, has an excellent effect, arousing, in the hearer's mind, recollections of youthful days. LIGHT expects a successful reception for the march.

FLASHES.

Sow an act and you reap a habit.
Sow an habit and you reap a character.
Sow a character and you reap a destiny.

God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the clove that leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyx of gold,
And when through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loveliest rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.



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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Comrade Churchill is still in demand for G. A. R. Fairs. Nov. 10, he goes to Milford; Dec 1st, to South Braintree. He may go to Salem, Nov. 19th. He will attend a campfire in Brighton, Nov. 12. The Posts throughout the state manage to keep the Department officers pretty busy.

The Rev. Joseph F. Lovering, formerly pastor of the Old South Church in this city was seriously injured in Boston last Saturday. While on his way to his Somerville home, by the collision of horse cars, he suffered the fracture of one of his ribs. He will be laid up for some time.

Miss Cora E. Cutter of Ashland, has been visiting Miss Nellie Davis 66 Hanover Street.

Upton.

Hiram Warren, aged 86, years died in Upton Sunday the 18th. He was the grandson of the Jonas Warren described in LIGHT of Sept. 12, in the article "Upton's Historic Houses No 2."

Hiram was the oldest of five living generations of the Warren family in town, he being uncle of Austin Warren, and Austin having a great grand daughter. Hiram never married.

On and after Oct. 20 the fast popular steamers of the Yarmouth Steamship Co., will make only two trips a week from Boston to Nova Scotia. They will leave Lewis wharf every Tuesday and Friday, at noon, connecting at Yarmouth for all points in the province and Prince Edward Island. Returning, they will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, after the arrival of the train from Halifax.

Miss Silvester, an experienced French and German teacher, announces that she is prepared to receive pupils for instruction in those studies. She will also teach the English branches, if desired. Lessons may be taken at the pupil's home. Her address is 132 Austin Street.

The Eleventh Commandment.

The one exemplifying the commandment was a Japanese, born a heathen, but he discovered an elderly lady and a very small boy trying to carry a large straw bed down Walnut Street. The burden was too great for the boy, and the foreigner noticing the lad's struggle, pushed him aside and took his place. Right down the street to Main, he threaded the crowded thoroughfare carrying one end of that bulky article. If the recording angel was on duty, an entry must have been made to that young man's credit.

Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. W. J. Dawson, the distinguished English clergyman and orator, now in America on account of the Methodist Fumemical Conference, has been secured by Dr. Pickles of Trinity Church to give, next Friday evening, his lecture on Abraham Lincoln. An Englishman's opinion of the great emancipator must be of intense interest to Americans. Dr. Dawson is one of the most prominent men of his day in England and should be heard here by all who love Lincoln and his memory.

ORIGINAL. No. 53.

Luncheon Muffins.

BY MARIA PARLOA.

For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, two tablespoons of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, three tablespoons of butter and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.



Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder is perfectly whole some. It leavens most and cleavens best. Try a can.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

Dentists.

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I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
10 FRONT STREET.

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Good to Eat.

"Oh, green and glorious! Oh herbaceous
treat!

"'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

Egg Dressing for Salad.

Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, two tablespoonfuls oil or melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of white pepper, one-half cupful of cream, one-half cupful of vinegar. Cook all to scald, add the oil slowly afterward, and pour over any chopped salad.

To Glaze Pastry.

When the pastry is nearly baked, brush it over with the beaten yolk of an egg, and put back into the oven until glazed. This is for meat pies. To glaze the pastry of apple and berry pies, take half a cup of sweet, thick cream, and beat into it flour (sifted) enough to keep it from running. When the pastry is nearly baked, brush it over with cream glaze, and put back in the oven. Let it come to a light brown, or remove sooner, as you like.

Baked Eggs.

Place a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a buttered dish, and pour over enough sweet cream to moisten. Sliced hard boiled eggs, and put a layer with plentiful dots of butter, and a little salt and pepper. Continue alternate layers till the dish is full. Sift crumbs over the top, dot with bits of butter, and set in the oven to bake.

Apple Pudding.

One pound of grated apple, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, six eggs, half a pint of cream, the juice and grated rind of one lemon; grate your apples; beat the butter and sugar very light, whisk the eggs and add the apples, cream and lemon. Stir all together, line your pie plates with rich paste, pour in the mixture and bake it. A few currants may be added.

Cake Pudding.

Here is a recipe for a "cake pudding," which, with the "vinegar sauce," makes a nice, plain, everyday dessert. Anyone desiring to make it richer can add butter or sugar (or both) to pudding and sauce: Take one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, two cups of flour, two level teaspoons of cream of tartar, sifted with the flour, one level teaspoon of soda, dissolved in the milk, one scant teaspoon of lemon extract. Bake the same as any loaf cake and serve hot in slices, over which pour the sauce.

Vinegar Sauce.

One half cup of sugar, one scant tablespoon of flour, rub perfectly smooth in a little cold water. Pour over this — stirring while boiling — three-fourths of a pint of boiling water, and boil ten minutes. Just before serving add a lump of butter half the size of an egg, and one tablespoon of good vinegar, stirring all till well mixed. Currant jelly may be used instead of vinegar, the quantity used being a matter of taste. We used both vinegar and jelly,—and a heaped tablespoon of jelly is needed, while more adds to the richness of the sauce.

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My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles M. Rogers,

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HOWE'S TEA STORE,
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We have just received a large invoice of
fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine
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Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak
for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a
pound. If you can be suited, we can do it.
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The Week.

CITY.

- Oct. 16—Quinsigamond Lodge celebrates its 20th anniversary.
- 17—Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed addresses, in the Rink, one of the largest political meetings ever held in Worcester.
- Hon. George S. Barton dies suddenly, 66 years.
- St. John's Church Fair ends. Two weeks of success.
- 18—St. Anne's Church dedicated with impressive ceremonies.
- Dr. Conrad preaches first anniversary sermon at the Old South.
- 19—Associated Charities meet and report first year's doings.
- Thomas Street Railway will proceed.
- 20—Hon. Geo. S. Barton buried from his late residence.
- Episcopal Club dines at the Bay State house.
- 21—Albert Tolman dies, 82 years.
- Reunion of 15th Regiment.
- National convention of Universalists assembles in this city.
- Meeting of American Antiquarian Society.
- 22—Universalist convention continues.
- New Board of Trade steps into the shoes of the old one.
- Firemen have annual parade.

COUNTY.

- 15—Joseph Coron accidentally shot in Webster, 13 years.
- Conductor E. A. Wright, Fitchburg R. R., fatally injured near Conway Junction.
- 17—Ex-Speaker Reed addresses Southbridge Republicans.
- 19—Shrewsbury people moving to secure an extension to the Dummy road through the town. Such a result would boom things in that ancient burg.
- 20—Sunday last, David Knight of Barre died from hydrophobia, induced by the bite of a pet fox.
- Throughout the county, Democrats and Republicans are holding rallies. How many votes are made thereby?
- 21—Police Justice Hayden of Fitchburg finds Engineer Vickery responsible for recent death of Philip Wood of Athol.
- Bishop Phillips Brooks assists in the dedication of building for St. Marks' School in Southborough.
- 22—Leicester has a big Republican Rally.
- Mendon dedicates a fine soldiers' Monument.

COMMONWEALTH.

- 16—A number of Districts fail to nominate representatives and senators in time. The law must be observed.
- The body of Miss Presbury, missing Smith College girl, found in Paradise pond, suicide.
- 17—Harvard beats Williams at foot ball.
- Harrison, Loring & Co. Boston assign.
- 18—Boston has a fire in the Fire Alarm office, thereby disabling the whole system.
- 19—John G. Whittier reported seriously ill.
- Boston 1st Corps Cadets celebrates 150th anniversary.
- 20—Judge E. Rockwood Hoar thinks himself too infirm for political work.

- The W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts holds 18th annual convention in Haverhill.
- 21—Glendale Mills, burned in Great Barrington. Loss \$50,000.
- 22—Saleem still devoted to the Searles-Hopkins Will Contest.

NATION.

- 16—American Road ends its sessions in Pittsfield.
- Government purchases more than a million acres of land from the Cheyennes for \$600,000.
- The wife of Hon. Allen G. Thurman dies in Columbus, Ohio.
- 17—Congressman, Wm. Fitzhugh Lee, buried at Ravensworth, Va.
- James Parion dies in Newburyport, Mass., 69 years.
- 18—Prof. John L. Lincoln dies in Providence, 75 years. A grand Latin scholar.
- Methodists in Washington dedicate the Lucy Webb Deaconesses' Home.
- 19—Governor Steele of Oklahoma resigns.
- And now the Farmers' Alliance of Kansas is to control a monopoly. So long as it is their pet it will be all right.
- 20—Portland, Me., to be the Western terminus for Allen line of steamers.
- Methodist Ecumenical Conference, for two weeks sitting in Washington, adjourns.
- 21—Post Office Department \$700,000 short for last year.
- Denver Express from Chicago ran into open switch. Train ditched and four people killed.
- 22—The fight in the Adams Express Company progresses merrily.
- Congregational church in Raymond, N. H., celebrates centennial.

WORLD.

- 16—Mrs. Parnell very much depressed by the death of her husband. May not recover.
- In London, Captain Powell's son didn't know it was loaded and so, accidentally shot his sister.
- 17—American sailors reported killed in Valparaiso. Those Chilians need warming.
- 18—Italy will admit American pork.
- England is fearful of Canadian annexation to the United States.
- 19—Continuous storms inflicting great damage in the British Isles.
- William Redmund will contest Parnell's vacant seat.
- 20—Apparently, the Irish factions are no nearer union than before Parnell's death.
- 21—Spain suffering from great floods. Europe appears to be getting the most of the rain this fall.
- 22—In Paris a man has recently died who at the age of thirteen witnessed the execution of Louis XVI in 1793.

Women Speakers.

In the late Universalist Convention, no one in it was more noteworthy than the ease and eloquence with which lady speakers addressed the meetings. The denomination has thirty or forty lady preachers and if the samples heard in Worcester are types of all of them, the sterner sex must look to its laurels. The grace with which Mrs. Thomas, President of the Red Cross Association, presided at the Thursday morning meeting is seldom equaled anywhere. Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Libby and others who spoke are rare examples of elo-

quence. Mrs. Livermore is not the only Universalist lady who can make herself an object of interest through thought and word.

First Daguerreotype.

"Died at Malden, on Friday last, Mr. George Evans, aged 74, seven years our senior, but the friend and associate of our youth in the ranks of the old Fraternal Amphisborean Society, a young men's debating club flourishing for many years in Worcester in the early '40's. He was a cabinet maker, and in the employ of the Bancrofts paid his way to a graduation from the Manual Labor School, now the Worcester Academy. At the time of his graduation, the daguerrean art had just been introduced into Boston. He went down and learned the art, and came back in Worcester and opened his rooms over Dea. Lansing Wood's furniture store, corner of Central and Main Streets, where the first pictures ever produced with a camera this side of Boston were made by him. He sold the picture business to L. J. Knowles, afterward the millionaire pump manufacturer, and devoted himself to making and selling apparatus and giving instruction in the art. We were away from Worcester for some years from 1841, during which time he also removed and we lost track of him till now. But he was the first to take daguerreotype pictures in Worcester."—Rev. Albert Tyler in Oxford Mid Weekly.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The McDonald Picturesque Scotland Musical and Novelty Company gave an entertainment Monday evening in Association Hall under the auspices of the Clan Scott, Order of Scottish Ladies. The large audience consisted principally of Scotch people and was highly pleased with the views, songs and dances of which the entertainment consisted.

The leading musical event of the week was the concert in Horticultural Hall arranged by Madame L'Espérance. From the lists of artists announced to take part every body expected a superior program of music and it was very evident while the concert was in progress that all expectations had been realized. Every number was encored. The program began with a piano solo by Mme. Alice Bardy-Dionne. She also played another solo later besides acting as accompanist for the singers. She very judiciously chose short selections and rendered them in an admirable manner. Melle. Eugénie Tessier, the blind cantatrice from Montreal won, by the two chants which she sang, merited applause and was obliged to sing twice more. Herr Heinrich Schücker, the solo harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, proved himself not only a master of his instrument but a true artist as well. He is apparently not over twenty years old. The violin solos by M. Alfred De Séve were, to a certain extent, disappointing. He was more successful in giving an exhibition of clever handling of his instrument than he was in producing real music. But the audience seemed to like it and on his second appearance, after responding to one encore, he was obliged to bow his acknowledgements five times before the applause would cease. Ben T. Hammond sang Mozart's grand air "Les Noces de Figaro" and he also sang the closing number, a duet, with Mme. L'Espérance. It is needless to say that both selections were well rendered. The concert was a decided success.

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GRAY ENAMELLED WARE,
BLUE and WHITE
ENAMELLED WARE,

Beginning Thursday, Oct. 22,
We offer another lot of Enamelled Ware.
Two months ago we offered what seemed to
be a large lot. In less than a week the last
piece was sold.

THIS * LOT

Contains a larger assortment, but quantities
are smaller than before. It's an opportunity
for quick buyers to get just what they want.

Goods guaranteed fully.

Prices will not average more than half what
you have been used to paying.

The only condition is that you buy at once.

SAUCE PANS,
KETTLES,
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STOVE KETTLES,
DISH PANS,
PUDDING PANS,
BREAD PANS.

Nearly all sizes.

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Household.

There are various disguises for nauseous
doses. A strong solution of extract of licorice
destroys the disagreeable taste of alo.s. Peppermint
water disguises the nauseous taste of
Epsom salts. Milk is a good abater of the
bitter taste of Peruvian bark, and cloves that
of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten
and thoroughly mixed with the white of an
egg. Another method of covering the nauseous
taste of castor or cod liver oil is to put a
tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a
wine glass, pour the oil into the centre of the
juice, then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice
upon the oil and rub some of the juice upon
the edge of the glass.

There is a decided tendency shown to re-
turn to the higher and more massive type of
table decorations, instead of the low, flat style
which has been so long in favor.

Cheese Cloth.

A collection on the pantry shelf of pieces
of this material, about fourteen inches
square or larger, will many times save the
wear that would otherwise fall on linen nap-
kins. Its adaptability to cheese, butter, bread,
and even meat, as a wrapping which may be
easily cleansed, is well known, though some-
times forgotten; but for covering milk there is
nothing that can supply its place. If it is
wrung out in clean water, then stretched on
the top of the vessel and plastered around the
sides, it will prevent the smallest insect from
entering, and at the same time allow
through ventilation. K. H. R.

We need some protectors for our dress
sleeves. Take a pair of your husband's old
cotton hose, cut the feet off, and draw the legs
on over your sleeves; I think you will like
them so well you will never make any of cal-
ico again.—Mrs. C. A. Davis, Bangor, Me.

Sources of Colds.

Many mothers appear to accept with resig-
nation the repeated and violent colds from
which their children suffer, as providential
and unavoidable. A cold is by no means al-
ways due to exposure. Indigestion, constipa-
tion, a lack of scrupulous cleanliness, the
unwise habit of sleeping in the underclothing
worn during the day, unaired bed-chambers,
all or any of these things may have far more
to do with a child's tendency to cold than the
keenest breath of the bracing Winter air.

Mother should understand it as fact, whether
or not she can see why it should be, that
numerous colds and sore throats are directly
traceable to indigestion and errors in diet.
Quantities of greasy food, fried meats, pastry
and the like, ill-ventilated rooms and continued
constipation have to answer for many cases of
croup and putrid sore throat. All these things
weaken the system and render it far less able
to resist changes of temperature. Every bed-
room should have a thorough airing each day,
more especially if several children are obliged
to sleep together. This is to be avoided, if
possible; if not, always lower a window slight-
ly from the top, or, if this cannot be done,
raise it from below. There is frequently bad
air enough generated and breathed in the
sleeping-apartment of small children to supply
them all not only with colds, but with a suf-
ficient number of so-called "malarious" diseases
to last a year, perhaps longer.—Peterson's.



Elegant Sofas,
Divans,
Couches,
Lounges,
Easy Chairs,

in the Newest Styles and at Reasonable
Prices.

SOFAS from \$20 to \$100
DIVANS from 15 to 50
COUCHES from 15 to 60
LOUNGES from 10 to 75
EASY CHAIRS from 7.50 to 60

THE CELEBRATED

"SQUIRES" SOFA BED.

If you want a first-class SOFA BED, this
is the one to buy, upholstered in any style to
suit your fancy.

PARLOR STOVES.

A Complete Line, and we sell one of the
best for

\$15.00.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

New York Suit and Cloak Store, 512 Main St.

A Great Chance:

LADIES' ASTRACHAN TRIMMED REEFER JACKETS purchased by me at a great sacrifice to the makers, will be offered this week at only \$7.50.

These garments would be considered cheap at \$10.75 and they are sold elsewhere at a much higher price. Come early, as this is a bargain that cannot last many days.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Some people call them *wool Tricot*. They cost only 12 1/2 c a yard, and are 36 inches wide.

If you'll stop to think a moment, you will know that a yard of cloth 36 inches wide could never be sold for 12 1/2 if it was *all wool*.

Of course no one says all wool; you are simply led to think so, and in that there isn't much difference, by the statement *Wool Tricot*.

We have them, and they are good enough at 12 1/2 c a yard, although they are made of cotton and wool with rather more of the first than the last.

Cunning little woolen socks for the babies, silk ones too, little kid hooties in white, russets, modes and black. All by themselves, with lots of pretty little woolen things just suited to the little folk.

Handsome heavy Chenille table covers, very heavily fringed, 6x4, came to the *Linon* section yesterday; there are 50 patterns among them, so the chief says.

We don't know how so much can be given for so little, but the price is *only* \$2.50.

Another lot of stamped Trays has arrived, and among them are some beauties with pink borders and blue, 12 1/2 c as before.

Stamped Pillow Shams made from Londs-dale cambric, 25c.

Large quantities of Art Muslins were taken from us yesterday.

We have a fascinating lot of them, you never saw anything like them in variety and beauty, and the price is extremely low.

Oh! by-the-way
Our Irish Point Curtains at \$3.00 a pair are 3 1/2 yards long.

Have you measured yours?

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the
ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Precautions. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

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492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

Fashion.

Smooth felt hats, with a brim simply rounded with ribbon, and trimmed with a twist of velvet and lace or of spangled galloon, is the first choice for autumn. There are, also, many little bonnets made up of cloth to match the tailor costume. The cloth in such cases is fitted smoothly over the bonnet frame, and a border of velvet or spangled galloon in a harmonizing color finishes the edge, and the bonnet is completed by trimmings of jet or feathers. Fancy feathers have again been introduced, but the tendency is towards the use of ostrich tips in preference to any other trimmings. Velvet is used in ribbons, and by the piece, and is mixed with spangled gauzes, nets and the lightest laces. There are even flowers made of velvet, which are preferred to the more natural French flowers.—Helen Rowe, in Good Housekeeping.

There is close rivalry between the fashionable cape and the new jacket with shoulder drapery. Both styles are equally effective, whether developed independently or *en suit*.

Black garments on colored fabric are even more popular this year than last, for we have grown accustomed to the strong contrasts thus effected, and can admire their genuine beauty.

Old Greek is the proper style for the hair, nowadays. Cleopatra has said it: Bernhard Mrs. Potter, Langtry and Davenport have taken up the cry, and there is no style in us if we fail to adopt the Cleopatra coiffure for soirée, theatre, dinner and ball.

The "Galette," is a classic and fashionable mode for arranging the hair. It is carried round and round the head, and kept in place by a comb and several unique pins. From the face it rolls back plainly, in pompadour style.

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

When Jerome Marble and wife return from their Western hunting trip, they will find that their Harvard Street home has been invaded during their absence. The invader is a baby boy; born last Saturday to the Rev. Frederick W. and Mrs. Olive (Marble) Bailey. Scores of friends extend congratulations.



Week Commencing **MONDAY, Oct. 26.**
Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

LOTHROP'S STOCK COMPANY

in the Great Sensational Melodrama,
"The * Ranch * King."

Miss KATHERINE ROBER as PUG.
Mr. MAX FREEMAN as DONALD McDONALD.

Preceded at each performance by the farce,
"My Mother-in-Law's Visit."

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Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

PRICES:
Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.



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We have opened our second invoice of Colored Faille Silks, in all the latest colorings.

- Cream Navy
- Nile Tan
- White Mode
- Lt. Blue Olive
- Cardinal Otter
- Serpent Gray
- Pink Garnet
- Gobelin Electric
- Brown Sapphire
- Green Old Rose
- Eru Myrtle

We shall sell this lot at the same low price that we did the first, \$1.00 a yard. Samples sent if desired.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.



MISS ROSSIER AS MISSIONARY.

The latest acquisition to the noble band of mission workers in our New England States, is that of Miss Hattie Rossier, well known to a large circle of friends in this city.

Miss Rossier was born in Montgomery Vt., Nov. 11th, 1856. Her father, the late John Daniel Rossier of this city, was a native of Rougemont, Switzerland and her mother was a Canadian of German and French extraction. The love for mission work was in no small degree inherited from her father, who was the first Protestant missionary to this country, and who devoted his whole life to mission work, laboring both in Canada and the United States. All of her childhood was spent amid scenes well calculated to develop, as they did, a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, for others. Her early educational training was received in the common schools of Worcester and was completed at "Grand Leign Institution," a mission in Canada. From her earliest childhood Miss Rossier had always cherished the desire to engage in the same noble calling as her father and, during her studies, always kept this end in view.

At the death of her father she was compelled to give up her studies. This was a severe blow but necessarily made it imperative that she should do something to support herself. So, with a heavy heart, she laid aside her books, as she then supposed, forever.

For a time she was employed at Burns undergar factory, and afterwards at Whitney's valentine works. But she was destined to fill some higher and more noble position.

An older sister conceived the idea that Hattie should have an education and so by mutual understanding, together they bent all their energies to achieve that one thing. By dint of close economy and hard work they managed to save enough from their scanty earnings to meet the expenses of a year's course at "Grand Leign." The first year at this school was brought to a sudden close in March by the destruction of the institution by fire, and she was compelled to return home. The next fall however, the institution had been partially rebuilt and by the financial assistance of her sister she was enabled to re-enter it once more and resume her studies. And thus the two girls struggled nobly on until success crowned their efforts.

Miss Rossier received her appointment to the mission station of Monterey, Mexico, from the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and on the 12th inst. left this city to begin her labors in that place. This mission is at present in charge of the Rev. Thos. Westrup and wife, but when Miss Rossier has learned the language, she will assume full control of the school.

The W. A. B. M. Society congratulates itself upon its good fortune in securing for this work so estimable a person as Miss Rossier. All who know her speak of her only in the most glowing terms. Her love for the work is intense—and her desire to be at work is

only equalled by her deep sincerity and piety and should a kind Providence grant to bless her with physical health and strength we predict for her a brilliant future.

The Main Street Baptist Church, of which she was an active member, will feel its loss considerable, but will deem it an honor to have one of its members engaged in this blessed work. She was also an active member of the several societies connected with that church, particularly the "Christian Endeavor" and "King's Daughters."

It means something to be a missionary, something more than the expending of a few paltry dollars. To give up home and friends, the refined society of civilized life, hopes and prospects for the future, for a life in a foreign land, among a race alien in religion customs and language, to a young lady of refinement and culture is an undertaking that requires the greatest self-sacrifice and devotion of which the human heart is capable. R.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. W. Phillips was ordained and installed pastor of Hope Church, Monday evening. The council of representatives from the Congregational churches of the city met in the afternoon and organized with Rev. W. T. Sleeper as moderator and Rev. John E. Hurlburt as scribe. After the reading of the portion of the church records relating to the call and the examination of the candidate the council went into secret session. In the evening the program, published last week in LIGHT, was carried out. The scribe reported that the council had found the call and acceptance regular and the candidate sound in doctrine. At the close of the service the pastor announced that the church is free from debt and that \$600 has been raised as a beginning of a building fund. The chapel has been removed to the rear of the lot, the foundations for a new church have been laid and as soon as \$2,000 more can be raised, the building will be begun.

The autumn meeting of the Worcester Central Conference of Orthodox Congregational Churches was held Tuesday in the Salem Street Church. The conference includes the churches in Worcester, Auburn, Berlin, Boylston, Clinton, Holden, Leicester, Oxford, Paxton, Princeton, Rutland, Shrewsbury, Sterling and West Boylston, all of which were represented. The exercises began in the forenoon at 10.15 with a half hour's devotional service, conducted by Rev. John E. Dodge of Sterling. After Rev. J. J. Lansing had extended the welcome of the church to the conference, the regular session began with Lucius P. Goddard moderator, A. L. Kneeland, scribe. Rev. S. S. Mathews, the field secretary, spoke on the work of the new West Education Commission, whose work is largely among the Mormons. Rev. Alfred Noy, secretary of the Massachusetts reformatory at Concord gave an address on "Our young men in prison," in which he stated that, in most of the cases, had the young men had better training in their youth they would never have been there and that the liquor saloons were almost always the cause of their downfall. At noon dinner was served by the ladies of the church. The afternoon session began with an address by Rev. George H. Gutterston on "The Madura Mission of the

American board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Ph. D., of Old South Church, gave an address on "The effect of modern Biblical criticism" which was followed by a discussion in which Rev. Dr. Davis of Union Church, Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Perkins, Rev. C. M. Southgate of Pilgrim Church and Rev. Dr. Mears of Piedmont Church took part. In the evening, after a praise service there were reports from the recent meeting of the American Board in Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Perkins and Rev. I. L. Willcox of Park Church.

CENTRAL.—The evening choir of Central Church will give a song service Sunday evening, the subject being "Trust in God." Rev. J. L. Jenkins D. D., of Pittsfield will deliver the address. The following program will be given: Prelude Offertoire in F B-flat, evening hymn, Buck; Psalm XIII, Mendelssohn, Solo by Miss Lois Thompson; Response, "All that God may give," Richter; "Lead kind light, Dykes.

PILGRIM.—Another of the "novelties" that the Ladies Aid Society of Pilgrim Church are becoming famous for was the "huskin'" at Elmwood Farm, Millbury, through the courtesy of Mr. F. P. Knowles, the proprietor, last Tuesday evening. Kilburn's three mammoth "busses were filled, which, with a number of private conveyances, carried about one hundred and twenty-five to the scene of action. A bountiful farmer's supper rewarded their arduous (?) labors and bushels of fun made the whole affair a great success, beside netting a neat sum to the Ladies Aid treasury.



GRACE.—The annual banquet of the Epworth League occurred last Tuesday in the vestry. The windows were hung with curtains and the floor set with elegant tables. Rev. John Galbraith, who was instrumental in starting this league, was its guest and before supper was led to the Young Men's Room and shown a life-size crayon picture of himself, which has been procured to hang upon the wall of that room.

The exercises were in charge of A. S. Roe, toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to. During his remarks he expressed the hope that the union of Methodism might come through the young people of the Epworth Leagues. "The League, Its Present." L. J. Pentecost. He reviewed its history, showing what a benefit it has been to the church. "The League, Its Present," Frank J. Metcalf. He called attention to the duty of each member to do his part that the work be well done. "The League, Its Future," Mrs. Nellie M. Moulton. What we will do depends on personal piety and consecration. "Dead but not Forgotten" Mrs. A. S. Roe responded by singing Tennyson's "Break." "Our duty to the Church," Rev. W. T. Worth. This he expressed in two words, mutual helpfulness. "The Ladies" Charles E. Squiers. They can do much in the department of Mercy and Help. "Our Membership," Miss Alice G. Arnold. She plead for fully developed, well rounded and consecrated helpers. "Old Friends," Rev. John Galbraith. Many he saw around him, but some had gone to the spirit land.

Before supper a double quartet sang a

Greeting Song. They also sang during the evening. The double quartet was composed of Misses Mabel Shorey, Nellie Layng, Flora Minor, Annie E. Bates, Messrs. W. C. Healy, W. Worth, L. W. Farwell, W. A. Pentecost. The exercises closed by all joining to sing "Look I up, Lift Up," word, by Mrs. A. S. Roe, sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Rev. Wm. Pentecost pronounced the benediction. One hundred tickets were issued and every place was taken.

The young ladies of Trinity church connected with Helping Circle of the Kings Daughters conducted a sale of fancy articles last Monday evening. The proceeds were about twenty-five dollars. A musical and literary program was also given.

Y. P. S. C. E.

At a meeting of the executive board of the Local Union held Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. parlor, it was decided to hold the next meeting of the Union at the Dewey Street Baptist Church, Thursday, Nov. 5. Rev. Phillip A. Nordell, of New London, Conn., will speak at this meeting on "Interdenominational Fellowship." Invitations to be present will be sent to the Epworth Leagues and the Free Will Baptist Union. There will also be the usual contest for the banner.

A committee, consisting of Willis E. Sibley of the Plymouth Church society, Dr. Bristol of the Millbury Congregational society and Mr. Lingley of the Pleasant Street Baptist society, was appointed to revise the constitution. One of the principal revisions to be made will be the changing of the date of the annual election from October to September.

It was voted that the Union will send a delegate to the state convention which will be held at Springfield Nov. 17 and 18.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Park Church observed its fourth anniversary Thursday evening with an oyster supper, to which about twenty-five members sat down. After the supper the roll was read and toasts were responded to by Rev. L. L. Wilcox, Louis B. Osborn, Mrs. S. M. Bellows, Elliott Brigham and Louis C. Chase. A social rounded out the evening's pleasure.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The new St. Anne's Church, which occupies on the Normal School hill one of the most imposing sites of any church in the city, was dedicated last Sunday. Services have been held in the chapel for several years, but it was only until last week that the auditorium was completed. When the services began Sunday morning at 10:30 there was a very large congregation present. In the front pews were seated a number of invited guests, including Mayor Francis A. Harrington and other members of the city government. The service began with a procession around the outside and then about the inside of the church. After Bishop O'Reilly had blessed and dedicated the edifice the procession returned to the sacristy and soon after solemn high mass was begun, at which the officers were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, D. D., celebrant; Rev. R. J. Johnson, Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, deacon; Rev. John Conway of Winchendon, sub-deacon; Rev. Eugene F. Brosnahan of St. Anne's, master of ceremonies. The

bishop sat on a dias at the gospel side of the altar, attended by Rev. M. A. O'Kane, S. J., president of the Holy Cross College and Rev. Walter Smith of Springfield. Very Rev. John J. Power preached the sermon from the text "For what reason thinkest thou that former times are better than they are now, for this manner of question is foolish." In the evening, when solemn vespers were sung the church was again crowded. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Beavan of Holyoke.

UNIVERSALIST.

The members of All Soul's Universalist Church occupied a portion of their new church, corner of Woodland and Norwood Streets, last Sunday for the first time. The chapel and lecture rooms have been completed and the auditorium will be finished so that the dedication can take place in the middle of November. Sunday, Rev. F. A. Gray preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion from the text "Behold, all things are become new."

BAPTIST.

The second anniversary of the Adams Square Baptist Church was observed last week Friday evening by a social gathering, at which besides the regular attendants at the church, there was present a large delegation from the Lincoln Square Church. Brief remarks were made during the evening by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Hoyt, Rev. J. J. Miller of the Lincoln Square Church and Deacons Leach and White. During the two years the membership has doubled and the chapel has been considerably enlarged.

A meeting of the Baptist City Mission Board was held last Sunday evening at the Main Street Baptist Church, with a very large attendance. Rev. Horace J. White, pastor of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church, read the scriptural lesson from Matt. xxii, 14. Rev. George C. Craft, pastor of the First Baptist Church offered the prayer, after which Rev. C. H. Pendleton, pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, introduced Deacon J. P. Cheney, Jr., to speak on the topic, "The Work Committed to Baptist Hands in this City." Rev. Guy F. Wheeler spoke for the Quinsigamond branch. Rev. Darius H. Stoddard of the Dewey Street Church spoke on the fraternal relations between the Baptist churches and Rev. A. Bunker, D. D., a missionary to Burmah told about his foreign experiences.

Y. M. C. A.

The Association course of entertainments will begin next Thursday evening when the Boston Symphony Orchestra Club, assisted by Miss Laura Burnham, soprano and Mr. John Lloyd, tenor. Miss Burnham was one of the soloists at the recent festival. The sale of tickets has been unusually large this year.

The junior department is progressing. The reading and game room is in working order and is greatly appreciated by the boys. The membership of the boys' gymnasium class numbers about 35.

The annual meeting of the board of directors will be held Tuesday evening when the year's reports will be read and the president, two vice-presidents, treasurer and recording secretary will be elected.

The women's auxiliary committees have

been organized with the following chairmen: Reception committee, Mrs. H. S. Moulton; entertainment, Mrs. A. C. Monroe; membership, Mrs. J. L. Alexander; on junior work, Mrs. Lafayette Robbins; on rooms, Mrs. Albert Curtis; visiting of sick, Mrs. Stevens.

Chas. D. Stewart will lead the morning meeting tomorrow and Principal Thompson of the Ledger Street School will speak to the boys at three o'clock.

The educational classes meet this week and will begin next week the regular sessions.

Origin of Toronto.

A learned paper read recently before one of our antiquarian societies, deals entertainingly with the origin of the name Toronto. The writer traces the word back to the boastful lips of the Hurons, who, when they wish to tell that they were great in numbers, or had an abundance of corn or fish or other good things, said "Toronto." In the early days the name was applied to a place 50 miles north of the city, but at length was attached to this locality. Toronto, then, means abundance, or greatness, and henceforth we will use its sonorous syllables to express both our present and anticipated importance.

The Scales on a Hair.

If you look at a human hair under a microscope you will find that its surface is formed of successive overlapping scales. The bristles of the hog bear much resemblance to the human hair, though their diameter is greater and the tilelike scales are much finer. Sheep's hair has much coarser scales. It is owing to the existence of these scales that a schoolboy is able by a peculiar process to tell which is the tip and which the other end of a hair, rolling it between the finger and thumb. Thus manipulated, the hair always travels in the direction of the base, because the edges of the scales prevent it from going the other way. —Interview in Washington Star.

Music From Insects.

The notes of the katydid are perhaps as familiar as any and have a certain fascination, the sounds taking on various inflections and meanings. They are produced by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the front wings—fiddling, in fact. When the male cricket sings in the hearth it raises its fore wings and scrapes them against its hind ones. Even the butterfly makes a sound audible at some distance, certain species have been heard to utter a clicking sound.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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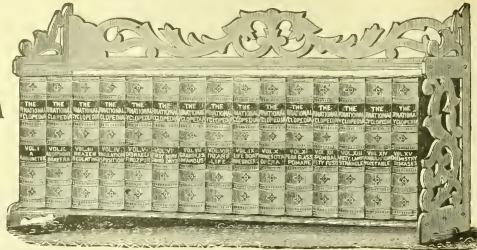
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Universalist Convention.

The Biennial assemblage of representative Universalists in this city is worthy of much more space and attention than LIGHT can give. An American national gathering of any kind is noteworthy and, possibly, Worcester, considering her size, gets her share of such bodies. It is only a little while since Plymouth Church held the national Congregationalist conference and, now, within a stone's throw from Plymouth, in the handsome Pleasant Street edifice, gather Universalists from all parts of the Union. The convention calls for about one hundred and fifty delegates to which number must be added fully three times as many visitors, the most of whom the Universalists of the city aim to care for. When it is known that James E. Dennis is care taker in chief, we may conclude that few visitors are left without lodgings. The president of the body was the Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, N. H. The first meeting was held, Tuesday evening, when the Rev. Henry Greene of Lowell preached. Wednesday came the first formal assemblage. Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Gunnison of this city, assisted by the Rev. Francis A. Gray of All Souls. The most prominent members of the denomination as Dr.'s Sawyer, Miner, Emerson, Blanchard, Capen were present. The sermon of the morning was by Dr. I. M. Attwood, president of the Theological School in Canton, N. Y. The reports of the trustees show an increase of membership and in property. In a word the convention was a pleasurable and successful gathering, alike creditable to the church at large and to the local churches that received and entertained. It was a novel idea to have Caterer Yeaw serve dinners in the Rink; but it was nevertheless a good one. When Worcester sets out to be hospitable, she cuts no half way figure.

Books are true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—Channing.

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Pilgrimage Gymnasium secured for the use of the School. Classes will form there soon. Any, whether otherwise connected with the school or not, may join classes in the gymnasium; also in Music, Art, German, Italian, French, Literature or other branches. Call or send for information to **MISS KIMBALL, Home School.**

DANCING ~~~~
GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon will re-open her classes in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m.

Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7.30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from strangers. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Mattoon at residence, corner of Pleasant and Jane Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 6 to 7.

For terms and further particulars call or address Mrs. Mattoon. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence; call 405-5.

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PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, Creditors and other Persons interested in the Estate of HELEN M. CURTIS, late of Worcester in said County, deceased, intestate Grievant: Upon the petition of George A. Curtis you are cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the 14th Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner. And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week three weeks successively, in a Light newspaper printed at Worcester the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

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VOLAPÜK.

I desire all who have been following the series of Volapük articles in this paper to send me their names and address.

New interest concerning Volapük has been aroused by the lessons being published by papers throughout the country, and an united effort is all that is needed to acquaint the people in general with its beauties and advantages.

The greatest obstacle to the adoption of the language in America is the idea, born of Yankee conceit, that English is or is rapidly becoming the Universal language.

We forgot that only about one hundred millions speak English. We forgot that three hundred and sixty millions speak Chinese. We forgot that the French have a better right to consider their language universal because it is the diplomatic language of all nations.

We forgot that the German loves his fatherland and all connected with it, too well to give up his Dutch.

The truth is there never can be a universal language, and that Volapük, divested of all nationality, of all peculiarity of race, of all anomalies, and difficulties which are the accompaniment of growth, is the best medium of inter-communication between those using different mother tongues. Not only for this but because of its grammatical regularity and simplicity, it forms the best comparison with all native languages enabling its possessor to become thoroughly acquainted with his own and other tongues.

Disidob das uts kels esukoms kedl laltigaus volapük in gased at osedomis nemis e ladetis obe.

Nited nulik dö Volapük pesuvine dom dubsigvis papühöl fa gaseda dälän, e steif baladik te ponedom nurön popi komunik dö jöns e bizugs oma.

Stöp gletikun al lessumam püka at in melop binom dö, pemotöl luleka melopik, das niljapük binom, u vedom vifiko, pük valemik.

Fögetobs das te za 100,000,000 pikoms neljapük. Fögetobs das 360,000,000 pikoms cinanapük. Fögetobs das flentan egitum gudikumo konsidön püki okik as pük valemik bi binom pük dipik zetas valik.

Fögetobs das deutan löfom fatan e valikos petanöl ko om, tu gudiko al loveleton deutapüki.

Velat binom das pük valemik e kanom sibönin, e das Volapük, penüöl netimas valik, lonagaus valik menagaus nenomofas valik e fikulas kels kopanoms glofi, binom med gudikun nuna bevu uts, kels geboms molapüks difik. Note demü atos al demü nomomaf glamatik oma e balikuga omik fomom feleigi gudikun ko püks netä valik ka rööl labeli sevön ploho püki okik e püks votik.

F. L. HERRICKS.

I have no taste for the noisy praise Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds; Servants to change, and blowing with the tide Of swain success, but veering with its ebb.

—Dryden.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate fissures of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine so successfully cures Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses will have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs, should at once begin the use of this preparation. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is not only a cure for the Throat and Lungs, but also a cure for the Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is not only a cure for the Throat and Lungs, but also a cure for the Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs.



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottles, \$5.

Horace Kendall,

DEALER IN

Furniture, Ranges, Carpets

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

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Mechanics Hall Building.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
Clean!

It saves Time, Labor and Fuel, and costs less than any other iron stove.

Manufacturers Guarantee every Iron.
TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mtg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.,

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Book, Newspaper, Catalogue, Church, Society, Wedding and Commercial Printing of every kind executed in the best modern style.

No orders too large; none too small.

154 FRONT ST.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

THE LITTLE MEN WANT THEM.

It is the prettiest sight in the world to see "little men" of 4, 5, 6 and 10 years trying on the cute little CAPE OVERCOATS specially designed for them.

Somebody had the boys' delight in their mind when this pretty coat was fashioned for them.

If you could be in our "Boys'" department for an hour, you would be more than amused with the proud air of the little fellows when the garment is put on.

There is just one difficulty about them, and that is the trouble in taking them off—for the little fellows don't want to part with them even to try on another.

It would seem as though the "little men" grew inches when they looked in the glass and saw the "Nobby Coats" with capes to them just like the men's."

For "Little Men," 4, 5, 6 years, these cute CAPE OVERCOATS are made from chevots, homespun and plaided beavers, and they can be had for \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, with a tip-top one for \$5.

As the boys grow a little older 10 and 12 perhaps, the price goes up from \$5 to \$15, and Chinchilla is added to the list of cloths.

From 13 to 18 years, the prices range from \$5 to \$20 and Kerseys, Meltons, Chinchillas and Tweeds are the cloths used.

For young men, we have an OVERCOAT that could not be told from custom work of the very best.

The prices range from \$10 to \$25. Some of them are made from the celebrated "Carr's Melton.

They are made double-breasted, in perfect seal brown shade, wide collars, elegant

shapes, full lap seams, silk and wool lined. It is beyond all question true that in every way these coats are equal in all ways to the regular custom made.

The DOUBLE-BREASTED STYLES are right this year for young men.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM!

HOODED ULSTERS!!

CORDS and TASSELS!!

Why, they are the noblest Overcoats ever you saw.

For TWELVE DOLLARS,

For EIGHTEEN DOLLARS,

For TWENTY DOLLARS.

Worth every dollar for goodness, style and perfection of fit.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.--A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500 at COAT.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,599; Reserve Fund, \$32,110.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,567.68; Total, \$63,278.08. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms 10 and 11



WARDEN & WHITE, UPHOLSTERERS

Manufacturers of Turkish Upholstered Furniture. Repairs in all branches. Hair Mattresses to order and made over.

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The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co.

Organized 1866. Incorporated 1889.

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Promoters of Historical and Genealogical Works. Correspondence invited.

Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records. Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

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Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

9 May Street, Worcester.

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Trunks, Bags, Shawl-traps, Bag-straps. Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry.

NEW * HARDWARE * FIRM.

WILLIAM S. SMITH, for the last five years of the firm of Smith & Adams, and previous to that with Henry W. Miller for many years, having purchased the Hardware business of W. H. Goulding & Co., 171 Main St., will continue same under firm name of Wm. S. Smith & Co., and will carry a full line of Builders' and General Hardwares, Carpenter and Machinist Tools, Cutlery, and Drawing Instruments.

WILLIAM S. SMITH,

171 MAIN STREET.

Turkish and Russian Baths.

No. 1 Sudbury Street, Opposite Bay State House.

We solicit only first-class patronage.

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Boston & Albany Railroad.

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First-Class Through Car Route

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Through Trains Leave Worcester:

9:50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.

11:40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."

3:25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.

4:17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.

8:00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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5:06 P. M.*

12:29 A. M.*

*Run Daily.

AR. NEW YORK.

3:30 P. M.

5:30 P. M.

10:00 P. M.

6:45 A. M.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.



LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 9. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891. FIVE CENTS.



DAVID MANNING.

Republican Candidate from the 1st Worcester Senatorial District.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT]

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247 and 249 Main Street.

FURNITURE * and * UPHOLSTERY * GOODS.

The best goods and the lowest prices. We can show a stock of Furniture for the PARLOR, the CHAMBER and the DINING ROOM, in such variety at such low prices as will ensure sale to all who desire to purchase. Terms to suit customers. We have competent workmen in our order departments. We attend to all kinds of Furniture Upholstery and repairing. Special attention paid to furnishing public buildings, hotels and boarding houses. In this line we do a large business all over the State. Call and see us.

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THE * HYGIENIC * SHOE.

W. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

CUSTOM SHOEMAKERS,
Rogers' Block, Cor of Main and Pleasant Sts.
Just around the corner.

F. J. BUTLER, Manager.

COMFORT * AND * HEALTH.

OPENING DAY FOR EXPOSITION,
SATURDAY, OCT. 31st.

No sales on that day.



The Worcester OXYGEN * CO.

Is prepared to furnish at short notice PURE fresh Oxygen for Physicians' use.

The only place in New England where Oxygen is prepared and put up in small portable cylinders.

Cylinders of Oxygen and various mixtures constantly on hand.

HOME TREATMENTS.

For the home treatment we fill our own cylinders, and thus adapt the Compound to each individual case, which we find in our office treatments so important for the best results to our patients.

Rooms 10-11, Linc In Block,
No. 368 1-2 Main St.

Hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Special attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 143-4.

WILLIAM F. TUCKER, Sanitary Plumbing and Ventilation

Dealer in Plumbing Materials.

56 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass.

BOSTON OPTICAL COMPANY, No. 545 Main St., Franklin Sq., Worcester, Mass.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

Gold Spectacles, \$4 to \$6.
Gold Eye-Glasses, \$3 to \$5.
Steel Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OP. N * EVENINGS.

HE
IS
COMING.

SAM
SMALL.

FREE! Mechanics Hall.

MONDAY, Nov. 2d, 8 P. M.

Prohibition Rally.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

No. 9

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Two treasures,—love and light,
And calm thoughts, equal as infants' breath,
And three last friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

—Coleridge.

Next week it will all be over. The vote will have been taken and we shall, as a state, be tranquil again; for a short time.

Then follows, hard after, the city campaign, if possible more animated than that of the state. The issues are nearer our doors and they excite all the more interest.

The contest for the Presidency of the United States will follow so soon that from this date onward for more than a year, elections of one kind or another will more than fill the air.

This has been a week of rallies. Monday night it was as though a score of Fourth of July had been crowded into that one evening. How the Democratic crowd filled up Front Street and Main as far as Mechanics Hall and then poured into that room and into Washburn, till a squirt even at the speakers to a late comer was an impossibility.

But one story is good only till another is told and Tuesday evening came the next one. Without any lurid additions, in sober thoughtfulness and earnestness, the Republicans filled those same places and had their say. We have had, within the week, governors, past, present and future and in all sorts of moods. Governor Long is clearly in the indicative, Russell, in the subjunctive, with an if, unless he be in the infinitive. "To be or not to be," while Allen leans toward the potential.

Thursday night came the Peoples Party with their candidates and they put at the head a *Winning* name to begin with, so whatever happens, they are bound to Winn. To hear Edward Bellamy on any subject would be a source of pleasure to all who have read *Look ing Backwards*, but just now his vision is rather forward than to the rear. However, the time is considerably remote when mankind will be willing to sink its identity in any kind of communistic project.

Next Monday, the Prohibitionists close the campaign with an address in Mechanics Hall by Sam Small of Georgia. Names are frequently misnomers, sometimes given by the rule of contrariety and in Small's case the latter principle seems to have been applied, for however much many of his hearers may differ from him in methods, the most of them will accord to him ability of the highest order and resplendent oratorical genius.

The recent attempt to serve a summons on Secretary Blaine as he passed through Baltimore is an excellent illustration of the long continuance of evil deeds. This attempt was at the instance of certain holders of Confed-

erate bonds. Can history furnish another parallel instance of animation in a long laid ghost? And in Baltimore too? It was not quite the 19th of April but if the Secretary had been found it would have delayed him. Could another Northern city furnish an officer who would even try to serve such a writ?

The late session of the World Conference of Methodists in Washington was notable in many respects, but preeminently in this, that there was no wrangle over doctrines. While our Congregational brethren are disturbed over Andover matters and our Presbyterians friends lay charges of heresy at Prof. Briggs' door, the Methodists spend two weeks in conference and do not mention minor points of doctrine. Truly they are concerned over weightier matters. Methods of church work and plans for greater denominational unity with unflinching devotion to the Bible engrossed the time.

It is just possible that our Worcester people did not appreciate the magnitude of the gathering that occupied the First Universalist Church, last week. It was representative of America. Some of the most noted men and women in the denomination met there and were heard in debate, for this was the biennial business meeting. Who would suspect in listening to Dr. Miner's energetic utterances that he was far past seventy? After more than a half century of spiritual warfare he is yet ready to break a lance with the youngest contestant. His successor at the head of Tufts College, Dr. Capen, is a man of excellent presence while Dr. Sawyer, who is many years beyond the allotted years of the Psalmist, is still seen and heard. Dr. Emerson of The Leader is the peer of any speaker and commands a hearing always. Finally, more than any other denomination, the Universalists have opened the mouths of women and the results more than justify the deed.

The writer of the following, a teacher of many years experience, is entitled to the most careful hearing. Her words are truth itself.

Blighted Promise.

EDITOR LIGHT:

Permit an old resident of Worcester, one who has watched her progress with unspeakable pride, though at the same time noting the outcome of her schools with pained solicitude, to ask you to bring forward a suggestion. It is this: That the way be opened for manual training in our schools. Opened with no unnecessary delay. We cannot afford to put these vital matters off. Who of us who read the Police and Criminal Court records cannot point to one and another of the "cases" sent up for "three months," "six months," "a year," a term of years, whom he does not remember as a bright boy, an honor to his class in school. I, an old teacher, can number them by hundreds. I helped to stimulate their active young brains, but, under an iron rule, I also

helped to dwarf the instinctive tendency that dominates the leanings of every child, the tendency to educate his hands. All action save drawing and writing teachers must prohibit. What! have a workshop in the cellar? Our schools are for education. Manual training is best taught at home. But how many of our school children have homes in which this is possible? And how many men and women in our city would not find it irksome, the sitting upright and doing of pure brain work, day after day, five hours each day, for ten months in the year? But the children get their compensation for this outrage upon their crying needs when the school hours are over. Fingers, which under a supervision of common sense would be busy with jack-knife, chisel, saw and glue-pot, with "something attempted, something done" to "gain a night's repose," get light and pilfer. They must do something. The boys like to boast to each other of their exploits in this line. They like to get into the saloons and ape the doings of their elders. As they go on into manhood with those useless hands, what is there for them? We read of them as brawlers, fighters, burglars, sneak thieves. Editor LIGHT, I ask you to call for a reformed system of education. Worcester people may hold up their hands and cry out over these breakers of the law as examples of inborn depravity, but Worcester people are themselves the criminals if they do not set about remedying through the schools this terrible waste of the possibilities which lie before Worcester's young humanity.

A. P.

Hon. Joseph H. Walker spoke in Boston, Wednesday evening before the Boot and Shoe Club at Youngs' Hotel.

The Rev. I. J. Lansing of the Salem Street Church, gave an address yesterday in Buffalo, N. Y., before a Sunday School Convention on "The Revival of Generosity."

The display of white goods in the windows of E. L. Smith & Co., is worthy the careful inspection of all who like the very best quality.

Spencer.

During the second week in November, the Methodist Church in Spencer will celebrate the Semi-Centennial by meetings, beginning Monday, with the preachers' gathering from Worcester County and continuing throughout the week. Unusual interest is expected.

Joseph Cook.

The lecture of this gentleman at Association Hall last Monday evening on "Modern Workers," was before a fair sized audience in behalf of Hope Church. As with every address of Mr. Cook it was a masterly presentation of facts and word pictures, delightful to all listeners.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$2.00 per
annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building,
Telephone No. 435-5.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as
second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1891.

A Rival of the Yosemite.

In the vast Sierra wilderness far to the southward of the famous Yosemite Valley, there is a yet grander valley of the same kind. It is situated on the south fork of King's River, above the most extensive groves and forests of the giant sequoia, and beneath the shadow of the highest mountains in the range, where the cañons are deepest and the snow-laden peaks are crowded most closely together. It is called the Big King's River Cañon, or King's River Yosemite, and is reached by way of Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from which the distance is about forty-five miles, or by the Keasarge Pass from the east side of the range. It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide, and the stupendous rocks of purplish gray granite that form the walls are from 2500 to 5000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain mass from which it has been carved is considerably more than a mile. Thus it appears that this new Yosemite is longer and deeper, and lies embedded in grander mountains, than the well known Yosemite of the Merced. Their general characters, however are wonderfully alike, and they bear the same relationship to the fountains of the ancient glaciers above them.—John Muir, in the November Century.

Sauce for the Gander.

Jack (to his fanc(e))—"What a stunning beauty that was with Smiley!"

Jennie—"I didn't notice, I was thinking how handsome *he* was!"—The Arena.

Miss (to applicant for cook's position)—
"Why did you leave your last place?"

Applicant—"You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't *ax* yer what for yer last cook left you."
—Texas Siftings.

Growing old makes me no better any more than the process of ripening alters or increases the quality of fruit.

A mother has lost her prerogative in a home when she permits her daughter to get a new straw hat every season, while she trims over her old bonnet.

There is but one thing that grows faster than admiration for a pretty girl when it is discovered that she has money, and that is a hole in a small boys pants.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known American or British writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every two weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in LIGHT, Oct. 31,
1891.

Signed

I.

"And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door,
Sat with the maiden calm and still."

II.

"Wondering maiden, so puzzled and fair,
Why dost thou murmur and ponder and stare?"

III.

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Conn-cticut."

IV.

"I sometimes hold it half a sin,
To put in words the grief I feel."

V.

"Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!"

VI.

"But whenever two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first class quarrel are furnished ready made."

Answers, with names of prize winners, in two weeks.

That magnificent offer for War Memoirs, with *Cosmopolitan* and *LIGHT*, is still in force. *Viz.*, \$5 pays for *LIGHT*, *Cosmopolitan* and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

The world wide characteristics of the English language are well illustrated in a copy of the North China Daily News, published in Shanghai and laid on *LIGHT's* desk by Mr. J. B. Crocker. Just think of a daily English paper, in that far away heathen land. No wonder that Greater Britain goes around the world.

If any reader of *LIGHT* knows of a former Worcester resident, still interested in his old home to whom, a sample copy of this paper would be a pleasure, please send in the name to this office. Once a week visits from Worcester ought to delight many a far away home.

Why not complete your file of *LIGHT*? Today it is possible, tomorrow may be too late. There are now papers sufficient to supply every back number; but they will not last indefinitely. An early call will insure your set complete.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, Oct. 24, 1891.

Sole Agency
 Foster Kid Gloves.
 Filene Gloves.
 Centumeri Gloves.
 Gloves altered and repaired.
 Butterick's Paper Patterns.
 E. C. C. Bart's Shoes.

Prof. Drummond's Addresses, cloth, 42c. Handsomely bound in white and silver, 60c.

Lonsdale Cambrics, 10c a yard.
IMPORTANT TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

As we are opening our Xmas goods earlier than usual this year, we have to make room for them.

We have decided to make this room by reducing our stock of **KITCHEN FURNISHINGS**. To that end we offer the following special bargains in this department:—

- 1 Lot 2-qt. Coffee Pots, 31c, now 23c.
- 1 Lot 4-qt. Coffee Pots, 42c, now 29c.
- 1 Lot Maple Bread Boards, 75c, now 39c.
- 1 Lot Butter Moulds, 5c, now 3c.
- 1 Lot Butter Molds 15c now 7c.
- 1 Lot Floor Brushes, 42c, now 25c.
- 1 Lot Knife Trays, 58c, now 25c.
- 1 Lot Stove Pokers, 10c, now 5c.
- 1 Lot Tin Dippers, 5c, now 3c.
- 1 Lot painted Cuspadores, 10c, now 5c.
- 1 Lot Japanned Trays, 29c, now 20c.
- 1 Lot Children's Trays, 25c, now 15c.

1 Lot Cedar Pails, 35c, now 25c.

Every one of the above items is a real bargain, are the best of goods. The only reason we make these reductions is as stated; we must have the room.

Downstairs.

LADIES' WORK TABLES.

Hardwood Folding Table, 98c each.

Oak Folding Table, \$1.48 each.
 Ladies' Oak Folding Table, large size and beautifully polished, \$2.98 each.

In picture dept., downstairs salesroom.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.



AN INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF CHRISTIANS AT WORK.

The sixth annual assembly of Christian Workers, chiefly those in the United States and Canada, will be held in the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., for seven days, beginning Thursday, Nov. 5th. It is under the direction of a committee representing pastors, evangelists, and city mission workers in the United States and Canada and will bring together a large number of such workers. The last annual convention at Hartford, Conn., was attended by at least a thousand ministers of different denominations and as many as three thousand other delegates.

It is not for any particular organization or association, but for all evangelical Christians, engaged or interested in various forms of Christian effort, the object being that such Christians at work may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, comparing methods and plans of work and receiving from one another hints, suggestions and like aid, in order that they may thus add to their usefulness. Members of all Christian denominations are eligible as delegates and any Christians who are interested or engaged in practical Christian effort, evangelistic work, Christian Endeavor, city mission or special church agencies among the classes not reached by the ordinary ministrations of the church are invited to be present as delegates, with the privilege of participating in the discussions and obtaining reduced entertainment and railroad rates. Full particulars with partial list of subjects, speakers etc., may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. Laurence Perry has changed his mind and will not become the pastor of the Lake View Church. Last Summer a call, which did not state what his salary would be, was extended to him by the church, he accepted it and has occupied the pulpit since June. The question of the salary to be paid him remained undecided until last week, when the church voted to offer him an amount which was less than a \$1000. Mr. Perry at once declined to accept the church's offer. If he had accepted the ordination and installation would have taken place last Monday. The church will now search for a new pastor and will probably offer \$1000 if the right man can be secured. The church is quite small and cannot pay a large salary but, probably, if it had very earnestly desired that Mr. Perry should remain as pastor, an effort would have been made to raise the \$1000.

John F. Briery has been elected superintendent of the Pilgrim Sunday School in place of W. O. Bement, resigned. He is also president of the Endeavor Society.

Y. P. S. C. E.

PARK CHURCH. Rev. I. L. Wilcox entertained the Park Church Society at his home, 72 West Street, Thursday evening.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Local Union will be held next Thursday evening, Nov. 2, at the Dewey Street Baptist Church. Rev. Dr. Phillip A. Nordell of New London, Conn., will be the principal speaker and will talk on "Interdenominational Fellowship." The Epworth Leagues have also been invited to be present. There will be the usual contest for the Union banner.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

At the rehearsal of the Salem Street Congregational Church last week Friday evening, Clarence J. Harris played his new composition, "Memories of Home," mentioned in last week's LIGHT. Rev. I. J. Lansing gave a talk on "The Voice as an Agent of Expression," which is the first of a series, of which the second was given last evening.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the First Universalist Church will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by appropriate exercises in church parlors next Tuesday afternoon. Social in the evening.

Y. M. C. A.

Members of the Junior department will conduct the boys meeting at three tomorrow. Rev. E. W. Phillips will address the men's meeting at four o'clock and the choir of the Webster Square Church will sing.

The annual meeting of the board of directors, which was to have been held Tuesday evening, was postponed on account of the Republican rally until next Monday evening.

The educational classes began their regular sessions this week. In spite of the fact that each member must this year deposit a dollar on entrance to the classes, the membership is as large as it has ever been, one hundred and fifty being in attendance.

BAPTIST.

The new edifice of the Mt. Olive Baptist Church on John Street was dedicated last week Friday evening. The exercises began with an organ prelude, followed by the prayer of invocation by Rev. D. W. Hoyt of Adams Square Baptist church, a selection by the choir, and the singing of a hymn, read by Rev. Mr. Hoyt; Scripture reading by Rev. J. J. Miller of Lincoln Square Church; solo by Mrs. R. H. Tillman of Mt. Olive Church; addresses by Rev. George G. Craft of the first Baptist Church, Rev. J. J. Miller, Deacon C. F. Rugg and George C. Whitney on the objects and uses of houses of worship and how to utilize them for the salvation of souls; dedicatory prayer by Rev. D. H. Stoddard of Dewey Street Church. Rev. H. J. White of Pleasant Street Church made an appeal for aid, stating that the new church cost \$3,500 and that over \$2,000 had already been raised by the members of the church and their friends. A collection was taken. The congregation sang a hymn, read by Rev. E. B. Haskell of the South Baptist Church and Rev. Guy F. Wheeler of the Quinsigamond Chapel pronounced the benediction. The new building is of wood, of Gothic design and will seat 300 people. It contains, beside a church proper, a vestry, prayer meeting room and ladies' parlor. The membership of the

society numbers nearly one hundred.

Services have been held in the Mt. Olive Church every evening this week, save Saturday. Last Sunday forenoon, Rev. Wm. T. Dixon of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached; in the afternoon Rev. I. J. Lansing of the Salem Street Church preached as did also Rev. J. H. Carter, D. D., of Boston in the evening. Monday evening there was preaching by Rev. F. D. George of the Free Baptist Church and Tuesday evening, by Rev. G. H. S. Hell of Zion A. M. E. Church. Wednesday afternoon and evening the quarterly meeting of the first district of the New England Baptist Association was held at the church.

In the afternoon a business session was held at which officers were elected as follows: President, Rev. Mr. Jeter; Vice President, Rev. B. K. Butler of Providence, R. I.; Secretary, Rev. S. H. Brown; Treasurer, Rev. Peter Smith of Boston; Executive Committee, Dr. Carter, Rev. J. O. Johnson of Providence, R. I., and Rev. Mr. Jeter. George W. Tyler, who is to be pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church at Hartford, a candidate for ordination, was examined. He passed the examination successfully. In the evening the ordination service took place. Rev. E. E. Jackson of Hartford preached the sermon of the evening and Rev. G. H. Carter conducted the ordination service. Thursday evening there was preaching by Rev. E. P. Greenidge of Bethel A. M. E. Church. Friday evening there was a Sabbath School concert and address by Isaac Mason.

Origin of Toronto.

A learned paper read recently before one of our antiquarian societies, deals entertainingly with the origin of the name Toronto. The writer traces the word back to the boastful lips of the Hurons, who, when they wish to tell that they were great in numbers, or had an abundance of corn or fish or other good things, said "Torontoon." In the early days the name was applied to a place 50 miles north of the city, but at length was attached to this locality. Toronto, then, means abundance, or greatness, and henceforth we will use its sonorous syllables to express both our present and anticipated importance.

The Scales on a Hair.

If you look at a human hair under a microscope you will find that its surface is formed of successive overlapping scales. The bristles of the hog bear much resemblance to the human hair, though their diameter is greater and the tilelike scales are much finer. Sheep's hair has much coarser scales. It is owing to the existence of these scales that a schoolboy is able by a peculiar process to tell which is the tip and which the other end of a hair, rolling it between the finger and thumb. Thus manipulated, the hair always travels in the direction of the base, because the edges of the scales prevent it from going the other way. — Interview in Washington Star.

Making a Yacht of Her.

"Brown has bought a cat boat, I hear."
"Yes, and he is making a yacht of her."
"Indeed! Changing her rig?"
"No, fitting her out with a stock of liquors and cigars."

Albert Tolman.

When the Rev. Calvin Stebbins and the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, on Saturday last preceded the procession into the Church of the Unity, they were performing as honorable an office as ever fell to their lot. In the casket was borne all that was mortal of one of Nature's noblemen, a man whose presence was ever a benediction, whom to meet was to insure pleasant impressions for the day. Nearly two years have passed since he walked our streets and our last meeting with him was at the corner of Main and Exchange. Together we moved toward the north end, remarking on the changes that his long life had noted in Worcester's growth. Gently down the declivity of life, he passed to his final reward.

He was born where Revolutionary memories were rife, for it was in Lincoln, Dec. 23, 1803, that he first saw the light and, two days after, his father removing to Concord, he and his became a Christmas gift to that ancient and historic town. The stock, both paternal and maternal was of the staunchest New England character. His father, Elisha, tracing his descent from Thomas Tolman who came to Dorchester in 1834, in the ship, Mary and John from England. His mother was Lucretia Pike of equally early pedigree. Mr. Tolman received the drill of the schools, including a preparation for college, but instead of classic halls, he became familiar with shops where handicraft was taught. He learned carriage making. Coming to Worcester, many years ago, he carried on his business on Exchange Street. He early won the respect of his fellow citizens and was made a selectman in the latter days of the old town of Worcester. In all local enterprises that have contributed to Worcester's good, he has been conspicuous. He was one of the earliest members of the Society of Antiquity and, for several years, was a vice president. His death took place at his home, 18 Catharine street, Oct. 21 at 4.30 a. m. He leaves two children, Mrs. Mary L. Bradt of Huntington, Florida and Mr. Edward F. Tolman of this city. He was twice married, first to Miss Susanna R. Hunstable and second to Miss Olive N. Flagg of Sterling. The first wife died in 1858, the second in 1864. Mr. Tolman was noted for his interest in all humane measures, being one of those who helped the negro to liberty, in ante bellum days. When the High School was organized and a black girl was denied admission on account of her color, he brought his associates to his way of thinking by saying, "If you object to A. B. on account of the color of her face, I shall certainly oppose the entrance of C. D. because her hair is red." A laugh and proper action followed.

The funeral was an impressive one, attended by many of our city's most prominent and representative people.

The pall bearers were Hon. George F. Hoar, Mayor Francis A. Harrington, Stephen Salisbury, A. N. Currier, Albert Curtis, E. B. Crane, Dexter Rice and George W. Russell.

Certainly no worthier subject ever called forth appreciative words from minister's lips than those uttered by Messrs Stebbins and Hale. The well filled sanctuary bore testi-

mony to the estimate in which Worcester citizens held Albert Tolman. "He rests from his labors but his works do follow him." The burial was in Rural cemetery.

DEAR LIGHT, Your last number filled my soul with sadness and sorrow in the announcement of the departure from earth of the cherished friends of long ago. The gentle tender nature of Albert Tolman made his life a benediction of blessedness to all who knew him; and his departure filled with grief the hearts of all who loved him, because they knew him. Way back in the thirties, a fellow boarder with him, we sat together at Mrs. Phelps' table, on Pearl street, where now stands the Post Office, and passed many an hour in hard fought battles over the chess-board; and so I came to know him and love him as an elder brother. And though the decrees of Fate have banished me from the enjoyment of his society of late, whenever I have met him, I have received a most cordial greeting, and assurance of abiding friendship. To those who have enjoyed daily intercourse with him, and been blessed by his large knowledge acquired by his great reading and deep thinking, and by the tender sympathies of his kindly nature, his departure will leave an aching void, soothed only by the memories of all he was to them.

Another flower upon thy grave.

Another tribute of love to thee.

Kind-hearted, tender, loving, brave,

Pure model of Christianity.

George S. Barton I knew well in former years as a thriving spirit of business energy, and of mechanical ingenuity, that made him friend of all who came in connection with him in business or social life, and his sudden exit from life will be a great loss, not only to his immediate friends, but to the whole community at large. George Evans is remembered as an old resident though he has been absent for many years. And I may well say, your last number was one of sadness.

Truly yours, H.

Oct. 25, 1891.

To North Adams.

Notwithstanding the snow of the preceding morning, Saturday, the 24th inst., was a beautiful day. The air was a trifle keen, suggestive of approaching Winter, but the sun shone and ozone was plentiful. The Fitchburg railroad offers to him who loves scenery an unrivalled opportunity to see nature in her very happiest guise. To the rich green of Summer, has succeeded the variegated yellow and crimson of Autumn. There are thousands of tourists who take the trip through eastern Massachusetts for no other reason than just to see the hillsides and tops clad in their gorgeous attire. All the way brilliant hues prevail, but it is not till we reach Wendell that we are in the very midst of the splendor. There is only a brief wait at Gardner, and then on the main line, we are off for the mountain and the Fore. The villages, like all those in Massachusetts, seem to be thriving, but for these we care less than for the country side. We do our best to see both sides but the south side of the track presents the more variety. A casual remark, in passing through Shelburne Falls, as to the location of Arms Academy and the principalship of Mr. Frederick Tupper, formerly of

the High School, draws forth sundry unsolicited information from a middle aged lady concerning churches, academy and cemetery, saying, "My first husband is buried there; only the other day I was repeating some verses." The danger of the repeating of those lines concerning the late Mr. Bedott, caused a sudden retreat on our part. Much beautiful scenery has been lost in a life time, through enforced listening to alleged poetry. The only way is to turn from it at once. The Deerfield valley, the scene of so much interest in the days of Indian depredation is still "As fair as a garden of the gods" not to the eyes of famished Rebel hordes, but to those of any and all tourists who go this way. The mountain, under which we pass, is one complete mass of yellow, save as, now and then, a tinge of green relieves the effect. A ride over rather than under would be more inspiring; but this the time will not admit. On the other side of the mountain, North Adams affords a dinner and an hour's rest and then comes the return, in reverse order, another half day of visual delight, leaving on the mind ineffaceable images of Autumnal glories. All the year round, the Fitchburg road has a source of delight to its patrons in the variety and extent of nature's beauties through which it passes. An excursion over it is always timely and diverting.

Head-ache Due to Defective Vision.

Do you wear eye-glasses? Do they fit you? That is a question which can be answered satisfactorily only by a competent oculist. Head-aches are very often caused by a condition of the eye known as astigmatism. Many times persons so afflicted resort to the use of nauseating drugs, which tends to aggravate rather than alleviate the disagreeable symptoms. A prominent writer in a recent number of the Popular Science Monthly states that well-authenticated cases of insanity have been traced to long-continued eye-strain. It has been remarked that a greater number of people wear glasses at the present time than in former years. This is due to the great advance made in science. Years ago the only relief to be had from eye strain caused by astigmatism, was in the use of colored glasses, which sooner or later worked injury to the eye, though giving temporary relief. Where formerly but a dozen different combinations of glasses were possible, today there is no limit to the number. A pair of glasses that will fit one person may not be suitable for any other in the world. Impaired vision and often permanent loss of sight, are frequently the result of ill fitting glasses. The Boston Optical Company, of which Dr. Draper, a physician of recognized standing, is the local representative, will make a free examination of any case of defective eye-sight, and furnish glasses as low as is consistent with good workmanship. The company's office is at 545 Main Street, Franklin Square.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages, prince's palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.



Cornell.

There is probably no college in the country where such broad and extensive work is done in Bible study as at Cornell where for several years from five to ten courses have been given annually under the direction of the Cornell University Christian Association. These courses are carefully arranged by a committee from the association who confer with members of the faculty and secure their assistance in conducting the classes. Last year between two and three hundred students were regular attendants on these classes and a large number attended irregularly. Most of the classes are held on Sunday but one or two are given during the week. For the present year the work of supervision is in the hands of Mr. Floyd N. Loveland, '93, who has devoted much time to the arrangement of the various sections and has announced the best courses ever presented. The list of courses for the year is as follows:

1. General Old Testament Course. This course aims at a comprehensive and fundamental knowledge of the Old Testament, as preliminary for future studies. This course will be given by Prof. H. S. Jacoby.

2. The Lives and Times of Christ and the Apostles.

3. The Books of Samuel. This course is given for women only and is in charge of Mrs. President Adams.

4. The Life of Christ according to John. This will be one of the best of the courses and will be under the direction of Mrs. E. K. Hooker. It will be conducted on the Inductive Method and will give a detailed study of the life and personal character of Christ, aiming to come in contact with him as a friend and example.

5. The Career and Character of Paul, as shown in the Acts of the Apostles and in the letters of Paul. Prof. Brainard G. Smith.

6. The Minor Prophets. Especial reference to Hosea and Amos. Prof. B. I. Wheeler.

7. Introduction to a History of the Jews. A sketch of the political, literary, and religious development of the Jews from the times of the earliest records. Due regard will be paid to recent Old Testament criticism and an endeavor made to present its result impartially, but in no destructive spirit. Dr. W. F. Willcox will present this course.

8. Hebrew Poetry. In this course will be taken up the poetical books of the Bible, as the books of Job, the Psalms, and they will be treated from the standpoint of a sympathetic literary criticism. Dr. O. F. Emerson conducts this course.

No restrictions are made as to who shall attend these classes and any student in the University is always welcome whether he is a member of the Christian Association or not.

Cornell's new library, the pride of every Cornellian's heart, was dedicated Oct. 7, with interesting ceremonies. The building is located on the brow of the hill just South of

Morrill Hall and commands a lovely view of the valley for a score of miles. It is built of white sandstone with red tiled roof and is surmounted by a massive campanile a hundred and eighty feet high in which have been placed the chimes and the clock. The vestibule is of white marble and the doors of heavy oak. The entrance hall extends to the roof and is lighted by stained glass windows. Convenient cloak rooms are provided for the men and women students. On the main floor are the general reading room, the librarian's room, the cataloguing room and the periodical room. The main room, which is the most important is rectangular in shape and will accommodate two hundred readers. Six or eight thousand books will be placed in alcoves opening directly from the room and free of access to all. The stack rooms are on the west side of the building and are seven stories in height. The south room is devoted to works on art and belles-lettres, the other to belles lettres and philosophy. The fourth floor of the stacks is on a level with the reading room and matters are so arranged that no book is over a hundred and twenty feet from the librarian's desk. The librarian's room and the cataloguing room are the centres of the building and are both finely arranged rooms. On the second floor is the room devoted to the President White Library and above that are seminary rooms, for the Sage School of Philosophy, European History, American History and Philosophical Research. On the floor below the main rooms are seminary rooms for Political Economy, French and German, Greek and Latin and English. The equipment of the building throughout is as fine as money and time can secure and the building is doubtless the finest in America devoted to the uses of a library. Over the main entrance is placed a bust of Jennie McGraw Fiske and in the vestibule is a tablet with the inscription:

"The good she tried to do shall stand as if 'twere done. God finishes the work by noble hands begun."

In loving memory of Jennie McGraw Fiske, whose purpose to found a great library for Cornell University has been defeated. This house has been built and endowed by her friend, Henry W. Sage, 1891." The exercises today took place in the lecture room of the building and a crowd more than filling the room was present. All University work was suspended. Ex-President White at the same time presented to the University his private historical library of 30,000 volumes. President D. H. Gilman was the orator of the day. He made an eloquent address on the great libraries of the world, their development and usefulness. In the course of his remarks, he referred in words of highest praise to the Worcester Public Library, and spoke of Mr. Green as the most devoted, judicious and painstaking librarian in charge of a public library in the country. The new building cost \$500,000 and will accommodate 400,000 books. The endowment consists of \$300,000, the income of which is to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of books.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Alpha Phi Fraternity held its sessions in Barnes Hall last week. About fifty-five delegates were present from all the chapters including the University of Minnesota, Boston University, Syracuse University, De Pauw,

Cornell and North Western University. Last evening the convention held an open session at Barnes Hall which was attended by a large audience. The platform was tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors, Bordeaux and gray. A handsome floral design representing the fraternity pin occupied a prominent place on the platform while palms and other potted plants were used in the decoration of the platform. The presiding officer of the evening was Miss Lattimer of Ontario, Syracuse '87. Prayer was offered by Prof. C. M. Tyler. Following this was a song by the Alpha Phi quartet of Syracuse University. The poetess of the evening was Miss F. B. Dillingham of Boston University and her production was above the usual order of convention poems. Miss Hardee rendered a pleasing vocal solo. The principal address of the evening was by Mrs. M. F. Crowe, who spoke on the relation of Higher Education to the Home. Mrs. Crowe has been professor of history at Wellesley and was at one time the principal of the college at Grinnell, Iowa. She gave a very pleasing and instructive address and held her hearers till the end. In closing she paid a beautiful tribute to the woman of the future, portraying her in charming language. No formal reception was held at the close of the exercises but many of the guests had the pleasure of meeting some of the delegates from other colleges.

LOUIS ERVILLE WARE.

Oct. 7, 1891.

Wesleyan.

For several weeks past the daily papers have contained an account of a new rule which is supposed to have been made in regard to the calls of the students at the ladies' dormitory. This report is utterly void of any foundation and probably arose from the fact that a short time ago President Raymond said that the ladies should spend their evenings in study and not in receiving callers every evening in the week.

No rule has been passed, however, nor has anything been done which might even indicate that any measure would be taken to prevent the students doing as they have done in the past.

The students are highly indignant that any such nonsense should have found its way into the papers, for, though they know that no person of sound judgment and common sense would give it credit, yet it represents matters at Wesleyan as they are not.

As to the report that coeducation is not a success at Wesleyan, we would like to say that the strongest proof of the contrary is that each class, upon entering, contains more ladies than that of the year before and that their standard of scholarship is fully as high as that of the gentlemen students.

The students sincerely hope that whenever anything is published concerning the University, care will at least be taken to see that the facts of the case are known and not misrepresented.

The students were particularly fortunate on Sunday last, in being able to hear an address by Prof. W. T. Davison of Richmond College, England. Mr. Davison is professor of Hebrew and Biblical exegesis in the college and was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference,

where he read a paper upon the "Bible and its Relation to Modern Thought." His address in the chapel was upon this subject and was attentively listened to by a large audience. He was the guest, Sunday, of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

The first social event of the college year took place Thursday evening last, when the members of Alpha Delta Phi entertained their friends at the chapter house. Friends from New York and elsewhere were present and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Social evenings are also being planned by Eclectic and Psi Upsilon.

Prof. John M. Van Vleck, vice-president of the college, has returned from Washington where he has been for some time past as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference.

Boston University.

The Freshmen class have a class social Friday evening, Oct. 30th.

Lambda Charge, of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, initiated thirteen men Wednesday evening. Clay W. Holmes of Elmira, N. Y., the president of the Grand Lodge was present and conducted the initiation. The following are the initiates: Eugene M. Bosworth, Walter W. Breck, Geo. B. Dean, Altus D. Flower, Jewell Flower, Clifford F. Gregg, Heman A. Harding, Warren F. Low, Albert B. Meredith, Charles W. Pierce, Carl T. Taylor, Edward C. Wyman and Herbert H. Yeames. The banquet was held in the Copley Square Hotel.

The first number of the University Beacon was issued last Saturday. This year it is published semi-monthly and contains twelve pages instead of sixteen as formerly. There was considerable delay in getting out the first number but hereafter they expect to issue the paper on time.

The first meeting of the Epsilon Chapter of the Convocation of Boston University was held at 12 Somerset Street, Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock. The subject of the meeting was "Informal Talks on European Experiences."

Amherst.

Last Wednesday saw the best game of the season thus far, on Pratt Field. Stagg's team from Springfield was beaten 24-0 only a week after Stagg had beaten Amherst at Springfield. The college is consequently encouraged, and is much more hopeful in regard to the issue with Williams.

The brick house, once occupied by President Stearns, and known as the "Presidents' house," is being remodelled quite extensively for the occupancy of President Gates. The interior is changed and a large brick addition made.

Dr. Meredith of Brooklyn, formerly of Boston, preached in the college church last Sunday.

Mt. Holyoke.

The chief event of the week was the celebration of Hallowe'en. If there is a maid left who does not know her future fate, it is not because of lack of opportunities for finding out. There were several private parties and secret expeditions down stairs with mirrors,

but the largest and best time was in the gymnasium. The white sheeted figures in the fantastically decorated room presented a very weird effect to those onlookers who did not care to join the masqueraders. Jack o'lanterns, large and small, lighted the scene. Tableaux were introduced representing the witches of Endor around a smoking caldron, another from Virgil Eclouge's where the sorceress calls Daphne back by charms. Refreshments of roasted chestnuts, seed cakes, and other traditional dainties were served on waiters decorated (?) with tiny skeletons. After the unmasking, the ghostly creatures indulged in dancing and general sociableness.

The Seniors have chosen Mr. Waldron Smith of Boston as class photographer. He will take the pictures in South Hadley, much to the satisfaction of the class.

Sunday Schools.

The meeting of the M. E. Sunday School Union of Central Massachusetts in Grace Church, Wednesday, did not have the attendance that the character of the papers presented merited, for every part was clearly the result of much thought and study. Few business men will leave their regular routine duties to attend such a gathering as this, consequently those present were largely clergymen and ladies. Alfred S. Roe presided and the opening exercises were conducted by Dr. Nathaniel Fellows of Southbridge. The secretary, Rev. J. P. Kennedy of Shrewsbury, read the minutes of the meeting, in Gardner, and then followed an excellent paper by the Rev. W. T. Worth of Grace Church on "The Nature and Place of the Sunday School Concert." Though the paper called out many remarks from those listening, no exceptions could be taken to the reader's ideas which were to the effect that the concert should never drive out the regular religious meetings of the church, that they should be of a nature to inspire religious feelings in the hearts and minds of those listening.

The paper of A. W. Tirrell of Chicopee Falls on "The Work of the Teacher" provoked much discussion, led by the Rev. Mr. Best of Spencer as to the proper methods in the Sunday School, but as the reader had simply presented what he had himself seen and studied it was difficult to assail his positions, though it is safe to say that what is a success in one place may be a failure in another.

After the noon recess, Dr. J. O. Knowles of Coral Street, conducted the religious exercises, and then Mr. Frank J. Metcalf of this city, read a paper on "Bible History in the Sunday School." As this young gentleman is, already, conducting such a class in Grace Church he was well prepared to present the subject urging upon all to gain as much knowledge as possible of the land and the times wherein were done the deeds that Christianity commemorates.

The Rev. George S. Batters of Fitchburg presented in an admirable half hour talk, "God's Truth as its own Supplement to faithful instruction." The earnestness and soulfulness of the speaker aroused a responsive glow in the heart of every listener. After all our work and study there is nothing that can take the place of God's word in leading

men to repentance. During a business period, the matter of the next meeting was left to the executive committee, the union committed itself to a request to have the Columbian Fair closed on Sunday and to any movement that will render safer the homes of our people.

The last paper was one by the Rev. J. D. Pickles of Trinity Church, setting forth the social element in Sunday School work. It is evident that where this gentleman is there will be no lack of active, vigorous work. Life will teem with motion. During the afternoon, Mrs. Dr. Fellows of Southbridge sang, to the delight of all hearers, "In the Secret of His Presence." Among those who contributed to the interest of the occasion by suggestion and debate, mention should be made of Dr. J. O. Knowles, Mr. Sargent of Shrewsbury and the Rev. Wm. Pentecost of this city who quite captivated all by reminiscent verses of his English boyhood days. The Rev. George Clark of Chicopee secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Union was introduced and spoke of the approaching meeting of the Union in Boston. At half past four the meeting was dismissed with the doxology and the benediction by Mr. Worth.

State Agent A. W. Edson of this city addressed the Middlesex County Teachers' Association in Tremont Temple, yesterday, on "Teaching Pupils to Think."

VOLAPÜK.

A large exhibit of volapük literature will be opened at the Natural History rooms, 12 State Street, Friday evening, Nov. 6, at which time a talk on the new international language will be given. All interested are invited.

Woman's Relief Corps Fair.

G. A. R. Hall, Thursday and Friday, day and evening, presented a beautiful appearance. Busy fingers had covered war emblems with indications of industry, and all that some poor soldier or his family may be made more comfortable in the downward course of life. The devotion of these women is beautiful to contemplate.

Last Tuesday evening the pupils of the School of English Speech gave a most delightful recital in their new rooms. All numbers were particularly well rendered, several of the pupils showing marked dramatic ability and all showing the result of careful training. "The Morning Mail" was a novelty in the way of entertainment, not a word being said, the emotions being expressed by facial expression and action. The final number was also a new feature and the "stage pictures" as arranged by the teachers of the school for the occasion, were very fine, being accompanied by the beautiful old song which made a most pleasing and fitting ending for the evening. Those taking part were Misses Mabelle Jenkins, Nellie York, Annie Smith, Mabelle King, Luu Isaacs, Nellie Delany, Ella Johnson, Alma Collins, Miss Buckman, Arline Hall, Harry Hosley. The hall, as well as the reception room at the end of the stage, was more than full and many friends were unable to obtain entrance.

David Manning.

In conformity with the plan, announced when LIGHT was started, viz., to present each week the picture of some noteworthy person or object, interesting to Worcester, this week is given an excellent likeness of David Manning, Esq., Republican candidate from the 1st Worcester District for the State Senate. One year since, LIGHT favored its readers with the faces and sketches of the then rival candidates, William A. Gile and John R. Thayer. The latter is again the Democratic contestant for the position.

Mr. Manning has long been a well known resident of Worcester and to many his picture will give nothing new. Its features need no pointing out here, for they speak for themselves. Though living in Worcester, since boyhood, he claims Paxton as his native town, where he was born August 29, 1846. Three of his first ten years were spent in Leicester. When ten years old his father, David Manning, Senior, removed permanently to Worcester and in the public schools of this city, David, Junior, received the ground work for a college training. He was graduated from the High School in Principal Green's day in 1865, going thence to Yale College. His college days were during the presidency of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, and among the 116 members making up the class of 1869 were his present rival, John R. Thayer, Prof. Perrin, of Yale, Prof. Richardson of Dartmouth and Prof. Scott of Johns Hopkins. Another class-mate and room-mate, as well, was Dr. Wm. H. Workman, formerly of this city. Mr. Manning was a member of the D. K. E. Fraternity. Returning to Worcester after a successful college career, standing twentieth man in his class, he began the study of law. A portion of his time was spent in the Harvard Law School and he was admitted to the Bar in 1872. For six years, he was with Rice and Blackmer and afterwards was, for two years, in partnership with Burton W. Potter.

If a man has a good birthright, it is his privilege to take pleasure in it, and surely in Mr. Manning's lineage, there is much to excite interest, if not pride. His father was descended from that William Manning who came from England in 1634 and settled in Cambridge, having his virtues recited by the prince of local historians, the Rev. Lucius R. Paige in his history of that town and city. This first Manning assisted in the building of Harvard Hall one of the very earliest of the college buildings. The Senior Manning died April 15, 1890, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Sutton, N. H., whence he came to Concord, Mass., and so to Worcester, having, nearly all his life, followed the business of a boot manufacturer. A communicant of Union Church, he held, in the highest degree, the confidence and respect of his fellows. The American Mannings are allied to the family of the English Cardinal. To show how facial characteristics may prevail over a long term of years, it is not a little interesting to note that the Cardinal's face in a group of distinguished Englishmen might be mistaken, readily, for that of our late Worcester manufacturer. The mother of our candidate was Lucy B. Grosvenor, a cousin of

the late Judge Charles Allen and a grand-niece of that staunch Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams. She is still living, having been the mother of six children, viz., Mrs. Joseph A. Titus, George G., Theodore, David, Jr., C. Walter and Joseph A. These sons, except David, are all in the jobbing business of boots and shoes, two in Boston, and two in Worcester. Mr. David Manning took for his wife Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Alexander Bigelow. She was also a class-mate in the High School, an instance of a youthful intimacy prolonged through life. They have one child, a son, Alexander B., eleven years old.

As a lawyer, Mr. Manning commands the respect of a wide circle of acquaintances and when the armless hero of Fredericksburg, Serg't Thomas Plunkett, died, it was found that he had named Mr. Manning his executor. Mr. Manning is a cousin of Worcester County's Judge of Probate, Wm. T. Forbes and he has had himself some judicial experience, having been appointed by Gov. Long in 1881 an associate justice of the Central District court, a place held till 1887, when he resigned to accept a representative nomination.

His entrance upon political life was in 1888, when he served as representative in the General Court for Ward 7. In this capacity, he discharged his duties faithfully and zealously. In the Legislature he was chairman of the committee on Liquor Laws and he would be a rash man who would say that he did not devote himself to his duties. The make up of committees that year was on the basis of only one important place for each man, so in this position his record was made. The hostility that his firm attitude engendered ought not to be very much to his discredit, especially among Republicans. The following year he was defeated for the renomination by William B. Spout, Esq., after a contest, yet memorable in the annals of the Ward. In 1888, he was a member of the State Central Committee, and was ever prominent in forwarding the interests of his party, and, thereby, as he intended, those of his Commonwealth.

Ainsworth Reed of Victor, Mich., left Worcester in 1835. Though a native of Royalston, he had lived in Worcester and sixty years ago knew the village well. During the early portion of this month, he paid his old home a visit. How changed! There was little left to remind him of earlier days, but so great was his vigor and activity, he actually tired out his nephew, Arba Pierce, pedestrian though he is. The latter says his uncle was insatiable in his search after reminders of long ago. He left for his western home, the 9th, inst.

Hallow'e'en.

Tonight is All Hallow's evening, but Americans are very likely to forget Saints' Days and festivals, so prevalent beyond the seas. Were it not for Burns' poems and our many Scotch residents, it is doubtful if any considerable number would remember that this day was introduced in behalf of all the saints since it was impossible to devote a whole day to every saint in the calendar. To our Scotch friends, however, the word calls up many delightful memories of home and youthful pranks in that land of cakes and heathery hillsides. May they get much pleasure from them.

About Folks.

Mr. Robert A. Scott, at one time a compositor on the Telegram and a shining light of the Telegram base ball team, has returned to his position in the composing room of the New York Times after a ten weeks' struggle with a bad case of blood-poisoning, the result of injuries received in a game of ball in the Newspaper League of New York city. Mr. Scott is well known in this city and the Eastern section of the state as an athlete of considerable ability, and his recovery will be hailed with pleasure by his old-time acquaintances.

The new Turkish bath house on Sudbury Street has been liberally patronized since its opening. Mr. Jensen, the manager, is to be congratulated on the assistance of an efficient corps of practical operators who are thoroughly acquainted with the details of their business.

The show windows of John A. Hartigan's excellent grocery store, on Pleasant Street, present a most inviting appearance to the passer-by.

W. S. Armstrong & Co., custom shoemakers, throw open the doors of their elegant and commodious new store in Rogers' Block, corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, this morning, for the inspection of the public. The firm intend to make a specialty of the Armstrong hygienic shoe, which has been received most favorably elsewhere, owing to the comfort and health which inevitably follows the wearing of it. Custom-made shoes, which are in great demand at the present time, will receive the careful attention of the management.

Mr. Fred W. Stiles and son, Rufus, of Westley, R. I., have been visiting his father, Major F. G. Stiles of Harrington Avenue. During his stay he made several photographs of the old Stiles lot in Rural Cemetery. He returned Monday last.

Very many friends who knew of the serious illness of Tyler Newton, late janitor at the High School, will rejoice to learn that he has so far recovered as to resume work at Darling Brothers. Jock is well too.

Master Thomas F. Kernan of Springfield, who for some months has been employed in LIGHT'S composing room, has returned to his home.

During the latter part of last week and the earlier days of this, the familiar face of George R. Kennedy was missed from our streets and his accustomed haunts. He has been having a slight attack of illness from which, however, he has rallied with his accustomed vigor and alacrity.

William J. McAleer, a graduate of the High School, class of '91, and son of Reynolds McAleer of 18 Dowdoin Street, has entered the medical department of the University of the City of New York.

When the hair shows signs of falling, begin at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

Books and Bookmen

The November Ballou's Monthly Magazine has an entertaining table of contents. In addition to the usual number of short stories, there are instructive articles on "Avalanches," "The Blizzards of the North-west" and "The Identification of Criminals by Measurements." The Young Folks' Story Teller is pleasing and the miscellaneous departments at the end of the magazine interest and amuse.

Ailes D'Alouette, by F. W. Bourdillon, Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1897. 75 cents.

If the title had been "Wings of a Lark," possibly it would mean more to the average reader. It is published in most beautiful form, with a lark on the wing as a frontispiece, and opposite, the words:

"When like a lark the soul springs,
Of verse she makes her airy wings.

"Oh may these verses, pair and pair,
Some heart in heavenward flight appear."

All the verses are arranged in pairs, many of them accompanied by suggestive bits of design in photogravure. There are lines for all moods and every one is beautiful. From one, learn all.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes;
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The Atlantic Monthly for November, 1897. Contents. The Lady of Fort St. John, XVI. XVIII, and Postlude, Mary Hartwell Catherwood; Count Tolstoy at Home, Isabel F. Haggood; A November Prairie, Katharine T. Prescott; The Chief City of the Province of the Gods, Lafacido Hearn; A Trumpet Call, E. Cavazza; E. lim-in-ah-do, Clinton Scollard; James Clarence Mangan, Louise Imogen Guiney; The Chaperon, in two parts, Part First, Henry James; The Schools at Oxford, S. E. Winbolt; Beyond the Day, John Vance Cheney; A People Without Law, II, James Bradley Thayer; Journalism and Literature, W. J. Stillman; Two French Men of Letters; The Gods in Greece; Comment on New Books; The Contributors' Club.

The November Atlantic gives us a touch of Russian affairs by that devoted mistress of that subject, Isabel F. Haggood, a former Worcester lady. The subject is "Count Tolstoy at Home." "The Schools at Oxford" is a very fair setting forth of life in that great intellectual center. "A People without Law" is devoted to the condition of the nation's wards who inhabit the Indian Territory. "Journalism and Literature" is a judicious handling of the chief source of reading of the day. The Contributors' Club has "Bucolic Reading" and a very entertaining sketch on "Playing Second Fiddle." The writer objects to being recognized only as the owner of a beautiful dog.

Charles F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell

at auction, early next month, a library rich in Americana, fine arts and bibliography. Catalogues had on application, 13 Hayward Place.

B. L. Farjeon's new novel, *The Shield of Love*, will be shortly published in this country by Henry Holt & Co. A modern Cinderella plays a part in it, but her Prince is an ordinary English gentleman.

Lowell and a Philosopher of the Backwoods.

As a young man Lowell visited the White Mountains, and he used to relate this anecdote as one of his experiences there:

"I was walking through the Franconia Notch and stopped to chat with a hermit, who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a sawmill. I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain. 'Dun no, —never see it! Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the Juvénalian indifference I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a while asked, 'Come from Bawsn?' 'Yes' (with peculiar pride). 'Goodle to see in the zycinity o' Bawsn.' 'O yes!' I said. 'I should like, 'awl, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've been there often, likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly, seeing 'the little end of the horn' in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Aw, my young fren', you've larned ood that wut a man *kin* see any day for nothin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally.'"—From *The Home and Haunts of Lowell*, by Frank B. Sanborn in *New England Magazine* for November.

St. Nicholas, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

This number begins the new volume and it starts in with a deal of promise for the year. The first is a poem by Mildred Howells, which the frontispiece illustrates. An Arctic story of dogs is full of excitement. "The sea fight off the Azores" is a bit of history written in a fine way by C. H. Palmer. Then comes a continued story for the boys, by name "Tom Paulding" and, though the first chapter is descriptive, the second and third are full enough of life to make up. A chapter on Indian folklore tells more of that peculiar people. The Dickey Boy is a sad story, ending well but bringing tears to sympathetic hearts. There is a graphic description of a trip to Pike's Peak, an article on Russian children, a short story for the girls on Lancelot's tower, another in dialect and the racy poems imaginable, entitled "The barber of Sari-Ann." Everything in the magazine is so fully illustrated that the pleasure is doubled in reading it. The letters and puzzles together with Jack in the Pulpit's pages, and some short bits of verse make up a delightful number that we think cannot be improved upon.

Our Little Men and Women, from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

As usual this little book comes with the prettiest of pictures and stories to match. The print is so good, and the pictures so true, and the articles all so daintily written that we wonder there is a family which has ever seen the magazine that does not at once subscribe. The price per year is \$1.

Babyland, from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The first story tells how the baby only six months old named herself. There is a chapter from the toy closet and a bit more of Dot's house. This number like all before it is fully illustrated.

Scientific American.

We have become so accustomed to the rapid progress of science that new announcements do not surprise us so much as perhaps their importance would warrant. We expect something new in every number of the *Scientific American*. The subject of artificial rain has two articles this month. The transmission of electrical power is announced from France where it is said three hundred horse power was transmitted one hundred miles with little loss. If such is the case, much power of our rivers may be changed to electricity and carried to places where it can be advantageously used. Ninety miles an hour is fast running for a railway train but such a rate has been lately made, and a new train on the New York Central runs four hundred and forty miles in as many minutes. The latter is the more remarkable, as this high speed, sixty miles an hour, is kept up for nearly nine hours. Some of the longer articles are: "Memory as a Test of Age," "The Iguanadons at Brussels," "Thought," "Cable Road in New York," "Grain Elevators," "Toilet Soaps," "New Chemical Laboratory of Cornell University." The latter article is fully illustrated with plans and views of the new building. Munn & Co. \$3 a year.

Books received and for sale at the Boston Store, Denholm & McKay Company. Reviews, later.

Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl, by John Greenleaf Whittier, with designs by E. H. Garrett. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press, 1892. \$1.50.

Huckleberries, gathered from New England Hills by Rose ferry Cooke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891. \$1.25.

Christopher Columbus and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery, by Justin Winsor, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891. \$4.

How California Would Have Treated the New Orleans Prisoners.

William T. Coleman, the chairman of the famous San Francisco Vigilance Committees of 1851, 1856, and 1857, in an account of their work which he has written for the November Century, refers to the recent lynching at New Orleans, and tells what he thinks the people of California would have done under the same circumstances. They would have organized in full force, he says, formed a court, appointed a judge and selected a jury; called for evidence, analyzed it carefully, put on the trial the people who had been discharged by the perjured jury, given the accused good counsel and the benefit of every doubt, and finally would have executed with due deliberation those whom they found guilty.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue in November, *Herbart's Allgemeines Pädagogik*, translated by Henry M. Felkin of London, and edited, with an introduction, by Oscar Browning, author of *Educational Theories*. This book is not a mere text-book of peda-

gogy, but shows the intimate connection between Ethics, Psychology and Education. The translation will prove a great boon to those teachers who study the philosophy of teaching, but have not mastered German. Herbart is difficult to translate, but the translation merits very high praise for having so successfully reproduced the thought of the author.

Lippincott's Magazine. Contents: The Duke and the Commoner, Mrs. Poultney Bigelow; On the State of the Tide, F. Arnold; The Tetix, Clinton Scollard; Some Colonial Love-Letters, Anne H. Warton; Two Songs, Harrison S. Morris; The Return of the Rejected, Octave Thanet; Association Football, Frederick Wier; "Shadow and Substance," Barton Hill; Sorrow, Henry Peterson; The Evolution of Money and Finance, J. Howard Cowperthwait; The Restoration of Silver, John A. Grier; An Interviewer Interviewed—A Talk with George Alfred Townsend; Modern American Humor, William S. Walsh; With the Wits, (Illustrated by leading artists).

The scene of the story is laid in New York, where a society woman is sought by two lovers, one an English duke, the other a clever Dutchman. She hears of the latter's marriage, and becomes engaged to the duke. But before the day set for the marriage, the Dutchman returns and tells her that it was his cousin of the same name that was married. The woman loves the Dutchman, so gives up the duke for him. The two articles on money give opposite sides of the "Silver question," one claiming that gold only should be used as a standard of value, the other is a plea for bimetallism. Olive Thanet writes interestingly on the journeys of a manuscript and its many rejections. Fac-simile copies of editors' letters, declining the manuscript with thanks, are given. The result is that the writer turns to jam-making as more profitable than literature. "Gath" gives his newspaper experiences through an interviewer; and "Love Letters" from Wm. Penn, John Logan and others are reproduced.

His Marriage Vow by Mrs. Caroline Fairchild Corbin, from Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass. 50 cents.

This book is number fourteen in the Good Company series and is rather an unusual novel in that it portrays a struggle where right wins the day. Chester Elms marries an invalid because, having become engaged to her while she was well and strong, he thought it honorable to keep his word. From a sick bed she wields a powerful influence over him, but in spite of this, when his friend's widow comes to live near, and he finds her boy is named for himself, and that she has come to the place that she may look to him for advice and help, he falls in with the new comer. When she learns of his passion for her she goes away and Mr. Elms tries to give himself back to his wife. The book ends with her death and his marriage with Lucia. A well written book but rather improbable.

"In the High Valley," by Susan Coolidge. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

This is the fifth and last volume of the Katy Did Series. Those who have read the foregoing ones will surely want to read this. The style is similar to the others, always in that bright racy way, peculiar to Miss

Coolidge. The opening chapter is an English scene and shows off to good advantage an English girl, though when brought in contact with an American the advantage is all on the American's side. Isabel's remarks and questions concerning the great country to which her brother is to take her to live are very funny. While crossing the water she makes ludicrous mistakes but is so good natured about it and so ready to learn that she wins her way. When they reach New York, she is overwhelmed by the attention shown her by her brother's friends and cannot understand the comradeship that he enjoys so much. She thinks Clover too officious, but at the last she marries the latter's brother and though she begins by thoroughly disliking all the family she ends by heartily loving them. There are several weddings and one ludicrous love scene with echoes thrown in. Though it is one of a series still it is so written that one may enjoy it if he has not the others of the set. It is a book to please all the young people and our parents may feel safe in having it in the house. In fact Miss Coolidge ranks with Miss Alcott as a writer for the young. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co. Price, \$1.25.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mr. G. H. Wilson an editorial writer for the Boston Musical Herald, devotes considerable space in the October number, published this week, to a criticism of the Worcester Festival. He begins by stating that there have been many improvements this year and that on the whole he looks back upon this festival with thanksgiving. Then follow detailed criticisms of the various new works presented and he closes with the following remarks: "It is only when its work is compared with that of one or two permanent orchestras in the country, that the playing of the Worcester Festival band suffers at all. Nowadays Mr. Zerrahn has few opportunities to conduct an orchestra worthy the name, and it is an incentive to him to stand before the musicians loaned by Mr. Nikisch. To his credit, he it is said, that in the performance of the trying Wagner selection and the MacDowell suite there was apparent a good degree of expression; towards the Suite in particular, Mr. Zerrahn seemed to have exerted his utmost.

"We have positive convictions about the future of the Worcester Chorus and two minds also expressing them. The atmosphere of Mechanics Hall (where the festivals are held) is so complacent during festival week, Mr. Zerrahn is so desperately worshipped by the chorus, and the majority of the public too, that it seems unnecessary and unkind to turn the hose of contrary opinion upon so harmonious a family; yet on the other hand, is it the duty of a critic who respects his calling to sit in silence under the lifeless, inexpressive singing at Worcester Festivals? The possibilities of the Worcester Chorus are large. There is a well-balanced choir of intelligent people, with good voices, the sopranos in particular, have admirable voices; and the tenors too, so often railed at and maligned, sometimes sing out with ringing and pleasant tone; the basses and altos are serviceable. Now this choir of good, natural gifts has no technique; its drill has been so superficial that

only in music which it has sung for years, does one feel sure it will not break down. When attempting any new work, the hard parts are not mastered, they are usually cut entire—witness the slashing of 'Nineveh,' and the inartistic treatment of the most dramatic portion of Mr. Herbert's cantata (the chorus parts were omitted in a long ensemble for voices, orchestra and soprano solo); what is the reason of it all? It is either insufficient rehearsals or rehearsing of an insufficient kind, and we firmly believe the latter reason to be the true one, and further, the longer the directors put off considering this, the only defect in their undertaking, which means so much to Worcester County, just so long will they neglect a duty. Mr. Zerrahn does his best, but this is not sufficient to bring the Worcester Chorus to a proper or even interesting development; it will remain sluggish and untrained until removed from the Zerrahn methods and influence. It is not pleasant to feel obliged to say this; it is never pleasant to take the chance of grieving any human being."

Friday Populars.

The Preliminary concert of the Friday Pops last Friday evening was received by a large and enthusiastic audience. The talent was of the best and the program excellently rendered. The first concert of the course proper comes next Friday, when the Walter Emerson Concert Company is the attraction. Walter Emerson, the famous cornet virtuoso, needs no introduction to a Worcester audience. Miss Bertha Webb is noted as a violinist of great skill and Miss Minnie Babcock is one of the most famous of Chicago's contraltos. Miss Mae Fowler varies the program by reading. Edwin N. Shonert, pianist, was so well received last Friday there is no doubt of his popularity. Some good course seats are still left and can be purchased at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s.

Mrs. Mabel S. Hale.

The death of this lady on the 23d inst is a particularly sad event. The daughter of the late James B. Blakely, for four years Worcester's mayor, and herself the young wife of Mr. Charles S. Hale, her departure carries sorrow into a wide circle of friends. Long devoted to art, she and her husband were prominent in advancing the interests of artistic matters in Worcester. What she has done we can only surmise and regret that life was not granted her for accomplishment. Only thirty-two years of being, here, were granted her but there is a life beyond.

"Unnumbered by the flight of years
And all that life is love."

It was a sorrowing group that assembled at her childhood home, 50 West Street, Monday last to listen to the kind words of the Rev. Austin S. Garver, pastor of the 1st Unitarian Church and the Rev. E. H. Hall of Cambridge, her former pastor. All that loving, sympathizing friends could say or do has been said and done, yet many fond hopes lie buried in the grave by her father's side in Rural Cemetery. Surrounded by flowers, the last moments on earth were fragrant with the beautiful which she had so long studied and admired.

Without Capital.

How the Refusal of a Loan Led to Success.

"In spite of everything I can do, I am still penniless," and Ralph Gorden buried his face in his hands.

Ralph had sense, but he lacked capital. Capital and he would have been an assured success. For this purpose he would consult Mr. Horton, the banker.

"Good evening, Ralph," said the elderly gentleman, looking over his gold bowed glasses and exhibiting a very cordial and patronizing manner.

Ralph was always respectful, and if you will study his career you will readily perceive how important a part politeness played in his social and business relations.

"I wish to engage in business."

"Have you capital?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Ah!"

"If I could secure a loan from you I would amass a fortune—"

"I beg your pardon. I never lend money without real estate security."

The answer was decisive.

"First failures have been the successes of many, Ralph. Go try."

Ralph was not discouraged. But on the following morning, when the sun rose in his old time glory, the birds sang their wild familiar songs and business resumed its wonted clamor, he took little note as he hurried along the leading thoroughfare of the city.

"Will you lend me one thousand dollars to set myself up in business?" he inquired of Mr. Sampson, one of the prominent men of the place.

"What security?"

"None. I want it as a favor."

"Would be glad to accommodate you, Mr. Gorden, but business men don't do business in that way."

Receiving this all kindly, he sallied out and entered the private family of an esteemed friend.

"Mr. Garten, can I negotiate a loan of one thousand dollars?"

"For your sake I must refuse."

Ralph was turning; yet, notice that the placid equanimity of his temper remained inviolate. If he possessed no capital, he had suavity and forbearance in happy abundance.

"He seated, Ralph," continued this practical man, "and I will endeavor to show you how I am your friend in not being your friend. That sounds a trifle paradoxical. But, listen, for you are in no hurry. If you are in a hurry you will not succeed anyway. From what I have heard and seen myself you appear to have an abnormal feeling that you cannot succeed unless you have capital. Now, if you will investigate the matter statistically you will find that nine hundred and ninety men out of every thousand who have made a success of business had absolutely nothing to start with."

"Yes, sir."

"And if you will take the trouble to pursue your investigation you will find that a large percentage of business failures are directly traceable to too much assistance at the start."

Ralph Gorden was meeting new surprises.

"Now for your own benefit, I will not lend you a red cent."

Ralph's countenance fell. And yet he had sufficient sense to understand that all the advice received emanated from the kindest business motives.

"But, Ralph, I'll tell you what I will do. You strike right out in some direction, and if you fail, after an honest trial, you will not be compelled to repay an old debt."

"By George, that's so!"

"And, furthermore, I will make this proposition. If you will succeed without capital, I will give you one thousand dollars!"

Ralph was dumbfounded.

"I believe you are right," and Ralph returned to the street.

On his way through the chief places of business, he said to himself:—

"Wonder how all these men became so rich!" He hesitated. "I will ask them."

He knew Bangs, Barton & Co.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen; may I ask you how you became so rich?"

"By being penniless at the start!"

He also knew the firm of Aldrich, Page & Co., by reputation.

"What made you so rich, gentlemen?"

"By being poor at the start, and not a cent's worth of credit."

Walker & Co., had just failed; and for the matter of that they had been partial failures all along. They had plenty of money to start with.

"So, so," and Ralph walked thoughtfully along. "Then I am the capital! I!" and returning home, he rolled up his sleeves, so to speak, and returned to work.

People always said that Ralph was a worker and industrious. "But, ah!" exclaimed the old heads, "he can earn money, but he cannot keep it!"

These same people were soon surprised, however, to see a little, unpretentious corner grocery started, with Ralph as sole proprietor.

"It wasn't much," some said, "but it was a beginning, a beginning!"

Curious people came in. Men with "inquiring eyes." Men with their arms thrust in cadaverous pockets. Some sat on the cracker barrels and looked on. They hadn't ever tried to succeed, and dropped in to see how such an attempt was supposed to work. A lad came in.

"A penny's worth o' figs."

The article was handled as if it had been twenty pounds of sugar for one dollar.

"Five cents worth of peanuts."

These were neatly done up in a little saw-edged paper bag. Ralph was a model of neatness and politeness, and his white apron and square paper hat gave him a sort of dashing appearance.

"A half dozen eggs."

The orders were slight.

"Two pounds of butter."

Ralph was encouraged.

One barrel of Haxall flour!"

This was quite a leap.

"Will deliver it after dinner."

Yet his visitors were still far in excess of his sales. But one thing had been demonstrated. He had got the people to coming that way! Could he hold them.

"A new broom sweeps clean," he reflected. "But time will tell."

"Well, Ralph hasn't much in his store, to be sure," said the skeptical, "yit he's er risin', er risin', an' that's somethin'!"

Ralph's horse and wagon consisted of himself and wheelbarrow! He delivered his few goods in this unpretentious manner. The boys called it Ralph's "one horse express."

The "new grocer" said little, thereby showing tact, but kept his sleeves rolled up and attended strictly to business. He had no capital, but earning a few dollars, he secured a little merchandise on thirty days' credit. He had one thing, he had manners, he had social ability, he had accommodation. He was just as sociable with the man who bought a jackknife as the one who bought a shovel. With these as leading elements of success, he met his first bills, paid cash for his second order of goods.

Two months had gone. Six. Now he had a clerk. But no horse. Six months more. He had a second clerk.

Ralph began to receive congratulations on all sides. The friend who would not lend him a red cent, and who was to give him one thousand dollars, came sauntering in.

"You don't seem to need borrowed money now, Ralph."

"No, thank you. I have a thousand to lend" he laughed.

"Ralph, you have won the first thousand dollars. The rest will come easy enough. It is the first thousand that decides the fate of millions."

Ralph was very happy. His business increased. His friends multiplied and young men came to him to borrow their first thousand dollars. Time wore on. The little corner grocery became too small. In more commodious quarters they were soon established. For it was "R. Gorden & Co., Grocers" now. And the young man who had no capital was the leading grocer firm of the city.

"So you could succeed without capital, Ralph," said his practical friend.

"Yes; and it has been a good lesson to me." "Which you couldn't have learned if I had loaned you a thousand dollars," interrupted the other.

"No, sir. And to-day I am saying to the young men of my community: "You can succeed without capital. Try."

And Ralph's face glowed. He had been an assured success. And he still superintended his own business.—Horace Walker, in Yankee Blade.

Chamberlain District.

Those exceedingly enterprising and, consequently, happy farmers of the above locality are about beginning the diversions of another season and so issue the following notice:

Please to take notice that the Annual Meeting of Chamberlain District Farmers' Club, for the election of officers, the consideration of exhibit at the Annual Agricultural Fair, at Worcester, in 1892, and the transaction of such other business as shall properly come before the meeting, will be held at the School House, in said District, on Wednesday, the 4th day of November next, at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

S. A. BURGESS, Sec'y.

The man is never strong who is never quite sure that he is right.

The New City Hall.

BY H. K. M.

Why is Lincoln Square a suitable location?
1st. Because it is the territorial centre of the city.

2nd. Because it is contiguous to the location of public buildings of like character which are essentially identical in their purposes and uses.

For more than 150 years Lincoln Square has been the geographical and court centre of Worcester, and it will undoubtedly continue so to be, during the existence of a city hall built by the present generation. It is clearly self evident that it would be unwise for the city to erect a public building that did not anticipate the city's needs for at least fifty years. Should this anticipation of the city's needs be limited to simply square feet of floor space?

Is it only a mathematical question of board measure? If so, then the building would be a suitable monument to the city's superficial thinking, an ornate memorial to her colossal confusion of municipal incapacity.

As stated, the territorial and court centre has stood immovable for over a century and a half, if has not swayed from its anchorage by the tide of real estate values, it is not an itinerant centre, casting away today the whims of yesterday; it is not a U. S. tramp which has created three post office centres in the past few years. But it stands a fixture of the last and the present century. Transitory centres are but the playthings of today. That shifting centre on the municipal checker board prolongs its existence by artful dodging, but does not cluster about it the delightful associations of a dignified and practical permanence. Would it not be wise for the city to link its municipal centre with its enduring and unchangeable court centre?

Treat it as you may this is one of the most important questions ever submitted to the city for intelligent action. Shall the municipal centre be linked with the court centre? The importance of the city's decision demands that it should rest on the strongest evidence of wisdom based on practical experience. Personal opinion, likes and dislikes, locality whims and the real estate boomer have nothing to do with this issue, it towers above them all, like a mountain peak and pierces the pure atmosphere of the highest type of statesmanship in moulding the material interests of a progressive community. In times past when the city has met important questions of public policy she has shown herself to be an apt scholar in the school of controlling foreign and American precedents. When her sewage conundrum puzzled her, she sent her engineer to Europe to study the leading precedents of the old world. That course was an eminently wise one. When the city first met the demands of electricity for street traffic, its action was controlled by leading American precedents. These precedents have moulded a public policy and the city has justified its course, because the precedents adopted had the inherent value of the supreme authority of acknowledged supremacy. We thus find the door of precedents constantly swinging on its hinges at the repeated knocks of the city. Why should the municipal centre of the city

be linked with its court centre? Because centuries of experience have proved the public utility and convenience of linking, in locality, the City Hall and the Court House; the municipal centre with the court centre. Regarding this universal precedent of the methodical grouping and classification of identical centres, London in 1411-31 built Guild Hall for the sittings of the magistrates and municipal corporation. The New Law Courts near Lincoln's Inn between Temple Bar and St. Clement Dances, at the east end of the Strand, was the centralization of London's various courts. Neither Paris nor any other city in the world has ever witnessed such magnificent improvement as under her late empire massed her like and identical interests in the Palais de Justice where her elaborate system of jurisprudence known as the "Code Napoleon" is so wisely administered. Switzerland, at Geneva, has the Hotel de Ville, containing the cantonal and municipal offices. We find the wisdom of this indisputable fact fully recognized in our own country. Boston builds her City Hall within a few feet of her court house; Springfield has recently placed her beautiful court house just across the street from her City Hall; New York's City Hall stands at the side of her court house; Brooklyn's white marble City Hall is close by the county court houses, and at its side stands the municipal building; Baltimore's City Hall, one of the finest municipal buildings in America, costing \$2,271,135, is at the side of her massive granite court houses; Washington's municipal buildings are grouped.

On Penn Square, in Philadelphia, at the intersection of Broad and Market streets, stand the vast public buildings for law courts and public offices, covering an area of four and one half acres, with a total cost of buildings of over \$10,000,000; at Chicago, the new City Hall and county court house building, occupying an entire block and costing \$5,000,000, are one and the same building; St. Louis' City Hall is near by her court house, one of the finest public buildings in the country, built of Genesee limestone at a cost of \$1,200,000; Charleston's (S. C.) City Hall stands opposite her substantial brick court house and by its side is the Guard House or Police Headquarters; at Columbus, O., the county court houses fronting Monumental Park stand just east of the magnificent City Hall; Rochester's imposing gray limestone City Hall building is just back of the county court house; at Buffalo the court house and City Hall fronting on Franklin Street constitutes a magnificent granite edifice, which was completed in 1880 at a cost of \$1,500,000.

Can it be seriously argued that this notable line of precedents in the uniformly methodical grouping of identical centres is not the result of design? Does it prove the existence of a methodless and hap-hazard purpose, or a wise and beneficent orderly design?

In harmony with this great principle of municipal order, where should our new City Hall be most wisely placed? Clearly, contiguous to the county court houses at Lincoln Square. One of the leading municipal uses of a City Hall building is the City Registry and on every principal of grouping identical centres, this should be contiguous to the Registry of Deeds, as well as to the courts. The records

of the City Government and the Assessors are of frequent use in the courts. The valuable County Law Library of several thousand volumes is an important auxiliary in the intelligent discharge of official municipal duties, and for ready reference should be near at hand. The City Treasury and the County Treasury have a mutuality of interest and should be side by side.

Our system of public records is substantially one of entirety and requires for public convenience, a common centre.

The Salisbury Mansion site is one of local distinction. Could Worcester do a more graceful act in just recognition of the two distinguished lines of ancestry so clearly identified with the early struggles and present importance of the city, than to locate her new City Hall upon the Salisbury site in Lincoln Square—a square also suggestive of that great name which will indissolubly link the past and the future of the American people?

To the Spartan prayer, "Give us something good and beautiful," we would add, and give it to us in Lincoln Square.

Valley Forge

The recent sale of fifty acres of the famous territory identified with the experiences of the Continental Army during the winter of 1777-8, is of peculiar interest to antiquarians. The order of American Patriots owns the stone house which constituted Washington's headquarters, but the whole surface over which the army camped is many thousands of acres in extent. This part, sold at \$10 per acre, is said to include the valley through which runs a stream on whose dam was located the Forge which gave to the section its name. That portion of the vicinity over which half naked and starving Continentals wandered is a mile and a half from this particular section. During Centennial year, a large portion of the land was covered with heavy timber. Some of this has been cleared away since; but today a maple tree more than a foot through stands in the troat of what was an earthwork in 1777. Should America really wish to preserve a memorial of the Revolution, a real object lesson, no better opportunity could be found than that afforded by this Pennsylvanian acreage. Huts might be constructed and earthworks constructed which would graphically show how the fathers lived and suffered.

Hoppin—Bowen.

At the Thorndike in Boston, Monday last, Mr. Charles A. Hoppin, Jr., of this city was married to Miss Maie F. Bowen of Acton, the Rev. Dr. Mears of this city performing the ceremony. Mr. Hoppin has had charge of the Denholm McKay Company's advertising for some time, a young man reared and educated in Worcester. His wife is the daughter of Mr. Augustus V. Bowen of Acton. Only immediate friends were present, F. N. Hoppin, the groom's brother acting as best man. A brief wedding trip will be followed by permanent residence on Jacques Avenue. A host of friends extend congratulations and best wishes.

The Friesland, Red Star Line, has reached Antwerp, landing her passengers Monday, last. Among her passengers was Miss Margaret Harlow of this city.

Public Library Additions.

Books added during August.
I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

ATKINSON, E. Food and feeding	34511
BANCROFT, H. H. Chronicles of the builders of the Commonwealth, vol. 1	I
BARR, Amelia E. She loved a sailor	34501
BARTLETT, G. C. The Salem seer: reminiscences of C. H. Foster	34512
BASHKIRTSEFF M. Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff; tr. by M. J. Serrano	34513
BESANT, W. The demoniac	34502
BOUTMY, E. Studies in constitutional law; France, England, United States	34514
CAMP, D. N. History of New Britain; with sketches of Farrington and Berlin, Conn.	I
CARSON, H. L. The supreme court of the U. S.; its history and centennial celebration, 1890	I
CARUS, P. The soul of man	34515
CHADWICK, J. W. The power of an endless life; and other sermons	34516
CHARLES, E. R. The martyrs of Spain and the liberators of Holland	34517
CHECKLEY, E. A natural method of physical training	34503
COLLINS, E. L. Hadesch; or "From captivity to the Persian throne"	34518
DANDRIDGE, D. Rose Brack; poems	34545
DAWSON, H. B. ed. Records of New Amsterdam in New Netherland, vol. 1	I
DEWEY, J. Outlines of a critical theory of ethics	34519
DYER, L. Studies of the gods in Greece, etc.	34520
FARRAR, F. W. Language and languages	34546
GONCOURT, E. and J. DE. L'art du 18e siècle, vol. 1, 2	I
GRANT, R. Mrs. Harold Stagg; a novel	34504
HALE, E. E. The life of Christopher Columbus	34521
HANSCOMB, E. D. Lamb's essays	34522
HARRIS, W. T. Hegel's Logic; a critical exposition (German philos. classics)	I
HODGKIN, T. Theodoric the Goth	34523
HUNTINGTON, A. S. Under a colonial roof-tree	34524
HURD, D. H. History of Middlesex County, Mass., 3 vols.	I
IMBERT DE SAINT AMAND A. L. Marie Louise and the invasion of 1814; tr. by T. S. Perry	34525
IRELAND, A. E. Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle	34505
KING, M. ed. Handbook of the U. S.; text by M. F. Sweetser	I
LOTHROP, H. M. (S) (pseud. M. SIDNEY) Rob; a story for boys	34506
LYON, W. H. A study of the sects	34526
MARIE, H. W. Under the trees and elsewhere	34527
MACKIE, C. P. With the admiral of the ocean sea	34528
MCLEOD, G. D. Stories of the land of Evangeline	34529

MARIETTE-BEY, A. The monuments of upper Egypt; tr. by A. Mariette	34530
MILLS, W. A text-book of animal physiology	34531
MUSIC, J. R. Columbia; story of the discovery of America	34532
One hundred Americans	I
PIERCE, G. W. The life romance of an algebraist	I
PIKE, Z. M. Exploratory travels through the western territories of No. America, 1805-1807	I
PINTO, F. M. Voyages and adventures; tr. by H. Cogan; introd. by A. Varnbéry (Adven. ser.)	34549
PHILLIPS, W. Speeches, lectures and letters, 2nd ser.	34544
POOR, H. V. Manual of the railroads of the U. S. for 1891	I
PRESCOTT, G. B. The electric telephone, 2nd ed. rev. and enl.	34547
FRIG, Th. pseud. Black is white; or Continuity continued, 2nd ed.	34550
RABUSSON, H. Madame d'Orgevaux's husband; tr. by F. H. Potter	34533
RITTER, F. L. Music in its relation to intellectual life; Romanticism in music	34534
ROBERTS, C. G. D. The Canadian guide-book	44535
SAVAGE, R. H. My official wife; a novel	34807
SLOANE, T. O. The arithmetic of electricity	34536
STANNARD, H. E. V. (pseud. JOHN STRANGE WINTER) Good-bye	34510
STEBBINS, G. B. Upward steps of seventy years	34537
SWEETSER, M. F. The Maritime provinces; handbook	34551
SWINTON, R. B. Chess for beginners and the beginnings of chess	34538
TEALL, F. H. The compounding of English words	34539
TIFFANY, N. M. From colony to commonwealth	34540
WEBB, W. S. California and Alaska and over the Canadian Pacific Railway	34508
WEEB, C. M. Insects and insecticides	54541
WHITMAN, W. Good-bye my Fancy, 2nd annex to Leaves of Grass	I
WHITNEY, H. M. The tourists guide through the Hawaiian Islands	34544
WILDE, O. Intentions	34543
WINGFIELD, L. The maid of honor	34509
WINTER, A. The New York State Reformatory in Elmira; pref. by H. Ellis	34548

Passion often makes a fool of a man of sense; and it sometimes makes a man of sense of a fool.

In a recent interview, in the Chicago Tribune, United States Senator Washburn said: "The Americans, as a rule, who go aboard are a lot of idiots. Europe is filled with American travelers, and but few of them know anything about their own country. Many of the idiots go aboard to study the French and German languages, when they don't know anything about their own; neither do they know anything about the history of their own country, and their ignorance is displayed when any questions are addressed to them on the subject."

"My Mountain Brook."

You were born in the wilderness ages ago,
'Neath forest, and fernland, sweetheart mine,
And your bright lights and shadows swelling along,
Wove a spell round my lone heart sweeter than wine.
You're a wild, weird enchantress through meadow and mead
My jewel, my dancing girl, rippling along.
Sound, sound your wild music brought here from the clouds,
And let hearts be brightened, love, by your sweet song.
There are daisies and violets on your green banks,
There are gold-hearted lilies nestled up in your nooks,
There are sweet drooping willows bending down their fair heads,
Craving kisses far sweeter than aught found in books.
You were part of my soul-life in æons ago,
When our world was a foundling, whirling through space,
And the morning stars sang at its birth a new song,
While the sun's golden radiance bathed anew your bright face.
You wind round the hill-side and gentle-eyed king
Quench their thirst from the blood that flows clear through their veins.
And plunging and laughing o'er moss-covered rocks,
You sweep deep and silent through hot arid plains.
Who can tell of your parentage? Oh soul-mate so fair,
Who cherished your infant life? Treasure of mine.
Were the white snow-capped mountains your first cradle bed,
Far up 'neath the blue where the twinkling stars shine?
There are strange waves of past life rippling through space,
There are wonderful chords that go sweeping along,
And the souls whose bright strings are attuned fine and clear,
Catch the weird notes of melody from Nature's "dawn" song,
Who knows but the rain-drop, with its many bright
STRANGE WINTER) Good-bye
Clasped a glowing rayed stargleam in the stillness of night?
Who knows but the twin "wedded" first gave thee birth,
Far back in the twilight ere earth's children had light?
You are mine, and I claim you, let them murmur who may,
You were part of my life in the far distant past,
And the soul that "speaks out" from your bright laughing face,
Claims a kinship with mine in the centuries vast,
It has slumbered but ne'er broken, mate of ages ago—
Though to me this long slumber seems one fair sunny day.
Come back to my arms, long lost seraph so fair,
And weave in my earth life, love's sweet flowers for aye.
—Fred L. Hildreth.

An amusing encounter between the Prince of Wales and a miner took place while the prince was recently staying in Yorkshire (says the Recorder). The prince and a friend, going for a stroll one morning, at the turning of a lane came across a miner who had with him a brace of bull-terrier pups. The prince's companion asked how much he had paid for the pups. "Two quid," replied the miner, with true Yorkshire brevity. The Prince of Wales examined the dogs critically for a few moments, and then remarked: "Don't you think two pigs would have been a better investment for you, my friend?" "Maybe," replied the collier; "but, mister, what a blooming fool a chap would look a-going ar-rating with two pigs." The argument was irresistible, and the prince, with his friend, retired.

The reason that many men want their desire, is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will, that will do but what he may.

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Curious Corner.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

This was a gigantic statue of Apollo, of the sun god. It rested on moles on each side of the beautiful harbor of Rhodes, and vessels passed between its brazen legs. It was over 100 feet in height, and there were winding stairs by which it was ascended. The statue held in one hand a light for the direction of mariners. It was thrown down presumably by an earthquake, and never rebuilt, but fragments of the statue remained for 900 years. At length a Jewish merchant bought the brass and loaded 900 camels with it. The value of the brass was estimated at \$150,000. At the present time the harbor of Rhodes is nearly useless, and the island has many times suffered from earthquakes.—Detroit Free Press.

Aluminum has been suggested as a material for coins, but there are objections to it. It has always a greasy feeling, due to the presence of a slight but unavoidable film of oxide of aluminum over its surface.

A Lincoln Story.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Cotton told the following story: "Judge Pettis of Pennsylvania, who was an active contemporary of the Lincoln administration, told me recently that as he was going into the White House one day, he met Ben Wade coming out. When he was admitted into the President's presence, Lincoln said: 'Pettis, did you see Wade going out, just now?'" Pettis responded that he did.

"Well, he just said to me, Mr. Lincoln, before you were inaugurated I prayed and prayed that Chief Justice Taney might live to swear you in, but now that you are inaugurated, he hangs on so long that I am fearfully afraid I overdid it."

In a certain Worcester family are four children. Naturally, the number of stockings is numerous. The Swedish servant, looking out of the window and seeing the array upon the clothes' line, exclaimed, "I do think this family has too many legs."

Do you want the best of foot wear, just call in at J. K. Brown's, No. 15 Front Street. You will have to ask strange questions, not to have them satisfactorily answered by Mr. Brown or his assistants.

Selected Alliterative Sayings.

An amicable answer animus allays.
Aim at advancement and accuracy always.
Business begin betimes, babblers banish, be brief,
Beauty bewilders, bewitches be yond belief.
Choose children's companions; cheerfulness cultivates,
Conscience counselling constantly, conciliate,
Discontentance doubtful dealings, dire duties dare,
Dissipation decidedly deepens despair.
Eminent examples earnestly emulate,
Everything enduring, evil eliminate.
Fulsome friendships fall, from fawning flatterers flee.
For freedom fair, for fatherland fight fearlessly.
Goodness gives great gladness, graciously gratify,
Giving good gifts generously, God's gift glorify.
Honor heightens happiness. Habitually
Honesty hold highly, hating hypocrisy.
Innocent inclinations inly inculcate,
Intemperate indulgences incapacitate.
Judicial jealousy, justice jeopardizes.
Judiciously joined jests jocularizes.
Keep kindled kindly knowledge, knowing knavishness,
Keenwitted, knagging knowing, killesh kindliness.
Lead loyal lives, loyalty's love's lineal line.
Learn laws' limitations, lecherous libertine.
Morality's mandates most manfully maintain,
Meddles make much mischief, misconduct makes men
mean.
Never notice nonsense nor noxious naughtiness,
Neither neglect needy neighbors' necessities.
Organized outrage often order overthrow.
Odious opinions outspokenly oppose.
Pleasures, philosophical, please people please.
Punctually perform previously pled-up promises.
Questionable quibbles quickly, quietly quell.
Quietest quenches quarrels; quit queries quizzical.
Rancor raises riot; revenge, revolution.
Rational report—noe renders restitution.
Sophisticated schemers seldom see success.
Scorning spiteful speech sternly, slanders suppress.
To the truth testify, to time the truth treasurest.
Though truly time tests tenets, trials temper test.
Useful undertakings unflinchingly uphold.
Unselfish determination unswerving uphold.
Vainly versus virtue vary vainly vies,
Virtue valiant, virtuous, vanquishes vice.
Waywardness worsens wo; wisely wickedness withstand.
'Xercise 'xcellence, 'xcellence 'xpend.
Yoke yourself young, yea youthful years yield yearningly.
Zealously zoologists zest zoology.

—Spero.

When looking for appetizing displays of eatables don't fail to look in at Geo. C. Blanchard's, 218 Main Street. The array will make the most fastidious mouths water. There is nothing in the way of meat and vegetables that he does not keep in the very best quality.

Clara Barton.

On the 2d of October, this distinguished native of Worcester County was invested with the badge of Chaplain-in-Chief of the Woman's Relief Corps. The act was performed by Lincoln Corps of San Francisco, by permission of the National President. The ceremony was witnessed by fully five hundred people. Miss Barton seems to have quite recovered her health and is still going about doing good.

Lemon Pie.

One smooth, juicy lemon; grate the rind and squeeze out the juice straining it on the rind; one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, in a bowl use one good-sized cupful of boiling water in a pan on the stove. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch, and stir it into water; when it boils, pour it over the sugar and butter and stir in the rind and juice. When a little cool, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Butter a deep plate, and cover all over with cracker dust (very fine crumbs). This is the crust; pour in the mixture, and bake. Then frost with the two whites, and brown.

Make two cakes, one with Cleveland's baking powder; the second with any other. Note the difference.

The Cleveland cake is fine grained, keeps its natural flavor and moisture; "the other" is coarse grained, as if the sugar was too coarse, soon dries out and becomes husky.

Cleveland's leavens best because its strength is produced by cream of tartar and soda only, not by ammonia or alum.

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No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Puff Omelette.

Stir into the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, one tablespoonful of corn starch in a teacupful of cream, with salt and pepper. Melt some butter in a pan, pour in the eggs and set in the oven. When thick, beat the whites of the other three eggs and pour over. Set to brown. Serve immediately.

Browned Rice.

Cook one cupful of rice with three cupfuls of milk in a double boiler until very soft. Season it with one tablespoonful of butter. Pack it closely in a small bread-pan. When cold, cut it in half-inch slices and brown them delicately in butter. Or spread the slices slightly with butter, put them in a fine, well buttered grid-iron, and color a light brown over a clear fire.

A Choice Dish.

Unseal a can of salmon, set in a kettle of hot water, and cook for half an hour. For a one-pound can of salmon, boil hard one dozen eggs. Cut each in three slices, and place on a platter. While the eggs are boiling, prepare a pint of drawn butter sauce. Drain the fish and pour over the sliced eggs, and over both pour the drawn butter. This is a delicious dish, hot for breakfast, or cold for luncheon.

E. H. K.

Mashed Potatoes.

Pare your potatoes very thin, and let them lie in cold water one hour. Put them into boiling water slightly salted and boil steadily until you can pierce them with a fork; then pour off the water, sprinkle them lightly with salt, and add, to one dozen of medium-sized potatoes, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg; mash them with a wire masher, and add a half cupful of hot cream, and beat them until very light and white.

Steamed Corn Bread.

Put two cups of cornmeal into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve half-teaspoonful soda in a tablespoonful of warm water, and add to it half-cup of molasses. Add to this the corn meal, and then add sufficient sour milk, not quite a pint, to make the batter so that it will drop from the spoon. Put this into a well-greased mold. Put on the lid and steam it for four hours; then remove the lid and bake it for thirty minutes.

Almond Macaroons.

Blanch and pound fine a pound of sweet almonds. Whip the whites of seven eggs, add one pound of sugar, mix well; drop on buttered paper, sift sugar over and bake quickly.

Mrs. Parker.

Chicken Caked in Cream.

The chicken may be delightfully prepared as follows: Cut up nicely, and lay in a baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cut into bits over it a quarter of a pound of butter, dredge with a tablespoonful of flour from a sifter, pour into the dish one teacupful of rich sweet cream, and set in a very hot stove to brown quickly.

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying; it is equally true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labelled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

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We have just received a large invoice of fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60 cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a pound. If you can be suited, we can do it. Give us a call.

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Our Schools.

CHAPTER VII.

Kindergartens.

In contemplating the great changes in our schools, in the near future, which are seen to be inevitable, the Kindergarten is the first and most important object to which attention should be directed, as the starting point and foundations of the "new education"; and to any one unacquainted with the system, or rather want of system, which has long obtained in the management of our schools, it must seem surprising that the kindergarten has not long ago become part of the school system, and that its methods have not found their way into all the elementary schools. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the importance of these kindergartens as a vital element in our school system.

In introducing this subject I cannot do better than to quote the following from a late address, before a convention of teachers by President Gates of Amherst College who is reported to have spoken as follows: "When a man dies" says Schopenhauer 'a world perishes—the world which he bore in his head.' If the ceasing of each individual life involves so serious a loss, the beginning of a conscious soul life is a matter of the gravest importance. Those who work wisely with young children, come very near to showing God's own work of creation. * * * * * The mother makes the man; but close after the mother's influence comes the influence of the teacher through the years of childhood. * * * * * How then shall they most surely and wisely reach the life of the child for good?"

The answer to this question is most satisfactorily made by the introduction and incorporation into our free school system of the Kindergarten methods and practice. Perhaps I can give my readers the best idea of the subject by giving some slight account of the introduction and progress of this system in this country.

The introduction of Kindergartens in America is due largely, and it may be said, as far as I know, entirely to the benevolent zeal of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston. Public attention to the subject was first awakened by this lady in an article published in the Christian Examiner, in 1838. In 1862 she published her Kindergarten Guide"; about this time she established her first "kindergarten," while about the same time other similar schools came into existence. Disappointment, however, was the outcome, for the real spirit and purport of the Kindergarten were not yet understood. The so-called "Kindergartens" were but little more than primary schools, combined with infant school plays and exercises.

After eight years of hard work and much disappointment Miss Peabody concluded to visit the then famous school of Froebel, the founder of the system in Germany, whence it has spread over Europe, and what she saw there was indeed a revelation to her. She also visited the Kindergarten of Madame Von Marien Holtz-Bulow, the colleague of Froebel in the great work; she thereafter re-

turned to America, and bravely acknowledged that she had been a blind leader of the blind. She re-wrote and re-published the "Kindergarten Guide" giving the result of her investigations and experience; thenceforward the kindergarten system became an established fact, and everywhere new schools sprung up.

Wherever these schools have been established they have been a success from the start, and the question of their value—nay of their necessity—is no longer an open one; the idea of establishing a single one in connection with our public schools is simply ridiculous—as absurd as it would be to start a manufactory by pouring upon a great wheel a pailful of water, or turning on the contents of a puddle after a Summer shower.

Owing to the efforts of Miss Peabody and others the Kindergarten has become the foundation of the public school system in all the more intelligent and progressive cities of the Western States, such as Chicago, Milwaukee and the rest; in St. Louis they were first established by Professor Harris some time ago and there are now seventy-six Kindergartens connected with the public schools. In speaking of Kindergartens the report of the superintendent goes on to say "They are as much a part of the district schools as is any one of the other grades of the elementary school courses."

A benevolent and very intelligent lady, Miss Kate Douglass Wiggin of San Francisco, with the aid and co-operation of friends, has established fifty-seven Kindergartens in San Francisco and Oakland, besides a great many others up and down the Pacific coast, so that now the Pines of Lower California and the Indians of Alaska can, if they choose enjoy the benefits of the new education which are denied to children of our own city.

The Kindergartens did not form part of the public school system in Boston till about three years ago. In the mean time, after Miss Peabody had been called to other duties, Mrs. Quincy Shaw, daughter of the late Louis Agassiz, a "Lady Bountiful," of a princely generosity and abundant fortune established some fifteen or twenty Kindergartens for the benefit of the poorer children of the city, supporting them by her own means, until the school authorities out of very shame, one would think, felt called upon to take them off her hands, leaving her to find new channels of beneficence through which to pour her un-falling bounty.

There are now connected with the public schools of Boston between thirty and forty Kindergartens, and already their influence is sensibly perceived; one of their supervisors says, in a letter, "My own opinion is that if the province to train children so that their power of willing, planning and executing shall be developed and made effective, and their mental, moral and physical nature be cultivated and strengthened, Kindergartens must become an essential part of the system of public schools."

When this subject of popular education is receiving such attention the world over: when even at last conservative England is waking up to the necessity of free schools; the apathy and half-heartedness of our school-management are as disgraceful to those concerned as they are discouraging to the friends of reform; and they proceed from an unintelligence which

the people will soon find it necessary to remove.

A few specimens of the beneficent work now going on have been shown above, and should interest the parents of this city in the impending reform; but it may be well to quote a few words from the most intelligent authorities on the subject:

Professor Edson says "The school of today is more and more understood to exist for the child, rather than the child for the school."

Professor Carpenter says "When we consider what the Kindergarten is able to do for the child, how important this new education becomes to all who are interested in the progress of civilization and religion.

H. H. C.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

The melo-drama, "The Ranch King" is being presented afternoon and evening at Lothrop's this week. As its name implies, it is a border drama, with a strong plot which holds the interest to the end of the fifth or last act. Miss Katherine Koler as Pug and Max Freeman as Donald McDonald share the leading honors. The funny dialogues of Murphy O'Donovan, played by Richard Lyle and Dan, a colored servant, played by John Phillips add variety and hence spice to the play. "My Mother in Law's Visit" precedes the drama.

Next week, the stock company of which Miss Kate Glassford is the leading lady and Mr. Chas. Barringer, the leading man, will play the romantic five-act melo-drama "Roland Romando." It is an interesting story of love, fortunes and missing heirs. The farce will be a "A Comfortable Home."

The Young Men's Christian Association course was given a brilliant opening Thursday evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, assisted by Miss Laura Burnham, soprano, and Mr. John Lloyd, tenor. Every number on the program was well chosen and excellently rendered. Miss Laura Burnham sang but twice, first, Jules Benedict's aria, "Carnival of Venice," which she sang at the recent festival, and second, with Mr. Lloyd, the Miserere from "Il Trovatore." The latter, one of the best numbers on the program fell flat on the audience. But with this exception the applause was very judiciously bestowed. Among the other numbers, Mons. Fred Rucquoy's flute solo, "Souvenir de Baden, one of his own compositions, and Mr. Arthur Laseur's cello solos, met with the most favor. The orchestral selections were without exception given excellent performances. The next entertainment in the course will be given by the Dudley Buck Quartet, the leading male quartet in the country, assisted by Mrs. Lucia Mead Priest, reader, who is well known in Worcester on account of her readings in the Association course last Winter.

The Art Students' Club will hold a meeting this evening when arrangements will probably be made for the semi annual exhibition which will be held during the week beginning Nov. 16.

We need not be much concerned about those faults, which we have the courage to own.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

SUPERB EQUIPMENT, EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE, FAST TIME, and COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES MAKE THE

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THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points West, Southwest and Northwest.

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Through Trains Leave Worcester:

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10 13 A. M.

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*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

No One Knows.

[A lullaby with cradle accompaniment.]

Oh, no one knows

What a bird shall sing.

That nestles now

'Neath the mother's watchful wing.

Oh, no one knows

What fragrance shall fall,

From bursting buds

That swing on the rose-tree tall.

Oh, no one knows

When the dawn is new,

Where gleams shall glide,

Or what, in their gliding, do.

Ah, no one knows

What a soothing song,

My babe shall breathe

With the wand'ring years along.

Ah, no one knows

What my rose shall shed,

Of sweet incense,

Or how, in her tender tread.

Ah, no one knows

My sleeping sun-beam's fate,

Sleep, little heart,

We can but wonder and wait.

(She sleeps.)

Sleep, sleep, little heart.

No one, save God, knows thy fate.

Sleep, sleep, little heart.

We can but pray Him and wait.

—Helen Worthington Rogers.

Miss Elizabeth Kilham whose scores of little folks remember as the ever kind and pleasant kindergarten teacher in Mrs. Morgan's school, on account of continued illness has been obliged to return to her home in Beverly.

Mr. Whiting Eames of No. 4 Dix Street is visiting his sisters in Ashland. Concerning these ladies, it is interesting to note that though quite advanced in life they have never used a cooking stove; but under the paternal roof they have used the old fashioned fire place. For some reason, they have recently determined to fall in line with modern ways and to use a stove. For years, their home and their cooking have been noteworthy features in the town. Nothing could be better than the food prepared by them and when the Ladies Circle met with them, there never was lack of numbers. There are many who will regret the close of the fire-place.

Burnett—Knowlton.

Miss Maud Knowlton, daughter of Samuel Knowlton, baggage-master at the Union station, and herself a graduate of the High School, was married last Wednesday, by the Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison, to Mr. George W. Burnett of this city. The wedding was at 30 Newbury street, the bride's home. Miss Annie Burnett was bridesmaid, and Mr. William Morrison, groomsmen. Grace Gurnea of Boston was maid of honor while Arthur Ross and Will Dadman were ushers. The bride was dressed in white India silk, brocaded front with pearl ornaments. The bridesmaid wore pink silk. Many and valuable presents were received. Mr. Burnett, who is a draughtsman, and his wife after a short wedding trip will reside at 40 Oread Street.

Mrs. J. M. Leiper of Tablequah, Indian Territory, daughter of Henry M. Smith, is, with her infant son, at Mr. Smith's home on Forest Avenue.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

We found our former special sale of low priced *Handkerchiefs* immensely popular.

They were all gone before our friends were served, and since then we have been on the lookout for more.

We've got them—

The same kind as before.

2500 *Handkerchiefs*, pretty printed borders, At the old price.

Nineteen cents a dozen, or 2c for the single one.

600 only for gentlemen; these are white, and full size.

The same price—*nineteen cents a dozen, 2 c each.*

Ladies bought these by the two, three and five dozen; they're very good.

At the same department, you'll find lovely fancy *Ties*, with bolting cloth ends, *hand printed*, Silk fringed.

Don't think they are high cost, for they are the reverse; 37 1/2 c each, all you are asked for them.

There's something new in *Madras Ties*, 36 inches long, that will cost you only 19c each, instead of 37c they're advertised for by some dealers.

Nothing like the incessant demand for our TRAY CLOTHS.

At the beginning, we thought 50 dozen of them at 12 1/2c would be a large lot to sell in Worcester, but they were so pretty and so good that already HUNDREDS of dozens have been sold, and the call for more is as eager as ever.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.



Week Commencing MONDAY, Nov. 2d

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening

at 7:30.

The Great Romantic Melodrama in five acts, entitled:

ROLAND * ROMANDO.

Miss SATE GLASSFORD as - Fabrianette. Supported by the entire strength of

Lothrop's Stock Company.

Presented each performance by the rare, "A COMFORTABLE HOME."

GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA.

Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2. Evenings at 7:30.

PRICES:

Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

New York Suit and Cloak Store, 512 Main St.

A Great Chance:

LADIES' ASTRACHAN TRIMMED REEFER JACKETS purchased by me at a great sacrifice to the makers, will be offered this week at only **\$7.50.**

These garments would be considered cheap at \$10.75 and they are sold elsewhere at a much higher price. Come early, as this is a bargain that cannot last many days.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.



401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bldg'g.

OUR \$4.50 WOOL BLANKET has a half pound more wool in it than most of the \$5 blankets shown hereabouts. It has a quarter yard to tuck in at the foot which the usual \$5 blanket lacks, and has plenty to tuck in on the sides, where \$5 blankets are apt to be stingy. Our price for this superior blanket is only \$4.50 a pair.

We show at other prices on blankets as good values as it's possible for any merchant to give.

We have blankets at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00 and upwards.

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ELWOOD * ADAMS,

Successor to H. W. Miller.

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the

ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is no excise for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
92 SUMMER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

Fashion.

Face veils are worn with small, close-fitting hats, and are deservedly popular, as they lessen the harsh effects, and give a finished look to the head dress. To be chic, a veil must cover the chin and be caught up high at the back of the hat. The newest designs show cobweb patterns and dots of gilt, silver or jet. A pretty one has a border of four satin lines medium-sized spots of what appears to be black straw. Coarse-meshed veils in either black or colors, show the complexion to better advantage than fine, closely-woven ones.

Elaborate Adornment

on corsages with plain skirts, has indeed by no means passed away and fancy runs riot among yokes, plastrons, guimpes, corselets, vests or transferable additions in chiffon or light quality silk. While skirts hang plainly and close to the form, there are considerable differences nevertheless in detail and new ideas as to shape. The French model all in one with a bias seam down the back, has obtained much favor and a stylish skirt shows the back breadth set in diagonally to form a point at the top with bias folds pendant below. Fin de Siècle skirts are made crosswise of the goods and without a seam except in the back. The slashing of skirts to show another material below, is likewise in vogue and so is the placing of a shorter one over a longer one in *Maquerite* style, yet without the characteristic side draping. Straight skirts of five breadths gathered in front and very full at the back are in direct opposition to the close bell or sheath skirts that are still made.

Violet powder is made of wheat starch, in the proportion of six pounds to one pound of powdered orris, one-fourth ounce attar of lemon, one dram each of bergamot and cloves.

The favorite materials for the season's dress wraps are plush and velvet, but heavy armure, ottoman, bengaline and gros grain silk. Bedford cloth and matelassé are not far behind. The latter is having quite a revival and is seen in white and black colors. The Bedford cord used is very thick and handsome and of rather wide rib. Some of the most elegant evening wraps are made of velvet brocade satin. All the wraps are lined with such lovely material that the inside is almost prettier than the outside.

Pitch upon that course of life, which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

DANCING ~~~~ GRAND ARMY HALL.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Mattoon will re-open her classes in dancing Wednesday, October 7, at 2 p. m. Evening class will open Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7.30 p. m. An introduction or reference will be required from strange. No one will be allowed to join the evening class without first applying to Mrs. Mattoon at residence, corner of Pleasant and June Streets, or at Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evenings, Oct. 7, 14, 21, from 6 to 7.

For terms and further particulars call or address Mrs. Mattoon. Circulars can be obtained at C. L. Gorham & Co.'s Music Store, or at S. R. Leland's Music Store. Telephone at residence: call 4095.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,

Graduate of the
BOSTON * C NSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,
will give lessons in
PIANO AND HARMONY.
45 PROVIDENCE STREET.
Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's
* STUDIO *

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

Miss CAMILLE M. CLARK,
a pupil of
GEO. L. OSGOOD, OF BOSTON,
is prepared to receive pupils for

Vocal * Instruction,
at her residence, No. 23 John Street.

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,
Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.

* MR. ANDERSON, *

Will give instructions in

SINGING

at his Studio,

KNOWLES BUILDING, 518 MAIN ST.,
ON

MONDAYS, * FRIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,
From 12 to 6 P. M.

A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.

Piano-Forte Tuning.

Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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PIANO * FORTE * TUNER * AND * REGULATOR,
16 Oberlin Street, Worcester.

Orders may be left at Browning's Periodical and Stationery Store, 568 Main Street.

GERMAN and FRENCH LESSONS

by an experienced teacher with good references. Also tutoring in English branches. Lessons at pupils' homes if desired. Apply to

MISS SILVESTER,

132 AUSTIN STREET.

Worcester Business.

Whatever may be the repute of our city in an intellectual way, however many churches and school houses we may have, the money for maintaining these comes from the business that, in one form or another, keeps humming wheels in motion, drives all sorts of projects to successful ends and makes of Worcester, a city known far beyond the borders of Massachusetts. Again, very many Worcester people, well posted as a rule, are entirely ignorant of the magnitude of some of the enterprises that are located in our midst. For instance, how many are aware that

Evans & Company

on Central Street carry the heaviest stock of marble, granite and freestone monuments in New England? Not alone the largest in Worcester, but the most extensive in this part of the Union? Take a walk down Central Street, some day, to No. 131 and inspect what is done and what is doing there. First it is well to know the men that make up the firm.

Arthur M. Evans, who is the founder of the business, was born in 1832, in Piermont, Grafton County, N. H., on the banks of the Connecticut, but like many other New Hampshire boys, he followed the stream southward and, twenty years ago, began in Worcester, the business since grown to such extensive dimensions. The first location was on Washington Street, near the old Providence station. Thence it was moved to Washington Square, then to Brackett Court, next back to the square, and, in 1880, it made the final move to Central Street absorbing the business of Thomas Tateum.

Henry F. Stedman is Worcester born and reared. His birth place was on Green Street, but when he was very young his parents removed to Salem Street where his home continued till his recent removal to Powdoin Street. He has been in the marble business since 1874 and since 1880 with Mr. Evans.

Herbert E. Chandler is also New Hampshire born, from Alstead, but he has been in Worcester and in this business for a long time. He is a member of the firm to represent its interests abroad. He is on the road most of the time.

To keep their forty men employed every device known in the art of stone cutting is introduced. They have five machines for working granite alone. Here may be seen gang and single saws working their way through vast, solid rock masses. Here is an immense revolving single mill stone, apparently, but a stone whose utility is devoted to what is above rather than under. By constant dropping and rubbing the stone is worn and fashioned till it assumes the desired shape. There is nothing in the way of monumental stone that this company cannot furnish; all grades of foreign stones and of domestic. Every New England state is represented. Maine sends all shades from its famous black to the extremely light. In New Hampshire, at Fitzwilliam, they work a quarry of their own. From Vermont they get the Barre stone. In Massachusetts, they make a specialty of the Rockport variety and also use a deal of Quincy. Rhode Island sends up her Westerly and Cumberland granite. Their marble is chiefly from Vermont,

though some comes from Tennessee. The Canadian Provinces, also, are drawn upon for material. Among noteworthy local monuments are the Hedden stone in Hope Cemetery; the Sugden, in Spencer; George S. Barton's and E. A. Goodnow's in Rural; and those of Ex-Mayor George F. Verry and S. R. Leland. The firm has put up many memorial tablets in town halls and library buildings. In our own High School, they placed on the walls of the main corridor the tablets to the memory of the High School boys who died in the Rebellion, and also constructed the busts of Grant and Grout, standing just before the tablets. The tablets and Grant's bust came from the generosity of E. A. Goodnow, the bust of Grout from the G. A. R. Andrew O'Connor was the sculptor of both figures as he was, also, of an admirable medallion of John B. Gough, still in the company's possession. Evans & Co. were bidders for the statue and monument of General Israel Putnam at Brooklyn, Conn., and the designs they presented were far better than those accepted but our Nutmeg brethren did not care to let the job go out of the state, consequently Worcester lost it.

The company does a great deal in interior work in public and private buildings. The sumptuous entrance to the Y. M. C. A. building, and that of the Burnside Building were laid by this firm. Also they did the tiling in Jonas Clark's Elm Street residence and the marble work for the Forrest building, on Main Street. These are examples only in the long list of elegant work done by them.

Should the visitor look through the works, he would find an immense assortment of monumental work ready, save the cutting of names, a range rising from the cost of a very few dollars to an outlay of many hundreds. The drift, today, for cemetery purposes is towards the massive and substantial.

Our climate will not admit of delicate statuary and carving, especially in marble, so here in these works may be seen the choicest monuments in granite as enduring as anything can be. Of course, marble of all kinds may be had and much of it is sold and placed, but when a considerable expenditure is made, a harder material is preferred. To the student of Lithology, the stone yard offers excellent facilities, for here are gathered specimens from diverse quarters, that otherwise he would have to travel far to find.

There is another consideration that goes far with the purchaser. He is assured of the very fairest and most courteous usage in his negotiations. Evans & Co. have something to sell, and they propose to put their wares out in such a way as to secure attention and patronage. Their customers come again. What better comment could be made on any man's business dealings?

So Romantic.

The marriage, Wednesday, of Hon. Jos. H. Walker's son, George, to Miss Pearl Mendenhall in Greensboro, N. C., may be ascribed to Mr. Walker's intimacy with the bride's brother in Brown University, where they were chums. Many a happy life partnership has begun in this way. College friends love to talk of home dear ones. A visit to a chum's home frequently results in the exchange of hearts. The newly wedded people will come to Worcester about the middle of next month.

The Week.

CITY.

Oct. 23—Universalist convention ends.

An annual meeting of St. Wulstan's Society. Mabel Blake, wife of Charles S. Hale, dies, 32 years.

Colored Baptists dedicate Mt. Olive Church on John Street.

24—The Worcester Steel Works again in the hands of George M. Rice.

Amherst "Aggies" beat the "Tech" boys on the Worcester Oval.

Registration closes with the largest list ever known in Worcester.

25—Bishop J. W. Hood of Salisbury, N. C., addresses Zion's A. M. E. Church.

Principal Fuller of the Institute receives news of the death of his father, Sylvanus Fuller in Dempster, N. H., 85 years.

26—The Democratic Rally in Mechanics Hall one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in Worcester.

Father Mathews Society begins a Harvest Fair in their Hall on Green Street.

27—The Republican Rally in Mechanics and Washburn Halls great successes. A wonderful turnout.

Wm. H. Lucas dies at 5 Aldrich Street, 57 years old.

28—Woman's Club discusses Kindergartens. Rev. Geo. W. Tyler ordained at Mount Olive Church, John Street.

Mayor Harrington and Ex-Mayor Win slow attend meeting of Mayors' Club in Springfield.

29—Crowds attend both the Swedish and the Woman's Relief Corps Fair.

Major Henry Winn and Edward Bellamy speak for the Peoples' Party in Continental Hall.

No License organization effected in Association Hall.

COUNTY.

23—Clinton to have a Union Rail Road Station.

24—Grafton learns of the death in Eaton, Canada, of a former High School Principal, E. H. Alger. He was eminently successful, having held similar positions in Ashland and Winchester. He was a graduate of Brown.

26—Royalston suffering from numerous fires. Is there a fire-bug in town?

Nathan W. Kennedy of Webster writes to debate with Editor Cort of the Times.

27—Simeon S. Waters dies in Millbury, 83 years.

Deacon and Mrs. G. A. Bryant of Winchendon celebrate golden wedding.

28—Dr. A. Z. Conrad of this city speaks at Worcester South Conference in Millbury.

29—After the election there will be some county news.

COMMONWEALTH.

23—The political debate between Lodge and Russell in Tremont Temple, Boston, a great success.

Many wrecks off Cape Cod.

24—The will of Mrs. Searles sustained in the Salem hearing.

25—Boston Knights of Labor want no Poll Tax nor Civil Service Rules.

Corner stone of Divinity School laid at Tufts' College.

26—The state reports nothing but politics.

27—Baptists hold state convention in Haverhill.

Long Term Endowment Orders hold convention in Boston.

28—Our Governor and our problematic Governor are still talking. The State is well stirred up.

29—General Butler will not vote this year. Who would think the General capable of hedging?

Drs. Abbot and Royce of Harvard are having a pretty quarrel. It would trouble the public to tell just what it is all about.

NATION.

23—Candidate Fassett in New York declares the government of New York City the worst in the world.

24—Dr. O. H. Tiffany, prominent Methodist divine dies in Minneapolis.

California courts considering the Itata case.

At the instance of certain confederate bond holders, an attempt is made in Baltimore to serve a summons on Secretary Blaine. Baltimore has tried to interpose obstacles in behalf of the Confederacy before.

25—New York Methodists celebrate 125th anniversary of establishment of John Street Church.

Hon. Henry B. Norton dies in Norwich, Conn. 84 years.

26—Secretary Blaine having reached Washington, it looks as though foreign affairs would have an overhauling.

27—Pension business in Washington, doubled. Tilden's will broken. New York loses a library.

28—Portland, Me., dedicates a Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore is a possible successor of Pope Leo XIII.

29—Uncle Sam thinks he can get down to Chili in a hurry if necessary.

WORLD.

23—Long boat of the Austerlitz in Brest harbor, France, capsizes. 14 drowned.

Philip H. Carpenter, the distinguished English Scientist, died yesterday.

24—Affair with Chili really have a serious aspect.

People dying in Russia from starvation.

British Admiralty discovers defective guns, consequent consternation.

Report of illness of Queen Victoria denied.

25—And now France is storm swept.

America's turn will come later.

It is now said that Boulanger was a morphine fiend.

26—Near Eddystone reef in the English Channel, two vessels collide and the Charwood founders, losing sixteen lives.

27—Storms in England and factional fights in Ireland keep the British Isles lively.

28—Earthquake in Japan.

Trade greatly depressed in Saxony.

29—Corkonians indulge in the liveliest kind of a row. Why don't they unite?

Swedish Fair.

As LIGHT goes to press this effort to pay for the cemetery in New Worcester is in full progress. Great crowds attend and the schemes presented are sure to cost a man ten cents a minute, if he lingers. From the enthusiasm of the people in their cemetery scheme, it is evident that they intend to stay.

The Anatomy of "Creeds."

If the word "critic" is a term of reproach, a book fitted to some contumelious eye, carping, malignant, aggressive, or kindred epithets, I am loth to glorify the rool with which Mr. Powell might be eudged, provided he were guilty of this literary lapse—"I love truth too much to make it unpleasant by use" of it ha'sh," as Rose Terry Cook's "living epistle," was wont to say, and "I don't think 'tis meant for a club to knock folks down with, nor to be flung at 'em like a stone. I believe it's the best thing in the world to do and say, and I do 'no' why it shouldn't be the pleasantest,"—a pleasant so effect, not hurtful!

Mr. Powell in LIGHT, October 17th, through the publishers of "Liberty and Life," explained and admits his adaption of the poem "What is his Creed?" and does he forthwith change the title to "Creeds?" Or was it a prior éleve? Mr. Powell says:—"I certainly never intended to claim it as mine.—Hope the author does not imagine I ever sought to claim it." Although quotation marks were present, we deprecate the infringement—whether by Mr. Powell's adoption or another's—in more, than one instance, of a few lines from one true verse to complete another, discarding the unhappy remainder. Also the eliminations of words, and transpositions throughout the six stanzas; omitting in every instance the safety index, stars. A most natural conclusion is reached from Mr. Powell's letter that he "found the poem or a part of it in a newspaper scrap, liked it," mended it, reflecting that he would perhaps

"Give the manikin three legs for one—
(Or pluck the other off, and leave him like an egg.
And lessened, he was mine and merely clay."

then placed his signature at the end, hoping the author would not imagine he sought to claim it, "I liked it and used it,"—he avers. In this, Mr. Powell paid a most delicate tribute to the unknown hand "lifted up to strengthen the feeble knees," but if the lines were fit for service, the poem was fit to survive without the work of supererogation. What would Mr. Powell imagine should one of his creations meet the same treatment and appear before him clad in a clerical gown, and topped with a "Derby," bearing the legend, "Who of myself has robbed me?" Mr. Powell's disinterestedness must not be depreciated through which he sought experimentally to select the desirable portions of the true poem for the edification of his readers. It is quite possible that Mr. Powell is innocent of the offence which must rest at somebody's door, 'tis very evident, and it was sanguinely expected his exoneration would come in the recent letter, at once freeing minds from speculation. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth." It is admitted that the fractional "Creeds" under doubt, was decanted from "What is his Creed?" quite regardless of ruffling sensibilities with mis-fitting lines, like mis-mated stockings. It is difficult to convince the majority, of the impropriety of mutilating literary work for the sake of adaptation, albeit the author is unknown and the pennon "copyrighted," is not unfurled on the margin; nor does the absence of Henry Van Dyke, D. D., with his "National Sin of Literary Piracy," insure immunity. N. P. Willis and Washington Irving, are not hard up-

on the heels of literary free-booters of this period, as in an earlier defence of a certain story in the Sketch Book, which appeared under a different title in a foreign paper, for "something quite original and very anonymous."

Walter Besant's romance "Amoré of Lyonesse" yields a graphic touch to a similar situation, Robert Burton, with his "Anatomy of Melancholy," gives a celebrated precedent and Dr. Ferrier detected the plagiarism of "Tristram Shandy." Where to-day, is the modern policeman Howells with his lantern? Without a given example of the original poem and its "double," (see LIGHT Sept. 19, Oct. 3, Oct. 17) it may appear to the uninitiated, that criticism of a man superior in literary prominence is an impertinence, even if he be not a futility, and quite fail to awaken moral sentiment into a general sense of equity, which is a line of thought, a point of view that is struggling to make itself felt and seen just now; this sense of equity must be embodied in a law of equal protection for all men in possession of their intellectual property.

"Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs."

And in the same sense it is not fair to divorce one half of a literary creation and unite it to a third. There are certain limitations which a quoter must recognize, certain moral obligations to heed should he possess even a literary conscience. The value of quotation as a garnish is undeniable, as every writer knows, and the privilege to liberally quote,—if he correctly and honestly quotes, is tenable. If others' words are good why use poorer, some one has suggested? It has been said: "Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it;" again, there is not less wit, nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book than in being the first author of that thought." Cardinal de Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of "Virgil" has deserved a talent. Up to this date the originator of this poem has not materialized, neither has his literary executor brought suit. Perhaps the spinner is a woman whose modesty restrains her as claimant of the fabric, the texture of which Mr. Powell liked only in part, we assume, and which somebody might pilfer, as the artist medals his dim canvas to bring out, or brighten duB figures. Perhaps the possible site is grateful to be shown when to dilate, as Rufus Choate's daughter used to nudge her father at the opera, that he might not dilate with the wrong emotion. J. E. L.

We appear great in an employment below our merit; but often little in one that is too high for us.

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We know and we know that wares of their make are always what they pretend to be that we select their goods for sale. Others may make—probably do make—just as good. In their case it's a matter of absolute knowledge.

ALTHOUGH WE

Are always ready to right any wrong, we don't want any wrong to occur. Better have your silver, at least, right at first. None so safe as "CORHAM" Manufacturing Co.'s make.

THE SALE

Of Gray and Blue and White Enamelled Ware (Kitchen Dept.) has been even greater than we expected. People had a "little taste" of it only, before. Ready for a good big piece now. Cheap as the last lot—and better. Only for the coming week. Don't forget that. Assortment somewhat broken now, but good yet.

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Household.

Many of my readers own really pretty pictures which are hardly choice enough to merit an expensive frame. Will such please try the following pretty frames, which have a decidedly "shop" look, and not that objectionable air which marks the work of the 'prentice hand?

Make a rough board foundation—no matter if a little uneven, if strong. Cover this smoothly with old curtain lace—the only particular part of it is to make this lace cover entirely smooth and free from wrinkles. Now give it a couple of coats of shellac; when perfectly dry, gild it; if not bright enough to be satisfactory the first time, give it a second coat. The result will be a really beautiful frame, if carefully made.

Here is a suggestion for any one who has experienced the inconvenience, when travelling, of having to put her sponge or wash cloth and toothbrush into her trunk or bag before they have time to dry. Make an oil silk bag in this fashion: Take a piece of silk ten or twelve inches square. On opposite edges stitch a piece of folded silk or ribbon to form a casing. Lay these edges together and sew up the sides of the bag. Run a drawing string in the casing of narrow tape or ribbon, cord or bobbin. You can put your damp sponge or toothbrush into this without any fear that it will injure the neighboring articles in your trunk. Turn it inside out and air when you have an opportunity.

It is not generally known that poultices made of Indian meal are excellent for application in cases of sudden attack of pleurisy pneumonia, or inflammation of the bowels. The poultices are made in the form of hot mush; if one part mustard is added to four parts it will excite moderate irritation of the skin without blistering. A quick application will often prevent serious results. D.

When a patient is suffering from fever, and the skin is hot and dry, a salaratus bath will give temporary relief. This bath can be given in bed without removing the bed-clothes or the patient's clothing. Use warm water with the salaratus dissolved in it, in proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a quart of water; wet a clean soft sponge in this and squeeze it dry that there will be no danger of dripping; bath a small portion of the body at a time and dry quickly with a soft towel. While using the sponge with one hand, use the other to keep the clothes from touching the sponge.

A Good Cough Syrup.

This is a simple syrup which anyone can make and its beneficial properties consist in the fact that it furnishes carbon to the blood faster than the lungs can consume it. This makes it valuable in cases of lung trouble. The way to make it is: one pound of figs, dried or fresh, one pound of dates, one-half pound rock candy, one ounce fresh or dried sage leaves, one gallon water (soft). Cut the dates and figs small add the sage, and put in the water; simmer slowly until the water is reduced to one quart, then strain and bottle and cork tightly. Take a spoonful whenever a desire to cough is felt. The sage heals the soreness and is good for night sweats, the figs purify the blood and the dates and sugar make a supply of carbon that is good for the lungs. This has been tested and found always to give relief, and always cures if the lungs are not too much diseased. D.



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THE LOWEST PRICES EVER
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English Woodstock Carpets.

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of Kin, Creditors and other Persons interested in the Estate of HELEN M. CURTIS, late of Worcester in said County, deceased, in estate Greeting: Upon the petition of George A. Curtis you are cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the 17th Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in *Light* a newspaper printed at Worcester the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, William I. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one.

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Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

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LIGHT

A Late Song.

This is the friend we knew last summer.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

Now, who would know

That this brown stalk was a lovely comer

To morning choruses gladly heard

In the leafy halls of the summer bird?

A stalk and a leaf much worse for weather.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

Now, who would know

That once we sported a day together,

And parted only when twilight lay

Too deep for household hearts to stray

Then was a blossom brightly swinging.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

Say, who would know

In days of summer bloom and singing

That the lights of home so much more bright

Would shine when the fields are frost and blight

— C. L. Cleveland.

Millbury.

Principal Wm. H. Bartlett, whose foot was badly wrenched, several weeks since, is so far on the road towards recovery that he expects to resume his school duties next week. Miss Manley, for many years his assistant, and Miss Dodge, at present the Ninth Grade assistant in Chandler Street have managed admirably during their principal's absence.

F. W. Southwick, Register, serves notice that ascension day falls on the first Tuesday of November, the Probate Court and the Court of Insolvency will be held on the Wednesday next following at the usual hours.

The proprietors of the Worcester Oxygen Company, Dr. J. W. Gould and T. D. Bristol, M. D., are now prepared to furnish oxygen in portable cylinders. A specialty is made of preparing oxygen for the use of physicians in their practice. Every convenience is made for the benefit of patients at the comfortable rooms of the company in Lincoln Block at 368½ Main Street.

Woman's Club.

The regular meeting of this body, Wednesday afternoon, was devoted to the consideration of Kindergartens. Mrs. Sarah A. Henshaw took charge of the discussions which began by a paper read by Mrs. Mary C. Harris on the origin of the system. Next Mrs. Emma E. Foster discussed the moral value of the Kindergarten. Third, Mrs. Emma Butler gave an account of the planting and growth of Kindergartens in this country. Finally Mrs. Katharine C. Higgins gave an outline of public opinion on the subject. During the discussion that followed, State Agent A. W. Edson spoke as did Probation Officer Col. E. J. Russell, Miss Willise of Boston, Mrs. Luther M. Lovell, Mrs. I. J. Lansing and Dr. G. F. Balcom of the school committee. There was very little difference of opinion, nearly all agreeing that the system should be added to our public schools.

Indiscretion is an evidence of weakness; for it evinces either a want of capacity to apprehend what is best, or a want of energy to pursue it.

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Cures others, will cure you

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"Do you really mean to tell us that we can buy from you the CLOTHING we know you sell at the prices we can afford to pay?"

And we answered quickly "Of course we mean it!"

"Is it really so that the same amount of money spent on *Clothes* in your store will get a better quality, better trimmed and better made, than can be had at some other places?"

And we answer "It's exactly so."

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We know what it is worth.

We know where to get it.

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We manufacture for our own people. We have been doing this for year after year as long as you can remember.

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Talk about work! We work, every member of our firm works. We work for you.

In MEN'S CLOTHES, there are so many to choose from, that you can keep looking for hours.

In YOUTHS' CLOTHES there never were so many sensible, stylish and *nobby* garments as are here for this season.

In BOYS' CLOTHES—why won't you just take a run through every store you know, and then come here.

The *Boys* are on top this year; there are handsome Suits, better Suits, more stylish Suits than we ever prepared before for "Our Boys."

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The Ware, Pratt Co. Styles,

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FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 10. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891. FIVE CENTS



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and will keep in stock all the Sizes and Widths of the different Shapes. Prices stamped on the Bottom of the Shoe. We have the new Foot Conformer, enabling us to take an Exact Measurement and Form of EACH Foot. We will make you a Last and Patterns therefor, which you will own for your own use. We will make any desired Shoe thereon at the uniform price of \$1.00 more than the same goods in stock.

We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the Celebrated Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

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Genealogical Record.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 7, 1891.

No. 10

Into the darkness comes the day,
But not with a sudden burst of splendor;
The shadows are slowly driven away
By touches of light that are faint and tender.
At first, just as a flush on the eastern sky;
The perfect day cometh by and by.
Walk in the little light thou hast,
To the perfect day thou shalt come at last.

Is Massachusetts drunken?

A paper of extensive circulation printed in Boston, has openly asserted this!

More than in any other state in the Union, the people of Massachusetts are crowded into cities and large towns. Temptation is correspondingly common.

The drink curse is on every hand. Treating is the order of the day. Mistaken generosity calls for many more draughts than the original visit intended. It is not a question of quenching thirst. It is keeping up a "Good fellow" reputation.

Watch the "dinner-pail" brigade as it files down, at night fall, from the shops north of Lincoln Square and see how many men and boys drop into the saloons along the north end of Main street. Homes are impoverished there. Children go hungry and ragged because of these halts.

How these laboring men, who should be the pride of our city, struggle for places as they take their perpendicular drinks! These few moments on their return from labor are worth more to the rumseller than all the rest of the day. How the money is swept into the capacious till, while unpaid grocers and market men may clamor in vain for their pay.

"I don't have much to do with politics" says a Main street market man, "but I notice that in No License years men have money for meat who seldom buy at other times or if they do they want it charged." This is the general verdict of those who deal in the necessities of life, yet to satisfy the demands of the drink seller, our city votes to license the traffic.

And what is the record for six months of legalized wrong doing? What has the saloon done for us? The array of arrests is nearly three to one as against those of one year ago. In 1890, there had been 777 arrests for drunkenness up to November 1st. In 1891, the list is swollen to 2153. Still that antediluvian croaker turns up, saying, "There's just as much rum drunken without as with License." He has no head for figures and no mind for facts.

Much is hoped from the organization of business men, recently effected whose object is the wiping out of the saloon. They do not attempt to enter the home and say what a man shall eat or drink, but they are thoroughly in earnest as to the damning character of the

saloon and they propose to have the nuisance abated. It is a menace to business. It renders our homes unsafe. It wars against civilization. Only those engage in the saloon business who long since were willing to coin their blood in drachmas, if thereby they might acquire wealth.

"Oh thou accursed thirst of gold what dost thou not prompt the heart of man to do"? The Mantuan Bard expressed aright, ages ago, the prevailing motive in many of the affairs of men. The love of money is the root of all evil," is the Biblical sentiment familiar to all. Take away from the traffic the money that it returns and the horrors, incident to it, would drive away every dealer. The chink of the coin drowns the groan of the starving and, leaving moral reflections to a later hour, the drink seller plies his nefarious business. Will it ever end?

Massachusetts has decided to erect for her State building at the World's Fair a model of the old John Hancock mansion of colonial days, and it is probable that Virginia will erect one after the style of Mount Vernon or Monticello. If other states follow this example the architecture at the fair will be a historical exposition in itself of no mean importance.

What an admirable idea! Should each state in the Union do thus, what an object lesson the exhibition would present! It would bring out a deal of historical research in every state as to whether it really contained an edifice worthy of preservation.

It seems not a little queer that Massachusetts should have gone along more than a hundred years without her present system of quiet, uninfluenced elections! Contrast Tuesday last with the voting days of four years ago! Then a long array of ward heelers, earning a paltry stipend, shouting the names of certain candidates; now, the polling place is as quiet and orderly as a church. It has liberated the voter. Lincoln's Proclamation proclaimed liberty to the Black Race. The Australian Ballot has disenthralled every voter of whatever race, creed or color.

Some months ago, certain enterprising young men, piano makers moved their business from Westboro to Amboy, Ill., on the usual consideration of great inducements, plant, financial aid, etc. As usual, the matter ends in the discomfiture of the gentlemen and they are ready to come back East. Coddling is not always the best way to help along a growing enterprise. This hiring to locate in a certain place is poor business policy. It is bad in every way.

Churchill—Richards.

James H. Churchill, B. S., son of James K. Churchill, himself a patent expert in Boston was married, Thursday, in Somerville, to Miss Nellie M. Richards of the latter city. Only the immediate friends of the young people were present.

General Truman Seymour.

This Union officer, who died Saturday last, had an exceedingly wide experience. Born in Burlington, Vt., Sept. 25, 1824, he was graduated from West Point in 1846. He saw service in Mexico, coming home a brevet captain. From 1850 to '53 he was instructor in drawing at West Point. He fought against the Seminoles in Florida and he helped Anderson defend Fort Sumpter in 1861. He was McCall's chief of artillery, till in 1862 he was made a brigadier general of volunteers. All through the Peninsular and Virginia campaigns of 1862, he did excellent service till he was transferred to the South. He was on Folly and Morris Islands, and commanded the unsuccessful assault on Fort Wagner, where he was severely wounded. He was in Florida in 1864 and commanded at Olustee. In March he returned to Virginia and May 5th took command of the 2d Brigade, 3d Division of the Sixth Army Corps, and the next day was captured in the Wilderness. In Charleston, as a prisoner, he was exposed to the Federal fire from Morris Island. Exchanged, Aug. 9, he participated in the Valley campaign, succeeding Ricketts in command of the 3d Division of the Sixth Corps. He was at Petersburg, Sailor's Run and the Surrender. Since his muster out from active service in 1876, he has resided chiefly in Europe, dying in Florence, Italy. Though a brave officer, he had not the affection of his soldiers. LIGHT well remembers a day's march in Virginia, when the war was over, where man after man was overcome by heat and fatigue, just that Seymour might say that his lead had beaten that of the day before. He was severe on stragglers, but one not over bright fellow of a New York regiment made even Seymour smile. The soldier was going as he pleased, when Seymour called out to him, "Who are you and where do you belong?" The stray, without the slightest change in his pace replied, "Private Harris, Sixth Corps, by ———!" The general said no more, but the saucy answer became a regimental byword, thereafter.

The Prussian cavalry officer, of whom the following story is told, did not intend to be cheated out of a share of the glory of such a death. It was after the battle of Gravelotte, the bloodiest fight of the Franco-German War of 1870. The cavalry officer badly wounded himself, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him. At last being unable longer to control himself, he testily called out: "Stop your howling over there! Do you think you're the only ones killed in the fight?"

Ex-Congressman Martin, of Texas, says, that during his four years in Washington he never allowed his expenses to exceed \$50 a month. He takes home with him quite a respectable fortune saved from his salary.

Central Park, New York, contains 840 acres.



WORCESTER, MASS.

A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$2.00 per annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1891.

That magnificent offer for War Memoirs, with *Cosmopolitan* and *LIGHT*, is still in force. *Viz.*, \$5 pays for *LIGHT*, *Cosmopolitan* and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

"The Tam-Tam." This is the name of the new High School paper, gotten up under the direction of Masters Gray and Woodward. It is exceedingly bright and gossipy, but it seems too bad that the boys must peddle it out on Maple and Walnut streets. By the way, isn't there something peculiar about that name, "Tam-Tam." Referring to Grimm's Law and using it's corresponding vocal we shall have just the sentiments of the boys over the restriction which keep them out of the school house. But they needn't fret, that bar will soon be let down along with all the others that were so ostentatiously put up in the Fall of 1889. This one is retained only to keep the curse on or off, just as the public chooses to regard the matter. In any event, success to the boys!

The *Cosmopolitan* comes to *LIGHT*, all the way from Sidney, New South Wales, Australia. It is made up of parallel columns of Volapük and English. It is printed in the interests of this new venture in language and must be exceedingly valuable to those who are trying to master its details. It is, by far, the largest and best publication in that line.

"The Livingstone" of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., is pleased to express some very pleasing sentiments concerning *LIGHT*. For these happy words, thanks are returned and best wishes are extended for the success of the college and its representative paper. Under President Price, its advance is sure and steadfast.

The November Calendar of the Church of the Sacred Heart has been received. Immortelles are the flowers for the month. Special attention is called to the Catholic Young Women's Society. The Pastor's hand is evident throughout. A souvenir, Christmas number is promised for next month.

The Worcester County Philatelist is the

title of a new Quarterly just from the press of Walter L. Brown. It contains the Constitution and By Laws of the Worcester County Philatelic Association, with several very interesting contributions on stamp collecting. Typographically the eight paged paper is a great credit to Mr. Brown who has taken time from his busy life to set the type and do the press work. Success to the paper and to the society. The president is G. Stewart Dickinson, an omniverous collector for years; Vice President, A. C. Woodward; Secretary, E. H. Marble who is also a sort of *omnium gatherum* and Treasurer, Walter L. Brown. Meetings are held twice a month.

LIGHT acknowledges obligation to Mr. O. B. Wood for the use of his engraving of the Common. It originally appeared in his *Worcester Illustrated*, an exceedingly valuable publication, still to be had of him at his Maple street place of business.

About Folks.

David Manning, Republican candidate for senator, calls for a recount.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Lawrence have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in the loss of their son, Harry N.

Principal Fuller of the Free Institute talked on "Crystallography" before the Natural History Society, Thursday evening.

Mr. John H. Murphy, for the past seven years with J. Frank Quinn in the New York Hat House, has resigned his place to accept a lucrative position with N. S. Liscomb.

Rev. Thomas Elliott St. John, pastor of the First Universalist Church in this city from 1862 to 1866 and from 1869 to 1879 and of whom a portrait and sketch was published in *LIGHT*, June 6, 1891, was elected a representative from Haverhill, Tuesday.

A. H. Nahikian & Bro., dealers in carpets, rugs, and embroideries, Turkish, Japanese and Chinese art goods, will open a branch store in this city next week at No. 39 Pleasant Street. The firm at present has a large store at Naragansett Pier, R. I., where they have established an extensive and lucrative business.

Reform Club.

Under the direction of J. H. Hession, financial secretary, a very successful entertainment was given last Thursday evening.

Woman's Suffrage.

The Woman's Suffrage League met with Mrs. Henshaw, 6 London Street, yesterday afternoon. Readings were commenced in Rev. C. F. Dale's book, "The Citizen and his Neighbor."

High School Clock.

Old Father Time got on a rampage, Wednesday, and dropped his tongue down through the tower floor, doing considerable damage, in other words, the pendulum took a drop. As it is not "My Grandfather's Clock," it will doubtless go again, some day.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well-known American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at *LIGHT*'s discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from *LIGHT*, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in *LIGHT*, Nov. 7, 1891.

Signed

I.

"We human toys—that Fate sets up
To smile, or spare—I marvel how
These souls shall fare, in what strange sphere
A thousand years from now."

II.

CHICAGO, October 9, 1891.
"Giant in the midst of the prairie,
She who was once so fair."

"There is no odor so bad as that which rises from goodness, tainted. It is human, it is divine carrion."

IV.

"Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."

V.

"Kind Patrons, will not you redeem the pledge of the New Year?"

VI.

Half our virtues will seem vices by your broader, lighter sight,
And the brightness of the present will be shadow in that light."

Answers, with names of prize winners, in two weeks.

Answers to list in *LIGHT* Oct. 24.

1. Bayard Taylor, "To my Daughter."
2. James Russell Lowell, "Fable for Critic's."
3. Lucy Larcom, "If I were a Sunbeam."
4. John G. Whittier, "The Fisherman."
5. Alfred Tennyson, "Maud."
6. O. W. Holmes, "Elsie Venner."

1st ed. P. 77.

No successful answers.

Readers will notice that these examples are not taken from Bartlett's Dictionary of Quotations, though they are from every day writers.

Plympton.

Thursday evening, last, the spacious home of Noah A. Plympton, in Wellesley Hills, was thrown open, from 6 to 9 o'clock, for a reception to his son, Herbert and wife, whose recent marriage was a subject of interest to Worcester friends. Several Worcester parties were present.

The Week.

CITY.

Oct. 30.—Annual fox hunt of the local fur company.

General Robert H. Chamberlain elected Grand Eminent Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Knight Templars.

31.—The big Swedish Fair comes to a successful end.

Members of the W. C. T. U. assist their president, Mrs. M. M. Townsend, to celebrate the 38th return of her marriage day to her husband, 31 Prospect street.

Nov. 1.—Ministers touch on popular faults and pray for a revival. There is need of it.

2.—Sam Small addresses Prohibitionists in Mechanics' Hall. The final rally of the campaign.

Evening schools begin their winter sessions.

3.—Worcester is the banner Republican County in the Commonwealth, but that isn't saying much.

4.—Yesterday's voting the chief topic. Thayer seems to be elected senator by 17 plurality.

Tony Hart, the famous comedian, dies at the Insane Hospital, 36 years.

John J. Donahue buried from St. Anne's Church with military honors by the Cadets.

5.—Board of Trade meets in Washburn Hall. Not much progress.

Installation of officers at Conclave of Worcester County Commandery of Knights Templars.

COUNTY.

30.—Phillipston dedicates a new town hall.

31.—Worcester County Teachers' Association meets in Fitchburg.

Nov. 1.—Uxbridge moving in the matter of a new high school building.

2.—Edith Moulton, a Holden girl, commits suicide.

3.—Shrewsbury refuses to aid the plan for an extension of the Dummy R. R. She prefers to remain out in the cold.

4.—House of George Moore in Sutton burned.

4.—Clinton's new Union station will necessitate the change of grade of two streets.

5.—Hon. Bowman Nye of North Brookfield falls and breaks his thigh, a bad accident for a man 96 years of age.

Mrs. Charles P. Livesey kicked to death by a favorite horse in Farnumville.

Unprofessional conduct charged against Mayor Graves of Fitchburg.

COMMONWEALTH.

30.—N. A. Apollonio, for forty years registrar in Boston, dies, 76 years.

31.—Both Republicans and Democrats claim to be certain of carrying the state. We shall soon see.

Nov. 1.—Some of the injured Americans in Chili were Bostonians.

Maverick Bank closes, a long chapter of wrong doing.

Beverly suffers from a terrible fire.

2.—All day, Boston is in a political ferment. Lucky that it doesn't last always.

3.—A victory for both side. Russell re-elected governor, otherwise Republicans ahead.

4.—It appears that Governor Russell is the only Democratic state officer elected.

General Butlers Book in the courts. A nice advertisement.

5.—Col. Jonas H. French committed to the Charles Street jail. Maverick bank troubles. "What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

NATION.

30.—Evidences of a prehistoric race discovered in Ottawa, Illinois.

Secretary Blaine will force Chili to a full and complete reparation.

31.—The convict troubles in Tennessee growing worse. The miners all liberating the convicts and clothing them in citizen's garbs.

Nov. 1.—Plans afoot to liberate all the convict miners in Tenn.

Mrs. John C. Fremont given a beautiful home in Los Angeles by the ladies of California.

2.—The trial of Ellwood, the masked burglar, begins in Providence.

National debt reduction in October \$5,316,048.

3.—Democratic Flower, elected governor in New York; McKinley in Ohio. There is a pretty even balancing of parties the country over.

4.—Attorney General Miller appeals from the Itata decision which exonerated those who had filled her with munitions of war.

Tuesday's elections start afresh the Presidential campaign.

5.—The United States to serve as arbitrator in boundary dispute between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

Senator Hiscock of New York will succeed Redfield Proctor as Secretary of War.

WORLD.

30.—Military and police trying to enforce order in Cork.

Spain will negotiate a commercial treaty with this country.

31.—Canadian crisis over Mr. Chapleau will continue to be Secretary of State.

Nov. 1.—Brig. Gen. Truman Seymour, an old Brigade Commander of the 6th Corps dies in Italy, 67 years.

The house of the Prince of Wales in London badly injured by fire.

2.—Mrs. Maybrick's murder case to be reopened.

Starving stories from Russia.

3.—A nephew of Farnell horseheals Healy, M. P.; as if that would render untrue what the latter has stated.

4.—Irish factions fighting worse than ever. Berlin bankers, Hirschfeld and Wolf suspended.

5.—The Cork riots bid fair to become very serious. Fire arms likely to be introduced.

London feels bad over the McKinley victory in Ohio.

WORCESTER IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Senate.

1st District.—John R. Thayer. He is the present Senator, defeating in 1890, Wm. A. Gile. He is Worcester county born, a graduate of Yale College, 1869. Has served in both branches of the Worcester City Council and has been a member of the House of Representatives. A life long Democrat.

3d District.—Alfred S. Pinkerton, Massachusetts born, reared in Lancaster, Penn., a lawyer, member of the present Senate and a hard working Republican. This will be his third term in the Senate. He was two years in the House.

Representatives.

1st Ward.—Alfred S. Roe, a native of New

York, ten years principal of the High School. His first experience in political life.

2d Ward.—James P. Crosby, served in the Navy during the Rebellion, is a member of the Common Council and prominent in G. A. R. affairs.

3d Ward.—Eugene M. Moriarty. For fifteen years has held some sort of office, either in the School Committee, Common Council or Legislature. Was Collector of Internal Revenue in President Cleveland's day. He is a member of the present House and for years has been the Worcester correspondent of the Boston Globe.

4th Ward.—James H. Mellen is the Nestor of Worcester legislators. His term of service far outranks that of any one, Moriarty coming nearest. He is especially prominent in labor matters. He also has been a member of the Common Council and is in the present House.

5th Ward.—James F. Melaven. This year marks his introduction to State politics. His business is that of a painter.

6th Ward.—Henry J. Jennings has been prominent in city politics, having been chairman of the Republican City Committee at one time.

7th Ward.—Henry G. Taft receives a reelection. He is a grocer on Front Street and is a member of the Common Council.

8th Ward.—George S. Clough also goes back for a second term. He is now one of the Board of Overseers of the Poor and his business is that of a contractor and builder.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, Oct. 24, 1891.

✓ Foster Kid Gloves.

✓ Filene Gloves.

✓ Centemeri Gloves.

Sole Agency

✓ Gloves altered and repaired.

✓ Butterick's Paper Patterns.

✓ E. C. Burt's Shoes.

Bargains in Japanese Wolf Skins, which make capital floor rugs with their long gray hair. When the winter drafts invade your floors, rest your feet on one of them and find perfect protection, as with a Bengal Tiger Rug at \$350.00.

\$3.50, unlined, in white, and in grey (and black \$3.75) will pay for one that a year ago we would have charged you \$5.00 for. Big buying brings this bargain. When the mercury falls, Fur prices rise. Catch them when you can.

Since these Skins have reached this country they have been thoroughly cleansed and reseeded.

The sizes are 3x6; and the colors of the lined rugs, at \$6.50, white, black, gray, red, fox cinnamon, imitation leopard, plain and fancy combinations.

Third floor.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.



DEAR LIGHT :

I read with great interest your article on the ancient milestones, and the picture image you presented seemed like the familiar face of some well remembered friend of my boyhood. As you solicit further information on the subject, I would say that one exact counterpart stands by the road-side at Long Meadow, and another at Windsor Hill in Connecticut. You say one gentleman thinks he has read in ancient lore, that they were planted by Provincial Enactment, but if it does not go back far enough, there is a record in a much more ancient book, dating back some eighteen hundred years and more, of Moses having much to do with "tablets of stone;" but no knowledge to the contrary may be *prima facie* evidence of the fact. But as there is no one of Moses' time resident in this country (Samuel Porter and Caleb Wall coming in at a later date), it would be impossible to prove the fact by any living witness. But one fact we are sure of,—that whenever or by whom ever planted, like our flag they "are still there." Perhaps like Topsy they "grewed there." The one on Lincoln Street must have been the very one upon which two Irish tramps halted mistaking it for a tombstone, when one said reverently to the other, "Tread lightly Pat, here lies Miles Boston, aged 42."

We know not! and knowing not we know,
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Truly
H.

Nov. 2, 1891.

Society of Antiquary.

The last meeting in the old quarters was held Tuesday night. Little was done save routine business, though the attendance was the largest in many a month. President Crane made reminiscent remarks as did Daniel Seagrave. The rooms were opened in 1877 and the first book belonging to the Society was exhibited. It is a copy of "Worcester in the Revolution" compiled and presented by A. A. Lovell, one of the earliest members of the society. The library has grown to more than 40,000 books and pamphlets, while the museum of relics excels in interest anything in New England, outside of Boston. Franklin P. Rice presented an interesting summary of work done by the organization, a summary that reflects no little credit on all concerned. Treasurer Stedman, the seventh man to join the body, also referred to the beginnings. Messrs Estey and Maynard indulged in similar verses. Rev. Charles E. Simmons presented a pair of baby shoes, made in England, and worn by the late Hon. Stephen Salisbury in his early infancy. Their history is complete. Librarian Dickinson called attention to some gifts from the estate of the late John B. Gough, the most interesting of which is a cane from the hull of Commodore Perry's flagship, Lawrence, presented to him in 1876. The head is made from a cabin door knob of the same vessel. President Crane referred to the recent death of the Society's first Vice-

President, Mr. Albert Tolman, and Hon. Clark Jilson was appointed to prepare a proper memorial of his life. Plans were discussed for removing the library and museum to the new hall at Lincoln Square. However much better the new quarters may be, they can hardly secure any more faithful and valuable work than that done in the old Foster Street rooms.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

A very large number of friends of the Cecilia Ladies Quartet gathered last week Friday evening in Association Hall in response to invitations to a recital sent out by the quartet. About one year ago Mrs. E. H. Plaisted, Mrs. L. M. Davis, Miss Lillian Whittemore and Miss Annie Dean formed this organization and sang at various concerts and recitals last Winter, meeting with deserved success. In fact, there was but one point which could be criticised, which was that their repertoire of pieces was very limited. But during the Summer the ladies have done lots of hard study and as a starter for the season's work they decided to give a recital, to which their friends should be invited. They secured the assistance of Prof. George W. Blish, of the Blish School of Elocution, Boston; Miss Bessie Holmes, violinist; Mr. W. A. Anderson, basso, and Mr. Charles H. Groat, pianist. The program promised an exceedingly pleasant evening. But, just before the recital was to begin, it was announced that Mrs. Plaisted was unable to sing a note on account of a severe cold and consequently the first number by the quartet was omitted and the program began with the violin solo, andante, from violin concerto, Mendessohn, by Miss Holmes. She also played later Sarasate's Spanish Dance, No. 8, and won generous applause for both selections. Prof Blish recited very effectively four scenes from Macbeth and several humorous selections. Mr. Groat, besides acting as accompanist, played Paderewski's Polonaise, opus 9. Mr. W. A. Anderson sang Pinsuti's Love Song and, with the Cecilia Quartet, Mrs. Webster Thayer kindly taking Mrs. Plaisted's place, sang Gaul's List' the Cherubic Host. The program was concluded with two songs by Brahms, sung by the quartet.

Madame Laura Scherer-Mapleson, who is to appear in concerts at Mechanics Hall Thanksgiving afternoon and evening under the management of Mrs. Lillie Wilkinson is described as "one of the most beautiful women ever born under the American Flag."

Madame Mapleson has sung before all the crowned heads of Europe with great artistic success and her reappearance in Boston, Oct. 13, was but a repetition of her former triumphs. She chose to present her great success, "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti, in which she made her European debut at Pisa in 1884, where she received the following complimentary criticism: "It must honestly be admitted that her execution is faultless, and the ease with which she sings is perfectly captivating. The neatness and elegance of her style combined with the sweetness of her voice and perfect intonation, at once proclaim her an artist of the greatest promise."

Since then the range of her voice has been extended up and down so that it now embraces a compass of two and a half octaves.

Madame Mapleson will be assisted by a first class concert company and entertainments of rare musical enjoyment may be expected.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Roland Romando," a romantic melo drama, has been favorably received by large audiences at Lothrop's Opera House during the past week. Mr. Charles Barringer, as Roland Romando, made a handsome and dashing hero, being particularly admired by the feminine portion of the audience. He is a talented artist, never showing that self-consciousness which often mars the genius of a good actor. Miss Kate Glassford, as Fabrianette, is a good actress, but the unfortunate possessor of a poor voice. Mr. Charles I. Fannin as Waldron Warren, an old man who has sinned but repented, and who wrongs his son through misrepresentation and at the instigation of Willard Burford, who is the enemy of everything true and virtuous, was very good. Mr. Rowe as the son and Mr. Colby as the villain did excellent work. Mr. Francis Kingdon, as the cool, calculating and unscrupulous Dr. James, won much favor. He makes a good stage appearance. The rest of the company were fairly clever.

A laughable farce entitled "A Comfortable Home," precedes each performance. Mr. and Mrs. Bowser, who have something of a national reputation for making home sweet home, a seventh heaven, are very funny.

The cut in prices by the management of the Exchange Street Theater is no surprise to the theater-going public who have been acquainted with the true state of affairs. It is occasioned by the competition caused by the phenomenal success of Lothrop's Opera House in presenting first-class entertainments at popular prices. Many of the best attractions at the former place of amusement since this season have been compelled to play to small audiences.

Manager Dale Armstrong, of Lothrop's Opera House, is convalescing from a severe attack of nervous prostration caused by overwork.

Brass vs. Wind.

A prominent Worcester manufacturer, using a deal of brass in his business, was lately overheard trying to form a co partnership with one of the city's best known and most successful solicitors, claiming that the latter could furnish all the brass necessary for an extensive plant without, in the least, reducing his stock. This was very good till the solicitor resorted to the effect that brass could not mingle advantageously, with pure unadulterated wind.

Bryant.

The 3d of November, our last election day, was the anniversary of Bryant's birth. He was born in 1759 and more than thirteen years have sped away since he had his real Thanatopsis. Yet so fully have we become imbued with his thoughts and verse that he yet seems to be with us and of us. His venerable face and snowy locks are fresh in memory.



The Great Essential in Teaching.

The great essential of a teacher of any degree dwells within himself. He may not be so deeply learned as many others, but if he imparts knowledge with simplicity and directness and keeps his students interested, he can do better work than others who are more scholarly. The enthusiasm for particular studies which is imparted by the best educators is the great desideratum. A teacher likes to see the effect of his efforts, and they are at once perceptible where the personality is adapted to the work.

The boy who respects himself, is proud of his good name, speaks the truth and deals honestly with his fellows is in a measure proof against the unseen influences that break down character and lead to wrong-doing and to ruin. But he should not unnecessarily expose himself, and in that lies the value of the many proverbs that warn him against bad associations and evil communication.

The great defect of our American school-system, the lack of manual training, is thus handled by the Chicago Herald:

"Of two hundred and fifty firms exhibiting in the furniture exposition, one hundred and sixty are composed of men of foreign birth and training. The furniture trade—one of the most profitable and progressive in the country—is conducted by men who owe their success to European practical education. Not one of the leaders in the trade inherited a dollar. Yet they, in Chicago alone, produce an annual output worth twenty-five million dollars. The only industrial relation native Americans have to this vast industry is that of mechanics in the lowest grades of its manual labor. Almost all posts of responsibility, high compensation, and trained skill are held by foreign-born men.

In all European countries, manual training is a regular part of the primary-grade schooling. From the general primary school they pass to higher grades in which manual training is constantly maintained. If they can remain still longer in school they pass to the various technical or trades schools which abound in all continental cities and villages. The Old World apprentice system completes this education. Each of them learns a craft completely. Artisans of this type come to the United States by the thousand and take the places native Americans can not fill. Little by little they save enough to begin manufacturing on their own account or their skill is accepted as equivalent to capital in a firm, and they became partners. The European artisan is master of the business, because he knows every step in it.

"In our American primary-grade teaching, the few years the children of the poor have to spend in school is diffused over many surfaces, all literary. The children, uninterested, because the teaching is exclusively abstract, are glad to get away from school, even to go to work. Statistics show that seventy-eight per cent. of American children leave school forever without going higher than primary grades. We send them out with a little knowledge of reading and writing, nothing more. They go into factories, and, untaught manually, must take the lowest places and be con-

tent with the lowest wages, while, as they grow older, they find foreign-born artisans every year filling up the higher ranks. They remain mechanics without ever becoming artisans. Machinery and trades-union narrowness about the number and service of apprentices confirm their misfortune. Manual training ought to be a part of every day's work in every primary school."

High School.

Mrs. Jennie I. Ware, till recently, the highly successful teacher of History, English Literature and Botany in this school has entered upon her duties in the Roxbury High.

Mrs. Ware is not such a very long way from Mrs. Sanborn, who, also, was a very successful teacher here from 1876 for about seven years. She is in the Jamaica Plains High School.

Miss Nellie M. White who left the school last year, is finding her St. Louis home very pleasant. The middle of the continent appears to be very congenial and in every way the change is a desirable one.

Dr. Edwin T. Painter, who once taught Algebra in the school, and who located in Pittsburg, after his medical course, is in Worcester at the home of his father, Mr. Thomas Painter, on Home Street. He is slowly recovering from the effects of the Koch treatment received in Berlin last winter.

One of the lower windows looks as though the boys of Room 19 had indulged in an election row. Don't get in a hurry, young men, you will vote soon enough.

Where were the W. H. S. boys Tuesday night? They were missed in the pow wow raised by rival "Tech" and Holy Cross crowds. The time was when they made the welkin ring with their loud hurrahs.

The Tam Tam says the boys are doing a deal of smoking about the premises. Why is it so much worse for the boys to do what their elders are exceedingly given to? The fable of the crab applies.

Amherst.

In the recent arraigoing of Senior Class Committees, our Worcester boys are assigned as follows: Charles E. Hildreth, Finance and Commencement programmes, chairman in both cases; Walter H. Hildreth, Music; Charles E. Burbank, Photographs.

Lewis T. Reed, '93, of Worcester has been awarded the first prize in oratory offered by Dr. Liffingwell.

Brown.

Prof. J. F. Jameson, once a teacher in our High school, contributes an article on Lowell to the October Review of Reviews.

For High School Quick Wits.

When a waiter overturned the sliced tongue at the table, Dr. Porson pronounced it a *lup sus lingua*.

Sidney Smith once proposed as a motto for a manufacturer of table-sauces, a line from Virgil:

Gravi jandumum ranca cura.—*Foed.* iv. 1.

A scholar once wrote on his tea-chest, "T' docs," thou teachest!

When two malcontents, named Payne and Culpepper, were expelled from college, a class-

mate said, *Poenia perire potest, Culpa perennis est.*"

Dr. Johnson wrote the following epitaph for his cat: "*Mi-a!* inter omnes."

A gentleman at dinner helped his friend to a potato, saying, "I think this is a mealy one." To which the other replied, "Thank you, it could not be *me-li-er*."

"Well Tom, you are sick again?" To which Tom answered, in good English and better Latin, "*Sic sum*."

When a lady once swept down a Cremona violin with her mantua, Dean Swift quoted Virgil as follows: "*Mantua va misera: nimium vicina Cremona*," which in English reads, "Ah, Mantua; too near the wretched Cremona."

In the days when they locked the doors of the pews in churches, a gentleman, going to service, forgot his key, and so declined to enter the pew because "*pudor vobis*."

A lady, in company with a gentleman, passing some geese, asked whether they were ducks or geese. One of the flock at that moment lifting up its voice, the gentleman instantly replied, "That's your *anser*."

Something similar was a friend's criticism upon one of Anna Dickinson's books, when he changed the title from "What Answer?" to "What an Answer!"

O unum skulls—can't you see the joke?

Boston University.

Pres. William F. Warren and Dr. M. L. Perrin, professor of German, represented the college at the meeting of the association of New England Colleges at Brown University Thursday.

The Upsilon Chapter of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity held its annual initiation Thursday evening Oct. 29th. The banquet was at Cook's the following evening. Four Freshmen were initiated.

By the will of Lovicy D. Paddock of Boston the following public bequest is made. To Boston University, \$30,000 for a trust fund, to be known as the Paddock Fund, the income only to be used, one half to be devoted to educating women who are earnest workers, and one-half paid poor young men who are striving to obtain a good education. The will provides that if any of the testator's kith and kin desire to be educated at the Boston University, they shall be given the preference in securing the benefits of the Paddock Fund.

Miss Annie Hadyn Webster delivered her first lecture to the students of the college on "Psychology and Physiology of Voice Production" Thursday afternoon in Jacob Sleeper Hall.

The Freshmen foot ball eleven plays the Marlboro Cycle Club at Marlboro next Saturday afternoon.

Librarian Samuel S. Green returned, Wednesday, from his California trip. He reports a very pleasant excursion. Everything possible, to relieve the tedium of travel was done by the railroad people and every city, visited, vied with every other one in making the call memorable. Mr. Green reached home just too late to vote but as there were more Mugwumps than Republicans on the train, the latter party will try to forgive him. He has been away five weeks, having left Worcester the 30th of September.

Free Institute.

The \$60 lens and shutter which was offered by the Bausch and Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., to the member of the Tech Camera Club making the best picture with it, has been awarded to A. C. Higgins, '93. This company has offered its lenses as prizes to all the different camera clubs throughout the state, to be competed for by the members. The company reserves all negatives in the competition, and the club whose member makes the best picture, receives an additional prize of \$100. The contest in the Tech Camera Club closed November 1st. The contestants were Messrs. Higgins, Sinclair, Vaill and Kent of '93, Bracken, '92, and Fitts, '91. The judges were Dr. Kimball, J. O. Phelon and photographer Florin. The successful picture was a snap shot of a horse trot at the last New England Fair. Mr. Higgins also had the second best—a group of children at play. All these pictures and many others taken by members the past season, are to be displayed next month at the Annual Exhibit of the Club. A committee consisting of Messrs. Keith, Higgins, Sinclair and Kent has been appointed to arrange for it. An exhibition of lantern slides is also proposed for the same evening, the whole probably to take place at the Salisbury laboratories. The club which is in a very prosperous condition, is the only one of its kind in the city. A few days ago, the club sent a panel of photos to Springfield in competition with others from all over the state.

This afternoon, the Institute foot ball eleven plays the Brown Varsity at 3.30 on the Lake View Grounds. Next week a game is expected with the Brown Freshmen.

Mt. Holyoke.

Not a prettier nor a more thoroughly enjoyable entertainment has ever been given at the college than the cowbel party which the Freshmen gave to the Seniors Tuesday evening. Each gallant little Freshman escorted her chosen Senior through the maze of strings to be received by Mrs. Mead, assisted by Misses Waldron and Bartholomew. After a brief reception the fun began. In and out and round about with desperate determination to untangle their own strings went faculty and Seniors. Here a "grave old Senior" crawled under a labyrinth of strings, then three or four teachers held a meeting on the floor around some table legs, here a small maid mourned her lack of length by which to untwist her string from behind some picture or off of some chandelier. Laughing groups every where told as to the merriment on foot. As some of the shorter and less intricate strings were unraveled from the webs, which at first covered the whole hall, and the dainty prizes were discovered, more and more resolution was seen in the faces of those still unwinding. When all had gained their little silken spiders, refreshments were served. During the evening music was given and added much to the enjoyment. The party was a complete success and the class of '95 may well feel proud of itself.

Nov. 7 will be a holiday to celebrate the founding of the college Nov. 8, 1837.

The Teacher.

The greatest factor in the moral life and

culture of the school, whatever books are conned there, will always be the high-minded teacher. Keep the high-minded teacher in the school, inspire the teacher with a proper sense of his vocation, the moral education will radiate from that teacher, whether the subject before the class be the Ten Commandments or the rule of three. Let this also be never forgotten; that far more moralizing than any particular study of morals in the schools is the very life and regimen of the school itself. This, if the life and regimen be worthy at all, is what day in and day out, year in and year out is training the child to habits of punctuality, obedience, order, neatness, attention, industry, truthfulness, respect for others, and appreciation of merit as to amount of definiteness of obedience, attention, and the rest, or of study of such definitions, could ever do. And this, we take it, is what is desired, when we talk of moral education in the schools—such education as shall make obedient, industrious, and truthful boys and girls, rather than boys and girls who can tell us cleverly and accurately what truth is, and what industry is, and what obedience is.

If there be any place where education should be concrete, it is in what concerns the moral education of boys and girls. What is wanted here is inspiration, something that shall kindle the sense of duty, something that shall give aim and impulse to the larger and better life, something that shall give the public and generous spirit, instead of the selfish and private spirit.—September New England Magazine.

At Last.

Kindergartens are to have a hearing. At the Tuesday evening meeting of the school committee the following gentlemen were appointed as stated.

On motion of Dr. Balcom, a committee of five was appointed to investigate the feasibility of introducing the Kindergarten system into the public schools. The committee consists of Messrs. Balcom, Fallon, Garver, Fitzpatrick and Ware.

Smith.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 30, a fine concert was given in Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the Analysis class. Miss Burnham of Boston was the soloist, and part of the symphony orchestra gave instrumental selections.

Hallowe'en was celebrated in some way by all the college girls. Most of the campus houses had fancy dress parties, and every one had a gay time.

Monday evening the second of the informal receptions to the faculty and students was held, and the occasion was as much enjoyed as before.

With the cold weather, the gymnasium classes have begun, under the direction of Miss Watson, and the new gymnasium, hitherto used only for play, is now to prove its use in work.

Holy Cross.

Richard H. Mooney, secretary, is sending notices to those interested that the annual dinner of the Alumni Association of the College of the Holy Cross will be held in Boston, Thursday evening, Jan. 14, 1892.

Football has come to stay at the college.

Since the foundation of the college, football has never been considered. The base ball team has always ranked among the highest and strongest of college teams but if the present prospects can be considered a favorable standard for a beginning, Holy Cross will in a few years become as formidable an opponent in this game as she has been in base ball. The first game was played with the Techs last Saturday and resulted in a tie 10-10. It was close and exciting throughout, Holy Cross being counted against the more experienced opponents. Should the two teams meet again, there is sure to be a closely contested game, as more science and strategy will have been then acquired. The team plays with Dean Academy this afternoon.

The monthly elocution exercises will be held on Saturday morning, the 7th.

The marks were read in Fenwick Hall last Thursday morning. Among the Worcester boys who attained 95 per cent or over are noticed in the Junior class T. B. Cunningham, and J. F. Spellman and in the Sophomore class T. H. Dowd, F. M. Phelan, J. T. Delehanty, J. F. O'Brien, T. F. Cummings.

Wellesley.

Oct. 17.—Dr. Willard Hayes told of the trip which he took last Summer through Alaska. The party consisted of Lieut. Schwatka, Dr. Hayes and a miner, with a number of Indians, who, however deserted them when the way became too difficult.

Oct. 19.—The concerts given under the direction of the School of Music, began with an excellent one, by the "Bernard Listeman Company."

Sunday—Oct. 25, Dr. M. M. Dana of Lowell preached in the chapel.

Oct. 26.—The first of the readings in the "Monroe Fund Course" was given by Mrs. Irving Winslow.

Oct. 28.—We are always ready to welcome Dr. Lyman Abbott, and he was attentively listened to by a crowded chapel on Wednesday evening.

Saturday, Oct. 31—Hallowe'en celebration were held in all the college buildings. At the main building it took the form of a masquerade dinner, and at most of the cottages, parties were given.

Sunday, Nov. 1.—President DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin preached.

Monday, Nov. 2.—The second concert of the season was an especially good one by Prof. Baermann.

Saturday, Oct. 25—Wellesley entertained the Intercollegiate Alumni.

Board of Trade.

At the meeting, Thursday night, the following officers were reported and elected. Treasurer, R. James Tatman; Clerk, S. Hamilton Coe; auditor, Charles A. Chase; directors, Stephen Salisbury, W. W. Rice, C. Henry Hutchins, E. B. Crane, Caleb Colvin, E. T. Marble, Henry E. Smith, William H. Burns, Josiah H. Clarke, Arthur M. Stone, Philip W. Moen, Jasper T. Darling, William J. Hogg, William Hart and James Logan; committee on membership, Charles G. Reed, Fred E. Reed, Roger F. Upham, Fred W. Wellington and H. Y. Simpson. Hon. Joseph H. Walker had already been elected President.

Grant and McClellan.

One morning, in the Summer of 1862, there was a procession in the streets of Washington. It passed along Fifteenth Street in front of the Treasury, down the avenue, turned to the right, and, moving over the long bridge across the Potomac, disappeared among the hills of Virginia. It was led by four bay horses; they were fine animals, matched and spirited. Their harnesses and trappings were new and glossy, but plain, and furnished with dark trimmings. They were driven by a colored man in blue livery. On the seat with him was another man of color, wearing a similar livery. The horses were harnessed to a four-wheeled vehicle called a box wagon; i. e., a wagon the body of which was an oblong box about six feet wide and high, and eight or nine feet in length. The running gear and box were painted a dark brown color, and varnished so that they shone in the rays of the morning sun. Twenty-four other wagons followed, each a duplicate of the first. Each had its colored driver and attendant in uniform, and each was drawn by four matched and spirited bay horses. On the side of each box, in large gold letters, was the inscription in three lines:

"BAGGAGE,
HEADQUARTERS
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC."

These one hundred matched horses, fifty attendants, and twenty-five wagons constituted the train provided to transport the baggage of General George B. McClellan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, and his staff. It was said at the time that this army was perfect in its organization. This train for the use at headquarters was the only part of it I personally saw. If the army was as well provided for as its general, this statement was incontrovertible.

I remember another morning in Washington. It was in the early days of Spring, and I was living at Willard's. The outlook was discouraging and occurrences in the Treasury had been very depressing to friends of the Union. I had risen early and had left my room before dawn, and, seated by a window which overlooked the avenue, in the main office, I began to read the morning paper. The passengers from the Western trains had not yet arrived. The gaslights were turned down, and that potentate, the hotel clerk, who had not yet put in his daily air of omnipotence, was peacefully sleeping in his arm chair. Two omnibuses were driven to the entrance on Fourteenth Street, with the railroad passengers from the West. The crowd made the usual rush for the register; the clerk condescended to open his eyes and assign them rooms on the upper floor (there was no elevator) as though he felt an acute pleasure in compelling them to make the ascent, and for a few moments there was bustle and confusion. It was soon over; the clerk resumed his arm chair, closed his eyes, and his weary soul appeared to be at rest.

There were two passengers who did not appear to be in such frantic haste. One was a sunburned man of middle age who wore an army hat and a linen duster, below which, where a small section of his trousers were visible, I caught a glimpse of the narrow stripe

of the army uniform. He held the younger traveller, a lad of ten years, by the hand, and carried a small leather bag.

As they modestly approached the counter, the temporary lord of that part of creation, without deigning to rise from his chair, gave the register a practised whirl, so that the open page was presented to the elder traveller, observing as he did so, "I suppose you will want a room together."

He named a room with a high number, gave the usual call "Front" while the guest proceeded to write his name without making any observation. The clerk removed the pen from behind his ear, gave another twirl to the register, and was about to enter the number of the room when he was suddenly transfixed as with a bolt of lightning. His imperial majesty became a servile menial, thoroughly awake, and ready to grovel before the stranger. He bowed, scraped, twisted, wriggled. "He begged a thousand pardons; the traveller's arrival had been expected, parlor A, on the shady side of the house, the very best apartment in the hotel, had been prepared for his reception, it was on the first floor, only one flight of stairs! Might he be allowed to relieve him of his travelling convenience?" and the lordly creature disappeared up the stairway, like Judas, carrying the bag.

My curiosity was excited to ascertain who it was that had wrought such a sudden transformation. I walked to the counter, and there read the last entry on the register. It was "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill."

It was the name of the general of the Western Army, who, after the capture of Vicksburg and the other mighty victories in the division of the Mississippi, had been called to the capital, to receive his commission of lieutenant general, and to become commander-in-chief of all the armies of the republic. He was on his first visit to Washington, for what purpose I did not then know; but I have ever since been glad that I witnessed the simple and unostentatious manner in which the commander of two hundred thousand men indicated his arrival at the capital.—L. E. Chittenden in Recollections of President Lincoln.

As illustrating the meekness, not to say timidity, of that great barrister, Rufus Choate some one tells the Boston Courier this story about him: Riding in a stage-coach in Vermont, one day in company with the late Joseph Bell, Mr. Choate remarked: "What a fine wall surrounds that house." In the same vehicle sat a burly Englishman, somewhat the worse for liquor, and offensively pugnacious. "That is not a wall, sir, it is a fence," said he addressing the speaker. Mr. Choate modestly replied: "I call it a wall—a stone wall." "I say, sir, it is a fence, and I insist upon it." This was said in such a belligerent tone, that, for the sake of peace, Mr. Choate was proceeding to admit that it was a fence, when Mr. Bell jumped up and thus addressed the Englishman: "I say, sir, that it is a stone wall, and if you again call it a fence, I will throw you out of this coach." As Mr. Bell was a man of commanding size and mien, his threat proved effective, and the argument ceased right there.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Happy Harvest-Time.

The golden harvest moon looks down from out the azure sky.

Upon the purple undulating hills that 'neath it lie. Its radiant light is shed abroad on forest, field and fen. And floats with pale translucent ray around the homes of men.

The shadows of the stately trees in darkened outline spread

Across the lonely mountain road, while branches overhead

Are rustling in the evening wind and lifting through the light,

That falls like gems upon the path so glittering and bright.

The farmer sits beside his hearth, his heart with pleasure glows,

His crops are safely harvested before the winter's snows. From out the window of the barn there gleams a ruddy light.

The young folks there in merry mood are husking corn tonight.

And while the ghostly shadows dance upon each dingy rafter,

They make the frosty night resound with merry song and laughter.

Come, let us steal a glimpse at them, 'tis surely not unfair,

'Twill do us good to look upon the bright young faces there.

With glowing cheeks and smiling face, fair Rachel, deft and quick,

Is striving bravely to outdo the handsome sunburned Dick.

Now swifter, swifter fly the hands, the stiot almost completed,

'Twould seem that each is sure to win and neither be defeated.

But look! Dick now sits bolt upright, while all his comrades cheer,

He waves in his uplifted hand a goodly crimson ear. He then starts up to claim the forfeit due to deeds like this.

Which is to give the nearest girl his very loudest kiss.

But Rachel like a frightened fawn has darted from her place;

Her eyes flash like two living coals, and blushes dye her face,

And turning to the eager youth now starting in the chair,

And stumbling over corn and chairs with very little grace,

She says with ringing voice and clear, in saucy piquant way,

"You'll not kiss me tonight, Sir Dick, without you'll get your pay."

Then what an eager race they ran; when, just before the door,

Poor Dick slipped up and down he went upon the dusty floor.

And from his pockets, as he fell in attitude forlorn,

There came a sight that roused a shout, 'twas crimson ears of corn.

They rolled about him every way, proclaiming his defeat,

And all pronounced the wretched Dick a very wicked cheat.

They then inflict some penalty upon the scheming youth,

In hopes to give him clearer views of honor and of truth.

But very soon the lively Dick, his penance duly done,

Is up to all his jokes again and bubbling 'er with fun. And all their spirits seem to rise as moments baste by,

And ever and again the sound of laughter rises high.

The moral of this little scene is very plain to see,

Never take red ears of corn when going to husking-bee;

But if you will do wrong, my friend, you need not have a care.

But that your sin, what'er it be, will surely find you out.

And we must turn our eyes away from this most pleasing sight.

And leave them to their merry games and innocent delight.

And as we turn away at last and cross the moonlit lawn,

A ringing, joyous harvest hymn upon the air's borne,

And far adown the shady path where countless shadows throng,

We hear sweet voices ringing clear in that glad harvest song.

Oh happy, happy harvest-time! when trees in gold are dressed.

When barns are full and hearts are glad and all the earth is blest.

—Mary Willard Gleason White.



D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue shortly a beginner's book in Old English (Anglo-Saxon), by George Hempf, Professor of English in the University of Michigan. It will consist of elementary Grammar and easy texts suitable as introductory to advanced grammar and reading, though sufficient for the usual course in O. E. English in colleges that give but one course, and in High Schools.

Mrs. Frances E. Lanigan, the wife of Geo. T. Lanigan, the brilliant newspaper writer, will hereafter be Mr. Bok's chief associate in the editorial management of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. Lanigan has been for years successfully connected with newspaper work, and she is said to be one of the cleverest women journalists in the country.

The New York Sun and Herald with the Boston Herald are all proclaiming in immense head lines that Howells's new story cost \$20,000 and each one tries to convey the impression that that particular paper is the sole proprietor. Why not tell the truth and state that the story was sold to a syndicate and that any paper, choosing to do so, can print it if it will pay the bill, only a fraction of that great "Ten Thousand."

November Century. Contents.

"Delphian Sibyl" and "Cumtán Sibyl", by Michelangelo, engraved by T. Cole, frontispieces; Michelangelo Buonarroti, Italian Old Masters, W. J. Stillman, engravings and notes by T. Cole; Izaak Walton, from a painting by George H. Boughton; Southern Womanhood as affected by the War, Wilbur Fisk Tillitt; A Great German Artist—Adolf Menzel, Pictures by Adolf Menzel, Carl Marr; The Players, Pictures by A. Brennan, Brander Matthews; India, Florence Earle Coates; The Naulahka, I. Rudyard Kipling, Wolcott Balestier; Sursum Corda, Edith M. Thomas; What are Americans Doing in Art? F. D. Millet; The Hunger-Strike, Elizabeth W. Fiske; How Old Folks Won the Oaks, Pictures by H. Helmeick, J. J. Eakins; Brontë, Harriet Prescott Spofford; The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace, Pictures by E. W. Kemble, Edgar W. Nye; Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, edited by Stephen Pratt; Joseph Mazzini; In the Pausae of her Song, Orelia Key Bell; A Rival of the Yosemite, King's River Cañon, Pictures by the author and Charles D. Robinson, John Muir; A Theft Condoned, Gertrude Smith; A Song for all Seasons, James Herbert Morse; The Food Supply of the Future, W. O. Atwater; Folk-song, Sylvester Baxter; The Sonnet, Edith Wharton; James Russell Lowell, George E. Woodberry; Lowell's Americanism, with a letter from James Russell Lowell with portrait, Joel Benton; The Major's Appointment, pictures by C. D. Gibson, Julia Schayer; The Choice, Owen Insley; Music, A Lampman; San Francisco Vigilance Committees, by the chairman of the Committees 1851, 1856, and 1877, William T. Coleman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lowell's Legacy to his Country, Michigan's "Wild-cat" Banks, Corrupt Practices Legis-

lation in 1891, An American Achievement in Art.

OPEN LETTERS.

California's Interest in Yosemite Reform, George C. Mackenzie; A Roman Catholic's View of "Sister Dolores" L. H.; The Paris Opera, A. Vianori; George H. Boughton, M. G. Van Rensselaer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Kitty, My Colleen, P. J. Coleman; The Prophets, C. P. Stetson; Ibrer Fox, E. A. Oldham; Grace After Meat, Margaret Vandegrift; Ho for the Desert! G. E. de Steiguer; My Old Skippers, C. H. Webb; The New Street-Sweeper, G. Townser.

Every reader will find something to please in this number. Many will turn first to Rudyard Kipling's new novel of America and India, "The Naulahka." The art-lover will find "Michelangelo Buonarroti" very much to his liking and, perhaps, "A German Artist, Adolf Menzel" will please him as well. Brander Matthews in "The Players" gives a delightful picture of a New York Club House. "How Old Folks won the Oaks" is a genuine southern sketch such as only the Century gives its readers. The blood fairly leaps at the description of the race course. "Bill" Nye's reminiscences are in a very funny vein. Possibly, of all the later humorists, Nye comes nearest Artemus Ward. The traveller will delight most in "A rival of the Yosemite" by John Muir. Maps, descriptions and pictures well sustain the claim that this valley is a fitting companion, if not rival to the world renowned Yosemite. James Russell Lowell is recalled in two articles. Prof. Atwater's "The Food Supply of the Future" is in keeping with the articles furnished from time to time to the Century, by this Connecticut teacher. He claims that the apprehensions of Malthus need not trouble mankind. California again comes to the front in "San Francisco Vigilance Committees," a lurid picture of the troublous days in that sand bill city, all the way from the beginning to 1877.

Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl by John Greenleaf Wittier with designs by E. H. Garrett, Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1882.

Keat's words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," will be recalled by the reader who takes this dainty volume in his hands. The old story has been put in the most lovely attire and thereby it will gladden many a heart. The words, we know. Since 1862, nearly thirty years, they have been the refrain by many a resolute while the storm has raged without. Now, printed only on one side of the page, on the finest of material with ten choice photogravures the book will be read as though it were absolutely new. And to think that we can read it with its loved author yet with us! A prefatory note answers questions that every reader is prone to ask as to the parties referred to in the poem, and a few notes are added to still further illuminate the text. With all their beautiful books, the publishers, have done nothing prettier in many a day. For sale by the Denholm & McKay Company, Boston Store, \$1.50.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston and New York send out attractive lists of books for Fall and Winter trade. Their Portrait Catalogue is well worth the ten cents which will

secure it for any one sending that sum. It includes the most distinguished literary people in the world.

The New England Magazine for November leads off with a delightful sketch by Frank B. Sanborn, on "The Home and Haunts of Lowell." The illustrations are numerous and many of them are quite new. We are introduced to members of the Lowell family, both of past and succeeding generations. Harvard College and memories are drawn upon to help out this subject, so interesting to the English speaking world. "The Future Agriculture," by C. S. Plumb, is a kind of "Looking Backward" picture of what farming is to be. This field is ever open to the imaginative and ingenious person. "The Westminster Massacre," by J. M. French, M. D., recounts the sad event of March 13, 1775, an outbreak of the Revolution which preceded Concord and Lexington. "The Start from Delft-haven," by Rev. Daniel Von Pelt, is filled with pictures of that Holland home where our Pilgrim ancestors lingered before their final departure for America. "The Great Dike," by S. R. Duncan, D. D., is an excellent disquisition on home. "John Howard Payne's Southern Sweetheart" by Laura Speer is the most complete account of the life of the author of "Home Sweet Home" that has yet appeared in any publication. The pictures are numerous. Albert Bushnell Hart shows "Why the South was Defeated in the Civil War." People have not yet grown weary of war talks or writings. "The New South—Atlanta" by George Leonard Cheney, by word and illustration, sets forth the marvelous attainments of the South since the days of '61 and '65. "Lowell and the Birds" by Leander S. Keyser is a fitting ending of this New England publication.

The Pansy for 1891. Edited by "Pansy." Cloth, \$1.75; boards, \$1.25. Boston, D. Lothrop Company.

The monthly visits of Pansy to thousands and tens of thousands of homes do not in the least detract from the freshness and welcome of the bound volume of the magazine that comes to quite as large an audience at the close of the year. The constitutions of the monthly instalments and of the completed volume are quite distinct and, combined and secure for Mrs. Alden's bright and helpful magazine a phenomenal sale. The volume for 1891 is in keeping with the excellent record that Pansy has secured in previous years. A large amount of editorial and special work for the volume has of course been done by Mrs. Alden, who under her pen name of "Pansy" has for so long a time brought help and strength in purpose and in deed to thousands of young people all over the land. Among other familiar names in this year's volume are Dr. Felix L. Oswald, Faye Huntington, Mrs. C. M. Livingston, Myra Spafford, Margaret Sidney and others who by name or initials are known to thousands of readers.

Good Housekeeping, from Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

The cover has a harvest scene and from beginning to end the magazine is full of things concerning the great festival of this month. The first page has a poem on the pumpkin and next is a Thanksgiving dinner with the

directions in full. The story is a Thanksgiving one and is about a boy and a turkey, neither one of which could we do without at this time. A page on various ways of cooking turkey and an article on peaches. A little history of the day is read with pleasure further on, and the recipes for using apples we know are good. Nor is that all, for there are pages on flowers, and babies, poems, and puzzles, for those so inclined. The story of a fair carries its own lesson which we hope all will heed. We turn to the prospectus for the coming year and find a book, fully as good as this year's promised, though we hardly see how it is possible to improve on it. The price will be just the same, and we hope more will take the magazine, for its good qualities are so many. \$2.40 brings it every month.

The Ladies Home Journal from Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

A beautiful cover with a Puritan maiden attracts the attention and leads one to think of the first Thanksgiving held. The editor apologizes for the absence of the expected story but as he has given a good one in its place we will not complain. Of the wife of Max O'Rell a sketch and portrait are given, and on the same page is the first of a series of the clever daughters of famous men. Miss Sherman's picture is shown. A page in Mrs. Beecher's reminiscences tells of their early married life. There is a page for the little ones, and one particularly for the boys. Several are given up to fancy work for the coming Christmas and many new ideas for parties and other entertainments that will be especially welcome to those who wish to entertain this winter. There are so many things in the number and all so good that we advise all to purchase and read for themselves. No one can be disappointed in it, for the price is but ten cents per number and all agree that double that in value can be had from its pages. We think no other magazine offers so much.

Table Talk, from Table Talk Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

As with all the household magazines this number is distinctively a Thanksgiving number. To open the month there is a fine Thanksgiving dinner prepared by Mrs. Rorer whose fame as a teacher of cookery is wide. Two pages of Spanish recipes and the menus for November. These menus are given for every month and for every day in the month and must be a great help to the housekeeper who cannot think of anything new for dinner or supper as the case may be. The heading of the question page is unique, being a huge interrogation point. The answers are all by Mrs. Rorer and sure to be clear and so helpful to those asking. Price of the magazine only \$1. So cheap, that all might purchase.

The Educational Review for November is strong in every department. President Hyde of Bowdoin points out in a striking way what is to be the policy of the small college, now that our great universities have been developed. Dr. Wm. H. Maxwell has a scholarly paper on the Literature of Education, that is full of information and suggestion as to the teacher's reading. Miss Annie Tolman Smith describes in detail the provisions made in Europe for the pensioning of superannuated teachers, and

suggests the inauguration of a similar policy here. Prof. Wm. B. Smith, of the University of Missouri, in a novel article entitled Twelve versus Ten, argues for the overthrow of the decimal system of numeration.

The discussions on City School Supervision and Practice Teaching are continued by Superintendent Greenwood of Kansas City and Chancellor W. H. Payne of Nashville, Tenn. There are also articles on Women as Teachers, Recent Changes in the Regent's Examinations in New York, The New School Law for St. Paul, Minn., the Socratic Method of Teaching, and the Educated Proletariat of Germany.

The book reviews are by Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard, Prof. F. H. Giddings of Bryn Mawr, President C. F. Thwing of Western Reserve University, Prof. Henry C. Johnson of Philadelphia, and the editors. The editorial discussions are full and timely.

President F. A. Walker's standard works on "Money" and on "Wages" are attracting much attention in England, whither several editions have been sent and where reference to them in the University Extension circulars is more frequent than to any other books upon the subjects. The demand for the popular edition in this country and in England will shortly be met by Henry Holt & Co. who will issue the two works at a materially lower price than heretofore.

Betty Alden, the First Born Daughter of the Pilgrims, by Jane G. Austin, Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891.

The writer has, already, acquired a wide reputation by books of semi-historic character, such as "Standish of Standish," "Nantucket Scraps" etc. As a people, we are getting far enough away from the trials and privations of the Pilgrim period to permit them to receive a gloss of romance from the pen of the novelist. Taking as her theme, the eldest daughter of the union of John Alden and Priscilla, she invests her and her times with a living spirit. Could we be carried back to those days of hard work and hard fare we should doubtless find the reality far different from what our novelist depicts; but regardless of this, we give ourselves to fancy and forgetfulness of the present, glad to be thus transported to a time, more than two hundred years away. Mrs. Elizabeth Pabodie, for such she becomes, is not the only character in the book, but her name is an excellent one to give to the story. The Alden descendants, the country over, are legion and should each one prove a reader, the Publishers will have made an excellent investment in their New England book.

There is much in rendering a book attractive, even before it is opened and here is an example. Bound in canvass, looking not unlike the homespun which Betty and her sisters spun, the top of the cover bears the impression of the Standish monument, the crowning glory of Duxbury, "The Captain's Hill" it is called. Among many volumes, this would be singled out as worth reading. When the covers are opened and we are introduced to the worthy people of the early Colonial days, we find our interest continuing unabated. To many a reader the historical novel is the

most entertaining form in which literature may be had. Betty Alden is a fitting companion to Standish of Standish. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co., \$1.25.

Huckleberries, by Rose Terry Cooke from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

This is a little volume of short stories, all from New England and offering, in their dialect and quaint phrases, a study of life that no other part of the world gives. New Englanders have always been noted for their grit and a specimen of it is well set forth in the first tale which bears the title "Mary Ann's Mind." It is a delightful story and makes one wish he knew whether she kept up her coquetry through the after years, or whether Jake always had to help her in making up her mind. There are two Thanksgiving stories both in the queer dialect. Some of the tales are sad but most of them have a joyful ending, and the sad ones have a vein of sweetness that underlies everything and so gives satisfaction for the tears we must shed as we read. We wonder if there are many like "Odd Miss Todd" and marvel at the author's ability to portray a character like her making so much out of the homely life and surroundings. "Hopson's Choice" has dainty, bewitching Prudy as a centerpiece and in fact the other characters are only as the white ware to enhance the beauty of beautiful china. "Clary's Trial" a sorrowful story with a bright ending. "Home Again" is a story of wealth that did not satisfy. "How Celia Changed her Mind," tells of an old maid who would give anything to change her position but after having tried marriage she was so glad to be free that she gave a dinner to all the old maids in town warning them all against ever entering married life. The last tale in the book is "The Town and the Country house" and gives the opinions of a dweller in each place after visiting the other. These stories have all been published in magazines and have probably been read many times but a good thing is always new and no doubt many will be glad to see this volume in such convenient form for reading. Price \$1.25. For sale by the Denholm, McKay Company, Boston Store.

The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa.

This is the American year of the C. L. S. C. and many of the articles in the Chautauquan will be on American history. "The Woman's Council Table" is a department that is heartily endorsed by all. This magazine gives its readers a kind of literature peculiar to itself, and serves well its purpose as the organ of the Chautauqua movement. It deals also with events of current interest and is well worth the price \$2 a year.

Comrade Crosby has secured quarters for the G. A. R. in Washington at the next national gathering at the Exchange Hotel, \$2 a day.

Capt. A. M. Parker has a long string of appointments ahead. Being inspector on the Department Staff, G. A. R., he will inspect Post 59 in Sterling, Saturday evening; Post 131, Leicester, Tuesday evening, November 10; Post 25, Unbridge, Tuesday evening, November 17 and Post 167, Whitinsville, Monday evening, November 23.

A Modern Elijah.

He was small and black—a child of an inferior race. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest the hero, and if you had told him that he was a hero he would scarcely have known what you meant. An unschooled, illiterate, ugly, bullet-headed negro, he had nevertheless been baptized by the same spirit which had caused the face of St. Stephen to shine as the face of an angel.

One Winter day—almost a year before the event which gave him a chance to show the stuff that was in him—he came into the hotel looking for a job. The office was brilliantly lighted and filled with a crowd of handsomely dressed men. There were politicians, club men, men about town, reporters, many members of the sporting fraternity, the usual loungers and hangers-on, an occasional hayseed—all forming a very startling background for the rags and the filth of the poor, shivering, half starved little darkey. It was no easy matter for him to steer his course to the desk, and when he got there the splendor of the man behind it dazed him so that his voice almost failed him. He had, however, even at his early age reached the point where he had to work or starve. So his necessities made him eloquent. His eloquence prevailed. He was on the next day placed on the pay-roll of the great hotel.

As a bell boy he was not a success. I fear I must confess that he was lazy. People liked him—I do not know why—and for some reason or other he was a favorite with his employers. If he had not been there would have dismissed him before his first week was out. Instead of doing that, they concluded to find more congenial work for him, so they put him in charge of one of the elevators.

Among the passengers who used to ride up and down with the boy was a little five-year-old girl, the daughter of a family living in the hotel. She was a perfect type of her race as he was of his. With her fair, white skin, golden hair, deep blue eyes and pretty womanways, the child was a general favorite. Everyone knew her; everyone loved her.

Between her and the boy a great friendship had sprung up. He was devoted itself, and his attention to the little Caucasian was so grotesquely chivalrous as to be almost pathetic. She accepted them all with a dignity and grace that was charming. Her family lived on the top floor of the house, and she always rode in his elevator when she could manage to do so. The boy and girl saw much of each other. Once she was ill. The medicine that helped her most was a wretched little bouquet sent by her dusky friend.

It was Winter again. The evening of which I write was very cold and clear. The stars were diamond-like in their brilliancy. Everything was frozen up—the wheels creaked on the snow.

The hotel was crowded with guests. Not more than two or three of the hundreds of rooms were unoccupied. A belated traveler, who had been on a weather-bound train, came in at 1 o'clock, tired and cold. He ordered a fire in his room and then went to the bar for a drink. A few minutes later he stepped into the boy's elevator and was carried to the top floor.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the house.

There was life enough now. Scantly clad people were scurrying wildly through the smoke-filled corridors. They came plunging down the stairs to the office, and so out into the freezing night. Shrieks and curses and groans and prayers—it was Babel broken loose. All the bells in the house were ringing. The smoke grew denser. It seemed to come from everywhere—above and below. Great black volumes rolled through the long halls. Outside, the streets were jammed with people.

The engines, with their clanging gongs, hurried to the scene. Ladders were raised and the work of rescue began.

It was time, for there was a white figure at almost every one of the multitudinous windows. The awful wall loomed up in the darkness, story on story, dimly seen as to its upper half, for that part of it was wreathed in the blinding smoke. The smoke turned flame—flame bursting through scores of windows. The terror-stricken creatures began to jump. The people in the street below were frantic.

"Back! back!" they shrieked. "Wait! we'll save you don't jump!"

Which is the pleasanter, to be roasted alive or to be mashed out of shape on the stone pavement? If there is to be any saving done, it must be done quickly. Many people were busy saving themselves. The sleeping clerk and porter and bell boys had gotten out.

But what of the little black fellow in the elevator? He, too, had been asleep. He had been awakened as the others had been by the first cry of fire. Unlike them he had that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" which Napoleon said was the rarest sort. In an instant he decided that it was his duty to stick to his post. And stick he did.

Up and down he went, and every time his car touched the office floor it was loaded with people. The journey was a frightful one, but he did not shrink. How long he could continue to make the trip he could not tell. The elevator might drop any minute. Very well, let it drop. Some of the people in it might survive the shock. It was sure to catch fire sooner or later. Even then he would be on the way to safety with his passengers. And at any rate he knew that he could bring some people out of the fire burning above.

He had not been good at going upstairs, but he could run his elevator. Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last. The fireman at the bottom of the shaft to whom he turned over his living freight sought to stop him in his dangerous work. The whole well was full of smoke, and far up toward the roof the fire could be seen.

Still he kept on, and it did seem that every time he started skyward he was going to certain death. But he knew that the rooms and halls swarmed with people, and he would take any chance to save a life. The firemen were doing their best outside; death was busy within; and he finally made up his mind that it was no use to go back again, till all at once he remembered that he had seen nothing of his little friend.

Could he weather the storm and flame once more? He could try. He pulled the rope and the journey began. It was slow, oh, how slow. The smoke was terrible—worse even

than the fire—but he held his breath and fixed his mind upon the business in hand.

The flame kindled the woodwork of the car. He fell on his hands and knees, but he kept his hold on the rope. At last he reached her floor. He found her room, and found her. She was asleep and alone.

Wrapping her in the blankets, and throwing about her a rug which he snatched from the floor, he struggled through the flame and smoke back to the flaming car. "Back from the jaws of hell" it was that he brought her, fighting the fire away from her every inch of the way down. He had just strength enough to stop the car.

The children were taken out and carried to a drug store across the street—the girl alive and well and the boy seemingly dead.

He was horribly burned. Among the people who stood around were the parents of the little girl. They had been out to an evening party, and returning after a long cold drive found their home on fire. Every effort had been made, in response to the agonizing appeals of the father, to save the child—and now here she was, safe and sound, laughing in her mother's arms.

And the hero? He opened his eyes.

"Did I bring her froo all right?"

"Yes, yes," said the father, "and how can we ever thank you for what you have done?"

"Neber min' 'bout dat, boss. Ef she's safe dat's 'nuff for me"—and he closed his eyes.

Dead? Yes, dead and gone to heaven in a chariot of fire.—Spectator.

RICHARD YORK.

That Nose.

He very well knew when his nose came in contact with the barrel that there was trouble ahead. At lightning speed a long array of explanations suggested themselves. Darkness, extra energy applied to the coal shovel and a barrel, out of place, caused it all. The mark was a bad one. Court plaster only emphasized it. Not to mention the wound's prominence to the owner of the nose, for it seemed to stand out like a mountain, here are some of the remarks he was called to face.

"Ha, ha! Did you get that clip in your scrap with —?"

"How's the other fellow's nose? Any worse than yours?"

"That's what comes from getting into politics."

"Got your nose into it, didn't you?"

"Rather bad for a peaceful man."

The only points of sameness in the long gauntlet was the thought that the injured nose had been in some sort of a row. The infinite versatility of mankind was never better brought out than in the remarks that the plastered nose induced. Had there been a blackened eye along with the scabbed nasal organ; explanations had been valueless and they didn't amount to much as it was.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.

Our Common.

Whatever the city may do in the way of parks in the future, the time can never come when the Common will be of less interest and importance than it is today. A heritage from the very earliest days of Worcester, it should be preserved as the fathers left it. Boston has withstood every encroachment on her cherished Common, worth more to Boston than any Middlesex Fells or Water Parks can possibly be. The camel got his head into New York's tent when the City Hall was located in Park Place. The Croton fountain soon had to come down for the U. S. Post Office and, today, there is only a set of paths across what should have been an open space forever. The Battery, small and encroached upon as it is, is, nevertheless, in proportion to its size, of more utility than the more remote Central Park. Acre for acre, there is no part of the city of New York so gladdening to the eye as the Battery. It is sought after and fought for by railway lines but it is still intact. Long may it continue so. Here in Worcester, our Park Place and our Battery are in the very heart of the city. Green grass and umbrageous trees invite to rest and contemplation. But some over sensitive folks complain that dirty, unkempt people use the seats and that they some times lie on the grass. In the present condition of our laws and customs, even these people must live and they are certainly better sitting in this large, open place than loitering along our streets. At one time, the seats were taken away, but it was deemed best to restore them. More seats, rather than less should be there. The common, in New England, takes the place of the old world market spot. Our ancestors, whatever their greed for land, always were willing that a certain part should be set aside for public purposes. Their wisdom is very evident today. A New England village, gathered about its central green, is a picture to carry in fancy wherever we may go. If the town, in assuming its city form, still maintains its Common what a glory the latter becomes. Lynn's Common is famous the country over. Norwich delights in that choice spot given to monuments and recreation, and he would be a rash man who should venture to suggest the appropriation of any part of New Haven's Green for any purpose other than that already subserved. Even the old State House, a relic of loog ago, has disappeared, only the churches and the ancient burial ground remaining.

But in this Heart of the Commonwealth there are not wanting those who see in this Common of ours a desirable site for a new City Hall. Grant that the new city building should come at once, and many will not concede as much, why seek to cover with any kind of an edifice the land that is fragrant with recollections for nearly two hundred years. Just where the building should be is an open question, with a strong leaning towards the North End, on Lincoln Square, but that it should not cover any portion of the Common, thousands of Worcester people will claim with great emphasis. Our city has not yet risen to a true appreciation of memorials. On the Common now, we have the Soldiers monument and that commemorating Colonel Tim-

othy Bigelow, but there are other men and events in our history that should be set forth here in enduring form. More than a hundred thousand dollars were paid out to free the Common from the Old South Church. Popular feeling closed it to Post Office profers and if City Hall projects can be averted the spot is preserved forever.

What might and ought we to have on the Common, when our present City Hall is torn away? When the Old South was young, July 14, 1776, Isaiah Thomas intercepted the special messenger from Philadelphia to Boston, and taking the copy of the Declaration of Independence from his keeping read it for the first time in New England from the roof of the western entrance to the Old South Church. Worcester has never appreciated her opportunity nor her privilege. Would not a granite structure, recalling the form of the old porch, surmounted by a bronze of the Revolutionary printer, editor and patriarch be a lesson to posterity equal to that given by any memorial in America, this structure to stand just where the old porch was. Again, what name was more generally known, not only in America but wherever English is spoken than that of the Apostle of Temperance, John B. Gough? To all intents, Worcester was his home. His name and fame were and are linked with ours. His body rests in our midst. When the temperance world, as it surely will, arouses itself to a sense of what it should do, and means are raised for the most magnificent fountain in America, where should that fountain be but on this Common? The Probasco Fountain of Cincinnati has long been the glory of that city, though it is situated in the midst of a small plaza, dripping muddy Ohio water. What would not a Gough Fountain in Worcester be, surmounted by a bronze of the great orator in the attitude of delivering his Apotrophe to Water? Such a consummation is not an improbability and monuments add to the interest of a locality while they do not cumbar. Magnificent edifices look out upon Trafalgar Square in London, but they do not encroach. Regents Park is surrounded by palaces, but Albert Memorial is as near a building as any thing of man's making within it.

Most unreasonable of all are those who say, "Put the new City Hall in the middle of the Common." They forget that a considerable portion of the reservation was once a cemetery. The Bigelow monument is near the North-West corner. To locate a building there, means not only a disturbing of the dead, but an upheaval of the marble memorial, with its associations with both the Revolution and the Rebellion. For the Colonel of the old Massachusetts Fifteenth was thus remembered and the stone dedicated on the 10th of April, 1861, when other Massachusetts soldiers were laying down their lives in Baltimore. (Quite fifty years have elapsed since those lofty trees were planted over the leveled graves, and, in all this period, they have waved not less proudly that our ancestors lumber beneath them. To be sure there is no curse stored up like that above Shakespeare's grave, against those who disturb these bones, but history, tradition, love of family and friends, everything save greedy, remorseless, soulless trade call for their undisturbed repose.

May fate grant that, for ages to come, child hood may sport here, weary age find rest and comfort beneath these trees and may the monumental structures, reared here, quicken and fix the love of country and city, and may the City Hall and every other edifice, proposed for any part of our Common find lodgement elsewhere. A glorious heritage, let us keep it intact.

"History, Geography and the Earth."

[Extract from a composition of a little African girl in the Orphanage at Cape Palmas, Liberia.]

Do you know what history is? History, as you know, teaches us what is to happen in the past event. Geography shows us where the thing has happened at. History tells us where Adam and Eve were created, and geography shows us where the garden of Eden is, which continent, which division. History tells us that Adam was the first man who was created, and while he was sleeping, God took out one of his ribs, and made Eve. After a while, Eve went to walk among the trees of the garden. Conversation took place between her and the devil. The devil took her to eat some kind of fruit which God had told her and Adam not to eat. She took it and ate it, and also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it, he did not take no time to ask Eve where she got it from.

History, geography and the earth just do go together; one tells us about this, and one tells us about that, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read, indeed they are. It tell us about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whale is spoken of in the Bible. When God sent Jonah to Nineveh to preach to the people about their sins, Jonah refused to go. He went into a ship with some people. He just went there to hide from God; but God caused a storm to take place. The ship went from this way to that way. The people was afraid indeed, and they began to cast lots. The lot fell upon Jonah. They took him up and threwed him into the sea. While he was going to the very bottom of the sea, he met with this animal. So, the whale said, "My friend where are you going to?" Jonah answered, and said, "I have disobeyed God, and am trying to hide from His face." The whale said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, don't you know that neither you nor I cannot hide from His face?" Jonah said, "O whale, I am so afraid, I don't know what I am doing or saying." The whale said, "Jonah, oh! Jonah, hearken unto me, and take heed unto yourself, for I will follow you up soon." "Have mercy upon me, O whale, and if it is God's will, He will carry me safe to the land, so I may obey Him." The whale said, "Jonah, put your head in my mouth, and get ready for your life." Jonah said, "Whale, I think you better swallow me, because I see there is no use in talking." The whale said, "Jonah, the idea of your running away from God! You will bear the consequence; that is all I got to say." At the same time he did swallow him up. Jonah thought the whale's body was his grave and end. Therefore he offers up a prayer for his sins, if he should die before he should get to the shore, if it was God's will to carry his soul to heaven. The whale did not rest day after day, nor night after night; so after three days, the whale went to the shore, and vomited up Jonah. Jonah was just like a drowned rat.

Curious Corner.

One Way to Spell Potato.

Considering the state of the crops and the anxiety expressed by our English cousins about our spelling, the following exercise may be appropriate. Who invented it is unknown to me, but it sounds like Dr. Wayland, of Philadelphia, a "fonetik parson:" "What does this spell—Ghoughphtheighteau?" Well, according to the following rule, it spells potato; Gh stands for p, as in the last letters of hiccough; ough for o, as in dough; pht for t, as in phthisis; eigh stands for a, as in neighbor; te stands for t, as in gazette, and an eau stands for o, as in beau. Thus you have p-o-t-a-t-o.—Boston Advertiser.

Derivation of Several Words.

Canter is an abbreviated form of Canterbury gallop, so called because pilgrims to Canterbury rode at the pace of a moderate gallop. A grocer, so says the dictionary, was originally one who sold by the gross. A "grenade" derives its name from its shape, which resembles a pomegranate. A "bisquit" means "twice bakad," because according to military practice, the bread or biscuits of the Romans were twice prepared in the ovens. Did you ever notice the leaves of the dandelion? They are said to resemble, in form and size, the lion's tooth and the French call it the dent de lion and "the dandelion."

The pope was formerly called "the pape," which means the same as "papa," or father. Vinegar came from two Latin words vin acer, meaning "vine" and "sour." These are only a few of the many curious and interesting things I found in my afternoon's search in the old dictionary. When you are at loss for something to do follow my example, and you will be surprised at the many bits of information you can pick up in a little time.—Omaha World-Herald.

Human Discontent.

A rich man of Boston has one son. He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. The son became of age this summer. The father has no other occupation save that of nursing his income, and as he is a man of sense and liberal views he told his son that he must not stand idle, yet let to him the choice of business or profession. At the same time he wrote privately to twenty-four friends and acquaintances, asking their advice in the matter. The twenty-four were prominent, each in his own calling. And each replied in turn, complaining of his own business, and advising the father to seek elsewhere, for the future prosperity of the young man. The law was crowded, journalism brought but little money, banking was an uncertain prop, and so on throughout the catalogue. The father is still undecided, the boy is idle, all because no one of the twenty-four is contented with his lot, while he admires the fortunes of other men.—Boston Post.

Webster's Dictionary.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but \$15,000 a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said that he thought a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried his fee was only a \$1,000. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of \$2,000 for the proprietor of the Goodyear india rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity case of Goodyear versus Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear, was \$5,000. This was in the Spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

His professional income from 1818 to 1823, during which period he was out of congress, averaged, I think \$20,000 a year.—Cor. New York Sun.

Well Seasoned.

George Wilson is hauling pine timber that has from the best information, been under water and in the ground 70 years. It was unearthed in digging for a new building for Barber & Co. Milton Spafford is taking it to his saw mill and will probably get 1,500 feet of pine plank out of it. Where the six timbers were found was once a small mill and it is thought it was built and in operation as early or earlier than 1812, one of the first saw mills in this vicinity. Quartus Rust remembers it in 1827 and it was then going to decay. These timbers found in the mud and water were in more sense than one "old settlers."—Fulton, New York, Patriot and Gazette.

Blackmer—Kerr.

The Congregational Church was the scene of a very pretty morning wedding at 11.30 today.

At that hour a large number of the friends of the contracting parties gathered to witness the marriage of Miss Helen, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. James H. Kerr, to Mr. Henry Myron Blackmer, the attorney of this city.

The chancel of the church was beautifully decked with palms and chrysanthemums. Mr. Will Blackmer, brother of the groom and Messrs. Douglass, Townsend and Pettinoff acted as ushers. Miss Prentiss performed at the organ. During the gathering of the congregation the Swedish and Norwegian wedding marches were played as was the Bride's Song and the Vorspiel to King Manfred, by Reinecke.

Promptly at 11.30 the bride and groom entered and advanced to the chancel, preceded by the ushers, while the organ pealed forth Wagner's glad wedding march, from Lohengrin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jas. B. Gregg, and was both beautiful and impressive. An Intermezzo was played during the ceremony and the bridal couple departed from the church during the playing of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackmer left at once on the noon train for a short wedding trip, and their cards announce that they will be "at home" Mondays, November 16th, 23rd and 30th, at 631 North Cascade.—Republic and Telegraph of Colorado Springs, Col., Oct. 28, 1891.

Rev. J. D. Pickles spoke in Fitchburg, Monday, before the Epworth League.

Massachusetts Politics.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Massachusetts is a grand old state
With farms and cities fine.
No fatter forests grow than hers,
Of chestnut, oak and pine.
No lovelier vales than hers are found,
No brooks and springs more clear—
Is there a state in forty-four
Te home hearts hail so dear?
No! No! we bless our happy fate,
We love her, one and all,
And yet we know her one of eight
That favor Alcohol.
You will hear it on the common,
You hear it on the street,
You are liable to hear it
Of any one you meet.
She repeats a famous saying,
It may deceive you some.
"Massachusetts goes Republican
In everything but rum."

She builds her big asylums though,
Has lots of courts and jails,
But in the liquor traffic vote
Deplorably she falls.
There is so much wealth invested
And such big rents come in,
'Tis lucky that the rum-seller
Can shoulder packs of sin.
She keeps her poor-farms booming great;
And her out-door relief.
None of her private charities
Have ever come to grief.
There's ever a host of applicants,
Of criminals there's a throng,
Somebody's boys, somebody's girls,
Must help such work along,
'As Ephesians' idols found of old
Deceiving were to some:
"Massachusetts goes Republican
In everything but rum."

* There are but eight states out of forty-four that refuse to have the effects of Alcohol on the human system taught from text books in the public schools. Massachusetts is one of the eight.

August, 1891.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Greene are expected to sail from Haven for home today.

E. L. Sumner will again train the Amherst Glee Club.

Rufus S. Woodward has had a ten days' trip to Maine. Business and pleasure.

Miss L. F. Roy, a former High School girl, has returned to Houghton Seminary, Clinton, New York, for a second year there. This school, under the care of Principal Benedict, has a well earned reputation for care and worth.

The consciousness of having a remedy at hand for croup, pneumonia, sore throat, and sudden colds, is very consoling to a parent. With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, one feels, in such cases, a sense of security nothing else can give.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Murray for the marriage of their daughter, Miss M. S. Murray, to Mr. M. T. O'Connor. The interested parties are prominent in Catholic society circles.

Like a good patriotic citizen, Charles E. Hildreth came home to vote. There are other voters in Amherst who should have done likewise. They should have done their part towards making an Amherst man governor.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

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It costs only a 2-cent stamp to see a copy. Subscriptions may be sent to either office. The Christian Union, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y. City.

Christmas Work.

Head-rests, tied against chair-backs, are decidedly inviting and cozy-appearing. The newest design is a pansy, quite as large as a dessert-plate. You buy the cut out pattern, already to be worked and shaded, and this done you set it in a nest of puffed silk, spread it over a down-cushion and tie it with ribbon bows across the back of your favorite library chair. You can also buy and similarly treat large yellow water lilies, sunflowers and full-blown poppies.—*Tabla Talk.*

A Photograph Panel.

The photograph panel is something very novel in the way of a case for photographs. A piece of ribbon three inches wide and about thirty inches long, is threaded through three heavy cards eight inches square, in the way shown in the illustration. The top card has two slits at top and three at the bottom, the middle card has three at both top and bottom, and the third has three at top and two at the bottom, the cuts being wide for the ribbon to pass smoothly through. In the center of each card is cut a place for the photograph, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the picture being supported by the ribbon which passes back of it. A large bow of the ribbon is sewed at the top, and behind it is fastened a small ring by which to hang the panel. The lower end of the ribbon may be turned into a point ornamented by three coins or balls.—*Ingalls Magazine.*

A Dainty Glove Mender.

A lady never goes with unattended gloves, and a dainty woman likes to have the little belongings that tend to make her gloves fresh and new as pretty as possible; so out of her imaginative brain has sprung this arrangement of threads, needles, scissors, and mender all prettily grouped and ready to be fastened on the dainty silk apron, in the pockets of which are the gloves that are to receive attention. An ivory ring has tied on it a pretty bow of bright yellow ribbon, one end sloped off to a point, the other cut into a vandyke. In the pointed end are stuck a row of very fine needles, the size that will not break the kid, and yet have sufficiently large eyes to carry the thread. The threads—the regular ones used for sewing gloves—may be gotten at most of the large glove shops, and are in the various shades of tan, gray, pearl and black. They are drawn over the rim, are loosely braided to keep them straight, and then are allowed to fall in a fluffy string. The little ivory ball, small enough to slip up the finger of the glove, has a hole through the point, and through this is drawn a narrow, yellow ribbon, which is then tied in a bow and looped over the ring. At the other side a yellow ribbon holds the scissors in place, and when the industrious woman sits down to mend her gloves nothing is lacking; there is the needle, thread for it, the tiny mending egg that exposes the rip or tear, and the scissors that carefully clip the thread when the work is all over. If it were preferred, blue, pink, green, or, indeed, any color liked, might be used for such a chatelaine; but the yellow, especially when a bright color is chosen, is to be preferred to all others.

Lieutenant Charles W. Bartlett of the navy is visiting his father, Theodore H. Bartlett. He is just from the Pacific coast.

ORIGINAL. No. 27.

Pompton Puffs.

BY MARION HARLAND.

3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.

Hot biscuit made with Cleveland's baking powder may be enjoyed even by those of weak digestion. Cleveland's is the anti-dyspeptic leavening agent. The leaven comes from cream of tartar and soda, nothing else; no ammonia or alum.



Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

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Dentists. Worcester, Mass

Residence, 61 West Street.

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The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find

In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,

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Grand Army of the Republic,**

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Pre Year. \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,

No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

When hunger calls, obey; not often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain;
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature will can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reward.

—Armstrong.

Oatmeal Breakfast Cake.

This is made of Number Two oatmeal, with water enough to saturate the meal, and little or no salt. Pour the meal into baking tins, or into dishes half or three-quarters of an inch deep, cover all the pans to a depth of about an eighth of an inch and shake down level; and then pour in water until it is so wet that the water runs freely on the surface. Place in a quick oven and bake twenty-five minutes. Eat warm with good New Orleans molasses, honey or fruit sauce. This is a delicious dish for children.

Date Cake.

A pound of dates, stoned, a cupful and a half of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, three eggs, half teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Bohemian Cream.

For a Bohemian cream, which one may enjoy at any time of year, add a pint of water and a third of a box of gelatine (dissolved by bringing to a boil after soaking for an hour or two) to a pint of peach marmalade. Put the whole through a sieve, and stir in a bowl set in ice until it begins to thicken, then stir in gently a scant pint of firm, whipped cream, pour the mixture into a mold, or a glass dish in which it is to be served, and set on the ice.

Beef Balls.

Any piece of raw, lean beef will do, but round-steak is the best. Scrape with a sharp knife the way of the grain; the meat comes off very easily, leaving behind all the tough, sinewy part. Season with a little salt, and form into small balls. Place a bit of butter in a hot pan, and cook quickly, turning the ball from side to side. These are very delicate and nutritious, and can be borne by the most delicate stomach.

Rice Pudding.

One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of rice; boil together till the rice is soft, then add a scant cupful of sugar, three spoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract; stir in the well beaten yolks of four eggs as soon as the mixture is cool enough not to scald or cook the eggs as they are put in, thereby causing lumps. Bake the pudding.

Bishop Phillips Brooks will be present at the January meeting of the Episcopal Club.

No Sunset.

The sun never sets on the soil of the United States. When it is 6 p.m. at Attoo Island, Alaska, it is 9:36 a.m. the next day on the eastern coast of Maine.

The grave of Lincoln's mother is on a hill near the village of Lincoln, Spencer County, Ind. It is marked by a plain marble slab about four feet high, resting on a stone base. The stone was erected by Clem Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind.

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My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

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The best of Teas and Coffees found only at

HOWE'S TEA STORE,
273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of
fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine
drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60
cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak
for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a
pound. If you can be suited, we can do it.
Give us a call.

NEW ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

Public Library Additions.

A part of books added during September. I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

Annals of a fishing village; by a "Son of the marshes;" ed. by J. A. Owen 34601
 Archaic rock inscriptions of the old and new worlds 34602
 AXON, W. E. A. The story of a noble life; Wm. Lloyd Garrison 34552
 BOVET, M. A. DE. Charles Gounod; his life and his works 34553
 CHERRY, R. R. Lectures on the growth of criminal law in ancient communities 34554
 CHETWYND, G. Racing reminiscences and experiences of the turf, 2 vols. 34555-6
 DAVIDSON, F. Poetical rhapsody; ed. by A. H. Bullen, 2 vols. 1
 DE VERRE, A. Poems; ed. by J. Dennis 34557
 DICKINS, F. V. tr. Hyak Nin Is'shiu; Japanese Lyrical odes 34558
 DONOVAN, D. Who poisoned Hetty Duncan, etc.? 34559
 DRAVSON, A. W. Thirty thousand years of the earth's past history 34560
 DUNCKLEY, H. Lord Melbourne (the prime minister of Q. Victoria) 34561
 FARNELL, G. S. ed. Greek lyric poetry; coll. from Greek song writers 34562
 FOTHERINGHAM, L. M. Adventures in Nyassaland 34563
 GOSSE, E. The life of Philip Henry Gosse 34564
 GRISWOLD, W. M. Descriptive list of romantic novels 1
 GUBERNATIS, A. DE. Dictionnaire international des ecrivains du jour, 3 vols. 1
 GUERS, E. How French soldiers fared in German prisons; ed. by H. Hayward 34565
 HADYN, J. Book of dignities; contin. with index, by H. Ocherby 1
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 34570
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 HEWITT, W. Elementary science lessons. Standards I and II 34573-4
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 Iconographic Encyclopaedia of the arts and sciences; tr. from the German; rev. and enl. 1
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 JAMESON, J. S. Story of the rear column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition 34579
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 MOORE, A. L. Essays scientific and philosophical with mem. of the author 34585
 MUSSETT, A. DE. Comedies; tr. and ed. by S. L. Gwynn 10 vols. 1
 North Carolina. Colonial records; coll. and ed. by W. L. Saunders, 10 vols. 1
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 OSBORN, MRS. S. B. Political and social letters of a lady of the 18th cent; ed. by E. F. D. Osborn 34603
 POLLOCK, SIR F. Oxford lectures; and other discourses 34589
 PRICE, L. L. Short history of political economy in England (Univ. exten. ser.) 34590
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 THOMAS, W. H. Mormon saints 34596
 TRAHERNE, J. P. Habits of the salmon U. S. CONSULS. Special consular reports, vol. I 1
 WARD, H. My life with Stanley's rear guard 34599
 WHITFORD, J. The Canary Islands as a Winter resort 34600

Some years ago, the old Marquise du P— had informed her servants that she expected a call from the Archbishop of T—, but failed to add that he had been married in his youth, and that he had only resigned his commission as captain of cuirassiers and entered the church on the death of his wife. The latter had left him with two little boys. These, now grown up and themselves officers in the army, accompanied their father on the occasion of his call. A gray-haired groom of the chambers, on asking the right reverend gentleman whom he was to have the honor of announcing, started as if he had been shot upon receiving the reply: "The Archbishop of T— and his two sons." "Jamais!" exclaimed the worthy domestic, in tones of horror, choking with indignation. "Never shall I be guilty of such disrespect to Mme. la Marquise," and with that he fled, leaving the prelate and his two sons to make their way into the salons unannounced. It was only subsequently that she was able to explain to

the old servant that the archbishops' two boys had been born in lawful wedlock previous to his entering holy orders, and the fact of his being accompanied by two stalwart sons should not be considered as evidence that he had violated his priestly oath of celibacy.

Our Dumb Animals.

Never was a man better named for his vocation than George T. Angell, the president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, called for short, "The long named Society." The monthly visits of Our Dumb Animals is a source of delight to many a household. Thousands of young people are growing better and more gentle through its visitations.



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The cloak room has been an unusually active place the past week. One reason for it is that our styles are exclusive, and in point of excellence not to be compared with the ordinary makes of Cloaks, of which so many are shown in this city.

Another point. They cost but little more to begin with, and their wearing qualities are so much greater that they are really cheaper in the end.

And another point is that we strive to get numerous choice styles, rather than a big lot of one thing. Look at our Cloaks, and see if we cannot please you.

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250 Washington Street,

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Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station,
Boston,

J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.

Caught in the Snow.

We are red apples, quite healthy and jolly.
Though not much given to chattering folly;
Just old reliable,—this must be pardoned—
Living through summer with staid hearts and hardened;
But in late autumn our bosoms grow mellow,
And each of us then is a sound, social fellow.

But, ha, ha, ha! We always rely on't,
That man marks the weather and keeps a sharp eye on't,
And sees that we're carefully handled and gathered—
And snug in the cellar in dry barrels thereof,
Ere out of the heavens the snow comes a-flying,
The trunks and the branches in white sashes tying.

And, ha, ha, ha! Man was caught blindly napping!
The big snow walked in without any rapping;
And now from a mantle of white we are peeping,
And watching the garden blooms icily sleeping.
'Neath the same coverlet, while the wind, blowing
Flakes in our faces cold, shows it still snowing.

—C. L. Cleveland.

Millbury, Oct. 23, 1891.

VOLAPÜK.

WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.,

1891, Balsul, 27id.

Söle A. S. Roe, Redakel de LIGHT,

Söl löfik! Regular course of lessons will be given by F. L. Hutchins on Friday evenings at 12 State Street, commencing Friday, Nov. 13th.

Many are taking up the study, not only in this country but abroad, in order to be equipped for the World's fair in Chicago in 1893.

I thank those who have sent me their names and addresses; in return I may be able to send them something of interest concerning the language.

A correspondent in Leitmeritz, Bohemia, wants to exchange stamps with some collector. Will some such give me permission to be the volapük correspondent between them and the above named.

I enclose a volapük rendering of the old hymn commencing, "Our God, our help in ages past," it being the work of Prof. A. A. Post. Daniko biblod D. O. D.

F. L. HUTCHINS

Hum.

11D.

God! yuf obas in tims vönik;

Spel obas tenupo;

Jel obas de viens tepik,

Ko ol binon domo.

31D.

Bü bels esutovoms löpis,

Bü ifomol tali

Binol ai God benodas,

Sefulol tenüpi.

41D.

Lebid ödik sedom al sep

Menis valüidükin.

Nets valik evedomas de puf;

Goloms us fumükün.

71D.

Tim äs flum vatalubelöl

Fagon cilis menöl

Fugoms äs dilim no pememöl,

Finom ko göl delas.

91D.

God! yuf obas in tims vönik

Spel obas tenupo;

Tlodölöd in legflis obsik

Anu e vatimo.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

The ladies are now in earnest about their winter shopping.

If you doubt it, please come here any day this week, and watch the tide ebb and flow all day long.

The world of Worcester ladies comes and goes day after day, week after week and month after month.

Familiar faces are welcomed, and the new comers are just as welcome.

It is the very time when you must decide this question of what your *Outside Garment* will be.

We have everything.

Tell us the money you care to spend, and we will give you more for it than you think.

If you are ready for good warm *Undergarments*, then you ought to know that in this house you can get whatever you want at prices that touch your wish or needs.

If you want another pretty dress, no matter what may be in your mind, you *must feel perfectly sure* that a larger variety of goods and styles is here than anywhere else.

You will not care to go anywhere else, when once you have seen the splendid dress goods we show you.

Don't think they *all* cost dollar a yard. We give you *our taste and our styles* in goods at 12 1-2c just the same as in goods at \$2.00.

Splendid *Blankets* at a bargain price this week.

Do you know we think these blankets something wonderful at the prices put upon them last week, and continued during this.

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11 40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."

3 25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.

4 17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.

8 00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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LEAVE WORCESTER.

AR. NEW YORK.

10 13 A. M.

3 30 P. M.

12 12 A. M.

5 30 P. M.

5 06 P. M.*

10 00 P. M.

12 20 A. M.*

6 45 A. M.

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For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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I would beg to call attention to the fact that I have within the past two days received a magnificent assortment of

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in prices ranging from

\$9.75 to \$30.00.

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STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

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permanently eradicated by the

ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
97 SUMMER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

Wheeler Reception.

Dr. and Mrs. George Chandler of 24 Chestnut Street threw their home open Wednesday evening, last, for a reception to Dr. and Mrs. Charles D. Wheeler. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers. Worcester has seldom seen a more delightful gathering than this one, assembled to greet the newly wedded people.

Dr. and Mrs. Chandler and Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler received. The ushers were Col. Rockwood Hoar, Dr. Homer Gage, Charles M. Thayer, George T. Dewey, T. Hovey Gage, John Nelson, C. F. Aldrich and Harry W. Smith. During the evening concert selections were rendered by Truda's orchestra.

Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. R. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Nye, Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Liscomb, Col. and Mrs. Samuel E. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Curtis, Miss Nellie Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Davis, Miss Annie Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wetherell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Jared Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. White, Mr. and Mrs. George Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. William Harlow, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Adams, Col. and Mrs. E. B. Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Washburn, Miss H. Ellen Messinger, James W. Allen, George A. Barnard, Mrs. John Barnard, Mrs. Helen Frances Richardson, Miss Curtis, Ben T. Hammond, Miss M. Lizzie Otis, Miss Josie Barnard, Dr. S. F. Woodward, Rufus S. Woodward, Ralph Woodward, Miss Stella Brook, Miss Woodward, Eben Francis Thompson, Charles Ranlet, Miss Davis, Mrs. E. Colburn, James Green, James P. Hamilton, Mrs. Rebecca P. Dunn, Miss Williams, L. W. Hammond, Frank Bulkeley Smith, T. W. Hammond, Mrs. Albert Wood, Miss Margaret Hanlon, Miss Bemis, Dr. Warren P. Lombard, Miss Stone, Newton Darling, Stephen Salisbury, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. M. A. Wheeler, Philip W. Adams, Miss Adams, Mrs. James B. Blake, Miss Louisa Blake, Miss Ellen Blake, Miss Burnside, Miss Elizabeth D. Burnside, Miss Frances Wheeler, Miss Trumbull, Miss Amy Livingston Stoddard, Miss Bancroft, Walter Scott G. Kennedy and others.

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Hair Cutting and Curling,	50c.
Singeing and Shampooing,	75c.
Bangs Cut and Curled,	25c.
Hair Cutting,	15c.

Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

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Graduate of the

BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,

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Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

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132 AUSTIN STREET.

Entertainments.

The second entertainment of the Young Men's Christian Association Course was given Thursday evening by the "Dudley Buck Quartet" with Mrs. Lucia Mead Fried, reader. The quartet sang four selections, three of which were by Dudley Buck. "Hark, the Trumpet calleth," "Concert Waltz" and "Annie Laurie" arranged by him. The finale was the "Calvary Song" by Brewer. Mrs. Priest captured her audience by her first reading and was heartily encored. She also read "A Ride of Three," a story of the plains, and "Two Views of Human Nature." H. E. Distelhurst sang "Fond Heart" by Hope Temple, and Messrs. Phillips and Swalm rendered Graben-Hofman's duet "I Feel thy Angel Spirit." Frederick Reddal sang the ballad "My Queen" by Blumenthal. The quartets were given without accompaniment, the solos and duet were accompanied by George N. Morse.

Mechanic's Course

Don't forget the Tuft's College Glee and Banjo Club concert next Monday evening.

Salvation Army.

"All things are lawful but all things are not expedient." It is proper for the Army to parade but it should look out for the crossings. The crowd, looking at election returns, was in no mood to turn out for any thing smaller than a horse car. Discretion is sometimes better than valor and a fair display of it Tuesday evening would have saved the Salvationists some rumpling.

George T. Pearce.

Another face to be missed; another hand cannot grasp! Our comrade, George T. Pearce died at his home, 9 Cottage Street, Monday morning, aged 54 years, 9 months. He had been ill about a month suffering from a paralytic stroke. He was a member of Post 10, G. A. R., having seen service during the war on the U. S. bark Guerilla. He leaves a wife and two children, Mrs. Henry J. Pearce of this city, and Mrs. Ethan Allen of Vergennes, Vt. He was a house painter by occupation and an industrious upright citizen. His funeral took place from his late home Thursday.

Chamberlain District Club.

This efficient organization starts in for the next season with the following officers: President, B. W. Potter; secretary and treasurer, S. A. Burgess; executive committee, P. F. Sears, J. L. Ellsworth, H. J. Allen, Mrs. Charles Briden and Mrs. A. S. Lowell; musical and literary committee, Piny Moore, Mrs. J. L. Ellsworth, Mrs. Wm. J. Allen; special committee on exhibit at the next agricultural fair in Worcester, P. F. Sears, J. L. Ellsworth.

It was voted to hold meetings for discussion on the second and fourth Thursday evenings during the Winter, beginning in December. The executive committee was authorized to get up printed programs for distribution at the first meeting, Dec. 10.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Do good by stealth and find its fame.—Pope.



CONGREGATIONAL.

At Plymouth Church last Sunday the following persons were admitted upon confession of faith:—Miss Mary Helen Stewart, Miss Ida Jane Grant, Mr. Frank E. Metcalf, Walter E. Atherton, Mrs. Ethel F. Atherton, Miss Nellie Bliss, Mrs. Arexine E. Kidder, Miss Bertha Elizabeth Kidder, Miss Eva Florence Kidder, Miss Janette May McCallum, Miss Bertha Elizabeth McCallum, Miss Ada Florence Wood. By letter there were received Mr. J. B. Stewart, from Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Annie J. Stewart, Arvilla Presbyterian Church, Arvilla, N. D.; Mrs. Abbie L. Bancroft, the Orthodox Congregational Church, Ashby, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Amasa H. Lathrop Pilgrim Congregational Church, Worcester; Dr. J. H. Sanderson, from First Presbyterian Church, Worcester; Mr. W. W. Sanderson, from First Presbyterian Church, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney H. Elliott, from the First Presbyterian Church, Worcester; Mrs. J. Noone, from the First Presbyterian Church, Worcester; Herbert E. Austin, from the First Baptist Church of Holden; Miss Maria O. Tracy, from the First M. E. Church, Holyoke.

The Piedmont Branch Chapel observed its second anniversary Sunday evening.

There have been admitted to the Old South Church during this year ninety-seven new members.

BAPTIST.

Rev. Gideon Aubin, pastor of the French Baptist Church will begin next Sunday evening at his church at 7 o'clock a course of about 20 lectures with the general subject "A Defense of Christianity."

UNIVERSALIST.

Rev. Dr. Gunnison has but few idle moments in his pastorate. In addition to the care of his large parish and many calls for funeral and other services he is in constant requisition for outside service. Last year he refused upward of fifty requests for lectures and addresses, besides accepting all that his time would permit. During the present week he has preached an installation sermon at Bath, Me., in the church where he had his first pastorate, spoken at the unveiling of a memorial window to the memory of a former parishoner and delivered a lyceum lecture at Saugus. Dr. Gunnison commences next Sunday evening a course of lectures on "The Great Churches and their Leaders." His subjects are: "Paul and Christianity," "Leo the Great and the Catholic Church," "John Calvin and Calvinism," "Cramer and the English Church," "John Robinson and the Congregationalists," "Roger Williams and the Baptists," "William Penn and the Quakers," "Swedenborg and the New Church," "Wesley and the Methodists," "Channing and the Unitarians," "Murray and the Universalists." The lectures are not derogatory of the work of the churches, but sympathetic and appreciative of the good work inspired by their existence.

The Stone Club, of the All Souls Church held, Tuesday evening at the home of H. K. Sparrell, 3 Charlotte Street, the first of its series of fortnightly meetings. After a short business meeting a literary program was carried out of which "Whittier" was the general subject. Rev. F. A. Gray read an essay, "Reminiscences of Whittier;" Miss Bertha Jenkins recited "The Barefoot Boy;" Miss Sadie Sparrell read "In School Days;" Miss Florence Jenkins read "The Minister's Daughter;" Rudolph Weyer read "Barbara Frietsche;" and Miss Bertha Cady read "The Huskers." There were also a piano solo by Miss Cady and a song by Miss Sparrell.

The next meeting will be held in the lecture room of the new All Souls Church Tuesday, Nov. 17, when an entertainment entitled "The Wooden Wedding" will be given. It will be open to the public. The remainder of the series is as follows: Dec. 15, social in charge of Mrs. Cady and Miss Stratton; Jan. 5, public concert by Lilhanatus quartet, in charge of Rev. F. A. Gray; Jan. 19, whittling social in charge of Jessie Norcross, Fordis Bushnell, and Frank Sparrell; Feb. 2, public lecture by Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison; Feb. 16, valentine party in charge of Misses Bertha Cady, Sadie Sparrell and Ernest Houghton; March 1, concert and readings in charge of M. M. Mowry and Miss Bessie Russell; March 15, social in charge of Willie Marsh, Charles Ranger and George M. Hubbard; April 5, illustrated lecture by Rev. F. A. Gray; April 19, character party under the direction of Mrs. B. A. Wheeler and Miss Josie Kerr; May 3, public May party under direction of Mrs. H. H. Dyke, George M. Coe and Miss Hattie Parks; May 17, "Our Cambridge Poets" will be talked and read about, for which Louis A. Spaulding and R. A. Wheeler will make the arrangements; June 7, lawn party in charge of Edward F. Britton and H. H. Dyke.

EPISCOPAL.

The annual reception of All Saints Church was held Monday evening in the chapel. Mrs. L. M. Lovell, Mrs. Halleck Bartlett, Mrs. Preston Payer, Miss Fanny Clark and Miss Clara Smith were the hostesses of the evening. During the evening a meeting was held for the organization of the women's work in the parish.

Anniversary Sermon.

On Sunday the 18th of October, Dr. A. Z. Conrad closed the first year of his pastorate over the Old South Church and, appropriate to the occasion, preached an anniversary sermon, taking for his text I Cor. 2:2. After referring to the motive of the apostle in his work at Corinth, Dr. Conrad spoke of his own relation to this church.

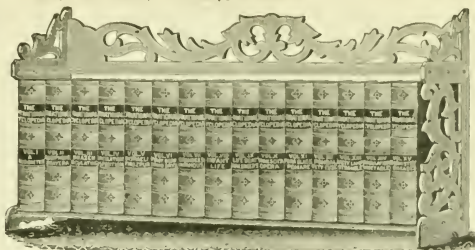
"My feeling today is one of deep thanksgiving that under the influence of the Spirit we have been united by the strong bond of Christian love, and have walked together in perfect agreement and increasing attachment during this first year of our wedded life. Our relation has been in many respects ideal. We have rejoiced together in the salvation of souls. The numbers entering our church family have been large beyond all expectation. You have wonderfully supported your pastor in his delicate and difficult tasks. Your cheering words

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METHODIST.

Grace. Tomorrow morning the service will be devoted to aged people. The platform will be decorated with fruits and vegetables which will be distributed Monday to families who need them. In the evening a harvest concert will be held.

Trinity. The Senior Bible class under the able and entertaining leadership of the Rev. John D. Pickles, now comprising some fifty members meets in the church every Sunday at noon. Last Monday, Nov. 5, they sat down with their friends to a substantial supper on the occasion of the annual meeting. About one hundred were present. Supper was served under the superintendence of J. A. Clark, Geo. W. Tourtelotte, the president, Mr. W. F. Clinhard, and vice president Mr. McFarlane, and some lady friends, upon whom the heaviest duties of the preparation devolved.

After supper (which was duly appreciated and enjoyed) the following program of entertainment was carried out in a manner highly creditable to those who took part. John E. Mayhew officiated as toastmaster. Vocal Duet, "The Lord is my Shepherd," pianist, Winifred Mayhew, Misses Coddling; Toast, "The Church," may its membership increase, W. D. Barber; Reading, Tennyson's May Queen, Mrs. J. E. Mayhew; Violin Duet, "Valse" pianist, Winifred Mayhew, Flora Clark and C. E. Mayhew; Toast, "The Commonwealth," Geo. H. Tourtelotte; Male Quar-

ette, Richard Walls, J. A. Clark, Arthur Walls, Theo. Barber; Toast, "Our Pastor, J. A. Clark; Duet, "Fiddle and I" pianist, Winifred Mayhew, Dora Coddling and C. E. Mayhew; Toast, "Our class and friends" H. Morrell; Vocal Solo, pianist, Dora Coddling, Miss Amy Coddling. On the whole the evening was a very enjoyable one, and would have been perfect had it not been for the unavoidable absence of Rev. John D. Pickles.

Y. M. C. A.

Hiram E. K. Whitney will lead the morning meeting at 9:15 tomorrow. Seth K. Mitchell will speak to the boys at 3 o'clock and to the men at 4.

The annual meeting of the board of directors was held Monday evening when officers were elected as follows: President, Charles F. Rugg; vice-presidents, Philip W. Moen, George T. Dewey; recording secretary, Geo. F. Brooks; treasurer, J. F. Keyes. D. W. Abercrombie, George L. Sanford and Chas. M. Rogers were appointed a committee to fill the vacancy on the board caused by the resignation of W. H. Bartlett, the first vice-president. The report of the treasurer showed a balance of \$462.28 in the treasury. The resignation of Will D. B. Meade, who has been assistant secretary for two and one-half years, was received and after some discussion by the board it was laid on the table for two weeks. There are many who desire, if possible, to persuade Mr. Meade to remain, as he is a thoroughly efficient secretary, being excellently adapted to the Association work because of his wide knowledge of all the best methods. Mr. Meade stated in his resignation that his reason for tendering it was his dissatisfaction with the methods of General Secretary Gale. Between the two there is no personal feeling.

Should Mr. Meade's resignation be accepted, he will go to his home in Pittsfield, Thanksgiving, and will then choose between several positions which have been offered him, among which are a number from various Associations in this state. But as he has be-

come very much attached to Worcester there is a possibility of his returning and entering business here.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The bi-monthly meeting of the Local Union was held Thursday evening at the Dewey Street Baptist Church. At eight o'clock the program began with the singing of Endeavor songs by the congregation, followed by Scripture reading by the president, D. B. Tucker, and prayer by Rev. Elihu B. Haskell of the South Baptist Church. Rev. D. H. Stoddard of the Dewey Street Church welcomed the visitors and two young lady members of the society sang a duet. Then followed the address by Rev. Phillip A. Nordell of New London, Conn., on "Interdenominational Fellowship." He advocated interdenominationalism but not undenominationalism. Following the address, the announcement of the result of the contest for the Union banner was made, the Park Church society, which has held the banner for the past month, being declared the winner, having 68 per cent of its members present. The Dewey Street society ranked second with 66 per cent, the Belmont, third with 40 per cent, the Church of Christ, fourth with 28 per cent, the Pilgrim, fifth with 27 per cent, the Lake View, sixth with 25 per cent. This is the first time that the banner has been won by any society when the meeting was not held at its own church. After singing and prayer by Rev. A. B. Chamberlain of the Church of Christ the meeting closed with the Christian Endeavor benediction. During the evening President Tucker read a notice of an amendment to be acted upon at the next meeting to the effect that the election of officers shall be held in September instead of October and that the regular bi-monthly meetings shall begin at that time. The next meeting will be held at Pilgrim Church in January. The Junior Endeavor Society started at Pilgrim Church several weeks ago has now about thirty members. Meetings are held every Friday afternoon after the close of the public schools. Miss Fletcher is the superintendent.

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Household.

The bulbs of the Chinese lily will bloom from six to eight weeks after planting and with a few bulbs started at intervals of about three or four weeks apart, a succession of flowers may be had throughout the Winter. Plant in a cool, dark place and when rapid growth and bloom is wanted, remove to a warm sunny window.

The bulbs of lilies intended for winter blooming should be potted in November or December, and placed in a dark, cool closet for several weeks, when they may be watered and brought to the light. When in flower they should be placed in a dry, airy, cool situation, for the flowers are liable to spot and soon decay in a close damp atmosphere.

To Wash Table Linen

Put into a washboiler four pails of cold water. Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of washing powder and put in the tablecloth and napkins, first having placed in the bottom of the boiler an old towel, so that the quantity of water is sufficient to float the clothes, or they may be scorched in bottom. Soak over night. In the morning, place the boiler over the fire where it will take about thirty minutes to bring it to a boil. Stir several times. Now turn them into a tub of cold water and rinse well. Rinse again in clear water and then blue.

Clothes thus treated, contrary to common prejudice, will be white, clean and sweet, without any rubbing whatever.—Table Talk.

Some varieties of the fuchsia make admirable winter plants if not allowed to bloom too much during the summer. Blooming may be facilitated by the use of weak copperas water. A north window may be given up entirely to ferns and fuchsias, as the two look well together.

The dainty blue browellia makes an admirable house plant. It is so generous with bloom that it will utterly exhaust itself if allowed to do so.

A group of blooming hyacinths in winter is something to make the heart rejoice. Procure the bulbs now, plant them in a wide-mouthed pot, and set them away in a dark closet for five or six weeks to make root growth. Then expose the young shoots to heat and light, and nature will do the rest. Crocket.

If the housewife is careful to save all the bits of twine, wrapping paper, etc., she will always find them useful, and a great deal of time and petty annoyance will be saved in this way. Habits of small saving inculcate a spirit of thrift which goes far in young people toward making them useful and efficient members of society. One of the greatest follies which can be committed in this direction, however, is to concoct uses merely to use up this material. The pasty bread puddings, which no one likes, and probably no one ever did like, may be charged to such excess of ill-directed economy. Valuable eggs, milk and other materials which would make an excellent custard are wasted in the desire to "use up" the bread crumbs in this way. There are excellent bread puddings, but they are not made of undried breadcrumbs soaked in custard apparently for no other reason than to save them.—New York Tribune.



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The Century's Programme in 1892.—A New "Life of Columbus"—Articles for Farmers, etc.

That great American periodical, The Century, is going to outdo its own unrivalled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue.

In this number are the opening chapters of "THE NAULAHKA,"

a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, the Century will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story-writers.

The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food-Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others of GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE TO FARMERS, treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Coöperation," etc., etc.

A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of The Century have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is

A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE

by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year,—among other things a series of illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

To get The Century send the yearly subscription price (\$4.00) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

The Chilean Cloud.

War clouds are not inspiring to peace loving people, hence when trouble seems imminent between our country and a sister republic of South America it is fitting to ask what it is all about. The triumphant Congressional party has not loved our nation since our enforced neutrality, particularly with reference to the Itata affair. So when, on the 6th of October, certain sailors of the U. S. Cruiser, Baltimore, were ashore in Valparaiso, they were set upon by the populace, and, some claim, by the police. Several lives were lost, on our side, our sailors being unarmed and thirty-five were arrested and thrown into limbo. Naturally, our government asks for explanation and reparation. The same will come soon or there will be the worst case of Chili-Blain on record.



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To the next of Kin, Creditors and other Persons interested in the Estate of HELEN M. CURTIS, late of Worcester in said County, deceased, Intestate Greeting:

Upon the petition of George A. Curtis you are cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the 14th day of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in LIGHT a newspaper printed at Worcester the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, William T. Forbes, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one.

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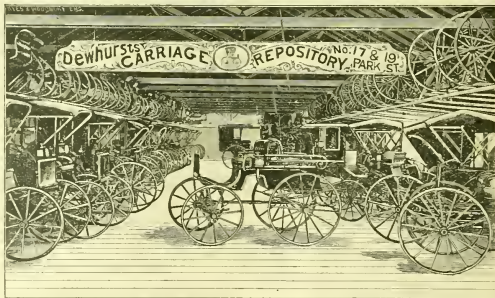
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Do you know that we buy everything for cash and sell goods on time cheaper than some dealers sell for cash?

Do you know that we make a special discount from our very low prices to cash buyers?

Do you know that we carry a large stock on the street floor, that our store is light on all sides, and that every article in our immense Stock can be seen as it will appear in your own house.

Special Bargain for this week, OUR \$30 CHAMBER SUIT-nothing better was ever made for the money.

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

THE HYGIENIC SHOE.

A Non-Conductor of Cold and Heat.

Comfortable, Flexible, Durable.

SUPERIOR TO A CORK SOLE SHOE IN REPELLING MOISTURE.

WITHOUT BEING CLUMSY.

We have opened a store in Worcester, selling directly from the Factory to the Consumer, a line of Ladies' (a few Misses') and Men's.

"HYGIENIC" SHOES,

and will keep in stock all the Sizes and Widths of the different Shapes. Prices stamped on the Bottom of the Shoe. We have the new Foot Conformer, enabling us to take an Exact Measurement and Form of EACH Foot. We will make you a Last and Patterns therefor, which you will own for your own use. We will make any desired Shoe thereon at the uniform price of \$1.00 more than the same goods in stock.

We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the Celebrated Alfred Dolge Pelt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

W. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

CUSTOM SHOEMAKERS,

Rogers' Block, Cor of Main and Pleasant Sts. 157 Just around the corner.

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The Worcester OXYGEN CO.

Is prepared to furnish at short notice PURE fresh Oxygen for Physicians' use.

The only place in New England where Oxygen is prepared and put up in small portable cylinders.

Cylinders of Oxygen and various mixtures constantly on hand.

HOME TREATMENTS.

For the home treatment we fill our own cylinders, and thus adapt the Compound to each individual case, which we find in our office treatments so important for the best results to our patients.

Rooms 10-11, Lincoln Block,
No. 368 1-2 Main St.

Hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Especial attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 143-4.

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Go to 16 FRONT STREET,

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310 Main Street, Worcester.

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Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records.

Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 14, 1891.

No. 11

Who Knows?

Who knows
(I thought, one twilight hour,
As from my window gazing
If yonder cottage light)
Throughout the night twinkling,
And yonder stars above,
Claim not close relationship
Who knows?

Who knows,
As each new star appears,
It prove not just a beacon
To guide some wan' rer home,
To show some one awaits them?
The stars above, below,
May simply need reversing.
Who knows?

—B. L. Gilbert.

If there is a moment when Worcester looks better or prettier than by day it is when the twinkling lights of even appear.

From any outlook what lines of radiant beauty meet the eyes! Then, too, to one who has noted the changes over a term of years the growth and development are marvelous. In the night, looking from Harvard street over the valley to Normal School Hill the effect is not unlike that had when gazing from Princes Street, Edinburgh, across to the old town.

There is the same busy hollow with its noise and whir, whence come the puff and whistle of locomotives, and the dull constant roar of traffic. Of course, day dissipates the impressions but with only the stars above and the lights of men below, imagination can take wings to itself and fancy the bridges, the cathedral of St. Giles and even the Castle itself.

After all, Worcester is an intensely practical city. Her mechanics and her merchants have developed sturdy, paying qualities; but there has been little fancy or poetry among them. Prose has been enough for them. Will it ever be thus? Massachusetts has led the country intellectually, but is it not a little strange that so few of the literary lights of the Commonwealth have dated from Worcester. Edward Everett Hale and T. W. Higginson have lived here, but they were not Worcester products.

The Latin School of Boston and its atmosphere, along with the proximity of Harvard had much to do with the development of Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorn, Hale, Prescott, Parkman, not to mention a multitude of lesser lights. The bent of our industrious city has been in another direction, a praiseworthy one to be sure; but may we not long for, nay expect that, some day, increased leisure and means shall add to our people literary renown.

As yet, even our Educational Institutions are of that practical character which makes little of literature, much of things. The drift, after all these years of being, is still toward the material rather than the ideal. From Art Societies and clubs, from libraries and historic

association much is expected, but they have much to do. Worcester takes high position in patent cases; but in a literary sense, she is far behind Hartford, and other cities much smaller than herself.

There is need of an awakening. How can it be effected? What is done to quicken the sensibilities of our young people? We have a week of music, to which every one goes in September, but when did a winter oratorio or symphony concert pay? Let the parties of genuine culture and enthusiasm, whose hands have gone deep down into their pockets to pay the bill, answer. The way out of so much practicality, at the expense of the ideal, is to make art, of all kinds, and literature in all its phases, more and more, questions of constant importance. It should begin in the schools, and well begun there it will end only with life.

The new City Hall project seems to have met a set back in the Common Council. Our wise men cannot reflect too much on the words of the late Mayor Doyle of Providence. "Oh yes, our City Hall is much better than yours; but yours has not a debt of several millions." If we don't have it, we won't have it to pay for, and as for show, let western cities that borrow money in the East delight in that sort of thing. Few business men are captured by magnificent city halls. One of the first questions asked by a visitor would be "Is it paid for?" and if not, "What is the tax rate?"

But if it must come, there is a settled feeling in the minds of many that the Common is not the place for it. In another column, a writer expresses the sentiments of very many as to the appropriation of an inch of land for any such purpose. Let it look out upon the Common, from any one of the corners near, or let it stand on the site of the Norwich freight station or from some poorly covered land on Front Street; but keep off the Common. The future will bless us for such a course.

Was there ever such a tolerant nation as ours? Only a few years ago, Chicago, justly hung a crowd of riotous cut-throats called Anarchists, fellows who openly proclaimed that they aimed at the looting of the city and a readjustment of wealth; an abrogation of all laws. They were cut short in their schemes. Today, in Chicago thousands visit their graves with great parade and in Cooper Union, New York, Nov. 6, orators shouted themselves hoarse over their taking off. Would any other nation tolerate it?

Most prophetic of songs, John Brown's Soul marched through the Rebellion and, today there is scarcely a county on the globe where it is not heard. From far away Egypt, the land whose darkness became proverbial comes this refrain.

"Just then, one of the donkey boys struck up:

John Brown's body lies a-mold'rin' in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!"

In this they all joined in full chorus, repeating it over and over again; and as the

Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

resounded over the desert, it seemed to me that it might have been heard for miles. I never joined in singing our national hymn with such glad devotion as I joined those donkey boys in singing:

His soul goes marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Verily, a prophet had spoken to my soul!"

If our Salvation Army and Christian Crusaders will persist in parading the weather to the contrary notwithstanding, why don't they equip themselves properly? Their religion is no better though thoroughly wet down, and though consumption and pneumonia may hasten departures to the other world they are not believed to particularly enhance piety here? An umbrella drill would be an excellent thing and would surely attract attention. Belts and braces would readily adjust the rain protector to the shoulder of the marcher and then he or she could make music *ad libitum*. Try it friends!

What has David Manning ever done that he should be accused of hostility to Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship? He was a secret society man in college, one of those rollicking D. K. E. boys who stirred up things generally in whatever college they found themselves. Mr. Manning is a decided man, having the courage of his convictions, keeping nothing back, who fought in the open, who inflicted no secret stabs, and who now that the battle is over can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic deems it necessary to issue an order conveying his displeasure at the parading of old Federal soldiers under the Confederate flag. Peace and good will have gone to seed when this thing happens. There is but one flag in America, i. e. our portion of the continent, and the man who can so far forget what he imperiled his life for as to march under Rebel colors needs just such a touching up as Captain Palmer's letter. Keep the Confederate banner for Rebel celebrations and curiosity collections, but let us have none of it.

Total Abstinence Union

At the session of the Worcester Society Catholic T. A. U. in Uxbridge today, Worcester is well represented. Principal Richard H. Mooney is lecturer for the union and presents a report, while papers will be read by George Lee, Edmund Power, P. A. Dowd, Rupert H. Murray and Richard O'Flynn. LIGHT recalls the most of these names as those of former High School boys. Patrick F. Drohan of Worcester is the secretary and John E. Hanley, president.

Fraok W. Cutting has been in Washington.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

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annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

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second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1891.

That magnificent offer for War
Memoirs with *Cosmopolitan* and
LIGHT, is still in force. Viz., \$5
pays for *LIGHT*, *Cosmopolitan* and
a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheri-
dan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

The Idle Hour, representing Barnard Sum-
ner & Co., is out for the Autumn. It is No. 2
of the VI volume. Here are twenty-four
pages of reading matter, including advertise-
ments which are read first by many into
whose hands the paper falls, over a very
wide section of this county. The Idle Hour
has interested readers who purchase extensiv-
ly by mail. It reflects a deal of credit upon
merchants and compiler.

Charles Baker & Co. are sending out one
of the neatest combinations ever devised. It
comprises a fine leather covered card or ticket
case with a celluloid Calendar for 1892, along
with a removable memorandum of 80 pages,
besides a deal of valuable information as to
window sash, doors, mouldings, stairs, and
balusters. There is also the latest arrangement
of the fire alarm numbers. The man who car-
ries the book has a pocket full of facts in
very small compass. *LIGHT*, hereby, returns
thanks for a copy.

The advertisement of "Schapp's Photographs
of the World," under "Books and Bookmen"
is worthy of careful reading. A better book
for a Christmas gift was never offered. By
it geography may be taught through the eye.
It is better than a panorama or a stereoscope
exhibition.

Mr. Wm. Cruikshank has again placed
LIGHT under obligations, this time with a
bouquet of chrysanthemums. After them
comes Winter with its death and burial of the
flowers. Last trace of Summer's color, the
chrysanthemum reigns without a rival.

LIGHT's excellent "Tech" correspondent
takes exceptions to the continued use of
"Free Institute" in these columns. If it is
possible to break a habit, formed long ago,
strengthened by long years of use in fitting
boys for that same institution, the expression

shall not be found here again. Orders are
out to "kill" it whenever it appears.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The first of the course of four readings by
George Riddle, under the auspices of the
School of English Speech was given last week
Friday evening in the hall of the school, in
the Colonial Hall building. The first half of
the evening was devoted to Shakespeare's
"Anthony and Cleopatra," the reader giving an
admirable interpretation of the characters of
the Roman and the Egyptian. Following this,
Mr. Riddle read two humorous selections,
Stockton's "A Piece of Red Calico" and
Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Rehearsal of
the Ruggles Family for a Christmas Dinner"
in which he was as successful as in the more
sober parts in the tragedy. Last evening he
read Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.'"
The two remaining readings will take place
next Tuesday and Friday evenings. Simul-
taneous with the Worcester series, Mr.
Riddle is giving a course of six readings
in Boston. At the opening sale of season
tickets, over 800 seats were sold in less than
two hours. Speaking of the opening night of
this course, the Boston Herald says: "It is
the first course that Mr. Riddle has given in
Boston for some years, and he received a most
enthusiastic welcome, showing plainly that he
had lost nothing of their favor since his last
appearance. Always a great favorite with
the best element of the Boston public, he
seems to have a stronger hold upon it than
ever, a hold that was not lessened by his
achievement last evening."

Friday Populars.

The first of the series of entertainments of
the Friday Popular course was given last
week Friday evening in Mechanics Hall, by
the Walter Emerson Concert Company,
which includes Walter Emerson, cornetist;
Miss Mac Fowler, reader; Miss Bertha Webb,
violinist; Miss Minnie Babcock, contralto;
Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. The entire pro-
gram was excellent and there were frequent
encores, but Walter Emerson achieved the
triumph of the evening with his cornet. Miss
Webb's solos were also very well played and
were well received by the large audience. The
next entertainment will be a lecture, Novem-
ber 20, by Miss Olof Krarer, a native Esqui-
maux, who is only forty inches high. Her
subject will be Greenland.

Dix Street Bakery.

Mrs. A. S. Smedley, whose husband so
long managed Fox's Pleasant Street bakery,
has bought of E. H. Streeter the bakery, 25 1/2
Dix Street, and has added all conveniences
for making first class pastry. Tea rolls and
warm bread, a specialty at 4.30 P. M. Also
frosted squares, jelly squares, angel cake,
frosted cup cakes etc. Brown bread and
baked beans every Sunday from 7 to 9 A. M.
This will prove a special boon to all dwellers
in the vicinity.

Among those suffering from the disastrous
conflagration in Orange was Col. J. A. Titus,
late of this city, who had only recently opened
an office in that town.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and
literary research; also to promote the sale of
papers. To this end, six quotations from well
known American writers are given here.
To that one who first names correctly
author and location or comes nearest, a fifty
cent book, publisher's price, will be sent.
Another book, at *LIGHT*'s discretion, will be
given to the one doing second best. Every
ten weeks, a book of increased value will be
given to that party who has taken most first
prizes in that time. The following condition
must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this
coupon, cut from *LIGHT*, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to
quotations in *LIGHT*, Nov. 14,
1891.

Signed

1.

"How that which in Maid was native grace
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place."

11.

"The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes."

111.

"The rose of your cheek is precious;
Your eyes are warmer than wine
You catch men's souls in the meshes
Of curls that ripple and shine
But, ah! not mine."

IV.

"If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Sterner and stronger."

V.

"Who—who that hath loved it so long and well,
The flower of his birthright, would barter or sell?"

VI.

"Among the worthies of the village, that
enjoy the peculiar confidence of Master Sim-
on, is one who has struck my fancy so much
that I have thought him worthy of a separate
notice."

Special.

LIGHT will give a \$1.50 book to that party
who, within two weeks, answers best the fol-
lowing queries:

1. Who first applied to Worcester the
name "Heart of the Commonwealth?"
2. When was it applied?
3. What application has it?

Answers for Oct. 31.

1. Longfellow, "Building of the Ship."
2. Bret Hart, "Red Riding Hood."
3. Irving, "Sketch Book."
4. Tennyson, "In Memoriam."
5. Lowell, "Under the Willows."
6. Holmes, "Elsie Venner," first edition,
page 191.

1st prize, Mrs. Charles W. Gray
2d prize, John W. Gallagher.

G. A. R.

It now looks as though the next National
Encampment in Washington would be held
the second week in October, 1892. This will
suit Massachusetts veterans to a T.

About Folks.

The Worcester Athletic Club will probably hold two indoor athletic meetings during the Winter though no definite arrangements have yet been made.

One of the happiest faces in this office for many a day was that of George Holmes who happened in Wednesday from Springfield. There are few people in Worcester who have frequented the Boston Store who do not remember him. Only last Spring, he went up to Springfield to have the care of Waldesruhe, a pleasure resort in the city's hill park. He has found the place agreeable and he makes Worcester a visit with his wife just to tell how nice a town Springfield is, and to see how old friends here appear.

Ex Alderman P. F. White was so unfortunate Wednesday last as to lose a valuable horse by drowning in Salisbury's pond. The animal was badly frightened and so took to the water.

Mrs. Henry A. Marsh and the Misses Marsh, assisted by Miss Lucie Williams of Boston gave a very pleasant "at home," Tuesday evening to about one hundred of their young friends, at their home, corner of Elm and Oak Streets. Tea was served from 5 to 8 o'clock and there was dancing from 8 to 11, for which Truda's orchestra furnished music. The interior was prettily decorated for the occasion with ferns and potted plants. The tea table was presided over by Mrs. Hallel Bartlett and Mrs. J. Fred Mason, assisted by Miss Miriam Washburn, Miss Carrie Tiffany, Miss Nellie Whitman, the Misses Chase, Miss Gertrude Wood, the Misses Lincoln, Miss Christine Rice, Miss Mary Doe, Miss Amy Stoddard, Miss Lucy Throop.

Woman's Relief Corps.

A delegation of twenty members of our local corps went to Holden Wednesday evening to attend a G. A. R. fair in that town.

City Water.

In the general dearth of water, the eastern country over, it is comforting to know that Worcester's supply shows no sign of failing.

Was it Appropos or Not?

In a Worcester church, recently, an eloquent visitor had presented his cause and asked for a collection. As the boxes were passing the organist struck up "God be with you till we meet again." Many wondered whether the musician feared lest the size of the offering might require more than usual oversight.

Born, Nov. 10th.

a daughter to Wm. V. H. and Mary D. Barhydt. Mrs. Barhydt was Miss Reeves, once a High School girl. Congratulations and good wishes for the trio.

Society of Antiquity.

The new building of this body approaches completion and will be opened Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 3 p.m., with addresses by Mayor Francis A. Harrington, Senator George F. Hoar, Hon. W. W. Rice, Rev. Carlton B. Staples and others. Located a few rods north of Lincoln Square, on Salisbury Street, it can be readily reached after leaving the cars there.

Adams—Hardy.

Nothing seemed lacking to an auspicious marriage when Thursday last, the Rev. Dr. Archibald McCullagh tied the hymenial knot for Harry A. Adams and Miss Minnie D. Hardy. The groom, a son of the late John Quincy Adams, is a clerk in the Central National Bank and one of the best known young athletes in the city. The bride is a High School graduate, Class of '90, and a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Hardy of 46 Abbott Street. Only the immediate friends were present. The bride wore a neat traveling dress of dark blue chevrot trimmed with tan broadcloth.

There were many presents. The bride received a sealskin sack, a banquet lamp, a quartered oak chamber set, a fur rug, a mantle clock, silver tea and dessert spoons, hand-painted china, cut glass ware, silver cake and fruit baskets, etchings, \$20 in gold, besides many household furnishings. The groom received \$50 in gold from the Worcester Athletic Club, a solid silver tea service from the Lakeside Boat Club, and a painting from the officers of the bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams left on an early evening train for New York and after a ten days stay in that city and Washington will reside at 46 William Street, the home of the groom. They will be "at home" Tuesday evenings during December.

John B. Gough.

Among the many places in the city where can always be pleasantly spent an odd half hour are the rooms of Mr. A. E. Peck.

Recent visitors there have been gratified with the sight of a fine life-sized portrait of the late John B. Gough.

The picture represents the eminent temperance lecturer as a much younger man than the present generation remembers him, having been, as the inscription on the frame informs us, presented to Mrs. Gough by the Scotch Temperance League of Glasgow upon May 22, 1855.

But the features, nevertheless, bear a very familiar look, and the position of the figure—strikingly dramatic in pose—brings before one most vividly the earnest apostle of temperance when Mechanics' Hall rang with his eloquence and its immense audiences were alternately swayed to tears or to laughter by the magic of that tongue now forever silent.

One could not help wishing that the portrait might eventually be found upon the walls of that Hall—a fitting memorial there of so earnest a worker in so noble a cause.

At Auction.

Horace Kendall's auction rooms, Thursday, were crowded with people desiring souvenirs of the late John B. Gough. The books and engravings went very cheap, but the tea-set, presented to him by Scottish admirers, sold single pieces, brought a large price. It is a pity that such a collection should be scattered. Worcester will, some day, regret this. She is not rich enough to retain every item.

The reception given by Col. N. A. Plympton to his son Herbert F. Plympton was attended by the following Worcester people: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Knowlton and family, C. H. Pinkham and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hopkins, Miss Lucy Newton, Miss Duncan, Mr. George W. Eddy, Mr. William Parker and Mr. Edward F. Smith.

Mr. F. J. Houston of the Boston Store has entered the race for councilman from Ward 4. Frank has many friends and should receive a hearty support.

Mrs. Walter E. Bowen, the popular teacher in the Front Street School of Elcution went to Colbrook last Thursday to give readings in that place.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Myrtle Ferns," a comedy-drama of intense interest, abounding in situations exceedingly humorous and pathetic, has proven a great attraction at Lothrop's Opera House during the week. Miss Ethel Tucker, as Emma Myrtle, an American girl, tried and true, has renewed her triumphs. She is an artist in the true sense of the word. Mr. H. Percy Meldon, as Henry O'Grady made his appearance on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. J. Francis Kirke assumed the character during the rest of the week.

The popular comedy-drama in four acts, entitled, "Our Angel" is laid in the mountainous country of the far West and admits of picturesque stage dressing and effects which have been especially prepared for the play. The plot is intricate, with a relieving element, introducing comedy of an entertaining character. Miss Rober, as Blossom, a character made famous by Lizzie Evans, will be seen at her best, as her talents are most admirably adapted to the requirements of the part. Max Erceman, as Jack Kenyan, a rough man, but with a heart as true as steel, will be welcomed by his many admirers. Each performance will be preceded by the farce, "An Hour in the Hospital" in which the comedy company will make fun in their usual brilliant style.

Boston Store.

Established 1870

WORCESTER, NOV. 14, 1891

Foster Kid Gloves.
Elite Gloves.
Gentlemen's Gloves.
Gloves altered and repaired.
Butterick's Paper Patterns
E. C. Bart's Shoes.

THE CARPET SENSATION.
PRICES THE LOWEST FOR YEARS.

Smith's extra quality ten-wire Tapestry Carpets, 69c a yard.

Roxbury Tapestries, 69c a yard.
Smith's lower grade Tapestries, 45c a yard.

Remnant pieces of Bigelow, Lowell and Whittall Brussels in quantities sufficient for small rooms, 75c a yard.
Third Floor.

AFTER 9 O'CLOCK

this morning the ladies will find on the silk counter, in every new shade, fine China silks, 32 inches wide at 69c a yard, being far the best China silks that have been shown in this city for as high as 85c.

25c a yard for pure China silks (all silks), in every color, is likely to be called for.

Section four annex.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

William Adams Munn.

It may well be a matter of pride to the people of Worcester that this is the only city in the world that has an Annual Music Festival of the magnitude of that held every Fall by the Worcester County Musical Association. This shows the high taste of the people, and here in this musical city are very appropriately placed several manufactories of instruments, both organs and pianos. One of the largest of these is the Loring & Blake Organ Co., at the head of which, as treasurer and manager, is the subject of this sketch.

William Adams Munn is the son of George M. Munn and Sarah A. Leslie, and was born in the city of Lowell, November 18th, 1864. His early school days were spent in Holyoke, where after a course of four years in the Holyoke High School, he was graduated in 1881, and at once took a position as book-keeper with the firm of D. H. and J. C. Newkirk, otherwise known as the Massachusetts Screw Company. Here he remained for three years, then taking a place with the firm of Parker, Holmes & Co. of Boston, boot and shoe jobbers. It was from them that he came to Worcester in April, 1886, to become the book-keeper and pay-master of the Loring & Blake Organ Co. He has been connected with this company to the present, having been elected in January, 1890, treasurer and manager for the company.

He was married Sept. 4, 1889, in Waltham, to Miss Edith Marsh of that city.

At first sight one is impressed with the business qualities of Mr. Munn. He is modest and retiring but a pleasant talker, and ready for business at every time.

Regarding the company with which he is connected, a few words may be of interest. It was founded by John W. Loring and Rufus W. Blake, who began to make organs in October, 1867. At this time they occupied French's Building on Southbridge Street, from which they removed the next year to a building between the Norwich and Boston & Albany Railroads. Soon after this, November 14, 1863, they formed a corporation under the name of the Loring & Blake Organ Co. Only a few months later, the building and its contents were totally destroyed, and the company took up quarters on the site of the new Post Office, at Franklin Square, the place formerly occupied by the Taylor & Farley Organ Co. But this place was not large enough to accommodate all the works, so rooms were occupied in Stone's Block, Steven's Block, French's Building, besides having a mill on Cypress Street. These places were held till July, 1877, when all the scattered parts of the business were collected at the premises on Union Street that they now occupy. Once more, Feb. 2, 1882, fire consumed part of the building, involving a loss of over \$41,000. But this time only the two upper stories were destroyed, and soon repairs were made, and the company was in running order again. Mr. Blake of the original firm, is now at the head of the Sterling Organ Company at Derby, Conn., and Mr. Loring is still superintendent of this factory. On going through the building, and watching the process of manufacture, one is struck with the care that is taken at every operation, and as a result only

organs of the highest grade are turned out. There is no need to make a cheaper class of instruments, for they are working on orders all the time, and do not have to make ahead of the demand. The annual output is about three thousand organs.

These organs find a ready sale in all parts of the world. They are handled by dealers in the United States and a house in London has charge of all the business of England and the Continent; but the company ship direct to Africa and Australia. The volume of the foreign business is almost as great as the domestic. A room is soon to be opened at the factory on Union Street for showing instruments. This will be a new thing, but will make it very convenient for those who are interested in organs and want to try their qualities.

Many improvements have been brought out by this company, among which is the improved tone effects that have been introduced in their "Palace" organs. This company has received many gold and silver medals from fairs, where their organs have been on exhibition, thus testifying to their worth.

CITY HALL AND THE COMMON.

IN LIGHT of Oct. 31, H. K. M. gives his views in regard to the location of the new City Hall on purchased land. Undoubtedly many are with him and like myself send congratulations that he is able to prepare for publication so lengthy and interesting an article on the subject.

Why should the city spoil her fair name by listening to any arguments in favor of the scheme to place the new building on the Common? Truly it is time for us who are proud of the beautiful area to protest against the desecration; to speak in behalf of the trees which have so often invited us to their cool shade in Summer's heat. Ingrates, if we remain silent when their destruction seems imminent.

Boston, in her young days, gave to her citizens a grand old common. Did Boston of a few years since place her City Hall thereon? The ground was hallowed ground and she not even suggested such a thing.

Worcester with her Antiquarian Hall and Society of Antiquity should be less reverent? Worcester, intelligent Worcester, can she so ignore her early gift as to take one foot of it away from her sons and daughters?

Let her give—freely give them the Common—the whole Common and not only will posterity bless her, but visitors will give her unbounded praise for her thoughtfulness in reserving for all a breathing place so spacious and beautiful, withal, in the crowded portion of the future Heart of the Commonwealth.

A monument indeed; could she rear for herself a grander one?

CONSTANTIA.

Councilman Irving E. Comins has been quite ill, but is now improving.

On the 8th of next January a Prize Contest in Expression is to take place before the Philomathean Society of Boston University. Among the contestants are Misses Eleanor and Mabel Thomas, '93, daughters of Rev. W. H. Thomas, late pastor of Trinity Church.

'61.

Out from the east the day-break creeps,
With sparkles of light as it drifts along
Flushing the crests of mountain peaks,
Waking the crystallized chorings of song;
While down in the woodlands, tender and dim
It gathers in peace like a morning hymn.

Out from the river's beaded brim,
The watering fords of vairy mist
Quiver and rise in pearly film
On tintings of opal and amethyst.
While a vision of Peace on Nature's breast
Broods low, like a birdling above its nest.

Adown dim, meadow paths of grass,
The loitering herds are driven along,
Till one by one the bars are passed;
But never a sprinkle of morning song.
Her smile can awaken the eager face
Of the boy, as he slides the bars in place.

The wild birds trill their morning call,
From the daintiest shrub, and fern and tree,
Antiphonal welcomes rise and fall
In the merriest waves of choral glee;
While over them all, from the woodland's hush,
Comes the voiceful prayer of the hermit thrush.

He heeds them not; 'tis his boyish pace
Goes hurrying hown its moistening way,
Through drifts of grain, whose waving grace
In the morning's freshening breezes sway;
Out into the dust of the village street,
He is speeding along with nervous feet.

Listen? What mars this peaceful scene?
What measuring tone and rhythmic beat
Breaks like the air so still, serene
With ominous tread of marching feet?
"Attention! Fall in!" and the boyish face
Glides silently into its given place.

"Forward! Guide right!" The last word said,
The pitiful partings and pledges true;
"March!" Faint and fainter grows the tread
Of that soldierly band of Boys in Blue,
As Peace in her same old nestles down
On the slumbersome air of the quiet town.

'81.

Out from the East the day-break creeps
With sparkles of light and ripples of sound;
Crowning the crests of mountain peaks,
While down in the valleys, in sleep profound,
It glitters in pennons of golden light
And scatters the mists of the murky night.

The river gleams. The morning sun
Sends shimmering waves o'er the dewy grass,
While a bright herd, linge'ring on by one,
At last the same old paths have passed.
But where is the form with its manlier face
To fasten the moss-laden bars in place?

Over on yonder grassy slope,
—In a quaint niche,—by the river's brim,—
He sleeps,—nor wild bird's sweetest note
Can awaken the sleeper pale and grim;
While o' the coat of blue on the cottage wall
Tells of the sacrifice, and,—that is all!

And—that is all? Aye, is it all?
When deeds are written in heroic story,
What nobler light shall there recall
The blood of manhood, roused to martial glory,
Than those brave boys, unhoosered and unknown,
Who gave their lives for liberty's white throne?
Frank O. Everett.

Boston, October, '91.

The wife of Mr. E. I. Comins, late principal of the Woodland Street School, resident on Leicester Street, was seriously injured, Sunday, in trying to alight from an electric car. Her dress catching, she was thrown down resulting in the breaking of both bones of the right leg below the knee. Dr. J. B. Rich treated the case and did all that could be done. Mrs. Comins will have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.



Boston University.

The Odean Concert Company of Boston University gave a very successful concert last Friday evening in the Jacob Sleeper Hall.

Pres. William F. Warren has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, to attend the conference of Presidents and Principals of Methodist institutions relative to forming a federation.

Miss Annie Hayden Webster delivered her second lecture on "Psychology and Physiology of Voice Production" Thursday afternoon in the college chapel. Her lectures have been quite largely attended and all seemed to enjoy them.

Numbers 2 and 3 of the University Beacon went out Saturday.

Prof. D. Dorchester, Jr., delivered a stereopticon lecture on art Tuesday afternoon. It was given especially for the class in Aesthetics but nearly all the students were present. The subject of the lecture was the "Development of the Ideal in Art."

The Boston University Glee Club have reorganized. They are said to be superior to all previous musical organizations in the college. They have dates at Newton, Amesbury, Newburyport, Roxbury, Ayer, Gardner, Merrimac, Portsmouth, Brockton and in the Jacob Sleeper Hall.

The Massachusetts Teachers' Association will meet at Jacob Sleeper Hall Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-8.

Boston, Nov. 11.

Harvard.

The sensation of the week has been the removal of the ban placed by the Faculty upon Corbett, Mackie, and Waters, and the restoration of those players to the football eleven. All students in the University have been anxiously awaiting this action, and the fact that every one of the men on probation has been restored has sent Harvard stock booming. There was no denying the feeling of almost despair which before existed over the outlook. Now all are hopeful, not to say confident, that the crimson's success of last year will be repeated on Saturday, November 21, at Hampden Park.

Thus far in the season, Harvard has won 436 points to her opponents' 10, having played eleven games. In nine games Yale has scored 384 points and lost none. The fact that Harvard has allowed her opponents to score exposes her weakness in defensive play, but the addition of Mackie and Waters will remedy that evil. The presence of the two great half-backs, Lake and Corbett is Harvard's strength. Captain Trafford is a beautiful kicker, and has the confidence of the college in his way of handling the eleven. Yale will not have the walkover which has been so confidently predicted by the Boston papers.

H. C. Lakin '94, W. H. S. '90, won the half-mile run in the Varsity handicap races last week. His start was 15 yards.

A Harvard Republican Club has been

formed with one hundred and fifty members. Several Worcester students are included.

Physical Training.

Now that our authorities are awake on this subject it will be well for them to pretty thoroughly consider all systems before they commit themselves to any one. Is it not possible to combine the advantages of several systems? Dr. J. Gardner Smith in a communication to the Board of Education of New York City, referring to various systems says: "The purely German system is too slow and not sufficiently recreative for the great mass of children, while the purely Swedish system requires too close attention on the part of the children demanding nearly the same nervous energy that is already being expended in study. The American system, as conducted in our colleges and academies is largely individual work which with the limited time, limited amount of apparatus and large number of children in our schools is impracticable. The system in our schools should be a rational system, founded on the principles of anatomy, physiology; comprising at the same time, education, recreation, discipline and other elements which tend to develop an all round man or woman. * * * * * The system of physical training in our public schools should not add mental strain but afford mental relaxation."

According to reports of the recent exhibitions in Continental Hall, some of the teachers found the exemplification of the Swedish system anything but restful. A very successful teacher of physical culture says, "While I lived in Boston I talked with many children who had no enthusiasm for the Swedish gymnastics and I was told that in Brooklyn, N. Y. the Swedish classes in the gymnasium were extremely small. * * * I hope the Worcester schools may not be confined to the Swedish system which is but a fraction of a physical training." It would be well for those having the matter in hand to hasten slowly. A reading of "The Gymnasium" edited by Ellen LaGarde, 29 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I., would be a valuable lesson. Any training that does not carry with it diversion and mild emulation will not be gratefully received by the children. After all, there will be as much or more in the teacher than in any particular system.

High School.

This week brings the first term of the school year to a close and now after ten weeks of hard work, we are waiting for the time when our reports shall be distributed. Some perhaps "with fear and trembling," while the majority will be proud of their marks. The class motto of '91 would be well worth remembering.

Mr. Perry's astronomy classes have been improving the mild and pleasant weather by taking observations of the heavens, the principal stars and constellations being pointed out and also the moon, Jupiter and the Pleiades viewed through the telescope.

Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the Glee Club held its regular meeting in the hall. Previous to the rehearsal, Mrs. Merriam sang a solo for which the club extended a vote of thanks.

Summer Club. Readings, G. A. Collie, H. A. Street; paper, G. R. Bliss; reading, A. F. Parrott; question—"Resolved that United States should take measures to increase her territory;" affirmative, J. W. Higgins, A. R. Taft, H. H. Hill; negative, E. W. Goodell, D. G. Burrage, H. A. Street; decided in the affirmative.

Assembly. The assembly felt highly complimented last Friday night, being favored with the presence of about twenty members of the Altheia accompanied by Miss C. P. Townsend. Declamation, E. W. Cutting; extemporé address, G. Ellinwood.

Eucleia. Declamations, W. E. Foran, J. McKenna, T. McGarroll; reading, J. Garvey; question—"Resolved that the United States was justified in taking action against Chili," affirmative, J. Curran, J. Murphy; negative, T. McDermott, F. Desmond; Mr. C. E. Dowd was elected president for the ensuing term.

Worcester Abroad.

Whenever a Worcester boy or girl climbs up the ladder of success, the city is glad to know it. Miss Nellie A. Murray was one of the bright girls, sent out from the High School in 1876. Then her name appeared in 1879 on the Normal School list of graduates. For twelve years, she was one of the most successful teachers in Worcester, latterly, being at Chandler Street along with Principal Bartlett. A few years ago, she began a course in physical training, finally graduating from a complete Normal System in Boston. While retaining her place in our city schools, she conducted classes in her own and other schools, among others a large and successful one in the High School. She was, also, the conductor of physical training in the Y. W. C. A. During the past Summer, she was at Chautauqua, doing very efficient work in that world famed resort. So excellent was her teaching, she received many offers of places, but finally accepted a very lucrative situation in Memphis, Tennessee. There in Clara Conway's school she is putting into practice her Boston lessons and training. It is a pity that Worcester should lose any part of Miss Murray's services. Perhaps when our schools receive the full benefit of innovations and physical culture comes in, Miss Murray may be recalled to make the scheme successful. Meanwhile, she will continue to instruct the Southern girls in this one of the most noted schools in the South. Her former teacher and associates in the Worcester schools rejoice in her success. In teaching young women how to maintain sound bodies, she is doing a work whose final results she can never live to see.

Amherst.

The only events of interest in the Amherst world at present are the foot ball games of the Eastern League in which the brawn and brain of Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth are pitted against each other. The Amherst-Williams game at Amherst Nov. 20 will practically decide the championship for 1891.

The faculty is at present considering a change in the scientific course leading to the degree of B. S., with the intention of hereafter giving to the students in that course greater liberty in the selection of studies. The plans for the new laboratories are completed and

these buildings when completed will give the space required for the desired increase in the departments of physics and chemistry.

The subject of required attendance at church has been given another vigorous discussion in the columns of the Student. The sentiment of the college is overwhelmingly in favor of voluntary attendance.

Polytechnic.

At a recent meeting of the trustees, important changes in the hour plan for the Mechanics were adopted. A slight summary is as follows. No French is to be given at the Institute, but the requirements for admission in that study are to be raised. Less time is to be devoted to free drawing and physics and more to mechanics and electricity. The apprentices will have more mathematics than heretofore. German is to be confined to five hours a week for the Junior and first half of middle year. English is to come the last half of the middle year to avoid conflict with mechanics of which there was so much conflict last Spring. Some mechanics and steam engineering comes the last half of the middle year. It is understood also, that those students who wish to make up half their shop practice the summer preceding their Senior year, may do so, and that time during the term may be spent in the electrical laboratories. These changes are a great improvement raising the standard, and broadening the course.

The middlears have appointed committees to arrange for their half-year supper.

Students are disturbed at the persistence with which the editor of LIGHT calls the Tech the "Free Institute!!!" If he paid \$150 tuition, \$30 for drawing instruments, \$500 for laboratory fee, especially if he didn't go near the laboratory during the term, fifty cents for a physical examination, 10 cents soap bill, 7 cents for having his little exercises bound and the same amount for paper at each examination, and 4 cents each sheet for "free" drawing, to say nothing of locker-key and breakage, he would then, we think, adopt the more modern title of institute.

Mr. C. H. Dwinwell '94 of Fitchburg has returned from the West and will soon re-enter school. Monday he called upon a few of his old friends.

The students petitioned for the half-day usually given to field sports, and it has been granted. Hence school will close at noon the day before Thanksgiving.

The November number of the W P I will appear Monday with four extra pages, owing to press of foot-ball matter. It contains particulars of changes in hour-plan, an article on "What Constitutes an Electrical Engineer?" by Dr. Kimball, descriptions of the new musical collections, articles on University extension, the recent press troubles at Wellesley, and history of foot-ball, etc., etc. Communications, editorials, college notes and technicalities fill up the remainder. It is an unusually interesting number.

The collection of minerals which belonged to the late John B. Gough, has been purchased and added to the institute collections.

Probably the last foot-ball game of the Tech occurred this afternoon, when the W. P. I. eleven plays Wesleyan at Middletown, Conn.

Interest in foot-ball has been so great this

year, that it is probable a very large delegation of students will go to Springfield next Saturday to see Lake and the Howards play McCClurg's men.

A. W. Edson.

At the Session of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, now in progress in Concord, State Agent A. W. Edson of this city is an important factor. He spoke Friday at 3:10 p. m., on Topical Instruction and, today, at 9:45 he considers Professional Improvement (with course of Reading.)

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A standard pitch was adopted by the piano manufacturers of New York at a meeting held last week. The committee, of which Wm. Steinway was chairman, and which has been working for months upon the matter, reported in favor of the standard French, Austrian and Italian pitch of 435 A double vibrations in a second of time, 68° Fahrenheit. The report was unanimously adopted, and the foregoing was declared to be the national pitch, to go into effect by July 1, 1892, all manufacturers agreeing to tune their musical instruments, of whatever nature, accordingly. The new pitch is 17 vibrations lower than that now used.

The original book of words of Handel's "Messiah" as performed for the first time in Dublin, has been picked up on an old Dublin bookstall by Prof. Dowden and reprinted for private circulation. The owner, "J. M." has roughly jotted down in pencil the names at the first performance, from which it appears that My Redeemer" was sung by a lady soprano. "Thy Rebuke" also by a lady soprano. "Behold a Virgin" by a male alto, "For He is like a Refiners Fire" by a bass and "Since by Man" by the chorus. The "Hallelujah Chorus" occupies the same place as now, thus the story that it was originally the last in the work is proven false.

The Fire Escape.

"Look before you leap" is a very good piece of advice to follow, else sometime you will regret the leap, as did the parties in the following incident. It was during one of the late fairs in Mechanic Hall. A young gentleman and young lady were listening to the entertainment but were obliged to stand. It occurred to them that it would be more comfortable to have a seat in the gallery than to stand on the floor. Near the front of the gallery is a door marked Exit, and below it is another door with the same words over it. Now they reasoned that if these doors were to go out of they must also be to come in by, and that a stair-case must connect them. So they started to go to the gallery this way. The first door opened onto stairs leading down, but the second door they tried came out upon stairs going up, they were in the Fire Escape. On reaching the level of the gallery what was their dismay to find that the door opened only from the inside, and they were obliged to go back. But this door was like the one above with knob only on the inside. How were they to get out? One tried to attract attention of those on the inside by rapping, but the other did not want to be discovered in this plight, so they took

the only way of getting out, and going down the Escape came in again at the front door. They were recognized by the door-keeper, and allowed to enter without any questions being asked. What he may have imagined as to the way they got out is not told. They vowed they would keep this adventure to themselves, but here are the facts as they happened. Next time they go out of a door they will see whether it can be opened from the other side.

Death Cometh!

"To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late."

"The young may, the old must die." But poetry and aphorisms cannot reconcile us to the approach of him who cometh surely to every one. Rarely is he a welcome guest. For days he had seemed nearing the home of Elwood Adams, No. 8 Dix Street, but the disease was stayed, the little boy was recovering. It was deemed fitting to recall to her home the little Daisy who had been sent away when the illness proved to be diphtheria. Alas! Her return was too early for she soon sickened and from her loving parents' arms, she passed on to the hereafter. How brief the story told in the following lines,

"In this city, 2d, of diphtheria, Hazel Estella, only daughter of Elwood and Carrie E. Adams, 4yrs. 2 mos. 8 days."

Only a few days ago and the neighboring little ones gathered to make merry with Daisy and her brother over a birthday. What pleasure they had in their innocent sport! How bright the future looked to children and parents; but over all this happiness blew the chill wind of death and blight and desolation follow. Kind friends may extend the helping hand and speak the sympathetic word, for very likely to them also has come the chilling touch, but they cannot fill the vacant chair. A beautiful little life has ended here to be continued in another, and we trust, a brighter world. Many hearts sorrow with the stricken household.

"In this city, 8th, Arthur F., son of John P. and Emily E. Newton, 5 yrs. 11 mos. 22 days."

This notice gives no idea of the grief that filled a Park Avenue home when, last Sunday afternoon, the little boy was reported drowned. One moment, full of childish glee and life, he rushes from the house to the neighboring Elm Park and when next fond eyes rest upon him, it is only cold clay eyes rest upon him, which had quickened it, had fled. No man can describe just how the little boy found his way into the cold waters of the Park, but there his body was found, with his blue cap upon his head and just on the surface of the water. At first, no one knew him, but there soon appeared the father searching for his boy. If grief could only recall our loved ones! While they are with us, let us hold them more closely. Let them, in their early days, be less out of our sight. Let us hold to a strict accountability those into whose hands we temporarily entrust them, then if the worst comes we shall have no vain regrets. Many an eye was moistened Monday morning, as the sad news of the drowning was read. We cannot call back from the echoless shore but we can tell the parents of our sympathy with them.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.

I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

ALARCON, P. A. de. Brunhilda; or the last act of Norma; tr. by Mrs. F. J. A. Darr 34604
 BAAS, J. H. Outlines of the history of medicine, etc., tr. by H. E. Handerson 34605
 BAZAN, E. P. Morriña; tr. by M. J. Serrano 34606
 BESANT, W. St Katherine's by the Tower 34607
 BLAKE, J. V. St. Solifer with other worthies and unworthies 34608
 BLOKDE, G. (ps. S. Sterne) The story of two lives 34609
 BOVENSEN, H. H. Against heavy odds; tale of Norse heroism 34610
 CHADWICK, J. W. Faith on the earth; and other sermons 34611
 COOK, W. W. The corporation problem 34612
 DOLE, C. F. The American citizen 34613
 EASTMAN, M. F. The biography of Dio Lewis 34614
 ENAULT, L. Carine; story of Sweden; tr. by L. da Kowalewska 34615
 FREMONT, J. B. The will and the way stories 34616
 FROTHINGHAM, O. B. Recollections and impressions, 1822-1890 34617
 GUVAN, J. M. Education and heredity, 2d ed., tr. by W. J. Greenstreet 34618
 HARLAND, H. (ps. S. Luska) Mea Culpa; a woman's last word 34619
 HARTZELL, J. H. Application and achievement 34620
 HAWES, H. R. The broad church; or, What is Coming? 34621
 HAWTHORN, J. and LEMMON, L. American literature; an elementary text book 34622
 HITCHCOCK, F. H. The handbook of Amherst, Mass. 34623
 HOLMES, M. J. Marguerite 34624
 HOMADAY, W. T. Taxidermy and zoological collecting 34625
 JACKSON, J. P. The Bayreuth of Wagner 34626
 JANVIER, T. A. The uncle of an angel; and other stories 34627
 KEATS, J. Letters to his family and friends; ed. by S. Colvin 34628
 KING, C. Captain Blake 34629
 Trials of a staff officer 34630
 LUCIANUS. The Greek Gulliver; stories fr. Lucian; ed. by A. J. Church 34631
 MANN, H. Life and works, 5 vols. 34632-6
 MUSKITTICK, R. K. Farming 34637
 MURRAY, W. H. H. The mystery of the woods; and The man who missed it 34638
 PAGE, T. N. On Newfound River 34639
 PALGRAVE, F. T. ed. The golden treasury of the best songs and lyrical poems in the Eng. lang. 34640
 PETERMAN, A. L. Elements of civil government 34641
 ROCHE, J. J. The story of the filibusters 34642

ROCHE, W. J. ed. Tales from Scottish history in prose and verse 34643
 RUSSELL, G. W. E. William Ewart Gladstone 34644
 RUSSELL, W. C. Master Rockafellar's voyage 34645
 SALES, P. The price of a coronet; tr. by Mrs. B. Lewis 34646
 SANBORN, K. Adopting an abandoned farm 34647
 SANBORN, M. F. Sweet and twenty Scott, W. Marmion; with notes by D. H. M. (Classics for children) 34648
 SPALDING, J. L. Education and the higher life 34649
 SPENCER, H. Justice; being Part 4 of the Principles of Ethics 34650
 STEPHENS, H. M. The story of Portugal (the story of the nations) 34651
 STREET, J. C. The hidden way across the threshold 34652
 TAINE, H. A. The modern régime; tr. by J. Durand, vol. 1 34654
 UPHAM, C. E. Salem witchcraft in outline, 2d ed. 34656
 WORDSWORTH, W. Wordsworth for the young; selections ed. by C. M. St. John 34657
 ZAGOSKIN, M. Tales of three centuries; tr. by J. Curtin 34658

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

The Chautauquan.

The October number contains illustrated articles on the Battle of Bunker Hill, Domestic and Social Life in the Colonies, the Nibelungen-Lied and George Washington, the frontispiece belonging with the latter article. The history of America is still further given in Political Parties, Land Tenure and National Agencies for Scientific Research, which is devoted to the work of the Smithsonian Institution. Maurice Thompson tells of the Theory of Fiction Making. For the general reader there are articles on Social Science in Society, by John Habberton; Birmingham, a Well Governed Republic; and another article in the series on different nationalities: the Bohemians in America by T. Capek. A new feature begun in this number is a page of photographs of noted women, Mrs. J. H. Vincent, Mrs. M. A. Livermore, Mrs. S. K. Bolton, Miss Grace King. The Woman's Council Table has much of interest to women. The pages devoted to the C. L. S. C. offer many suggestions and helps to those who are reading the course. This magazine is for the information of the people, its sphere is popular education. Current events are handled by men well qualified to deal with such questions, and questions of history are treated as well. Published at Meadville, Pa., \$2 a year.

The November number of Outing is a remarkable one, both for number and beauty of illustrations and variety of interesting reading matter. This excellent magazine has improved so rapidly of late that it is difficult to understand how the publisher's manage to secure the astonishing variety of high class contribution. The current issue is proof positive that Outing is in able hands. The contents are: "With the Humboldt Trappers," by Charles

Howard Shinn; "Field Trial Winners of 1890," (concluded) by E. H. Morris; "Harry's Career at Yale," (continued) by John Seymour Wood; "A Cohutta Valley Shooting Match," by Will N. Harben; "Reminiscences of Irish Sport," by T. Murphy; "Fox Shooting in the Hudson Highlands," by W. B. Page; "Orthochromatic Films and Plates," by Ellsie Wallace; "Florida Razorbarks," by J. M. Murphy; "The Wild Goose in Nebraska," by "C. A. J.;" "My First Tale," by C. B. Bradford; "The Running Broad Jump," (concluded) by Malcolm F. Ford, "The National Guard of California," by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A.; "How I Lost My Thanksgiving Turkey" by Ed. W. Sandys; "A Plea for Style in Boxing," by A. Austen; "Saddle and Scentiment," (continued) by Wenona Gilman; "Football of 1891," by Walter Camp; "Horseback Sketches," by Jessie F. O'Donnell; "Canoeing on the Flathead," by James Ollason; "A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord," by Virginus Dalney; "Told in the Twilight," by Alfred C. Stokes; and the usual editorials, poems and records by the standard writers on sport, etc.

Ingalis' Home Art Magazine, published by J. F. Ingalis, Lynn, Mass.

The first attraction in this number is the colored plate, Lone Rock, with the waves dashing over it and throwing their spray high in air. Directions for painting it are given as well as for the treatment of the other studies contained in the magazine. There is a page devoted to the sketch of J. Foxcroft Cole. We have cookery for the holiday of the month, pansies for water color, something in scorch work just now so popular, some decorations for the house, and several pages of lace and fancy work, in all making a number fully worth the money. Price \$1. per year.

The Shield of Love by B. L. Farjeon, Henry Holt & Co., publishers, New York, 40 cents.

We have before us a new novel bearing a popular name as its author. The scene is in London and brings in many types most of them being among the lower class of people. The outside cover gives one a good idea of the inside of the book for a huge spider web with its occupant and a poor moth just entering it are shown. It is hard to believe that such a man as Mr. Fox Cordery ever could have existed even in the writer's brain, but in spite of a doubt concerning his identity we are none the less glad when his schemes come to naught and his intended victims are sheltered by loving hearts.

The Artist Printer, another of those products in which Chicago excels is here for November. Everything in it is practical and good, not excepting Volapuk. "A Chinese Printing Office," showing how little advancement the crystalized people make, is out of the usual line. The letters from all parts of the country are particularly valuable, especially those from Boston and New York.

The combination of ingredients found in Ayer's Pills renders them tonic and curative as well as cathartic. For this reason they are the best medicine for people of costive habit, as they restore the natural action of the bowels, without debilitating.

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We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to one of the most daring, if not the most marvellous achievement, that has yet been accomplished in the publishing world. We refer to a new and most valuable publication, entitled "Shepp's Photographs of the World," representing renowned picturesque scenery, historic castles, views of cities, avenues, buildings, monuments, copies of celebrated paintings and artistic statuary, collected from every corner of the world.

It includes every thing of any interest through Great Britain, from the Blarney Castle to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and from the Hills of Scotland to the South Coast of England; through Europe, from Gibraltar and Italy in the South to Hammerfest in Norway—the most northern town in the world—and to Constantinople and the Russian Mines in Siberia in the far East.

Through Africa, from the Suez Canal, Egypt and the Nile in the East to Cape of Good Hope in the South and life among the Natives in the interior, West and North; through Asia and the Orient, from the Holy Land, Arabia and Persia in the West to India, China, Japan, Australia and the Islands of the Pacific in the South and East.

Through Spanish South America, from Terra del Fuego to Panama; through the Central American States and Mexico—land of the Aztecs; through Alaska, Greenland, British North America and Canada.

Through the United States, from the Golden Gate in the West to the Rocky Coast of New England in the East, and from the Lake cities in the North to the Cotton States in the South, forming one of the finest, rarest, wealthiest, most beautiful, interesting and historic collections of Photographs ever seen.

The Photographs representing master paintings and works of art, taken from the French Salon, Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, Dresden, Uffizi, Pitti and Vatican Galleries, are direct and accurate reproductions of the famous originals. Their value is so great that the wealth of nations could not buy them. No collection like this has ever before been found between the lids of any book.

Every photograph is carefully explained in from four to six lines printed matter, in an accurate, concise and most interesting manner. So great has been the demand for this book already, that the publishers immediately translated the English explanations into Swedish and German, printing the book in three languages within four weeks, and we understand that a Spanish edition is now in course of preparation.

The work is issued by the Globe Bible Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, Penn. The publishers, who are wide awake, and know how to meet the wants of the masses, have placed the retail prices marvellously low, ranging from \$3.25 to \$7.00, according to the style of binding, giving every one an opportunity to purchase a copy.

Mr. E. H. Chamberlain, 3 Clarence Street, is the local representative for this community, and we trust that this announcement to our many readers may prepare every one to receive him cordially. A postal card to his address will receive early attention.

Books and Bookmen

How They Do It.

A few days ago The Sun newspaper of this city published a prospectus, in the guise of an editorial, relating what great things it was going to do in the future in a literary way. This prospectus has caused much comment in the columns of provincial papers, and was, in substance, to the effect that The Sun had purchased various literary matter for future use for which it had paid the following sums:

To W. D. Howells, for a novel, \$10,000.

To R. L. Stevenson, for South Sea letters, \$10,000.

To Mark Twain, for a novel, \$12,000.

To Mark Twain, for a series of European letters, \$1,200 each.

In the first place The Sun has not purchased from any of the writers named any literary matter at any price. The purchase was made by one S. S. McClure, the owner of what is called a newspaper syndicate, and what he purchased will be peddled out to any paper in the country that will buy. Thus, what The Sun leads the public to believe is exclusive matter written for and paid for by itself, is a lot of stuff, readable or not as your opinion suggests, that will be published simultaneously all over the country.

Second, it would require a surgical operation to put the belief into the head of any man who is acquainted with the rates of literary compensation that the sums named as purchase price are bona-fide. They are inflated about fivefold—"necessarily for publication, but not as a matter of good faith."

Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Howells. The most successful novel he ever wrote was "A Hazard of New Fortunes." For the serial rights of that book he received from the Harpers the sum of \$3,000. After publication in the magazine it was brought out in book form, two volumes at \$2, for which he gets the usual royalty of ten per cent. on sales. The first edition, five thousand copies, is not yet exhausted, and probably never will be; and on that number of copies his royalty would be \$1,000 more. Then it was published in paper covers at seventy-five cents; the royalty from a sale of eight thousand copies of which yielded him another \$600. Thus, all told, his profits on that one novel have not greatly exceeded \$4,500. And as that is at the rate of \$30 a thousand words, he doubtless feels satisfied. It is sure that no other book paid him as much. Yet now The Sun has the effrontery to state that it, or Mr. McClure, has paid the same man \$10,000 for the mere serial-rights of a novel smaller in size. Applying the rule that may almost invariably be applied to the figures of a newspaper—that is, dividing by five—we have \$2,000 as the price paid. That is probably the correct figure; for Mr. McClure has the reputation of being the diametric opposite of a fool.

In the case of Stevenson there is little to be said. If you have read any of his South Sea

letters you can appraise the price given for them as well as anybody. If Mr. Stevenson were in the South Seas as a reporter attached to the Sun's staff, I venture to say that he would be getting a monthly check for something in the neighborhood of \$40. And then the check would frequently be accompanied by a letter from the managing editor, Lord, which would cause the genius to weep and gnash his teeth. However, it is rumored that the "Letters" are written by the young kinsman of Stevenson's wife—the youth by the name of Osborne who works the great man has before now fathered. In that case \$10,000 is criminal.

The figures given in regard to Mark Twain are probably that gentleman's figures himself. The great American clown knows the value of advertising—even if he does not know the value of himself. Twelve thousand is the price that most people of ordinary refinement would ask for reading the novel he has written. I should dislike to meet the man who would read the letters at any price. Although \$1,200 a letter is more than double what I receive from the Spectator, I am not jealous, but merely wish to inject a modicum of truth into the wild statements that the press makes without winking or turning a hair.

RHODES MACKNIGHT in Spectator.

Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery, by Justin Winsor, Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1891.

The monuments of some men are of marble or bronze. Towering columns and shafts tell the story, at times, of long and useful lives. The good that men do, occasionally lives on, perpetuating the history that was all too brief in itself. Again a man links his name indissolubly with a book and to this class belongs Justin Winsor who, for many years, must be recalled as the historian *par excellence* of America's discoverer. Dr. Edward Everett Hale has recently written a life of Columbus, vastly entertaining for a brief reading, and he can lay very little claim to knowledge of literature who has not been delighted over Irving's masterful volumes. But Irving wrote long ago. Since his day, there have been discoveries, if not equal to those made by Columbus, at least, they have a strong bearing on his life. The biographer draws from every possible source. As the compiler of the most successful History of America yet written, the Librarian of Harvard had already made extensive researches in Columbian literature, when the approach of the quadricentennial of the discovery rendered a complete life of the man and his times desirable. In an elegantly bound royal octavo of 674 pages may be found about all that the student needs to know of the most famous man in the 15th Century. To give an idea of the wealth of matter in the volume it may be stated that there are six different engravings of Columbus, besides pictures of his early biographers. There are cuts of maps of the earliest period, of a supposed drawing by Columbus, and of his manuscript. One of the most interesting illustrations is that of the letter written by the discoverer and for which the Boston Public Library paid an immense sum in 1890 at the sale of the Barlow collection. Every map that could possibly illustrate the subject is

presented. There are excellent portraits of Vespucci, De Leon, Balboa, Magellan and many other navigators and astronomers. The Appendix is a very full resumé of the wisdom of the ancients concerning earth and heaven. In fine, Mr. Winsor has left no corner unsearched that could produce the information for this book. The story of the early life of the discoverer, his wanderings, his entreaties and his many failures, all this is told in a graphic manner. Then comes his voyage which reveals another world. The successive voyages follow, bringing to the indefatigable seaker honor and disappointment; glory and chains. Add to the rhetoric of Irving, the illustrative drawings of this volume along with the results of more than fifty years of study and an idea may be had of the value of Winsor's book.

One of the most curious parts of the work is a genealogical record of the Columbus family, from the great Christopher down to a son of Christoval born in 1878, the 16th in direct line from the discoverer. When his father dies, he will become the Duke of Veragna, whose income, some eight or ten thousand dollars a year, is derived from the revenues of Cuba and Porto Rico. This line is from female descent, the male issue failing several years after the death of Columbus. There is a picture of the ruins of Diego Columbus's palace in Santa Domingo. The concluding 250 pages of the volume are devoted to Geographical Results. The chapter is accompanied by almost as many maps as there are pages. Ptolemy with his queer calculations appears and the story is told, through the whole array of wise men, mapmakers and voyagers, through Vadianus, Apianus, Schöner and Munster to Mercator and McClure's discovery of the Northwest passage in 1850.

All classes of people will read this life of Columbus with interest and profit. The student will study it for an increase of knowledge. The general reader will find it entertaining, while the business man will find its pages restful and its illustrations diverting. It should have been stated earlier that the first thirty pages are devoted to a sketch of the sources of information, from which some notion may be had of the magnitude of the task and the amount of sifting necessary to deduce the book. For sale by the Denholm McKay Company, \$4.

"Mark Twain's" wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When "Mark" first met her he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected. "Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try." After a while he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl: "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came the most difficult part of his task—to address the old gentleman. "Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "What? what?" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply,

apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry. "Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "No, indeed," replied the magnate sternly; "no, sir, I have not." "Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad"; and that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

"The Best of Children's Magazines."

The publishers of St. Nicholas, that famous young folks' magazine, are offering to send a sample copy, free of charge, to any father or mother who would like to consider the question of taking a children's magazine during the year to come.

Certainly if that question is up for discussion in any household St. Nicholas will be the magazine selected. From its first number, in 1873, the pens of the greatest writers of the English world and the pencils of the most famous illustrators, have been at its service. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor. Everything in it is illustrated.

In 1892

there are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Majorie and her Papa"), Laura E. Richards, William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Caryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin") and Frances Courtenay Baylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Halleck Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Octave Thanet, Gen. O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge and Lieutenant Schwatka, and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of Our Country" the Great American Desert, the Cliff Dwellings of Arizona, and other interesting places will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag" and "Boys and the National Guard" the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

Applied Christianity

is what St. Nicholas teaches; unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and girls? If so, and if you are not already familiar with St. Nicholas, send a postal card to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y., and ask to see a sample copy. A year's subscription to St. Nicholas makes a splendid Christmas present, for it brings Christmas twelve times a year.

Arnold and Whitman

Not all the poetic sentiment was expended in the earlier days. We remember how Rare

Ben Johnson visited Drummond of Hawthornden, and Byron's lines to Moore will linger in the memory of everyone who has read them; but the scene in Camden, N. J., where Edwin Arnold went over from Philadelphia to call on Walt Whitman, Monday, Nov. 2d, is worthy of a painter's brush. Our Good Gray Poet, confined to his chair, but surrounded by books and papers, was effusively greeted by the Englishman who wrote "The Light of Asia." For an hour and more these masters of verse recited the other's lines, till tears stood in their eyes and joy shone on the faces of the listeners. Arnold, in departing, declared Whitman to stand next to Emerson.

The November number of the Architect and Builders' Edition of the Scientific American contains much that will interest house owners and house builders. The cover is a study, containing as it does pictures of the General Exhibition Building at Philadelphia, the capitol at Washington and the famous Brooklyn Bridge. It has twelve pictures of houses with plans of floors beside a large number of parts of structures with decorations. Many a castle may be built from designs represented here.

Education for November has an assemblage of interesting articles. Dr. Edward Everett Hale could not be other than entertaining if he tried; but in telling his readers how he was educated he certainly is not trying to be prosy. Many will remember his article on the same subject in the Forum, some years ago. Of course he could not treat the same topic without some repetitions, but very likely many readers of this magazine have not read the first one. LIGHT finds a second reading very pleasant. Many teachers might find benefit from its perusal. General Butler's College reminiscences are Butlerian and what further comment is necessary? Wm. M. Thayer has a valuable contribution, "Facts, not Theories, the Basis of Education," while Principal Albert G. Boyden describes the new Normal School Building at Bridgewater. Editorial matter and correspondence are, as usual, instructive.

The Inland Printer for this month exhibits the usual wealth of pictures and information. "The Influence of Pictorial Illustrations upon Literature" should be read by every newspaper man. "To the Young Man in the Printing Business" is excellent advice. For practical every day advice, the Printer has never issued a better number. "The Contest of Composing Machines" is the title of an article on Type Setting machinery. It is probable, that at no distant day machinery will do away with hand work in regular work.

The Dix Trees.

There is no George P. Morris to stay the woodman's hands as he lays low the growth of scores of years. The elms on Main Street said to date from Dr. Elijah Dix are coming down. The sidewalk committee is out in force, but it can do nothing to stop the destruction. The walk on the East side is to be narrowed and the trees must come down. Soon our Main Street will be as bare of shade as lower Broadway or Washington Street, Boston. Trade makes hard demands at times.



The Dodge Homestead in Sutton.

New England is full of edifices whose timbers, were they able to talk, could tell the stories of Indian and Revolutionary wars. The one pictured, on this page, was erected before 1750.

"Georgius Secundus was then alive."

It was in the days when Englishmen talked of Dettingen and Fontenoy. Its newness had worn off when Wolfe triumphed and died at Quebec. In 1750, there had been no Stamp Act and no talk of a Continental Congress. In the history of Sutton, we learn that Samuel Streeter first owned this farm and that it was one of eight farms laid out on a road near the Oxford and Auburn lines, in fact the section is called, "The Eight Lots." The house does not stand on a main road but the walled lane, seen at the right, leads up to it. Streeter probably built the original edifice and he sold to Isaac Dodge in 1749. The purchaser was born in Boxford where he was born. He was a son of William, whose father lived in Wenhams. He was descended from one of three brothers who came to America in 1629. One settled on Block Island and from him came the New York Dodges. The others stopped in Salem and from them have descended those bearing the name in this state. General Grenville M. Dodge of Iowa, the chief engineer of the Union Pacific R. R. belongs to this branch. For several generations, Isaac's descendants lived here and in this house Silas H. was born in 1779, a grandson of the first comer. He was one of those adventurous Massachusetts

young men, who, finding themselves crowded in their old home, undertook to make homes for themselves in the then wilds of Maine. His home was in Harpswell, near Portland, where he followed the business of grocer and dealer in ships' stores. He died in Lisbon, Me., 1829. His son, Benjamin J., so long connected with Charles Hamilton in the printing business, was born in Maine but, like many other people of that state, he gravitated back to the old home. In 1874 he purchased the estate and still holds it, though it is occupied by his cousin, David S. Dodge. The latter was born in 1816, a son of Isaac who was the third of that name to live in this house. The place is conducive to longevity, for the last Isaac was nearly ninety at death and David is beyond the three score and ten allotted to men.

Here is an unbroken record of 142 years of holding by one family. Seventy-five acres of land, whose surface has been turned over and over by people of the same name; acres that have yielded a sustenance to hundreds, and the story is not told yet. If there is any sentiment whatever in the human soul, it must be aroused at the sight of such a building as this wherein have been born many who grew here to adulthood. Here they were sought in marriage or went hence to a neighbor's home to tell the "Owre true tale" and, in time, installed here as mistress some adored one, known perhaps from infancy. All the pleasures and privations of a New England life were known within these walls. Thanksgiving dinners, good enough for a king, have been eaten here, and here, too, the aged patriarch and his companion have laid themselves down to the final sleep.

It was a New Englander who had wandered to the wide, level and spacious West. Land, land, land every where. Almost a boundless vision, with nothing to obstruct, yet he exclaimed, "I would give miles of this territory for several rods of the old stone fence that still surrounds the old home or checker-boards the hillside in Massachusetts." Perhaps it was not this Sutton place that he had in mind but it would seem that the boy or girl, reared in the Dodge homestead, must have had stone walls indelibly fixed in memory.

There is nothing gaudy nor showy in the homes of our ancestors. Those worthies didn't believe in French roofs and Queen Anne nooks and corners. They were genuine utilitarians and they wanted lots of room. What they built, staid. Winds, rains and snows beat in vain upon such structures. Plumbers and repairers, generally, would die of starvation were all buildings to be made as thoroughly as this one. The house is not all of the same age. That part nearest us is called "The Rogers Side" in memory of a Widow Rogers whom a Dodge married over in Oxford and brought hither to be the queen of his household. Her first husband, Richard Rogers, had been a school-master in Oxford for more than twenty years. Very likely the new histories of Oxford will tell us more of this gentleman whose widow going to "Ye neighboring town" gave a name to an ancient mansion.

The picture will bear a deal of study. While it can be duplicated in New England, no where else under the sun can its like be found. The aged elms overshadowing the house and giving comfort to the yard are pe-

cular to our clime. Where else can be found the well sweep which lets down the bucket to liquid depths, raising thence the brimming contents. There can be no reservoir troubles on that estate. The stone walls suggest stability, the staying quality for which New England is noted.

Though swarms have repeatedly left this parent hive, never since its original occupancy, has there been wanting a Dodge as head of the house. Generations have come and gone but the house and surroundings continue. Very likely, its garrets, perhaps its living rooms will reveal traces of the first Isaac and his good wife, Mehetabel, and it was a particularly patriotic act on the part of Mr. Dodge to purchase and keep this ancient holding. As a link connecting this active, driving present with the solid, honest past, may the building long continue to cover the family, whose story is so thoroughly identified with it.

What a Fall was There!

The first case won by a woman lawyer in this state was that in Boston, Friday, the 6th inst., when Mrs. Anna C. Fall, counsel for Coleman Tierney secured a verdict for him against the Norcross Bros. of this city. Worcester is particularly interested, in that Col. W. S. B. Hopkins was the opposing counsel. Mrs. Fall is a recent graduate of the Boston University, Liberal Arts and Law School. Her husband, also a lawyer, was a class-mate.

Reform Club.

With President Robinson in the chair, the club celebrated the first anniversary of Thomas Clark's signing the pledge. Congratulatory speeches were made by Alex. Comrie, P. H. Durkin, H. E. Walker, C. B. Knight, J. H. Hession, James Laying and Major F. G. Stiles. Mr. Clark responded feelingly and appropriately and by the president was presented with a club badge. Good work, such as this.

AMONG THE LOCAL ARTISTS.

The members of the Art Students' Club are busy making arrangements for the Fall exhibition which will be held in the club's gallery, 405 Main Street, Nov. 16 to 26, inclusive. The exhibition will include oils, water colors and studies in black and white, most of them being work done by the members since the Spring exhibition. Besides the local members who will exhibit, S. P. Rolt Triscott, a well known artist from Boston and a member of the club, will send several pictures, as will also, probably, several other Boston artists, who are members. There will be the usual opening to members and friends Monday evening after which the exhibition will be open to the public. The decoration committee consists of Miss Anna Ballard and Halleck Bartlett and the hanging committee of L. M. Nason, J. H. Greenwood, Herbert L. Jilsson, W. T. Hunt and Albert F. Simmons. In connection with the exhibition a catalogue, similar to that of last Spring, will be published and will contain more illustrations, from original drawings by members, than the last one. Mr. Eben Harrington, the president of the club, has charge of its arrangements.

Miss Janet L. Howard, a member of the Art Students' Club will teach drawing at Cambridge, Mass., three evenings in the week during the Winter.

An Uncommon Case.

A True Story of the War.

Among the thousands of young men who found themselves in the great army of the North, in the late Rebellion, and who had gained admission to the ranks by deceiving the recruiting officers as to their ages, was David Merriam. He had been caught, in the first outburst of the call to arms, with a very earnest desire to enlist. But, being only seventeen years of age, he found he must gain his parents, consent to his going, before he would be accepted by the officers as a recruit. This he tried to get from them several times, but they refused for, while they wished that the Northern army might be speedily victorious, yet to send her darling David, his mother thought at his tender age was more than she could think of. There was one other son named James, at that time fifteen years old.

David was so determined to go, that one morning he arose very soon after midnight, stole down stairs and out of doors and walked many miles to the recruiting station where he enlisted, and passed the examination, giving his age as nineteen. He felt as if he was as capable as any of the men with whom he was to share the fortunes of camp life. They gathered about him and engaged in conversation with him, as to the probable destination of the regiment, or the length of time that the war might continue. Thus he found himself at seventeen years of age in a position where he was an equal with men of more than twice his age; that position meant that they might be shot down like so much game. Such are the fortunes of war.

To none had David confided his plan of stealing out of his chamber secretly, and running away to enlist, except Annie Sharon. In her tender years, being about a year younger than David, she thought it was truly a patriotic thing for him to go to war, although she told him with grief and sorrow pictured in her face, that she should miss him so much when he was where she could not see him often, and perhaps never again. "O David," she cried, "if you should be shot and should die, how could I endure to think of it." But David cheered her up as best he could; telling her, he most likely would not be gone long, for even then there had been considerable talk that the war would soon come to an end. Then he would tell her that he might come back with some rank, as an officer, which his bravery or behavior had won for him. And as he pictured these possibilities to her, her childish heart would enter into the plan, with her patriotism wrought to its highest point, and that night as he told her he was going to run away and join the regiment, then recruiting a few miles off, she kissed him when they parted good night perhaps forever—and told him he was a brave boy, and that she would try and be a brave girl, and when he was far away upon the field of battle may be,—or in camp, or hospital, to think of Annie as true to him.

Though David did not appear at the breakfast table that morning after his departure, his parents did not, at first, think of it as of great importance. Perhaps he had risen early and

gone out with his gun hunting, but on looking where David kept his hunting implements, his mother found them in their accustomed place. Then perhaps he had gone out with some of the boys, on some pretext or other. They believed he would be home soon. But as the morning came to noon, and the day turned to night, and David returned not, his mother began to mistrust the real cause and anxiously entreated her husband to go over to the recruiting station and bring her boy back to her, for she could not spare her innocent boy to go into this cruel war, to be shot down perhaps and killed, or become sick where her tender loving hands could not minister to his comfort. But Mr. Merriam, who had been considerably irritated by the constant appeals from his son for permission to enlist, replied, "Better let him go mother, he won't be easy, until he gets into the war." With this answer he would go about his work, leaving poor Mrs. Merriam to wait out her distress by herself, which she would do by walking the floor, swinging her hand and crying "David, my dear son, come back, come back to your mother, I cannot let you go." Often also would she go out to the front gate and look away down the road; straining her eyes to take in the farthest point observable, in the distant bend of the highway, which led in the direction of the camp. Eagerly would she scan every object, with her faulty eye-sight, which came within her view, as some possible token of her son's returning, while every stranger who passed, when he appeared in the distance, she would endeavor to imagine as David coming back to her again. But as every object floated away from sight and each traveler passed quietly along, bent upon his own mission, hope would give away to fear, and fear to despair and she would return slowly to her kitchen almost overcome by her grief. It was a great joy to her when David arrived home early one morning to stay a few days on a furlough, before starting for the war. How doubly-dear her boy seemed to her now. How queer his youthfulness appeared dressed in his uniform! She noticed that the easy off-hand manner of her boy had given way to a studied bearing. These different features, so unlike the former semblance of her boy would go as daggers to her heart, reminding her of her future, when he would be far away in the camp, perhaps on the battle-field, or in the hospital. How could she devote him to such a destiny? In vain she renewed her entreaties for her husband to interfere in her behalf. In vain she implored her son to give up his intention to go to war, and return home. It did not avail. In hope to calm her fears David would say to her, "Mother, I shan't be gone long anyway, and when I come home you'll be proud of me." And she would ask him if he did not think she was proud of him then.

Notwithstanding the solicitations of his mother, for his heart was bent upon going to war, David returned to camp at the end of his furlough, after bidding his family and especially his mother and Annie, an affectionate good-bye. Shortly after this the regiment started for the field, its destination being New Orleans.

After David's visit, for a few days, and his repeated prophecies that he should be long

away, together with the firm belief that he should return a commissioned officer from the army when the war was over, his mother, seeing the helplessness she was in, tried to control herself, and began to look forward to the time when peace would be declared and of her boy's coming back to her.

Mrs. Merriam was ten years older than her husband, who was thirty years old when they were married. At that time she was a widow with three children. Rumor was to the effect that Mr. Merriam had tried to interest her daughter in his behalf before he married the mother, but this was hard to prove.

When her older children had left her—two of whom had died afterward and Mr. Merriam, who was far from being the best tempered man in the world, began to neglect her, for he was often away to work for his neighbors sometimes being gone all day, leaving her many times almost destitute of food, which he seemed to care very little about, her heart became centered upon David, her idol. And when she came to know that another of a more appropriate age had taken a portion of his attentions from her, she was worried; for she felt as her age advanced and her steps faltered, that she wanted some faithful friend, who would stay by her, who would lead her, beguile her weary hours, and comfort her in many ways. No one could do this like David. There was James to be sure—a good boy—she loved him, but David was her eldest boy now living; to him she clung.

The days passed along slowly to Mrs. Merriam after David's return to his regiment. She took great interest in the news of the day, especially in that part which, in anyway, related to David's safety and the time the war would likely continue. David wrote regularly to his mother and to Annie Sharon and they two at length became firmly united in friendship for one another—both loved the same youth, the fond mother, the fickle girl. Each had something to tell the other, every time a letter came from the soldier to one of them.

These letters from David! How they were eagerly caught up by his mother, who would read them through and through, while the silent tears would fall and the loving heart yearn for her boy, who was so far away; and often while reading the letter she would moan aloud "O David David! how can I have you so far away," and overcome by her thoughts, after reading them over and over, she would burst into tears afresh. Thus between love and fear for her boy and her duties to her husband and child still remaining with her, the time passed away.

Month after month went by until they were years and the war, instead of drawing to a close, still went on, with all its sickening details. Her step grew slower. Her eye more dim. Her desire to see the beloved face of her dear boy again, more intense. But yet, he came not. Amid hope and dread, disappointment and love, four years passed away and then came the joyful news that Lee had surrendered to Grant, and that the war was practically at an end. Soon the remaining few of the many, who first went to the front, began to return, and David was daily expected by his mother. He had risen to the rank of Lieutenant and she felt a just pride in his success,

while yet so young. How she pictured to herself the joy she would feel to behold him once more—her boy. How manly she thought he must have become in that time. Would she know him? Ah! yes, she did not fear that. In her eager desire to see him she sat by the hour at the window, looking in the direction she knew he must come; but as day succeeded night and night, day, and still he came not, her heart began to sink within her. Then a letter would come from him, saying he should be at home soon, which would cause her hope to rise anew, only to sink by disappointment as before.

One day Annie Sharon came to Mrs. Merriam, her eyes red with weeping and told her she had a letter from David that morning, but she never had had such a letter from him before. Of course the question that interested Mr. Merriam the most was "If David said when he was coming home." "He did not say anything about it," replied "Annie dejectedly. "Why don't the boy come," said Mrs. Merriam in a disconsolable voice.

Annie could not tell and for a short time she was cast down, yet not long, for in some way she and James Merriam, David's brother were on excellent terms and in a few months were married.

Years went along and Mrs. Merriam knew that her life could not last a great while longer. She felt as if she could not leave the world without once more looking upon the face of her darling boy. Her daily prayer went up to her Heavenly Father, that she might be granted this great privilege. Over and above every other blessing, she believed that this was the greatest one that could come to her.

Some ten years after the war closed Mrs. Merriam stood at her sink one day washing dishes. Her husband was out in the field at work, so there was no one in the house with her. She had grown clumsy and lame and deaf, as the years advanced upon her. As she stood with her back toward the outside door which was open; she did not hear or observe a stranger as he came into the room where she was. As the visitor approached nearer, however, she turned and looked him in the face with surprise, which almost immediately changed to one of joy and partial recognition. What hope had this stranger face awakened in her heart? Was this her long lost boy come back to her again? She believed it was. She only waited the word to fold her son in her arms. By reason of her deafness, she was unable to hear the words of the stranger; yet her eyes told her he was speaking if her ears did not understand him. When the visitor exclaimed in her ear that he wanted her money and that if she did not produce it forthwith he would kill her, her look of joy faded to one of fear. She was helpless. She knew there was not a cent of money in the house. What was she to do. The robber waiting, renewed his treat with an earnestness that was not to be mistaken.

"There is not a cent's worth of money in this house," she exclaimed in terror. "You lie! get it at once!" he cried, swinging a chair and shaking it at her meekly.

"It is as I tell you and I could not find a cent if I knew you would kill me," she replied with a calmness born of despair. "Then take that," exclaimed the villain and with one blow

from the chair he felled her to the floor, where he left her and made good his escape. Her husband came in soon after and found her in the position where she had fallen. He saw that she was not dead; only insensible; and after awhile she was brought to her senses, by the aid of remedies and in a few days she was able to be up again; but she had received marks from the blow by the villain that she would carry to her dying day.

Not only ten but twenty, and almost thirty years had passed away. David's letters came few and far between. There were rumors that his life was far from being upright, but these were so far fetched, that it was unsafe to rely on them as facts. Other rumors said that fortune had not been favorable to him, and that was the reason he did not come home. These were uncertainties which no one about his old home was able to determine.

At length Mrs. Merriam in her advanced age became sick and it was looked upon as extremely doubtful if she recovered. The doctor came and gave proper medicines, while neighboring hands ministered to her every want, but her vitality did not respond in a way to encourage hope. In her sickness she longed for David, how much only those, who were her daily attendants knew. And it made their hearts ache to hear her call for him. Some went so far as to say that if he was there, they did not believe but that she would get well. But this was guess work. One day after Mrs. Merriam awoke from an unusually troubled sleep, she turned her eyes to the attendant who was sitting by her bedside at the time. A look of blank astonishment passed over her face, which gave way to one inexpressible joy as she said as only a mother could say with her heart overrunning with love, "O David! Have you come at last. Thank God! that you have,—you don't know how glad your mother is to see you again. Why didn't you come before? I've wanted to see you so long; bend over me my boy, and let me see your dear face again." How the mother fondled and caressed the attendant. Her joy to think that David had come back to her again was very effecting to witness. She could not bear to have him out of her sight, and no one could soothe her like him. Her every wish seemed now to be gratified. But her disease bore her steadily down. The time for her departure from earth was come, and of her entrance upon that life eternal. In a short time, one day, just as the glorious sun was sinking in the West, her spirit burst its house of clay, and passed to its heavenly state, with its maker, where there is no more sighing. Her last word was David.

They buried her in the plain little cemetery: there to wait until the time appointed for all the dead to rise.

David never returned to his home.

C. F. MATTHEWS.

Pike's Peak Telephone.

The telephone line between Manitou and Pike's Peak has just been completed, a distance of nine miles. It is the highest telephone in the world. The peak is 14,115 feet high, while the village of Manitou is 6,563 feet above the sea.—Practical Electricity.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

The Christian Union, \$3 a year.

LIGHT, - - - \$2 a year.

Both for one year, \$3.50.

This offer good, till March 1, 1892, for new subscribers.

\$2.25 for LIGHT one year and The Christian Union 3 months, or 75 cents for LIGHT and

The Christian Union

Three months

at the extremely low rate named above

(provided you are not already a subscriber to The Christian Union).

THE Christian Union is a Family Paper for Progressive People everywhere. Twenty-five hundred pages a year. Two hundred illustrations. Thirty portraits of the world's great men and women. Its Outlook "is an education in current history." Topics vital to humanity are discussed by leaders in thought. There are stories, sketches, sermons, a Home Department full of good cheer, incisive Editorials, the Sunday-School Lesson by Lyman Abbott, strong literary, art, educational, and religious reviews. It is all "written by thinkers for thinkers." Price Three Dollars a Year.

It costs only a 2-cent stamp to see a copy. Subscriptions may be sent to either office. The Christian Union, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y. City.



From time to time inquiries appear about the "Boston Stone" in Marshall street—I enclose a note copied from an old Boston paper of 1822, showing that seventy years ago the stone was an object of interest. S. H. C.

(From the New England Palladium, March 26, 1872.)
BOSTON STONE.

I have seen different statements in this city (I suppose I must now call it), and have been tempted several times to give an authentic account of it, which I will now do.

The second house in Marshall's lane, going from the northward, which, for several generations, has been improved as a manufactory of tin plate ware, by members of one family, was formerly occupied by a painter, and probably was built by him, as there is a carving in wood of a painter's arms, enclosed in the wall, in complete preservation, although, from the date upon it, it has been exposed to every vicissitude of weather, since the year 1701, and is of itself a great curiosity. When the grandfather of the present occupant purchased this house, the large, square stone, now known as the Boston Stone, was in the yard. It is hollowed out in some measure and has been strapped with iron, from the appearance of a groove in it. It was probably used for grinding course paints. Being of no use in the yard, and the corner of the house where it now stands being greatly exposed to injury from the passage of carts and other carriages, it was moved to its present situation as a defence. Thus far I have the account from the late Mr. Joseph Howe. When I was a small boy the shop against which it stands was used as a print and picture shop, the frames of which were painted therein. One day I was passing by and saw a lad named Joseph Whiting inscribing the words "Boston Stone, Marshall's lane," upon it. His father occupied the shop. The stone had never been painted before, nor had been known by appropriate name. After I became a man I asked old Mr. Whiting, who set his son to mark it, and he gave me the following statement: "Marshall's lane was not commonly known to be the proper name of that passage, and it was difficult to designate the places of business in it. A Scotchman opened a warehouse for porter and cheese by wholesale directly opposite to me, and made complaints of this difficulty. He told me that in London there was a large stone with the words "London Stone" upon it, which was a good direction for all places near it, and if I would let Joe write the words "Boston Stone" upon this, and put some date upon it, people would notice it, and it would soon set them guessing what it could mean, and it would become as good a landmark as any in Boston, and he would pay for the paint. I set my son to work accordingly, and his prediction has been verified." Thus for Mr. Whiting. The difficulty alluded to I have noticed in old newspapers. I have one young man's advertisement, who had just opened a shop in the street or lane as follows: "After enumerating his articles 'to be sold at his shop the upper end of Union Street, right opposite Mr. Howe's the tin-man, not far from the Mill Bridge, near to Deacon Barrell's.'" The stone has been painted many times since, and from raising the street when paved, seems to have sunk into the ground.—E. E.

Boston Transcript.

Absolutely the Best.

It is richest in pure cream of tartar ;
It is strongest in wholesome leaven-
ing power ;
It has the best keeping qualities and is
the most economical ;
It contains no alum, ammonia or
other deleterious substance ;
All the ingredients used are pub-
lished on the label.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

11 Pleasant St.,
Dentists. Worcester, Mass.

Residence, 61 West Street.

Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find

In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,

10 FRONT STREET.

ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found
anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in
their seasons.

GEORGE C. BLANCHARD,

DEALER IN

Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Veget-
ables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

THE : RESERVE

The only Weekly Paper published in the
interest of the

Sons and Daughters of Veterans,
Grand Army of the Republic,

Woman's Relief Corps, and

Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Pre Year. * \$1 Per Year.

The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Cocoanut Cakes, or Meringues.

Take equal weights of grated cocoanut
(fresh) and powdered sugar, add the whites
of six eggs beaten stiff, to one pound of the
sugar and cocoanut. It should be a stiff mix-
ture; add egg enough to make it so. Drop
the size of a nut separately upon buttered pa-
per in pans, and bake in a moderately heated
oven.

Orange Cream.

Eggs are by no means cheap, but this deli-
cious cream goes far. Beat the yolks of six
eggs, and one fourth of a pound of white sugar,
the juice of six oranges, and a pint of boiling
water. Place the saucepan in another con-
taining boiling water, that the custard may not
scorch, and stir till it thickens. When cold,
put into glasses, and on each put some beaten
white, lightly sweetened and flavored with
grated orange rind.

Prune Jelly.

Soak a pound of prunes in a quart of water
three hours. Drain them and strain the water
in which you soaked them. Put it on the range
with a pound of sugar and let it boil half an
hour. Remove the stones from the prunes
and put them into the boiling syrup and boil
it up again. Soak half a box of gelatine in a lit-
tle cold water, and stir it into the boiling prunes.
Pour them into a mold wet with cold water
and set them in a cold place to harden. Serve
with sugar and cream.

Pound Cake.

Beat a pound of butter to a cream, stir in a
pound of sifted powdered sugar, and the rind
and juice of a lemon. Beat ten eggs very light,
and add to the butter and sugar. Mix thor-
oughly, and add a pound of sifted flour. Beat
thoroughly, and bake in a moderate oven, in
tins lined with buttered paper, about an hour.
This cake will keep in a cool, dry place for
several weeks, even after being cut.

Chop suet very fine, then rub it to a cream ;
this will prevent lumps of suet in the pudding
or pie. Before chopping remove every bit of
membrane.

Rice is very nice for dessert when prepared
with strawberry jam. Put a layer of rice,
cooked rather thick, on a plate ; spread the
rice with jam and cover with another layer
of rice, then a layer of jam, and lastly a
layer of rice. Sprinkle the top with fine sugar.
Serve with cream.

Quinces make a delicious marmalade. So
do barberries. One of the best and most deli-
cious of marmalades is prepared from apples
and the core and peeling of quinces left after
preserving. Put the peeling and core in just
enough water to cook them and let them sim-
mer. When they have cooked for three-quar-
ters of an hour and are thoroughly tender,
strain off the juice and measure it. Add two
pounds of apples, cored and peeled, to an
equal weight of quince juice and add three-
quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound
of this mixture. Boil it down till it is a thick,
clear marmalade, stirring it frequently, so that
it does not burn.

The following often proves a tempting dish
for an invalid :

Cream Soup.

One pint of boiling water, half a cup of
cream; add broken pieces of toasted bread
and bit of salt.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep
it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles M. Rogers,

BAKERY, 166 PLEASANT STREET.



W. A. ENGLAND,

DEALER IN

FINE WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY
& OPTICAL GOODS.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

394 Main Street.

C. REBBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,

6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

Mrs. S. H. Childs' Home-Made

GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE : WAFERS,
PINE : APPLE : WAFERS

— : AT : —

John * A. * Hartigan's,

47 PLEASANT STREET.

L. J. ZAHONYI,

Confectioner and Caterer,

348 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

J. W. GREENE,

PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.
Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its
branches promptly attended to. Telephone
Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at

HOWE'S TEA STORE,

273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of
fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine
drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60
cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak
for themselves, at prices from 25 to 40 cents a
pound. If you can be suited, we can do it.
Give us a call.

NEW * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

The Week.

CITY.

Nov. 6.—Anthony J. Cannon (Tony Hart) buried from St. John's Church, an event of note in the theatrical world in which he once shone as the bright and refulgent star.

7.—Our "Tech's" beaten by Brown University boys at Foot Ball, while Dalzell's School beats Dean Academy.

Wm. H. Laverty, a veteran of the 15th Mass. buried from 50 Barclay Street. Mass at St. Stephen's Church.

Recount of Senatorial ballots adds four to Thayer's plurality of seventeen, thus defeating Manning.

8.—Frank, son of John Newton drowned in Elm Park, this afternoon, 6 years old.

Mrs. E. I. Comins of Leicester Street suffers a fractured leg while alighting from electric car.

9.—Common Council lays New City Hall project on the table.

No license organization elects Dr. George H. Gould, president.

10.—Yale graduates make merry at the Bay State.

Methodist Fair, in behalf of Grace church opens in Mechanics Hall.

11.—Horticultural Society holds a fine exhibition of chrysanthemums.

The medical library of the late Dr. W. R. Chamberlain presented to the Worcester County Homeopathic Society. It contains 500 volumes.

12.—Excursion from Worcester to inspect Geo. D. Webb's new railroad at Marlboro, N. H. Mr. Webb does the handsome thing.

Grace Roche, a years old, killed at the Grand Street crossing, B. & A. R. R.

COUNTY.

6.—Fitchburg fancies that she has a possible St. Louis murderer held as a vagrant.

7.—Masonic friends call on Bomun Nye in No. Brookfield. He is doing as well as a man 96 years of age with a broken thigh can be expected to do.

A railroad from Brookfield to Southbridge is now talked of.

8.—Spencer Methodists begin the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the local church.

City water so low in Fitchburg that manufacturers will have to cease using. How unparalleled advantages.

10.—Leominster dedicates an Old Ladies' Home.

12.—Hon. Bomun Nye dies in No. Brookfield, 96 years.

The Blackstone valley suffering from long continued drought.

COMMONWEALTH.

6.—Mrs. Anna C. Fall, as a lawyer, wins the first case before a Massachusetts court. Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, her opponent.

Col. French of the Maverick bank released on bail.

7.—Superintendent of Police, Cyrus Small, of Boston, retired. Benjamin P. Eldridge succeeds.

Orange, Franklin County, seriously injured by fire.

8.—Sunday papers filled with explanations of Russell's victory and Allen's defeat.

9.—The Maverick bank to be closed.

Election aftermath still fills the Boston papers.

10.—Preliminary meeting of representatives to National and World's W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston.

Judge Chester F. Sanger of Middlesex dies, 33 years.

11.—Harvard will send an expedition to Honduras to investigate ruined cities.

'Tis said that Speaker Barrett will not be re-elected without opposition.

World's W. C. T. U. Convention sitting in a Cigarette.

12.—A cigarette in a waste paper basket causes a \$25,000 fire in Boston, 11 1-2 Dix Street.

NATION.

6.—Ex-Governor J. Gregory Smith of Vermont dies in St. Albans, 73 years.

Another Gravity Road accident in Reading, Penn., three lives lost.

7.—Mgr. Preston Roman Catholic Vicar General buried in New York.

Capt. Palmer, G. A. R. Commander-in-Chief forbids G. A. R. men parading under Rebel flags.

8.—Workmen employed all day in Brooklyn Navy Yard, apprehensive of Chili. First Sunday work since the War.

9.—The Corliss Engine Company offers a complete steam plant for manual training school.

Rich copper mines discovered in Alaska.

10.—Crap reports, over the entire country, most flattering.

11.—Thomas F. Grady, a newly appointed police justice in New York, will have to pay a judgment of \$180 or go to jail. Fine material for a justice. Dogberry was honest.

12.—A train held up on the Milwaukee & St. Paul's road and \$100,000 dollars taken. Talk about European handits! America leaves them behind.

Don Piatt, ex-correspondent, editor and diplomat dies, at MacOchee, Ohio, 72 years.

WORLD.

6.—Cork is claimed to have voted against the Parnellites.

Though the Pope is 84 years old his health is excellent.

7.—Two Berlin bankers who failed in business try to commit suicide. Pity they didn't succeed in something.

8.—Soldiers and a mob fight fiercely in Limerick.

9.—Prince of Wales celebrates 50th birthday. David Evans, Welsh born, becomes mayor of London.

10.—Two provinces secede from Brazil. What a time those Southern Republics do have!

Famine in Russia will inevitably lead to rapine and pillage. They can but die any way.

11.—England is worse storm swept than ever. English industries suffering from loss of American business.

12.—Greece would like another ruler. Brazil in danger of breaking up.

The whole European Atlantic coast, storm swept.

The evening service in the Leicester Methodist Church, last Sunday, was conducted by E. W. Coffin. Mr. and Mrs. McGregor and F. J. Metcalf also went out with him.

Dr. A. Z. Conrad of the Old South Church has been to Washington with his wife for a brief stay.

Col. John D. Washburn, U. S. Minister to Switzerland is on his way home, accompanying his daughter, Mrs. R. W. Greene, and her husband.

Poetic Addresses.

LIGHT's esteemed Cordwainer friend, John Snow, has special note made of him, at times, on envelopes as the following cases testify:

From Brookline, N. Y.

IN WORCESTER, MASS., AS I WELL know,
There lives a Cobbler, named JOHN SNOW.
At the corner of MAIN and WALNUT street
It were this Cobbler makes boots neat.
He fits them loose and fits them tight,
Your Carrier will had him up ONE FLIGHT,
He nails the heels, and sews the seams,
Away down East, in the land of beans.

From North Adams, Mass.

A finished workman named JOHN SNOW,
Who makes his boots for prices low,
In WORCESTER, MASS., on WALNUT STREET
Corner of MAIN, where both roads meet,
Up stairs, ONE FLIGHT, you'll see in sight,
The entrance of his shop all right,
His apprentice greets you at the door,
With smiling face and dirty paw.

From New York.

O, ho! O, ho! do you know JOHN SNOW?
To his shoemaker's shop do ever you go?
I go, do you, I should say I do
For he fits my feet as snug as they grew.
Up stairs, in pairs, he makes fine boots
For men and boys and tiny galoots.
In WORCESTER, MASS., foot of WALNUT HILL
Is where you'll find his highness still.
He blowed for Allen and all his clan,
But now, of course, he's a Russell man.

Hon. A. S. Pinkerton addresses the members of the Paint and Oil Club of New England, at Young's Hotel, Boston, today, on the relations of fraternal and social organizations to state life.

Mrs. Calvin Whitcomb and her son, Arthur M., have gone to Waukegan, Ill., where Mr. Whitcomb has been, for some time, in the employ of Washburn & Moen. Mrs. W. will be missed from many associations, particularly in Grace Church where she has long been an active and efficient member.

Principal Wm. H. Bartlett of the Chandler Street School, has resumed his duties, though he goes on crutches. He is a veteran of the Civil War; but his serious wound came years after. In a race with Young America, at present, the latter would have a decided advantage.

The little stranger who so recently made his advent at the home of Jerome Marble is to bear his great grandfather's name, i. e. he will be John P. Marble Bailey. He certainly has a good name to start with.

Board of Trade.

C. Henry Hutchins, president of the Knowles Loom Works, has been chosen president of the New Board of Trade. A. M. Stone is first and P. W. Moon second vice president.

It is Said

That the Boston Journal will soon issue a Sunday edition;

That the Boston Post prints an edition of only 12,000 papers;

That the New York Recorder sinks a fortune for its publishers every six months;

That the Government Printing Office in Washington is in danger of falling down;

That the Worcester Post has come to stay;

That the Worcester Recorder has suspended.

401, 402 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bld'g.

A PERFECT FIT

Can be easily found when you have over 40 styles of Imported and Domestic Corsets to select from.

OUR STOCK

Contains over 40 styles of Corsets, in white, drab, cream and black. A full line of sizes in each style, and every style of a popular make.

YOU WANT

A perfect shaped and perfect fitting Corset; it may be a long waist or you want, or a short waist; a full hip or a cutaway hip; a high, medium or low bust; or perhaps you want a long waist and a short hip; we have all these styles, and will guarantee a perfect fitting Corset.

Ask to see our special Black Corsets, W. B., J. B., P. D., and R. and G.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

SUPERB EQUIPMENT, EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE, FAST TIME, and COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES MAKE THE

HOOSAC * TUNNEL * ROUTE

THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago et Louis, and all points West, Southwest and Northwest.

Fast Express Trains

With elegant PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS to and from

BOSTON and CHICAGO,

AND

BOSTON and ST. LOUIS,

VIA

NIAGARA FALLS,

without charge.

THE POPULAR ROUTE for all points in Northern New York, Vermont, and Canada.

THE ONLY LINE running through cars, without change, from Boston to Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes, and Burlington, Vt.

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE from Boston to St. Albans, St. Johns, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

ELEGANT PALACE SLEEPING CARS

to and from

BOSTON and MONTREAL,

without charge.

For Time-Tables, Parlor and Sleeping Car accommodations, or further information, apply to any Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad and at

250 Washington Street,

OR

Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station,

Boston,

J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.

Voices from the Heart.

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN.

Midst the tumult of the day,
Mingled with its noise and strife,
Mid the ever changing play
Of the world and human life,
Through the din of worldly care,
Midst the thronged and crowded mart,
In the fashion's whirl and glare,
Sound the voices from the heart.

Tossed upon the briny deep,
While the breakers dashing high,
Drive away the god of sleep
With their noisy billowy lea,
And the sea gull flying past,
High and low with graceful dart,
While the good ship's speeding fast,
Sound the voices from the heart.

And their whispers soft and low,
Murmur in each list'ning ear
Tide of joy, and tales of woe:
For each human soul to hear;
And when memory's chords are swayed,
Tender tears from eyes will start,
In the past our souls have strayed,
Lured by voices from the heart.

And the joys of childhood's hour,
When the soul was pure and white,
E're we knew man's direful power,
Or the touch of sorrow's blight;
When we trusted and believed,
Knowing naught of wound or smart,
E're we'd loved or been deceived,
"Gladsome days," come from the heart.

Then again a sadder voice,
Whispers in a mournful strain,
And the eyes that would rejoice
Dash away the drops of pain;
And while icy fingers clutch
Heart-strings as they snap and part,
"Thy soul has soared above much,"
Murmurs voices from the heart.

Listen! Still another note,
Tender, sweeter far than all,
As it seems to rise and float,
Earthly sorrows fade and fall;
And the tear drops cease to roll,
And life's wounds to burn and smart,
Healing waters flood the soul,
"Peace, be still," comes from the heart.

Murmuring softly day by day,
Still the voices sweet and clear,
Four life's tales both sad and gay,
In each earth child's listening ear;
And they tell us o'er again,
If we will but read life's chart,
We shall reach a higher plane,
Led by voices from the heart.

George F. Hutchins of this city has given land in South Athol for a public hall.

Dell Hamilton would like to have a 21st birthday again if it would net him as much as his late-ast. A group of friends crowded into his father's hotel, The Waverly, Tuesday night and made Dell happy with a handsome ironwood cane, oxidized silver head with gold trimmings, inscribed "Dell's friends, '91" and a costly umbrella with a similar inscription on the handle. He is now ready for sun or rain. James H. Harrison did the presentation talking and the Majority fittingly responded. Mr. Hamilton was also the recipient of an elegant gold watch from his father and his brother, a diamond ring from his mother and sisters, and other presents from friends. Speeches were made by J. B. Allen and F. A. Frager of Boston, C. O. Wilbur of Brocton, J. A. Matthias of Chicago and others. These little attentions to the milestones of the road along which we can go but once are particularly pleasant to all concerned.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

They're Going! Smyrna Rugs!

AT BARGAIN PRICES.

You never saw more of them at any one time than you can see now in our CARPET HALL.

You never saw such a variety in them as you can see now at our Grand RUG sale.

No matter what color combination you may need to fit in with your room furnishing, you are sure to get at this great RUG sale.

No matter what price you may have before had on RUGS, you never had so much for your money as you can now get at this unusual RUG sale.

Thanksgiving is near at hand. Make your home bright with handsome RUGS.

You can do it now at much less cost than usual.

The prices are exceedingly low.

18x36, \$1.00	former price \$1.50.
21x42, 1.50,	" " 2.25.
26x52, 2.00,	" " 3.15.
30x60, 2.50,	" " 4.00.
36x72, 4.00,	" " 5.00.

Great Rug, 4 feet by 7, \$6.50, formerly \$9.00, These Rugs are great, so are the bargains in them.

Handsome small Mats, 50 cts., 75 cts. If you have any intention of buying new RUGS this winter,

Now is the Time to Buy Them, If you want to get the best for the least money.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

ONLY

First-Class Through Car Route

TO THE

WEST!

Commencing June 7, 1891,

Through Trains Leave Worcester:

9.50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
11.40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
3.25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
4.17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
8.00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

FOR

HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN and NEW YORK.

LEAVE WORCESTER.

AR. NEW YORK.

10.13 A. M.

3.30 P. M.

12.12 A. M.

5.30 P. M.

5.06 P. M.*

10.00 P. M.

12.29 A. M.*

6.45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

RICHARD HEALY.

I would beg to call attention to the fact that I have within the past two days received a magnificent assortment of

Ladies' and Misses' Ulsters,

in prices ranging from

\$9.75 to \$30.00.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

NO. 545 MAIN STREET, FRANKLIN SQUARE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.

GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.

STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

ELWOOD * ADAMS,

Successor to H. W. Miller.

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the

ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
92 SUMMER STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

Fashion.

A black gown is always in good taste, and may be worn anywhere except to a wedding, where it is supposed to bring bad luck to the bride.

Handsome dresses of black camel's-hair are shown by tailors. These are made up in combination with black velvet and the cloth is elaborately embroidered with gold bullion. Dainty gowns of soft, corn-colored cloth are made up with short bodices and skirts covered by three successive falls or straight draperies of cloth, each one of which is edged with a two-inch fringe of black ostrich plumes headed by slight pattern of black braid. The front and side breadths are covered with this drapery, while the trained back is plain. A garniture of the narrow fringe of ostrich feathers and black braid trims the bodice.—Boston Budget.

Large English walnut shells are frequently mounted with hinges and used as ornamental cases for rings, jewels and miniature articles for presents.—Fulton Times.

A wriggling gold serpent having overlapping scales of various hues, forms one of the latest queen chains. The tail terminates in the swirl for the watch, while the head holds suspended in its pecked looking jaws a struggling bird of pearls and rubies.

Gold rope encircling an anchor formed of the same material makes a pretty pendant for a glove button.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The small bonnet which fits closely to the head promises again to become popular. It is becoming alike to young and old and it does not, like the toque which has been worn so much recently, tend to spring up off the head at an uncomfortable angle. The small bonnet fits the head securely. The new toques which remain have full soft crowns and are trimmed quite high at the back.—Good Housekeeping.

Plenty Left.

Och, St. Patrick!
That's a fat thrick—
They do boast of ye, so grand,
'Bout yer clearin',
So 'Oim hearin',
All the snakes from Oireland.

On the ground, sure,
They're not found, sure,
But in bottles, och, bedad!
They're as plinty
As McGinty
Jokes that all the papers had.

LAWRENCE, PHOTOGRAPHER.

492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

MISS C. KENNARD,

Ladies' and Children's

HAIR * DRESSING * PARLORS,

387 Main Street, Groat's Block.

Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.

Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.

Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.

Hair Cutting, 15c.

Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,

Graduate of the

BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,

will give lessons in

PIANO AND HARMONY.

43 PROVIDENCE STREET.

Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's
*** STUDIO ***

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,

Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.

*** MR. ANDERSON, ***

Will give instructions in

SINGING

at his Studio,

KNOWLES BUILDING, 518 MAIN ST.,

ON

MONDAYS, * 1 RIDAYS, * AND * SATURDAYS,

From 12 to 6 P. M.

A few students in Harmony and Counterpoint will be received.

Piano-Forte Tuning.

Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ELWYN H. FOWLER,

PIANO * FORTE * TUNER * AND * REGULATOR,
16 Oberlin Street, Worcester.

Orders may be left at Browning's Periodical and Stationery Store, 568 Main Street.

GERMAN and FRENCH LESSONS

by an experienced teacher with good references. Also tutoring in English branches. Lessons at pupils' homes if desired. Apply to

MISS SILVESTER,

132 AUSTIN STREET.

THE NEW SCIENCE.

To tell the story of the great things the new treatment is doing for its 4500 Worcester patrons would require the entire space of many copies of LIGHT. Every day helpless sufferers send to our office for the new cure, and after a few trials of the great remedy, walk into our rooms to thank us for the great good it has done them. One gentleman who was bloated to enormous proportions from kidney disease, and who had been confined to his house for weeks, found himself eleven inches smaller around the abdomen after ten days' trial of the new cure, and he has returned to business a well man. A lady walked into our office yesterday, who had not been able to stand on her feet for three months previous to taking our cure, four weeks ago. A gentleman accompanied this lady to our rooms, who had suffered untold tortures from dyspepsia and headaches for years. He said he had used our cure twenty days and was a well man. Hundreds of sufferers have called upon us, after taking the new cure, to tell us of the great work it has done for them and scores of invalids are constantly visiting us to report their discovery of intestinal and stomach worms after applying the new cure. Victims to nervous debility are delighted with the treatment and many of these unfortunates call at our office to thank us for the relief the new cure has furnished them. Youth and old age, male and female, married and single—4500 of them in Worcester and its vicinity—are or have been under treatment by the new cure. Ask any one from among this vast army of sufferers if the new treatment is not the greatest curative agent known to man; ask them if cleansing or disinfecting the fountains and sewers of the body does not mean purer blood, equalized circulation, increased physical and mental vigor and relief from pain and depression; ask them if our promises are not fair and if the hope we give is not realized. We are doing wonderful things for the sick and suffering people of Worcester, but we wish we could more; we wish we were rich enough to publish to the world the formula for preparing and applying the new cure; every human being should have it, sick or well; but as we are not rich enough to give it away, we are doing the next thing to it by charging the smallest possible price for the treatment and directions—

THREE DOLLARS.

Please remember, if you consult references, that they are human and that their time is valuable. Thus make legitimate inquiries and short visits.

The following named ladies can tell you what the new cure does for indigestion, debility, headaches, etc.:

Mrs. Joseph Vigneault, 24 Ball St., Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. F. E. Barrett, 19 Wachusett St., Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Alfred LaBonte, 24 Ball St., Worcester. Perfect sewerage of the body is a deadly foe to Consumption.

Read what Mrs. Larkham says
Mrs. Larkham residing at 21 Ball St., Worcester, says: "All my family died with Consumption, and I was stricken with it and brought down to the very shadow of death. I felt so sure my time had come that I gave away my clothes and my husband arranged our cemetery lot, expecting to bury me in a few days. A friend suggested trying the new cure as a last resort. I did so, and after using it three months, am a well woman. If any suffering person takes the new cure from reading my testimony and are not satisfied with the results obtained from it after a fair trial, I will return the money paid for it."

The new cure is a sure eradicator of piles. Mrs. Larkham, husband of the above named lady, took the new treatment and was perfectly cured of a severe case of piles of long standing.

Typhoid fever and general debility cannot withstand the potent influences of the new treatment.

Mrs. Kirby of 66 Salem Street, Worcester, says: I had a seated typhoid fever, and so debilitated I could not sit up. My physician said I was hooked for at least six weeks' stay in bed. Without his knowledge or consent, I made use of the new treatment and in three days I walked a mile and have been well since that time.

Mr. J. D. Wilcox of 103 Park St., Worcester, can tell an interesting story of what the new treatment will do for rheumatism, and diseases of the abdomen.

Epilepsy cannot reside in the same house store or office with the new treatment. The new cure is a sure destroyer of all kinds of fits.

Dr. John T. Blades of 10 School St., Webster, Mass., can give you his experience with

the new cure in cases of Fits and Nervous Debility. Dr. Blades uses no other remedy now, except the new cure, in these diseases.

The new cure is a perfect restorer of nature's wasted forces. The lame are made to walk.

Mr. Rice of 20 Hollis Street, Worcester, says: "I was unable to walk, having lost the use of my lower limbs. My physician gave me no encouragement of cure, but said I was paralyzed. Medicines were tried in vain. I had lost my appetite, and all hope of getting well had left me when I was induced to try the new cure. After using it twice I walked a third of a mile to the horse cars, rode as far as the post-office walked another third of a mile and returned home without fatigue. After a few more treatments I returned to my business, as well as before I became ill, and have remained well ever since."

The new treatment is a sure cure for all diseases of the Pelvis.

Mrs. Parker of 49 Pleasant St., Worcester, says: "I have been under the treatment of six of our best physicians, for an internal difficulty, covering a period of five years, steadily growing worse under each, until it became a burden and physicians appeared to be a curse. I finally sought the new treatment, and after a few applications of it, am as well as ever I was in my life."

A potent remedy is the new treatment for swollen joints and limbs and for watery or dropsical effusions.

Mrs. Brown, 20 Chandler St., Worcester, says: "I have used the new treatment but a few times, and would not take fifty dollars for what it has already accomplished, and I would not discontinue its use for any money."

The new treatment is sure death to tape worms, stomach or internal worms. Worms cannot live in the human body after an application of the new cure.

I reside in Worcester, will not publish my name, but will state a fact for the benefit of other sufferers like myself. I was ill for a long time, and was reduced from 145 pounds to less than 90. Doctors said I had Bright's disease, and they gave me up as a hopeless case. I obtained the new treatment, and after one application found over 3000 intestinal worms in the vessel. I am now well and weigh 140 pounds. A friend of mine had a tape worm, and to her I carried the treatment. A trial brought away 53 feet with head complete. The doctor is at liberty to give my address to lady sufferers from kindred causes.

R. PARKER,

34 Front Street, Rooms 4 and 5, Opposite City Hall.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE FOR A LIMITED TIME.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 to 1, 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Sundays, 10 to 12 p. m.



Week Commencing **MONDAY, Nov. 9.**
Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening
at 7.30.

The Romantic Comedy-Melodrama, in four acts, by E. J. Schwartz, Esq., author of "Dad's Girl," "The Governess," etc., entitled,
O-U-R :-: A-N-G-E-L.

Miss Katherine Rober as Blossom,
supported by the entire strength of
Lothrop's Stock Company,
Preceded at each performance by the farce,
"AN HOUR IN THE HOSPITAL."
GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA.
Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2.
Evenings at 7.30.

PRICES :
Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 50c; Gallery, 10c.
You can secure seats for any performance,
one week in advance. Box Office open daily
from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

**MECHANICS HALL,
NOVEMBER 17.**

ENTERTAINMENT EXTRAORDINARY!
**MAX O'RELL,
PAUL BLOUET,**

In His New Lecture.

"America as Seen Through French Spectacles."
This will be his **FIRST** Appearance in
Worcester and **LAST** tour in America.

ADMISSION, 50c.; SEATS, 75c. AND \$1.
Advance Sale at Box Office, Mechanics
Hall, Saturday, Nov. 14, at 9 a. m. **SECURE
YOUR SEATS.**

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,
12 Lazard Place, (Old Stand,) Worcester.

Ladies and Gents' Garments
DYED * AND * CLEANSED
in a Superior Manner

Worcester Coal Company,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
COAL. COAL.

General office, 18 Pearl St., Y. M. C. A.
Building; Yards, 23 Manchester St. and 319
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C. H. DRAPER,
Livery, Feed and Truck Stable.

Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage
Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano
Moving. Telephone 308-5.
161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

About Folks.

Mr. J. W. Greene, the well known North End stove dealer and plumber, has just finished an excellent job in Amherst. One of the old dormitories, at the expense of J. Henry Whitcomb of this city, has been put in most excellent repair, so that hereafter the boys will not go to their society halls for the choicest rooms. Mr. Greene has had the steam and water piping to do and, of course, has done it well.

Frank H. Kelley, son of the late Ex-Mayor Kelley, having been graduated from the New Haven Law School is now in the practice of his profession in that city. He is in business with Ex-Governor Waller, the latter maintaining the New York office while Kelley looks after the New Haven interests.

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system. To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist the effect of these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Rev. Horace J. White, pastor of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church, has had to house up on account of severe cold.

Max O'Rell.

Our city is particularly fortunate in entertainments this winter, but among them all, no one promises more than an evening with the French humorist who is to appear in Mechanics Hall, next Tuesday night. The writer of "John Bull and his Island" is a fun lover and maker whom all should hear, who would drive dull care away. "America as seen through French Spectacles," and he wears a big pair, will prove a rare treat to all who listen. The hall should be full.

In Fitchburg.

The Evening Mail of Tuesday devotes a column of editorial to Principal Chas. A. Chapin of that city because in an address at the City Hall he used the following words:

A vote for no-license is a vote for the home, a vote for the son, for the father, for the mother, for honest living, for clean politics, for "everlasting right," and for him who sits on the throne of everlasting righteousness.

The Mail's objection that the selling of rum was once as lawful as that of molasses will hardly apply. The holding of slaves was once legal, and righteous in the eyes and minds of decent men. We are not dealing with yesterday but with the bright, burning, pushing today. The Mail's estimate of three out of every four men as drinkers of alcoholic beverages may apply to the writers range of acquaintances but not to men at large. Principal Chapin is right. The saloon must go. Again, the Principal did not preach his doctrine in his school but in the City Hall as a citizen. Because he is a teacher, does he thereby become less a man? By all means accord to the teacher the same privileges that we ask for ourselves.

Y. W. C. A.

This organization appeals to the public for \$20,000 to complete the edifice now building on Chatham Street. It is a worthy cause.

It is the unexpected that happens. Sometimes an engineer is run over by his own engine and to be hoisted by his own petard is proverbial. Thus it was that Otto L. Burton, the elevator boy in the Burnside building, suffered a painful injury last Saturday. In some way, he hardly knows how himself, he was mixed up with the lower story of the car, while some other party was running the upper. In this way he was caught, severely spraining his ankle. He will be laid up for some time.

How a Drunkard Began.

A man was once sitting in a saloon. He had an old lathered hat on his head, short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes, and down-trodden shoes on. But he had not always been like that; he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then he said with a sigh. "Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave it off now."—Exchange.

Music and Musicians.

Miss Idelle A. Clark gave a musicale Thursday evening at her home, 45 Providence Street. The program comprised ten numbers including several solos by Mrs. F. W. Rugles. The work of Miss Clark was specially worthy of note showing thorough knowledge of the compositions and their expression.

The pupils of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Morse gave the second of a series of recitals, Thursday afternoon at the rooms of Mr. Morse.

W. C. T. U.

The conventions of this famous organization now in progress in Boston are deserving of attention. The World's Convention began Wednesday and concluded yesterday. The National follows and will end the 18th inst. Tremont Temple is the scene and Worcester people can go to the Convention and return at reduce rates, \$1.35 for the round trip. It is the most notable and efficient Temperance gathering ever had.

Mechanics Course.

Course A of the Mechanics Association course of entertainments began Monday evening in Mechanics Hall with a concert by the Tufts College Glee and Banjo and Mandolin Clubs. College glee and banjo clubs are always a popular attraction and as this is one of the best among them, a very entertaining program was expected. The repeated encores testified that the expectations were realized. Course B will open next Monday evening with a concert by the Boston Beacon Orchestral Club.

Odd Fellows.

Fitchburg Odd Fellows visited Worcester, Monday last, and the afternoon was made enjoyable by music and regalia along Main Street. It was Grand Canon Hebron No. 2, that came down to be the guests of Worcester Grand Canon, Patriarchs Militant, and a very nice time every body had. Parade on the Common and supper at the Bay State were followed by exemplification of degrees at the hall on Pleasant Street. The visitors returned at 11.30 p.m.

THE CLARK- SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Kerosene Chandeliers.

We are prepared to show a complete line of Kerosene Chandeliers in Antique or Polished Brass Finish; any number of lights.

Also a fine assortment of Library and Hall Lamps. Just arrived, several new patterns in Decorated Dinner Sets, both China and Semi-Porcelain.

A good Decorated China Dinner Set for \$25.00.

New and elegant Silk and Lace Shades for Piano and Banquet Lamps. All of the latest designs.

Thanksgiving is nearly here. Everything in Silver Plated ware and Cutlery that one may want may be found with us.

Cut Glass in profusion, including all the new cuttings.

Decorated China Salad Sets, Soup Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Oat Meal Sets, Meat Sets, Tete-a-Tete Sets, Fish Sets, Etc.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Curious Corner.

Taming a Zebra.

Zebras can never be tamed, unless the process is begun while they are still very young. H. A. Bryden gives an instance of a tragic fate which befell one of them, captured when he was 7 or 8 years old.

He had joined a troop of horses belonging to one of the author's friends, and finally allowed himself to be driven with them into a kraal or inclosure. It was then determined to keep him, and if possible to domesticate him.

For this purpose he was lassoed and tied to a tree, but so ferocious was he in the presence of man that the greatest precautions had to be observed in approaching him. All possible means were taken to induce him to feed. When captured he was in splendid condition, and his coat shone in the sun. Herbage was brought from the mountain tops where he had been used to graze and every conceivable food placed before him, but in vain; he steadily refused to eat.

Water he drank greedily and would dispose of three bucketfuls at a time.

At length, after three weeks of vain endeavor to tame the noble creature, during which time he subsisted entirely on water, he died.—Youth's Companion.

Aluminum has been substituted for cast-iron in the specifications for the dome of the tower of Philadelphia's new city hall. It will save the constant expense of painting and reduce the weight of the tower about four hundred tons.

Cost of Wars of the United States.

The Revolutionary War cost the United States \$135,103,713. The Colonies furnished, from 1775 to 1783, 395,664 troops.

The war of 1812 cost the United States \$107,159,003. The number of troops engaged is estimated at 471,622.

The Mexican war cost the United States \$100,000,000. The number of troops engaged was 101,282.

The Rebellion cost the North \$2,738,763,362 and called into service 2,772,408 men. War costs money and blood.

A Misprized Friend.

The baggage-smasher is gradually asserting himself and convincing the American public that they have done him a grievous wrong. One of the guild spoke out at length a short time ago in The Youth's Companion and made it plain that the so-called baggage-smasher took up trunks tenderly, lifted them with care, and was, take him for all in all, a large-sized public benefactor. Now figures are given out showing that 900,000 pieces of baggage were handled in the Union Depot at Chicago last year, not to mention 60,000 tons of mail and 300,000 packages, boxes, etc. Yet of this immense sum-total the damage from breakage, theft and going astray was less than \$150. That is a good record truly. Some day the baggage smasher will get his rights and we shall erect monuments to him as one of the chief blessings vouchsafed to humanity.—New York Tribune.

James E. Dennis has taken a place with the Bell Clothing Company. If he doesn't make that Bell ring he will belie all his past history.



FURNITURE AND CARPETS

Our business is to give you a good article and charge you a fair price for it. No person or firm will give you more than the value of 100 cents on the dollar. Our ONE-PRICE system of doing business, and marking All Goods in PLAIN FIGURES, we believe to be the only square and legitimate way of offering our goods to the great purchasing public—our large purchases enable us to get rock bottom prices, and we can therefore offer our goods at correspondingly low prices to our customers. Last week we gave you bargains in Chamber Sets and Music Cabinets.

This week we offer special bargains in

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

SIDEBOARDS.

The largest stock of Sideboards ever shown in this city, and at prices which defy competition. Ask to see those we offer at \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25.

You will say that they are equal for style, quality and finish to those others ask \$5 more for in price.

If you want Sideboards worth more money, ask to see those we show at \$40, \$50 and \$70. They are perfect gems.

DINING TABLES.

Our stock of new styles of Tables will please you, and those we offer at \$12 are bargains,—we have them at less price, and some extra fine ones at \$16, \$20 and \$25.

DINING CHAIRS.

Ask for our chairs, price \$2.50 each. We never sold a better one for less than \$3.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

ORDER NOW



and thereby be sure of getting your Monumental work in place at an early day. No better and fairer place to be found than at

EVANS & COMPANY,

Manufacturers of

Fine Monumental Work,

131 Central Street, near Summer.

←ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING→

Room 1, Burnside Building, 339 Main St., Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework, Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold on commission.

MRS. S. M. KEYES.

A \$50 Investment

Possessing the following remarkable features is deserving of prompt and full investigation.

- 1st—For \$50.00 you can purchase one fully-paid, non-assessable share of stock of **THE COLORADO SPRINGS GARDENS COMPANY**, having a par value of \$100.00 per share;
- 2nd—**SIX PER CENT DIVIDENDS** will be paid, half in January and half in July, upon the amount invested;
- 3rd—**EXTRA DIVIDENDS**, to the amount of your investment, will be paid you during the next few (and within ten) years.

The State Trust Co., 50 Wall St., N. Y., has \$250,000 of stock on deposit to

GUARANTEE PRINCIPAL AND DIVIDENDS.

SPECIAL—All stock purchased at above price prior to December 1st will receive the dividend due January 1st **FREE**. After December 1st the price of the stock of the

COLORADO SPRINGS GARDENS COMPANY

will be \$50.00 PER SHARE, with 6 per cent interest added. Write at once for illustrated Prospectus to

CARLISLE N. FREIGHT,

High Class Investment Securities,
45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Christmas Work.

Individual Basket for Shoe Buttons, etc.

This was a very pretty little affair, made in the following way. A round Japanese basket was lined with yellow silk and finished at the top with a little heading, one side being decorated with a large yellow bow. On a piece of narrow yellow ribbon were strung three spools of black twist and a spool of course black linen thread and the ends of the ribbons were fastened to the top of the basket. A pair of small scissors were secured to the basket in the same way, as were also some coarse needles in a little yellow book, while five or six dozen shoe buttons were thrown loosely into the basket.

A Home Made Velvet Brush.

This was fashioned from a piece of black hair cloth. The material was cut in a half yard strip, about six inches wide, and tightly rolled, after raveling both sides to the depth of two inches, thus leaving a two inch strip of the cloth in the middle. The roll was then securely sewed and tied around by ribbon, finishing with a bow at one side. These, with their different colored ribbons to match various toilets, were very attractive.

Wall Pocket.

It is made of one of the pretty grass fans, which can be had in several colors. A pocket of silk shirred to the edge of the fan, and closed with drawing strings. The model pocket was trimmed on the edge with tiny bells, and finished with bows of ribbon like the silk pocket.

White Broadcloth Table-Cover.

A table-cover of the white broadcloth is elegant. Take a square of one yard and a half and decorate with a conventional border design, set four inches above the straight cut edge. Work in a long-and-short stitch in white or in any delicate color of filofloss; work the flower forms well in with the long-and-short stitch, and couch two rows of medium size thread around this. Do the stems in three rows of gold thread couched down, the stitches alternating. Couch the outside line of the leaf with the gold thread, and inside of this lay four lines, following the outline, and running each line inside of the other, until the four rows are finished, when the end of the thread must be well fastened after being drawn through. Line with India silk to the lower edge of the design. This is very Japanese in effect.

EVA M. NILES.

A MAIDEN'S FANCY.

Lulled by murmuring of the branches,
Fanned by gentlest Summer winds,
Soothed by droning of the locusts,
Phyllis sits and slowly swings
In her hammock of woven grasses,
Beneath the garbled old apple tree.

Sits there dreaming idle day dreams,
Fashions wondrous golden castles,
Fills the halls with knights of romance
Shares the throne with princely lover,
All those visions bright and airy,
Born of maiden's wand'ring fancy.

Oh dreamer of dreams so fleeting!
Thy castles soon will fade away,
Gallant knights in flashing armor,
Handsome Prince so tall and stately,
Dissolved like mist the enchanted picture
'Twas all a maiden's idle fancy.

—Goddard Austin.

THE BEST

protection
against sudden
changes in the weather
is to purify
the blood
with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
makes the weak
strong.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

Horace Kendall,

DEALER IN

Furniture, Ranges, Carpets

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

No. 319 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Mechanics Hall Building.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
Clean!

It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
two thousand per cent
per year for fuel!

Manufacturers
Guarantee every
iron.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.,

* PRINTERS. *

Book, Newspaper, Catalogue, Church, Society, Wedding and Commercial Printing of every kind executed in the best modern style.

No orders too large; none too small.

154 FRONT ST.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

Quite An ther Thing,
You'll See It, Finally.

It is one thing to promise everything that is splendid in Clothing for ever so much less money than established dealers everywhere ask.

But it is quite another thing to make the clothes bear out one-quarter of the claims made for them.

It is one thing to sell you a suit of clothes made to appear like good ones, and you may not be able to see the difference when you pay your money.

But just as sure as the spring will follow this winter, so sure is it that you'll see the difference finally, and the finally may come sooner than you think.

The average business of the day is carried

on altogether too much like a game of chance.

The man who works in his shop day in and day out has very little show in a game of of this kind with men who give every moment of their lives to finding out how to make you believe their Clothing is what it is not, and getting your money without giving you full value for it.

They call this sort of thing "business," but when the things fall to pieces in a few weeks and look old and shabby in a month, you use a far different word to tell what you think it is, and your word is right.

We Want

The Workingman's Trade.

We'll Have

The Workingman's Trade.

We Deserve

The Workingman's Trade.

Because :---

We Give Him Straight Goods.

Because :---

Straight Workmen Made Them.

Because :---

Our Prices Are Better for You.

And because we are sure that if you come here once you are sure to come here again and again.

That's the sort of business we work for, and are proud to get.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.--A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500; at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443 Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,590; Reserve Fund, \$32,110.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,517.68; Total, \$61,408.69 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 60.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

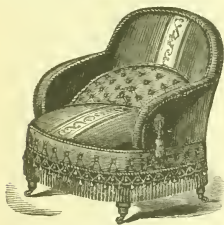
Rooms 19 and 21

Turkish and Russian Baths.

No. 1 Sudbury Street, Opposite
Bay State House.

We solicit only first-class patronage.

N. S. Jensen, Mgr. S. R. Jensen, Prop.



WARDEN & WHITE, UPHOLSTERERS

Manufacturers of Turkish Upholstered Furniture. Repairs in all branches. Hair Mattresses to order and made over.

531 MAIN STREET, Franklin Square.

Larkin's, 395 Main St.,
Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-straps, Bag-straps, Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry



Brown & Simpson Piano!

Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

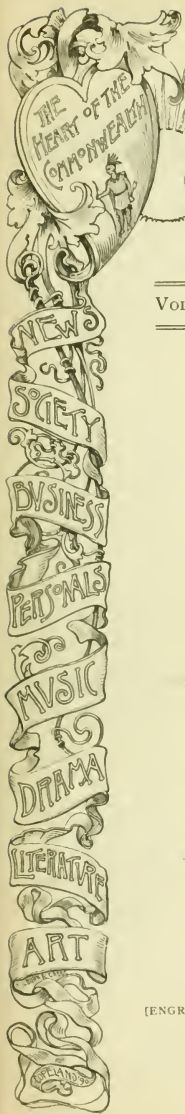
9 May Street, Worcester.

NEW * HARDWARE * FIRM.

WILLIAM S. SMITH, for the last five years of the firm of Smith & Adams, and previous to that with Henry W. Miller for many years, having purchased the Hardware business of W. H. Goulding & Co., 171 Main St., will continue same under firm name of Wm. S. Smith & Co., and will carry a full line of Builders' and General Hardwares, Carpenter and Machinist Tools, Cutlery, and Drawing Instruments.

WILLIAM S. SMITH,

171 MAIN STREET.



LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 12. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891. FIVE CENTS



All Souls' Universalist Church.

Arthur F. Gray, Architect.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT]

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

FOR THANKSGIVING We Offer Special Bargains in Dining-Room Furniture

We have in Stock Sideboards in the newest designs, beautifully finished, ranging in price from \$15 to \$150. OUR \$22.50 SIDEBOARD cannot be found elsewhere for the money.

DINING TABLES were never so handsome in design or so low in price as this fall. We have everything desirable. Price from \$4 to \$50. Our \$5 Table cannot be duplicated at any other store.

DINING CHAIRS. In this department we always lead. We have a great variety, from the plain oak chair to the luxuriously upholstered Spring Seat. We never sacrifice quality for price, but give the best value for the money paid.

247 and 249 MAIN STREET, CORNER OF CENTRAL.

THE HYGIENIC SHOE.

A Non-Conductor of Cold and Heat.

Comfortable, Flexible, Durable.

SUPERIOR TO A CORK SOLE SHOE IN REPELLING MOISTURE.

WITHOUT BEING CLUMSY.

We have opened a store in Worcester, selling directly from the Factory to the Consumer, a line of Ladies', (a few Misses') and Men's

"HYGIENIC" SHOES,

and will keep in stock all the Sizes and Widths of the different Shapes. Prices stamped on the Bottom of the Shoe. We have the new Foot Conformer, enabling us to take an Exact Measurement and Form of EACH FOOT. We will make you a Last and Patterns therefor, which you will own for your own use. We will make any desired Shoe thereon at the uniform price of \$1.00 more than the same goods in stock.

We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the

Celebrated Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

W. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

CUSTOM SHOEMAKERS,

Rogers' Block, Cor of Main and Pleasant Sts.
☞ Just around the corner.

COMFORT AND HEALTH.



The Worcester OXYGEN CO.

Is prepared to furnish at short notice PURE fresh Oxygen for Physicians' use.

The only place in New England where Oxygen is prepared and put up in small portable cylinders.

Cylinders of Oxygen and various mixtures constantly on hand.

HOME TREATMENTS.

For the home treatment we fill our own cylinders, and thus adapt the Compound to each individual case, which we find in our office treatments so important for the best results to our patients.

Rooms 10-11, Lincoln Block,
No. 368 1-2 Main St.

Hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Especial attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 143-4.

WILLIAM F. TUCKER,
Sanitary Plumbing and Ventilation

Dealer in Plumbing Materials.

56 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass.

MECHANICS HALL.

MRS. L. WILKINSON - - - - - MANAGER.

Two Grand Festival Concerts
THANKSGIVING Matinee and Night, Nov. 26.

MADAME SCHIRMER-MAPLESON,

England and America's most noted
Prima Donna.

MR. G. A. GREEMAN,
New York's Celebrated Tenor,
DE G. ROB CLARK,

The well-known Basso,
HERR BARSCHMID, Baritone, and
ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM,
The Finest German Pianist in America.

Popular Prices. All Seats Reserved.

50c. and 75c. at Matinee.

50c., 75c. and \$1.00 in Evening.

Tickets now on sale for both Concerts at

Gorham's Music Store.

Matinee, 2.30. Evening, 8.

Larkin's, 395 Main St.,
Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-Straps, Bag-Straps, Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 12, 1891.

No. 12

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.
—The Christian World.

The No License campaign has begun.

Till after the vote, the Reform Club will conduct meetings at the rink.

Last Sunday's showing, with the Hon. Joseph H. Walker, the Rev. Geo. H. Gould and others as speakers was a good beginning, but it must be remembered that talk, only, will not win the battle.

When those who believe in No License can be made to see that it is, pecuniarily, as much for their benefit as License is returnful to those who sell rum, then we shall have the same interested campaign that the License people wage.

A large share of those who vote for No License like to do so *sub rosa*. They are not willing that their attitude should be openly known and recognized, lest some measure of trade should be lost to them. In some way, at some time, money always comes in and seldom to the advantage of those who seek only the public good.

During the war the expression, "Important if true" in announcing some event in the South became proverbial, for so often the statement was untrue. A realization of this came to hand, recently, in the reported case of Mrs. Packson, mayor of Kiowa, Kansas. It was reported that she had nailed up saloon doors, knocked in the heads of whiskey barrels and that in consequence her husband, among others, had requested her to resign. It now appears that Mr. Packson has been dead fifteen years and that the only truth in the whole report is that she is mayor of Kiowa. Next!

The two gatherings of the W. C. T. U. in Boston during the past two weeks are among the most notable assemblages ever held in this country. The women are coming to the front. There are forty thousand of them in college today in this country and, at this rate, they will soon outstrip the men. In right down practical work against the rum traffic they are far ahead of the men. At this moment there is no name in the United States more respected than that of Miss Frances E. Willard, again placed at the head of this working organization. It requires no great amount of prophetic vision to see that the reformation when it comes will be through the efforts of woman-kind.

Who is the artist who will do justice to Captain Hubbard's heroic act when he entered the den of Anarchists in Chicago and in the midst of demonic howlings, threats and imprecations, compelled these human hyenas to raise the flag of the United States above their

red emblazonry. Not since Camille Desmoulin seized the picture of Christ in his hands and shouting, "Make way for the Master," overawed the desperate revolutionary mob of Paris, has the act of the Chicago policeman been paralleled. The scene should be depicted on the walls of some one of the Queen City's public buildings.

Will the Columbian Fair be closed Sundays? A large share of Christian America is awaiting the answer anxiously. They are not all "Canting Sabbatarians" who ask for this; but the industrial world calls for it. If the Fair is opened, some one must work all the time. Railroads must run, and when the drift on the trunk lines is to lessen the amount of Sunday work, it seems hard for any considerable portion of the public to demand more. We need the rest of one day in seven. Shall we have it? The "poor workman" in whose behalf the opening is projected does not ask for it. It is an effort to break down the restrictions, obtaining for centuries among English speaking people, and the ingrafting upon us of all the license of the Continental Sunday. God forbid.

Do you visit the Boys' Club? Do you know what work is being accomplished in Barton Place? The doors are open. Go in any evening and see careful, self-sacrificing men and women striving to make men of the lads who assemble there. It is a difficult task, beset with every imaginable obstacle, but final triumph is promised to every one who believeth. A call from sympathetic people will do much to encourage and strengthen. Go and see.

BOOK AND BOOKMEN.

In Old Quinnebasset. By Sophie May. From Lee & Shepard Publishers, Boston, Mass.

This is the sixth and latest volume in this series, and will no doubt be read with just as much avidity as any of the preceding ones. It is written in the form of a diary by Elizabeth Van Arsdale Gilman at the request of her friend and teacher, Bryce Prescott. She brings in the affairs of all the family, and the neighbors of their little village in such a sweet way, telling of faults and giving always her thoughts and feelings on the subject in hand. There are discussions on the politics of the day, and it is very amusing to hear grandma argue for the king whom she will not believe can do wrong. The pranks of Davy and his father's mode of dealing with him are contrasted well with the way of Master Prescott who, somewhat in advance of those days, does not believe that corporal punishment is the proper way to reach a boy's heart. The results of the new method will please all who read and the method though amusing might well be tried in some cases nowadays. The book is beautifully illustrated and whoever looks at the first picture of Bess making her courtesy before Washington will want to read

the book. There is a mystery and a wrong righted and taken all together the interest is kept up to the end, where a happy wedding leaves all readers satisfied. Price \$1.50. It can be had of Putnam, Davis & Co.

A Pagan of the Alleghanies. By Marah Ellis Ryan. From Rand, McNally & Co. Publishers, Chicago and New York.

As with some of the author's stories this also is a study of character. The scene is in the Alleghanies and the natives of the mountains are brought in all their simplicity, and contrasted with the new comers from the city who spend the Summer months in that vicinity. Bud or otherwise called "The Pagan" gains that name because he does not fall in with the religious views of the people whom he meets most frequently. In reading his thoughts we wonder if he was not more than half right in his belief and do not wonder that Krin is tossed up and down in her mind as she tries to do right, and knows not where to turn for advice. The tragic ending of Bud and Krin is thrilling and yet it is as it should be, for neither could have lived the life they would. Illicit distilling is brought in and Granny is a character all by herself. The cover has a picture of Krin, a sweet figure parting the laurel over-head. It is issued in the Kialto series and in that form costs 50 cents.

Walter L. Mellen, a High School graduate and associated with his father, Henry Mellen, as a mason and contractor is announced as engaged to Miss Carrie Fisher of Fisherville.

Dr. Arthur W. Eldred, W. H. S., '87, Harvard Dental School, '90 and practicing dentistry in this city, has been elected an instructor in Mechanical Dentistry in Harvard. This will necessitate his absence from Worcester every Monday. The position is an honorable one and the securing of it reflects no little credit on our young dentist and his antecedents.

No.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—
No sky—no e. ritly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "other side the way"—
No e. rd to any Row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeples—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No surtiseses for showing 'em,
No 'knowing 'em!
No traveller at all—no locomotion
No linking of the way—no notions—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no bu berlies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November

—Thomas Hood.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$2.00 per annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building, Telephone No. 435-5.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1891.

That magnificent offer for War Memoirs, with Cosmopolitan and LIGHT, is still in force. Viz., \$5 pays for LIGHT, Cosmopolitan and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

The Pittsfield Sunday Morning Call commemorates the beginning of its fourth year in a double number. The story of the papers rise and progress is told in a pleasing manner. LIGHT extends heartiest congratulations.

The November "Fashions" from the Denholm & McKay Company is a fine combination of both literature and fashions. The pictures are elegant while Bret Harte's story increases in interest. Every patron of the store should have a copy.

One of the successful features of the late Methodist Fair was the Cook Book, prepared under the direction of Mrs. John Starkie and Mrs. E. A. Brewer. From a variety of sources, a valuable array of receipts has been collected making the book very useful. The advertisements and the sale of the book must have combined to turn in a considerable sum to the fund.

Printers' Ink for the 18th, has an excellent picture of George R. Kennedy, of the Telegram and the advertisement writer for Barnard, Sumner & Co. Accompanying the portrait is a very lucid dissertation on newspaper circulation with reference to advertising. Nothing better nor clearer ever came even from his pen. He claims and with justice that something besides circulation must commend the paper as a medium for the advertiser. The article is worthy of wide reading and a careful heeding.

As you start out to make your Thanksgiving purchases, don't overlook those people who advertise in LIGHT. There are no better places to buy anything and everything than among those who, from week to week, make known their facilities for serving the public through these columns.

Mrs. Allen of Walpole is visiting her son who is a student at the Polytechnic.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Nov. 21, 1891.

Signed

I.

"I touched the late in better days,
I led in dance the joyous band."

II.

"Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name."

III.

"But one way is Godlike,—
To give.

Then pour out thy heart's blood,
And live!"

IV.

"The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have overlaid with a coat of light-colored paint."

V.

"Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare."

VI.

"It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do."

Answers to Quotations Nov. 7.

1. Paul H. Hayne, "Pre-existence."
2. J. Boyle O'Reilly, "Wail of Two Cities."
3. Thoreau, "Walden," p. 80.
4. Emerson, "Nature."
5. Hawthorne, "The Sister Years."
6. Trowbridge, "Ancestors."

No correct replies.

Becker's College.

If any better proof was needed of the success of this institution, it is had in the fact that increased attendance has necessitated an increase of room. Accordingly, a part of the late Arlington Club quarters on the fourth floor of the Clark block just above the main college has been taken and in the new rooms, the short hand department is placed. More than 140 pupils at work in the college give the same a very busy appearance, yet from his office the principal can direct every act, summon any pupil. Hat and cloak rooms are handy and the pupils look busy and happy.

After the adjourned business meeting of the Worcester Art Society, to be held in Colonial Hall, 32 Front Street, this evening, Mr. W. H. Goodyear of New York will deliver a profusely illustrated lecture on "Pictures of Egypt."

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Last week Friday evening George Riddle gave the second of his course of readings at the School of English Speech, reading Browning's play, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.'" Tuesday evening he read Browning's "In a Balcony" and last evening he gave Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and three miscellaneous selections. All were given in that remarkable style of which Mr. Riddle alone is master. Criticisms would be difficult, he must be heard to be appreciated. The school deserves much credit for giving Worcester people an opportunity of hearing the talented reader.

Max O'Rell delighted a small audience in Mechanics Hall Tuesday evening with his witty talk on Americans as seen through the eye-glasses of a Frenchman. Undoubtedly the bad weather kept many away who would otherwise have attended. The lecturer found a little fault with the subjects of his talk, but was in the main very complimentary and his inimitable style of saying nice things about us made it all the more pleasant.

The third of the Young Men's Christian Association's course of entertainment, was given Thursday evening by the Delphi Concert Co., which includes Miss Gertrude Edmunds, contralto; Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor; Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers, harpist; Mr. F. L. Chamberlain, flutist and Mr. Frank O. Nash, accompanist. Mr. Bartlett sang well, particularly in the two ballads given. Messrs. Rogers and Chamberlain also gave very excellent performances. Miss Edmunds did not show any remarkable talent. The next entertainment will be a lecture by Fred Emerson Brooks, the California poet-humorist, and will take place Dec. 3.

The Idelson Quartet will give an entertainment next week, Thanksgiving evening, in the First Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the Olive Branch Society. The members of the quartet are Miss Lillian M. Dockham, 1st soprano; Miss Dora E. Coddling, 2nd soprano; Miss Lois G. Thompson, 1st alto; Miss Amy F. Coddling, 2nd alto. They will have the assistance of Miss Gertrude L. Witherby, reader.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

You have all heard of Carl's Tour of Main Street. It was written years ago by Clarendon Wheelock, at least it is so claimed, and was printed and reprinted in the Palladium. Two or three years since, Sanford & Davis put it into book form, and sold it for \$1.50 per copy. LIGHT is now prepared to offer it to new subscribers, along with the paper for \$2.25. You can see that this is an admirable opportunity to get this most excellent history at considerably less than half its former price. As there is only a limited number of the books, the offer holds only till the stock is exhausted.

The Week.

CITY.

Nov. 13—Methodist Fair in Mechanics Hall closes with probably a good record.

Dr. George H. Gould cannot accept the presidency of the No License organization.

Rev. Joseph Ellison ordained over Greendale Baptist Church.

14—Benjamin H. Kugg dies at 41 Russell Street, 74 years.

15—A No License meeting under the auspices of the Reform Club held at the Kink.

The late Catholic Fair in Mechanics Hall foots up \$10,000.

16—The Art Students' Club opens a fine exhibition in Walker Building.

Talk of a Dartmouth Alumni Association in Worcester. The more such the better.

Andrew J. Waite reaches his 80th milestone.

17—Mrs. Frank W. Blair gives a reception to Miss Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. N. P. Banks.

Max O'Rell lectures in Mechanics Hall. Mrs. L. E. Bigelow buried from the Bay State House.

8—The noon prayer meetings in Y. M. C. A. are well attended.

High School boys assembled at the Y. M. C. A. and vote to revive the Academe.

Prof. F. W. Putnam of Harvard lectures on the Mound Builders before the Woman's Club.

19—Hon. Joseph H. Walker gives a grand reception to his newly married son.

Post 10, G. A. R., holds big Camp Fire.

COUNTY.

14—Funeral of the late Hon. Boazum Nye in North Brookfield. Masonic honors to a grand old man.

15—Clinton's G. A. R. fair results in \$300 addition to the Post's funds.

16—Vardner has a ballot fraud sensation.

If French Parochial Schools in Fitchburg continue, they must improve.

17—The late Judge George S. Duell buried from the Methodist church in Brookfield.

18—Helen M. Dexter of Clinton receives 23 prize in Demorest oratorical contest in Tremont Temple.

COMMONWEALTH.

13—Tremont Temple packed at sessions of the W. C. T. U. Convention.

Pittsfield suffers from a great fire.

14—Thomas H. Burnham, the famous old book store man of Boston dies, 77 years.

15—Harvard College views the Moon's Eclipse and makes successful photographs.

16—Both Harvard and Yale men are experiencing trouble in getting tickets to their own football game.

The Zeta Psi Club of Harvard get off on charge of selling intoxicants through a technician.

17—Republican Temperance workers meet in Boston. Much talk.

Convention of W. C. T. U. sends greetings to John G. Whittier and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Convention of Christian Endeavor Society in Springfield.

18—General Butler reported seriously ill at his home in Lowell.

19—Major McKinley of Ohio addresses one of the most enthusiastic political meetings ever held in Boston.

"The War in Song" presented to a great audience in Mechanics Building, Boston.

NATION.

13—President Harrison appoints Nov. 26th as the national day of Thanksgiving.

14—Civil Service Commission orders the enforcement of the laws in the Omaha P. O. Lots of trouble.

15—English Bicycle Factory will come to America. Duty too much. Philadelphia gains.

Coal supply in Chicago, very short.

Chauncey M. Depew eulogizes Parnell at Cooper Union.

16—Amy, the slayer of Christie Warden pleads guilty. He hopes to escape the gallows by a life imprisonment.

Wm. G. Florence, the actor, barely convalescent from pneumonia.

17—St. Louis suffers a \$1,000,000 fire.

Brooklyn fire turns seventy families into the street.

Boston Republicans nominate Hon. Horace G. Allen for Mayor.

18—Blaine may be the Republican candidate for president after all.

The recent rains relieve New York's water strait a little.

19—Amy the Hanover, N. H., murderer condemned to death.

W. J. Florence, the distinguished actor, dies in Philadelphia; 60 years.

WORLD.

13—European powers fear that the United States will seize the Sandwich Islands.

It looks as though Brazil will have more trouble before she has less.

14—News received of a serious revolt in China. It appears that the mother of Bartholdy, the Sculptor, was the model for the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor.

15—The German Army will use bread made of Indian corn and rye. This helps America. American brown bread! What a luxury for the soldiers!

A Gladstonian, George Lambers, elected to Parliament from Devonshire.

16—Mid-air dynamite explosions in India produce rain.

Financial panic in Vienna.

Bismarck says he does not care to go to the Reichstag at present.

17—A tornado in Buenos Ayres destroys ten lives and \$1,000,000 worth of property.

18—Germany preparing for War with Russia

Dr. George F. Balcom of New Worcester, a member of the School Committee has been seriously ill for ten days. His case is watched with much anxiety.

Miss Grace Hamilton, daughter of Wm. H. Hamilton of the Waverley House has signed a contract with Lothrop, manager, and will join his Stock Company. Her engagement begins, Nov. 30.

Mrs. Thomas Bemis of Dix Street and infant son will spend Thanksgiving week at her father's home in Boston.

Addison L. Bemis will pursue his art studies in Boston this Winter.

George Cooper goes from the store of A. S. Lowell to that of Filene Bros., Washington Street, Boston.

Benj. B. Holmes, so long in our High School, now of New Haven, Conn., has been visiting this city on an educational quest.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Greene have reached home from Europe.

W. B. Harding, Esq., is announced as engaged to Miss Grace Drake of this city.

Col. E. B. Stoddard was recently elected a director of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, NOV. 14, 1891.

- (Foster Kid Gloves.
- (Filene Gloves.
- (Gentlemen's Gloves.
- (Gloves altered and repaired.
- (Butterick's Paper Patterns.
- (E. C. Hart's Shoes.

Blackmore's beautiful LORNA DOONE at 15c, bound in cloth, brought nearly 200 buyers (for it) the first day.

From now 'til Christmas we shall give just as lively a book bargain nearly every day: Today any one of the following regular \$1.50 books in every respect, for 50c, all bound uniformly in deep crimson and gold; paper, very fine satin finish; print perfect and clear as an engraving.

- All Sorts and Conditions of Men By Besant and Rice.
- Jane Eyre By Charlotte Bronte.
- Adam Bede By George Eliot.
- East Lynne By Mrs. Henry Wood.
- David Copperfield By Charles Dickens.
- The Last of the Barons By Walter Lytton.
- The Lamplighter By Maria S. Cummins.
- Pickwick Papers By Charles Dickens.
- The Mill on the Floss By George Eliot.
- Self-Help. By samuel miles.
- Oliver Twist By Charles Dickens.
- Middlemarch By Charles Eliot.
- Knight-Errant By Edna Lyall.
- Nicholas Nickleby By Charles Dickens.
- Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley.
- Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.
- Domby & Son. By Charles Dickens.
- Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot.
- The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins.
- Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens.
- David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens.
- Consuelo. By George Sand.
- Bleak House. By Charles Dickens.
- Corinne. By Madame de Staël.
- Lucile. By Owen Meredith.
- Undine. By De La Motte Fouquet.
- John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock.
- Uarda. By George Elers.
- Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincy.
- On the Heights. By Berthold Auerbach.
- A Tale of two Cities. By Charles Dickens.
- The Last Days of Pompeii. By Bulwer-Lytton.
- Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle.
- Iranian. By Sir Walter Scott.
- Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel Baker.
- Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackeray.
- Emerson's Essays. First and second series in one volume.
- The Castles. By Bulwer-Lytton.
- Hippatia. By Charles Kingsley.
- The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.
- Felix Holt. By George Eliot.
- Konrad. By E. T. Eliot.
- The Crown of Wild Olive and Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin.
- Bacon's Essays. By Francis Bacon.
- Silas Marner. By George Eliot.
- The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb.
- The Golden Days. By Edna Lyall.
- The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. By F. S. Cray.
- The Little Book. By Washington Irving.

EAST AISLE.
DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

Our Schools.

CHAPTER VIII.

To those who are acquainted with the condition of our schools the preceding chapters may savour of pessimism; but when one learns what is done and thought elsewhere on this subject, especially when one reads such views and aspirations as the following, one may well feel hopeless of any progress here in the right direction till an important change in the management is effected. George William Curtis, one of the ripest scholars and truest philanthropists of the age, discourses as follows: "Shall we spare any thought, any effort, any cost, to make the public school what we mean it to be,—the corner-stone of the ever loftier and more splendid structure of political liberty,—and to impress upon the teacher by our sympathy and care the central truth of the school system, that the child is educated by the State, not that he may read and write only, but that the trained power and noble intelligence of the American citizen may extend constantly more and more to purify and perpetuate the American republic?"

How is it possible for any one with a spark of patriotism in his nature to read the above and similar paragraphs, and not feel ashamed that our own schools fall so infinitely short of the ideal education above contemplated?

When moral and religious instruction is utterly ignored in many of our schools;—nay, when a prominent committee-man makes it a crime in a devoted teacher that he dares to teach temperance to his pupils; when the graduates of our schools recognize no higher law than that of greedy selfishness and political chicanery, taught them constantly by conspicuous example;—is it not time to inquire whether our schools are doing what their founders hoped they would do, in educating a race of God-fearing citizens, whose purpose in life should be to counteract "the wiles of satan" so earnestly deprecated by the fathers'.

The fact that there have been graduated from the schools many young men and young women who by their ability and high moral characters have achieved success and reputation creditable to themselves, and reflecting lasting honor on the faithful teachers through whose efficient aid such success was made possible, in no way lessens the importance of the above quotations and comments, but the more strongly emphasizes the remark of a distinguished lecturer that "our country has become great not because of its public schools, but in spite of them."

In this connection it may not be amiss to quote the following words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "We are pursuing antiquated methods; we are students of words; we are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation rooms, for ten or fifteen years, and come out with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and we do not know a thing."

And what else can be expected as the result of our educational system under its present management? It must always remain true that the stream cannot rise higher and cannot be purer than its source; if this be polluted and stagnant, no pedagogic chemistry, applied by the most scientific and pains-taking

experts can restore the waters to purity or force them to a higher level.

Hence it follows that there must be a radical change in the whole management,—the "Tite Barnacles" must be scraped off the board, and the octopus must be made to let go the grasp of his tentacles on the soft-shells, in order that our schools may escape to a freer, more inspiring air;—an atmosphere free from impracticable wiles, from politics and pedantry, from hypocrisy and charlatany.

While discussing this subject the writer has more than once been told that he was guilty of impertinence to the committee and to the superintendent, who is conscious that his peculiar qualifications and long experience have placed him in a position to "know it all," and that there is nothing for him to learn; whereupon one is forcibly reminded of the proverb: "seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him,"—however this may be, and however inadequate may be the present discussion, it is evident to all intelligent persons who give the subject any thought, that there must be a new educational system, pursued by new methods and controlled by a larger intelligence, before our schools can take rank with the best educational institutions of the times.

To point out these new methods, or to attempt their introduction in our schools, under their present management is futile and hopeless; for it is impossible to make any important change, so long as the committee can be persuaded, by whatever sophistries, that the present conditions are the outcome of the highest human wisdom.

The necessity however, of a thorough reform in our whole school system becomes more and more urgent as time goes on, while the agencies to effect this reform remain as impracticable as ever.

It is well understood by the highest educational authorities that our schools are already relegated to the third class as compared with others, and it is only a question of a short time as to when they will sink to a still lower grade, if they are to be continued under the present regime. To avert this disgrace, only one way is apparently open to the people, and that is a change in the superintendence. Under the present method of choosing our school-committee this is found to be no easy matter, but surely, surely the good sense and patriotism of our citizens must finally prevail over machine politics, bluster and chicanery.

H. H. C.

Grant and Washington.

It now looks as though no plan to remove the remains of Grant from New York would amount to anything. The monument is actually under way, the most ambitious scheme of the kind yet undertaken in this country. Occupying a commanding place in Riverside Park it will be the most conspicuous object after passing "The Genius of Liberty." The amount raised for its construction now stands at \$134,734.24; but yet there is a call for thousands more.

The Washington arch over the lower end of 5th Avenue, at Washington Park, nears completion. Its cost is \$115,000 and there is less than \$10,000 now to raise. When finished the arch will be worthy of the place and the

Father of his country. Of white marble, it recalls, the arch of Constantine in Rome and that which Napoleon erected in Paris. Among the foreigners whom New York has commemorated, it is a pleasure to find two Americans remembered.

At Deadwood.

Sunday, Nov. 8th, there was dedicated in Deadwood, South Dakota, a monument to the memory of the Rev. Henry Weston Smith who was slain there by the Indians Aug. 20, 1876. As a missionary of the Methodist Church he was the first to preach in this extreme border place. After all these years the citizens of Deadwood combine with the church of which he was a member to erect this memorial.

It is a sandstone figure, of life size, sculptured by Reardon of New York. Its cost was \$2500. The widow of the deceased clergyman resides in this city and his daughter is Miss Edna I. Tyler the well known stenographer.

Hamblin—Tucker.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Tucker, No. 58 Laurel Street, Wednesday, their daughter, Miss Nellie M., was married to Mr. Frank H. Hamblin of the firm of Hamblin & Russell, wire goods manufacturers. In the midst of profuse floral decorations, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. W. Davis of Union Church. The bride was attired in a travelling suit of electric blue Bedford cord with feather trimmings. Rebboi furnished a repast. There were many and beautiful presents including an etching from the bride's late lady associates in City Hall, where she was, for several years, a clerk for the Board of Overseers of the Poor. Mr. Hamblin is director of music at the First Baptist Church. In the afternoon, the newly wedded pair started for Washington. On their return, they will reside at No. 14 Bowdoin Street. Many High School classmates and teachers of Mrs. Hamblin extend hearty congratulations.

Goulding-Ford.

Mr. William H. Goulding of this city was married, Thursday, in Philadelphia to Miss Rose Thomas, daughter of Joseph T. Ford. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home, No. 1617 North 15th Street, by the Rev. Joseph A. Geiss, D. D. pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Communion. The bride's sisters, Eugenia and Florence, were maid of honor and bridesmaid respectively. Harry S. Goulding, son of the groom was best man, while Charles H. Curtis and Lewis R. Goulding, another son, were ushers. Massachusetts people present included Mr. and Mrs. Whittin of Worcester and Mrs. Curtis of Jamaica Plains.

Evans & Co.

This firm whose advertisement may be seen in another column has secured the granite quarries of D. B. Whitney at Fitzwilliam, N. H. Added to their possessions, already held there, this will give them unrivaled facilities.

A social will be given by the Class of '90, W. H. S., at Colonial Hall, November 30. William N. Stark will be the floor director.



REV. LEON D. BLISS GOES TO CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Leon D. Bliss, who has been for several years assistant pastor of the Central Church has accepted a call from the Congregational Church of Woodlawn, Cal. It may seem strange, but Mr. Bliss has never seen the church of which he is to soon assume the pastorate and the members of the church have never seen him. The extending of the call happened in this manner. Some time before coming to Worcester Mr. Bliss lived in Oakland, California, for about three years, teaching English literature and natural science in Hopkins Academy and later studying in the Pacific Theological Seminary. When the pulpit of the church in Woodlawn became vacant, the professors in the seminary recommended Mr. Bliss as a good candidate and the call was, accordingly, sent to him. The church has a membership of 140 and is the leading church of Woodlawn, a town of about 6,000 inhabitants. The members were very united in their desire to have Mr. Bliss become their pastor. His salary will be \$1,200, with a prospect of an early increase to \$1,500. Mr. Bliss left Worcester for his new field of labor this week and will begin his work there immediately after his arrival.

Last week Tuesday evening his former parishioners of Central Church gave him a farewell reception. The affair was entirely informal, but a very large number were present during the evening to give him a parting handshake and bid him God-speed.

Mr. Bliss began to work at Central Church May 1, 1888 and was ordained and installed assistant pastor October 31, 1889. Since then, on account of the poor health of the pastor, Dr. Merriman, he has done a large share of the pastoral work and so well has he done it that all the church members regret greatly his departure. Besides acting as pastor he has filled many other church offices, among them being the Sunday School superintendency and the presidency of the young people's club.

Piedmont.—The Temperance Sunday School concert last week Sunday afternoon was unusually effective. Some very ingenious person had worked the following combination on the word Worcester. Whiskey, woe; Old rye, oaths; Rhine, wine; Champagne, cruelty; Effervescing, beer; Sherry, sorrow; Tobacco, trouble; Egg-nog, evil; Rum, ruin. It was a sad use to put our good city's name to, but it shows to what base uses the very best may come; but later a happier effect was wrought by nine more little folks representing Worcester again. Wake Up; Organize; Rally; Command; Endeavor; Sing; Talk; Enlist; Reclaim. Councilman Taylor showed, conclusively, by figures from the city marshal's books that license is a losing investment for the city. Dr. Mears spoke also, reading from John B. Gough's life.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Though Rev. Mr. Willcox has been pastor of Park Church but a few months, he has al-

ready given convincing proof that he is an active and energetic worker. His parishioners become more firmly convinced, each week, that a better selection could hardly have been made. For the pastorate of a young, small church like this, with splendid opportunities for growth, a man is needed with peculiar qualifications, a man who is willing to work hard and to hope and still work on when others become discouraged. Mr. Willcox seems to be such an one. An instance of this was given last week. A few weeks ago the treasurer's report revealed the alarming fact that the church was not raising money enough to pay the running expenses and was already \$400 behind. This was accounted for by the fact that the interest in the church had decreased while it was without a pastor and that the contributions had correspondingly decreased. As the only sources of revenue were the voluntary offerings of the members, the seats being free, when these began to fail, it became evident that the people must be informed of the condition of affairs. So the members were told that they were running behind and several attempts were made to raise the money but without much success. But, last week Thursday, Mr. Willcox started out to visit personally the members of the congregation. Soon, one person contributed \$100, soon after another added another hundred and by Sunday, there had been pledged more than enough to make up the deficiency. Besides this, efforts have been made to increase the number and amounts of the weekly offerings, and there has been an encouraging response. The Park Church people believe they can build a new church in a few years. Some have already promised to contribute generously when the church decides to begin the work.

Rev. J. J. Lansing completed his fifth year as pastor of Salem Street Church last Sunday.

BAPTIST.

Rev. Joseph Ellison was ordained as a Baptist clergyman and installed as pastor of the Greendale Baptist mission last week Friday evening at the chapel.

Y. P. S. C. E.

At the meeting of the executive board of the Local Union, held Monday evening, the Endeavor Society connected with the Leicester Congregational Church was admitted to membership.

The Endeavor Society of Paxton has sent a request for membership in the Local Union. This will make, when the request has been voted upon at the next meeting of the executive board, the tenth new member admitted during the year.

The sixth annual state convention of Endeavor Societies was held at Springfield Tuesday and Wednesday and was characterized by the usual intense enthusiasm of Christian Endeavor gatherings. The convention began Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 with a praise and prayer service led by Rev. Wallace Mac Mullen, followed by a business meeting at which a new constitution was adopted. Mayor E. S. Bradford of Springfield welcomed the Endeavorers to "Our City of Homes." W. P. Draper extended the greetings of the Spring-

field Local Union, Rev. George C. Baldwin, Jr., welcomed them on behalf of the churches of Springfield and Rev. Lawrence Phelps of Chelsea, who was the presiding officer of the convention, responded. Mrs. Alice May Scudder read a paper on junior work and then followed an open parliament on junior work, conducted by Rev. W. W. Sleeper of Stoneham, in which a large number took part.

The evening session opened with a praise and devotional service led by Rev. E. P. Farnham. Rev. W. C. Puddfoot gave an address on "The Home Work" and Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn, one on "Fishers of Men."

Early Wednesday morning there was a sunrise prayer meeting led by Miss Emma D. Gates of this city. At nine o'clock Dr. Michael Jurnham of Springfield led a praise and devotional service. Then came the report of the state secretary and treasurer, H. A. Field of Springfield and the reports of the district secretaries. Mr. Fields report showed that there were 1,100 societies and 85,000 members in the state. Rev. T. C. Martin of Monson spoke on "Practical Evangelistic Work for our Rural Societies," as did also Rev. J. C. Palmer of Danesboro. George W. Coleman, president of the Boston Local Union told "How One City Society does Evangelistic Work," Secretary Baer of the United Society conducted an open parliament on "Practical Methods of work," and H. M. Moore of Boston spoke of "Work for Christ among our Young Men." In the afternoon there were addresses by Rev. C. P. Mills of Newburyport on "Christian Completeness," Rev. Robert McDonald of Boston and Dr. A. Z. Conrad of Worcester on "Ideals" and a business meeting at which officers were elected as follows: President, Rev. Lawrence Phelps of Chelsea; vice-presidents, Rev. E. P. Farnham of Salem, Rev. Wallace McMullen of Springfield and William Shaw of Boston; secretary, George W. Goleman of Boston; treasurer, Henry A. Field of Springfield; auditor, John H. Lingley of Worcester; directors for one year, Charles N. Goodrich of Medford, Edward C. Hazen of Springfield and Miss E. C. Goodwin of Boston; for two years, Miss Emma D. Gates of Worcester, J. E. Griffith of Holyoke and F. N. Chase of Lowell; superintendent of junior work, Rev. W. W. Sleeper superintendent of clearing house, Rev. F. J. Marsh of Walpole. These district secretaries were chosen: Barnstable, A. H. Eldredge, 2d, of Yarmouthport; Berkshire, A. R. Smith of Lee; Bristol, Charles H. Wells of Fall River; Essex, Joseph N. Dunmer of Byfield; Franklin, H. L. Boutwell of North Leverett; Hampden, W. L. Tolman of Springfield; Hampshire, C. H. Johnson of Easthampton; Middlesex, H. A. Kidder of Arlington; Norfolk, S. E. Bentley of Walpole; Plymouth, Mrs. James W. Cooper, Jr., of Plymouth; Suffolk, Henry T. Abbe of Boston; Worcester, Miss Jeannette A. Prince of Spencer.

In the evening Dr. Michael Burnham read the resolutions which recommend that no societies be admitted to unions except these connected with Evangelical churches and which addresses were by Prof. L. T. Townsend of Boston University, who spoke on "Providential Preparation for Missionary Work," and Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark. The convention closed with a consecration meeting.



The Elective System for the Public Schools.

At a recent meeting of the Association of Colleges in New England, the question of a change in the grammar school curriculum was discussed, with the result that the following recommendations were adopted, to be submitted to the consideration of the educators of New England.

1. The introduction of elementary natural history into the earlier years of the program as a substantial subject, to be taught by demonstrations and practical exercises rather than from books.
2. The introduction of elementary physics into the later years of the program as a substantial subject, to be taught by the experimental or laboratory method, and to include exact weighing and measuring by the pupils themselves.
3. The introduction of elementary algebra at an age not later than twelve years.
4. The introduction of elementary plane geometry at an age not later than thirteen years.
5. The offering of opportunity to study French, or German, or Latin, or any two of these languages, from and after the age of ten years.

In order to make room in the program for these new subjects, the association recommends that the time allotted to arithmetic, geography and English grammar be reduced to whatever extent may be necessary. The recommendations are made in the interest of the public school system as a whole; but most of them are offered more particularly in the interest of those children whose education is not to be continued beyond the grammar school.

If the recommendations are approved by educators, they will be acted upon at next year's meetings of the Association.

High School.

Last Friday the debating societies voted for their officers for the ensuing term. The elections were all of them very interesting and exciting at times. There was very little "wire pulling" with the exception of candidates for the president of the Sumner Club, but at the election one man was unanimously elected.

Two petitions have been forwarded to the School Committee; one from the Glee Club, asking that the city purchase music for their use. If this petition is granted, as we hope it may be, the members would be greatly relieved financially. The other is from the Sumner and Assembly debating societies, asking the committee to revoke the very odious law that the presiding officer shall not hold his office longer than one month, but to extend the time to ten weeks as formerly. This law seems to be a great hindrance to all societies. If they would look upon this petition with favor the societies could work with more enthusiasm and would not feel so encroached upon.

The joint debate that was to take place between the Sumner Club and the Assembly does not seem to have come to a very definite point as yet. There seems to be great opposition about the way the societies shall be put upon the question, some favoring club pitted against club others favoring members of both societies placed upon the same side. It will

probably be a hard fought subject on both sides.

The rhetorical exercises held in the hall, Tuesday morning, were very interesting and entertaining. Reading, "Jumbles," Miss Chamberlain; piano solo, Miss Hare, '91; recitation, "Broomstick Train," G. A. Matthews.

Next Monday morning, during the first hour, the whole school will assemble in the hall to sing under the direction of Mr. Seth Richards. This will be an excellent opportunity for all interested in the school to visit it and to see the results of its musical training. W. L. P.

Living on Eighty-four Cents a Week.

While on the subject of abstinence in food, may I be pardoned for mentioning that many years ago, when a schoolboy, I tried how cheaply I could live, and found that I was able to get, in Summer, everything I required in the shape of good, wholesome food for three shillings six and a half pence a week. Of course I had little meat, and kept principally to fruit and vegetables, which I could buy cheap, as I was near a large town.—National Review.

There was once a man who succeeded in keeping his horse on a straw a day but about that time the animal died. Excessive economy in food, like the extreme of lavishness is to be avoided. The brain needs nourishment and seeds of permanent disease have been laid by young men in school who have lived on Indian meal mush and molasses or baked potatoes and salt exclusively. Better take a little more time and run no risk of brain impoverishment. Such economy doesn't pay in the long run.

For Light.

Although I am by no means one of the High School "Quick Wits," I appropriated an interest in LIGHT's contribution for them last week.

Have you seen the enclosed sentences? I found them always a stimulating diversion for my classes, and thought perhaps some of the many people who indulge in (L) light reading might enjoy them. The first is of especial interest to the patriotic; the last is not as discrepant as it seems at first sight.

1. Quis crudus tibi lectus albaque spiravit!
2. Mea mater sus mala est.

A SEVENTY-NINER, W. H. S.

The next meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association will be held at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27 and 28. Worcester is conspicuously absent from the entire program, which is made up very largely from Boston and the immediate vicinity.

Holy Cross.

The annual customary supper from the Junior class to the faculty and students was tendered last Monday evening and was a grand success. At 6.30 supper was enjoyed in the refectory after which an entertainment was given in Fenwick Hall. The day-scholars enjoyed the supper this year and showed their evident appreciation of the existing harmony. The entertainment opened with an address on "College Sentiment" by President Michael P. Kavanaugh and consisted of essays and poems. The exercises closed with a scene

from "Macbeth." The class numbers thirty-five and its officers are President Michael P. Kavanaugh, vice-president J. F. Mellen, secretary David J. Walsh, and treasurer John T. Kittredge.

Rev. Patrick T. Kernan S. J., for many years a teacher at the college, died during the present week. He was at the college a few weeks ago trying to regain his failing health and was very hopeful but the end although not entirely unexpected was yet a welcome relief in this case. Nov. 14.

The Glee Club and college orchestra went to Leicester Thursday evening and opened a three nights' coffee party in aid of the Catholic church. A large delegation of day-scholars attended also, an electric car being chartered for their use.

The college dramatic club will present "The Celebrated Case" in Fenwick Hall on Thanksgiving evening.

Next Wednesday is St. Katherine's day the patroness of philosophy and on that account the Senior class will be given a holiday.

The will of the late Rev. E. D. Purcell leaves almost all his money to his church. He was said to be the richest pastor in the Springfield diocese.

The Washington Social Club will give its annual minstrel show in the theater next Monday evening, Messrs. O'Day, Heffern, Hall and Foley are the end men and the arrangements are in the hands of able committee with President McCaffery as chairman and Mr. J. J. Riordan, secretary. A grand treat is promised to all who attend.

The coffee party to be held on next Tuesday evening in Mechanics Hall by the St. John's Guild promises to eclipse all previous successes. Nov. 20.

Smith.

There are many outside attractions now offering themselves to the girls and they have been largely improved. A number went down to Sir Edwin Arnold's readings at Springfield, last week and also to the Symphony concert this week, while Smith certainly is going to contribute her share to the college representation at the Yale-Harvard game Saturday. Campanini at Amherst and Max O'Rell in the Northampton town hall also had the pleasure of seeing many college girls in their audience.

Last Friday, Victor Herbert, aided in the Analysis class concert.

The ground has already been broken for the two new college houses, which are expected to be done for occupancy next fall. The catalogues are now out, and may be had by sending to the registrar, Miss Mary E. Graham. Nov. 20.

The opening reception of the year of Miss Kimball's Home School was given Thursday evening. The parlors were handsomely decorated for the occasion with potted plants and from 8 to 10 o'clock a large number of the friends of the school and of the pupils called and were received by Miss Kimball, assisted by Miss Newcomb, Miss Havermeyer, Miss Fatten, Miss Laughton, Miss Mellen, Miss Greene, Miss O'Neill and Miss Carpenter. The ushers were Miss Houghton, Miss Harlow, Miss Peacock, Miss Swett, Miss Partridge, Miss Cutter and Miss Duke. To the pupils and their friends these receptions are among the pleasantest events of the year.

Amusement.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Our Angel," a comedy drama of more than ordinary merit, has been the attraction at Lothrop's Pleasant Street Theater this week. The story deals with Western life in the most exciting times of the gold fever. Miss Katherine Rolser as Blossom, "Our Angel," shared the honors with Max Freeman, who is seen to good advantage as Jack Kenyan, who always turns up at the right time. Mr. James K. Keane, as Hop Thompson, a scheming villain, was well received. He is a good actor. "One Hour in a hospital," a farce by Mr. John Phillips, precedes each performance. As a laugh producer it is the best that has been as yet presented.

"The Mask of Life," is the rather dramatic title of the romantic melo-drama from the pen of Mr. John A. Stevens, in which Mr. Charles Barringer and Miss Kate Glassford will appear next week. Mr. Barringer is very popular with the patrons of the house and deservedly so, for he is a talented and painstaking actor, who has made many admirers among Worcester theater goers by the thorough and artistic manner in which he accomplishes his work. Miss Glassford will be welcomed in a manner befitting an actress who has earned a reputation for good work.

Madame Laura Schirmer-Mapleson, who is to appear in Mechanics Hall Thanksgiving afternoon and evening, has a soprano voice of the most delicate character, recalling very distinctly that of Mme. Gerster when she first visited America. It is the voice of a musician, as well as of a skillfully trained vocalist, a voice of remarkable purity and of the most satisfying characteristics. Her earlier years were spent in study under one of Boston's well-known professors, Charles R. Adams, and since then she has continued her studies with some of the most famous artists in the world.

So much has been written about Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson that there is some curiosity to meet the subject of such flattering comment. She is described as possessing an irresistibly charming, frank and honest pair of eyes of the deepest blue looking kindly upon the visitor, and a happy smile greets one at almost every turn.

Mrs. Wilkinson has shown her usual energy in securing so charming an artist for her Thanksgiving attraction. A very moderate scale of prices has been fixed upon. All who attend these concerts may be sure of their money's worth and a most enjoyable evening.

A Christian's Epitaph.

He had for woe a kindly word,
His heart was open and his purse,
And when he prayed he said, oh, Lord,
I'm not like other men—I'm worse
—N. V. Press.

To a Wild Drake.

Lone voyager of the upper sea
Spiced on with tireless wing;
Thy fading form remindeth me
Of songs the poets sing.

Our horizon of life they span,
But when its verge is past
Who knoweth where the flight began
Or where they rest at last!
—Francis Zurl Stone.

Petersham, Mass.

VOLAPÜK.

WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.
1891, Babul, roid.

Sole A. S. Roe, Redakel de LIGHT.
Söl Löfik! I herewith enclose you manuscript commencing the translation of Henry Drummond's "The greatest thing in the world." This translation has received the painstaking care of one of the most skillful of American Volapükans and ought to be of great interest to your readers.

Any one by comparing the English text with this translation ought to get a fair idea of the new international tongue.

Is it not worthy of comment that by a knowledge of this language one is put into easy communication with Chinese, Russians, Japanese, Spaniards, French and Norwegians, Turks and Germans?

Stümafuliko,

F. L. HUTCHINS.

Din Gletükün Vola.

„Do pükob ko linegs menas e lanelas e no labob ladali binob as laten tonik u bosinuf luglöiköi.

E do labob taleni büsaga e kapalob klänis valik, e noli valik, e do labob klödi valik so das kanob fagün belis, e no labob ladali binob nos.

E do segivob labemi valik oba al zibön pökis, e do givob kopi obik al padefitödon, e no labob ladali, pöfidöms nosi obe.“

„Ladäl sufom lönedo, e binom benodik, ladäl no glotom, ladäl no luglögom, no binom leplidik, no tagom neplütik, no sükom dinis okik, no zunom löviko, no cedom badiko, no gälom oki dö sinof, ab gälom oki in velatöf, sufadom valikosi, klödödm valikosi, spelom valikosi, sufom valikosi.“

„Ladäl deiläfom nevelo; do büsags sibi. noms oneplöfoms; do püks sibinoms otakoms; do no silbinom ofegolom. Ibo nolobis dilo, e büsagöms dilo, ab ven lefulikos uköms, täno nefulikos ufegolof. Ven äbinob cil, äpükob as cil, äkapalob as cil, ätikob as cil; ab ven äbinom man mosiadob dinis cilik.

Ibo nu togöms da glat nekülükö; ab täno lekülükö; nu nolobis dilo, ab täno onolobis aalik ponolobis, e nu klöd, spel, ladäl lehlüboms, ats kil, ab ladäl binom veitükün.“

Kapit i.

Alim esäköm säki veitük bitüma äs ätimaaga; kis binos gudikünöms? Laböls lifi ölsik kömödn, kanöls lifön ömi te balna din kiom binom digikün levipa, talen subimik padesidön.

Sagon kösömiko das din veitükün vola relik binom klöd. Vöd ab ebimödn dido stab rela popik dü yetalutoms; e elenadöbs nefikuliko cedön ömi as din veitükün vola.

Beno, enepölöbs. If penuöbs somo, ba ofelögöbs zeili. Edukob ölis me kapit keli elädöb nu al fon kritanima e elögöbs us, „das veitükün ömas binom ladäl „no binos neleogam. Paul äpüködm ätimo dö klöd.

Union Methodist Fair.

For many weeks all the Methodists in the city have been working and looking forward to one grand effort in behalf of Grace Church. The plans culminated in a fair held four days last week in Mechanics Hall. The

organ and chandeliers were prettily and extensively decorated, so that it was almost impossible to see the ceiling. The booths that surrounded the hall were tastily arranged and well supplied with fancy articles, and other things useful in the home. Beginning at the north end of the stage there was the booth of Coral Street Church, the fruit table in charge of Mrs. Crowell, booths of Trinity Church, Grace Church choir, Webster Square Church, and Laurel Street church, the chocolate stand of Walter Baker & Co., of Boston, and Grace church booths including flower and candy table, fancy table, and surprise table. Turkey dinners were served Wednesday and Thursday, and suppers every evening.

An entertainment was given every evening. Tuesday the Coral Street and Webster Square Churches furnished a program in which the Young Men's Christian Association Junior Orchestra played three selections. Miss Alma Collins sang a contralto solo, and Miss Lewis played a violin solo and responded to an encore. Wednesday evening Grace Church furnished the entertainment consisting of songs by Miss Flora M. Minor and A. Lester Farwell, and readings by Mrs. Hattie E. Price. Each responded to an encore. Laurel Street Church entertained Thursday evening, the Worcester Brass Orchestra giving several selections. Mrs. MacIntosh a violin solo and Mrs. E. R. Irwin a vocal solo. Friday night young ladies from Trinity Church gave fancy marching and a flag drill. The attendance was large, increasing from the first. The net proceeds for the decrease of Grace Church's debt were over \$2,000. All have worked earnestly for the success of the Fair, and now feel well repaid for their labors.

Many of Mr. Labouchere's mots have been recorded. One or two will bear repetition. Once, in the House, he referred to the conduct of some political opponent as being "unworthy of a pettifogging attorney" and, being called upon by the speaker to withdraw this unparliamentary expression, did so, declaring that he was glad of having an opportunity of retracting it, "as it was a great injustice to the attorney." So, again, on being informed that a wealthy nobleman had bequeathed a very large sum of money to the church, he remarked that "was the largest insurance against fire he had ever heard of." On another occasion he was visiting a parvenu, who had a very exclusive library of the newest books. Labouchere had taken down one of these volumes, which had never known the paper-knife. The parvenu said: "Ah, you see, I am surrounded by my friends'" pointing to the books. "Yes," replied Labouchere—"and I am glad to see that you haven't cut them yet." Once, after visiting the House of Lords, he was asked what he thought of it, as compared with the Commons. "Well," was the reply, "I might almost have imagined my self in heaven if it hadn't been for the presence of so many bishops."

Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man,
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with ~~and~~ the lack of Christian grace!
Loudly pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still.
—Whittier—Daniel Neall.

Books and Bookmen

The Chautauquan.

With the fine illustrations and the high grade of the articles together with the strong names attached to them, the November number of this magazine makes a grand showing. John Clark Ridpath continues his battles of the Revolution describing the one on Long Island. Dr. Hale writes entertainingly of the Social Life of the Colonists; Prof. Little sets before us the Town Meeting as it was conducted in Colonial times. Two articles deal with the National Department of Agriculture, one detailing the experiments and research that have been made for the farmer's good, the other explaining the methods of discovering the Adulteration of Foods. The subject of Pottery in the United States is explained, and the influence of the pastor in society is dealt with by John Habberton. The story of the Nibelungen-Lied is completed in this number. Other articles are: "Progress of the Colored People in Washington, D. C.," "The Romantic and Classical in English Literature," "The French Naval Manoeuvres in 1891," "The Women's Council Table," furnished entirely by women, contains a variety of information, including, "Social Life," "Women's Clubs in London," "Women as Astronomers."

Published by Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

General Sherman's Letters to His Daughter.

To the November Cosmopolitan Minnie Ewing Sherman contributes some letters written to her by her father during the "Great Struggle." The following is one of them, dated at Memphis, October 4, 1862:

MY DEAR LITTLE MINNIE: Mamma has written to me that you have gone to school. * * * I know you will be lonely enough away from home, and whenever I have leisure I will write to you, although I can tell you little that will interest you, except that I am separated from you all this time. You were left at home when we went to California, and again when I went to Louisiana, and now again in the war; but, my dear child, I am most happy that this war does not reach you. In after years you will know all about this war from books, and may remember that I was one of its actors, but do not think that I feel in this war as I would if England were the enemy opposed to us in battle. I feel that we are fighting our own people, many of whom I knew in earlier years, and with many of whom I was once very intimate. * * * When you study, study hard; learn to apply yourself so that when you are at work you think of nothing else, and when you are done with your books let your mind run free. I have seen a great many young ladies, and know that such are most interesting who are not forward or bashful—the truth lies between. Modesty is the most beautiful feature in a young girl, but should not degenerate into bashfulness. Think yourself as good as

any, but never think yourself better than the poorest child of all. If this horrid war should ever end, how happy we could all be in some good home at St. Louis or Leavenworth, or even California. Write to me often, and try and write like mamma. Nobody can write better than she. Think of me as

YOUR FOND FATHER.

Rose and Lavender, by the author of Miss Toosey's Mission, Laddie, etc. From Robert's Brothers, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.

The frontispiece shows Ruth, a dainty figure cutting lavender from a great bush. The plan of the story is very simple bringing in but few characters and those of the plainest, every day kind. Joe falls in love with Ruth, or perhaps it might be said that he never did other than love her, but when Rose came his way he left all to follow after her. The presents he intends for Ruth are laid aside to provide something for Rose. After some troublesome times he returns to his old love and the book ends with a wedding.

Little Foles East and West, comprising Prairie Stories, Mother Goose Stories, Fairy Stories, and True Stories, by Harriette R. Shattuck. From Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

Who of the children does not like stories and especially when accompanied by fine illustrations as are all of these. They are all so simply told, the print is so good, and book such a convenient size for the little ones to hold, the price is not large being but seventy-five cents, that we hope it will go into lots of baby hands the coming holidays. The cover is decorated and the title is in gilt. The child who begins this book is sure to be late at every meal till he has read it through. 75 cents. Putnam, Davis & Co.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the author, is a feeble woman of 75, with fine expressive eyes and a refined face. She talks much and well, and still writes stories for the magazines.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, the famous writer, is spending a few days in this city.

Mostly Marjorie Day is the title of a new novel by Virginia F. Townsend, which Messrs. Lee and Shepard have nearly ready. It is several years since the author's previous story, *A Boston Girl's Ambitions*, was given to the public.

The December number of Lippincott's Magazine will be a special Southern number. All the contributions have been prepared by popular Southern authors. The complete novel is by T. C. De Leon, author of *Creole and Puritan*, *The Puritan's Daughter*, etc. It is an exciting romance of the civil war, and is entitled *A Fair Blockade-Breaker*.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish shortly *Reading and Speaking: Familiar Talks to Young Men who would Speak well in Public*. By Brainard Gardner Smith, Associate Professor of Elocution and Oratory, Cornell University.

The aim of this book is to help young men to natural, comfortable, manly, forceful manner of speech in public. To accomplish this, the author offers many suggestions not usually found in print. He suggests methods whereby the reader may ascertain for himself what faults he has: faults of breathing, faults of

articulation, faults of voice production, faults of manner, faults of gesture, and the like. The reader is also told how these faults may be cured.

Especial importance is given to the theory of Sentential Delivery as based on the systems of Walker and Mandeville.

A feature of the book is a chapter giving letters to the author from such representative American orators and scholars as the Hon. George William Curtis, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, President Seth Low, the Hon. John D. Long, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, and others. The book is intended, not only as a text-book for colleges and higher schools, but also for the use of all persons interested in the "noble art of oratory."

A work which is sure to command attention, especially from all who are interested in sociological questions, is from Lee and Shepard. It is called *White Slaves, or, Oppression of the Worthy Poor*, by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., and is the outcome of personal observation by the author, of the sweating system and kindred evils among the poor of Boston, being fully illustrated from photographs.

All Around the Year, 1892. Entirely new design in colors, by J. Pauline Santer. Printed on heavy card board, gilt edges, with chain, tassels, and ring. Size 4 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches. Binded. Price 50 cents.

This most charming calendar is composed of heavy, gilt-edged cards, tastily tied with white silk cord, and a delicate, silvered chain attached by which they may be hung on the wall or elsewhere, and are so arranged on rings that they may be turned over as each month shall be needed for reference.

As fresh in design—even outshining its brilliant host of predecessors, which have been sent out each year to the calendar loving world—as it is fresh in the fair whiteness and the soft delicacy of its workmanship. Each card contains not only the calendar but a design both charming and appropriate, and an equally timely sentiment.

It is a study for an artist—in fact twelve studies in art, of original and beautiful designs, and worked out in the highest style of the printer's art. The drawings are in Mrs. Santer's picturesque style and executed in sepia tint and color,—so quaint and bright and sweet that one is charmed beyond expression.

Each month has its own beautiful design. In January a darling little girl sympathizes with the snow birds. In February she scornfully refuses a valentine; March, she finds tempestuous; May brings the flowers; September carries her to school again and in December she anxiously awaits old Santa Claus. From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Grandfather Grey, poem, by Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrations by Charles Copeland. Elegantly printed on fine cut paper. Bound in two colors cloth, full gilt. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A companion to Grandmother Grey, that pretty love poem of "ye olden time" that sprang into instant favoritism a year ago. There is the same charming simplicity of style and strength and beauty of thought. It is an idyl of old New England, told with exquisite faithfulness by both pen and pencil. The artist, Charles Copeland, has caught the

evil spirit that breathes from the lines, and pictured those quaint scenes of wooing and merriment with delicacy and power. The full page frontispiece portrait of Grandfather Grey, as he sits lost in thoughts of by-gone days, shows the same calm, faraway look shining from the eyes, as marked the sweet countenance of Grandmother Grey. Even the hush in the school-room and the hum of the lazy Summer day outside seem real to us. Fair and winsome is the face bent modestly before the parson in the simple wedding scene; years after, it shows traces of life's bitterness as well as sweetness, as she sits by the open window, looking out across the meadows. We can almost see the shadows on the wall of the evening spelling-school bob merrily up and down in the flickering candle-light,—and the twilight deepen on those two old graves in the churchyard.

"For the world moves on as it ever moved,
And the dead as God loveth all."

The writer made an excellent impression in Worcester, last year, when she attended the tenth anniversary of the Woman's Club and may well be anxious to see this most beautiful volume which so mirrors her own thoughts and heart. Looking Backward begins with every one, sooner or later, and as far as the reader may go, he will find the sentiment in full accord with what he has experienced.

This poem is printed on fine cut paper, royal 8vo in size, and richly bound in two colors, embellished with gilt. Price \$2.00, Putnam, Davis & Co.

Glimpses at the Plant World by Fanny D. Bergen, Boston, Lee & Shepard. 75 cents.

In the midst of so much fiction which nearly every one reads to the neglect of history, biography and science, it is a genuine pleasure to see a book on plants so entertaining as to cause a young miss to exclaim, "Oh, Papa! Please may I have that book?" That is just the reception that this volume received and it merited all the praise given it. Here are twenty-seven chapters, on the growth and nature of plants, every one of which makes the reader a closer observer of nature. The boy or girl who follows this book closely will soon wish a larger treatise that the field of knowledge may be increased. The simple yet quiet way in which the story is told wins and holds the attention of older as well as younger readers. A choice book for every teacher's desk, it is well placed if put into the children's hands. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The Lovers Year-Book of poetry. A collection of love poems for every day in the year, by Horace Parker Chandler. Vol. 1, January to June. Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1891, \$1.25.

This book might be called, with propriety, the Lover's *Vade Mecum*. While older people may read and remember their own younger days, that one who is now

"Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrows;"

will find the volume more useful. From one hundred different writers, the industrious compiler has drawn sentiments which are here accorded to the days from New Year's Day to the last day of June. The cry of the age is for every thing handy and here the over-worked lover has his sentiments so arranged

that he will not even have to turn to his Bartlett's Dictionary of Quotations. The compilation reminds one a little of the Birth Day books which have been made up from the writings of almost all the later famous authors, only there are no spaces for signatures. It is simply a source of pleasure to the possessor to turn to dates with which he is familiar and find what live thought is coupled with it. The probabilities are that the purchaser will first look at his own birthday and then at that of his affianced or the being whom he would call his own. Mr. Chandler must have discovered a lacking in this particular direction and has supplied it. The book itself is a triumph of the binders art in its whole book, olive green sides and gilt titles. For sale at all the book stores.

The October number of the Magazine of New England History completes the first volume. Mr. Tilly of Newport, R. I., in carrying through his venture is entitled to a deal of credit. The field is wide enough for a large number of historical publications. Leisure and wealth have combined to produce a taste for such matter among our people and there are not waiting those who would supply it. Mr. Hulme of New Bedford continues his extracts from Samuel Hubbard's Letter Book; English Homes of the ancestors of the Seventh Day Baptist Clarks follows. There is an appetizing reference to the forthcoming Cartwright Family Genealogy, and a chapter is given to the Record of Baptisms and Marriages of Montville, Conn., 1784-1798. As is usual in such magazines, the Notes and Queries, every body's field, are very valuable. The far reaching effect of such contributions cannot be estimated. Published by R. H. Tilly, Newport, R. I. \$2.00 per year.

Who Would not be a Prince

An entire battery of Royal Artillery, considerably over a hundred horses and a similar number of men, was brought up all the way from Woolwich to London by rail, the other day, in order to fire a salute of twenty-one guns in St. James's Park in honor of the birth of the youngest son of Prince Henry of Battenburg and of Princess Beatrice, his wife. In the days prior to his marriage, when he and his elder brother, Prince Alexander, were mere cavalry subalterns at Berlin, they had much difficulty to make both ends meet. Indeed, Prince Henry is known to have been heavily in debt at the time of his marriage. There were grave doubts as to the legitimacy of their father, Prince Alexander of Hess, while their mother, a mere morgantic wife, was of extremely plebeian origin. Her brother was killed while fighting in the revolutionary ranks during the Polish insurrection, while her father was a Hebrew, who had worked his way up from the very lowest position to that of confidential adviser of the late Grand Duke Constantine.

Fame is what you have taken,
Character is what you give
When to this truth you waken
Then you begin to live.
—Bayard Taylor.—Improvisations.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.

—Mencius Maxims.

His Flag.

No bird belated sings
In the clm, whose leaves are fled,
Beside the river that darkly clings
Around the place of the dead.

The token-flowers have gone
From the mounds by the marbles white,
Whereon the front of the night and dawn
Slow mix in the day's cold light.

One humble grave is here,
Near these rich stones to the dead,
With a faded flag o'er its grasses sere,
And an iron slab at its head.

And the winds, like a trumpet's sound,
From the fortress-hillside start;
And, sweeping above the hero's mound,
They shake the flag of his heart!

—C. L. Cleaveland.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.—Walt Whitman.

A Young American.

Some of the best things told at the recent Woman's Congress were not spoken from the platform, but related in the ante-rooms. The following story was told to the present writer, by the mother of the little boy in question.

A seven-year-old Chicago boy, who has two presidents of Harvard among his grandfathers and great-grandfathers, lately asked his mother, "Am I going to college when I grow up?"

"I hope so," she answered.

"Am I going to Harvard?"

"I don't know."

"I think I must go to Harvard, because of my name first," said the little boy. [He is named for one of the Harvard grandfathers.] After some further meditation, he asked: "Will my little sister go to college with me?"

His mother explained to him that his sister could not enter Harvard with him by the front door, but that she could enter by the back door. After hearing an explanation of the Annex, the small boy said sturdily:

"Well, I won't go to any college that won't let my sister come in with me by the front door!"

This same little boy is a strong believer in equal rights for women in all respects. Before the recent excitement had arisen over school suffrage in Illinois, he said to his mother suddenly, on the eve of election day: "Why, mother, after all the talk you have given to father about voting, you haven't voted yourself to-day!" Apparently his mother had been reminding her husband not to forget to vote. She explained to the child that she could not vote. He was much astonished and distressed.

"Isn't father willing you should vote?"

"Oh, yes, your father would be willing; but other men have made it a law that women must not vote."

"Well," said the youthful champion of equal rights, "I think father might make the other men let you vote. I think you know enough!"

Twenty years from now, if Illinois women have not secured full suffrage by that time, this boy will be a good man to send to the Legislature. His mother says that his advocacy of equal suffrage is the more remarkable as she has never talked to him upon the subject. "He evolved it from his own inner consciousness," she said.—Woman's Journal.

The First Edition.

"DEAR SIR: We take pleasure in announcing to you that the first edition of your work, "The Swallows," being sold, a second edition should be printed. Have the kindness to call at our office, so that we may make the necessary arrangements. Yours truly,

MASSOL BROTHERS,
"Publishers"

When I received this letter, said the celebrated dramatic author, Henry Didier, I was overcome with joy and astonishment, but I was even more astonished than delighted.

The first edition of "The Swallows," my first work, a volume of poetry, exhausted! And I was barely twenty-two years old, I knew no one in Paris, nothing else of mine had ever been printed except some advertisements! And in what space of time had this unexpected and astounding result been achieved? In a single month! Then it was a success, a real success? So I had talent? I began to be appreciated by my contemporaries whom I hitherto slandered, accusing them of being insensitive to all poetry, and regarding them as stupid country louts.

What a future was before me! After this volume I would write a second one, at which I had already worked—in fancy! Then I would produce something for the theater, the spring board which launches you, all at once into renown glory, and prosperity. And why not a novel, also? I began to dream of psychological essays with descriptive scenes, which should be both exact and interesting. My brain was on fire. All the wild ambitions of youth whispered in my ear. I read the welcome letter again and again. I walked around and around my room gesticulating violently.

"Well, what does this mean, my dear boy?"

My grandfather's face appeared at the door. A kindly face, closely shaven, with a large nose, bright eyes shining behind spectacles, a well combed wig encircling a smiling countenance.

"Why, grandfather, just read this letter."

When he had perused, he said:

"Well, what of that? It seems to me that your poems are charming."

"But just think, grandfather, it is an unexpected success. Nobody reads poetry nowadays."

"People read yours, it seems. You ought to be satisfied."

"Of course I am."

"Then you are happy?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"No more could be desired."

He opened his snuff-box and took a pinch, looking at me with smiling eyes.

A quarter of an hour later I was at Massol's store. I sprang up the stairs to the office of the elder brother, who was accustomed to treat with authors.

The door of the office was closed and a sound of voices escaped. The publisher was engaged. I sat down upon a bench and waited my turn. And as I waited, I recalled my emotion on my first visit to the publishing house; how my heart beat as I mounted the stairs with my manuscript under my arm, and how I trembled when I entered Massol's office.

The office-door opened and X—, a member of the Academy, came out, accompanied by the smiling and obsequious publisher.

He was a successful author, and they made much of him. Would I ever climb so high?

Massol beckoned to me in a kindly and paternal manner. He begged me to be seated, and, installing himself in his arm-chair said:

"You received your letter?"

"Yes, Mr. Massol."

"A book of poetry sold in a month! Between ourselves, I don't understand it all."

This was not very flattering, but I myself had been so much astonished that I readily excused his astonishment.

"Very curious about your book," he continued; "people buy it, but no one talks about it. I never before saw anything like that in the publishing business. Very curious, very curious!"

And he laughed heartily.

It was then and there agreed that they would at once print five hundred copies of "The Swallows," as more orders might reasonably be expected. And a few days later I saw my dear volume majestically displayed in the windows of the book stores, adorned with the flattering inscription: *Second Edition.*

Decidedly I amounted to something. Nevertheless, Massol's remarks did trouble me a little. No one talked about my book, no one seemed to have read it, except the persons to whom I presented it, and they had not said very much.

Encouraged by this first success, I went eagerly to work. I wrote my first play, "The Grandmother," which, as you recollect, was successful at the Odéon; then I wrote "The Victims of Marriage," for the Gymnase; "The Two Brothers," for the Comédie Française, and many other pieces. I became a "well known author," as we say: years passed and I scarcely recollected "The Swallows," a youthful work, a timid attempt, now forgotten by the world.

At this period I experienced one of the greatest griefs of my life: I lost my dear grandfather. He died peacefully, tended and beloved by all of us to the last. He possessed one of those rare natures in which egotism never found a place, and whose active good-will never spared any pains to give pleasure to those whom he loved.

I shall always remember the painful impression which we experienced, when, a month after the death of this dear relative, we went into his apartments, where we found the old furniture and the familiar objects which reminded us of him. A strange servant opened the blinds abruptly, being indifferent to an emotion he could not understand. The light from without suddenly filled the rooms, and with it, entered a breath of fresh air, bringing in the noise of the street. Death gave way to life. And, with life, its stern duties, the apartments of our dear grandfather were to be rented, and we must remove the furniture, empty the closets, and clear away for the new-comer who was to occupy the rooms. The removing was begun and I was painfully affected. It seemed to me that all that yet remained to recall my grandfather was about to be scattered and broken up.

The regular mode of life which had existed for more than thirty years seemed to have left its mark in every part of this little abode. Each piece of furniture removed

and each drawer emptied, was a memory stirred and uprooted. One of the company uttered an astonished "Oh!" and showing me the lower portion of a closet which he had just opened, cried:

"Henry, see here!"

I looked and I saw—oh? dear grandfather, dear and excellent man!—I saw the lower shelves of the closet filled with books all alike, leaves uncut, and blue covers, which I recognized at once, "The Swallows?" "The Swallows!"

There it was complete, the first edition of my poems, this edition which was exhausted so rapidly, "which people bought and of which no one spoke," as Massol had said. I should think they didn't speak of it! Grandfather had bought the whole edition; he was the unknown public!—Epoch translation from the French of Jacques Normand by Richard H. Buel.

Don't Despise the Toadstool.

A thoughtless man, says the New York Sun, wandering through the woods, caught sight of a cluster of giant toadstools growing at the foot of a tree, and began to slash them with his walking stick.

"Now what on earth did you want to do that for?" asked his thoughtful companion.

"Why, they're no good. They're poisonous and unsightly, too," replied the cane-wielder.

"Well," retorted the thoughtful man, "they're one of the most useful things that grow. They are excellent proof of the old chestnut that everything in nature has its use and value to man."

"It's the first time I ever heard it," said the thoughtless man, dubiously, whereupon the thoughtful one, at the very first opportunity, took the thoughtless one into a big city drug store. Heaped high in a glass case on one of the glass counters were hundreds of odd-shaped things that looked like pieces of chamois skin. It was all odorless and as white as velvet almost to the touch,

"What are they?" asked the thoughtless man, in surprise.

"Dried toadstools," replied the thoughtful man.

"Nobody ought to be without them," chimed in the druggist. "There isn't a better simple cure for nosebleed known than a bit of toadstool thrust into the bleeding nostril. Toad stools make excellent dressing for certain kinds of wounds, are highly valued by surgeons, and are in big demand in hospitals. Germans use toadstools extensively as pipe lighters also. The dried fungus makes perfect tinder. It is cut in long strips, and these in turn are clipped at the edge in a sort of fringe and tipped with phosphorus and sulphur just like match heads. By rubbing the fringe against any rough surface, it ignites just like a match, and burns like punk. If you trust a bit into the bowl of your pipe you can light the tobacco with ease in the highest wind, in the biggest storm. In fact the harder it blows the better your pipe will light. Hunters and fishermen find this sort of match much preferable to any other. A dried toadstool makes a curiosity, too, for it is astonishing how few people know what it is when they see it.—July Amateur Sportsman.

The Unsuccessful Man.

There are but few men, today, who desire to be unsuccessful, yet the world is full of such. There are several ways in which we can tell the unsuccessful man. When we see a man going about, day after day, with his head down, and despondency written in every feature of his face, we may put him down at once as unsuccessful.

We may see others careless and indifferent to business and family cares; they spend their time in gambling and carousing around the city, day and night. Yet such men are always unsuccessful.

A young man enters a store as a clerk, a customer comes in to purchase some goods; the clerk half waits upon him, and at the least thing gets provoked: or the customer may call for some article out of season; it may be a little inconvenient for the clerk to get at it; and as the eyes of the employer are not at that moment upon him, he refuses to go after it. The customer at once reports to the proprietor, and the clerk is reprimanded for his neglect, or, as is generally the case, he is discharged. This clerk desires another position. He must have a recommendation from his past employer. This he cannot procure and is thus rejected. He growls at his hard luck, as he calls it, and calls his late employer hard names, and thinks him a very unjust man; while it is all his own fault that he is unsuccessful.

Another clerk is very active when at the store, but he is ever desirous to be away, first to this thing and then to that, consequently he is away half of the time. When he is needed he is not there. His mind gets occupied with outside matters; he has not time nor room for the business in which he is engaged. His employer sees his negligence, and, after his patience has been exhausted, discharges him. The clerk secures another situation, but he does exactly as he had done before, and, although he has great ability, he is again discharged. As long as he continues to neglect his business, he will remain unsuccessful.

Another man is tempted to steal; he gives in to the temptation, he is found out and branded as a thief; he had not manhood enough to start over and be honest. He says that he might as well die for a sheep as a lamb; so he disregards the advice of friends; he shuns the society of the good and chooses instead, the society of the wicked. He goes from bad to worse until at last he dies unsuccessful in all that he good.

Other men go to their business reluctantly, in the morning, and do what is only absolutely necessary. They do not inquire within themselves why their work is done, or, what will be the results if it is not done. They do not try to see how they can improve their work, nor make something which will answer better than the thing they are working upon.

There are men who run engines, who do not know how one is made, nor the duty that each part performs; there are men who sell furniture who do not know of what wood the furniture is made; and men who cannot tell whether the clothes they sell are made of cotton, or wool, or shoddy or all of the three in one. These men are always unsuccessful.

Sometimes it is but a little thing in life, perhaps done on the impulse of the moment, which results in a man's downfall. I will quote a little instance which will give a clearer idea of my meaning. A man who was doing a good business, went by a house that was in process of building. As he went by he saw some lime and sand being mixed for plastering for the house. He thought that if he could take but a small piece of the lime, just enough to white-wash his fence, no one would be the wiser. On looking around and seeing on one, he slipped a small piece into his pocket, and then went home thinking no more about it. There happened to be a man of influence near who saw him take the lime. He thought that if this man will steal a little lime, he will steal on a larger scale. (This of course seems a trifle, but when you consider what it costs this man in the end, it seems larger.) Men for whom he was doing business, on hearing of this little act of theft, at once took their business out of his hands. He was also refused the position as president of a bank, simply on account of this one act. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

While there are tides in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood, will lead to success, yet these men let them slip through their fingers, and worry along through life unsuccessful in all they attempt to do.

Often have we read of men who have tried to reap success by false representations, and some have made enormous sums in this way, but, as is generally the case, it brings them no good. Others think that men ought to respect and honor them, and at the same time they do nothing to incur their respect, and as they fail in this they try either to destroy themselves or those with whom they deal, instead of looking into themselves, and seeing their own faults, overcoming them, and by so doing reap the respect of those around them.

If a young man should come to me, and ask me for a remedy for unsuccessfulness, I should at once tell him to "Love the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself." And if every man and woman would follow this, they would at once see a revival in themselves, and also in their surroundings. Their poor stagnant blood would at once commence a process of purification. Life would be imparted to their business, people at once would put confidence in them. They would slowly rise step by step until the dregs of failure would fall at their feet, and in their place they would wear the robe of success.

A. D. BUTTRICK.

Welster Bell, who was General Grant's special courier to General Sherman in Georgia, bearing the news of Lee's surrender, died recently in Roxbury, Mass. With none to care for him but strangers, he died in almost absolute poverty, his pride restraining him from seeking aid from his relatives. About a year ago, he applied for a pension, but the papers granting the pension arrived only after he had been laid at rest forever.

I will be lord over myself; no one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.—Goethe—Lewes Life of Goethe, Book V.

Truth is the work of God, falsehoods are the work of man. —Madame De Stael—Germany, Part IV.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.

I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department and may be taken out if specially called for.

- Additional illustrations to Charles Dickens by pen and pencil, and to the Supplement I
 ARISTOTLES. On the Constitution of Athens; facsimile of Papyrus 131. British Museum. I
 BAINES, E. History of the county palatine and duchy of Lancaster; new, rev. and enl. ed. by J. Croston, vol. 4. I
 BLISS, E. M. Encyclopaedia of misanthropes, 2 vols. I
 BOURKE, J. G. Scatological rites of all nations I
 CONDER, C. R. Altaic hieroglyphics and Hittite inscriptions. (Pal. Explor. Fund) I
 Cyclopaedia of temperance and prohibition I
 DEFOLIANT, H. P. AND BATES, E. C. History of Westboro, Mass. I
 FERGUSON, J. History of the modern styles of architecture, 2 vols.—From timber to town, down in Egypt: by an early settler 31659
 GOODWIN, W. W. The present and the future of Harvard college; address June 25, 1891. I
 GREEN, T. M. The Spanish Conspiracy; early Spanish movements in the Southwest 34603
 HULL, E. Memoir on the geology and geography of Arabia Petraea, Palestine, etc. I
 KING, CAPT. C. ed. By land and sea. LEE, S., ed. Dictionary of national biography, vol. 27. I
 LETCHWORTH, W. P. The insane in foreign countries I
 LETOURNEAU, C. Evolution of marriage and of the family I
 MALORY, T. Le morte d' Arthur; repr. and ed. by H. O. Sommer, vol. 3. I
 MASON, G. C. Annual of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum, Newport, R. I. I
 Persian plays with lit. Eng. trans. and vocabulary by A. Rogers I
 ROGERS, C. The book of Wallace, vol. 2. I
 SCHUMACHER, G. Pella (Palestine Explor. Fund) I
 SEYFFERT, O. Dictionary of classical antiquities; rev. and ed. with add. by H. Nettleship and J. E. Sandys I
 SHAKESPEARE, W. Works; ed. by W. A. Wright, vol. 3. (Cambridge Shakespeare) I
 Shoppell's modern houses, Nos. 19 I
 STIRLING-MAXWELL, SIR W. Cloister life of Charles V I
 Miscellaneous essays and addresses I
 THOMPSON, C. H. Genealogy of descendants of John Thomson of Plymouth, Mass. I
 WALKER, I. AND COTTON, C. R. The complete angler; introd. by J. R. Lowell, 2 vols. I
 WASHINGTON, G. Writings; coll. and ed. by W. C. Ford, vol. 11, 1785-1790 I

I have already the bitter taste of death upon my lips. I feel the presence of the heavy weight That will crush out my life within this hour. But if a word could save me, and that word not the truth, Nay if it did but swerve a hair breadth from the truth, I would not say it. —Longfellow, Christus, Part III.

About Folks.

Prof. J. F. Williams, assistant professor of geology at Cornell, died in Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 2d. After three years of study in Germany he came to Clark University as docent, and a little later helped in the state survey of Arkansas. He had just begun his work at Cornell when his career was cut short by a disease, the germs of which were sown in the malarious regions of the South.

Miss H. M. Procter, who removes superfluous hair by using the electric needle, has removed her office from 92 Summer Street to 195 Pleasant Street.

The annual convention of the Boston District Epworth League held the 12th inst., in Boston, elected Frank J. Metcalf of Grace Church first vice-president.

The large and constantly increasing patronage of the Worcester Oxygen Company demands more commodious quarters. The proprietors intend adding more room, thus making it possible to better accommodate their large number of patients. In undergoing the oxygen treatment, the purity of the article and the careful manner in which it is administered, are both essential to be of lasting benefit to the patient. A physician of many years experience, who makes a careful diagnosis in each case, is always in attendance.

The work of finishing off the fifth story of the Burnside building is progressing rapidly. Very soon there will be a whole floor of office rooms for rent.

Prof. George E. Gladwin has taken rooms in the Burnside Building for the holiday season. He always has an abundance of beautiful objects for exhibition and sale.

Miss Kate G. Stevens, daughter of Charles E. Stevens of this city was one of the bridesmaids, in New Haven, Thursday, the 5th inst., at the marriage of Miss Elizabeth S., daughter of Prof. John S. Newberry of Columbia College to Dr. Wm. R. Jaggard of Chicago. Dr. Newman Smyth of Andover performed the ceremony.

Every one will regret that Mrs. Elizabeth L. Gird of 145 Summer Street has suffered a serious injury through falling in her yard. As the widow of Henry A. Gird, the mother of Capt. Joseph W. Gird, slain in the Wilderness and herself an Army nurse, she has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

The many friends of Mr. John A. Hartigan, the well known Pleasant Street grocer who has been ill during the past week, will be pleased to learn of his rapid and complete recovery.

The great bulk of alcohol made in this country is produced at Peoria, Ill. It is made from corn.

Caterer Curtis A. Yeaw after furnishing entertainment to so many others has, himself, been entertained. November 16 was the 20th anniversary of his marriage, so a large number of friends representing Blake Lodge, Knights of Pythias, Troquois Lodge, Improved

Order of Red Men, Worcester City Guards and Bay State Division, Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias assembled in Continental Hall to do him and Mrs. Yeaw honor. The parties whose wedded life represented just a score of years, were presented with a fine onyx and gold French clock and Miss Mabel Yeaw received an elegant pair of opera glasses. Mr. Yeaw responded happily for all while dancing and games made the night merry for all.

Mr. L. C. Havener of this city, dealer in sporting goods and formerly director of physical training in the Y. M. C. A. is announced as engaged to Rosina L., daughter of Capt. Phineas Pendleton of Searsmont, Me.

Dr. Harry Shaw, son of Joseph Alden Shaw, Principal of the Highland Military School, is reported engaged to Miss Alice, daughter of Deacon Ephraim Whitman. Dr. Shaw is a recently appointed surgeon in the U. S. Army, receiving the position after competitive examination.

The Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

We would most respectfully call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Parker which appears in another column. It certainly commends itself to the judgment of those who wish to take simple and common sense methods as their medicine.

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody. One way to do it is to invigorate the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Being a highly concentrated blood medicine, it is the most powerful and economical. It is sold for a dollar a bottle, but worth five.

Clouds Play Pranks.

Last Tuesday evening about nine o'clock, when the clouds were breaking away after the rain, a peculiar phenomenon was presented which is not often seen. In an upper current of air the clouds were moving very rapidly to the northeast and in an undercurrent other clouds were sailing with equal velocity to the southeast, that is, they crossed each others path at right angles. To make the effect still more striking, the larger clouds passed each other directly in front of the moon, which, being full, illuminated very brilliantly the whole scene.

Mrs Horace W. Bigelow.

The sudden death of this estimable lady, last Sunday morning, calls up the face of her husband, for so many years the senior member of the firm of Bigelow & Longley. They were long residents of the Bay State House. In fact, at her death, Mrs. B. had been there about thirty years, a longer time than any other boarder. Every one who had the pleasure of her acquaintance speaks in the highest terms of her amiable qualities. Her funeral was attended at the parlors of the hotel, Tuesday last at 11 a. m. The Schubert Quartette furnished music, singing to begin with, "Our Life is but a Fading Dawn" after which the

Rev. A. E. P. Perkins, D. D. read from the Scriptures and referred to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. After singing, "Abide with Me," the Rev. George W. Phillips of Rutland, Vt., a former pastor of Plymouth Church where Mrs. Bigelow had long been an attendant, spoke feelingly of the part she had borne in church work and life. The exercises concluded with prayer and the hymn "Nearer my God to thee." The burial was in Rural Cemetery.

Andrew O'Connor.

Our local sculptor who is so highly appreciated at home, by certain ones, has sent his late bust of Albert Curtis to the National Academy of Design in New York and it has been admitted. This is a high tribute to Mr. O'Connor one, on account which, his friends unite in heartiest congratulations. The jury to which the work was submitted includes the foremost names in America's art world. For years, the number of rejections has averaged fully two thirds of all applications, and when it is known that this is Mr. O'Connor's first presentation the quality of the honor becomes apparent. The bust of Mr. Curtis is an admirable likeness and, no matter what other marble and plaster work appears our Worcester figure is sure to shine. Among those rulling on Mr. O'Connor's work are J. Carroll Beckwith, the distinguish painter; J. Q. A. Ward the sculptor of The Puritan and the 7th Regiment statue in Central Park; R. Swain Gifford, Walter Shirlaw and many more all Academicians and to whom art is a study, work and life. Thursday and Friday evenings were Varnishing days and the exhibition proper opens next Monday and continues one month. If this recognition will result in placing Mr. O'Connor's name among those whose designs are given consideration and weight, it will be admirable. His work is all right and has been thus for a long time. He needs pushing and assistance. Will Worcester people aid their own citizen and sound his praises wherever and whenever opportunity offers?

Turn Over.

Manuals of correspondence or "complete letter writers" are dangerous things to depend upon. Not many years ago, a young man, who wished to win the hand of a young lady, pondered long over the proper and most effective way of addressing her. At last he found, in a manual of somewhat wide circulation, a form for a letter which pleased him much. The letter bore the title: "From a young gentleman to a young lady making an ardent but dignified offer of marriage." He copied out the letter, signed it with his name; and sent it to the lady. After some days of anxious waiting, he received a letter. He tore open the envelope and read: "Turn over the leaf in your manual; you will find my answer at the top of the opposite page." He seized his manual, and in the place indicated found a brief and sharply formal letter, entitled: "From a young lady to a gentleman, peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage." She was the possessor of a copy of the same manual.

To think one self to be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man — Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.



The Christian Union, \$3 a year.
 LIGHT, - - - \$2 a year.

Both for one year, \$3.50.

This offer good, till March 1, 1892, for new subscribers.

\$2.25 for LIGHT one year and The Christian Union 3 months, or 75 cents for LIGHT and

The Christian Union

Three months

at the extremely low rate named above

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THE Christian Union is a Family Paper for Progressive People everywhere. Twenty-five hundred pages a year. Two hundred illustrations. Thirty portraits of the world's great men and women. Its Outlook "is an education in current history." Topics vital to humanity are discussed by leaders in thought. There are stories, sketches, sermons, a Home Department full of good cheer, incisive Editorials, the Sunday-School Lesson by Lyman Abbott, strong literary, art, educational, and religious reviews. It is all "written by thinkers for thinkers." Price Three Dollars a Year.

It costs only a 2-cent stamp to see a copy. Subscriptions may be sent to either office. The Christian Union, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y. City.

Curious Corner.

How Some Insects Sing.

The Greeks shut the cicadas in cages so as to be sung to by them in their sleep. The Greeks were at odds concerning the nature of the singing apparatus and the controversy among naturalists on the subject lasted till very recently. The zoologist, H. Landois, who investigated the difficult subject of animal sounds with ceaseless industry and great skill, was able to give a satisfactory solution to the question. According to his research, the case is one in which the sound is really made by air circulating through passages in the interior of the body.

Every insect's body is penetrated by a system of breathing tubes or trachea which open at places upon the surface. The openings are called stigmata. This system of breathing tubes, through which the air is inspired and expired, takes the place of the lung of the higher animals. Landois discovered them in very obscure parts of the cicada, and found that they form a kind of windpipe representing the actual tone factory of the animals. —R. Francheschini in Popular Science Monthly.

The phrase "castles in the air," has been attributed to Sir Philip Sydney, Swift, Fielding, Churchill, Shenstone. It was first used more than 250 years ago by Robert Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

How Some Indians Paint.

All our North American Indians paint, and the patterns vary with the individual, with the family and with the occasion. From notes made upon Sacs and Foxes painted for the dance we will give but one or two cases. One man's face was painted black, except around the eyes and mouth, which were scarlet. Upon his forehead was a neat checkered pattern of yellow on the black background. Another's face was divided by a vertical line in two parts—one of which was bright yellow, the other an equally bright green.—Popular Science Monthly.

Very absurd are some of the advertisements which appear in the Agony column of the London Times. Here is one which we read some years ago:

"Come back, Charles! all is explained, dear; the house is sad without you; and your boots, brightly polished, are standing in the hall, wasting their sweetness on the desert air."

Another is a little more practical:
 "To Mary. Come back! All is forgiven; or, if you will not return, do send us the key of the tea caddy?"

Webb's Railroad.

Perhaps no recent Worcester movement betokens more enterprise and energy than Mr. George D. Webb's building of a railroad in Marlboro, N. H., to accommodate his rapidly increasing business. Then the chartering of a special train on the 12th, inst., to carry his friends and fellow business men there was a noteworthy event. The day was serene and so were the visitors. Mr. Webb has the vim to push the heart of the Commonwealth into the forefront of cities. Success to him.

One rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does better work than a heaping teaspoonful of any other. Cleveland's is wholesome, leavens best and leavens most.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

Dentists. 11 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass

Residence, 67 West Street.
Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,
Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
10 FRONT STREET.

ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

GEORGE C. BLANCHARD,
DEALER IN
Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb
Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,
No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass

THE : RESERVE

The only Weekly Paper published in the interest of the

Sons and Daughters of Veterans,
Grand Army of the Republic,
Woman's Relief Corps, and
Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1 Pre Year. * \$1 Per Year.
The Reserve Publishing Co., Publishers,
No. 5 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

Good to Eat.

Chicken Salad.

Mix one heaping teaspoonful of fine mustard, the yolk of a fresh egg, one teaspoonful of good cider vinegar, into a smooth paste, using a silver fork for the purpose; measure out twelve tablespoonfuls of fine salad oil, one tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice. Mix the last two together and strain them, add to the egg very slowly while stirring constantly two tablespoonfuls of the oil, and when it thickens, add alternately one teaspoonful of the oil and vinegar, stirring constantly until it is all mixed and a smooth thick, creamy, paste is obtained. Have ready a cold boiled fowl, remove the skin, bones and fat, then pull (not cut) the lean flesh into shreds about the size of dice, then cut into morsels about the same size, about the same quantity of white, crisp, tender celery. Mix it with the meat, add a teaspoonful of salt and one-half the dressing, cover the bottom of an oval platter with the white leaves of blanched lettuce, and place a row of green lettuce leaves around the edge of the platter. Place the salad upon the platter, and pour over it the remainder of the dressing, garnish with a few sprigs of parsley, olives and slices of hard boiled eggs. A salad made this way never fails to give satisfaction. D.

Oatmeal Blanc Mange.

A delicious blanc mange is made by stirring two heaping tablepoons of oatmeal into a very little cold water, then stir with a quart of boiling milk. Let it boil for a few minutes, flavor, and pour into molds to cool, when cream or jelly may be eaten with it.

Potato Soup.

Boil six large pared potatoes in sufficient water. Meanwhile put a quart of milk in a double kettle to boil, with one stalk of celery and an onion. When the potatoes are cooked turn off the water and mash fine and light, then add the boiling milk and a tablespoonful of butter and salt to taste. Rub through a strainer and add a cup of whipped cream. A good substitute for cream is a batter of cornstarch and milk.

Fried Chickens

Wash your chickens, cut them in pieces, season them with pepper and salt. Have in a pan some hot butter and lard mixed; dust some flour over each piece, and fry them slowly till of a bright brown on both sides; take them up, put a little water in a pan, add some butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy, and more pepper and salt if required. Young Spring chickens are only suitable for frying. Cocoonut Custard.

Add to one quart of boiling milk the beaten yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil till thick, then add one tablespoonful of vanilla, and cover the top with a thick layer of grated cocoonut, sweetened with powdered sugar. This custard to be served with cream.

Lady Fingers.

Beat ten eggs and one pound of sugar very light, sift in a pound and a half of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Squeeze through a confectioner's syringe or paper funnel. Dust with sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

Charles M. Rogers,
BAKERY, 166 PLEASANT STREET.



W. A. ENGLAND,
DEALER IN
FINE WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY
& OPTICAL GOODS.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.
394 Main Street.

C. REBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,
6 and 8 Pleasant Street, Worcester.

Mrs. S. H. Childs' Home-Made

GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE : WAFERS,
PINE : APPLE : WAFERS

— AT : —

John * A. * Hartigan's,
47 PLEASANT STREET.

L. J. ZAHONYI,

Confectioner and Caterer,
348 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

Dix Street Bakery.

MRS. A. S. SMEDLEY,
AT 25 1-2 DIX STREET,

Furnishes all kinds of baker's wares. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4.30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

WANTED.

The best of Teas and Coffees found only at
HOWE'S TEA STORE,
273 Main Street, Worcester.

We have just received a large invoice of fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60 cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a pound. If you can be suited, we can do it. Give us a call.

N. W. * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

Sick Kidneys,

Dropsy, Swelled Limbs,

Stout People,

Obesity.

THE NEW CURE is proving itself a specific in all forms of kidney affections. It washes out the kidneys, restores to them a healthy action, eliminates the water and gas from the tissues and stomach, and thus reduces swelled limbs and enlarged abdomens to normal proportions. Twenty applications of the cure reduce abdominal measurements from 5 to 11 inches, and at the same time start the kidneys on the sure road to health. With health restored to the kidneys, you find that tired feeling gone, rheumatism gone, shortness of breath disappearing, no more dyspepsia, no more headaches, physical and mental vitality restored, eyes and skin clear. You are a new man or a new woman in feeling and ability. Stout people are delighted with the results obtained from the cure. Sufferers from kidney diseases are loud in their praises of it. The unreasonable man or woman may not be able to comprehend how diseases can be cured and dropsical affections eliminated without dosing the stomach, and in the supremacy of their ignorance they will continue to use slow poisons, and to declare the new cure another scheme to mislead the people. Alas! you poor weak pill-taker! Heven help you in your blind eyes! While you are unable to see, your more intelligent neighbors are singing songs of joy over their rapid and complete recovery of health under the new cure. Continue your willful blindness toward philosophy and reason. Take your pills and nurse your sick kidneys, swelled limbs and enormous abdomens, if you please during the few unhappy years of life that may be given you. The new cure offers you health and happiness, but if you still cling to pills, you must say the penalty for your folly in continued pain and woe.

The new cure should not be confounded with Dr. Hall's Water Treatment, as it is unlike Dr. Hall's method. Free consultations at

DR. Parker's OFFICE,

34 FRONT ST.

Hours--9 to 1, 2 to 5, 7 to 8 o'clock. Saturdays, 10 to 2 o'clock.

E. W. COFFIN,
Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name This Paper.

WESBY HAS DONE BOOK BINDING SINCE 1845.

387 MAIN ST. WORCESTER.

FOR

RELIABLE SHOES at Fair Prices

Go to 16 FRONT STREET.

J. K. BROWN,
W. L. BROWN, Manager.

Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage given by Maxime Beban, >has Maxime Bibault to the Equity Co-operative Bank, a corporation duly established by law, dated May 15th, 1895, and recorded with Wor. Dist. Deeds Book 135 Page 200, and for a breach of the conditions in said deed of mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Monday, December 14th, 1891, and at three o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed as follows:

"A parcel of land and the buildings on the same in the said Worcester, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the southern line of Division street, so called, one hundred (100) feet easterly, from the easterly line of Orient Street, thence easterly, by said line of Division Street, fifty (50) feet, to land now or late of Charles Wood; Thence, southerly, by the Wood land, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to land of one Burke; Thence, westerly, by the Burke land, fifty (50) feet, to land of one Lessard; Thence, northerly, by land of said Lessard, and land of one Louis Alard, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning."

This property will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments of whatever description. \$25 in money must be paid down at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money on delivery of the deed within ten days.

The Equiety Co-operative Bank
By THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary.
E. B. GLASGOW, Attorney.
H. M. CLEWENCE, Auctioneer.

MISS CARRIE E. DAVIS,
Teacher of Piano and Accompanist.
At Music Room from 10 to 12 a. m.

Terms reasonable. Refers by permission to Mrs. Carrie King-Hunt.
Burnside Building, 339 Main St., Room 35.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Mechanics Course.

Course B of the Mechanics Course was opened Monday evening by the Beacon Orchestral Club of Boston, composed of 22 young ladies, conducted by Miss M. C. Brookings. With the assistance of Miss Bessie L. Pierce, soprano, they rendered a program which delighted the large audience which was in attendance. Next Monday evening in course A Herbert Stanley Renton will give an illustrated lecture on "Adventures in the Sandwich Islands."

Friday Populars.

Last evening in Mechanics Hall, the second of the Friday Popular course of entertainments was given, Miss Olof Kræger, a native Esquimaux, giving a lecture on Greenland.

Darling!

Some names are dangerous. Recently, a very circumspect head of a family called up the firm of contractors and builders, well known as Darling Bros. It was easy for him to call "315 9" But the Central did not get it, so asked over. Again he called "315 6. Darling!" The merry laugh that came back over the wire reminded him that his work might be misconstrued and he really blushed at the thought, "What would Mrs. — say!" It didn't take long for him to talk back, "That wasn't personal, I meant the firm of builders," but that laugh rang in his head for many an hour.

Reception.

Hon. and Mrs. Joseph H. Walker gave a brilliant reception Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. George Walker. The house was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and palms. Ingraham's orchestra, from an upper corridor, rendered a varied program during the evening. Among those present were Hon. Samuel Winslow, Hon. and Mrs. Samuel E. Hildreth, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. D. O. Mears, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Gould, Col. and Mrs. T. S. Johnson, Col. and Mrs. A. G. Bullock, Col. and Mrs. Henry E. Smith, Col. and Mrs. F. W. Wellington, Col. and Mrs. S. E. Winslow, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Jiarber, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Wood.

The Hon. John D. Washburn, U. S. Minister to Switzerland, has arrived in America, but is, at present, in Washington.



THANKSGIVING WEEK,

Commencing MONDAY, November 23d.

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

Elaborate Production of John A. Stevens' powerful Drama, illustrating life and love in Russia, entitled:

The Mask of Life,

Produced with special scenery, handsome costumes and perfect appointments, under the personal supervision of Mr. H. PERCY MELDEN.

MISS KATE GLASFORD as VERA, supported by Lothrop's Stock Company. Preceded by a funny farce by Our Comedians.

GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA.

Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

PRICES

Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.



401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Build'g.

We shall issue from our CLOAK ROOM during the next few weeks, a series of interesting and important announcements.

It is our intention to make radical changes in this department, and in order to do so the stock MUST be largely reduced.

Our first announcement is—that we will give a ten per cent discount on every thing in the department for next week. It includes Ladies', Misses' and Children's Garments, Shawls, Fur Capes, Gossamers, etc.

Remember this is for the whole week, and not our usual Monday—one day—special sale, Remember also, that it means a saving of at least 15 or 20 per cent from other people's prices.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT, EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE, FAST TIME, and COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES MAKE THE

HOOSAC * TUNNEL * ROUTE

THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago St. Louis, and all points West, Southwest and Northwest.

Fast Express Trains

With elegant PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS to and from
BOSTON and CHICAGO,

AND
BOSTON and ST. LOUIS,
VIA
NIAGARA FALLS,
without charge.

THE POPULAR ROUTE for all points in Northern New York, Vermont, and Canada.

THE ONLY LINE running through cars, without charge, from Boston to Rati-nd, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes, and Burlington, Vt.
THE PICTURE-SQUARE ROUTE from Boston to St. Albans, St. Johns, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

EXCELLENT PALACE SLEEPING CARS to and from

BOSTON and MONTREAL,
without charge.

For Time-Tables, Parlor and Sleeping Car accommodations, or further information, apply to any Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad and at

250 Washington Street,

OR

Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station,
Boston,

J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.

Christmas Work.

A Novel Table Easel,

dainty and useful for holding cabinet photographs or cards, can be made from the natural branches of sweet-brier. Select those of uniform thickness, being careful to leave the thorns undisturbed, as they greatly enhance its beauty. Cut a piece sixteen inches long for the back of the easel; two pieces fourteen inches in length for the sides, and another eleven inches long for the bottom. Tie the three longest pieces together, at about five inches from the top, with common, large-sized cord—a smooth cord is preferable—and make double bow knot with ends slightly longer than the loops; a piece of cord about ten inches long is employed for the purpose. Finally, take the remaining piece, and fasten it to the others in the same manner, about three inches from the bottom. The whole is then gilded. —Ingal's Magazine.

Table.

A dainty flower table may be made to imitate a sunflower or daisy, and may be painted or the outlines simply indicated with a hot poker. Procure a seasoned piece of board of the proper thickness, and stamp the pattern with paint or powder. Cut out the flower with a fine saw, and smooth all roughness with fine sandpaper. A daisy or sunflower may be represented with close fidelity to nature, or it could be painted in a flat tint with the petals outlined in a contrasting color. A white and gold treatment would be very pretty. Paint the petals with white enamel and outline them with gold. Gild the center and the edges of the petals, and paint the legs to correspond. The legs may be of bamboo, or a tripod may be made of broomsticks. Any kind of wood simply oiled or polished could be used for a table of this kind. The outlines of the petals should be clearly defined with small-pointed hot irons, and the center filled with dots. The pattern, which is fourteen inches square, may be used for a table mat if desired. The petals should be buttonholed in long and short, and the center outlined in the same way and filled with French knots. Cut the edges carefully. A lamp mat may be made in the same way of velvet, satin or felt.—Modern Priscilla.

The little pincushion is a three-cornered one, made of a bit of gold-and-white-striped silk, and stuffed with soft-curl hair that, while it gives it the proper round look, is not as heavy as many of the other stuffings. The edge is outlined by a full frill of deeply-pointed lace, and above this is a loop design wrought out on the lace with gold braid, and making a pretty contrast against its white background. Full loops of white ribbon are at the side corners, and from them come long ends that are just in the center so that the little cushion may swing from the side of a dressing-case, or be suspended from a nail in the wall. In white-headed pins, 1892 is very tastefully wrought out.—Ladies Home Journal.

Mr. Arthur H. Woodcock, for some time, clerk at Fred W. Wellington's enters the Harvard Medical School.

Mr. J. T. Darling, of Darling Brothers is in the South, looking after the interests of the firm there.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Another bargain!

Several hundred yards of BRUSSELS SAMPLES.

Regular \$1.15 and \$1.25 quality.

One-and-a-half yard lengths.

Fifty cents a yard only.

Once before we had 1200 yards of them, and they lasted exactly a day and a half.

They will make pretty mats to lay down by the side of dressing case or bedside.

Your Circular:—

Does it need recovering?

If so, we have the very goods you want for the purpose.

All *Wool Scillian*, 52 inches wide, the same style rib as in the Silk used.

There's a Serge also for the same purpose.

No reason on earth why our *Armeures* should be sold for less than regular prices, But they will be.

We have a fine line of them in fancy and Jacquard effects.

Bedford Cord Armeures, also plain *Armeures*. The prices now are 62c, 75c, 87c, \$1.00, ever so much less than usual.

Regular dollar goods are 90c now.

You carry a *Shopping Bag* don't you?

If you want to make one to cost a little, we'll tell you how.

38 or 12 yard of our *all wool Brocade*, with a small remnant of Cashmere or Henrietta Cloth will do.

The cost will be trifling.

You will find all these at the "Black Goods" section.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

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First-Class Through Car Route

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Commencing June 7, 1891,

Through Trains Leave Worcester:

9 50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.

11 40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."

3 25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.

4 17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.

8 00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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FOR

HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK.

LEAVE WORCESTER.

AR. NEW YORK.

10 13 A. M.

3 30 P. M.

12 12 A. M.

5 30 P. M.

5 06 P. M.*

10 00 P. M.

12 29 A. M.*

6 45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.,

Will sell while they last, size 32 and 34 in.

Seal Plush Sacques, 40 INCHES LONG, FOR \$12.50.

They are worth \$25.00,

NEW * YORK * SUIT * AND * CLOAK * STORE.

CALL ON

CHAS. E. GRANT,

Successor to Allen & Greene,

FOR YOUR

FIRE INSURANCE,

352 Main St., Worcester.

BOSTON OPTICAL Co.,

NO. 545 MAIN STREET, FRANKLIN SQUARE,

WORCESTER, MASS.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.

GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.

STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-

GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Doubt and Faith.

Two travellers, where cross roads meet,
One day, by chance, had greeting;
The face of one with smiles was sweet,
One gave a sigh for greeting.
Above them stood the finger-post;
And on its hands of warning,
Pointing across the boardless coast,
Was printed "To the Morning."
Then spake the traveller forlorn:
"Across the misty meadows
Those hands point falsely 'To the Morn'
Where loom but deepening shadows,"
But Hope looked up, and shook his head:
"Nay truthful is their warning,
There is no sight," but Doubt, he said;
"Faith is immortal morning."
—Selected.

Rebellion Relics.

Only a knife and fork; but they recall vivid memories of war times as their possessor, F. M. Morrison, Esq., shows them. They were once the property of his father, John Morrison, and they saw nearly a year of prison life in Andersonville. John Morrison was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, but his people were from Enniskillen, Ireland. In his earlier days he had worked for Stephen Taft of this city and he was the second Irishman to serve on Worcester's police force. He went west in 1856 and when the War broke out he became a member of the 95th Illinois, which was in Ransom's Brigade, McArthur's Division of the 17th Corps. He was captured June 10, 1864, at Guntown, having been severely wounded. He was supposed to be dead and a pension certificate had been issued to his wife before news of his existence was received. He was through the Vicksburg Campaign and, in all, saw some fifteen engagements. The month of May, '65, when the War was over, he was liberated and though he survived till May, 1875, he was a helpless invalid, the result of prison barbarities. His widow now lives in Princeton.

The knife and fork are not mates, but they have bone handles. The knife blade is just about one-half its original length and upon it may be read

—son Goodnow & Co.

—s Fall Works.

Perhaps some one versed in ante Rebellion cutlery data can supply the missing letters. They suggest a mournful story of hardship and suffering, that, it is to be hoped, may never be repeated. Eleven months at Andersonville! The wonder is that anyone survived.

LAWRENCE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,
Graduate of the
BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,
will give lessons in
PIANO AND HARMONY.
45 PROVIDENCE STREET.
Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's

* STUDIO *

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,

Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.

Piano-Forte Tuning.

Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ELWYN H. TOWLER,

PIANO * FORTÉ * TUNER * AND * REGULATOR,
111 Oblettin Street, Worcester.

Orders may be left at Browning's Periodical and Stationery Store, 568 Main Street.

ELWOOD * ADAMS,

Successor to H. W. Miller.

HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

J. W. GREENE,
PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,

12 Layard Place, (Old Stand,) Worcester.

Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED
in a Superior Manner.

Worcester Coal Company,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

COAL. COAL.

General office, 18 Pearl St., Y. M. C. A. Building; Yards, 23 Manchester St. and 319 Southbridge St.

C. H. DRAPER,
Livery, Feed and Truck Stable.

Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

All Souls Church.

A few years ago the desire to enlarge the Christian church took possession of the hearts of some of the people of the First Universalist Church, and they found the door open at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Russell, No. 10 May Street, and there they laid the foundation upon which the All Souls Church is builded. For nearly a year the sessions of the school were held at this place, and the Rev. M. H. Harris preached as often as he could find the time. Soon after the opening of the school, it became so evident that more commodious quarters would be needed in the immediate future, that Mrs. N. C. Russell and Mrs. Lucy A. Stone began the work of raising funds for a chapel. They were met with a cordial welcome, and so materially aided, that the chapel was soon growing upon the land that had been most generously bestowed upon the infant church by Mrs. Stone.

January 27th, 1885, saw the structure on Kilby Street completed, and it was dedicated that day. Rev. M. H. Harris of the First Universalist Church acting as master of ceremonies, while the sermon was delivered by Rev. B. F. Bowles, a former pastor of the First Church.

To the young society came the Rev. L. H. Fisher, who preached to it during a part of his theological course at Tufts College. Upon his retirement, Rev. Frederick W. Bailey was asked to assume the work, and he spent about two and one half years in this field, when the pastorate became vacant, by his entrance into another communion. During his pastorate, good progress was made in gathering money for the new lot, at the corner of Norwood and Woodland Streets; although the deed for certain reasons, was not passed to the society until nine months ago.

Before the opening of the present pastorate, there was an interregnum of five months. The present pastor, Rev. Francis A. Gray, was called to the work the latter part of April, 1889, and commenced his labors Sunday, May 19.

The need of a new church, which had been felt for a time, became a necessity from the very first of the present pastorate, and plans were presented and discussed as to how a permanent church might be obtained. At length at a parish meeting, held in the latter part of 1890, all former plans were dismissed and the pastor was instructed to procure plans for a moderate cost church, that should be adequate to the demands of the growing parish. Plans, prepared by Arthur F. Gray of Boston, were adopted, and a building committee, consisting of Messrs. S. D. Houghton, H. H. Dyke, C. F. Marsh, A. A. Blaney, J. J. Upham and Rev. F. A. Gray was appointed. It was deemed by the committee, inexpedient to commence construction so late in the Fall; but as early as matters could be arranged, the work of building was put forward in the early Spring. The first earth was removed May 7, of this present year, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies June 3rd, and so rapidly has everything been accomplished that the new church stands today complete from foundation to spire, aside from such small matters on foundation and grounds

as must be carried over to another Spring.

There has been many seasons of happiness and spiritual quickening in the old home. There have been nineteen baptisms of children this year, while nine adults have united with the church. The last service, was held in the chapel on Kilby Street Sunday, Oct. 11, and the next Sunday, the lecture rooms of the new church were occupied for the first time. Increasing audiences and augmenting Sunday schools point to a steady and healthy growth in all the lines of activity. The people rejoice in the beauties of the new structure, and are ready to follow the lead of their pastor, in the work of winning the world to Christ and God. All signs point to a fine large parish and a working church in the new

Hymn.—Report of building committee and presentation of keys.

Offertory.—“Savior, breath an evening blessing.”

Addresses.—Dr. Gunnison, Dr. Mears and Rev. Mr. Stebbins.

Hymn.—Benediction.

The organist of the All Souls Church is Mrs. L. W. Calden.

The members of the male quartette are: C. L. Bancroft, 1st tenor; M. M. Mowry, 2nd tenor; J. Walter Peirce, 1st bass; Alphonso Smith, 2nd bass.

Rev. Francis A. Gray.

In May, 1889, the reverend gentleman whose picture accompanies this sketch, came to this city and assumed pastoral charge of



REV. FRANCIS A. GRAY.

edifice at the corner of Norwood and Woodland Streets.

Program of Dedication.

The services took place in the new structure last evening, Nov. 20, at 7:30 o'clock and were as follows:

Voluntary.—Anthem, “The Lord is in his Holy Temple.”

Invocation.—Rev. E. W. Preble of Webster-Scripture Responses.—Rev. J. S. Gledhill of Spencer.

Hymn.—Sermon, Rev. J. M. Pullman, D. D. of Lynn.

Anthem.—“Te Deum Laudamus in C.” W. H. Gerrish.

Act of Dedication.—Rev. F. A. Gray and Congregation.

Dedicatory Prayer.—Rev. W. A. Start of Boston.

the All Souls Universalist Church.

He is a Bay Stater by birth, and dates back through several generations to the very early colonial days, his ancestors having come hither from Scotland. In the rugged, seagirt county of Essex, in the old witch-haunted region of Danvers, the subject of this sketch first saw the light of day, August 9, 1857. His parents were S. Fairchild and Abigail (Whitehouse) Gray, who still make their home in that town. His father is a brick manufacturer, still actively engaged in that pursuit of life. He has four sisters and one brother, Arthur F. Gray, civil engineer and architect of Boston.

Life flowed on in the usual course, school-life holding the attention of the lad constantly, until the age of fifteen years had been reached, at which time, he was graduated from the

Holton High School of Danvers. After this he followed a year or two, in the business of his father, and at seventeen he was again in school at a private institution in the city of Lynn. About this time, he decided to make of himself a teacher, so with this object in view, he sought and gained admission to the State Normal School in Bridgewater, Mass., from which at the close of two years time, he graduated and returned to his native town to occupy the place of head-master of one of the grammar schools. After a brief period of successful labor in this position, ill health compelled a resignation and sojourn in the West for nearly two years to regain health. In southern Illinois he found that which he sought, and soon after his return to Massachusetts, sought again to enter upon a public career. Through the advice and counsel of his pastor, he then repaired (in 1880) to the theological department of the St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, determined to fit himself for the ministry of the Universalist Church. He completed his course of study, June 29, 1883, and the next Sunday took up the work of the ministry, since which time he has not seen an idle Sunday. His first settlement was in the city of Lockport, in western New York, where he received the rite of ordination July 26, 1883. Here he served three years, and was then called to the care of the Universalist Church in Arlington, a suburb of Boston. He married July 27, 1886, Miss Emma T. Walter of Lockport, and took up his residence and work at Arlington the first of September. Here he became closely identified with the town's interests, and zealous for its welfare. During this pastorate, he organized under the direction of the State Convention of Universalists, a movement in West Medford. In the Spring of 1889, the work at Arlington and West Medford was yielded, and the important work of fostering and strengthening the new, struggling church in Worcester, was entered upon. Time has passed swiftly away, and the end had in view when called to this field, has been realized in the new church, which has been dedicated this week. Mr. Gray resides at 23 May Street and is every way delighted with the city, and hopes to labor for many years in the upbuilding of true religion in the hearts of the people, a religion not merely of doctrine and belief but a life of help and service.

Description of Edifice.

The building, which is of frame with an underpinning of granite block work, furnished by Ballard Bros. of this city, stands on a commanding corner lot, and while the architect has not endeavored to produce a building in any particular style, yet the combination is quite pleasing.

At the northwest corner is the main tower and porch entered from both streets; the tower is 14 1/2 feet square with a pyramidal roof and its vane rises to a height of 75 feet above the sidewalk. This tower furnishes access to gallery and one of the entrances to the cloister which extends across the entire front of the auditorium from which it is separated by a plate glass partition. The Sunday School rooms have a separate entrance from Woodland Street while the pastor's study is reached from Norwood Street by another entrance.

The building has an extreme depth of 84 feet and a frontage on Woodland Street of 85 feet.

The main floor contains an auditorium 40x65 feet and adjoining a Sunday School room 30x40, which is separated by a sliding glazed partition allowing of throwing the two rooms together when required, a gallery seating 70 people with balustrated iron extends across the rear of auditorium, while the main floor seats 330 and the adjoining room 200, thus providing 650 sittings. Adjoining the Sunday School rooms and with floor raised two feet above is the infant class room 14 1/2 x 28. This room opens into Sunday School room by folding doors, the opening being provided with a border light and foot lights, rendering it available as a stage for entertainments. The Sunday School library arranged upon the post office plan is conveniently located and adjoining is a ladies parlor 17x19 with large open fireplace and oak mantel.

In the basement are toilet rooms, dressing rooms, rooms for heating apparatus, and fuel and a dining room 30x40 feet with kitchen 15x22 feet with pantry arrangements fitted up in the most convenient manner.

The auditorium, 40x65 feet and 22 feet high, has the finish of quartered oak, stereo-relief work and carved wood enter largely into the decorations, the wall spaces are appropriately colored, and the windows are filled with stained glass of tasty designs and in rich coloring, those over the choir and back of the communion table being particularly noticeable. These include a "Descending Dove in Halo" and "Sir Joshua Reynolds' Cherubs" and do great credit to Phipps Slocum & Co. of Boston who executed them. The decorations are by Mr. Chas. C. Minsch of Worcester and have been carried out in a pleasing manner. Back of the chancel wall is the organ with the chairs built into its face and key-board at end, the arcade finish of chancel is extended across front of organ with good effect, it is also used in the railing of choir. The organ is from the well known builder, Geo. S. Hutchings of Boston and is a fine instrument in every particular. The furniture, specially designed for the chancel, was built by Wm. Richmond of Boston, and the chairs which are of the opera type with pew ends were made by C. B. Demorest & Co. of Brooklyn.

The cloister, entrance halls, vestibules and tower are finished in ash, the ladies parlor in oak, and all other parts in whitewood; all are tastefully decorated.

Arrangements have been made to light with gas and electricity throughout, and combination fixtures in polished steel have been used, McKenney and Waterbury of Boston furnishing the goods.

The greatest care has been given to arrangements of heating, ventilation and plumbing, and the building reflects much credit upon the builder, Geo. Kingston, as well as upon the architect, Arthur F. Gray of Exchange Building, Boston, who has given the structure his careful supervision, and to whom the admirably arranged plan is due.

Miss Lizzie F. Fannell of Fitchburg, a former pupil of Ben Hammond, will soon join the Denman Thompson Company.

O'Gara—Gleason.

A pleasant wedding was had at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, last Wednesday. The contracting parties were Albert O'Gara, son of Thomas O'Gara, the well known slate roofer, and Miss Anna A. Gleason. The Rev. Robert Walsh was the clergyman officiating, while James McGrath was best man and Miss Catherine Ryan bridesmaid.

A very pleasant feature in the O'Gara wedding was the reception of a silver fruit dish from A. F. Nail of Mansfield, Ohio, who as Uncle Joe in the "Drummer Boy" is well known in Worcester and who in his Worcester stays has been a guest of the O'Gara's.

O'Connor—Murray.

The marriage of Mr. M. T. O'Connor and Miss Minnie S. Murray took place at St. John's Catholic Church Thursday morning, and was largely attended by the friends and relatives of the contracting parties. Rev. Mgr. Griffin celebrated the Nuptial Mass and performed the ceremony. The wedding march was played by Miss Norah Reidy, the church organist. Mr. John O'Connor, a student of Holy Cross College and brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Maggie C. Murray, a sister of the bride was bridesmaid. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, No. 56 Temple Street, at which Reboli was the caterer. The happy couple left on an early train for New York on a wedding tour, after which they will be "at home" to their friends at No. 25 Portland Street.

The eleventh semi-annual exhibition of the Art Students' Club opened Monday evening in the club's gallery in the Walker Building and will continue until Thanksgiving evening. It is open during the entire day and evening.

Fortieth Anniversary.

The friends and neighbors of H. J. Allen and wife of the Chamberlain district met with them last Wednesday evening to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the latter's marriage. A supper was served to the seventy-five present and in behalf of their friends, Mayor Harrington presented the couple with an elegant sideboard, hat-tree, parlor lamp and other articles.



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Is clean, reliable, independent, bright. The best newspaper for the family.

Subscription 60 cents a month, postage paid.

LARGEST CIRCULATION

ART STUDENTS' CLUB.

Semi-annual Exhibition, Walker Building
405 Main St. Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Closes Nov. 26.

THE CLARK- SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

You want a Dinner Set at some price. Here's your chance: just in season for Thanksgiving. The prices you are not likely to see again.

No. 1.

New Violet Pattern. Colors: Brown and pearl gray, on fine white body; 112 pieces, and a first quality set in every way; complete set only \$7.38

No. 2.

Crab Apple Blossom Pattern, Princess Shape; never sold for less than \$12.00, our price NOW for 130 pieces \$9.83; only one crate of 30 sets.

No. 3.

Opened within a week, Albany Shape, York Decoration, one of the prettiest sets we have ever shown, a flower spray on a white ground. Price marked special for this sale, \$10.

No. 4.

The talk of the town. Our Louis Shape. A rococo pattern on a body of fine Parisian Granite, four delicate colors, Blue, Brown, Neutral, French Gray. The best yet for the money. 130 pieces, \$15.

No. 5.

Louis shape same as above, only hand tinted decorations, always \$25.00, for this sale \$18.00.

No. 6.

Very fine enameled and gold dinner sets, two colors,

112 pieces \$15.00

130 pieces \$16.50

These would be good value at \$20.00.

No. 7.

Genuine French China sets, choice of four patterns and colorings, all fresh and new, 131 pieces. Regular \$45.00 sets and never sold for less, at the unheard of price of \$25.00.

To this lot we call particular attention.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

Don't fret.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret!

Go to work!
You will always have troubles around you,
You bet!

If you shirk.

The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!

Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe

That he's hit.

Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own;
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone.
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning and quit!

—Somerville Journal.

To prevent choking let the person swallow the white of one or more eggs. The white of the egg adheres to the obstacle in the throat and causes it to be easily removed.

If a person is threatened with fainting bathe the head with warm water instead of cold.

Convulsions may frequently be cut short by simply turning the patient on the left side. The nausea, as an after-effect of chloroform, may generally be controlled by the same means.

We often hear mothers say when their infants vomit up curd that the milk they have taken does not agree with them, but the truth is that the milk in the stomach always curdles before it digests. If it did not curdle, it would show that the stomach was weak. Infants fed at regular intervals are less apt to overfeed than those fed at irregular hours. Mothers sometimes ask why human milk is more digestible than cows' milk. There are two principal reasons; one is the curd is harder and the quantity is greater in cows milk, while the curd or casein in the mother's milk is more porous, and thus, more easily digested. D.

There is an old saying that a woman can throw out with a spoon faster than a man can throw in with a shovel. Without reference to the apparent injustice of the comparison between the two sexes, it must be admitted that the thriftiness of the family depends as much upon the economy of the house-mother as upon the industry of the wage-earner. No one should despise small economies, though it is not an economy to use up a dollar's worth of time in order to save a tuppenny worth of material. Clothes may be patched and mended to that extent that it were actual saving of money to buy new material rather than to put so much new cloth on old garments. Despite all this, there is not the least excuse for any woman allowing any particle of good nourishing food to be thrown away. It is just as easy to cook the meat that has been cooked before as it is to cook fresh meat.

Home-made Dish-mops.

Very good substitutes for the "boughten" dish mops may be easily made by fastening to wooden handles some of the fringe with which home-made counterpanes were formerly bordered. Such a quantity of this may be found in some old homes, that it is well to utilize it in some way. I make this suggestion for the benefit of the "penny-wise," and those who live at a distance from shops where such things may be purchased.



SPECIAL BULLETIN

OF PRICES.

Plush Parlor Suits, Solid Walnut Frames, \$40.

Plush Parlor Suits, Solid Walnut Frames, \$50, \$60 and \$75.

Rug Parlor Suits, all stuffed over, \$85.

Silk Brocatelle Parlor Suits, \$100.

Antique Chamber Sets, 8 pieces, \$18.50.

Antique Chamber Sets, 8 pieces, \$28.

XVI Century Chamber Sets, 8 pieces, \$35.

XVI Century Chamber Sets, 8 pieces \$40.

Sideboards, antique finish, \$18.

Sideboards, antique oak, \$25.

Sideboards, antique oak, \$35 to \$150.

Dining Tables, antique oak, \$10, \$12, \$15.

Dining Chairs, antique oak, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50.

Dining Chairs, antique oak, \$3, 4 and 5.

Best Kitchen Chairs, 50c.

Kitchen Ranges, 8-inch, \$20, 23, and 25.

Parlor Stoves, \$10, 15, and 18.

Royal Wilton Carpets, \$1.35 per yard.

Brussels Carpets, \$1.00 per yard.

Tapestry Carpets, 50c to 85c per yard.

Ingrain Carpets, 35c to 50c per yard.

Best All Wool Lowell Ingrains, 75c per yard.

Smyrna Rugs 30x60, \$2.75 each.

Lace Curtains, \$2 to \$10 per pair.

Window Shades, 35c to 75c each.

Dinner Sets \$9 and upwards.

Toilet Sets, \$3 and upwards.

THANKSGIVING IS COMING.

Prepare for It.

Call and see the BEST DINING ROOM SET for the money ever shown in this city, consisting of

- 1 Sideboard,
- 1 Pillar Extension Table,
- 3 Dining Chairs,
- 1 Arm Chair,

ALL FOR \$49.

We have everything for house-keeping. Goods sold on 4 months time at cash prices.

355 MAIN STREET.

ORDER NOW



and thereby be sure of getting your Monumental work in place at an early day. No better and fairer place to be found than at

EVANS & COMPANY,

Manufacturers of

Fine Monumental Work,

131 Central Street, near Summer.

ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING

Room 1, Burnside Building, 339 Main St.,

Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold on Commission.

MRS. S. M. KEYES.

A \$50 Investment

Possessing the following remarkable features is deserving of prompt and full investigation.

- 1st.—For \$50.00 you can purchase one fully-paid, non-assessable share of stock of the **COLORADO SPRINGS GARDENS COMPANY**, having a par value of \$100.00 per share;
- 2nd.—**SIX PER CENT DIVIDENDS** will be paid, half in January and half in July, upon the amount invested;
- 3rd.—**EXTRA DIVIDENDS**, to the amount of your investment, will be paid by order the next few (and within ten) years.

The State Trust Co., 50 Wall St., N. Y., has \$250,000 of stock on deposit to

GUARANTEE PRINCIPAL AND DIVIDENDS.

SPECIAL—All stock purchased at above price prior to December 1st will receive the dividend due January 1st **FREE**. After December 1st the price of the stock of the

COLORADO SPRINGS

GARDENS COMPANY

will be \$50.00 PER SHARE, with 6 per cent interest added. Write at once for Illustrated Prospectus to

CARLISLE N. GREIG,

High Class Investment Securities,

45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Benjamin Hazen Rugg.

The death of this gentleman, Saturday last, has carried sadness into many homes, for his was a well known figure in Grace Church to which he had belonged, almost from the beginning.

Mr. Rugg was born in Lancaster, Mass., Dec. 29, 1816 one of the fourteen children who made up the family of Joseph and Mary (Hazen) Rugg. The Rugg family was long identified with the town for we find, in 1696, that John Rugg, a freeman, died and that the following year his widow was slain by the Indians. At the same time, his son Joseph with three children suffered a like fate. The descent from the first settler was through his son, John or Joseph, to Daniel, Sr., Daniel, Jr., and Joseph who was born in 1771, and was married to Mary Hazen Nov. 29, 1792, very near one hundred years ago.

Mr. Rugg was reared on a farm and as a young man was interested in the making of canes in Gardner; later he kept a store and afterwards went into the business of selling stationery which he followed to the time of his death, coming in from his last trip only a few weeks ago. He came to Worcester in 1865, and almost from the date of founding Grace Church, he has been a firm and devoted adherent to her interests. He has long been a prominent member of the Official Board and at his death, was a Trustee. There was no project for furthering the prospects of Grace Church that he was not prominent in. His wife who survives him was Miss Sarah Eaton, a native of Greenwood, near Wakefield. They had but one child, George, who is the wife of Mr. James T. Hoey of this city.

Mr. Rugg was a man of massive frame, one of the largest in this city and stature was a family characteristic. Weighing in the vicinity of three hundred pounds he has been heard to say that he was the smallest of several brothers, yet the mother of these giants was a small woman. His health has not been good since a trouble had with one of his hands, a little more than a year ago, a trouble that resulted in the loss of a finger. He was content in his work and duties to the end. He leaves, in addition to those mentioned a niece, Mrs. Azariah Ware of Russell Street and two sisters in Leominster, Mrs. Harriet Spaulding and Miss Julia Rugg. The funeral was held at his late residence, No. 41 Russell Street, on Monday last at 3 p. m. his pastor, the Rev. W. T. Worth, officiating. Music was furnished by the Grace Church choir and a large number of friends assembled to pay their last respects. The burial was in Wakefield, among Mrs. Rugg's relatives.

The Rev. Henry T. Cheever issues a manifesto to Worcester Republicans. Dr. Cheever is nothing if not intense. He has long been prominent as a champion of temperance within the Republican party.

GOOD HUSBAND.

Good husband one who rules his circle dear,
By right example, and true love, not fear,
Lives not unmindful of a trusting spouse,
Of courtship promises and marriage vows
Partakes with her 'for better or for worse.'
One love, one home, one confidence, one purse,
Leaves words and acts, quiet, to a distant date,
Wise sons may proudly quote, and safely imitate.
—Hemslr's "S. C.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by purgatives and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an agent that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and free from mineral drugs of any kind, they are not attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills
Every Dose Effective.

Horace Kendall,

DEALER IN

Furniture, Ranges, Carpets

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

No. 319 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Mechanics Hall Building.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
Clean!

It saves Time,
Labor,
and
Money,
and
is
perfectly
safe
for
children.

Manufactured
by
Squire & Beals
Iron Works
Worcester, Mass.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIRE & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.,

PRINTERS.

Book, Newspaper, Catalogue, Church, Society, Wedding and Commercial Printing of every kind executed in the best modern style.

No orders too large; none too small.

154 FRONT ST.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

What Say You, Gentlemen;

Shall It Be Good Clothing,
Or Shall It Be Prices?

There are a great many different ways to manufacture *Clothing*.

There is a great difference in *Cloths* to be given with.

If a manufacturer buys the cheapest cloths and trimmings, and puts them together by the cheapest processes known to the trade, he will produce thousands of Suits of what he calls "Clothes" for a very little money.

Another manufacturer finds out where the best Cloths are made, where the best trimmings are to be had and then combines them by the best processes known, and he produces clothing that he may sell with confidence, and you can buy with confidence every day in the year.

One maker might buy the same Cloth, and the same trimmings, and might make as good

Clothes if he only knew how.

One man takes a bar of iron, and from it fashions things so fine and delicate as to win your delighted wonder.

But all men could not do this, no matter how much they might try.

The markets of the world are open to all makers of *Clothing*. One man's money is as good as another's; all have an equal chance at this start.

If then there is a decided difference in price, and one dealer offers you goods at ever so much less than others, you had better look for the cause in *lower quality of cloth and trimmings, less care in the processes of manufacture and the use of unskilled and poorly paid labor*.

The manufacturer of high quality *Clothing* could—if he would—make the low quality also.

But it is very doubtful if the maker of the common kinds could ever make the higher;

it would depend upon whether his previous efforts had not unfitted him for the success in the better way.

The great question after all is whether or no you prefer

Honest Cloths,
Honest Made Garments
And Honest Prices,

Or whether you prefer to go in the old way of thinking you get something for nothing, and to have the old dissatisfaction over again.

We Guarantee THE CLOTH,
We Guarantee THE TRIMMINGS,
We Guarantee OUR STYLE.

And guarantee that the clothes we sell you will cost you less for every week of good service than the kinds so often urged upon you at less prices.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER.--A Great Fraternity.

Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$500; at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 28, 1867: Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,590; Reserve Fund, \$32,210.51; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,567.68; Total, \$63,408.08 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600. Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms 10 and 11



WARDEN & WHITE, UPHOLSTERERS

Manufacturers of Turkish Upholstered Furniture. Repairs in all branches. Hair Mattresses to order and made over.

531 MAIN STREET, Franklin Square.

The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Co.

Organized 1866. Incorporated 1889.

Publishers, Printers, Book-Binders, Bank and Law Stationers,
106-200 DERRY STREET, SALEM.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, No. 240.

Promoters of Historical and Genealogical Works. Correspondence invited. Particular attention given to Town Histories and Records. Send for specimen copy Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record.

Brown & Simpson Piano!

Sold direct from factory. Cash or Installments.

9 May Street, Worcester.

To Inventors and Manufacturers.

Letters Patent for Inventions; Why they are so often worthless; how to obtain valuable patents; and how to avoid the losses and disappointments which befall most inventors and patent seekers. An original book, small, yet easily worth more than \$100, to every inventor and manufacturer. Postage stamps received. Price 25 cents.

EUGENE HERRY & CO.,
Booksellers, 25 Union Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW * HARDWARE * FIRM.

WILLIAM S. SMITH, for the last five years of the firm of Smith & Adams, and previous to that with Henry W. Miller for many years, having purchased the Hardware business of W. H. Goulding & Co., 171 Main St., will continue same under firm name of Wm. S. Smith & Co., and will carry a full line of Builders' and General Hardware, Carpenter and Machinist Tools, Cutlery, and Drawing Instruments.

WILLIAM S. SMITH,

171 MAIN STREET.

Turkish and Russian Baths.

No. 1 Sudbury Street, Opposite
Bay State House.

We solicit only first-class patronage.

N. S. Jensen, Mgr. S. R. Jensen, Prop.

MISS C. KENNARD,

Ladies' and Children's

HAIR * DRESSING * PARLORS,

387 Main Street, Grout's Block.

Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.
Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.
Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
Hair Cutting, 15c.

Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

MRS. KIRBY, 66 Salem Street,

Treats hair, scalp and skin scientifically; falling hair prevented, its growth promoted; eczema, dandruff, all scalp and skin diseases cured; moles and warts removed; the skin bleached and beautified; superfluous hair removed; the form made symmetrical; sweats and offensive odors from breath or body removed; bunions, corns, ingrowing nails cured; all these processes taught to ladies who want profitable employment.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

permanently eradicated by the

ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,

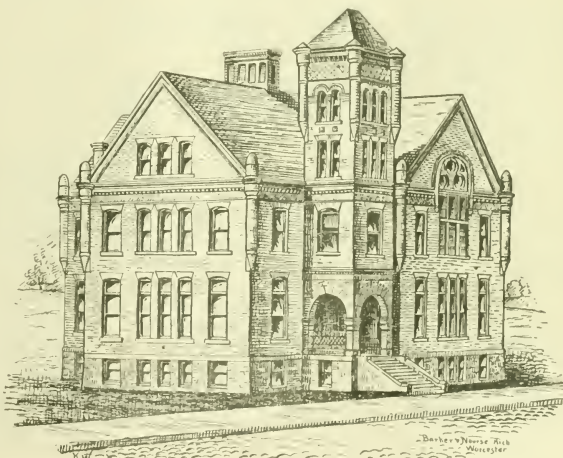
105 PLEASANT ST., WORCESTER, MASS.



LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 13. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891. FIVE CENTS



Worcester Society of Antiquity. New Hall, Salisbury Street.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

We Offer Special Bargains in

Dining-Room Furniture.

We have in Stock Sideboards in the newest designs, beautifully finished, ranging in price from \$15 to \$150. OUR \$22.50 SIDEBBOARD cannot be found elsewhere for the money.

Dining Tables were never so handsome in design or so low in price as this fall. We have everything desirable. Price from \$4 to \$50. Our \$5 Table cannot be duplicated at any other store.

Dining Chairs In this department we always lead. We have a great variety, from the plain oak chair to the luxuriously upholstered Spring Seat. We never sacrifice quality for price, but give the best value for the money paid.

247 and 249 MAIN STREET, CORNER OF CENTRAL.

THE HYGIENIC SHOE.

A Non-Conductor of Cold and Heat.

Comfortable, Flexible, Durable.

SUPERIOR TO A CORK SOLE SHOE IN REPELLING MOISTURE.

WITHOUT BEING CLUMSY.

We have opened a store in Worcester, selling directly from the Factory to the Consumer, a line of Ladies', (a few Misses') and Men's

"HYGIENIC" SHOES,

and will keep in stock all the Sizes and Widths of the different Shapes. Prices stamped on the Bottom of the Shoe. We have the new Foot Conformer, enabling us to take an Exact Measurement and Form of EACH FOOT. We will make you a Last and Patterns therefor, which you will own for your own use. We will make any desired Shoe thereon at the uniform price of \$1.00 more than the same goods in stock.

We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the Celebrated Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

W. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

CUSTOM SHOEMAKERS,

Rogers' Block, Cor of Main and Pleasant Sts.

Just around the corner.

COMFORT AND HEALTH.



The Worcester OXYGEN CO.

Is prepared to furnish at short notice PURE fresh Oxygen for Physicians' use.

The only place in New England where Oxygen is prepared and put up in small portable cylinders.

Cylinders of Oxygen and various mixtures constantly on hand.

HOME TREATMENTS.

For the home treatment we fill our own cylinders, and thus adapt the Compound to each individual case, which we find in our office treatments so important for the best results to our patients.

Rooms 10-11, Lincoln Block,
No. 368 1-2 Main St.

Hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. J. W. GOULD. T. D. BRISTOL, M. D.

COAL! COAL!

Delivered in any quantity throughout the city. Especial attention given to the family trade.

Garfield & Harrington,

92, 94 and 96 School St. Telephone 1434.

WILLIAM F. TUCKER, Sanitary Plumbing and Ventilation

Dealer in Plumbing Materials.

56 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass.

Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage given by Maxime Bebeau, to Maxime Bebeau, the Equity Co-operative Bank, a corporation duly established by law, dated May 15th, 1896, and recorded with Wor. Dist. Deeds Book 135 Page 200, and for a breach of the conditions in said deed of mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Monday, December 14th, 1901, and at three o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed as follows:

"A parcel of land and the buildings on the same in the said Worcester, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the southerly line of Division street, so called, one hundred (100) feet easterly, from the easterly line of Grant Street, Thence, easterly, by said line of Division Street, fifty (50) feet, to land now or late of Charles Wood; Thence, southerly, by the Wood land, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to land of one Burke; Thence, westerly, by the Burke land, fifty (50) feet, to land of one Lessard; Thence, northerly, by land of said Lessard, and land of one Louis Allard, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning."

This property will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments of whatever description. \$50 in money must be paid down at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money on delivery of the deed within ten days.

The Equity Cooperative Bank,

By THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary,

E. B. GLASGOW, Attorney,

H. M. CLEMENCE, Auctioneer.

J. W. GREENE, PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

Larkin's, 395 Main St., Worcester.

Trunks, Bags, Shawl-Straps, Bag-Straps, Extension Cases, Etc. Agents Troy Laundry

LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 28, 1891.

No. 13

I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
For the divine award
Of strength that helps me up the heavy heights
Of mortal sorrow, where, through tears-forlorn
My eyes get glimpses of the authentic lights
Of love's eternal morn.

And I would make thanksgiving
For the sweet double living,
That gives the pleasures that have passed away
The sweetness and the sunshine of today.

—Alice Cary.

Thanksgiving Day.

From 1621, or the first autumn at Plymouth, Massachusetts has not failed to observe the annual feast.

In many ways, the ideas projected from "that stern and rock bound coast" have permeated the nation.

While, in later years, many may observe little more than the form yet that is a pleasant reminder of the gratitude that filled our ancestors' hearts over their freedom from persecution.

What a fortunate circumstance it was that scarcity of meat rendered it necessary to use the wild turkeys with which the Plymouth woods abounded! From that day to this, the bird has borne a prominent part in the day's doings.

So important even has been its position that there are those who say that the turkey, rather than the eagle, should be our national bird. And is there not some justice in the suggestion? It is a proud spirited animal, without being rapacious, and he is, in the highest degree, useful. But of the eagle, what more can be said than that he is a fierce, predacious old robber. We might do worse than to make an exchange.

After all, does it not seem a little odd that the Governor's proclamation comes just the same whether we have been fortunate or unfortunate? Death may have invaded our household, business reverses may have overtaken us, all our plans may have miscarried; still with unfailing regularity we are enjoined to meet and to give thanks. This last clause must be especially concurring to some, for it is, really, about all they ever do give. Even "Old Hunks" himself can be generous in this way.

Through perils from domestic and foreign foes, through calamities of fire and pestilence, even when the spoken words were well nigh choked by rising sob, the sons and daughters of the Bay State have not forgotten the customs of their fathers. The spirit is inborn and has strengthened with advancing years. Permanent harm cannot come to that people who thus retain a habit which was the result of deeply fixed piety, an unswerving devotion to the eternal principles of right. The New England Thanksgiving is a God given and a divinely blessed institution.

Today, there are few states in this Union

that do not observe New England's Festival. Whether settled by Puritan or Cavalier, by French, Spanish or Dutch, all have caught the fervor of the Plymouth Pilgrims and from the woods of Arrostook to Puget's Sound, there are not wanting the glad, family gathering; the song, the reminiscence, the renewed brightness in the eye of age and the glad flush of childhood and youth. Whatever may perish from our national ways and characteristics, let us hope and pray the ever retention of Thanksgiving Day.

Nor would we have it at a different time in the year. If the day chances to be bright and clear, no trace as yet of snow upon the ground, why we may simply remark the difference between this and that, and say, "It is so unusual." But if, as often happens, Winter has seized the land in his icy clasp and skating is found upon the ponds and streams, what can give to happy fireside a more cheerful glow than the thought of the cold without? Vigorous manhood will not shrink from the encounter, but to him, even, the indoors is attractive. The time of the year is all right. We, all, love Thanksgiving.

Howell's Thanksgiving hymn—a complete gem, with neither a superfluous word nor thought nor any one missing,—is a worthy pendant to the antique Herbert verses on Lent:

Thanksgiving.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all love of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

Benjamin H. Rugg Memorial.

At a meeting of the official board of Grace Church, Sunday, the following was adopted in memory of Benjamin H. Rugg:—

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

But the Christian looks beyond the "here" to the hereafter, and there sees many a glad reunion, many a hand-grasping, looked forward to after a final leave-taking in this life. There are those who impress themselves by native nobility, by manly, upright lives, by natural dignity and presence, by an ever present gladness of heart and face that communicates itself to every one who comes within its influence. Such an one was Benjamin H. Rugg, the Christian brother whom we of Grace Church must ever remember with most affec-

tionate recollection. It will be a long time before another form like his will be seen in our midst, a veritable pillar, in truth, bearing and sustaining the church which he loved. When in health, who so prompt in his place at all the meetings? Who so ready to bear his part of the burdens, nor quibbling as to what that portion should be!

We can never forget his figure as he rose in his place to sing God's praise. He was ever the first up and he had little sympathy with the slack, laggard ways sometimes seen in worship. Nor can we forget the years of care that he and his wife gave to the adornment of the pulpit, that the lovely flowers, God's good gifts to us, might fittingly set forth the spoken word. His life was a realization of all that a grand, sturdy New England man may be, and his death has proved the glory and the truth of the Christian religion. With surviving friends, we of Grace Church join our sorrow and with them look forward to a glad, happy life beyond.

P. FOSTER WHITE,
HENRY F. STEEDMAN,
Committee.

Frank A. Monroe.

Again the flag over G. A. R. Hall has been at half-mast. Another Massachusetts soldier has passed his last muster and is now with the majority on the other side. Comrade Munroe was born in Bristol, R. I., and enlisted from this city, January 5, 1864, in the 10th Massachusetts Battery, Light Artillery. This was Sleeper's Battery, the one whose history was recently written by Past Department Commander Billings of Cambridge. On account of being disabled he was transferred to Co. F, 20th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps.

On his way home from the war, he stopped in Newark, N. J., and there married Miss Sarah B. McCall. Some years afterward he came to this city and lately has resided at 3 Rodney Street, where, aged forty-eight, he died from pneumonia, Friday morning, November 20th. He was a painter by trade, an industrious and capable workman, striving diligently to support and educate his family, consisting of his wife and children, John F., in his Senior year in the High School, Hattie A. and Marion J. He leaves also, a sister, Mrs. F. E. Abbott of William Street.

For years, he has not been in robust health and so was unable to withstand acute disease. His funeral was held at his late residence, Tuesday at 11 a.m. the Rev. Alexander C. Childs, temporarily at Central Church officiating. Excellent music was rendered by a quartette from this church where our comrade in life, had worshipped. They sang "Beloved" and "Gone Before." Many neighbors and friends assembled to sympathize with the family and to view, for the last time, the familiar face. Floral tributes covered the casket. The bearers from Post to were George A. Carpenter, Simon B. Sargent, Joseph Midgley, Nathan L. Rev're, Samuel H. Fuller and John B. Wesson. The body was placed, for the present, in the tomb at Hope cemetery. Among the friends present were James A. Logan, John S. Brigham, Alfred S. Roc and Joseph C. Barrett.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$2.00 per
annum, 5 cents a copy.

Advertising rates upon application.

ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building,
Telephone No. 435-5.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as
second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1891.

That magnificent offer for War
Memoirs, with *Cosmopolitan* and
LIGHT, is still in force. Viz., \$5
pays for *LIGHT*, *Cosmopolitan* and
a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheri-
dan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

You have all heard of Carl's
Tour of Main Street. It was
written years ago by Clarendon
Wheelock, at least it is so claim-
ed, and was printed and reprinted
in the *Palladium*. Two or three
years since, Sanford & Davis put
it into book form, and sold it for
\$1.50 per copy. *LIGHT* is now
prepared to offer it to new sub-
scribers, along with the paper for
\$2.25. You can see that this is
an admirable opportunity to get
this most excellent history at con-
siderably less than half its former
price. As there is only a limited
number of the books, the offer
holds only till the stock is exhaus-
ted.

A cook, who had burned up a piece of veal
weighing four pounds, threw it away and after-
ward explained to her mistress that the cat
had eaten the meat.

"Very well," said the lady, "we will see about
that directly."

So saying, she took the cat, put it on the
scales, and found that it weighed exactly four
pounds.

Teacher—Which teeth does man get last?
Johnny Knowall!—The false ones, of course.
—Texas Siftings.

Education commences at the mother's knee,
and every word spoken within the hearsay of
little children tends toward the formation of
character.—Hosea Ballou—MS. Sermons.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and
literary research; also to promote the sale of
papers. To this end, six quotations from well
known American writers are given here.
To that one who first names correctly
author and location or comes nearest, a fifty
cent book, publisher's price, will be sent.
Another book, at *LIGHT*'s discretion, will be
given to the one doing second best. Every
ten weeks, a book of increased value will be
given to that party who has taken most first
prizes in that time. The following condition
must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this
coupon, cut from *LIGHT*, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in *LIGHT*, Nov. 28,
1891.

Signed

I.

"It is natural to believe in great men."

II.

"Will forefathers, I salute you! Though your times
were fierce and rude,
From their rugged husk of evil comes the kernel of our
good."

III.

"Though we have many substantial houses of brick
or stone, the prosperity of the farmer is still measured
by the degree to which the barn overshadows the house."

IV.

"Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so!
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa! Fudge boy, Whoa!
No you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes.
But he is, badger blind, and it happened this wise."

V.

"Let our deeds be syllables
Of the prayer our spirit swells;"

VI.

"The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone;
The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
Alas! no more is blown;"

Answers to Quotations Nov. 14.

1. Bret Harte, Mrs. Judge Jenkins.
2. Longfellow, Jewish Cemetery at New
port.

3. Bayard Taylor, Improvisation.

4. Whittier, Song of the Free.

5. O. W. Holmes, Centennial Dinner.

6. Irving, Bracebridge Hall. Geoffrey
Crayon Edition, Page 324.

S. E. Rice is the only one who locates any
of the extracts.

Mrs. Brown—"Johnnie broke a pane of
glass, but as he told me about it at once, I
gave him an apple." Mrs. Cobwigger—"That
will teach him a great lesson." Mrs. Brown—
"I'm afraid not. As soon as he had eaten the
apple he went and broke another window."—
Epoch.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the weeping wife,
"must you give my husband up? Can't you
do something for him, doctor, before you go?"
"Yes, madam," said the doctor, grimly, "I can
make my bill."—Somerville Journal.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the
mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy,
deep; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—
Bacon—Essay on Studies.



UNIVERSALIST.

First Church—Charles F. Davis, till recently
secretary of the Sunday School, has been ad-
vanced to the assistant superintendency while
Harry C. Robinson takes the vacated situa-
tion. Both places are well filled.

METHODIST.

The Epworth League of Grace Church is to
hold a social next Tuesday evening at which
the Backwoods chorus will give a rehearsal.

The next annual convention of the New Eng-
land District Epworth League is to be held in
Worcester in October 1892, and it is necessary
at this early date to begin preparations for it.
Committees are to be chosen from all the
Leagues in the city to have charge of all ar-
rangements, and active work will begin at once.
Nearly 600 delegates met at Portland this
year; and we should be prepared to entertain
1,000 next year, for Worcester is centrally
situated and easily accessible from all parts of
New England. We look for a large and en-
thusiastic meeting at that time.

The Methodists of the city have established
a mission at Lake View, in Wesley
Hall, corner of Coburn Avenue and Anna
Street. Rev. Dr. J. D. Pickles of Trinity
delivered the first sermon. Services will
be held Sunday afternoons and evenings and
Tuesday and Friday evenings. A Sunday
School has also been organized.

CONGREGATIONAL.

A person has promised to give 1,000 towards
a new church for Park Church.

A pleasing entertainment was given Tues-
day evening in Park Church, under the aus-
pices of the Christian Endeavor Society.
The program included readings by Miss
Grace Gabriel; banjo solos by Miss Leathers;
quartet by Miss Buss, Mrs. Edwin Sagen-
dorph, Mr. Vaughn and Mr. Elliott W. Brig-
ham; clarinet solos by Mr. E. R. Wesson;
solos by Miss Buss; violin solos by Mr. Bal-
com; zither solos by Miss Alice Seibert;
piano solo by Miss Elva Sawin.

Y. M. C. A.

The reception committee gave Mr. Meade,
the retiring assistant secretary, a complemen-
tary dinner last week at the home of the
chairman, J. E. Thomas, 620 Main Street.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

At Central Church tomorrow evening there
will be given the first of a series of five Christ-
mas song services. The subject will be
"Christ the Shepherd." The other subjects
will be Dec. 6, "Christ the Light;" Dec. 13,
"Christ our Refuge;" Dec. 20, "Christ our
Saviour;" Dec. 27, the regular Christmas mu-
sic under the subjects "The Child Christ,"
"The Man Christ Jesus" and "Christ the
King." The services are at 7 o'clock.

Education is the only interest worthy the
deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful
man.—Wendell Phillips.

The Week.

CITY.

Nov. 20.—All Souls Universalist Church dedicated. Corner of Norwood and Woodland Streets.

Miss Olof Krarar, an Esquimaux, lectures in Mechanics Hall.

21.—Lizzie Pace, two years, old run over and killed by beer wagon, corner of Sargent and Lamartine Streets.

Dartmouth Alumni, some thirty in number, meet in Horticultural Hall and dine. A permanent organization may follow.

22.—A good No License rally at the Rink. Drs. McCullough and Mears, David Manning, Esq., and Major F. G. Stiles make ringing speeches for right and reason.

23.—Common Council votes for a new City Hall.

Resignation of Assistant Secretary Meade of the Y. M. C. A., accepted.

24.—Republican Caucuses for City officers; largely attended and results divergent. Much interest in school affairs, two Marble and three Anti-Marble men, nominated for school committee.

New building of Society of Antiquity dedicated.

25.—The peculiar situation in the Ward Six caucus, last night, provokes much discussion. The Australian Ballot system may necessitate the formation of Republican Clubs. New York city had to resort to them years ago.

26.—Dr. D. O. Mears, Rev. J. J. Lansing, Rev. Calvin Steebins, Rev. W. T. Worth and Rev. H. J. White preach eloquent Thanksgiving sermons.

COUNTY.

21.—Boston and Albany railroad will build a fine granite station in Millbury.

23.—Millbury hopes to have a system of water works. The blackstone will hardly do.

Grafton railroad station, recently entered by burglars. If some of this class of gravity could be arrested!

24.—A brilliant reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Knowlton at their home in West Upton, in honor of their daughter, Miss Eliza Knowlton.

26.—Worcester County has a good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day. Every body happy.

COMMONWEALTH.

20.—The outlet of Boston's new sewer found to be built on mud.

And now the will of the late Bookseller, Burnham, is to be contested. He should have given away his property while living.

21.—Yale beats Harvard at foot ball in Springfield. Score 10 to 0.

Dr. Miner is to be pastor emeritus of Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church, Boston. Rev. Stephen H. Robin is called from Bay City, Mich., to be his associate.

Rev. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard College dies in Waltham. 73 years.

Boston Typographical Union takes issue with the Home Market Club.

23.—A big tank of oxygen, belonging to the Boston Calcium Light Company explodes at 98 Utah Street. William G. Bent, proprietor killed, others injured.

24.—A meeting held at the Boston University in behalf of the Utah University at Ogden. Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Wm. E. Warren interested.

Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody pronounces a brilliant tribute over his old friend and associate, Ex-President Thomas Hill of Waltham.

Col. Gardner Tufts, superintendent of the Concord Reformatory dies, 63 years.

25.—Boston & Albany R. R. claims to be over-taxed.

By mistake an old and trusted official of the Boston Post Office, John O. Adams, discharged. He will be reinstated probably.

26.—Governor Russell pardons two life sentenced murderers.

NATION.

20.—Four thousand feet of American tin laid on a roof in Norwich, Conn. The new industry thrives.

21.—Columbia, S. C., opens a canal for manufacturing purposes. It costs \$1,000,000, and has been many years building.

Damnable Block, Syracuse, N. Y., seriously damaged by fire.

22.—Secretary Foster of the Treasury is ill.

Dr. McGlynn proclaims the acceptance of papal clemency too expensive.

23.—Brooklyn getting apprehensive over the water famine. The outlook for fires is bad.

The G. A. R. Encampment in Washington will take place the last week in September.

A terrific storm sweeps over Washington and Baltimore. White House injured.

24.—The trial of Dr. Graves for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby, begins in Denver.

25.—A Swedish gun factory will locate in Maine.

A land slide near Tacoma, Washington, kills twelve railroad men.

26.—Yale defeats Princeton at foot ball in New York. Score 19 to 0.

WORLD.

20.—Both Conservatives and Liberals combine to offer better terms to English land owners. Britons moving to colonize Canada.

21.—France and Russia may unite to make trouble for the rest of Europe.

The Republic of Guatemala has a periodic outbreak.

22.—Political crisis impending in Spain.

Germany adopts a new field gun for her army. More people to be killed.

23.—De Fonseca, president and dictator of Brazil, resigns.

24.—Hon. Robert Bulwer-Lytton dies in Paris. He was the British Ambassador to France, and, as Owen Meredith, was the author of "Lucille."

25.—Archbishop of Aix fined for leaving his diocese without permission.

Rebellion in China progressing.

26.—Monument to Theodore Parker unveiled, Florence, Italy.

Another Berlin bank goes up. Bismarck will have to come back.

Good Walking.

Two of the Wesleyley girls who went home for Thanksgiving, living twelve miles away, thought they would surprise their friends by walking and so just pedestriated right up to the old homestead and they made the distance in five minutes less than three hours. They have improved the pleasant Autumn weather by taking long walks around Wesleyley, thoroughly inspecting South Natick, and other places. Hard study will not injure them.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, NOV. 14, 1891.

Foster Kid Gloves.
Filken Gloves.
Cottons, Gloves.
Gloves altered and repaired.
Butlerick's Paper Patterns.
E. C. Hart's Shoes.

Sole
Agency

George Eliot's
ROMOLA.

Have you read this interesting romance? It is a brilliant story of life in Florence, Italy, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. George Eliot is admitted by thoughtful persons to have been endowed with one of the greatest minds of this century, and perhaps, the greatest of feminine intellects. Romola is one of the most popular of her books; and for it she was paid \$40,000 by a London publisher. The inspiring and spirited career of Savonarola forms a part of the plot of Romola; the situations are very dramatic and there isn't an uninteresting portion in the whole story. An eminent authority says, "Romola stands the test of a great novel."

Like many other notable works Romola has never been issued in an economical edition. It has remained for the Syndicate to issue editions of Romola, Lorna Doone, Anna Karenina, and John Halifax, Gentleman, at prices that have never been approached and that are within the reach of the lightest purse.

We commend Romola, as a book, to all who relish fine reading. The price—15c—opens another avenue of good literature for the benefit of thousands. Bound neatly in cloth, well printed, and uniform with the other 3 books above named—all 15c each.

December—

Leslie's, 22c.
Harper's, 20c.
Scribner's, 20c.
St. Nicholas, 22c.
Ladies' Home Journal, 9c.

East side.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

Every school-boy and school-girl at the age of reflection ought to know something about the art of printing. Mann.

Society of Antiquity.

Though Worcester is the seat of the American Antiquarian Society, one of the most notable associations of its kind in the land, there was long a feeling that a certain kind of local historical work might and ought to be done, that the older body did not touch. Not all the Worcester genius for the ancient and antique was found among those who were members of the Society founded by Isaiah Thomas. Accordingly, a few gentlemen, with true love for books and reminders of the past, met from time to time in their respective homes for the purpose of talking about congenial matters and the inspection of books and papers which they had collected. January 23, 1875, the society was organized with four members. Samuel E. Staples, who was a prime mover in the organizing, was its first president. The others present were Richard O'Flynn, John G. Smith and Franklin P. Rice. With the exception of Mr. Smith, these gentlemen are still active members. Daniel Seagrave was the first Secretary and he continued to hold the office till 1880. After him Henry Shumway, then of the Gazette, now of the Boston Herald, was Secretary for four years. Then in 1884, Wm. F. Abbott took the office and still holds it.

The charter of the society bears date, March 22, 1877 and the names borne on it are, in addition to those already given, Daniel Seagrave, H. D. Barber, Henry F. Stedman, Rev. Albert Tyler, Wm. Macready, O. L. Merriam, H. H. Thompson, E. H. Marshall, James A. Smith, W. A. Sheldon, Wm. B. Howe, Charles R. Johnson, Augustus Stone, E. R. Lawrence, Clark Jilison, Henry Phelps, A. A. Lovell, E. B. Crane, Augustus Coolidge, Rev. Thomas E. St. John, E. I. Comins, T. M. Lamb, Dwight A. Davis, B. J. Dodge, I. N. Metcalf, George Sumner, Dr. Joseph N. Bates, A. C. Munroe and Charles W. Estabrook. Not all these gentlemen are members now, for some have resigned, others have died.

Mr. Staples continued to be president till 1879, when he was succeeded by Hon. Clark Jilison who held the office two years and was followed by the present incumbent, Ex-Alderman Ellery B. Crane. James A. Smith was treasurer till 1882 when Henry F. Stedman took the office and continues in it at this date. John G. Smith was the first librarian, though his duties were not very heavy, for when, early in 1877, the society took up its abode in the Foster Street Bank Building, it possessed but one book, viz., Worcester in the Revolution, compiled and presented by Albert A. Lovell. To Mr. Smith in 1878, Albert A. Lovell succeeded and he continued in office till 1881, beginning a card catalogue system, continued by his successors, S. E. Staples 1882 and Thomas A. Dickinson to date. That collection of one book has grown to a library of above 40,000 titles of books and pamphlets.

Naturally, the membership is largely local, including a large number of those who love and revere the antique. Among these are several who, also, belong to the Antiquarian Society. Life membership may be had by the payment of \$25 at one time and many have availed themselves of this opportunity. Where all have had so much interest in the

society, it might seem invidious to select any particular names for mention, but it may not be amiss to note the early wisdom and energy of Samuel E. Staples and the Hon. Clark Jilison who, in many ways, contributed to the well being of the body. Albert A. Lovell was a tower of strength and his successor, Mr. Dickinson has been invaluable in his services. Secretaries Seagrave and Abbot, and Treasurers Smith and Stedman have done much work and carried heavy burdens; but over and above all others, must be named President Crane and Mr. Franklin P. Rice. To the former, we owe without doubt, the fine building into which the society moves this week, for without his work and devotion it would not be. Mr. Rice by his printing of the Proceedings of the Society and the Records of Worcester has given the organization a reputation as wide as the country.

For fourteen years the rooms were occupied on Foster Street. In these two rooms were stored immense collections of books, papers and relics till further crowding seemed impossible. Save the purchase of the library of the late Rev. George Allen, effected by the active aid of the Hon. Geo. F. Hoar and some others, the collections were almost wholly from gifts and exchange. In this emergency, in October 1889, Mr. Stephen Salisbury gave to the society a lot of land at the North end and supplemented this gift with a generous subscription toward the building fund.

The building is complete. The cut shows what it is exteriorly, and the public is welcome to enter and to behold its interior arrangements. Its cost is not far from \$25,000, and the society is justly proud of it and of the purposes to which it will be put. It adds another to the structures that are clustering around Lincoln Square, affording good company for the City Hall which at no distant date must stand near it.

The Opening.

At 3.15 p. m., Tuesday, the 24th, the building was opened by exercises in Salisbury Hall. In the audience, completely filling the hall, were many of Worcester's most substantial and respected citizens. The platform was decorated with ferns and in addition to the President there were seated with him Mayor Harrington, Senator Hoar, Rev. Carlton A. Staples of Lexington, Stephen Salisbury and Hon. Amos Perry, secretary of the Rhode Island Historical society. The remarks of President Crane were exceedingly happy, referring to the early days of the Society, its way upward, through tribulation, to its present condition. While his words were largely reminiscent, he said: "The work of the society is to encourage, cultivate and develop love for historical studies and research; to preserve for ourselves and future generations such historical data as may be gathered, and for this purpose a library and museum have been established."

He alluded to the location of the building as being near scenes of Indian depredations, going back to the very earliest date in Worcester's history. Hard by was the home of Capt. Wing where Capt. Howe and his soldiers found shelter the night before discovering the murdered body of Diggory Sargent on Sagatabscot Hill.

Mayor Francis A. Harrington was introduced as one of the few mayors of Worcester who were natives of the town. Mayor Harrington, in responding, said he was not only a native of Worcester, but his homestead had been in the possession of his ancestors for 160 years. He highly commended the work of the society, and congratulated the members upon their possession of an elegant building, which would prove a valuable addition to the educational facilities of the city.

Senator George F. Hoar was introduced and he spoke, as he ever does, most entertainingly concerning the purposes of the Society, making a passing contrast between this organization and its neighbor, The American Antiquarian Society. The charms of home life were extolled. "I hope the reputation of the great men of Worcester, of the past and the future, is to be safe in your hands, that it will ever find here, subject always to the supreme and transcendent duty of absolute truth, a champion and a defender. One of the most noble conceptions of medieval chivalry is Wilkie Collins' story of the jewel which was taken by the English conquerors from the eye of the statue of the Hindoo deity. You remember how the four Hindoo gentlemen of highest caste and noblest blood devoted their lives to the recovery of this ornament of their temple. The reputation of a great man is the jewel in the eye of the city.

Let us not deal with our history as if it were the story of a mean or an ignoble people.

From the day when the three famous Cromwellian soldiers planted this town in the wilderness and gave it a name which should forever recall that crowning mercy in the great struggle for constitutional liberty, down to the time when Charles Allen summoned her young mechanics to the rescue from slavery of the great territory which lies between the Mississippi and the Pacific down to the day when Charles Devens went to his honored grave, the annals of Worcester have been crowded with generosity and with heroism.

We also are of the Saxon strain. In our halls is hung armor of the invincible knights of old. The temple, in which Worcester is no mean chapel, covers a continent and its portals are upon both the seas. Our young men are not ashamed, if need be, to speak with the enemy at the gate."

The Rev. Carlton A. Staples of Lexington brought greetings from the Historical Society of that interesting town and spoke of the relations existing between Lexington and Worcester.

Mr. Stephen Salisbury, the generous benefactor of the society extended congratulations from the American Antiquarian Society of which he is president and felicitated the younger body upon its successful growth and prospects. He also thanked the society for the honor done him in naming the hall for him.

The Hon. Amos Perry of the Rhode Island Historical Society closed the speaking with greetings from his society and with the highest compliments for what The Society of Antiquity has done and for the indications of future usefulness.

While the books are not yet in place, the rooms were thrown open to the inspection of the visitors who could not help expressing pleasure at the appointments and accommoda-

tions. In its new quarters, the society seems to have an opportunity for growth and great prosperity.

Description of Building.

The new building of the Worcester Society of Antiquity is located upon Salisbury St., near Grove, upon the site donated by St. Stephen Salisbury, who also generously contributed \$5,000 to the building fund. It is situated in a very desirable locality, and in the immediate vicinity of three other modern public buildings: the Central Church, the State Armory and the Salisbury St., public school-house. The building is constructed of Greenfield, Mass., selected common brick, with Milford pink granite basement of broken ashlar, and trimmings of the same stone in brick walls above, and slated roof on main building and tower, with metal cornices.

It was the desire of the building committee to erect a plain substantial structure, with only a moderate amount of ornamentation on the exterior as is shown by illustration.

An important feature considered, was to have a structure comparatively safe from danger of destruction or damage by fire, to building or contents. No effort was made, owing to the great expense, of attempting to erect a strictly fire-proof building, but the idea to be carried out, was to have a building of what is termed "slow burning" construction, according to the best experience of the present time. The exterior walls are built with an air space, to prevent dampness, and admit of plastering directly upon walls, without wooden furring or laths, and the outer and inner walls are tied together with galvanized iron wall ties. The main partitions are of brick, also plastered directly upon wall. The few wooden partitions are made solid, with 2 x 4 studs filled in between by bricks to avoid having any spaces for fire to spread. The floors are constructed similar to the modern method of mill construction, with large hard pine timbers instead of small joists, and "2 x 4" spruce timber on top, spiked solid together, and asbestos paper under top floor. All these solid partitions and ceilings are covered with "sheathing laths," which consists of 7-8 matched boards with parallel dove-tail grooves, for holding mortar, and is a new material in this vicinity.

The basement contains the museum, also boiler room, with rear outside entrance and two store rooms, one provided with a water closet. On the first floor is the library 35 x 62 feet and 16 feet high, which is fitted up with iron book racks, with adjustable wooden shelves; the main entrance hall with stairs to basement and upper story,—these stairs being constructed upon open springs, with no concealed spaces,—and on left of entrance is librarian's room, 14½ x 16½ and small store room provided with water closet.

On the second floor is the auditorium to be called Salisbury Hall, in honor of the donor of the site, of the same size as library below and is finished open up to the roof, with exposed roof trusses, purlin plate and rafters. At each end of this hall, also on stair landing are stained glass windows, of very appropriate design for the purpose for which this building is intended, and also delineating some of Worcester's early history. At the right of

the head of the stairs on this floor, is the reception room, 16½ x 25 feet and 12½ feet high, with ante room in tower, ladies toilet room stair, landing, men's toilet room opening out of stair case hall, and stairs to printing room in attic.

This attic room is to be used by Mr. F. P. Rice in printing the publications of the Society, and opening out of this room is a store room with stairs to upper part of tower. As small an amount of wood work as practicable, has been used in interior finish. The first story is finished in oak, also paneled oak ceiling for entrance porch, and all other finish is North Carolina pine, all finished in natural color of wood, and hard wood floors in all rooms and halls. All plumbing in the building is executed according to the best modern sanitary ideas, with fixtures open and exposed to view. Much attention has also been given to heating and ventilation, large brick flues being constructed for indirect steam heat to library, hall and museum, from brick warm air room in basement, with fresh air inlet from rear window opening to warm air room which contains radiator stacks, and flues from each room or hall, for exit of foul air.

The architects of the building are Barker & Nourse of this city, but much of the credit for the planning and construction is due to E. B. Crane, the president of the Society, who has devoted much time and thought to the successful completion of this addition to the city's public buildings. The contract for excavating and foundations was awarded to Peter Kenney, and completed in the Autumn of 1890, when work was suspended until the Spring of the present year. Addison Palmer, an old member of the Society, was the contractor for the superstructure, and the following are the various sub-contractors: brick work and plastering, Pellett Bros.; cut stone work, Burns & Loughlin; roofing and metal cornices, Geo. A. Barnard; window frames and interior finish, L. L. Clark & Co.; iron work, C. W. Walls & Co.; stained glass windows, Worcester Stained Glass works; plumbing, N. G. Tucker & Son; painting and hard wood finishing, McCarron & St. John.

Benedict Arnold.

John Fiske tells the old story of Benedict Arnold's treason, in an article of fascinating interest written for the Atlantic. The last years of Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The great name which he had so gallantly won and so wretchedly lost left him no repose by night or day. In the last sad days in June, 1801, the family tradition says, Arnold's mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture; and now as, broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last moments coming, he called for this uniform and put it on, and decorated himself with the epaulets and sword-knot which Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

George S. Burnham of Albany is home for Thanksgiving, at No. 1 Howe Street.

Winter.

"Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And the air was full of merry tune
And the purple Autumn haze,
And the golden sunset rays
Pointed softly back again to June.

"Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And the brown leaves fluttered slowly down;
And we could not make it seem
That in such a pleasant dream,
Winter had the heart to cast a frown.

Lo! No little birds sang east,
And no little birds sang west,
When the morrow dawned upon the world,
For the purple air was white,
And the brown leaves covered quite
And King Winter stood there, Monarch hold!

—Florence M. Keith.

In Free Trade England.

In England the classes have always kept the masses under. It is a country of low wages, and the average working man is born in poverty and never gets out of it.

These figures from General Booth's book will show the results of a mistaken economic system. In England there are 700,000 criminals, 22,000 juvenile thieves.

There are 100,000 fallen women, and 500,000 drunkards.

The annual cost of liquors is \$750,000,000. Suicides last year numbered 2,297, and 2,157 were found dead.

Last year 10,000 children died from violence or neglect.

Over 100,000 people are absolutely homeless, and 100,000 are out of work.

The workhouses shelter 100,000, and 3,000,000 people outside are so wretchedly poor that they are hardly civilized.

Heretofore it has been believed that much of this misery and poverty was caused by liquor and crime. The new theory is that misery and poverty drive people into crime and intemperance.

The active cause of all this is low wages. Life in England to the favored few who tread the primrose path, is one long holiday. But the toiling millions have to foot the bill in one way or another. They are ground down in the mire, and are paid so little for their work that a laborer is fortunate if he can afford meat on his table once a week. A Sunday suit of clothes is an impossibility. Dispair makes these people unthrifty, and drives them to seek forgetfulness in drink. Bolder spirits join the army of criminals. Others helplessly drift into vagrancy.

It is a bad economic system that is responsible for these evils. Good wages lessen both poverty and crime. They enable workmen to rise in the social scale, and save enough for a rainy day. Nor do the capitalists lose anything. The money paid to the working classes immediately gets into circulation, stimulates business and adds to the general prosperity.

In countries like England where the ruling classes make it their policy to keep the masses on the verge of starvation there is always danger of a social revolution. Men will not long remain peaceful and law abiding citizens if they cannot get what their labor is worth.—Atlanta Constitution.

Will D. B. Meade.

The portrait which accompanies this sketch presents a younger face than most of those which LIGHT has had the privilege of introducing to its readers. But it is a face which has become, during the past three years, very well known to Worcester people, particularly to the young men, and its owner has gained a host of friends, who regret exceedingly that he is to sever his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and return to his home in Pittsfield. It was with the idea that many of these friends would be pleased to possess his portrait and a few facts about his life that his portrait and sketch were prepared.

Will D. B. Meade was born in Pittsfield, Mass. His father was and is still the leading



WILL D. B. MEADE.

carriage dealer in the city and the Meade family has lived in Pittsfield for several generations. Mr. Meade completed the regular grammar school course, entered the high school and was graduated therefrom, the valedictorian of his class, in 1887.

The young man became very early interested in Young Men's Christian Association work. October 15, 1885, during the third year of his high school course, he became assistant secretary of the Pittsfield Association and held the position until he came to Worcester, acting for four months of the period as general secretary.

At the International convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, held at Orange, N. J., in 1889, Mr. Meade met Mr. Samuel C. McConaughy, who was then general secretary of the Worcester Association and who was on

the lookout for an assistant secretary for his association. The result of the meeting was that on his return, Mr. McConaughy recommended Mr. Meade to the board of directors as an excellent man for the vacant office, the board adopted his recommendation and Mr. Meade began his work here June 1, 1889. On his departure from Pittsfield, he was presented with a gold watch by the members of the association, indicating in what great esteem he was held by them.

Mr. Meade's work in this city has not been characterized by any single remarkable display of energy but rather by continuous and faithful hard work. During the first year he assisted Mr. McConaughy in the general planning of the work and had charge of the committee work, Mr. George Robbins, then an assistant secretary also, having charge of the

tions and will probably accept the secretaryship of some other association. Tuesday evening, he was presented with a purse of money made up by members of the association as a testimonial of their regard for him and of their appreciation of his faithful work. Congratulations are offered in advance to whoever next secures his services for they will find in him a faithful, earnest and withal a willing worker, always obliging and always ready to help a struggling brother.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

A real treat is prepared for those who attend the fourth of the Young Mens Christian Association course of entertainments next Thursday evening, when Fred Emerson Brooks, the California poet-humorist, will read. Those who have already heard him will await with pleasant expectations his coming, while those who know him only by his reputation or his poems will be just as eager to hear him. He will be assisted Thursday evening by Sidney Woodward, the tenor soloist.

A soiree musicale will be given Tuesday evening, Dec. 1, at the studio of Mr. B. D. Allen, 173 Main Street, in which the participants will be Mrs. Margaret Holohan, soprano; Miss Alma Collins, contralto; Mr. B. D. Allen, pianist; Mr. W. S. Kennedy, accompanist.

Cherry Valley.

The Bakers Dozen Dramatic Club of Cherry Valley gave a pleasing entertainment in the vestry of the St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Tuesday evening, to a large and appreciative audience. They presented in a most acceptable manner the comic drama in two acts, "A Black Diamond," and the farce, "Wanted, a Male Cook." Large parties from Worcester, Leicester and neighboring towns were present at this the first of a series of dramatic performances to be given by the club.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"The Mask of Life," a drama picturing the life of the Nihilists in Russia, and replete with interesting situations, is the attraction at Lothrop's Pleasant Street Opera House this week. Miss Kate Glassford as Vera, a young woman who has many alluring temptations to forsake her husband, but who remains true to her wifely duties and noble character to the end, has a part in which she well displays those peculiar talents which have gained for her an enviable reputation as a studious and popular actress. Mr. Barringer as Leon, Count Vladimir, Vera's husband, is accorded an enthusiastic reception at every performance, clearly demonstrating the fact that he is the most popular actor in romantic roles in the Lothrop Companies. Mr. Herbert M. Colby, as Prince Khonich, a friend of Leon, who proves himself a traitor and scheming villain in his endeavor to rob the affections of his friend's wife, is admirably adapted to the character, his facial expression at times being so perfect as to evoke hisses from the tender-hearted portion of the audience.

Miss Ethel Tucker, as Chip, in "Fogg's Ferry," is booked for next week. "An Irish Stew," with the requisite fixings, will precede each performance.

membership work. From June 1 to Dec. 15, 1890, he was acting general secretary, doing the work which three men had done before, thus saving to the association the salary of two men for six months. General Secretary Gale came in December, 1890, and since then, Mr. Meade has been his assistant.

While Mr. Meade has been in Worcester he has had many excellent opportunities offered him by other associations but he has preferred to remain here. But when Mr. Gale came he introduced into the work some new methods in which Mr. Meade did not believe and he resigned. Many wished him to withdraw the resignation, but he thought it best that he should go and so insisted on its acceptance.

Mr. Meade returned this week to his home in Pittsfield to spend Thanksgiving there. He has under consideration several offers of posi-

War Stories.

Most of you have no doubt read Bret Harte's famous poem, "John Burns of Gettysburg." In it you find the hero spoken of as if he were a farmer, while the truth is he was a shoemaker and had his shop very near the center of the town. So it was to his bench and last, not to his cows and sheep, that he returned after the battle. He was an old man at the time, fought with the One-hundred-and-fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, to which he offered his services, until he was wounded, and died a few years afterward in the place where he fought so bravely.

The first week in May, 1863, our army was defeated at a place in Virginia called Chancellorsville. After the defeat the soldiers were ordered to leave knapsacks and every thing that could be left and march rapidly. Two soldiers near the rear of the wing, tired and ravenously hungry, while passing through a small town saw some tempting pies displayed in a bakery window. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and the hungry couple slipped out of the ranks and were soon devouring pie. When they came out of the bakery the last of the army had just disappeared. Hurrying to catch up with them, they were horrified to see a sentry in the road some distance ahead, which showed that the regiment had gone into camp for the night, and they did not know the countersign! To go and present themselves to the sentry meant that they would be put in the guard-house and perhaps severely dealt with. They retired into some bushes at the road-side to consult as to what they should do, and while there saw a party of officers coming along the road toward the camp. Quick as a flash one of the culprits saw his opportunity, and stepping to center of the road cried, "Halt, and give the counter sign."

The officers, thinking him a sentry posted at this point, did as requested, and passed on. This gave the magic word to the *piouss*, if not pious, soldiers, who were soon with their mates in camp relating their adventure.

A strange coincidence occurred on Culp's Hill, two months later, during the battle of Gettysburg. A Union soldier came to his officer and asked permission to go out beyond the lines. It was night, and he knew he could do so safely.

"Why do you wish to go?"

"To get a knapsack. I have lost mine, and lots of dead Johnnies just over the earthworks have good knapsacks on."

"Well," said the officer, "you can't go; but if I don't happen to see you its all right."

As he obligingly turned his back the soldier disappeared and soon returned bearing a knapsack.

"It looks like a good one," said the officer.

"Yes, it is," said the soldier, "and what more, it is my own," and he displayed his name on it as he spoke.

"How did that happen?"

"Why, it is the one I had to leave when we retreated from Chancellorsville. That man must have found and worn it until I took it just now from his dead body."

This incident was told in our hearing by the officer himself at Spangler's Spring, near

which place the incident occurred. During the first day's battle at Gettysburg this incident occurred which is told by General Abner Doubleday in his account of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Every one who reads it will be glad, I am sure, that the gallant colonel was not killed. Colonel Wheelock, of the Ninety-seventh New York, was cut off during the retreat of Robinson's division, and took refuge in a house. A rebel lieutenant entered and called upon him to surrender his sword. This he declined to do, whereupon the lieutenant called in several of his men, formed them in line, took out his watch and said to the colonel: "You are an old, gray-headed man, and I dislike to kill you; but if you don't give up that sword in five minutes I shall order these men to blow your brains out." When the time was up the colonel still refused to surrender. A sudden tumult at the door, caused by some prisoners attempting to escape, called the lieutenant off for a moment. When he returned the colonel had given his sword to a girl in the house who had asked him for it, and she secreted it between two mattresses. He was then marched to the rear, but being negligently guarded escaped the same night and returned to his regiment.—Christian Advocate.

In boyhood, LIGHT knew Col. Wheelock very well and had not the exigencies of living compelled a removal, possibly the grand old veteran would have been our colonel. The story is characteristic.

When, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the physicians, and are for sale at all the drug stores.

Miss Ada Carter of Framingham Normal School called at LIGHT office a week since and showed some most excellent pictures made by her of the Wayside Inn in Sudbury and of the Normal School. A pleasant diversion and most admirable souvenirs.

Hawthorne at a "Blow."

It is related by a writer in the New England Magazine for December that although Hawthorne at college took part in the "blows," and much as he enjoyed being present at these festal scenes, "he never told a story nor sang a song. His voice was never heard in any shout of merriment; but the silent beaming smile would testify to his keen appreciation of the scene, and to his enjoyment of the wit. He would sit for a whole evening with head gently inclined to one side, hearing every word, seeing every gesture, and yet scarcely a word would pass his lips."

Hope for Him.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to a principal of school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal.

"Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend on that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."

—Christian Leader.

Dorothy.

Asleep she lies, the fairest flower unbent;
Grave Rest has claimed my wee one for his own,
And in his halls of harmony divine,
The courtiest dreams shall bend at her sweet shrine.

For her eyes are mirrors, clear as perfect day,
Which reflect the blueness of violets in May,
And the light of Innocence, that dearest grace
Of all that childhood's cherished years embrace.

And Dorothy is fair, her baby glance
Is like unto the star-gleam, that plays across
O'er the pearls of a rose; and her silver hair
Has all the burnished gold of the sun-lit air.

And her voice is sweeter far than the thrush's note,
Or even blue-bell-chimes, or the sea's softest
And darkest clouds are powerless to chill
Her heart's art-glow, or shadow joy with ill.

But now, so lushed, I wonder what will be
Your life's long dream, my babe, my Dorothy,
Will homage yet be thine, in the after-time?
Will the years roll by as one sweet, unbroken rhyme?

No voice replies, but a robin lingering near
My window, sings in tones so blithe and clear,
That my dreaming one awakes, and I murmur low,
The dearest truth that heart can ever know.

"You are my love,"

Flora Frances Keith.

Eating and Religion.

The remarks of the Rev. L. C. Stewardson of this city at the Episcopal Congress in Washington with reference to the turning of every church into an eating saloon were extremely happy. He depreciates "Bean Suppers," "Pink Teas," etc., as not means conducive to grace. May his words spread and be effectual.

One of the latest novelties in rubber goods is the storm rubber. Until recently ladies have had a monopoly of this very necessary Winter article of comfort, but now it is possible for gentlemen to obtain the rubber at the well-known store of the Worcester Rubber Company, 324 Main Street. Ladies and gentlemen who wish comfort along with fashion will do well to examine this rubber before purchasing elsewhere. Mr. Aaron S. Taft, the proprietor, is prepared to furnish everything desirable in the line of fashionable rubber clothing.

Little Charlie Streeter of Goulding Street has cut his foot badly with an ax. He is out of school and has ample time to reflect on the difficulties incident to preparing kindling wood.

Killed by Cigar tte Smoking.

The vice paper cigarette was the cause of the premature death of another bright youth yesterday. The lad's name was Fred G. Miller, aged fourteen years. He lived with his aunt, Mrs. Krone, who owns a large bakery at Fourth Street and Vernon Avenue, Long Island City. He contracted the habit of cigarette smoking several years ago, and became such an incessant smoker that he smoked peripatetic to his death three and four packs a day. Soon after he was taken sick he became delirious, and when physicians were called in he was beyond help and died of heart failure, undoubtedly caused by the cigarettes. He was a bright and promising scholar in the public school. New York Times, Nov. 20th.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.
—Tennyson.—Idyls of the King.

"SCHEPP'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORLD."

THE GREATEST BOOK ON EARTH.

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NEW, NOVEL, STRIKING.

A Wonderful Collection of Photographs. Everyone Seeing it Will Want a Copy.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to one of the most daring, if not the most marvellous achievement, that has yet been accomplished in the publishing world. We refer to a new and most valuable publication, entitled "Schepp's Photographs of the World" representing renowned picture scene scenery, historic castles, views of cities, avenues, buildings, monuments, copies of celebrated paintings and artistic statuary, collected from every corner of the world.

It includes every thing of any interest through Great Britain, from the Blarney Castle to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and from the Hills of Scotland to the South Coast of England; through Europe, from Gibraltar and Italy, in the South to Hammerfest in Norway—the most northern town in the world—and to Constantinople and the Russian Mines in Siberia in the far East.

Through Africa, from the Suez Canal, Egypt and the Nile in the East to Cape of Good Hope in the South and life among the Natives in the interior, West and North; through Asia and the Orient, from the Holy Land, Arabia and Persia in the West to India, China, Japan, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific in the South and East.

Through Spanish South America, from Terra del Fuego to Panama; through the Central American States and Mexico—land of the Aztecs; through Alaska, Greenland, British North America and Canada.

Through the United States, from the Golden Gate in the West to the Rocky Mountains in the North to the Cotton States in the South, forming one of the finest, rarest, wealthiest, and most beautiful, interesting and historic collections of Photographs ever seen.

The Photographs representing master paintings and works of art, taken from the French Salon, Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, Dresden, Uffizi, Pitti and Vatican Galleries, are direct and accurate reproductions of the famous originals. Their value is so great that the wealth of nations could not buy them. No collection like this has ever before been found between the lids of any book.

Every Photograph is carefully explained in from four to six lines printed matter, in an accurate, concise and most interesting manner. So great has been the demand for this book already, that the publishers immediately translated the English explanations into Swedish and German, printing the book in three languages within four weeks, and we understand that a Spanish edition is now in course of preparation.

The work is issued by the Globe Bible Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, Penn. The publishers, who are wide awake, and know how to meet the wants of the masses, have placed the retail prices marvellously low, ranging from \$5.25 to \$7.00, according to the style of binding, giving every one an opportunity to purchase a copy.

Mr. E. H. Chamberlain, 3 Clarence Street, is the local representative for this community, and we trust that this announcement to our many readers may prepare every one to receive him cordially. A postal card to his address will receive early attention.



New and True, by Mary Wiley Staver, Boston. Lee & Shepard, \$2.00.

"Rhythms and rhythms and histories droil For boys and girls from pole to pole."

To begin with, the cover is attractive. Two little folks are looking away from the lower part of the cover to a most benign moon which beams down upon them from the upper and remotest corner. The little people are standing just above "Bob" Burdett's sentiment concerning the volume which is, "Eighty Degrees in the Shade above all the Rhyming Juveniles for several Seasons." Many a childish soul will be happy as "New and True" is drawn from the suspended stocking, for my copies must find their way there. The illustrations by Lavina Effinghansen, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Jessie McDermott, J. Augustus Beck and Herman Faber and they have done their part admirably. Here are 136 pages of verse and nearly as many pictures as pages. There are babies in all phases of happiness and who would not be happy in looking at them? Santa Claus comes in for a goodly amount of attention, for is it not a Christmas book? Here are old stories, newly told, old friends in new dresses, but we can make them out in spite of the disguises. Where is the boy who will not sympathize with Tim, who is learning the multiplication table while visions of everything else rush before his mind. It's Oh! to be a child again when such beautiful books are made for the pleasure of childhood. That happy period is past all too quickly. For sale by Putnam, Davis, & Co.

Over the Bounding Waves of Life. Illustrated by Frederick Marshall. Published by DeWolf, Fiske & Co., Boston. \$2.00.

Seldom do artist and publisher unite to present a more attractive volume than this which is put forth, thus early, for holiday season. She will be hard to please, whose heart will not exult when a copy of this book, from a lover's hand, finds its way into her possession. With the artist's freest touch, life is symbolized in old Ocean's phases. Ship and shore, waves, sails and creaking cordage are made to represent the variations, the pleasures and privations of every one's life voyage. Fitting verbal accompaniment is found in the words of Bayard Taylor, Charles Dibdin, Thomas K. Hervey, Lord Byron, George Wither, George P. Morris, Shakespeare, Percival, Coleridge, Pope, Whittier, Tennyson, Mrs. Stowe, Paul H. Hayne and many more, possibly, less known to fame. Or should it be said that the words came first and then the artist's realization of what the poet thought followed? In either event, pen and pencil have wrought in unison and most happy is the result. Every page is a choice study of the best work of the printers as well as that of the artist. Such a book finds its appropriate place among the artistic gems that cover the center table or are ever near at hand for ready reference. The

old will see in it traces of the storms that they have weathered, the middle aged, recognize the sea over which they are sailing, while the young look along the way and wonder what waves and waters they are to encounter. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

With Wind and Tide.—Homeward Bound, by G. W. Beneman. From De Wolf, Fiske & Co., Boston, \$2.00

This is an excellent companion piece to "Over the Waves of Life," and pictures in a similar manner the voyage of Life. From Father Neptune, who with crown and trident looks from the first page to the coming in of the ship, on the last, in the same genial style of art, the delineator pictures what life may be.

"Outward or homeward bound,

Free or deep—laid;

Like ghosts without a sound

When the west is faded;

Cleaving the moonshine-track,

Where the white stripes

Bar the dark waters back—

God save the ships!"

Charles Kingsley, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Clough, Thomas Moore, Walter Mitchell, Barry Cromwell, Byron Walter Proctor, Charles Dibdin, Robert Buchanan, Longfellow, Thackeray, Bayard Taylor, Sarah Doubney, William Sharp, Shelley, Dowden, Joaquin Miller, Caroline Southey and others furnish the text. What a diversity of scene the pages present. There are storm and calm; the sailor in the shrouds and the happy fellow blowing his pipe amidst 'fo' castle comfort. The reader who has gone down to the sea will acknowledge the masterly truthfulness of every stroke of the artist's pencil. One pleasing effect in the pictures, is the border of rope or cable tied in the various knots that only sailors know. Many a boy will gain a love of the sea through the pictures and words of this book and he might do worse than be one of those who yield themselves subjects to Neptune's sway. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish shortly Racine's "Esther," edited by Prof. I. H. B. Spicers of the William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.

The tragedy of "Esther" is not only one of the masterpieces of the Augustan Age of French Literature, but it is the easiest and also the shortest of these. Hence it is a particularly good text to put into the hands of moderately advanced students of the French language, who can thus early be made acquainted with the very best that French writers have produced.

For such students, whether at school or college, the present edition has been carefully prepared. The text has been modernized throughout. The introduction briefly summarizes the life of Racine, the development of French tragedy, and lastly the history and chief excellences of the play of "Esther." The notes and appendices are intended to make clear such matters of history or grammar as offer any difficulty, or to emphasize that which may be especially instructive from a literary, historical, or grammatical point of view.

The Magazine of New England History. Notes and Queries, Reprints, a medium of intercommunication for historical and genealogical students. R. H. Tilley, editor and publisher, Newport, R. I.

This excellent publication has reached the

end of its first year. Of the next year, the following is sent. For the next volume many original papers have already been prepared Dr. L. E. Holmes, of Butte, Montana, contributes an article on John Holmes, of Jefferson, N. H., and his descendants. Mr. Wm. T. Wallace Tooker, of Sag Harbor, Long Island, a paper entitled "Analysis of the claims of Southold, L. I., for priority of settlement over Southampton, L. I., and how they are disproved by the early records and contemporary manuscripts." This article will be of interest to many New England families. Articles on the Easton, Greene and Wickes families, are in our hands. Papers on certain branches of the Adams, Casey, Ellery and Weaver families have been promised. The interesting and valuable records of Samuel Hubbard, and the marriage record (1750-1800) of Rev. Gardner Thurston, of Newport, R. I., will be continued.

A limited number of copies of volume one, with title page, and index to names, can be furnished to new subscribers only. Single copies are not sold. New subscribers should send their orders at once, as the first volume will soon be out of print, and we desire to know how many of the January, 1892, number (to be issued early in December 1891) to print. Quarterly, \$2.00 a year.

A Ward of the Golden Gate. A novel by Bret Harte. Riverside Paper Series. 50 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is another of Mr. Harte's Californian stories, told with the skill which he possesses in so marked a degree. The "ward" is a child left in charge of trustees by a mysterious woman, the city of San Francisco being one of the trustees. The unknown child is, almost by accident, named "Verba Buena," and she is educated and grows up handsome, and fascinating to such a degree that the youngest of the trustees falls in love with her. The story is carried to a satisfying conclusion, and is, like all of Mr. Harte's stories, exceedingly readable. No writer is more happy in his titles for his story and a title is fully one half. From his "Iliad of Sandy Bar" to this latest tale, there is an attractiveness in the heading that few other books possess. This takes us to that wonderful land locked water that the Californians are justly proud of.

"First come, first served" applies in matters literary as well as others. As usual, Ballou's Monthly arrives first of all the December magazines. The stories are good and the bits of history and geography in "Old Ironside's" and "A French Convict Colony in the South Pacific" are instructive as well as interesting. The magazine always affords a few hours of pleasant reading.

Babyland. Baby's delight and mother's relief.

Gay jingles, sweet little stories, dainty pictures will make Babyland for 1892 a charming magazine for the little ones. Among the many good things will be Nurse Karen's Norway Tales—stories told by a Norwegian nurse to little Americans—by Emelie Poulsen, whose "Finger Plays" and "Toy Closet Stories" have made her our fairy godmother.

The Sweetheart Stories, by Bella D. Clark, a new friend, but one who knows all about baby folk.

The Tiptoe Twins, and their doings, will be described by Margaret Johnson, whose "Toddlekittens" and "Boofer Kitten" have never been forgotten. Only 50 cents a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The Abandoned Chalm, by Flora Haines Leaghead, author of The Man Who Was Guilty. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

The father of the family is stricken with paralysis and taken to the hospital. Three children are left with no one to care for them and very little money to provide them a home. They have promised to keep together and the school teacher to whom they apply for advice tells them to take up land and make a home in the West. The oldest boy is fifteen and the youngest, a girl, is only ten. The energy and pluck of these three is well shown and the difficulties that constantly rise and the way they surmount them form a tale of no ordinary merit. Their claim is disputed and only by bringing the father to the Home Ranch can they hold the land, but he is brought and in the bright atmosphere and with the loving care and happiness all about him he actually gets better and is able to move about. Dr. John is a rather mysterious character but so good to the children that we are glad when he turns out all that we wished he might. That the young people will all enjoy the story goes without saying and as a holiday gift we could not ask a nicer, cleaner book to give into the hands of our children. Price \$1.10 at The Boston Store.

Sherman's Letters.

The letters of General Sherman, now being published in the Cosmopolitan, are unique; in fact, so far as the writer knows, they are the only letters ever written in the midst of hostilities by a great general to his daughter. We have the brief letters of Napoleon to Josephine, but there is nothing at all resembling the Sherman letters to be found in the literature of war. They not only throw a new light upon the character of the great man himself, but upon the operations then in process of being carried out. The second and last paper, which appears in the December Cosmopolitan, is unique in another respect,—that it is illustrated by a man who sat at Sherman's mess table during the campaigns of which he writes to his daughter. This most famous of war artists, Theodore R. Davis, is still alive, and supplements the Sherman letters by a very interesting paper of his own and a great number of sketches which he made at the time.

Witchcraft.

An interesting series of papers, "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," by Winfield S. Nevins, is begun in the December New England Magazine. The first article gives an account of the witchcraft cases in New England previous to 1692; the outbreak in Salem village; the court and places of trial; a full history of the trials of accused persons, and copious quotations from the remarkable testimony in the court files are given, and the article is embellished with many portraits and drawings now published for the first time, and made specially for this series. The article is particularly interesting at this time, as the two hundredth anniversary of this remarkable delusion is approaching.

The Measure of Our Days.

In all our walks, in all our ways,
Think not the measure of our days
Is gauged by figures and by rules;
As erst was taught as in the schools;
But, as we help a brother's needs
By noble acts and generous deeds
By giving comfort where we may,
By lighting up a mourner's way;
The sum of means that we employ
To turn a fellow's ills to joy—
This is the measure of our days.

A veteran in the wars of life,
A prisoned soldier in the strife
Of soul with stingy, envious Time
Is he who makes his actions rhyme
To universal brotherhood.
Though long or short hath been his road,
Centuries or decades his abode
Among his kind, it matters least
So follows by him have been blest.
His life is measured of his plan
Of dealing with his fellow man.
This is the measure of his days.

And much methinks of time he gains,
For all his labors, all his pains,
For reaching outward far and dear
To succor want and shelter fear.
No stingy padlock hems him in
To mean desires or groveling sin,
A widow's blessing, him avails,
An orphan's prayer, some good entails,
While stretching outward over man
He converse holds with Nature's plan,
And solving life's deep mysteries,
He grasps eternal worth—
This is the measure of his days.

T. C. Rice.

All the Way From Switzerland.

Charles P. Haselden will be remembered by many as the president of the last graduating class at the High School. It will, also, be recalled that he left Worcester during the Summer to take up his residence in Basle, Switzerland for the purpose of studying dentistry with his uncle. LIGHT was recently favored with an excellent letter from him, bearing date of Nov. 1st. It sets forth, in graphic manner, the vicissitudes of travel, but, as he entirely escaped sea sickness, he hardly had his share of variety. Ten days were occupied in passing over the Atlantic and then came Flushing and Antwerp where he saw the cathedral and its wonders. Sunday processions astonished him as they always do Americans. He thinks the cathedral ought to be in Worcester. From Napoleon, who compared the spire of the edifice to lace work, down to the present time, every one has admired this beautiful specimen of architecture. As to art, the traveller thinks he prefers the Doric pictures in London. From Belgium, he had a ten days visit in Britain's capital, finding the latter a wonderful collection of history, art, legend and architecture. From England, he passed over the Strait of Dover to Ostende and thence rode to Switzerland's most wealthy city, Basle, or as some call it, Basil. There he has settled down to the somewhat prosaic occupation of dentistry in the midst of history that must be wonderfully attractive. Through the city flows the blue Rhine with its centuries of lore. In its northern borders was fought, in 1444, the battle of St. Jacob's, one of the contests that settled the independence of Switzerland and on the site arises a stately monument, commemorating Swiss powers. Basle was the home of Erasmus and a tablet to his memory is found in the cloisters of the great church. So, aside from work, our friend can find much to store away in memory for use at some future time.

Max O'Rell.

How He Tells a Part of His Life Story.

CHAPTER I.

I was born on the—
But this is scarcely a 'recollection' of mine. At fifteen I was passionately fond of music, and declared to my father that I had made up my mind to be an artist.

My father was a man of great common sense and few words; he administered to me a sound thrashing, which had the desired effect of restoring my attentions to Cicero and Thucydides.

It did not, however, altogether cure me of a certain yearning after literary glory.

For many months I devoted the leisure, left me by Greek version and Latin verse, to the production of a drama in five acts and twelve tableaux.

For that matter I was no exception to the rule. Every French schoolboy has written now, or will write, a play.

My drama was a highly moral one of the sensational class. Blood-curdling, horrible, terrible, savage, weird, human, fiendish, fascinating, irresistible—it was all that. I showed how, even in this world, crime, treachery, and falsehood, though triumphant for a time, must in the long run have their day of reckoning. Never did a modern Drury Lane audience see virtue more triumphant and vice more utterly confounded than the Parisians would have in my play, if only the theatrical directors had not been so stupid as to refuse my *chef d'oeuvre*.

For it was refused, inconceivable as it seemed to me at the time.

The directors of the French Theatres are accustomed to send criticisms of the plays which they regret to be unable to accept.

The criticism I received from the director of the Ambigu Theater was, I thought, highly encouraging.

'My play,' it appeared, 'showed no experience of the stage; but it was full of well-conceived scenes and happy *mots*, and was written in excellent French. Horrors, however, were too piled up, and I seemed to have forgotten that spectators should be allowed time to take breath and wipe away their tears.'

I was advised not to kill all of my *dramatis personae* in my next dramatic production, as it was customary for one of them to come forward and announce the name of the author at the end of the first performance.

Although this final little bit of advice appeared to me not altogether free from satire, there was in the letter more praise than I had expected, and I felt proud and happy. The letter was passed round in the class-room, commented upon in the playground, and I was so excited that I can perfectly well remember how I forgot to learn my repetition that day and how I forgot forty lines of the *Ars Poetica* to write out five times.

What a task down, this imposition upon a budding dramatic author!

Examinations to prepare compelled me for some time to postpone all idea of astonishing the Paris playgoers with a 'new and original' drama.

I took my B. A. at the end of that year,

and my B. Sc. at the end of the following one. Three years later I was leaving the military school with the rank of sub-lieutenant.

My uniform was lovely; and if I had only had as much gold in my pockets as on my shoulders, sleeves, and breast, I think I ought to have been the happiest being on earth.

The proudest day of a young French officer's life is the day on which he goes out in the street for the first time with all his ironmongery on, his moustache curled up, his cap on his right ear, his sabre in his left hand. The soldiers he meets salute him, the ladies seem to smile approvingly upon him; he feels like the conquering hero of the day; all is bright before him; battles only suggest to him victories and promotions.

On this first day, his mother generally asks to accompany him, and take his arm. Which is the prouder of the two, the young warrior full of confidence and hope, or the dear old lady who looks at the passers-by with an air that says: 'This is my son, ladies and gentlemen. As for you, young ladies, he can't have all of you, my know.'

Poor young officer! dear old mother! They little knew, in 1869, that in a few months one would be lying in a military hospital on a bed of torture, and the other would be wondering for five mortal months whether her dear and only child was dead, or prisoner in some German fortress.

On the 19th of July, 1870, my regiment left Versailles for the Eastern frontier.

As in these pages I simply intend to say how I came to make the acquaintance of English schoolboys, it would be out of place if not somewhat pretentious, to make use of my recollections of the Franco-Prussian War.

Yet I cannot pass over two episodes of those troublous times.

I was twelve years of age when I struck up a friendship with a young Pole, named Gajekski, who was in the same class with me. We became inseparable chums. Year after year we got promoted at the same time. We took our degrees on the same days, entered the military school in the same year, and received our commissions in the same regiment.

We took a small *appartement de garçon* at Versailles, and I shall never forget the delightful evenings we spent together while in garrison there. He was a splendid violinist, and I was a little of a pianist.

Short, fair, and almost beardless, Gajekski was called the 'Petit Lieutenant' by the soldiers, who all idolized him.

At the battle of Wörth, after holding our ground from nine in the morning till five in the evening, against masses of Prussian troops six times as numerous as our own, we were ordered to charge the enemy, with some other cavalry regiments, in order to protect the retreat of the bulk of the enemy.

A glance at the hill opposite convinced us that we were ordered to go to certain death. My friend grasped my hand, as he said with a sad smile: 'We shall be lucky if we get our bones out of this, old fellow.'

Down the hill we went like the wind, through a shower of bullets and *mitraille*. Two minutes later about two-thirds of the regiment reached the opposite ascent. We were immediately engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight. A scene of hellish confusion it

was. But there, amidst the awful din of battle, I heard Gajekski's death-cry, as he fell from his horse three or four yards from me, and I saw a horrible gash on his fair young head.

The poor boy had paid France for the hospitality she had extended to his father.

I fought like a madman, seeing nothing but that dear mutilated face before my eyes. I say, 'like a madman,' for it was not through courage or bravery. In a *mêlée* you fight like a madman—like a savage.

I had no brother, but he had been more than a brother to me. I had no other companion or friend, but he was a friend of a thousand.

Poor fellow!
I had been in captivity in a stronghold on the Rhine for five months, when the preliminaries of peace were signed between France and Germany in January, 1871, and the French prisoners were sent back to their country.

About five hundred of us were embarked at Hamburg on board one of the steamers of the Compagnie Trans-atlantique, and landed at Cherbourg.

Finding myself near home, I immediately asked the general in command of the district for a few days' leave, to go and see my mother.

Since the day I had been taken prisoner at Sedan (end of September, 1870), I had not received a single letter from her, as communications were cut off between the east and west of France; and I learned later on that she had not received any of the numerous letters I had written to her from Germany.

This part of Normandy had been fortunate enough to escape the horrors of war, but for months, the inhabitants had to lodge soldiers and *mobiles*.

At five o'clock on a cool February morning, clothed, or rather covered, in my dirty, half-ragged uniform, I rang the bell at my mother's house.

Our old servant appeared at the attic window, and inquired what I wanted.

'Open the door,' 'I am dying of cold.'
'We can't lodge you here,' she replied; 'we have as many soldiers as we can accommodate—there is no room for you.'

Go to the *maître*; they will tell you we are full.'

'*Sapristi*, my good Fanchette,' I shouted, 'don't you know me? How is mother?'

'Ah! *c'est monsieur!*' she screamed. And she rushed down, filling the house with her cries: *Madame, madame, c'est monsieur! oui, je t'ai vu, il m'a parlé; c'est monsieur!* A minute after I was in mother's arms.

Was it a dream?

She looked at me wildly, touching my head to make sure I was by her side, in reality, alive; when she realized the truth she burst into tears, and remained speechless for some time. Such scenes are more easily imagined than described, and I would rather leave it to the reader to supply all the exclamations and interrogations that followed.

I could only spend two days at home, as my regiment was being reorganized in Paris, and I had to rejoin it.

On the 19th of March, 1872, the people of Paris, in possession of all the armament that had been placed in their hands to defend the

French capital against the Prussians, proclaimed the Commune, and, probably out of a habit just lately got into by the French army, retreated to Versailles, leaving Paris at the mercy of the Revolutionists.

This is not the place to account for this revolution.

An explanation of it, which always struck me as somewhat forcible, is the one given by a Communist prisoner to a captain, a friend of mine, who was at the time acting as *judge d'instruction* to one of the Versailles court-martials.

'Why did you join the Commune?' he asked a young and intelligent-looking fellow who had been taken prisoner behind some barricade.

'Well, captain, I can hardly tell you. We were very excited in Paris; in fact, of our heads with rage at having been unable to save Paris. We had considerable number of cannon and ammunition, which we were not allowed to use against the Prussians. We felt like a sportsman who, after a whole day's wandering through the country, has not had an opportunity of discharging his gun at any game, and who, out of spite, shoots his dog, just to be able to say on returning home that he has killed something.'

On the 14th of April, 1871, my regiment received the order to attack the Neuilly bridge, a formidable position held by the Communists.

What the Prussians had not done, some compatriot of mine succeeded in doing. I fell severely wounded.

After my spending five months in the Versailles military hospital, and three more at home in convalescence, the army surgeons declared that I should no longer be able to use my right arm for military purposes, and I was granted a lieutenant's pension, which would have been just sufficient to keep me in cigars if I had been a smoker.

But of this I do not complain. Poor France! she had enough to pay!

At the end of the year of grace, 1871, my position was very much like that of my beloved country; all seemed lost, *hors l'honneur*.

Through my friends, however, I was soon offered a choice between two 'social positions.'

The first was a colonel's commission in the Egyptian army (it seemed that the state of my right arm was no objection).

I was to draw a very good salary. My friends in Cairo, however, warned me that salaries were not always paid very regular, but sometimes allowed to run on till cash came into the Treasury. It was during the good times of Ismail Pacha. This made me a little suspicious that my salary might perhaps run on so fast that I should not be able to catch it.

The other post offered me was that of London correspondent to an important Parisian newspaper.

I had enough of military 'glory' by this time. Yet the prospect of an adventurous life is always more or less fascinating at twenty-three years of age.

Being an only child of a good widowed mother I thought I would take her valuable advice on the subject.

I am fortunate in having a mother full of common sense. With her French provincial ideas, she was rather startled to hear that a

disabled lieutenant could all at once become an active colonel. She thought that somehow the promotion was too rapid.

'Alas! she, too, had enough of military 'glory.'

Her advice was to be followed, for it was formulated thus. 'You speak English pretty well; we have a good many friends in England; accept the humbler offer and go to England to earn an honest living.'

This is how I was not with Arabi Pacha on the wrong side at Tel-el Kebir, and how it became my lot to make one day the acquaintance of the British schoolboy, of whom I shall have more to say by-and-by.

On the 8th of July, 1872, I took the London train at the *Gare du Nord*, Paris.

Many relations and friends came to the station to see me off. Some had been in England, but all seemed to know a great deal about it. Advice, cautions, suggestions, were poured into my ears.

'Be sure you go and see Madame Tussaud's, tomorrow said one.

'Now,' said another, 'when you get to Charing Cross don't fail to try and catch hold of a fellow-passenger's coat, and hold fast till you get to your hotel. The fog is so thick in the evening that the lamp-lights are of no use, you know.'

All information is valuable when you start for a foreign country. But I could not listen to more. Time was up.

I shook hands with my friends, and kissed my relations, including an uncle and two cousins, of the sterner sex. This will sound strange to English ears. Well, it sounds just as strange to mine now.

I do not know that a long residence in England has greatly improved me (although my English friends say it has), but what I do know is that I could not now kiss a man, even if he were a bequeathing uncle ready to leave me all his money.

MRS. STOWE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Her Pies Were Abominable.

Mrs Stowe used to go through the streets of Brunswick with a brown paper bundle and a new bought broom,—the picture of the womanly independence you desire for the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. But in a recent after-dinner speech in the town hall, a friend of "Freddy" Stowe's, when the Stowe's lived in Brunswick, said that although Mrs. Stowe had written a book to thrill the world, her pies and cakes were abominable. One is inclined to think that the economical and skillful Mrs. Stowe could have made good cake and pie if she had wanted to; but realizing how bad they were at best, she gloried in their weight and sour flour, because the hungry boy, once fed with them, would desire no more.—From Brunswick and Bowdoin College, by Charles Lewis Slater, in *New England Magazine* for December.

"Will you take me for better or worse?" he inquired jocularly. She, perhaps, didn't mean it in that way, but she blushing replied, she, of course, would take him for better, because he couldn't be worse.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—Isaac Disraeli.

Acrostic Piece.

[THE GREAT ARTIST.]

Giant of science, doomed the wreath to win,
Embodiment of Hogarth and Poussin,
On bright Perfection's greatly envied throne
Reign—but thou dost—high, unapproached, alone
Grandeur and sweetness from thy pencil rise
Emphatic as the light from orient seas.
Chiefest of Art! a task laborer still,
Remained for thee, beyond artistic skill,
Unfettered vice, like Typhon waded his brand
In fenishish ire, to devastate the land.
Keen were his thrusts, now 'low and far between"
Since thy debut on the contested scene.
(How last thou stormed the towers of Alhambra!
As erst our legions the Crimean wall
Nor cease, dear Victor, till thy sons of shame
Kneel in the dust to bless thy hallowed name.
—S. Charkshank.

VOLAPÜK.

Din Gletikum Voia.

(Continued.)

Akanogom, "If alalob-la kleidi lolik sodas asanogov fagon belis e no alalob-la ladali-abinobov nos." "Plas foigetom, tatopom desaniko omis," "e nu klođ, spel, ladali, bilboms" e nen zegon slud komom foniko, "veutikum omes binom ladali." "E no binom lucodot. Man paklienom komedon votikes uti, kel binom lonug namik oka. Ladali no ebinom lonug namik de Paul. Studel senitik kanom lelogedon zadi jonik glofoi e mado da kalad omik, du Paul haledom; nogo nam kel apenom, "veutikum omes binom ladali pasterenom ko blud ven kolkoms balidno omi. Pened at al Corinthians no binom patik kodii sevalam ladala as gudikusnos. Glepenots kritanima baladoms tefu atos. Peter sagom, "Bufu dins valik labolsod ladali zi lik bevu olit." "Bufu dins valik." E John planom fovo, "God binom Ladali," e omemols noeti dibalik kel. Paul amekom votiko, "ladali binom befulam lona." Li-etikols evelo kelosi asinifom medu atos? In dets et mans asteifoms mostepom al sul me falam lebuidoti bals e budotis tumbels votik kelis imkoms se oms. Kristus asaogom; ojionols elis modi balikum. If odunols dini bal odunols dini at tumbels nen tikon do omis. If at ladaliols balvoto obefuols nen otugokio loni lolik. E kanols it kapalen nefi- kuliko klođ plo atos.

Konsidobots lebuidoti aikelik, "olabolsod Godis nonik bufu ob." If man oladalom Godi, no onedols sagon atosi ome. Ladali binom befulam lona et, "No gebolsod vanliko nemi omik." Li—lidimomov evelo gebon vanliko nemi omik, if iladalom-la omi? "Memolsod veludeli al sanukon at omi." No li alegalomov oki laben deli bal bevu vel al kosekon se- kikumo al yeg lofa okik?

Empire State Society.

At the annual meeting of the Empire State Society held recently, these officers were chosen: President, Rev. C. E. Simmons; first vice-president, S. A. Streeter; second vice-president, Mrs. T. A. Lamson; third vice-president, Mrs. George Fisk; secretary, Mrs. Cora Thayer; corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. A. Page; treasurer, Charles H. Bliss; executive committee, Major E. R. Shumway, J. P. Young, A. W. Rose, Mrs. E. A. Converse, Mrs. George T. Aitchison, Mrs. James Fisher.

Autumn Reveries.

"Nothing new under the sun," we say, as if we needed to perplex ourselves for some diversion that was quite out of reach. Thoreau gives us an admirable antidote, close at hand; simply this, to make friendship with the seasons. "Ah yes," we say, "Summer was our particular friend." 'Twas because she stole away our hearts that we have no room for friendship with the grey sky and the pattering rain. Grown a little older, stepping maybe a little higher on this ladder, reaching heavenward, we are very glad that nature is in such a fluid state; that her summer beauties are such dissolving views. We envy the boy who sleeps in the old time garret, lulled to sleep by the pattering of the rain on the roof, and the Æolian music of the winds that whistle in the casement; wiser, we have outgrown the fear of ghosts that peopled every cranny and creaking stairway under the old roof.

Nature sings in a very sweet way, only, because we do not always understand her language, we forget that the gloom, if there is any, is in our own hearts; that she, herself, has never a melancholy mood, say what we will about "these melancholy days, the saddest of the year." Lucretius gives a very pretty rendering of a rainy day, thus, "The rains die when father Æther has tumbled them in the lap of mother Earth; in consequence, the crops spring, the birds sing, herds gambol, intoxicating with the pure new milk. The wintry snows and rains will have new meaning to us, if we take into account the processes that are going on, by which Nature is laying away a stock of good things for all her summer guests. Be it as it may, out of the same stuff, a little dirt and water percolating through it, she prepares all manner of dainty dishes; for never had a country inn such a spread of viands as nature's supply for summer's carnival, or for mid-winter's feast. We cannot mistake the signs of the times, the flowing tops of the maples; a sudden whirl of dry leaves; a gust of cold air from some unlooked-for quarter; the gypsy woman, hung round about with queer-looking basket work; all tell us that cold days are near at hand. We really have no need and we respectfully decline the proffered baskets; nothing daunted, the younger, olive hued, black eyed maiden makes a more tempting offer. "Have your fortune, madam?" "What was there in the mysticism of fortune that was so much more effective than the offer in basketwork? The young woman understands her art; she touches a tender chord; the string vibrates just a little. Quick as thought she adds, "Let me tell you a little, it shan't cost you anything." With this entering wedge, Dora and Ellen beckon her in. "I never tell anything before others," she adroitly remarks. Thereupon Ellen takes the stranger aside. With all the artfulness of her wild race, the dark eyed woman opens the mystery hidden in the palm of that fair hand; she sees a great deal; assures the young lady that a great change is waiting her, "Had you been looking for it?" and money; and a journey. Then with the sweetest artifice, having led her subject into the vestibule of the secret chamber, she suggests, "Dear lady, I would like to tell you

more, shall I?" But here is sufficient food for thought, so Ellen retires in favor of Dora. She, by a singular coincidence, is likewise to meet "a great change." With a few pennies for her trouble and a good natured smile, the dusky trio move down the street, the yellow leaves whirling an accompaniment.

I like that sentiment in the theology of Islam in which "mercy to a beast is counted to man for righteousness" and that "the merciful do, in a special way, obtain mercy." When a colored boy, as reported by the morning papers, has, within our own Christian states, fiendishly tortured to death four horses by punching sticks into their bodies, we feel an individual obligation to lend an individual protest against any single form of cruelty to our dumb animals; a protest against the cruel check rein; against docking horses; overworking them; against bird killing; vivisection and cruelty of every sort whatever to any living creature, human or dumb. "We are eight together" is the singular remark found in the old Norse laws, "and the dog is the ninth." In many a family the trusted dog has his place, as definite and abiding as the old house servant. There, it is "me and my dog." Very pathetic is the manner in which the dog clings to his master, through good and evil report, not deserting one even in peril and death. We understood so little the working of occult science, we cannot tell in what manner and to what extent the inferior rises to the superior order of life. Darwin lays it down as a universal law that there is a continual evolution and that from natural causes. Why should it seem improbable that two such close friends should be united in "some equal sky hereafter"; if, according to the theory of the evolutionist, the spark of instinct in the lowest form of animal life is the same in kind as human reason, differing only in quantity; and who say nay? All through the eastern religions we find this belief current, that whoever is cruel, or unjust, shall have his punishment in the future life by being reincarnated in some lower order of animal life. Often has this very idea come to us. We have speculated by how many possible changes our equine or canine friend may be ultimately led up to the freedom and joyousness of a thinking man.

We are glad for the good work being done under the auspices of the humane society, by sending out "gems of humane literature," pictures, songs and stories for the youth, that they may learn that by every kind word they speak, or by every kind act they do, they make their own lives happier and themselves better prepared for what may come after. As Cowper says

"It is mine of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant, pity for his drudge,"

so would that our influence might interpose to hasten the coming of the time, when a spirit of humanity shall prevent crime, protect the defenceless and introduce peace and good will to every living creature, both human and dumb; when we shall give, not unnecessary pain to any man, but study the happiness of all.

We wait with no small measure of interest the decision of the question, whether the world's fair at Chicago is to be opened on

Sunday, in behalf of the interests of our large population, or whether the voice of the people is to be silenced by that small favored class, who, it may be, may never have the real blessedness of selfhood. If only we could really appreciate this universal law of growth from weaker to stronger, higher and more perfect conditions, might we not see that we cannot, even if we wish, cling to the old blue laws of the Puritan Sunday; for those were the times, when, as Sir Philip Sydney said of Ireland in the 16th century, "Truly, learning goeth very bare." The law of growth, how can it but carry us out of the old ruts. We have outgrown the teachings of the old catechism, saturated with the doctrines of

"Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate free will foreknowledge absolute."

Who thinks we have retrograded, if we no longer have our boys and girls spend all of Saturday evening preparatory to going to church on the next Lord's day, be it "rain or snow or thunder and lightning," there to stand in the aisles in their Sabbath day clothes, to make their obeisance and answer questions as to "the chief end of man" and with trembling to answer verbatim, et lecturing et punctuating.

The old time Sabbath that allowed no recreation and work, only of necessity and mercy, served its ends and if, instead, we can now buy medicine, bread, soda water and newspapers, and the boot black can be allowed to shine our boots for us, and ferry boats and horse cars can be run, and ministers are no longer censured if they go home on a Sunday train, have we less religion in our hearts? Consistency is a jewel. Two ministers might, under the old law, travel on foot or drive in their one horse chaise to exchange pulpits in a neighboring town. So it was that, on a bright Sunday morning, our country minister chanced to meet a teamster with a load of goods on his way from Boston, the same having been belated by a storm of the previous day. Naturally and of necessity, the reverend gentleman chided the laboring man for working on the Lord's day. "But," said the teamster, "I am only going out of town to exchange with a fellow teamster." It is not difficult to make the application.

A similar blue code of laws was that, in parts of bonnie Scotland, where you'd "daurna whistle on the Sabbath; the dogs daurna bark; the cows daurna low and the cock is confined beneath a barrel to prevent him from giving expression to his independence." Are we not beginning to see that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the day; that acts of mercy are acts of benevolence. But what is benevolence but that attribute which delights in the happiness of others, so that, after all, 'tis the old blue law still, only our fathers unfortunately saw not how wide a field of saving, loving ministrations, mercy takes in.

M. W. W.

Nov. 1891.

Post 10.

And yet they are not proud, though Assistant Inspector Horace E. Green Hood of Boston, last week, pronounced the Post the best he had ever seen. It pays to keep the *mirafide* of the organization well up. The public appreciates it.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

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Christmas Work.

Ribbon Markers.

Take several twenty-four inch lengths of half inch corded ribbons in bright colors, either plain, hand-painted or embroidered; fold each in two, gather the lower end into a point finished off with tassels, twist the top in a coil, suspend it to the handle formed of an inch wadded roll covered with faille or galon, and add to it a cord describing a drooping loop, button-holed over with silk twist.

A set of "toilet mats" of white Turkish toweling, cut square or oval, the edges being finished with two rows of shells in fine red wool, are very nice, and possess, besides, the merit of being "just as nice as ever" after they have visited the domains of soap and warm water, provided you put a good big pinch of borax in the water.

A Convenient Little Work-Box.

To make a holder for buttons, tapes, hooks and eyes and those various small necessities which always intertangle so vexatiously in the free play of the work-basket, six small drug-gist's powder-boxes are needed, the kind that slip into a case of white enamel finish. These have the mark of what is within arranged as shown, to act as a kind of handle; it is easy enough to tack the buttons, safety-pins etc., through the pasteboard by a few strong stitches. Place the boxes one above the other in a double tier of three each, and pass a firm band of broad tape or muslin around, joined tightly at one of the lower corners by a close overcasting. A broad pretty ribbon is tied about over this with a bow and loops on top. A broad piece of ribbon may be used instead of the muslin band if equally as convenient. This box is handy enough, and its value will be appreciated when it has been given its place for awhile on the corner of the table, or tucked into the travelling trunk, where it holds fast its contents, and is ever ready to fill all demands made upon it.—Housewife.

Miss Faith Morse, the promising young vocalist of Marlboro, with her mother has started again for Paris where she will continue her musical instruction under Madam Artot de Padilla. Miss Morse is the daughter of Editor Morse of the Marlboro Times.

Prepared for a Threshing.

When Major — was a boy, he went to the Boys' Latin School and one day he and Fred H—d were convicted of some mischief. Principal Charles Thurber told the boys to be ready for a cow hiding in the afternoon. They came prepared. One had put on all the extra clothing that the house afforded and the other had gone to the neighbors for a supply, so that when the bell rang for all to go in, the lads marched in looking much as Arctic travellers appeared when arrayed for zero weather. As the boys took their seats, Mr. Thurber saw them and having a keen sense of the ludicrous, he burst out laughing and instead of beating the scamps, allowed them to sit, all the hot June afternoon, in their padded array, sweating like men in the harvest field. They were of the opinion that their preparation had afflicted them more than the master's rawhide would have done if they had taken it, but Mr. Thurber had the fun.

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W & E ENGLAND TEA COMPANY,
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Good to Eat.

"Oh college maid,
So bold in bakery,
Why thus afraid
Of common cookery."

To Dress Cold Haddock.—Cold boiled fish is very useful for making side dishes, and the haddock can be dressed a second time without losing any of its flavor. Take all the meat remaining carefully from the bones, without any of the skin, or breaking the flakes; then put into a stewpan two ounces of butter rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of cream; as soon as it is melted, add twelve oysters chopped small, a teaspoonful of salt, and half the quantity of white pepper; then stir gradually into a pint of cream, and when it is hot put in the fish; shake the pan, but do not stir with a spoon, and in ten minutes, when on the point of boiling, turn it out and serve with sippets of bread.

Broiled Sausages.

Split them in two, lengthwise, place them between a double wire broiler, and broil on the flat side first, and then turn and broil on the other. Turn a mound of hot apple sauce in the centre of a hot, flat dish, arrange the sausages upon it and serve.

Frizzled Beef and Eggs.—Soak a quarter of a pound of shaved dried beef in a pint of boiling water for ten minutes; then drain well. Beat four eggs with a fork. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter in a granite-ware dish and place over the fire. When the butter becomes hot, add the beef, and stir with a fork until the slices curl. Now place the dish over another of boiling water, and set all over the fire. Add the eggs and stir until they become thick and creamy. Serve at once. If one likes a very salty flavor the beef need not be soaked in water.

One often tries of lemon and vanilla flavoring, but if there is added to a teaspoonful of lemon extract a third of a teaspoonful of vanilla, it will seem as if a new flavor had been discovered.

The leaves of the peach tree, a few at a time, put into a boiling milk of a custard or blanc-mange, and removed before it cools into shape, give a delicate almond flavor.

To make bisque cream without liquor, make a rich ice cream, and flavor delicately with almonds, coffee, vanilla or caramels. Add one cupful of dried and sifted cake crumbs, either angel cake, sponge or fruit cake, dried meringues or kisses, cocoanut cake, or Graham wafers.

New York. MRS. FRANKLIN HALL.

Nut Wafers.

One quarter cup butter, one cup sugar, one egg, one cup flour, one cup nut meats. Use walnuts or cream-nuts, or grated cocoanut. Drop on buttered tins and bake quickly.

Baked Pears.

Wash them, put them in a deep pan, strew over plenty of white or brown sugar, and pour very little water in the bottom of the pan. Put them in a moderate oven and let them cook slowly till the fruit is soft. Serve them with cream.

Miss Annie Athy of this city, a member of the Hazel Kirke Dramatic Company has reached New Orleans in her southern trip.

HOUSEWIVES.

My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

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Name this Paper.

About Folks.

The recovery of Dr. Geo. H. Balcom of New Worcester is expected.

Miss L. Addie Farwell, a teacher in Ashland, spends her Thanksgiving vacation in this city.

Rev. James T. Canavan, assistant pastor of St. Mary's church, Milford, is in town early in the week.

Miss Jennie Bradford, of Dedham, is visiting her uncle, James Bradford, 39 King Street.

Frank Diemar has been appointed solicitor of the Germania Life Insurance Company for Worcester and vicinity.

Rev. Dr. George H. Gould and wife recently entertained the formers brother, Rev. E. S. Gould and wife, of Athol.

Otto Burton, the elevator conductor in the Burnside Building, recently laid off on account of injuries, has returned to his duties.

Senior Vice-department Commander J. K. Churchill attended the annual inspection of Gettysburg Post 191, G. A. R., at Boston, Friday evening.

George E. Aldrich, who is studying art in New York city, is at home, for our New England Day, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Aldrich.

Harry P. Davis, class of '90, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, is seriously ill with malaria fever in Pittsburg, Pa. His mother, Mrs. Helen M. Davis, has gone to Pittsburg.

Dr. Mary W. Nichols, 271 Main street, is suffering from nervous prostration, and recently a consultation of doctors was held. Her condition is regarded as serious.

Hon. John D. Washburn is home from his Switzerland Mission. He has glowing accounts to give of the delights of that beautiful country; but there is no place like home.

The engagement is announced of Miss Theresa Davis, daughter of Hon. Edward L. Davis of this city, to Winsor Weld of Boston. Miss Davis is one of the debutantes of Boston society this season.

Mr. Ralph W. Abercrombie of this city was married in Plainville, last Sunday to Miss Isabel Staples of that town. Rev. Edward E. Abercrombie, a brother of the groom performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright E. Burnham of Albany are in the City for Thanksgiving. The parents of both parties live in Worcester. They are Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge Burnham and Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Cutting.

"Are n't you ever going to grow old, like the rest of us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he hadn't seen for some time. "Well, not so long as I can purify my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt reply. This man knew what he was talking about.

Congressman J. H. Walker left Monday evening for New York to consult with a committee of five from the chamber of commerce of that city, on their invitation. The committee consists of Carl Schurz, Abraham S. Hewitt, George S. Coe, John Sloan and Charles Smith.

Mrs. Edna I. Tyler of this city has received from Deadwood some excellent photographs of her father's statue recently erected there and of the bust of Wild Bill unveiled at about the same time. The artist, Reardon, has done a good work and the Black Hills are better for these memorials of the noted dead. They were the first buried in the cemetery. Reference was made, last week, to the dedication of the statue to the memory of the Rev. Henry Weston Smith.

Dr. Geo. A. Cook, who graduated at the Brooklyn Medical College and commenced practice in Southboro last spring, has accepted an advantageous offer to go to Boston as the associate of Dr. Whittier, the specialist in diseases of the eye, in Tremont Temple, to take charge of his general outside practice. Dr. Cook's friends in this city believe he has a successful and brilliant career ahead of him.—Marlboro Times.

Dr. Cook is a grandson of Dr. John A. Andrews, the oldest physician in Worcester, and a nephew of Mrs. F. G. Stiles.

There are few pupils of the public schools for the last fifteen years who will not recall Dennis J. O'Leary who for that time and longer has been employed in the care and repairing of school houses. He died Tuesday morning at his house, 45 John Street, aged 38 years. He was a member of the Veteran Firemen Association and the Light Infantry Veteran Association. His death resulted from pneumonia, superinduced by a severe cold contracted about ten days ago. Two brothers and one sister survive him. His father was killed at the battle of Petersburg. The funeral was held Thursday at St. Paul's Church.

Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting was held Tuesday and J. Lewis Ellsworth was re-elected president. In spite of the many arguments for removal, it was voted to stick to the old quarters.

Havener—Pendleton.

Only immediate friends of both families witnessed the marriage of Lud C. Havener of this city to Miss Rosina L. Pendleton of Searsmont, Me., last Saturday. Handsome presents were received by both parties and after a trip to Washington, they will reside at No. 26 William Street.

Women Voters.

The newly posted lists show a falling off of 159 names. There are now 200 names remaining. The time is far distant when suffrage will be extended to womankind unless greater advantage is taken of privileges already granted. Half a loaf is much better than no bread.

The mule doth weep not with his eyes
But showeth grief in manner queer;
His heels must up, his haunch must rise,
'Tis thus he sheds his muleteer.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE PERMANENTLY ERADICATED BY THE ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

MISS H. M. PROCTOR,
105 PLEASANT ST., WORCESTER, MASS.

MISS C. KENNAKD, Ladies' and Children's HAIR & DRESSING * PARLORS,

387 Main Street, Groat's Block.
Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.
Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.
Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
Hair Cutting, 15c.
Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

FACIAL BLEMISHES REMOVED.



MRS. KIRBY, 66 SALEM STREET.

Treats hair, scalp and skin scientifically; falling hair prevented, its growth promoted; eczema, dandruff, all scalp and skin diseases cured; moles and warts removed; the skin bleached and beautified; superfluous hair removed; the form made symmetrical; sweats and offensive odors from breath or body removed; bunions, corns, ingrowing nails cured; all these processes taught to ladies who want profitable employment.

MORE ENVELOPE POETRY.

A mister SNOW whose surname is JOHN,
Who lives in NEW BRISTOL among the barn ton,
Away down East, in the old BAY STATE,
And who has no hair on the top of his pate,
Is the man I am writing to now,
Corner of WALNUT and MAIN, you will find him no doubt,
Without he has weakened and gone up the spout,
Surely your carer will see him on time
And I know that my friend will excuse this poor rhyme
Although it may wrinkle his brow.

The Next Step.

Employer—Well, what's the matter now?
Labor Delegate—We made no complaint av'th' wages, sor; it's th' hours.

Employer—When you demanded ten hours pay for eight hours work I refused; and after a long strike you agreed to compromise by accepting pay by the hour. Some of you are working ten hours, some eight, some six, and I make no objection. Work as many or as few hours as you please at those rates.

Labor Delegate—It isn't thot, sor. We do all be willing t' wor-r-ruk at that same proic per hour, sor; but the hours do be too long, sor. We want th' hours rejuced from sixty minutes to forty-foive.—Puck.

Smith's

401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Build'g.

50c We shall put on sale Monday morning a case of gentlemen's all wool scarlet medicated Shirts and Drawers, at 50c a garment.

You know that the price of an all wool scarlet Shirt is never less than \$1 each, or more. In this case the regular price would be just \$1, so that at 50c they are exactly half-price.

Sizes in Shirts, 34 to 44.
Size in Drawers, 30 to 40.
Price for all sizes, 50c.

The south display window will be full of them Monday morning. 50c the price instead of \$1.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.



NO. 545 MAIN STREET, FRANKLIN SQUARE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.
STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

A Cure for Poverty that Cures,

[From the New Haven Palladium.]

Mr. Root's offer of apples *galore* to deserving poor people attracted much attention a month or more ago when made in The Palladium. Our friend has reached the conclusion he feared—there are very few such families in the world. There are many widows and orphans, poor and needy, entirely so through misfortunes beyond their control; but families, with men in them, destitute through no fault of their own, are very, very rare. We append a letter just received from the farm r philanthropist:

Editor of The Palladium:

On October 2, I had printed in The Palladium the following offer:

The subscriber will deliver free of expense fifty bushels of good apples during the month of October to deserving poor families providing the members of those families do not use intoxicating liquor or use tobacco or keep a dog.

No doubt thousands saw the notice and the editor's comments upon it. It was also copied in other papers. Some said I would be overrun with applicants but the truth is I have not been. I have had but four applications, by letter, one from Meriden; but many have applied through a third person. When I came to sift the applications out, all but nine failed to come under the terms of my offer. In all genuine cases I have promptly delivered the apples. I have had letters from two families expressing many thanks.

Now, does not this teach us a lesson? I believe there are some worthy poor, and I hoped my offer would reach some, and am thankful that it has; but I cannot help but come to the conclusion there is a very large majority brought to poverty directly through their own vicious habits.

Well, who is responsible for this state of things? I know of professed Christians and those having sons growing up who vote for the continuance of the saloon. I would ask them how they can consistently do it when they pray, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven;" and when the Bible tells us, "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of Heaven." I would ask the young to think of these things. They are the ones who soon will be called to guide the future of this nation; and how important it is that they should be pure and free from the taint of these vices. No person will ever become the victim of drink and tobacco if he lets it entirely alone. As one that has seen a great deal of misery and want in connection with the use of these things, I can take no other ground.

O. A. ROOT.

Mt. Carmel, November 2, 1891.

Several years since, a grocer in Portland, Me., made an offer of a barrel of flour on precisely the same conditions, but not a barrel has ever been taken. What a lesson!—LIGHT.

Books and Bookmen.

Misjudged. By W. Heimburg. From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

This is issued in paper covers as number 164 of the Globe Library Series. The wife of the artist is the one who is misjudged, but she bears all with such patience that we fall in love with her and feel like forcibly opening the eyes of the husband to her beauty and goodness. Price in this form 25 cents.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

There's a great opportunity in *Four Capes* this week.

We haven't a garment of any kind to "mark down," or to "sacrifice" on.

And still "our" garments are sold at as low prices right along, as the "marked down" and "sacrifice" kinds.

Four Capes at bargain prices come to the front now.

A manufacturer finds himself with too many of them on hand, and so sends us *one hundred* to sell quick for a little money.

Japanese *Seal Capes*, formerly sold for \$16 50, are now \$12 50. We'll show you a 200 one, and it will trouble you to tell which is best.

French *Seal Capes*, that formerly cost \$12, can now be had for \$8.

French *Concy Capes*—not Russian Hare—formerly \$8 50 and \$10.00, can now be secured for \$6 50.

Splendid *Astrachan Capes*, \$16 50 to \$18.50 qualities. Your choice from them for \$12.50. Every one of these *Four Capes* are lined up in good shape, and we inclose them fully.

The *Lines* section has for you, ready for immediate use—

Pretty *Tray Cloths*, plain white, or with blue and pink border, 12 1-2c;

Or you can have a larger and better kind for 25c, 37 1-2c, 50 c and right along up to \$5.00 each.

34 bleached damask, 64 inches wide, soft finish, ready to put on your table, 75c a yard. Napkins of same, 12 1-2c each.

Covers all made, \$1.50 up to \$20.

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11 40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."

3 25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.

4 17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.

8 00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK.

LEAVE WORCESTER. AR. NEW YORK.

10 13 A. M. 3 30 P. M.

12 12 A. M. 5 30 P. M.

5 06 P. M.* 10 00 P. M.

12 29 A. M.* 6 45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.,

Will sell while they last, size 32 and 34 in.

Seal Plush Sacques, 40 INCHES LONG, FOR \$12.50.

They are worth \$25.00,

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FIRE INSURANCE,
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HOOSAC * TUNNEL * ROUTE

THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points West, South-west and Northwest.

Fast Express Trains

With elegant PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS to and from
BOSTON and CHICAGO,

AND
BOSTON and ST. LOUIS,
VIA
NIAGARA FALLS,

without charge.

THE POPULAR ROUTE for all points in Northern New York, Vermont, and Canada.

THE ONLY LINE running through cars, without change, from Boston to Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes, and Burlington, Vt.

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE from Boston to St. Albans, St. Johns, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

ELEGANT PALACE SLEEPING CARS to and from

BOSTON and MONTREAL,
without charge.

For Time-Tables, Parlor and Sleeping Car accommodations, or further information, apply to any Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad and at

250 Washington Street,
or

Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station,
Boston,

J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.

The Rebellion Relic.

The following note explains a matter referred to in last week's paper. Many thanks for the courtesy.

"The names on knife and fork, referred to on Page 283 of Nov. 21st LIGHT, are probably Lamson, Goodnow & Co., Millers Falls Works. I have a carving set that was purchased before my marriage, Dec. 1864, in that town. The knife faintly shows the words.
150 Pleasant St." MRS. F. C. MIXER.

Rebellion Relics.

The knife and fork, belonging to F. M. Morrison, Esq., relics of Andersonville, mentioned in LIGHT of Nov. 21, were no doubt made by Lamson, Goodnow & Co.

John Russell, of the old Green River Cutlery Works, at Greenfield, Mass., was the father of the business in America,—he was also the father of Hon. John E. Russell of Leicester, Mass.

Along in the thirties, 1837 or thereabouts, the elder Russell started his works on Green River, among his apprentices were two young men by the names of Lamson and Goodnow, who afterwards engaged in the same business for themselves. I have not the data at hand, but I think their first venture was at Turners Falls, three miles from Greenfield. They later established the well known cutlery manufactory at Shelburne Falls.

The inscription on the knife without doubt properly read "Lamson, Goodnow & Co., Turners Falls Works."

It might be well to state here, that the old Green River Works of Mr. Russell, at Greenfield, were afterwards abandoned and the business removed to Turners Falls, where it still carried on under the name of "The John Russell Cutlery Co." It was my fortune to be in the employ of Mr. Russell, during the closing months of his life and, although suffering much from the ravages of disease, he gave an interesting history of the beginning of this great industry on American soil.

Nov. 23, 1891.

J. C. CRANE.

Fort Sumpter's Flag.

Mrs. A. E. Hubbard, widow of the late Martin Hubbard, has presented to LIGHT a piece of a flag that once waved over Sumpter. It was brought home from the South by some one in Mr. Hubbard's Company and has been in his family since the war. It is an interesting and valuable relic.

LAWRENCE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,
Graduate of the
BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,
will give lessons in
PIANO AND HARMONY.
45 PROMIENUE STREET.
Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's
* STUDIO *

is now OPEN for the reception of his PUPILS. No. 452 Main St. Take elevator.

MISS GERTRUDE L. MARCH,
Teacher of

PIANO * AND * ORGAN.

Also Accompanist. No. 9 Warren St., Worcester. Refers, by permission, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston.

Piano-Forte Tuning.

Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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16 Oberlin Street, Worcester.

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HENRY W. MILLER, 156 MAIN STREET.

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Teacher of Piano and Accompanist.

At Music Room from 10 to 12 a. m.

Terms reasonable. Refers by permission to Mrs. Carrie King Hunt.
Burnside Building, 339 Main St., Room 35.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,

12 Lazard Place, (Old Stand.) Worcester.

Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED
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Worcester Coal Company,
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C. H. DRAPER,
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Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.



The little folks in Mrs. Morgan's school enjoyed a treat last Saturday morning, when Miss Olf Krarer appeared before them and told of her life at home in Greenland. She is, herself, scarcely larger than the children, but she told them an interesting story of what they would do were they in her childhood's home. It was a practical lesson that will give Geography an additional zest for many a day. Mrs. Morgan deserves thanks from parents for the pleasure afforded the children.

Wellesley.

Nov. 5, Dr. A. J. Gordon gave a Bible reading upon the ages into which the world's history is divided. Nov. 8, Rev. Mr. North, of Middletown, Conn., preached in the chapel.

Nov. 11 the college was honored by a visit from Sir Edwin Arnold. The morning recitations for the last two periods gave way to a very interesting hour of reading by Mr. Arnold. The first selection was one as yet unpublished, a "Japanese Dance." This was followed by several other selections, one being from "In my Lady's Praise," and another "He and She".

Wellesley has been well represented at the National Temperance Convention in Boston. Prof. Morgan was one of the speakers, Nov. 14. Mrs. Weaver, Chairman of the Evangelistic work of the W. C. T. U. in N. Y., filled the pulpit Sunday morning and evening. This week several parties of the delegates have visited the college.

The "Wellesley Press Troubles", as they are called, have received much attention from the daily press, but in no case have been represented as they are. Since some of the Worcester papers have published these false reports, it is perhaps worth while to give a correct statement of the case as published by the Advertiser at the request of the Editor of the *Prelude*, our college paper.

"The editors of the *Wellesley Prelude* desire to correct certain erroneous statements which appeared in the Boston papers regarding their college and their college publication. It is true that the class of '92 will not be able to publish a "Legenda," this year, and also true that an editorial was blocked out of the *Prelude*. These two facts, however, bore no relation to one another. The editorial was written and published before the Academic council at the college had taken action upon the request of the Senior class for a "Legenda," and it was blocked out by the decision of the *Prelude* editors and not by order of the College authorities. The statement that there exists at Wellesley a censorship of the Press is quite untrue. It exists neither for the *Prelude* nor for articles contributed by students for other papers."

Monday evening, Nov. 16, a very fine concert was given by the Mold Chamber Music Club, assisted by Miss Emma S. Howe and Miss Lucie A. Tucker.

The class of '93 is very sorry to lose one of

its members, Miss Alice Perry of Worcester, who is obliged to leave college for the remainder of the year because of illness at home.

Nov. 19.

Age and Way of Living of College Students.

The University of Michigan, having a larger attendance than any other university in the United States, and keeping pace with the best in developments, the reports of President Angell, where they touch facts of general application, are of importance. He says that under-graduates are younger by a full year or more on the average than they were twenty years ago, notwithstanding increased requirements for admission. The causes he assigns are, the preparatory schools are better than they were, and that parents are more prosperous, "making it less generally necessary than it was for youth to spend years in earning the means to gain college education." He finds evidence of the increased prosperity of the parents also in allowing a more generous style of living on the part of many students.

We doubt whether these circumstances promise as much as might be thought to the real advantage of students. If a boy is to enter general business, the sooner he gets through college and into business the better. Here, therefore, there is a distinct gain. The stunting frugality of old times ruined the health of some, but those who could bear it attained self-reliance, mental force and endurance. The luxurious style of living now common among students is neither favorable to mental, moral, nor physical tone. To enter college too early does not promise any more than to go too late. Slow, steady, unforced preparation, and an entrance upon a college course not earlier than sixteen—in many cases seventeen would be better—is to be preferred to entering at fifteen or younger, especially as the college courses more and more include questions that to be mastered in all their relations and made the foundation for subsequent public or semi-public careers should be studied under the influence of a serious spirit.

Having to earn money to get an education is not in itself a good, but most of those who have achieved it would not voluntarily lose the memory or the results of the experience.—*Christian Advocate*.

Boston University.

All the departments of the University closed Wednesday for a recess until next Monday.

Number Four of the University Beacon was out last Monday.

W. H. Jackson, '93, of Worcester has charge of the class in chest weights at the Boston Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium on Boylston Street.

Dr. William J. Rolfe addresses the Monday Club next Monday evening at the Copley Square Hotel. Subject, "Hamlet."

The Eta Chapter of Alpha Phi held their initiation at the residence of Miss Harriet S. Sawyer of Auburndale, Friday afternoon, Nov. 20th.

The Alpha Chapter of Delta Delta Delta held their initiation at the home of Miss C. E. Joslin, Chelsea, Friday, p.m. Ten candidates from the class of '95 were initiated. After the

formal ceremonies were finished, refreshments were served. The following members responded to toasts: Emily F. Allen, '91; Carrie N. Tanner, '92; Christine E. Jansson, '93; Susie I. Sayre, '93; Carrie D. Beddor, '94; Esther D. Paul, '94; Grace Dickerman, '95.

Polytechnic.

As a result of a Faculty meeting last Monday, about fifteen students received notices to the effect that unless there was immediate improvement in their work, they would be dropped.

A large number of students of the mechanical department took part in a surprise party at the house of, and in honor of Mr. George Mitchell, the popular foreman of the iron-room in the shop. The occasion was Mr. Mitchell's forty-fifth birthday, and the eighteenth anniversary of his marriage. He was the recipient of a purse of forty-five silver dollars as a token of the former, and a handsome clock of the latter, both given by students and journeymen. Besides representatives of the Institute, there was present a large number of other friends, who also brought with them gifts, among others a fine silver tea-service. The party broke up at a late hour after a most enjoyable evening.

One of the funny things of the recent municipal campaign was that of the president of the Institute supporting the claims of a member of the board of trustees, for school-committee, against a member of the Faculty, and challenging the votes of students at the caucus.

Becker's College.

The merits of a business education were never more evident than in the remarkable prosperity that has attended Becker's College from the beginning. Starting in a very modest way, he has steadily progressed from that small attempt to his present very flattering position. Retaining old and tried instructors, securing new ones as their need has developed; remaining in his old quarters, only adding to them when compelled to do so, he has thoroughly adapted himself to prosperity. There are a few, a very few Worcester young people who think they must go away from home to secure a business education, but were they, first, to look in at this college and see the happy faces of the busy young people here, it is more than probable that they, too, would conclude that there is no place like home and would at once, throw in their part with Becker. For the study of Commercial Arithmetic, the acquirement of short hand and the art of type writing, and whatever else the best Business Colleges teach, Becker's institution offers unrivaled facilities.

The Shoemaker's Last.

Here is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go.

A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her:

"Is that your only objection to them, Madam?"

"It is," the lady replied.

"Well then, Madam, if you take them, I think I can assure you that you will find that objection gradually wear away."—*Journalist*.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA.

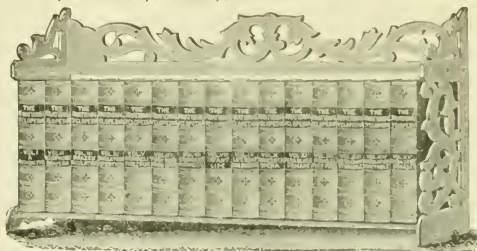
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B. A. FOWLER & CO., NEW ENGLAND AGENTS, 36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

Mention this paper.

Entertainments.

In the way of a miscellaneous concert, nothing finer has been given in Worcester for some time than the two Schirmer-Mapleson concerts in Mechanics Hall, Thanksgiving evening, and it is to be regretted that there were so small audiences. Besides Mme. Mapleson, there took part in the program Herr Arthur Friedham, the great German pianist; Mr. G. A. Freeman, the well known tenor of New York; Dr. G. Rob Clark, the basso; Herr Bartschmid, the baritone. Nothing but the best standard music was rendered and it was thoroughly enjoyed by the small audiences. In the afternoon Madame Mapleson sang a new aria by Arditì (first time in America) and "In Distant Land," Taubert and "A Bird Was Singing," Henshaw Dana. She received very enthusiastic applause. In the evening she sang the scena from Hamlet by Ambrose Thomas and "Hungaria," Pease and "Memory," Bishop. She responded to encores with "Comin' Through the Rye" and "Down on the Swanee River." Dr. Clark was also a favorite as well as Herr Briedheim. Although Herr Bartschmid and Mr. Freeman sang excellently, yet on account of the superior work of the others their selections were not as prominent as they would otherwise have been.

Von Moltke as a Teacher.

One day Moltke stopped at a boarding school kept by a parson in a village near his Silesian country seat, and sat down to hear the teacher instruct the scholars—mostly young nobles preparing for the army—on the wars of France and Prussia. The clergyman being called away for a moment, Moltke asked to be allowed to take his place. Before long he asked one of the pupils: "Who do you think was Napoleon's best general?" "My granduncle, your excellency, Marshal Ney, prince of the Moskwa," was the answer. Turning to another boy, he asked: "And

who was the bravest of Prussia's generals in the same war?" "My granduncle, Marshal Prince Blucher," said he. There was also a descendant of General Zieten among them. When the clergyman returned Moltke said, with a humorous glance at his own plain civilian dress: "Oh, my dear herr pastor, you should have told me before that I was to find such famous generals represented here." He invited all the boys to visit him at Kreisau, and gave them a most hospitable reception.—New York Sun.

Human Nature.

Ethel—I met your father at the door as I was coming in. He appeared to be very angry.
Maud—He was. I had just revealed a great truth to him.

Ethel—Yes?
Maud—He thinks he understands human nature thoroughly.

Ethel—How like my father.
Maud—But he forgets that exceptions are usually required to prove every rule according to the popular belief.

Ethel—Explain, dear.
Maud—You know how bitterly he is opposed to my engagement with Jack Labash?
Ethel—Yes. He wishes you to marry Mr. Dollerby.

Maud—Exactly. And his theory was that if he opposed Mr. Dollerby's suit and favored Jack's, I would go contrary to his expressed wishes, and in that way everything would end as he desires. Well, I understood enough about his nature and ideas of human nature to know that; and so, when he denounced Mr. Dollerby, and forbade him to call on me, and expressed himself in favor Jack, I surprised and completely disgusted him by cheerfully acquiescing.

Ethel—How clever you are! But I got out of a difficulty of the same kind on my father in a way that I enjoyed much more.

Maud—Tell me.
Ethel—He wishes me to marry Harry Cutless and I love George Prettiboy. I accepted



Week Commencing Monday, Nov. 30.

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

LOTHROP'S STOCK COMPANY
supporting

Miss Ethel Tucker as Chip,
in the charming Comedy-Drama in 4 acts,
entitled:

FOGG'S FERRY.

Preceded at each performance by the farce,
"AN IRISH STEW."

GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA Two Performances Daily. Afternoons at 2. Evenings at 7.30.
PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c.
You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Harry, and then flirtd so dreadfully with George that Harry hasn't been near the house for days and he won't speak to me now.
Maud—Have a caramel, dear. If our fathers meet at the club, they will probably come to the conclusion that an extensive knowledge of human nature doesn't imply a knowledge of woman nature.—Bazar.

THE CLARK-

SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Cut Glassware

in every conceivable shape and
all the new cuttings.

Piano, Banquet and Table
Lamps in
BRASS, SILVER, RICH GOLD,
and WROUGHT IRON.

We have a nice selection of

Silk Umbrella Shades

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Salad Sets,

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Tete-a-Tete Sets.

Cracker Jars.

See our new line of

FINE PORCELAIN

Toilet and Dinner Ware.

THE CLARK-SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lacemaker who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme. Moejeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it, and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skillful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven.

Rest is a great pain-killer; so too is sleep, and in all cases of suffering you should try to get your patient asleep by legitimate means. The house should, therefore, be kept quiet, for even a door slammed will effectually banish sleep.

Neuralgia of all kinds is greatly benefited by heat, by rest, and by sleep. But it should not be forgotten, that as a general rule the health is below par when one is afflicted with neuralgia. Tonics help to raise the standard of health, but I do assure you they are only a partial cure, a mere patch-up, and that pain of this kind is only removable by removing first and foremost any apparent cause—it might be a bad tooth, for example—and then trusting to a more generous diet, of which cod liver oil and extract of malt should form part, recreation, fresh air, baths, and above all, change of scene and atmosphere.

To clean brass fixtures rub them with slices of lemon, then wash in hot water.

Keep an oyster-shell in your tea kettle, and it will prevent the formation of a crust on the inside by attracting the stony particles to itself. It should be changed occasionally.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of any kind by rinsing them out well with powdered charcoal after they have been scoured with sand soap.

Put camphor gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds as that gives it a white appearance.

Table linen will be dull if soaked from Sunday to Monday. Fine clothes, and especially table linen, requires only a few minutes' soaking. If linen and other soiled clothes are placed in the same tub to soak, as the dirt is loosened from the muslin it enters into the cleaner pieces, and turns the whole a gray color. I cannot think of anything that will make clothes more yellow, ruin the appearance so quickly, as long soaking.

During an epidemic of scarlet fever at Carbondale, good Mr. Raynor, addressing the children of the Sabbath-School, told them to pray that it might be God's will that they should escape the disease. Little Maggie C— completely upset the gravity of the school by saying in very distinct tones: "I don't have to pray; I wear a 'camphor bag' around my neck."—Wyoming Magazine.

Genius must find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life.—George Eliot.

A clergyman preached from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccles. 6:10.) A little boy, being asked next day to repeat the text, said: "Stop blowing, and go to work!"

PINKHAM & WILLIS.

HOUSEKEEPERS, ATTENTION!

GREAT RED TAG SALE

Of Fine and Medium-Priced UPHOLSTERS

FURNITURE

The present style of furnishing with odd pieces, has left on our hands a large quantity of broken lots and odd pieces remaining from the sale of portions of Parlor Suits, and this accumulation of the past year it is our intention to close out, regardless of cost. We have therefore placed a price upon each piece which will insure a speedy sale. Every piece marked with a

RED TAG

showing the regular price, as well as the special price.

Those looking for bargains should call early. You will save from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. by purchasing at this sale.

1 Plush Corner Chair, cherry frame,	\$12	\$17
1 Plush Corner Chair,	12	17
1 large Push Patent Rocker, cherry frame,	14	18
1 large Plush Rocker, cherry frame,	13	17
1 Plush Corner Chair,	9	13
1 large Plush Arm Chair,	18	25
1 Divan, upholstered in rugs,	15	20
1 Plush Arm Chair, antique shape,	14	20
1 Silk Tapestry Patent Rocker,	15	20
1 Divan, silk Push,	11	16
1 Turkish reception chair,	12	18
1 Plush reception chair,	8.50	12
1 Silk Tapestry reception chair,	10	14
1 Silk Tapestry reception chair,	10	14
1 Plush Divan,	17	25
1 " "	10	15
1 Large Plush Arm chair,	11	16
1 Reception chair,	7	11
1 Plush corner chair,	7	12
1 Plush Parlor suit, 4 pieces,	70	90
1 Rug and Plush Parlor suits, 4 pieces, very fine,	140	190
1 Silk Tapestry and Plush Parlor suit, 4 pieces, very fine,	150	235

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AT \$50 PER SHARE

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RESIDES,

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High Class Investment Securities,
45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Curious Corner.

An Unknown Tongue.

Those who have learned a foreign language with an approach to thoroughness often find in the dialects so many new languages to master. Almost any one who speaks English might be put down successively in half a dozen places where English is supposed to be the mother tongue, and hear as many dialects spoken, not one of which he would understand until it was interpreted.

An old Broughton worthy and an English lady were one day occupants of a railway carriage. The train had been waiting long at a certain station and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked:

"They're a gly tanglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lady.

"Am sayin they're a gly daidltin lot here."

"I really beg your pardon, sir."

"Am observin they are a vera dreich lot here a night."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I'm wonderin if they're etlin to saunter here a night."

"Really I must again beg your pardon. I don't comprehend you."

"I was just trying to say that the train was late."

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady, and then collapsed.—Exchange.

"Polpus Fluscimus."

The great artist Meissonier, who painted the famous picture "1807," which was in the Stewart collection, and was sold for \$63,000, was fond of gardening. His gardener was a really learned botanist, and try as he might and often did, Meissonier could not deceive him on the seeds of any plant. He always knew them. One day, however, Meissonier was sure he would succeed in throwing the gardener off his guard.

"This time I've got him," the artist remarked to a party of friends at the dinner table, and he showed them a small packet containing the dried root of herring. He sent for the gardener.

"Do you know this seed?" Meissonier inquired.

The gardener carefully scrutinized the grains, "Why not?" he said, at last. "They are the seeds of the *polpus fluscimus*, a very rare tropical plant."

"How long will they be in coming up?" Meissonier asked, with a chuckle of suppressed exultation.

"About a fortnight," was the reply.

Two weeks later the guests were again assembled at Meissonier's table, and after dinner the gardener was announced.

"M. Meissonier," the man said, "the seed has just come up."

"Ah! you surprise me," the artist exclaimed, as he rose and led the way into the garden to examine the botanical phenomenon.

The gardener lifted a glass shade and disclosed to view a small bed with three rows of pickled herrings' heads peeping out of the earth. Every body laughed. Meissonier dismissed the gardener on the spot, but took him on again the next day.

The boy is better unborn than untaught.—Gascogne.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's Station, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Ange A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

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We wonder whether you know how good FLANNEL UNDERWEAR we have for you?

Are you the one who "talked it over the other day" with your fellow workmen at the bench?

Was it you who said that "Ware, Pratt & Co.'s goods were away up on the top of all that was good," and then added that "they cost so much a workingman could not afford to buy them?"

Of course it was hard on you when the question was asked: "Have you ever been in their store and ever bought anything from them?"

You had to say "No.," and you felt rather tame when you said that little "No.," didn't you?

Well, you need not worry overmuch about it now; of course it has been as much of a loss to you as to us, but if you'll come now

and learn your mistake then it will be found hereafter.

Every man is thinking about warm Underwear. Winter is right at our doors; these pleasant days are simply a reprieve, and if you are not quite ready when the King comes you will feel his frosty power with a vengeance.

Let's begin with *Flannel Working Shirts*. There is no earthier use in your buying one made from SHODDY. You cannot afford to buy one of that kind at any price.

But a good flannel shirt is a good thing to have and that very kind we offer you. We have the kind that won't shrink, hard-wearing and serviceable *Shirts*, and all they cost \$1 to \$1.50.

Then there are the pure INDIGO BLUE SHIRTS, made splendidly. The single breasted cost \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.50.

We have a single-breasted Shirt of very heavy flannel for \$2.25, that we guarantee to be as perfect as can be made.

If you prefer the double-breasted, then the prices begin at \$2. and from that up to \$3 for the heaviest flannel Shirt you ever saw.

Extra large sizes in *Cocheco* flannel Shirts

in browns and grays always to be found with us.

Everything that you may want in "furnishings" you can buy here to better advantage than you can think.

You would not expect to find "cheap goods" at so called "cheap prices" in this store. That sort ruins the workingman and we don't handle them.

If you want

Splendid Cardigan Jackets. Splendid Gloves for Winter. Splendid Stockings for Service.

Then it is more than likely you'll pay less for them here than elsewhere.

At this very moment we have a splendid stocking 35c a pair, or 3 pairs for a dollar, that you'll admit is the best sort of bargain, because the usual price for it everywhere we know is 50c a pair.

In COLLARS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, SUSPENDERS, HANDBKERCHIEFS, or whatever you want, please see what we can do for you in good, stylish goods at fair prices before you buy.

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Do you believe in a system of co-operation in which the whole profit is divided among the members? Then join the Non-Secret Endowment Order. It pays a sick benefit of \$20 a week; a death benefit of \$400; an endowment benefit of \$200; at COST.

Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 18, 1891; Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,290; Reserve Fund, \$12,210.31; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,576.68; Total, \$61,400.00. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

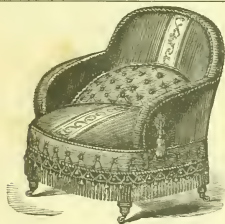
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 14. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891. FIVE CENTS



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Real Estate at Public Auction.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage given by Maxine Edeau, late Maxine Edeau to the Equity Cooperative Bank, a corporation duly established by law, dated May 15th, 1890, and recorded with Wor. Dist. Deeds Book 155, Page 200, and for a breach of the conditions in said deed of mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Monday, December 14th, 1891, and at three o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed as follows:

"A parcel of land and the buildings on the same in the said Worcester, and bounded and described as follows: Be lying in the southerly line of Division Street, so called, one hundred (100) feet easterly, from the easterly line of Orient Street, Thence, easterly, by said line of Division Street, fifty (50) feet, to land now or late of Charles Wood; Thence, southerly, by the Wood land, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to land of one Darbo; Thence, westerly, by the Barlan, fifty (50) feet, to land of one Leppard; Thence, northerly, by land of said Leppard, and land of one Louis Alard, one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning."

This property will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments of whatever description. \$50 in money must be paid down at the sale, and the rest of the purchase money on delivery of the deed within ten days.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

No. 14

Modern writers are the moons of literature; they shine with reflected light - with light borrowed from the ancients.—Dr. Johnson.

If Samuel the First had occasion to discourse thus one hundred years ago, what would be his words in this day of literary rehash and repetition?

Possibly, the later popular vernacular has so far departed from that pure diction that he was wont to employ that he would not accuse us moderns of imitation, but would say that we had produced a gibberish and manner all our own.

As to the borrowed light, it would be strange if we did not try to profit by what was done or said in the long ago, but what a fine time one of those immaculate ancients would have in trying to follow up a description of Edison's inventions? We certainly know something that the elders did not.

One might think that the No License fever so hotly inaugurated at the Y. M. C. A. some weeks since had caught a chill. So far as public notice is concerned, there is little doing. That the enemy is working, no one will doubt. But he never makes speeches. Mole like, he digs under ground. The Rink meetings are well attended considering the weather and zealous preachers and laymen have spoken under the auspices of the Reform Club.

If the city votes "No," it will be because of the constantly reiterated presentation of the arrests column in the Telegram and the sermons from the pulpit. Aside from the attitude of the Reform Club, it must be confessed that the business men of Worcester are not putting their shoulders to the wheel as they have done in former years. There is need enough of active, diligent labor.

Chicago has been doing it again. This time she has bought the old John Brown Fort at Harper's Ferry with the very earth on which it stood and has bundled the whole business off to Lake Michigan. How queer it all seems! The Lake City, somehow, seems like the school boy who lacked capacity. History, like the above quality, cannot be bought. How would the multitudes who make up the people of that teeming city treat John Brown were he to appear in their midst. Certain it is, that some things, tolerated there, would draw from him as stern reproof as ever he directed at Slavery.

Then again, is the World's Fair to be opened Sundays? There is a large element of our people who would like to know. There are exhibitors who would not display their goods, did they think that the grounds were to be open on the Day of Rest. It looks as though the managers wished to defer the announcement till the latest possible moment and then give us the Continental Sunday with all its riot and license. The plea of workingman's

day is all nonsense. The laborer is not a Sabbath breaker if he does use his hands in toil. It is altogether, a scheme of the Sunday desecrators to Germanize the land. God forbid.

Amidst the Henry George Single Tax notions and other devices to equalize the burden of taxation, has it ever occurred to our law makers, that possibly the Swiss have long had about the best plan yet? There, the more a man has, the more it is worth to him and the more he must pay for it. In other words, increased possessions bring advanced tax rates. It is impossible, in that ancient republic, for a man to effectually lie out of his just taxes, for on death his estate is settled and if it appears that he has willfully withheld anything, the property is fined heavily. No millionaires, like those of New York, can swear to their having no taxable possessions, and so escape their lawful part of the burdens. The system is worthy Americans' careful study. We have not yet reached perfection by any means.

"There never was so much writing talent in the market as at the present time, says a writer in The Inland Printer for December. There is now an array of writers of notability. There is another and much greater array of the unknown, seeking notability, and of equal ability with those whose heads are a little above water. Were Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Sr., N. P. Willis and other writers and editors of former prominence to appear today and begin unknown in their old field of letters, they might not rise so readily amid the present enormous increase of literary competitors unless they brought an accession of business talent and force to strengthen their literary competency, which the first two named gentlemen did possess to an eminent degree."

Rev. John S. Scudder.

This gentleman is the subject of an extended article in Zions Herald, Nov. 25 th in connection with his charge of the People's Palace in Jersey City, an enterprise fraught with great possibilities for the poorer classes. Worcester and Shrewsbury readers will remember him as the highly successful pastor of the Orthodox church in the latter place, several years ago, whence he went to Minneapolis and now he finds his life work in Jersey City. The article is accompanied by an engraving of the preacher. The name of the enterprise suggests that of Walter Besant's in East London.

Dr. Cheever.

Rev. H. T. Cheever is advertised to give a memorial address at Washington, D. C. on the Life and Labors of his brother, the late Dr. George B. Cheever of the Church of the Puritans New York. It is on the occasion of placing in position at the Howard University library the admirable bust of the reformer executed by Andrew O'Connor of this city.

A significant review of the great moral war against slavery and intemperance may be expected. The address will be given Sunday the 13th next.

O'Connor's Curtis.

Recently, LIGHT referred, with no little pride and pleasure, to the fact that Andrew O'Connor's bust of Albert Curtis had been admitted to the exhibition of the National Academy in New York. There are but six pieces of sculpture in the collection and O'Connor's entry stands by the side of that of John Rogers. The New York Herald, of a recent date, refers to O'Connor's work as fine. Will not all art loving Worcester people take up the cause of this local artist, find out his merits and sound his praises as widely as may be?

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,"

and without doubt committees are looking abroad, today, for talent that is right here at home. It should have a competitive chance at least.

Colton-Howe.

One week ago to-day in Webster in the church of the Reconciliation, Mr. Samuel Colton of this city was married to Miss Elizabeth Slater Howe, of Webster, a daughter of the late James H. Howe. Very many Worcester friends were present. There home will be on King Street in this city.

A British View of the American Tariff.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self supplying; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a Machine.—Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

The engagement is announced of Herbert C. Stoddard to Miss Rena E. Hart, both of this city.

Mrs. E. Hedge of Everett was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. Edson, at their home 42 Lincoln Street last week.

Deacon Addison Palmer's many friends will wish him all possible pleasure during his Winter's stay in Florida, whither he started Tuesday night the 23th ult. During his absence, his son Charles O. will attend to his business.

"At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of the extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1891.

The poem of Mr. Brooks, published in another column, is copyrighted by the Talent Publishing Co. of New York, and is reprinted by special permission.

The Academe Again.

No visitor could be more welcome. Its familiar cover recalls many pleasant memories. One might suppose it had been issued right along instead of having been in "innocuous desuetude" for considerably more than two years. The most of the names, in the editorial corps, have the appearance of old friends. Then when the pages are turned the story seems like the one whose last refrain was heard in the Summer of 1889. The Academe has LIGHT's best wishes in every way possible.

The monthly calendar, issued by the Rev. T. J. Conaty of the Church of the Sacred Heart is, as was promised, an excellent Christmas number. From a very modest beginning it has steadily grown and improved, till now the editor promises, with the March issue, to make it a subscription magazine. It certainly has a field. While excellent in all respects LIGHT would specially commend the article on manners.

Mr. Frank D. Hickey, who receives the Democratic nomination for the school committee in Ward Five, is a High School graduate, class of '84. He is a book-keeper at Barnard & Sumner's and a son of police sergeant William Hickey. His brother, William, is a student in the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Sergeant Hickey was, for many years, one of the city's most officers. That his constituents should select so young a man for their representative is indicative of confidence in his ability.

The Sons and Daughters of Vermont held their annual meeting in Horticultural Hall, Tuesday evening, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Adams; vice-presidents, Mrs. Charles G. Parker, A. W. Edson and Ira G. Blake; secretary and treasurer, George Prichard; historian, Hon. Clark Jilison; executive committee, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Bushnell, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Robinson and Charles G. Parker. It was voted to hold the annual reunion in Horticultural Hall, January 19, to make arrangements for which, a meeting of the officers will be held at the home of President Adams, 4 Dewey Street, next Friday evening.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a party of increased value will be given to that book which has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in LIGHT, Dec. 5,
1891.

Signed _____

I.
"And my soul from out that show that lies floating on
the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

II.
"So they, who climb to wealth, for
The friends in darker fortunes."

III.
"What is guilt? A stain upon the soul."

IV.
"The head monkey in Paris puts on a traveller's cap,
and all the monkeys in America do the same."

V.
"A sin admitted is nigh half atoned!"

VI.
"The longest wave is quickly lost in the sea,"

Answers to Quotations Nov. 21.

1. Bryant, "Song of the Greek Amazons."
2. Lowell, "Autograph."
3. Lucy Larcom, "The Secret"
4. Hawthorne, "Howe's Masquerade."
5. Emerson, "Shakespeare."
6. Thoreau, "Walden," p. 77.
- S. E. Rice receives the prize.

Nelson A. Miles.

How is this for Worcester County? Carter Harrison of Chicago suggests our Westminister General as a candidate for the presidency next year. We are all proud of the General but are sorry that he has not a better sponsor. He was the best of Indian fighters, and it begins to look as though his qualities were necessary in the presidential chair.

LIGHT has no recollection of ever seeing a finer array of photographs than those which Lawrence displays at the entrance to the Clark Block, Main Street. They are admirable. The artist has reason to be proud of his work.

Albert P. Perkins, son of the Rev. A. E. P. Perkins of this city, has been elected orator of his class at the Commencement Class Day.

Chamberlaid District.

Farmers' Club will meet on Thursday, the 10th, inst., at 7:30 p.m., at "The Poplars," Brattle Street, North Worcester, the residence of A. S. Lowell. Subject, "A Cruise on Wheels as a Farmer's Vacation," essay by B. W. Potter, Esq. S. A. BURGESS, Secretary.

The Free Church.

The Free Church, alluded to in the article on Colonel Higginson, was organized early in the fifties by certain people who were not satisfied with the attitude of the church, generally, on the slavery question. Dr. Oramel Martin was president, Mr. Caleb A. Wall made the first speech with reference to the organization and his sister was treasurer. Among the members were the late Adin and Perry Thayer, Martin Stowell and others. To Colonel Higginson as pastor, succeeded David A. Wasson, under whom the body drifted towards spiritualism and the association, now holding meetings in Continental Hall, may be deemed the legitimate successor of the Worcester Free Church of 1852. The meetings were first held in Horticultural Hall, where the organization was effected. Later they went to Washburn Hall

Society of Antiquity.

The annual meeting of the Society and the first regular meeting in the new building was held last Tuesday night with a good attendance. Ellery B. Crane was re-elected president; George Sumner and William H. Sawyer, vice-presidents; Walter Davidson, secretary in the place of William F. Abbot who declined a re-election; Henry F. Stedman, treasurer; Thomas A. Dickinson, librarian. Daniel A. Seagrave was elected a member of the standing committee on nomination.

The librarian's report showed the addition during November to be 12 bound volumes, 24 pamphlets and 58 papers, 94 articles in all, during the year, 170 bound volumes, 588 pamphlets, 459 papers and 40 miscellaneous articles. Two new members were voted in and nine new ones proposed. It was proposed to amend the constitution by raising the admission fee from \$2 to \$5, and life membership from \$25 to \$50, and the matter goes over to the next meeting in three weeks. The Society's outlook seems very flattering.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

You have all heard of Carl's Tour of Main Street. It was written years ago by Clarendon Wheelock, at least it is so claimed, and was printed and reprinted in the Palladium. Two or three years since, Sanford & Davis put it into book form, and sold it for \$1.50 per copy. LIGHT is now prepared to offer it to new subscribers, along with the paper for \$2.25. You can see that this is an admirable opportunity to get this most excellent history at considerably less than half its former price. As there is only a limited number of the books, the offer holds only till the stock is exhausted.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

WORCESTER, Dec. 5, 1891.

Foster Kid Gloves.

Elene Gloves.

Centener's Gloves.

Gloves altered and repaired.

Butterick's Paper Patterns.

H. C. Burt's Shoes.

Sole Agency

Christmas Opening and Sale!

The greatest, most varied and pleasing gathering of gifts, simple to elegant, cheap to costly, ever assembled together in Worcester is now ready under the Boston Store roof. The store is transformed into a bower of bliss and children's delight.

BOOKS

Moved to the left aisle.

Three times the former room. Plenty of elbow room, light and every convenience possible.

Nine-tenths of all the books sold in Worcester during the Holidays pass over the Boston Store book counters. We take every book published and sell it for from 20 to 25 per cent less than the price in any other book store. The book business was begun here on sound principles, and having been so continued, it has grown to be today a marvel in this section.

Our very low prices are due to the fact that the Syndicate buys a tremendous amount of books every year, and thus brings prices down very decidedly.

There are some of the richest gift books of the year, with prices:

- Thro' Woodland and Meadow, \$1.75.
- The Poet's Year, \$4.25.
- One Touch of Nature, \$2.50.
- American Art, with 25 plat. 8, \$7.
- The Golden Treasury, \$1.50.
- The Harvest Fields, \$2.25.
- The Day is Done, by Longfellow, \$1.95.
- The Voice of the Child Heart, Phillips Brooks, 87 1/2c.
- Picturesque Washington, \$1.50.
- Grandma's Memories, \$1.37 1/2 and \$1.25.
- Grandma's Attic Treasures, 95c and \$1.37 1/2.
- Grandmother Grey, \$1.50.
- Grandfather Grey, \$1.50.
- Gems of Tennyson, 75c and 95c each.
- The Voice of the Sea, \$1.95.
- Bible Scenes and Stories, by Dore, 95c.
- Done's Masterpieces, 95c.
- Venetian Life, Howells.
- Holmes' One Horse Shay.
- Whittier's Snowbound.

STANDARD SETS.

- Dickens, 15 vols., cloth, \$5 and \$3.50.
- Thackeray, 10 vols., one-half Morocco, \$8.
- Thackeray, 10 vols., cloth, \$2.50.
- Leather Stocking Tales, 5 vols., cloth, \$2.95.
- Handy volume Shakespeare, 11 vols., cloth, \$4.25.
- Gipsy's Holy H., 2 vols., cloth, \$2.75.
- Morley's English Men of Letters, 2 vols., \$1.27.
- Les Miserables, 2 vols., cloth, \$2.50.
- Life of Christ, Canon Farrar, \$1.50.
- Eliot, 6 vols., cloth, \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Ireland, illustrated, \$1.25.
- Wood's Natural History, \$2.
- Wood's Popular History, \$1.15.
- Gems from Best Authors, \$1.25.
- Wonders of the Universe, \$1.25.
- Cowden's Concordance, 85c.

FOR CHILDREN.

Safe books that the young minds will be only the better off for having read.

- Little Lord Fauntleroy.
- Birds' Names Card.
- Timothy's Quest.
- Dalhousie and the Miser, \$1.25.

- Little He and She, \$1.25.
- Little Saint Elizabeth.
- Story of Fatsy.
- Fansy's Sunday Book, 50c.
- Wide Awake, \$1.25.
- Vassar Girls in Trip, \$1.15.
- Princess Birglin, \$1.50.
- New Way Round the World, \$1.37.
- zig-zag Journeys, \$1.37 1/2.

FOR BOYS.

- The Boys of 1812, \$1.57.
- Blue Jackets of '90, \$1.57.
- Blue Jackets of 1812, \$1.25.
- Blue Jackets of '76, \$1.25.
- Days and Nights on the Battlefield, 95c.
- Winning His Way, 95c.
- The Knockabout Club on the Spanish Main, \$1.15.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

Entertainments.

Class 14 of the First Universalist Church Sunday School is making preparations for its annual entertainment, which will take place early in January, probably during the first week. The entertainment will be a play entitled "Nevada or the Lost Mine." Weekly rehearsals are now being held, the cast being made up as follows: Nevada, the wanderer, Geo. E. Burr; Vermont, an old miner, Will Clark; Tom Carew, a young miner, Walter B. Cummings; Dandy Dick, a young miner, Harry Sawyer; Silas Steele, a missionary of health, Alfred Van Dusen; Jerden, a detective, J. H. Adams; Jube, a black miner, Chas. Chamberlain; Win Kye, a Chinaman, Louis Brennan; Mother Merton, Lottie M. Hubbard; Agnes Fairlee, Emma Hewitt; Moselle, a wife, Miss Emma Mills. The receipts from the entertainment will be given to the Sunday School.

Lothrop's Opera House.

Miss Ethel Tucker in "Fogg's Ferry" has been the attraction at the Pleasant Street Theatre this week. Each performance is preceded by a farce, entitled "An Irish Stew." To say that Miss Tucker is a great success in the character of Chip, the ferryman's daughter, is putting it rather mild. Mr. J. Francis Kirke as Jim Bolter, was well received.

Miss Katherine Rober, supported by Lothrop's Stock Company, will make her appearance next week in "Silver Age," a sensational drama, in which there are many thrilling situations. Miss Rober is always assured of an enthusiastic welcome. She is an actress of considerable versatility, seeming to adapt herself to the requirements of a character with an ease and grace which is possessed only by the true artist.

Crowded houses at both afternoon and evening performances is a rule well observed at this pleasant little place of amusement.

Manager Dale Armstrong has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and devotes all his time and energy to the welfare of his patrons.

"The Prodigal Son."

Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorio of "The Prodigal Son" was given in Pilgrim Church Tuesday evening by a chorus of fifty voices and soloists, under the direction of J. Vernon Butler, the organist and director of the Pilgrim Church choir. The performance of the oratorio was preceded by a violin, harp and organ recital. The recital began with an organ solo, Grand Offertoire in D (St. Cecilia), Batiste, by J. Vernon Butler, followed by a harp solo,

ballade, Parish-Alvares by Mr. Heinrich Schuëcker, the solo harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who recently made so favorable an impression at the Mms L'Esperance concert; violin solo, second polonaise, Wieniawski by Mr. Emanuel Fiedler; duo concertante for harp and violin, Charles Baudoit (first performance in America), Messrs Schuëcker and Fiedler; organ solo, vesper hymn, S. B. Whitney, Mr. Butler; trio for violin, harp and organ, "Hymn to St. Cecilia," Gounod, Messrs. Fiedler, Schuëcker and Butler. Everything, without an exception, was well played and though it was printed on the program, "The audience will kindly refrain from applause," each number received its well merited applause.

The solo parts of the oratorio were taken by the members of the Pilgrim Church quartet as follows: Mrs. J. W. Pitts, soprano; Mrs. J. H. Howell, contralto; Mr. George Ley Butler, tenor; Mr. J. H. Howell, baritone. Mr. George E. Brown was the organist and Miss Annie Gaunt, the pianist. The performance was highly creditable to the young conductor, Mr. Butler, the chorus work being particularly excellent. The soloists also did excellent work as well as the pianist, who had no small part to bear. The audience was very large and nearly everybody remained to the close, though the end was not until 10.15 o'clock.

Last Monday evening C. Milton Chase gave the second of the entertainments in course B, Mechanics Course. It was a magic and an entertainment. Next Monday evening, in course A, the Boston Rivals will give a concert, with the assistance of Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, who is so well known to Worcester audiences as one of the best of readers.

Y. M. C. A.

One of the finest entertainments of the season was the reading by Fred Emerson Brooks last Thursday evening. His humorous manner and the many really fine passages in his poems, all of which are original, mark his recitations as something out of the ordinary line. Some of the poems read were "Old Ace," "The miracle at Cana," "Sherman's March," composed for and read at the G. A. R. Encampment in Boston last year. Perhaps the most effective was the "Orthodox Team," which is printed in another column. Mr. Sydney Woodward, a colored tenor singer was well received, and responded to two encores. Gertrude L. March played the accompaniments. The hall was filled, many being obliged to stand, and we are sure that should they come to the city again, they would meet with a cordial reception.

E. N. Kirk Mears, son of Dr. D. O. Mears of this city, is one of the committee of arrangements at the next Class Day, Williams College.

That Trial.

The coming mock trial in Mechanics Hall under the auspices of Post 10, G. A. R. promises more amusement for one evening than any enterprise ever undertaken here. The hall should be crowded to its utmost and mirth should have full sway.

Colonel T. W. Higginson.

Though not a resident of Worcester, today, there was a time when Thomas Wentworth Higginson wielded a powerful influence in the Heart of the Commonwealth. Always a radical, it was natural that he should early be found in the Anti-Slavery cause, and since the war, his voice has been potent in the furtherance of other reforms, particularly in advancing the status of women. He is a native of Cambridge, a descendant of that Francis Higginson who was the first minister of the Salem Colony and whose portrait may be seen in our American Antiquarian Society's building. His father was Stephen, a merchant and from 1818 to 1834 steward of Harvard College. For many years, on account of his charitable deeds he was known as the "Man of Ross." Thomas Wentworth was born December 22, 1824, so we are getting pretty near to his sixty-eighth birthday. He was graduated at Harvard in 1841, one of forty-six young men who have, in the subsequent years, done well or less, according to circumstances. One classmate was the present Chief Justice Harris of the Sandwich Islands, and the last name in the list is that of our late respected Worcester physician, Dr. Rufus Woodward. It was not till 1847 that he was graduated from the theological department, having spent the intervening time in travelling and private study and in the same year, he was ordained pastor of the 1st Congregational Church in Newburyport, but his Anti-Slavery preaching was too strong for the fellow citizens of Caleb Cushing, so he resigned in 1850 and that year was the unsuccessful Free Soil candidate for Congress.

In 1852, his Worcester life began, for then he was invited hither as the pastor of the newly organized Free Church and in this capacity he continued till 1858, when he resigned to devote himself more fully to literary pursuits. Those Worcester years were fraught with interest. In 1854, arose the famous Anthony Burns case, so graphically told by our own fellow citizen, Charles E. Stevens, Esq. The Rev. Mr. Higginson was the popularly declared leader of the body of men who went down from Worcester to Boston to attempt the rescue of the imprisoned African. While a vast audience, in Faneuil Hall, was listening to Theodore Parker and others, Mr. Higginson and his followers all but succeeded in getting Burns out of the Court House. In the skirmish, a deputy marshal was killed and the Worcester clergyman was wounded. For this affair, with Wendell Phillips, Parker and several more, he was indicted for murder, but all escaped owing to a flaw in the indictment. It was natural for such a man to enter the army during the war and he became a captain in Col. A. B. R. Sprague's 51st Regiment; but soon after going South, he accepted the colonelcy of the 1st South Carolina, afterwards the 33d U. S. Colored Troops, the very first regiment of freed slaves to be mustered into the national service. "Army Life in a Black Regiment" was the literary result of this course and the poem "The Black Regiment" is familiar to all school children. It has been spoken in Worcester schools again and again. He was wounded, 1863, at Wiltown Bluff and in 1864, he resigned on account of disability.

There are few names in Capt. Higginson's Co. C that are not pretty well known in this city. They included John B. Goodell, Luther H. Bigelow, J. O. Bemis, the late Charles N. Hair, James E. Dennis, Charles A. Goddard, Edwin Brown, Benj. Carrico, Stephen C. Earle, S. H. Fuller, M. H. Lowe, Chas. F. Pierce, who has prepared a valuable memorial of the company, D. G. Tapley, Henry A. Winn and many others.

Mr. Higginson was married in 1847 to Mary Elizabeth Channing, a daughter of Walter Channing, M. D., of Boston, and thereby a niece of the famous Unitarian divine, Dr. William Ellery Channing. Though many years an invalid she received the ardent devotion of her husband to the end, their residence being, after the war, in Newport, R. I. Col. Higginson's second wife is Miss Thacher of West Newton and their Summer home is in Holden. The remainder of the year they live in Cambridge.

Coming back to his Worcester living, it may be stated that Mr. Higginson was devoted to all that tended to the bettering of mankind, whether it was in church, lyceum or gymnasium. Many Worcester men, today, are stronger and healthier for the prompting received a little less than forty years ago. Outdoor Papers, a book, published in 1863 pictures somewhat the years of his stay in this city. Since moving away, he has been only a casual visitor, though a few years since, he spoke before the Altheia Society at the High School on "Rebellion Memories."

His name appeared as a contributor to the first volume of the Atlantic Monthly and there have been few volumes since in which he is not found in some way. For years, his essays have been the most notable in Harper's Bazar. In a word, where scholarship, with clear expression, coupled with most exquisite fancy is wanted, then may Col. Higginson be found at his best.

Veteran soldiers will rejoice to know that to him was committed, some months since, the revision and full preparation of the Muster Roll of Massachusetts during the Rebellion, a fact which assures the correcting of the errors and blunders so painfully evident in the volumes now in existence.

Both Worcester and Colonel Higginson have changed much since he resided here, but it is altogether likely that both still cherish kind recollections of each other and for this reason, LIGHT offers this sketch and the portrait for the pleasure of Worcester readers, those people who rejoice in the present and past of our fair city.

O. U. A. M

Last Sunday evening, the Rev. C. H. Covell at Pilgrim Church preached an eloquent sermon before Commonwealth Council, No. 3 and Worcester Council No. 39 Order United American Mechanics, and Fidelity Council, No. 4, Daughters of Liberty. Upon the platform were American flags and the discourse was eminently patriotic.

Rev. James J. Donnelly, a High School boy, a graduate of Holy Cross and a student at Brighton Seminary, will be ordained to the priesthood, December 21st, in Springfield. He belongs to the parish of the Sacred Heart.

Miss Conway's Lecture.

The lecture of this lady before the Catholic Young Women's Society of the Sacred Heart Parish was a very pleasing affair. The lady is an associate editor of the Boston Pilot, and her address was replete in suggestion and comment as to "The Literature of Moral Loveliness." Dr. Conaty introduced the speaker. Before the lecture, a literary program was carried out by Miss Margaret Maloney, Miss Margaret E. Reidy, Miss Marcela T. Walsh, Miss Mary McCann, Miss Nellie Burke and Miss Julia W. Smith. Miss Julia A. Quinn, president of the society, presided, and delivered the opening address. A reception for Miss Conway followed her address and then came a guessing contest as to the weight of two pumpkins, big and little. The first prize, Boyle O'Reilly's book, "Moon-dyne," was won by Miss Kate Morrison, who guessed fifty-seven pounds. The second prize for the small pumpkin was won by Miss Liz-zie Hogan, who guessed one pound.

VOLAPÜK.

Din Gletikün Vola.

(Continued.)

Ladäl äbefulomöv lonis at valik tefü God. Kludo, if äladalom-la mani, ätikölsöv nevelo sagön öme stimon fati e moti okik. No akonom dunön votiko. Obinos nesämik sagön öme no funön. Te älenofom ösämik if äljönöns-la das na äsötom tifön. Liko äkanom tifön de uts, kelis ladalom? Äbinosöv nez-südik begön öm no givön noeli nevelatik to nilan okik. If äladalom-la ömi, äbinosöv din latükün äkanom dunön. Ödlimofs nevelo dlanön öm no desidön kelosi nilans laboms. Äkanom vilön das ölaboms ösi buf om it. Also „ladäl binom befulam iona.“ Binom lon al befulon lonis valik, lebüdöt nulik lefulama lonis valik baledik, klän lebädik de Kristus plo lif kritik.

Paul ilenadom atosi e in lelob at nobälük egivom öbes unotöl, rigükün e milagükün gudükünosa nu panotül. Okaoobs de difön ömi in dilis kil. Begünü kapit blefik, labobs ladäl petatöpül; in zenod oma labobs ladäl padilimöl; ze fin labobs ladäl pejalöl as gudükünos. Balido Paul tatapom ladäl kö dins votik, kelis man älestimoms täno pato. No öblafob detülün ötis et. Bap ömas E tänen vija klükük. Tatopom öki kö piküf. E tänen binom ilo gletobidik. Näm vobön su lans e vils man, stigön ömis al desäs submik e al duns sanik. Paul sagom „if pikob kö lineg man e Janelas e no labob ladäl binob äs läten tonik u äs bosinüf luglöfik.“ E kapälöbs kodü. Esenöbs lätenöf vödas nen müfal, dumöf, stadiöf neplänik, piküfa in kel ladäl no sibinom. Tatopom ömi kö busag.

Misses Katharine and Anna Taft entertained a party of college friends Saturday evening.

Mr. Will L. Smith, who has been for some time in Elmira, N. Y., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Smit' for a few days. He will soon return to Chicago. He is an engineer with George S. Morison. Mr. Smith is a "Tech" boy of '90 and of the High School '86.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.
I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department, and may be taken out if specially called for.

AINSCOUGH, J. A. London of the past; picture of the older city - 34664
Annals of botany, vols. 34 - 1
BELLESHEIM, A. History of the Catholic church of Scotland; tr. by D. O. H. Blair, 4 vols. - 34665-8
BENNETT, F. The marvelous budget; 65,536 stories about Jack and Jill - 1
BENTHAM, J. A fragment on government; ed. with introd. by F. C. Montague - 34669
BERR DE TURIQUE, J. Jacques et Jacqueline - 1
BIRDWOOD, SIR G. Report on the old records of the India Office - 1
BLACKMAR, F. W. Spanish institutions of the Southwest - 1
BOWES, J. L. Japanese Enamels; with illust. from the Bowes collection - 1
 Vindication of the decorated pottery of Japan - 1
BOYNE, W. Trade tokens in the 17th cent.; new and rev. ed. by G. C. Williamson, 2 vols. - 1
BRADY, W. M. Anglo-Roman papers - 34670
BREWER, E. C. The historic notebook; with app. of battles - 1
BURNE, O. T. Clyde and Strathairn, (Rulers of India) - 34671
CARSTAIRS, R. British work in India - 34672
CHAUCER, G. Prologue to the Canterbury tales; ed. by W. W. Skeat - 34673
DAWSON, A. Life of Henry Dawson, 1811-1878; with plates from his works - 1
FREMMAN, E. A. History of Sicily from the earliest times, vols. 1-2 - 34674
GOFORTH, W. D. AND MCACULEY, W. J. Old Colonial architectural details in and around Philadelphia - 1
GRISWOLD, W. M. Travel; narratives [indexes] 2 vols. - 1
HARDING, C. Viscount Hardinge (Rulers of India) - 34680
HARTMAN, F. Life and doctrines of Jacob Boehme - 34681
HAYTER, J. Thirty-six engravings of texts and alphabets from the Hercules fragments; from the original copper plates - 1
HOWELL, G. Trade unionism, new and old (Social quest. of today) - 34682
HUISE, M. B. Birket Foster; his life and work - 1
HUNTER, SIR W. W. The Earl of Mayo (Rulers of India) - 34683
JAY, JOHN. Correspondence, etc., 1782-93; ed. by H. P. Johnston, vol. 3 - 1
JEFFERIES, R. Bevis; the story of a boy - 34684
LIVY, D. The philosophy of right; tr. by W. Hastie, 2 vols. - 34682-3
MARTYR, A. Of the holy places visited, 560-570, tr. by A. Stewart - 1
MONRO, D. B. Grammar of the Homeric dialect, 2d. ed. - 1
MULLER, F. M. Rig-Veda-Samhita;

with the commentary of Sâyánakarya, vols. 1-2 - 1
PETIT, J. L. Architectural studies in France. New ed. rev. by E. Bell - 1
PICO, G. F. Giovanni Pico della Mirandola; his life, etc.; tr. by F. More; ed. by J. M. Rigg - 1
Picturesque Mediterranean, The; with illust., vol. 1 - 1
ROGERS, W. H. H. The strife of the Roses and the days of the Tudors - 1
RUSSELL, W. H. Visit to Chili and the nitrate fields of Tarapacá - 1
SARGANT, E. B. and WHISHAW, B. Guide book to books - 1
TRAQUIAIR, P. A. and BLACK, J. S. Dante; illustrations and notes - 1
TURNER, J. M. W. Selection from the Liber Studiorum of T. - 1
WILLARD, F. E. A classic town; story of Evanston; by "an old timer" - 1
Worcester Society of Antiquity, collections, vols. 8-9 - 1

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

Scientific American.

Experiments are being conducted in France looking to the conveyance of messages by bees, but as yet no practical results have been attained. Rain making comes in for its share of correspondence both pro and con. One issue describes the whole process of butchering hogs and the marketing of pork. Much information is given regarding sponge fishing in the Bahamas, and among the inventions described this month is a new typewriter, so arranged as to clasp onto a book, and thus be used to record deeds, etc. Munn & Co., New York.

The Ladies' Home Journal, Curtis' Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

This is the Christmas number and is filled with everything pertaining to the holidays. The stories are good, and the essays on almost every subject are equally so. The first story is by a daughter of Charles Dickens. There are portraits of Mrs. Amelia Barr, Princess Bismarck and Winnie Davis, the Beecher family in a group, and a sketch accompanies each picture. Many short papers fill the number with so much that is good that we recommend all to purchase as it is only ten cents and doubtless within the reach of all. \$1 per year.

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mary Mary Mapes Dodge, The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

"The Christmas Inn," an English story of olden times, goes with the frontispiece and is told by Ella F. Moseby. The first chapter of a continued story, "The Admiral's Caravan," is both amusing and interesting. Anything by J. T. Trowbridge is sure to be read with avidity by the young people and probably the older ones will read "The Corner of the Column." "The Long Hillside" is a Southern sketch of a hare hunt and has parts told in the peculiar dialect of the colored people. Several chapters of Tom Paulding finally leave Tom declaring that he is going to find the stolen money. Some of the strange corners of our country are described by Charles F. Lummis. A fairy story will tickle the

younger ones in the family and "Honors to the Flag" will please the patriotic ones. "Afternoon Tea" is a charming tale and the "Escape of a Whole Managerie" is funny. Taking the poems, the illustrations, the correspondence, and we have with all the rest something to suit every one and the price too is satisfactory for twenty-five cents buys it all.

Lippincott's Magazine.

The December number is distinctly a Southern number, all the contributions dealing with Southern topics and written by Southern authors. The frontispiece is a very clear picture of T. C. De Leon, the writer of the novel of the month. Miss Sara M. Handy writes of Negro Superstitions, of Voodoo doctors, their charms and incantations. Literature in the South since the War is almost as comprehensive as an encyclopaedia article, and in it we find the names of all Southern writers of any note. Col. John R. Fellows is quoted on the New Orleans lynching. During the course of this interesting interview, he passes some severe strictures upon the manner in which newspapers criticise the judiciary thus lessening public respect for the bench.

Poems are contributed by R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Wm H. Hayne, and Charles Washington Coleman. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia \$3.00 a year.

Herbert D. Ward, the young husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who is making such a good name for himself with his short stories, contributes a story to the New England Magazine for December. It is called "Only An Incident," and is finely illustrated by Jo. H. Hatfield, who is rapidly coming to the front as an illustrator.

Bookmaking in the South in the War Period.

The difficulties which beset a publisher during that period may be imagined from those attending the issue of Les Misérables, which West & Johnson brought out in 1864. In the first place, a copy could not be obtained within the Southern Confederacy; so a blockade-runner was commissioned to secure one. Then, all the scholars being in the army, or else engaged in nursing the wounded, or taking care of their children, the only translator that could be found was a vagrant captain, who cheerfully undertook the task, stipulating, however, that his first payment should be in advance and should be in gold. This installment, which was thirty dollars, and was equivalent to twelve hundred dollar of Confederate money, having been, after much trouble, secured and paid him, he bowed himself out, and as the publisher subsequently had reason to suppose, kept on until he was beyond the limits of the Confederacy. The publisher thereupon fell back on a reprint published in New York which he was so fortunate as to secure, and, eschewing further translation, set to work with a pencil and scissors, and, having a due regard to the scarcity of paper and to the impropriety of republishing over his name in the Confederate capital such sentiments as that stating John Brown to have been greater than Washington. Brought forth on greenish paper manufactured from raw cotton an expurgated copy which Victor Hugo would hardly have recognized, and which shortly became known by the name Lee's Misérables.—December Lippincott's.



The following is of interest to the Alumni Association of the College of the Holy Cross.
WORCESTER, MASS., December 1, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: The Annual Dinner of the Alumni Association of the College of the Holy Cross will be held at the Parker House, Boston, on the evening of January 14, 1892, at 8 o'clock. Reception at 7 30 o'clock.

The success of our Dinners in the past has been mainly due to the increased attendance of its members. It is the desire of the Board of Government that the January Dinner surpass all others in attendance and royal good fellowship.

Let your presence testify your interest in the Association and in your Alma Mater. Full details and programme of the Dinner will be mailed you in January.

Yours very truly,

RICHARD H. MOONEY,
Secretary.

Box 549.

Mrs. Morgan's School.

If there is a happier lot of little folks in Worcester than those who daily assemble in the Y. M. C. A. building, then they must be in almost a beatific condition. Radiant faces are those that cluster around Mrs. Morgan. There are many readers of LIGHT who will be glad to know that Miss Kilham, who on account of illness was compelled to go home, is improving and has hope of complete recovery.

The teacher who recently took the members of her school to visit the articles of historic interest in the upper halls of the old State House, set an example which it would be well for others of that profession to follow.—Boston Traveller.

Amherst.

Pratt Field was the scene, Saturday, the 21st, of the fiercest and most evenly contested game of foot-ball that has been played in Amherst this year. The championship of the League would fall to the winning team, and both Amherst and Williams strained every nerve to win the game. For two hours the game was closely contested and finally resulted in a draw 0—0, neither side having been at any time in any imminent danger of scoring. The results of the game were briefly these; a hold-over championship for Williams but no pennant, twenty-two dirty, muddy men, 900 exhausted "yellers" and \$375 of gate receipts in the manager's pocket. Only one man was injured.

About 300 men went from Amherst to the Springfield game and cheered for Yale.

President Gates recently announced gifts of the value of \$55,000, and the establishment of courses of lectures on Greek art and political economy. The Bolwood estate, bordering the college grounds on the north, has been presented to the college by an alumnus.

The School and the Flag.

So it makes a difference as to the donor of

a flag! It would seem so after the late meeting of the School Committee. The flag of our country is not a variable quantity. It matters not who gives it. The stars and the stripes there are not contingent on the society to which the donors belong. The young people who study beneath it will gain just as much good from their school, with the flag a gift from a society of mechanics of whatever nationality, as they would were it purchased by the city. Moreover, in accepting it, the city is not bound to any class, sect or nation. The anxiety of certain easy talkers in the committee was decidedly far fetched. The flag floats for all. Let all try to be equally worthy of its protection. It is pleasing to know that the flag was accepted and that the Order of United American Mechanics was not snubbed.

High School.

Once more there is to be a paper published in the interest of the school. After an interval of two years, the school committee has granted permission to publish the favorite paper, with the scholars, the Academe, but with the understanding that it shall not be sold in or about the school building. It seems to have a very efficient corps of editors and has started on strictly business methods. All that is now wanting is the generous patronage of the school, which it no doubt will receive.

The W. H. S. Foot Ball Team is the strongest that the school has ever known. Although having won but two out of eight games played, they have played interesting games. The players have shown just the right spirit throughout all the games which is a great credit to themselves, and the school. "If first you don't succeed try, try again" boys.

It seems a great pity and a loss of time for the school to be obliged to climb the long flights of stairs, once or twice a week, simply to be viewed by the principal and to hear a notice or two. The pupils have never made any disturbance over the matter, but they miss the good old days, when some fact of interest was brought before the school and given the pupils; something to think over and remember. Would that we might have some of those days repeated or some change from the present condition.

Many familiar faces are seen about the corridors during the recesses. Some of them are those who have graduated, others are those who have once been connected with the school but have been obliged to leave for various reasons. We hope this custom will continue, for both pupils and teachers are at liberty then and are always happy to see and meet former members of the school.

W. L. P.

Miss Lucia F. Upham, the latest appointed teacher in the High School, is a Worcester girl, resident on George Street, a daughter of the late Harvey G. Upham. She was valedictorian of her class, '87, W. H. S. and in Wellesley, whence she was graduated in '91, she took high rank in Latin and Greek, branches that she will teach in the school. It is noteworthy that Mr. Wallace Turner, already a teacher there was salutatorian of the same High School Class with Miss Upham.

Polytechnic.

Prof. George E. Gladwin is preparing a

book of sketches from his travels in the North, South and East, which will soon be published.

This afternoon and evening, the Camera Club gives its third annual exhibition in the Salisbury Laboratories, beginning at 3 p. m. It promises to be the best and largest ever arranged. The print exhibit, which is divided into fifteen separate classes including instantaneous, portraits, etc., is to be put upon the walls of Prof. Alden's recitation and reading room on the first floor. Several large panels of pictures by honorary members will also be entered. On the second floor in Prof. Kimball's lecture room, the lantern slide exhibit will be held, commencing at about 8 30 p. m. Nearly 150 lantern slides will be shown in this exhibit. The judges are Prof. A. S. Kimball, J. Chauncey Lyford and A. S. Roe. The private slides displayed will represent the Summer's work of the members, everyone of whom has entered some, so that a large and varied collection is assured.

One of the most important things, from a social point of view at least, which has taken place at the Institute for a number of years, is the proposed establishment of its first Greek Letter Fraternity. The society earliest in the field is the Phi Gamma Delta, a society which numbers forty-eight different chapters in as many different colleges, especially through the middle states, and which claims a membership of graduates and undergraduates of about twenty-eight thousand, including such men as President Harrison, James G. Blaine and Chauncey M. Depew. The fraternity is particular where and under what conditions it founds chapters, no less a college than Amherst having been several times refused a charter because of the large number of societies already established there, the last corner of course having but few students from which to choose. In fact it was largely through the influence of Archibald McCullagh Jr., of this city, a member of the society and a student at the University of Pennsylvania, that Worcester was successful.

The local chapter is to be known as the Pi Iota—Polytechnic Institute, and will have rooms and be in running order in a short time. There are twelve charter members, eight of whom were initiated last Saturday evening at the Institute of Technology chapter, Boston. The chapter was organized with the consent of the faculty and will hold its meetings Saturday evenings to avoid conflict with school work.

The foot-ball outlook for next season steadily grows brighter. Last Tuesday a letter was received by a student, from Ray Hernandez of Cornell, an ex-player on the 'Varsity eleven, saying he would come here next month and enter the mechanical course. In closing he writes; "Never mind foot-ball now, wait until next Fall and we will surprise some teams."

Lake's room-mate is authority for the statement that owing to Harvard's defeat, the famous half-back will not come back here next Fall as stated in some of the local dailies.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most available of all titles, the character of an honest man.—George Washington.—Moral Maxims.

At the Feast.

No happier group gathered around a fire-side than the fourteen who assembled at the home of E. D. McFarland, at 117 Thomas Street on Thanksgiving Day, but even here there were sad memories of the larger numbers who once responded. The King of Shadows is ever depleting our ranks. In addition to the home group were Mr. Edward Dean and family, Mr. Wm. A. Wheeler and family and Mrs. Adams and daughter of North Hadley. Mr. Wheeler read for the pleasure of all the following original poem:

Welcome, welcome festal day!
Gladly do we gather here,
The earth is clad in garments grey,
Time honored day, we there revere.

We meet around this festal board,
Where each heart beats fondly true
To partake thy cherished food,
Whilst hours and minutes flow.

The clouds may darken fairest sky,
Unbidden falls the tear;
We cannot fail to breathe a sigh,
For those who once were with us here.

We talk tonight of days of yore,
When each of us was young;
To test the fruits the old farm bore,
To sing the songs we sung.

With faces bright we meet tonight,
Those of us who are gathered here,
Around this board a welcome sight,
As met we were last year.

How vivid come th' se days long past,
When all were gathered there,
No sorrowing hearts a shadow cast
On sadly waning chair.

Fond memories cling to the old home
To father, mother dear,
Before we had commenced to roam,
Those who are still left here.

Thanksgiving pie our mother made,
How you and I did eat!
The turkey on the altar laid,
A sacrifice most sweet.

Our mother's table always groined
With the bounty round us spread,
How oft have we in fullness moaned,
When we were put to bed.

It often was my boyhood's lot,
To bring in the dryest wood,
To heat that old brick oven hot,
That in the kitchen stood.

How sadly looked the mother hen,
When, sent to rob her nest,
I searched each nook and hidden gen,
That I might find the nest.

Nuts and apples, and cedar too,
Before leetalsal came!
The straws we used to suck it through—
Wonder if 't would taste the same!

The children in a room alone,
Played blind man's bluff or hide and seek,
While tallow candle dimly shone,
And made the darkness more complete.

But the partings always come at last,
As ga hereed round to say "Good Bye,"
Each and all of us were there,
While tears of joy filled every eye.

Gathered in this home tonight
Those of us who still are left,
Have hearts as true yet not as light
For all have been bereft.

In the silent, dim beyond,
Land no mortal eye can see,
Knit to us with strongest bond,
Place, we call eternity.

Eternal joys we feel are theirs,
Joys no mortal eye hath seen.

Freed from all their earthly cares,
Where the fields are ever green.

Live they there, where none grow old,
Joyous will the meeting be,
To have those arms of love enfold
In that land beyond the sea.

Let each tonight his tribute bring,
And each the other cheer,
And fondly still may we all cling,
To what is left us here.

We sorrow at our broken ranks,
At our circle small this year,
And yet we offer heartfelt thanks,
For the number who are here,

And pledge ourselves, with voice and hand,
To meet again next year,
A small but happy little band
Those of us who are here.

Antiquity Blow Out.

Had the new building been filled with good old fashioned fire places only, there could have been no suspension of heat, such as afflicted the denizens of Salisbury Hall last Monday. But it was through no fault of the antiques themselves that the steam plug of the Royal Steam Heater blew out and caloric disappeared. The engineer was from the firm that put the apparatus in, and it was his overconfidence that led to the mischief. The trouble was soon remedied and the preservation of "Ye ancient" was again as usual.

Olaf Kræter.

A writer in the Greenfield Gazette says that Olaf was born in a Greenland village 1,000 miles north of Iceland. This place, Equieckna, is where the people have only one day and one night in the year and she was in her fifteenth year when she went with her parents to Iceland, where she received her education. Then she came to America and some Worcester folks have seen her. Though a full sized Esquimaux, she is no taller than our little folks of four years.

Merry Making.

At the home of Mrs. J. Edwin Smith, No. 10 Ashland Street, one week ago last night, the first of a series of four cotillions was given. Music was furnished, under the direction of John J. Heron, by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Decorations, simple though beautiful, abounded.

George A. Stearns, Jr., led the cotillion with Miss Clarissa Smith, daughter of the hostess. Several new fantastic forms characterized the favors.

Among those present were Miss Josephine Smith, Miss Mildred Crompton, Miss Christine Rice, Miss Fanny Clarke, Miss Mabel Gage, Miss Carrie Tiffany, Miss Dickey, Miss Helene Leighton, Rochester; Miss Eliza Knowlton, Upton; Miss Whitman, Miss Wymann, Miss Bessie Hopkins, Miss Margaret Earle, Miss Mary Eaton, Miss Alice Clarke, Miss Brewer, Miss Lou Throop, Miss George Stone, Miss Louie Nelson, Charles F. Aldrich, Harry W. Smith, George S. Taft, A. B. Wood, Ernest H. Wood, Harry W. Doe, D. Osborne Earle, John Nelson, E. Hopkins, Newton Darling, Dr. George Moore, Charles Grinnell, Charles Thayer, Dr. W. F. Gilman, Albert Bard of Providence; Charles Ranlet and E. A. Forrest of Hartford.

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.—Con-fucius—Analcus.

Why Don't the Schools Teach It?

"One day of the present week, meeting a business man of Boston, whose experience as a traveller in foreign lands has been very extended, as he has made eighteen steamship voyages, I asked him what was his impression of the movement we are considering on this occasion. Growing enthusiastic with almost the first words he uttered, the gentleman referred to said he had many times, when on the ocean, had cause for being ashamed of the American people, who were his fellow passengers, as when occasion required it, only about two thirds of them could sing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' simply because they never had been taught the words, and in many cases he stated, that natives of our own country had felt obliged to apologize for their ignorance with reference to this national song, the rendering of which has thrilled so many thousand of hearts. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is time we had more of these object lessons in patriotism furnished us, and I am heartily thankful for this method of emphasizing the need of more loyalty to our country.'—E.

Don't Eat so Much.

"Nearly everybody eats far more than is necessary," says a leading physician. "Among my patients those who eat the least get over their mull-grubs the quickest, while those who eat the heaviest are ill the oftensest. My experience shows that half the ailments of life are brought about by overeating or drinking. I myself take a light breakfast, perhaps eggs with toast, or fish with potatoes, or a bit of cold chicken, or something of the kind, and a cup of coffee. At noon I take milk, with a few crackers, or else some fruit. At six I have a hearty, but not heavy dinner, with soup, fish, meat, vegetables, bread, and a few glasses of light wine. I do not eat over a pound and a half of solid food a day, though I am more robust than most men, and am never troubled with any of the hundred complaints that are the result of overeating. I advise you to eat lightly, be careful of what you eat, and take your time in eating. This looks like commonplace advice, but my fee for it, without any pills, is ten dollars."

Attention, Ladies!

Oft-times we see the otherwise attractive and beautiful face of a lady marred by the unsightly and unnatural appearance of moles or superfluous hair. The time is not far distant when the removal of such obnoxious disfigurement was attended by considerable inconvenience and even danger to life itself. Electricity is the science by which Dr. B. F. Longstreet, A. M., Physician and Surgeon, safely and permanently removes moles and superfluous hair. Persons so afflicted will be well repaid by a careful perusal of the doctor's advertisement on another page, and paying him a visit at his main No. 17, in the Clarke Building, No. 492 Main Street, where every modern convenience known to medical science is at the disposal of the doctor's patients. Dr. Longstreet is well-known to the citizens of Worcester and surrounding towns as a physician and surgeon of learning and pronounced ability, his reputation being a sufficient guarantee of his accomplishing whatever he promises.

Books and Bookmen

The December number of the Educational Review completes the second volume of that journal, and is strong in scholarly and practical articles. President Seth Low of Columbia has a suggestive paper on James Russell Lowell as an educator; Principal W. C. Collar of the Roxbury (Mass.) Latin School, studies the action of the colleges on the schools of both institutions; Prof. Joseph Jastrow contributes an interesting psychological study of the processes of memory and association; while Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard, in a paper that will attract wide attention, discusses the subject of college athletics and heart disease.

Mr. Thomas Davidson traces fully the development of the so-called Seven Liberal Arts. Other articles are by Col. Francis W. Parker, Principal E. H. Russell of the Worcester (Mass.) Normal School, and Superintendent T. H. Balliet of Springfield, Mass.

The well-known English educator, Dr. J. G. Fitch, in his letter from London, tells of the educational topics that are interesting Great Britain. An article by Prof. S. A. Laurie of Edinburgh, touches upon the secondary school curriculum and the question of Greek in colleges and universities.

The editorial contributions are timely and among the noteworthy book reviews are those by Prof. J. G. Schurman of Cornell, Prof. T. H. Safford of Williams, and Henry S. Pan coast of Philadelphia.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will soon publish Business Law, prepared with much care by Alonzo P. Weed, a well-known attorney.

This is not only a useful text-book for business colleges and the business courses of schools and academies, but is no less desirable for the desk of the business man. It treats briefly but very clearly of just the topics about which an active business man is in every day need of information: such as contracts, negotiable paper, agency, partnership, the transportation of goods, deeds, mortgages, leases, collection laws, interest, patents, etc. Especial attention is given to differences in the different state laws relating to the same subject. Teachers will also find the questions and exercises contained in this volume a most important help in their work. These are not merely the usual questions on the text, which any intelligent teacher might frame for himself as well, if not better; but actual cases are stated, calling for a practical application of the principles learned by the student. The book is conveniently arranged for ready reference and will prove an excellent text-book for school use and an invaluable aid for business men.

Decisive Events in American History. The Battle of Gettysburg, 1863, by Samuel Adams Drake, Boston. Lee and Shepard, 1892, 50 cents.

Within less than 175 pages of a small 12 mo. the main facts of this great event in history are compressed. Of course, it cannot be

a well wrought study, but it is an admirable hand book that every Gettysburg pilgrim will do well to put in his pocket when he starts and to read well during the journey and to have in hand as he walks over the field. Very accurate diagrams make the relative positions of the rival forces during the three days perfectly clear. Add to these, the well known directness and forbearance of Mr. Drake as a writer and it may be concluded that this little volume is a positive addition to the War literature of the day. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The New World and the New Book, with kindred essays by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Boston. Lee & Shepard, 1892. \$1.50.

The essay which gives a name to this volume was read by the writer before the Nineteenth Century Club in New York City January 15, 1891. In it Col. Higginson sets forth the development of our literature from Irving's day to the present, paying passing tribute to many writers but finding most to admire in Howells. The other essays, twenty-seven in number, were, in the main, first printed in the Century, the Independent, the Christian Union and Harper's Bazar. They are, all, pertinent to the day and the hour and some will be recognized as old friends. Col. Higginson is a profound reader of human nature and, withal, a devoted American, so it will not be surprising to find that he gives his American readers abundant cause to think well of themselves. There is not a dull sentence in the entire volume and, in this Worcester, where the writer once lived, there should be many interested readers. Perhaps they will not retain their interest, twenty years hence, but today, there is nothing more entertaining to him who knows sought of literature and literary doings. As a writer of a brief essay, crowded full of fact, fancy and interest, Colonel Higginson has no American rival and only Andrew Lang in England can be mentioned with him. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

Poems by Emily Dickinson, edited by two of her friends, T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd, Second Series. Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1891. \$1.25.

No volume of verse, in many a day, has called forth the interest and admiration that the first series of Emily Dickinson's evoked. Edition after edition was exhausted and still the call came for more. To this second series there are prefixed a fac-simile of Renunciation, printed in the first volume, and a preface which to a limited extent acquaints us with the writer herself. A remarkable being she was, unquestionably, divinely touched by the spirit of song. There is nothing of the perfectly metered and rhymed verses that conform to the rule of poesy, nor is there any of the strange assemblages that have given to Walt Whitman his fame, but from "I'm nobody! Who are you!" to

"Lay this laurel on the one
Too intrinsic for renown.
Laurel! veil your deathless tree,—
Him you chasten, that is he!"

the reader feels that he is dealing with no ordinary poetaster. Condensation is one of the writer's merits. Like Poe she does not believe in the long poem. A stanza, a line, a word present vivid pictures. Like the humming-bird which she so vividly describes in the first series, she goes from thought to thought; just

a sip here and a dip there, the reader, all the time, admiring the implied thought, the scene just hinted at. An epic would weary her; perhaps it would be an impossibility, but in aptness of expression, she has had few equals. In "Compensation" she says:

"For each ecstatic instant,
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering raptures
To the ecstasy."

One is prompted to quote the whole book, for every thought is a gem but then there would be no temptation to buy and possess the volume, for all favorable book reviews should have a stimulating end in mind. Selection might be made at random with no danger of failure, so here is

The Railway Train.

"I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,

And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the side of roads;
And then a quarry pace

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hoating stanza;
Then chase it off down hill,

And neigh like Boomerangs;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop—docile and omnipotent—
At its own stable door."

The arrangement of the collection is under four heads, first Life, then Love, next Nature and finally Time and Eternity, and the progress from the first to the last is admirable. In all there are 166 selections, not much in quantity but more in quality than many a more ambitious array. She has imitated no one, has invaded no one's domain. She found a world, a small one, all her own, and how completely, perfectly has she occupied it!

Hildegarde's Holiday, a sequel to Queen Hildegarde, by Laura E. Richards. Illustrated, Boston, Estes and Lauriat, \$1.25.

A book for young people, in large type, with several expressive pictures. It is a healthful, helpful story of country life in midsummer. Rose is an invalid recovering; Hildegarde is her friend and helper. They visit cousin Welly in the rural districts and the breezy little book tells of their adventures "away down in Maine." Zerubbabel is Rose's brother and, boy like, he contributes no little to the interest of the outing. In short, it is a story of good people who do good deeds and have a very happy time in thus doing. Nothing harrowing nor blood curdling in it. It conveys a good lesson. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

Princess Girilkin or the Fairy Thimble by Ida Preston Nichols, and other fairy tales by Mary De Morgan, Illustrated, New York, E. F. Dutton & Co., 1892. \$2.00.

When did not childhood delight in Fairy Tales? From the Arabian Nights and Grimm's Tales to these and other later fancies, the youthful mind has revelled in a realm where nothing so prosy as facts has any place. Then too the pictures are so exquisite! They are in the engraver's choicest style and they catch not only the eyes of the children but those of their elders as well. In brightest red and gold, with the shiniest of gilt edges, the book is a delight to the eye and then when the

story begins and kings and queens, with limitless wealth and all that heart can ask or wish for appear, happiness sits enthroned on the youthful brow. "Once on a Time" is near enough for dates and mountains and valleys come and go by the wizard's touch. Princess Girilkin is such a beauty and the Old Man on the North Pole is so queer! The owner of this book will read it over and over. The stories will not grow old. The diamond "On a Pin Cushion" will be refugent always, Siegfried and Handa will continue to outwit the terrible old man. Glorious, happy childhood! Void of care, with life in the future, what pleasure it may take in the scenes woven in fancy! And blessed is he who in any way ministers to the delights of the young. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

Fairy Lure. Translated from the German by Carrie Norris Horwitz. 12 mo. \$1.50. Boston, D. Lothrop Co.

Miss Horwitz showed herself a born "adapter" in the collection of fairy tales translated and compiled by her two years ago under the title of "Swanhide." Her new volume to which she has given the attractive title "Fairy Lure" is fully as entertaining and fully as scholarly an example of adaptation as was her earlier volume. "Fairy Lure" is compiled from German and Swedish originals and has all the mystery and all the fascination that the wonder tales and fairy stories of those matchless story-tellers of Northern lands. In the Arabic and European settings to these tales of marvel, beautiful princesses, noble knights, tyrannical kings, cruel step-mothers, fairies, dragons, witches, elves and all the fanciful and impalpable delights of fairy love find life and action, and no child but will devour with eager eyes and absorbing interest the whole book from cover to cover. This book itself is a marvel of dainty and beautiful workmanship. Issued as an unformed volume to "Swanhide," it is of exceptional appearance alike in paper, type and binding, while the characteristic outline illustrations, made to fit the text by L. J. Bridgman, one of our best pen-illustrators, are printed in sepia and add interest, picturesqueness and beauty to this altogether charming volume. "Fairy Lure" will easily lead among the gem holiday gifts for children of all ages.

"Fen Pictures of the Bosphorus" is the curiosity provoking title of an article by Alfred D. F. Hamlin of the New York School of Mines, contributed to the December New England Magazine. It is a clever and interesting account of an impressionist's views of this charming corner of the East, and is finely illustrated with drawings by the author, and other pencil and pen and ink artists.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, is to go into the editorial harness again. With January 1st, he will become a salaried editor on the staff of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and will conduct a regular department in each issue of that periodical.

Our Little Men and Women, for youngest readers at home and in school. Bright short stories, natural history papers, "pieces to speak," jingles and beautiful pictures, will appear in every number, besides the following serials: "A Boy and a Girl," by Elizabeth

Cummings. "The Doings of the Studio Dolls" by E. S. Tucker, pretty, funny, quaint. These dolls live in a "painter-lady's studio. The fun will set little men and women laughing everywhere. "Joker and His Relations," by Mary C. Crowley—the tale of a monkey, the adventures he had, and the relations he met. "All About Things," by Annie L. Hannah—what you want to know about "Raisins" "Paper," etc.

"Talks by Queer Folks," by Mary E. Bamford—animals' accounts of themselves from their own point of view. \$1. a year. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

Lowell Met His Match.

As a young man Lowell visited the White Mountains, and he used to relate this anecdote as one of his experiences there: "I was walking through the Franconia Notch and stopped to chat with a hermit who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a saw mill. I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountains. 'Dun no—never see it.' Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the juvenalian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little while he asked: 'Come from Bawsn?' 'Yes' (with peculiar pride). 'Goodie to see in the vicinity of Bawsn.' 'Oh, yes!' I said. 'I should like, 'awl. I should lik' to stan' on Bunker-Hill. You've been there often likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly seeing 'the little end of the horn' in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Awl, my young frien' you've larned now that wut a man kin see any day for nothin,' children half price, he never does see. 'Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally.'—New England Magazine.

Give Before You Die.

"Mr. T. O. H. Perry Burnham, the well-known bookseller, who died last week, left an estate valued at about \$1,000,000. Among the public bequests are \$40,000 to his native town of Essex, \$20,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and sums varying from \$500 to \$10,000 to various well known charitable and other institutions in and around Boston, these bequests aggregating nearly \$500,000. Tufts College receives \$10,000 and the Massachusetts Agricultural College \$500, Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind \$5000, Massachusetts Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts \$2000, Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble Minded Children \$5000, Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys \$5000, Washington Home, Boston, \$5000."

If the active, vigilant, thin-voiced gentleman, so long known in the Boston book world had disposed of his possessions before his death, his relatives, now, would not dispute and contest his will. Anyone, who ever asked Mr. Burnham for a book among his thousands and recalls with what readiness he answered as to having or not having it, and, if it were in his lot, with what alacrity he found its deservable volume, will scout the idea of his not being in a proper condition to make a proper disposition of his estate. He was a clear headed old man, one who liked his own notions and clung to them. For years he per-

sisted in maintaining his store at the corner of School and Fremont Streets, though the Parker House proprietors were willing to pay a fabulous sum for the site, because he was unwilling that rum should be sold over land once held by him. More Burnhams in the world would be no detriment.

New England Magazine, for December 1891. Contents: "Canadian Journalists and Journalism," Walter Blackburn Harte; "Randolph of Roanoke," Albert G. Evans; "Phyllis," Henry Cleveland Wood; "Ironswild and Bowdoin College," Charles Lewis Slatery; "Parnell," T. H. Farnham; "The Order of Sanctity," Ellen Marvin Heaton; "Winter," Julia M. Lippmann; "Black and White," Lillie B. Chace Wyman; "Mozart and Mendelssohn," Zitella Coker; "Fen Pictures of the Bosphorus," Alfred D. Hamlin; "Only an Incident," Herbert D. Ward; "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," Winfield S. Nevins; "Gwenlyn," Ernest Rhys; "The Trapping of the Widow Rose," Francis Dana; "The New South—Fort Worth," Marion P. Guild; "Fortune Telling," F. M. Clarke; "Editor's Table," Omnibus.

* Illustrated.

The Atlantic Monthly for December, 1891. Contents: The Chaperon, in two parts, Part Second, Henry James; Joseph Severn and his Correspondents, William Sharp; London and Oxford: Three Sonnets; A Torch Bearer, Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; The Unreported Incident, Harriet Lewis Bradley; The Transition in New England Theology, Alexander V. G. Allen; The Most Ancient Shrine in Japan, Lafcadio Hearn; The Frauds of Westphalia, The Repplier; The Modern Art of Painting in France, Charles H. Moore; Shakespeare's Richard III, James Russell Lowell; American Characters in German Novels, Lida von Krockow; Recent Dante Literature; Recent Poetry; Mr. James's American on the London Stage; Comment on New Books; The Contributors' Club.

The December Atlantic comes, in form considerably more portly than usual, indicating that advertisers wish to get their wares before the Atlantic readers in time for the Christmas trade. The magazine proper is full of matter calculated to please a wide range. A novel by Henry James has its admirers. An essay by William Sharp is attractive. "The Transition in New England Theology" ought to have a wide reading here in Massachusetts. "The Praises of War" is a well selected compilation. We are favored with another unpublished essay by James Russell Lowell. "American Studies in German Novels" is a very painstaking study, while editorial comments are as valuable as ever. The Atlantic has its own peculiar field and fills it well.

The New England Magazine for December makes its appearance in a delicate white cover, with gilt lettering. It is particularly well illustrated, and all the articles are interesting, without being slavishly Christmasy. The stories are better than those in some of the bigger magazines, which run to names and names only; and one by Herbert D. Ward, called "Only an Incident," is as true and pathetic as anything by Gogol or Tolstoy. It is an analysis of emotions under the influence of peculiar circumstances. A number of new artists are finding a channel for their talent in this progressive magazine, and they are making it the equal of any magazine on the newstands in this respect.

A Glimpse of the "Mill" in 1812.

AMOS A. PARKER, CLASS OF 1813.

[A reminiscence of Vermont University at Burlington by the oldest living college graduate.]

The customary out-door exercises of the students in 1812, as I remember them, were playing ball and walking. Our ball yard was at the south end of the college building, and consisted of both cricket and base ball grounds. We practiced so much that some of us became adepts at the game. I was quick of hand and foot and generally stood behind the batter. I acquired such skill that I could catch the ball before the bat could strike it, if I chose, and the batter acted unfairly. Sometimes half a dozen of us would take a boat and visit Juniper Island, spending an hour or more in strolling over it and enjoying the lake breeze. When pleasant weather, our favorite walks were to Winoski Falls and the high bridge beyond, and then down the lane, by the Goff place, to the banks of the river. In many of the rarest sports of the students, however, I had no part, for, aside from other considerations, I had determined not to enter into any fun that savored too strongly of mischief. I remember well the following:

A farmer, who lived distant half a mile or more, on the Williston road, was in the habit of turning his flock of sheep into the highway, although he knew they would stray off to the College Green, where grew the best grass. At mid-day, when the sun was hot, they would come into the shade of the college, bringing flies, and annoying by their bleating. The attention of the students was soon called to the matter, and they decided to see what could be done to induce the farmer to keep his sheep at home.

My room was in the third story, near the center of the building, facing the College Green, the village and the lake. A more delightful prospect could not be imagined than my front windows afforded, for I could see not only down the middle street to the lake shore, but the steamboats and other vessels on the water, and the long ridge of mountains beyond in the state of New York.

One morning I was awakened by a terrific racket. On looking out I saw in the middle of the green a flock of sheep, perhaps twenty in number, all tied together by the neck in a circle, heads facing inward, and in a terrible commotion. All were anxious to go somewhere, but could not, except by common consent, and that was not to be obtained because the larger portion must move backward. Each thought some other at fault for his confinement, and all were decidedly mad, hopping, pulling, butting, bleating, and making altogether so great a hubbub as to be heard a mile away, even down to the lake shore. Soon the people of the village began to assemble, and in a short time, more than a thousand men, women and children had gathered to witness the ludicrous antics of the affrighted sheep. At this stage of the proceedings the owner appeared. He seemed at first a little disconcerted, but, soon regaining his composure, he quietly entered the frantic, struggling mass of mutton, and, releasing the sheep one

by one, sent them bounding off homeward at full speed. When he had untied the last one, he coolly coiled up the rope, and, turning to the college, where the students were gathered enjoying the scene, with a loud voice and a tone of mock solemnity, said: "I wish to thank you, students, in behalf of this vast multitude, for the fine show which you have so successfully arranged for their amusement, and on my own behalf for this good rope which will doubtless prove useful on the farm." With a low bow he thereupon followed his sheep home.

The students, not a little chagrined at having the joke thus completely turned, determined on something more effectual, in case they were again troubled.

They had not long to wait, for a few days later, as we were returning from dinner, behold the sheep, again huddled together in the shade of the college walls. In a trice, one of them was seized, hurried into the building, up stairs and on to the bell deck. So frightened was the poor animal that it immediately set up a loud bleating, which undoubtedly attracted the attention of the owner, whose house was in sight from the top of the building, for he soon appeared before the college in his wagon. Just previous to his arrival, however, the bell was rung, and the sheep, in terror, leaped over the railing. How to recover the animal was now the question, for the bell deck was fully eight feet above the surrounding roof. At length, the owner hired two of the students to remove their shoes and venture out after him. But Sir Sheep was not to be caught; his pointed hoofs stuck into the shingles, securing him a firm footing, and he was much more at home than his would-be captors. In vain they chased him around the bell deck, not daring to lay hold of him on the run, lest they should be pulled off the roof. At length, tired out, they sat down to rest; the sheep, also weary, retired to the north end and lay down near one of the chimneys. It was at once seen that, if approached with caution, it could be caught. The students accordingly, worked their way carefully along the ridge of the chimney, while, holding each other by the hands, they slowly swung around. Just as their prize was within their grasp, however, it suddenly arose, and, rather than submit to capture, took the fatal leap. The distance to the ground was more than forty feet, and the animal's neck was probably broken by the fall, for it showed no sign of life. The students came down, thinking they had well earned their money. The farmer relieved his sheep of blood, lifted it into his wagon, and, exclaiming, "Much obliged; just the one I was going to kill," swung his hat and departed home, whither his sheep had preceded him; but not to stay, for, in a few days, they again appeared on the green.

Mr. Farmer was evidently one of the "try, try again" kind, and must be met with a like tenacity of purpose. A college meeting was therefore hurriedly called, at which it was decided that the most effectual way to dispose of the obnoxious sheep was to bury them. The next dark night this plan was carried into effect in the following manner. Two trenches were dug, about three feet deep and of a length sufficient to accommodate the flock. In these the sheep were placed at equal intervals,

standing up, and securely packed in with dry earth and sods, leaving their heads alone above the surface. The morning light dawned upon a double row of sheep's heads, sticking out of the ground, and immovable as stone lambs in a cemetery. The unhappy animals were giving vent to their discomfort in the most piteous bleatings, and again a crowd was attracted. With them came the owner, who, at the sight, lost his usual self-possession and, in a rage, ordered the students to dig them out or he would prosecute them. They replied that it was unlawful to rob a graveyard and they couldn't entertain the idea. He thereupon appealed to the president, who said there was no proof that the students were involved in the matter, and if they were, the law was open to him. But one thing was clear; it was unlawful to let animals run in the road, and he himself was liable to prosecution therefor. Finding it impossible to get any help, he at last concluded to dig them out himself. It was a laborious task, and one that took him a number of hours to accomplish. None of the sheep seemed injured at all, for, each, as soon as it was lifted from the trench, giving its wool a shake to dislodge the dirt, hastily left for home, a sadder and a wiser sheep; and the places that had known them so oft knew them no more forever.

But our friend was not yet satisfied. Evidently the feed on the campus was rather rich for sheep, but possibly horses might thrive on it; at least, he seemed disposed to try it, for next day three of them were there quietly feeding, and, at sundown, with satisfied appetites, had repaired, for sleep or meditation, to an angle of the college walls, where they evidently proposed to stay all night. There was no moon, and it soon became quite dark. About eight o'clock, as I was sitting in my room, there was a sudden flash of light outside, and rushing to the window, I saw a horse, frantically jumping and kicking, with a lighted bundle of straw tied to his tail. After numberless vain endeavors to rid himself of his burden, which was tossed high in the air, only to return crackling against his heels, the terrified animal dashed at full speed down Middle Street toward the lake, followed by a streaming wake of flame. About half way down the street he leaped into a gully and broke his neck.

The next morning, our farmer came up to look for his lost horse, and ascertaining the facts, went down to the ravine, skinned the animal, buried its carcass and returned home, saying as he left, that the students had the best of him and he gave up the contest.

The period of my stay in Burlington was an exciting one and many things of great interest occurred in which the students were not directly concerned. Such was the barbecue and mass meeting on the College Green, July 4, 1811. Near the middle of the green a tent was erected large enough to accommodate over five hundred people. About the sides of the tent, tables were set leaving an open space in the center, into which, at one o'clock, the dinner hour, a large ox was brought, previously stuffed and roasted in a pit outside. On each side, two carvers exhibited their skill and supplied the wants of the multitude. Eight or ten pounds were sent to the president of the college, and the remnants given to the poor.

SUPERFLUOUS * HAIR * AND * MOLES * PERMANENTLY * REMOVED

ELECTRIC * NEEDLE.

NO PAIN, NO SCARRING, OR OTHER INJURY, AND NO RETURN OF THE HAIR OR MOLES AFTER REMOVAL.

It is the triumph of science. Electricity is the scientific king of the day, the synonym of progress, and the solution of the wildest dreams of thinking men.

The ancient Greek philosopher declared that there was "one universal force in matter." Modern scholars know that force to be all-pervading Electricity.

What will this prince of progress not accomplish for mankind?

For the woman whose feminine beauty is marred, and whose features are rendered masculine by a growth of hair or disfigured by moles upon her face, much to the mortification of her friends, and her own personal shame, it has brought release from the bane and curse of her life.

Thanks to Electricity, there need be no more sensitive dreading or public gaze, no more keen sorrowing in secret because she is not as other women, no more bitter shrinking from the pleasures of society, no more hateful using of the razor or tweezers.

I take this means of respectfully inviting the attention of ladies thus afflicted, and their friends, to the fact that I have opened quarters at room 17, Clark building, 492 Main St., Worcester, near the Boston Store, where I am prepared with every modern convenience and comfort to do work in this line, assisted by experienced lady operators, on the most reasonable terms possible.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION offered below.

Do not fail to call upon me. A visit to my rooms will cost you nothing, and may prove a life-long blessing.

The success of this method of removing superfluous hair and moles permanently from any part of the body is so universally acknowledged by men of science, that it is only necessary for you to consult your family physician, if he is a well-read man, and up to the times in his profession, and he will unhesitatingly tell you not only that it is beyond all question a success, but also that it is positively the only method known for surely and permanently destroying these obnoxious growths.

But, better still, your own intelligence will tell you that all argument on the subject must close when I say that if you are at all doubtful, you will not be required to place a single dollar in my hands until the work is completed, and a sufficient length of time has elapsed to satisfactorily settle the question of permanency. In other words, it will not be necessary for you to pay for the work until you are perfectly satisfied with it.

The method will be carefully, fully and convincingly explained to all who will call at my office.

I have scores of testimonials, but as I never

give publicity to the names of my patrons, I do not publish these testimonials here, but have adopted the better plan of placing those who are interested in direct correspondence with those for whom I have done such work, many of whom are easily accessible, personally, to people living in Worcester and vicinity.

I am just completing work for one of my patrons, from whose face and neck I will have removed, when the work is finished, no less than six teen thousand hairs. This lady is so grateful for the results accomplished in the permanent removal of this enormous growth of hair, which for years has been the bane of her life, that she has voluntarily consented to see and talk with any one interested, and afflicted as she has been. I have photographs of this lady, showing her as she was, and you can see her as she is. Notwithstanding the immense amount of work accomplished, not a scar can be seen upon her face, which presents precisely the natural appearance of one upon whose face no hair had ever grown. What has been accomplished for her and others, may surely be accomplished for you.

For ladies living out of town, pains will be taken to secure suitable board and lodging, at reasonable rates, when required unrequested. All correspondence carefully and promptly attended to.

The utmost privacy strictly maintained.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily.

DR. B. F. LONGSTREET, A. M., Physician and Surgeon,
CLARK BUILDING, 492 MAIN ST., ROOM 17. TAKE ELEVATOR.

Some three hours were spent at table, during which time many eloquent and timely speeches were delivered. But party spirit knew no bounds, and, though the patriotic party had a decided majority, the minority did not hesitate to express themselves. One citizen who called the officers of the general government scoundrels, and all who supported them knaves and fools, was obliged to take himself speedily out of the way, to avoid being mobbed; and the meeting shortly after broke up amid great excitement and disorder.

Next morning, in the most conspicuous place on the green, behold a well-proportioned straw image, about ten feet high, tied to a stake still higher. Upon back and breast, in letters a foot high, was the name of the obnoxious citizen. There it stood all day, attracting the gaze of an admiring multitude. At night, it was set on fire, and after burning for about an hour, with a glare which lighted up the whole village, fell amid the shouts of the assembled crowd. This political excitement was but a prelude to the war of 1812.

In the college, also, party spirit ran high, and the students were more or less disorderly. I was invited to join a secret society called the Phi Sigma Nu. At the first meeting I attended I found them in a hot political debate over an objectionable book in the library. One of the students volunteered to remove the book and came near being expelled. Finding I had gotten into a hornets' nest, I soon severed my connection with the society.

Permit me to close this already somewhat lengthy sketch with a little advice to the Seniors on the matter of Commencement dress.

Do not deem it necessary to be a Beau Brummel, or a nineteenth century dude, but remember, nevertheless, as you hope to win appreciation for your oratorical efforts, that the beauty of a gem depends greatly upon its setting; and nothing, perhaps, can, on such an occasion, better supplement a slight intellectual dormancy—on the part of the audience—than a tasty, well-appointed dress, like the following, for example, which stood the writer in good stead seventy-seven years ago:

Ruffled shirt, ruffled wristers, standing collar, white cravat, white vest, black coat, small clothes tied with ribbons at the knee, black silk stockings, and slippers with silver buckles. To this add white silk gloves and stylish, slightly powdered hair.

Got His Lobster Back.

There came near being a riot on a Fulton ferryboat the other day, and for a while it looked as if Secretary Blaine would have to be called upon to settle another international difficulty says the New York Recorder.

A woman attached to a little dog leaved upon a seat in the ladies' cabin and the dog crawled under the seat and went into executive session.

A Frenchman attached to a basket entered, took a seat beside the woman, shoved his basket under the seat and began to envelop the contents of his newspaper.

Suddenly the woman began to wriggle. She toyed with her skirts.

"Don't be rude, Fido!" she whispered, as she gave the dog chain a little jerk.

Then the woman turned as pale as a plate of

vanilla ice cream. She gave the chain a hard jerk, and said screechingly:

"Lie down, Fido! Behave yourself sir!" All the passengers sniggered and the woman gasped. Then she jumped up, with a shriek and began to spank her skirts and jump about as if somebody was pulling the string. Then she spanked harder, shrieked louder and danced more vehemently. As she swung around and balanced to corners the dog resembled a rag pin-wheel. As she saw the dog, she realized the fact that Fido wasn't the cause of the festivities, and she turned two shades paler, spanked more emphatically, danced dancier, shrieked shrieker.

Then the citizen became interested. An idea appeared to strike him. He reached under the seat and introduced his basket. He lifted the cover. Then he looked well informed.

"Madame," said he, without moving an eyelash, "when you are through with my lobster will you kindly return it to me?"

There was a last, wild, wicrd shriek, a final jump, and the woman collapsed. Then the citizen chased the lobster under the seat, captured it and placed it in his basket. The woman and Fido gasped out of the cabin, and the irreverent crowd roared.

To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar.—Samuel Johnson—Kasselas.

Do not train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be better able to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.—Plato.

Bob Jones Enlightens His Audience.

"Talk of campaigning!" said Jones, finishing a long speech, "I'm the chap that can tell you a tripe about campaigning. I've been in Rooshia, Prooshia, France, Spain, and Portulayga. Portulayga is just twenty-four thousand miles from here. The books about it are all false; before my time the distance was not known, but our captains have made it out with gold wire, every tether length of it, so they did." Here the tavern-keeper, who was crossing the room, muttered a well dissembled panegyric on Jones' geographical intelligence, which set him on again.

"It's just fifty-two thousand miles," continued Jones, half shutting one eye and reckoning on his fingers, "from the quay in Chatham to the quay in Bombay; ten thousand miles from that to Bengal; fifteen thousand miles from that to Madras; and nine thousand or ten thousand miles—I forget which, for fear of telling a lie—from that to Noah's Ark, which stands on the mountains of Arrow Root, and beyond that point no man ever sailed but Columbus." * * * "My last escape," said Jones, as Paul entered, "was in the battle of—of—no matter about the names of places. Well, wherever it was, we lost only a half a million in the whole fight, but the enemy lost ten times as many! they lost fifty-four thousand."

"I suppose," said Paul "it was that battle that made an old man of you so soon."

"Nay, nay," answered Jones, "what broke my constitution first was that fall I got off a battery forty feet high in Bombay; but what smashed me to atoms altogether was the 4,000 miles that I marched across St. Helena, escorting Bonaparte to Gaul."

"And didn't you walk into the Sikhs?" asked another.

"That was only a scrimmage," said Jones. "Certainly, they thought to put an end to me out in a field by myself; but, dear me, such a death as I made among them! I killed twenty-one, or perhaps it was thirty-one, with my fixed bayonet, and next morning I wrote to the Governor and got six of them executed. Positive fact, I did."

"In what reign did this occur?" demanded a third.

"William the Fifth," replied Jones. "Some call him William the Fourth, but that's all rot. You see nothing can be simpler. We had George the Third, then we had George the Fourth, then we had our brave old William the Fifth; he defeated the French one time at the great river Blenheim, and then he was called 'William the Conqueror.'" * * * "That Sewell is a bad fellow," said Jones to a crowded canteen one evening about this time. "In my young days, I should have had great annoyance from a fellow just like him, who was called 'William the Conqueror.'" * * * "The Colonel was my chum."

"Who was your Colonel," asked a bystander.

"Colonel Harold," said Jones, "a son to Lord Byron, who called him 'Child Harold,' there is a book to that effect."

"You mean Lord Byron, the poet?" asked the other.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Jones, "Byron was no poet. I knew him too; he was a nice fellow, was Bobby, my namesake. Once we drank with an innkeeper, named Chesterfield, and he laid a bet with me, but he caught a Tartar in me, that he did."

"Jones," said another friend, "Who laid this bet?"

"Why Haddersfield," answered Jones, "how often must I tell you."

"Begin again, Jones, and I'll understand you; do please, tell me the innkeeper's name that laid the bet."

"Austerfield! Austerfield! I keep telling you," said Jones. "Perhaps the name did slip my memory; but as I was saying, Pattersfield found me no fool."

"Knock off, Jones," said a wisecrack present, "I see what your memory is made of. Burns was the best poet in the world, I suppose, at all events."

"None but a fool would say so," said Jones. "Burns was very good, but nothing to Anon at poetry."

"Anon?" said several voices at once.

"Never heard of the gentleman." "Blockheads!" said Jones. "Did you never hear of Anon, the poetry maker! I why he puts his name to lots of pieces."

S. CRUIKSHANK.

For Thanksgiving.

"There's Zephaniah and Hezekiah
And all the children living
Then Ann Maria and Jane Sophia
A coming to our 'Thanksgiving.'"

Wm. A. Howland, baritone of the Church of the Intercession, New York city was at the home of his father, Dr. A. A. Howland.

Alcott W. Stockwell of Boston, with his parents.

Charles E. Hildreth and Lewis T. Reed from Amherst, at their respective homes.

Ernest H. Wood at the home of his father, Cyrus G. Wood.

George H. Nutt, a Polytechnic graduate and now a teacher of manual training, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nutt.

Charles E. Burbank, of Amherst made home glad, on Prospect Street by his presence.

Miss Ruth M. Pettit of Boston University, came home for the festival day, to 155 Chandler Street.

Louis E. Booth, employed by Washburn & Moen, at Waukegan, Ill., reached home in time for Thanksgiving dinner.

Luther M. Lovell, and family dined, Thanksgiving Day in Millbury.

Mr. Alfred S. Roe and family helped make up a party of twenty-five at the home of Alvah Metcalf, Mrs. Roe's father, in Ashland.

Nearly or quite all the College boys and girls were home for the remainder of the week, while "Tech" boys from out of town made haste to leave us.

Alice E. Denny of West Street came home from Wellesley College.

The Skeptic's Vision.

I have lost my child, and I know not where,
The dust has returned to the dust,
But who shall tell how the spirit may fare,
Except as he blindly may trust?
And how may I know, if the spirit be gone,
Whether dissolved, it be known no more?
Or, caught in the arms of the Bethlehem born?
Or led by its loves to the other shore?
A thousand creeds and a thousand ways,
And each in his bold assurance saith,
The hope alone of eternal day,
Is to follow our narrow way in faith.

On the ocean of life at a whifwain's command,
A sea half crossed, and a voyage half done,
My chart marks a haven on either hand,
But my pilot assures me there is but one.
And on every side for a sea, coast light
A sparkle fits like a thing of chance,
Gleams out and fades on the gloom of the night,
Or reels in an ignis fatuus dance,
And on either bow, with an earnest look,
And a finger that stretches to cloud and sea,
And to that rests in an open bay,
By his own good course each warns me flee.

And withered hands are stretched from the clouds,
As ever my vessel is harried and tost;
The foam of the sea takes the semblance of shrouds,
And forever the winds whisper, 'Lost! lost! lost!
No longer assured be the breezes I swing.
Wherever I look it conducts me to Hell.
In vain to this wreck of thine I cling,
And summon my reason to master the spell,
For I hear as I plunge in the trackless abyss,
And rouse my spirit to grapple the theme,
The wrangling tongues of a myriad hiss,
And the search dissolves in a frightful dream.

I whirl in the maelstrom of dogma and creed,
And caught in the mazes can see but one goal,
And who shall deliver me? who in my need
Shall rescue from death and oblivion the soul?
But lo! as I ponder I see a face—
Lighter than gossamer, thinner than air;
They who look see nothing but spirit;
But to me the form of my child is there.

Over the waters I hear a sigh,
Softer than murmur, fainter than breath,
They hear it not who are standing by;
But to me it whispers, "This is not dead!"

Have ye not felt in the hours of night,
As ye walked apart from the haunts of men,
The breath of that wing which in kindly flight
Assured ye a loved one was living again?
Have ye not known in this battle of life,
The presence of her who has gone before,
'Till it soothed to quiet this world of strife,
And brought ye the calm that ye loved of yore?
Hath not the voice of a brother said,
In tender speech than in life ye knew;
In tones that were not the voice of the dead,
'I'm waiting! I'm waiting, my loved ones of yore?"

The beast may perish, and if man might fall,
And spite of promise the soul might die,
Yet have I heard the loved ones call,

And have seen their shades as they flitted by,
And know that they live, for we wait for we;
And I know that they harbour not with ill;
What matter, what creeds or dogmas show?
We judge by the acts of the Maker's will.
Doth Nature tire in her ceaseless round?
Do the seasons forget to come?
Does the water refuse to nourish the ground
E'er it rolls to its ocean home?

And shall the Maker and soul of all,
The keeper, since time began,
The eye that hath marked the sparrow's fall
Be blind to the fall of man?
The eye hath seen and the ear hath heard,
And every sense doth in truth attest,
That the heart of the human hath not erred
As it fixed its faith in a living rest.

No longer I dream that they are afar;
Of the ghostly robes and that city of gold,
For I see of myself that the gates are ajar,
And the weird hereafter's a tale that is told.

My babe is asleep in the Campac's shade,
Mid song of birds and odor of flowers;
On a pillow of light my cherub is laid,
For an endless circle of golden hours.

—Thomas C. Rice.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

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Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

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Superfluous Hair and Moles Removed by the Electric Needle Process. No pain, no shock, no scarring nor any injury whatever. Permanency of removal guaranteed.

The Orthod-ox Team.

BY FRED EMMERSON BROOKS.

Hull on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!
For the road's rather narrow and I've got it all!
Whoa, back, how there, old Baptist! Whoa, Metho-
dist, whoa!

These are oxen that need all the road, you know.
Yes, I drive: without swearin', though strange it may
seem,
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed.
He's more noted for style than he is for his speed.
Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,
But he never was known sirt, to sweat at his work.
He's a good, pi us ox, never losin' his way,
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shell to the
bone;
Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!
Shake's his head when it's raining and closes his eyes;
He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from the
skies!
Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the
team!
He'll go nowhere, I sware, but down into the stream!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Cong egational, haw!
They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to
draw!
They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk
Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!
But you see a slight difference when it is shown
One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, eldest of all;
Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall.
He went into the ark at the time of the flood,
And when Pharaoh starved he was sewin' his cud!
There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory, no doubt,
But for goring the Master they're scattered about!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to 'biz'!
He's the Catholic ox: what a monster he is!
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps growin' old!
And he never lets go where he once gets a hold!
He's a strong one, you bet, 'tho' I never yet spoke
But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the old Methodist, one of the best on the road!
You'd suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load!
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;
But the worst of it, he keeps changin' about!
He was bough't on probation and works like a top;
But I've had him three years, and suppose I must
swap!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That suave Universalist man admire
Think's the devil's a myth with his great prairie fire!
There's an Adventist claimin' to have second sight;
If he keeps on a guessin' he'll guess the thing right!
And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers are such
If they do break the Sabbath they don't break it much!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir; I bought one by chance;
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance!
Nothin' practical, sir, in a medium ox
When you have to keep proddin' with rappin's and
knocks!
But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along
With my Orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts!
You will not lose the way if you follow the rut.
I am sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out,
But this is the regular lumberman's route!
On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme,
All the world of must turn out for my Orthod-ox team!"
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

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The true grandeur of nations is in those
qualities which constitute the true greatness
of the individual.—Charles Sumner.

They Differ

In make up. Most baking powders contain ammonia or alum. Cleveland's does not; not a particle.

In strength: A rounded spoonful of Cleveland's does better work than a heaping spoonful of any other.

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The best of Teas and Coffees found only at
HOWE'S TEA STORE,

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We have just received a large invoice of fine, new crop teas, very fragrant, and of fine drinking qualities, which we are selling for 60 cents a pound. Try it.

Our fresh roasted and ground coffees speak for themselves, at prices from 26 to 40 cents a pound. If you can be suited, we can do it. Give us a call.

N. W. * ENGLAND * TEA * COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail.

Good to Eat.

A ham should be put on to boil in cold water and boil, after the water comes to boiling point, fifteen minutes to each pound; the water really should not boil after the first bubble, but the ham should simmer gently during this time; it is best then to remove the kettle from the stove, then remove the lid over the kettle and allow the ham to cool in the liquor in which it was boiled. Tongue should be cooked in precisely the same way, allowing twenty minutes to each pound.

Whipped Cream.

This is a luxury that not all can indulge in, but it is so simple, so easily prepared and such an addition to so many simple desserts, that if it is available it can transform a very plain cake or common dessert into something nice. The thicker the cream is, (and still perfectly sweet) the better. In hot weather, be careful in skimming not to take up any milk. In cold weather, if cream is scarce, I sometimes allow a little milk, as it will then beat in and make a larger quantity. Good thick cream will beat up and make nearly or quite double the original quantity. I often beat it for oatmeal or other breakfast mushes from a point of economy, it goes so much farther and seems so much nicer. The whipping is done with an egg beater. Do not remove the froth as it rises. Whip all together till the whole mass is thick, and it is done. Flavor and sweeten if desired. Served with sponge cake it makes a dainty dessert, and it makes a dish of fresh berries or fruit doubly delicious, while those who are averse to oat meal, cracked wheat, etc., can learn to relish them if served with the addition of whipped cream. ROSE SEELYE MILLER.

South Dakota.

Stuffed Apples.

Select large smooth apples; pare them, cut out the cores, but do not make the hole run entirely through the apples. Take some cold cooked chicken and chop it fine; to each half pound allow a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and a half cup of bread crumbs; mix thoroughly and fill the apples. Put a bit of butter on each, and bake in a quick oven for about thirty minutes, or until the apples are perfectly tender; serve this with roasted pork or duck.

Stewed Celery.

Six heads celery, one-half pint white stock, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter and flour, one blade of mace, pepper and salt. Wash the celery, strip off the outer leaves and cut it into lengths of two inches; put these into a stew pan with the stock broth and stew till tender for about twenty-five minutes; then add the cream, mace, pepper and salt and a little butter and flour; simmer for five minutes; pour into a dish and serve.

Beefsteak Pate.

Chop one pound of best round steak till it is a soft pulp. Season highly with salt and pepper. Add a little of the tender fat also chopped fine. Mix two beaten eggs with one cup of milk. Pour this slowly into one cup of flour mixed with one teaspoon of baking powder. When well mixed, stir it thoroughly into the meat. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

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My bread is as good as yours.

Home-made flavors and taste. Grocers keep it. Name on bottom. Ask for 10-cent loaves.

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Name this Paper.

School and College.

Brown.

College reopened after the Thanksgiving recess on Monday. By Tuesday morning almost all had returned from an enjoyable reunion with friends and relatives; from personal experience the writer can vouch for the kind hospitality of Worcester friends with whom a most enjoyable time was spent.

The event of the week and of the season was the gymnasium ball. This occurred on Wednesday evening and proved a most enjoyable and successful affair. The floor of the new gymnasium had been put in excellent order and no pains were spared to overcome the inconveniences of a new floor. Floral decorations were abundant and an excellent supper was furnished. The proceeds from the sale of tickets is to help defray the expense of equipping the new gymnasium. Owing to the size of the floor and the limited number of tickets the usual crush was happily avoided. The opening ball was an entire success and it is to be hoped that a Gymnasium ball may become an annual event at Brown.

On Wednesday morning no little surprise was evinced at the appearance of a four page paper with the title "Brown Daily Herald." When it is remembered that three periodicals are now supported by the college and one of the three is a weekly it seems a daring step to enter upon a daily in a comparatively small college. Our little friend promises well and if given sufficient room and air may live, with unstinted support and careful management we may see the Herald become a factor in Brown life; at least, we may hope. Some have a fear that the upstart may encroach upon the field occupied by the *Brunonian*, in such case the Herald should not be supported since one good paper with news in its columns is a vast deal better than two poor periodicals.

The Republican Club held its first regular meeting on Tuesday evening; at this meeting it was voted to accept the invitation to join the Republican State League of Rhode Island. A well prepared paper was read on "Free coinage of silver."

The first of the free public lectures given by the Brown University Lecture Association was delivered Monday evening by Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin of the Columbia School of Mines, subject, "The Divine Wisdom and Byzantine Architecture." Thursday evening Prof. Hamlin delivered his second lecture in the course, subject "Cathedrals of Ancient and Mediaeval Styles." Both of these lectures were highly interesting and were made doubly so by the excellent views illustrating the subjects.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Arthur H. Colby '91, and Miss Marie Burt, both of Orange, N. J. It will be remembered that Mr. Colby was the composer of the charming "Marie Valse" and the liberal contributor of music to the *Brown Song Book* of which he was an editor.

Mr. Everett Kimball of this city intends to spend a few days with friends in South Slater Hall.

Boston University.

The Historical Register of Boston University 1869-1891 is the name of the first general

catalogue of the University, which is published this week. The first few pages are devoted to "Chronological Notes" which beginning with A. D. 1, come down to the founding of the University in 1869. The corporation, the council, and the senate which includes all the officers of instruction with dates of beginning of service occupy the first forty pages of the book. The Convocation, which includes all who have graduated from the several departments, occupies the next fifty pages of the Register. The rest of the book consists of an Index of Graduates. The following figures are taken from the numerical summaries: Whole number of graduates 2,407, of which only 100 have been reported as deceased. Among the degrees given there have been as follows: L.L. B., 820; M. D., 534; A. B., 333; S. T. B., 257. In 1871 there were but eight graduates. Each year there has been a marked increase until in 1891 there were 180 degrees conferred. The Register was compiled by Waldron H. Rand the registrar.

The Alpha Chapter of Delta Delta Delta published this week volume one, number one, of the *Trident*. This is a quarterly magazine of thirty-six pages devoted to the interests of their sisterhood. Miss Emily F. Allen, '90, is editor-in-chief and Miss C. Grace Ayres and Miss Charlotte E. Joslin are the business managers.

John Westley Spencer who graduated last year being appointed alternate commencement speaker, died Nov. 28th, at Northfield, Vt., where he was Principal of the High and Graded Schools. This is the first death in the class of '91 since they entered in the Fall of 1887.

Wellesley.

Nov. 21, a reception was given by Prof. Bates to Miss Hodgkins, for many years professor of literature here. The seniors, the Shakespeare Society, and many of Miss Hodgkin's friends among the Faculty and students, were invited to meet her.

Mrs. Bainbridge, Superintendent of City Mission work in New York, addressed the college Sunday evening, Nov. 22. Her account of the opportunities, trials, and successes of a city missionary was most inspiring. At the close of her address Miss Balgarnie, of London, spoke of her work among the lowest classes in that city, and told us somewhat of her visits to the large cities of this country, where she has been studying methods of work, especially that of the police matron.

Monday evening, Nov. 23, Mrs. Leavitt World Organizer of the W. C. T. U. work, gave a lecture upon the "Crimes of Christian Nations in Heathen Lands" as she has seen them in her eight years' journey around the world.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, with little Lady Majorie, paid the college a second visit, Tuesday afternoon. Lord Aberdeen addressed the students upon the "Social Side of the Irish Question." He is an ardent Gladstonian and is very confident that Ireland will have Home Rule in the near future. Lady Aberdeen is a charming speaker, and was most closely listened to, as she told of the effort that is being made to establish lace and other industries in Ireland. She has been in Chicago, making arrangements for an Irish

exhibit at the Exposition. At the request of Miss Balgarnie, she gave a short sketch of the work being done by the ladies of the Liberal party in England and Scotland, under the leadership of their President, Mrs. Gladstone. Lord and Lady Aberdeen quite won the hearts of the Wellesley students, by their enthusiastic statement that the three things which had impressed them most in this country were Wellesley College, Mr. Moody's work at Northfield, and the Bishop of Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks.

Holy Cross.

The class of Philosophy will hold their annual Christmas disputation on Wednesday morning, Dec. 23. J. P. Gorham of Lynn will defend and D. L. Gleason of Windsor Locks, Conn., and E. D. Morrow of Lynn will object. J. A. Riordan of Worcester will deliver a Latin essay and S. A. Jennings of Boston, an English essay.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, the Dramatic Club will present "The Celebrated Case."

Many of the boys enjoyed the Thanksgiving recess at home.

The day scholars with purple as their color have adopted a purple tie.

The study of Metaphysics has been commenced by the Senior class.

Senator Hoar has departed for his Winter stay in Washington.

Last Friday evening, forty members of Independence Lodge Good Templers, visited Rising Sun Lodge of Millbury.

Dr. A. W. Eldred is finding his duties in the Harvard Dental School very pleasant.

Thomas B. Shaw, W. H. S., '86, Yale College '90 and now in the college of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, was in the city last week.

Edwin S. Phelps, a recent "Tech" graduate who has been visiting in Washington, has reached home again.

Miss Mary Frost and Miss Ethel Devin, of Dover, N. H., were the guests of Miss Mabel Moore during the Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Jennie Lockwood of Cleveland, Ohio, was the guest of Miss Evelyn Wyman during the Thanksgiving recess.

The Misses Hopkins daughters of Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, entertained a party of friends at their home, 12 Linden Street, last Saturday evening. Dancing was the principal feature of the evening.

Hon. Joseph H. Walker with his accustomed generosity has given \$100 to the N. H. Music Teachers Association to further the interests of the Association.

James A. McTiernan, for many years with the Merchant's and Farmer's Insurance Company and later with Darling Bros., has entered the employ of J. D. Long, the furniture dealer, as salesman.

The dangers of the ice were clearly brought forth in the death of the two little fellows on Harris Pond last Wednesday. Too much precaution cannot be taken in this direction.

Smith's

401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bldg'g.

The Christmas number of our Fashion Journal is here. No charge for it.

Here's more Cloak news for every woman and child that desires an outside garment. The need for reducing the stock is imperative. Never mind what the need is now. We'll tell you that a little later. Suffice it to say, that the price reductions which we have made on everything in the department for the past two weeks will be continued by still greater reductions this week. It takes a big slice off the profits to do this—sometimes ALL the profit, and sometimes MORE than the profit, but the stock has got to go, so never mind the profit. If you want anything in the Cloak room, now is the time to get it. You save this week from 20 to 33 per cent.

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Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.
STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Christmas Work.

A Tasteful Hanging Pincushion.

BY E. LAING

A long bag, one inch and a half wide, stuffed with sawdust and covered on each side with a different shade of ribbon, tied at the top with narrow ribbon and a loop left to hang it up by. The pins can be stuck in all over it, or only in a row up each side. And down the center of each ribbon a design or verse may run.

A similar cushion for parlor use is made of a bag eight inches long and three inches wide, inserting a Japanese doll's head at top of bag, overseaming the edges across the shoulders. Openings for the hands to extend horizontally are left at the sides. A sash and girdle of half inch ribbon shape the doll, which is suspended from the bag by a loop at the back of the same ribbon.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Knitted Ankle.

Materials: Brown Germantown wool, 1 ounce of white Shetland wool, knitting needles No. 12 and No. 8. Four or two needles may be used. If two needles are used there will be a seam to sew up; while with four needles you simply knit round and round. With the brown wool and No. 12 needles, cast up 64 stitches and knit 1 plain and 1 seam for 80 rounds, then bind off loosely. Sew the lining to the outside on upper and lower edges and finish off both edges with a brown scallop.—Ladies' Home Journal.

One week ago last night, friends of Miss Edith Bennett of 45 Kingsbury Street surprised her by the presentation of a gold watch and chain.

Miss Wyman of Lincoln Street entertained her college friends at a luncheon Friday noon. Among those present were Misses Lockwood, Frost, Devin, Lewis, Anna Taft, Katharine Taft, Mabel Moore. All of these young ladies are of the Class of '94, Smith College.

The class of '90, Worcester High School, held a very enjoyable reunion Monday evening in Colonial Hall, which was very largely attended by the members of the class and their friends. Dancing, for which Marcy's orchestra furnished music, and cards were among the pleasures of the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. E. H. Stark and Miss Mary Jiltson. The affair was arranged by Charles C. Milton, president of the class, Wells H. Ellinwood and other members of the executive committee. Rebboli was the caterer. Among those present were Misses Lizette M. Draper, Mary F. Goodwin, Alice Day, Alice Norcross, Sadie E. Linnell, Helen Banfield, Lottie M. Hubbard, Mollie Day, Annie M. Lawrence, Effie Draper, Florence Churchill, Gertrude Smith, Addie Hubbard and Florence Hendricks, W. C. Mellish, Walter H. Fuller, George Lackey, Eugene Whipple, Arthur E. Richardson, Wells H. Ellinwood, Charles C. Milton, Edward W. Kinsley, Albert C. Clark, Louis C. Chase, Roland Howard, Walter S. Bliss, R. H. Hammond, W. H. Burleigh, Fred Morse, Stanley C. Brennan, Will Goodwin, Charles Baker, Jr., Mr. Jenkins and others.

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Then Christmas.

Have you the very best idea of all that you must do within these nineteen days?

Up to this moment you have thought about it in a sort of a vague way.

You intend to do something, you will do something but you fancy there is plenty of time.

Nineteen days for work.

Hadn't you better begin to day.

The *Handkerchief* section shows the first decoration of the season.

Right by it a gentleman from *Constantinople* has a charming display of Turkish goods.

There are *Mats and Tides*.

Table *Covers and Easel Scarfs*.

There are *Lambrequins*.

The embroidering is in many colored Silks upon grounds of Satin, Silk, Velvet and Cotton.

The embroidering is all done by hand.

The contrasts are effective, and the articles are well worth your attention.

Think of it.

Nobody looked for the pretty *India Silks* for a couple of months yet.

But *Fashion* demands them for evening dress and they are here.

An entirely new line of them will be on the counters this morning.

They are in white grounds with 5 beautiful color prints apparent; pink, cream, light blue, yellow and Nile.

Vines, tracery, flowers are what the designer's fancy revelled in, and reproduced to perfection.

For evening dress or tea gowns, they are exquisite.

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For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.,

SPECIAL FOR WEEK COMMENCING SATURDAY, DEC. 5th.

FUR CAPES will be sold at lower prices than ever before in the history of this popular garment.

RICHARD HEALY.

New York Fashions.

Styles in Fur: Theater and Opera Wraps: Full Dress Costumes.

Long coats of seal fur though shown and purchased, are not in such favor as hitherto, because of the great popularity of demi-long garments, whether loose or tight fitting. Not only does greater style, in general, attach to the two latter, but they afford an equally elegant covering at less cost, having the advantage moreover of less weight. The run upon them therefore is extraordinary and it is hard to say of capes or coats, which are the more freely bought. Capes show high shoulders and sleeves are invariably high and full at the top. Jaunty coats especially suitable to young ladies, though not unsuitable to older women of slender figure, run from about twenty-eight to thirty-two inches in length and tight fitting at the back, show fronts either tight, loose or opening over a vest of contrasting fur. Seal is the first choice for fitted garments, but Astrakhan, gray krimmer or Persian lamb afford a change at less cost and frequently some one of the latter appear as finishings on seal. Extremely elegant, but expensive demi-long capes are of sable.

Shoulder Capes

however, hold their own, not only because obtainable by many who cannot afford a longer garment, but because of convenience and in accordance with present ideas of increased length, they come well down to the waist, comfortable ones having a close vest with sleeves so as to afford complete protection to the arms. The English top coat, thirty-six inches long with extra high shoulders and storm collar and made in best quality seal skin, is a most elegant garment, though closely rivalled by a jacket running from twenty-eight to thirty-two inches long, also with extra raised shoulders and high storm collar. In opposite character comes an exceedingly handsome wrap from thirty to thirty-two inches deep. This is made in either seal or mink and the three being noticeable at Lord & Taylor's, will lead among fashionable purchasers. For

Carriage Wear

and particularly for balls and the Opera, come Siberian circulars that are made full, completely enveloping the figure and lined with squirrel fur. Fine camel's hair, Bengaline de soie or brocade are the favorite fabrics and

finish is often given by embroidery, braiding or elegant passementerie. Jaunty little theater capes and jackets are of velvet lined with light contrasting silk which those who follow out details carefully, take care shall match a color in the hat. Brilliant orange is particularly effective for this purpose.

MME. MAY.

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of whooping cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett of Concord, Mass.

If you devote all your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life, nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself nor your society insupportable to others.—Seneca.

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CHAS. E. GRANT,
Successor to Allen & Greene,
FOR YOUR
FIRE INSURANCE,
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THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points West, Southwest and Northwest.

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With elegant PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS to and from
BOSTON and CHICAGO,

AND
BOSTON and ST. LOUIS,
VIA
NIAGARA FALLS,

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THE POPULAR ROUTE for all points in Northern New York, Vermont, and Canada.
THE ONLY LINE running through cars, without change, from Boston to Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes, and Burlington, Vt.
THE FICT RESQUE ROUTE from Boston to St. Albans, St. Johns, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

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250 Washington Street,

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Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station,
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J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.



Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 7th.

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

LOTHROP'S STOCK COMPANY
supporting

Miss Katherine Rober - as Lona Wier,

in an elaborate production of Mr. Edwin F. Mayo's greatest success, the well-known American drama, entitled:

SILVER * AGE.

A ROARING FARCE

precedes the drama at ever performance.

MME. PERCEVAL'S GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA - Matinee every day at 2. D. us open at 1.30 and 7 p. m.

PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c. Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.

161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

No End of Fun!

Mechanics Hall, Thursday Evening, Dec. 10,

Under the Auspices of Post 10, G. A. R.

THE GREAT MOCK TRIAL.

The alleged purloiner of a Plymouth Rock Rooster will be tried by a jury of his Fellow Citizens.

Here is the makeup of the Court and all concerned. Nothing, half so funny, ever struck Worcester.

Judge, Capt. W. A. Gile.

Clerk, Maj. E. T. Raymond.

Officer, Col. James M. Drennan.

Crier, W. W. Macomber.

Complainant, Mayor Francis A. Harrington.

Defendant, Charles W. Wood, Esq.

Prosecuting Attorney, C. B. Perry.

Defendant's Attorney, Capt. A. V. Newton.

Witnesses, Hon. John R. Thayer, Col. Samuel E. Winslow, Dr. Chas. H. Davis, Col. E. J. Russell, A. M. Parker, Inspector, P. O'Day.

Jury, Hon. Samuel Winslow, Nathaniel

Paine, Prof. E. Harlow Russell, Henry Marsh,

Gen. Josiah Pickett, J. K. Greene, Esq., E. F.

Thompson, Esq., Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Alderman

A. L. Ely, Postmaster, J. Everts

Greene, C. F. Rugg, Capt. J. P. Pike.

Note what is said of the Trial in other cities:

Lawrence.

"One of the most enjoyable entertainments ever known in this city. * * * There was a lot of fun."

Brockton.

"A decided success. It drew an audience that filled the house and consequently drew a handsome sum into the treasury of the post, and it proved to be a really witty travesty on Justice as she is administered."

Haverhill.

"City Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. * * * Hundreds stood up, unable to obtain a resting place. * * * It was one of the wittiest, most pleasing and altogether enjoyable entertainments ever held in this city."

Lynn.

"The mock trial was quaint conception, very cleverly carried out. * * * It was one of the jolliest shows that the Lynn theatre has seen, and the spectators left the house loud in praise of the projectors and actors in the novel drama."



CHURCH CHOIRS.

The second in the series of Christmas song services will be given at Central Church tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock. The subject will be "Christ the Light" and the following program will be given: Organ prelude, B. B. B. "Send out thy Light!" Gounod; chant—"Arise, Shine!" Farrant; "The Lord is my light," Hiles; duet—"Light of life," Lassen; "Light of the world," Hatton; solo—"Callst thou thus, O master," Smart; "The sun shall be no more thy light," Woodward; postlude—Fugue in G minor, Bach.

Y. P. S. C. E.

Worcester is the second city in the state to have a Junior Endeavor local union, one being organized two weeks ago and the first meeting being held last week. The officers are: President, Miss Mary O. Whitmore, superintendent of the Salem Street society; vice-presidents, Miss Nellie Jerome of Summer Street Church, Edward L. Smith of the Old South Church and the superintendent of the Dewey Street Church; secretary, Miss Lilla C. Fletcher of the Pilgrim society; treasurer, Benjamin H. Robbins of the Old South Church. There are five members, the Pilgrim, Summer Street, Old South, Salem Street and Dewey Street.

The Endeavor Society of Plymouth Church has elected officers for the next six months as follows: President, Dr. J. K. Warren; vice-president, Dr. Frank H. Howland; corresponding secretary, Miss Emily K. Mellen; recording secretary, Miss Florence Goddard; treasurer, Miss Edith M. Gates; chairmen of committees—Lookout, H. E. Austin; prayer meeting, F. C. Gamwell; good literature, Miss Emily K. Mellen; missionary, Miss Putnam; music, Miss Winifred Marsh; social, Miss Emily Whittemore; hotel, Fred W. Chase. The society voted to contribute \$10 towards the support of the Lake View Church and \$5 to the No License fund.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The annual meeting of the Congregational City Missionary Society was held Monday evening in the Young Men's Christian Association building. The reports showed that the society was in a prosperous condition, the report of the treasurer, Arthur E. Gray, stating that the expenditures during the year have been \$3535.16 and that the balance in the treasury is \$78.74. Officers were elected as follows: President, A. M. Stone; vice-president, L. P. Goddard; secretary, Elmer G. Tucker; treasurer, A. E. Gray; auditor, Thomas Hamilton; directors—Old South, Rev. Dr. A. Z. Conrad, H. H. Merriam, Geo. H. Pierce; Central—Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriam, Albert F. Smith, John C. Woodbury, Union, Rev. Dr. W. V. W. Davis, P. W. Moen, George L. Newton; Salem-street, Rev. I. J. Lansing, Ezra Sawyer, E. Tucker, Jr.; Summer Street, Rev. W. T. Sleeper; Plymouth, Rev. Dr. Archibald McCullagh, S. A.

Pratt, J. H. Bancroft, H. F. Leland; Piedmont, Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, H. B. Lincoln, A. G. Estrabrook; Pilgrim, Rev. C. M., Southgate, William H. Larkin; Church of the Covenant, Rev. J. E. Hurlbut, H. L. Scribner; Park, Rev. I. L. Wilcox, John A. Sherman; Belmont, Rev. Albert Bryant, E. A. Colton; Hope, Rev. E. W. Phillips, Loring Foskitt, Rev. W. T. Sleeper was re-elected superintendent and it was voted that Sunday December 20 be made a city missionary Sunday in all the Congregational churches.

Rev. Henry Dike Sleeper, who was ordained as a Congregational clergyman last week Tuesday in Salem Street Church, will leave Worcester early in January for Beloit College in Beloit, Wisconsin, where he will be instructor in sacred music. Rev. E. D. Eaton, president of the college, was present at the ordination and took part in the program, giving the charge to the young minister.

Last week Friday evening the Pansy Club and Little Gleaners of the new Bethany Church at New Worcester held a sale and entertainment in the Old Men's Home, 49 Leicester Street.

Rev. John K. Thompson is occupying the pulpit of the Lake View church.

Disciples of Christ.

The Church of Christ Sunday School has elected officers for next year as follows:

Superintendent, J. E. Snyder; assistant A. G. Buttrick; secretary, C. E. Burnham; treasurer, Harry Chambers; librarian, R. L. S. Whittemore; assistant librarian, Guilford Blaisdell.

METHODIST.

Rev. W. T. Worth will preach Sunday evening on the Public Schools vs. Parochial Schools. This repetition of a sermon given some weeks ago is made at the request of several organizations which desire to attend.

UNIVERSALIST.

A "Bazaar of Nations" will be held in the First Universalist Church next Wednesday and Thursday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Booths will be arranged to represent the different nations and the young lady attendants will be suitably costumed to accord with the nationality of the booth which they attend. Wednesday afternoon the operetta, "The Strange Visitors" will be presented. Wednesday evening the operetta, "The Seven Old Ladies from London Town" and Thursday evening the farce, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" will be played.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pang of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.—Sydney Smith—Second Letter on the Conduct of the Understanding.

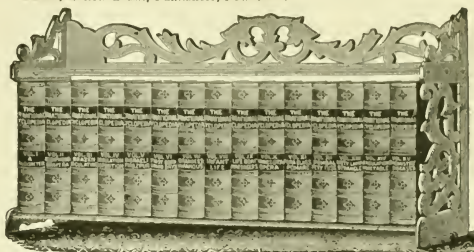
That magnificent offer for War Memoirs with Cosmopolitan and LIGHT, is still in force. Viz., \$5 pays for LIGHT, Cosmopolitan and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

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B. A. FOWLER & CO., NEW ENGLAND AGENTS, 36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

Mention this paper.

Deaths.

Mrs. Myra Wheeler.

Mrs. Myra (Ware) Wheeler, wife of Jennison Wheeler died, Saturday the 28th of November, of bronchitis, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Pond, on Burncoat Street. Mrs. Wheeler was born at Barre Falls, the daughter of Otis Ward March 27, 1823, but resided in Hubbardston with her husband till 1872 when they removed to Worcester, living for many years at 33 Shelly Street in the same house with their daughter. While in Hubbardston Mrs. Wheeler joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and on coming to this city became connected with Laurel Street Church, but was later transferred to Grace. Here she was one of the foremost members and workers. In her church life, she was a member of W. A. Smith's class and was an excellent example of the devoted, Christian woman. Her going hence will be felt, not alone in the immediate home circle but also in the wider range of social and religious influence where her presence was ever felt. She had four children, three of whom are married and now live in this city; Harry the youngest died in 1867 at the age of four years. Her husband survives, and will reside with his daughter Mrs. H. W. Pond, on Burncoat Street. The other daughters are Mrs. A. M. Thompson and Mrs. F. A. Bean.

Mrs. Wheeler caught a cold at Sterling last August, which terminated in bronchial asthma. Prayers were offered at her home on Burncoat Street at 9.30 on Monday, after which the body was carried to Hubbardston where the funeral was held at 1 o'clock. Rev. Wm. Ferguson, pastor of the Methodist church there, conducted the services, and the church choir furnished music, singing "God is Love," and "Asleep in Jesus."

William A. Houghton.

This gentleman was formerly well known in our midst following the calling of a printer, but latterly he has worked in New York. He

came home for Thanksgiving at the home of his father, Mr. Alba Houghton, No. 66 Elm Street. There he was attacked with diphtheria, and growing rapidly worse died, Monday morning. The nature of the disease would not admit of delay, so the burial was in the afternoon of that day, in Rural Cemetery, the Rev. A. S. Garver officiating. The deceased was thirty-five years old.

Mrs. Farrington.

In Chattanooga, Tenn., one week ago Friday night, Mrs. George W. Farrington died. She was a daughter of Warren C. Keyes and a sister of Mrs. Webster Thayer. Formerly, she was well known in this city, making, with her sister and brothers, the Keyes Quartet. Her husband was formerly a book keeper at the Knowles Loom Works.

The funeral was held at No. 17 Oak Street, the home of Webster Thayer, Esq., at 2 p.m. Tuesday, Revs. A. S. Garver and G. A. Fuller officiating. Music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Simester, Mrs. Charles A. Merrill and James Little. The pall bearers were Charles H. Hammond, Edward E. Johnson, Charles H. Howe and Charles Keith.

Among the floral tributes were a "Gates Ajar," from Mr. and Mrs. Webster Thayer; a large harp, from Charles E. Keyes and Herbert W. Keyes, of Fitchburg, brothers of Mrs. Farrington, and numerous bouquets from friends.

The interment took place at Hope Cemetery.

Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

Last Sunday morning at her home, 10 Cottage Street, this estimable lady entered into rest after a long illness. She has not been well for some years, having been a sufferer from stomach difficulties which finally resulted in death. She was born in Readfield, Me., Sept. 30, 1830, her maiden name being Jane Ingham. Her early years were spent in Bath, Me., where she was married to Mr. Hamilton about forty years since. Mr. Hamilton has

been for many years one of the foremost printers in the city. Their children are F. Walter a member of the first class at the Polytechnic, '71, and Harry W., both associated with Mr. Hamilton in his business. She also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Mary J. Stevens of East Brookfield, and S. Annie, who has long been an inmate of the Hamilton family.

The funeral was held Tuesday, at 1.30 p.m. at Cottage Street, Dr. Almon Gunnison conducting the services, the burial being in Hope Cemetery. A quartet consisting of W. F. Little, C. J. Merriam, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell and Mrs. W. H. Merriam, sang "Come Unto Me," "O, Paradise" and "Abide with Me."

Naomi Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, of which Mrs. Hamilton was a member, was represented by twenty-five members. Many and beautiful floral tributes were sent, including a mound from Naomi Lodge; wreath, Mrs. George Mattoon; wreath, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dodge, flowers, Miss Florence M. Dodge, Messrs. H. and E. Wesley, Mrs. M. E. Gorham, Mrs. Henry Irving Osborne, Master Jamie Osborne (5 years old), Mrs. Cora Foster, Mrs. Alice Hammond, Miss Ella McFarland, Mrs. Carrie Thurston, Mrs. Ernest H. Vaughan, Mrs. Charles A. Merrill, Miss Lottie S. Hamilton, Mrs. Loraine A. Hamilton. The bearers were J. W. Stockwell, C. G. Parker, George L. Bliss and Samuel Wesson. Mrs. Hamilton was an admirable woman, the light of her home and, through a wide range of acquaintances and associations, she will long be missed. Her husband and surviving relatives have the sincere sympathy of the community.

Miss Grace Hamilton of this city appeared in "Si Slocum" at Lothrop's Opera House in Boston last Monday night and won an unquestioned success. She will appear in Worcester, Dec. 14.

Miss Mabel West of this city was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Nina Fiske to George N. Prouty, at Ashland, Wednesday evening.

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CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.

A Complete Line of Lamps.

It means with us not only every sort of a lamp known, but infinite variety of form and color of each sort.

We have exercised more than usual care in their selection as their are few manufacturers worthy the name, whose best productions are not fully represented.

In no branch of our business have the changes been more decided, and the march of improvement more rapid for the past year than in the department of lamps.

With this betterment, comes a welcome reduction in prices.

If you have had no occasion to make inquiry for awhile, you will marvel at the quotations. Taken all together, we do not believe this "COMPLETE LINE" was ever equalled in point of number, variety and price. We are sure they meet all requirements.—If you haven't any idea of buying, look in and see how a full line of lamps should look, and wonder how they can be sold so cheaply.

KEROSENE CHANDELIERS.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

The following is a recipe for cologne, which is said to be very good: To one-half gallon of alcohol put six drams each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot and essence of lemon, two drams of oil of rosemary and twelve drops of oil of cinnamon.

It is said that by putting old rubber rings of cans into weak ammonia water they will again become elastic.

Scorch stains on white cloth, which are the work of a careless ironer, may be removed, it is said, by soaking the cloth in lukewarm water, squeezing lemon juice on it and sprinkling a little salt over it, and laying it in the hot sun to bleach.

Painting the kitchen walls enables one to wash them off, and in general tends to a neat appearance. The paint should be good oil paint, applied as for outdoor work, first sizing the surface to be coated with a solution of one-half pound of glue to a gallon of water.

By adding a teaspoonful of pulverized alum to half a package of good stove-polish, wet up with a little water, much time and labor will be saved. A stove polished with this mixture will remain bright a long time, and it requires very little labor to produce a shine. It should be applied when the stove is nearly cold.

California. E. M. L.

Save all the paper bags They are most convenient to draw over cans of fruit to shut out the light; the hand can also be slipped into one when cleaning the stove, as well as in doing much other household work which is hard on the hands.

Liniment for painful joints.—Take of soap liniment, six fluid drachms; tincture of aconite, ten fluid drachms. Mix. To be rubbed upon the joints at bedtime.

A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one-half glassful of water is excellent to allay nausea in sick headaches.

All advice to the contrary, the best brush to use is the one that suits your teeth; usually too large a brush is chosen and the corners of the mouth are hurt.

If the gums, as frequently happens after illness, become very sore a gargle of myrrh in a little water is to be commended, and as this has a good wholesome odor one need not mind using it.

Webster's Pupil.

John B. Stevens, Sr., died two weeks ago at Dover, N. H., aged 94. In his boyhood he attended the school taught by Daniel Webster, in Cornish, Me., and was undoubtedly the last surviving pupil of Mr. Webster's.

Who would be a King?

Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has been located as sealer in the kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey. His peculiar business is to seal all the dishes for the Sultan's table as soon as they are prepared, and thus secure against poison. They are carried into the royal dining room, and the seals broken only in the Sultan's presence.

The second juvenile member of Dr. Wm. T. Souther's family came Thanksgiving Day, in the person of a bouncing girl baby. The north end is a flourishing locality.

YOU

Will soon be looking for

HOLIDAY GIFTS

and what more sensible for a gift than something to beautify the home. Our stock never contained so many novelties in FINE FANCY FURNITURE as at the present time. Make your selection early before the assortment is broken.

PARLOR CABINETS in choice designs
MUSIC CABINETS all in woods, from \$5 upwards.

Desks, Chairs and Tables

Inlaid with marquetry.

Hand-Painted Desks, Chairs and Tables, being copies of French Furniture.

SPECIAL NOVELTIES in Fancy Reed Baskets, Chairs and Stools. A choice gift for a lady friend.

RED AND RATTAN ROCKERS, from \$2.50 upwards.

Fine Leather Upholstered Easy Chairs for the library.

Fancy Plush Rocker; \$5 buys a good one.

POTTERY.

A large line of choice pieces of ROYAL WORCESTER, DOULTON, OLD HALL and HUNGARIAN WARE, including some very handsome Umbrella Stands.

RUGS.

We have made special preparations for the holiday trade in this line, and show some elegant in both foreign and domestic.

Give us a call. We can suit you in House-Furnishings of all kinds—and the prices are right.

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and thereby be sure of getting your Monumental work in place at an early day. No better and fairer place to be found than at

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Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold
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MRS. S. M. KEYES.

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PRINCIPAL SAFE } BOTH
6 Per Cent DIVIDENDS } GUARANTEED

The undersigned has the Exclusive Sale of the Shares
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**COLORADO SPRINGS
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Fully-paid, NON-ASSESSABLE Stock,
Par \$8.00.00 per Share.

AT \$50 PER SHARE

and the State Trust Co., 50 Wall St., New York, has
\$50,000 of stock deposited with them to

GUARANTEE:

1st—The Return of All Your Investment;

2nd—6 per cent. dividends, meanwhile.

BESIDES,

3rd—Your Share of Very Large Profits will be made
clear to you by sending at once for prospectus and
full information to

CARLISLE N. GREIG,

High Class Investment Securities,

45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Curious Corner.

Darwin used to go into the Zoological Gardens in London, and, standing by the glass case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him; yet he would always dodge. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him dodge. The instinct was stronger than both will and reason.

The Society of California Pioneers are the owners of a wonderful curiosity. It is a section of timber taken from the side of the ship Powhatan. It includes a portion of the "skin," which is four inches thick, and a piece of abutting knee, which is nine inches thick; transversely through the whole of this a sword-fish has dashed his sword, and the portion broken off is still embedded in the timber. The sword pierced through thirteen inches of this solid oak, and the fish was going in the same direction as the vessel at that, the ship being under a good head of steam at the time. An idea of the strength which must have been exerted can be obtained from the fact that a rifled six pounder could not have done more than pierce that thickness of solid oak.

Mr. Andrew Walker of Kennebunk, Me. who is in the eighty-third year of his age, sends the following very interesting communication to the secretary of the Bostonian Society:

"I am probably the last person living who has talked with the man who took an active part in the famous "Boston Tea Party" of 1773. His part was not on the patriotic side. In 1834 I boarded with a man in this town by the name of Mitchell. His father, Jotham Mitchell, lived with him. The old man told me that at the Revolution he was employed on a coasting vessel between Kennebunk and Boston, and happened to be in Boston on the evening of Dec. 16, 1775, when a company of men disguised as Indians, went on board three tea ships which lay at one of the wharves, and taking out the chests, emptied the tea into the water.

"The old man said, 'It was too bad to see so much good tea thrown overboard, so I thought I would save a little. Taking a boat, I went to the side of one of the ships where men were throwing the tea into the water, and tried to save some in the boat; but the scoundrels saw me and tried to drown—yes, the great scoundrels tried to drown me, and I was glad to get back to the coaster again alive.' Jotham Mitchell died in 1840, aged ninety-five years."

Every grade of fortune can be seen in close proximity in a large city. On Fifth Avenue close to Fifth Street, the Vanderbilt mansions occupy one block, which is the one extreme, i. e., opulence. On the opposite frontage is an orphan asylum, and this latter represents a monument of indigence, or the other extreme.

Miss Alice E. Brownell and sister Miss Ida Brownell of Royalton, Vt., are visiting friends in this city, stopping with their uncle, L. H. Royce. 4 Lowell Street.

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ulcers, sores,
rheumatism, and
catarrh, cured
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**AYER'S
Sarsaparilla**

It
purifies,
vitalizes, invigorates,
and enriches
the blood.

**Has Cured Others
will cure you.**

Horace Kendall,

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Iron.
TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the
stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be
used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on
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THE QUESTION OF COST IS IMPORTANT TO YOU.

LET'S MEET IT FAIR.

A good workman deserves a fair compensation for his services.

Anything short of fair compensation for faithful and valuable service would be almost a crime.

The careless and shiftless workman ought not to get the same compensation for his inferior service. To give it to him would be almost a crime.

Fair prices paid a skillful workman for honest service means *actual value in goods*

over and above what can be found in the work of the poorer workmen.

A house well built upon solid foundations, by honest men, paid honest prices, will last years longer than one built in the opposite way.

◀ A SUIT OF CLOTHES made from genuine Cloths:—

Made by good tailors:—

Made by men paid to do *their best work*, and from whom nothing less will be accepted, are the only kind that you can afford to buy.

These Clothes may cost you at first a dollar or two more than the kinds ground

out by the carload.

But in the end, when you count up the number of month's service:—

When you take into account the immense difference in the appearance of the two sorts after a few months' service.

Then you'll agree with us that

OUR PERFECT CLOTHES,

AT OUR FAIR PRICES,

ARE BETTER FOR YOU,

ACTUALLY COST YOU LESS,

Than any other kinds made in anyway less certain and sure than ours.

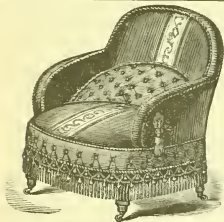
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Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order July 25, 1891; Membership, 5,443. Amount loaned for Relief, \$24,592; Reserve Fund, \$32,210.54; Balance of Relief Fund, \$6,507.68; Total, \$62,300.20. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600. Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms 10 and 11.



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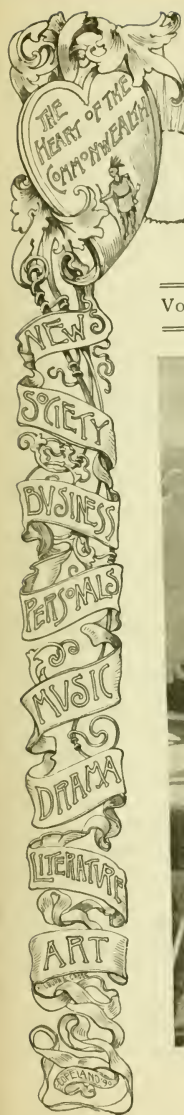
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 15. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891. FIVE CENTS



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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

No. 15

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still travelling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—Longfellow.

The foregoing words might apply to the late Dom Pedro, Ex-Emperor of Brazil.

As kings and potentates go, there was no one better than the white-haired ruler; but the time and the place were not favorable to kings, and he had to step down and out.

That famous Boabdil, Grenada's last Moorish king felt no more sorrow in his immortal sigh, looking back at his Alhambra, than did the Brazilian Emperor who in November, 1889, went out from his native land into what proved to be final banishment.

As the chief man in a republic, he could have had few superiors. His picture is one of the few that look down upon the poet Whittier in his Danvers home. It was his misfortune to be born a king. For this reason he died an exile in Paris, afar from his western home. The days of kingly rule are nearly over.

The contest against the Drink Traffic is progressing, though mildly. Each Sunday, pulpit and platform resound with denunciations of the curse and every few days its portentous array of arrests appears in the Telegram. It seems very queer that this compilation is not printed in the other papers as well. Had the vote been taken the day after Ex-Alderman Sawyer's assault last Summer, the "Nos" would have it by a big majority. As it is, we shall see.

The New York Times has put its price back to three cents a copy. This is a good indication. When, following the suit of the Herald and the World, it dropped its price, many said, "Better put the price up and improve the grade," but it didn't. It fell into the Pulitzer Slough and from that day to this, New York dailies, with a few exceptions, have seemingly vied with each other in debauched journalism. The present move is a step in the right direction. Something should recommend a paper beside cheapness. The western type is not the most desirable.

The recent death of "Felix Oldboy" on Blackwell's Island from a drunken debauch recalls all that has been said for and against the famous Keeley cure for Intemperance. Its most earnest advocates have never claimed that the "cured" might not relapse any more than a physician who has conducted his patient through a severe case of pneumonia will guarantee him not to be sick again. It acts as an antidote; tones up the stomach, strengthens the shattered nerves and props the man

up all around. The recovered man must not go "fooling" around dram shops again. If he knows anything, he will keep away from them. Snake poison will still kill. For just what it claims to be, the Keeley Cure is a God-send.

The Second Report of the Boys' Club is out and it is a valuable showing of the work that this agency is accomplishing. Every night, a throng of lads, who otherwise might be roaming the streets, is assembled in the Barton Place rooms and they are amused and instructed for a few hours by Mr. Burgess and pains-taking, self-sacrificing assistants. The final results of these labors are afar off. We may not live to see them; but they are sure.

Should present indications continue, South Carolina bids fair to be the champion Southern State in the matter of prohibition. There must have been a wonderful advance in public sentiment when this state's House of Representatives votes, conclusively, to do away with the traffic. What will "The Fine Old Southern Gentleman" do without his favorite beverage. If he means to do "without" it, then indeed the Millennium must be near at hand.

The young people of our city never did a more praiseworthy thing than when they undertook to conduct a personal canvass of the city in behalf of "No License." This is an application of young blood and energy that will redound to their credit for years to come. Let their efforts be supplemented by the votes of their elders and our city may, once more, stand forth, redeemed.

A LETTER FROM COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Dec. 8, 1891.

Editor "Light,"

DEAR SIR: I am already receiving letters which show the need of correcting a slight misapprehension contained in your issue of Dec. 5th, as to the task to which I was appointed by Gov. Ames. That task has never been defined as including "the revision and full preparation of the muster roll of Massachusetts during the Rebellion." You are quite right in speaking of "the errors and blunders so painfully evident in the volumes now in existence," the two quarto volumes published in 1870; but it has never been proposed, I think, to reprint those two volumes in an amended shape, and, if it was, the work was not assigned to me. My task has always been construed to be the preparation of a continuous and (if possible) readable narrative of the Massachusetts soldiers and sailors, considered as one body; the names of individuals and even of regiments appearing only incidentally. This plan has received the approval, in a general way, of our highest authorities in military history, such as General Devens, John C. Ropes, Esq., Gen. F. A. Walker and Col. A. A. Rand; and it is on these lines that the work has been proceeding.

As a preliminary publication, there will appear in the N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register for January, 1892, a very careful and laborious "List of Battles and Casualties of Massachusetts Troops" prepared under my direction by my accomplished assistant, Mrs. Florence W. Jacques. This will also be printed in a pamphlet for gratuitous distribution to Grand Army Posts and other veteran associations, and copies may be obtained, after January 1, by application to Mrs. Jacques, 114 Charles Street, Boston. Corrections and criticisms are earnestly desired, as this is the purpose for which the record is printed. As it will necessarily form the backbone of my whole narrative, it is of the greatest importance that it should be approximately correct. No one who has not undertaken the task can appreciate the contradictions and confusion which impede the way.

To return now to the errors contained in the printed muster rolls; these errors proceeding not merely from carelessness in printing, but in many cases from the defectiveness of the original rolls. These errors go so far, for instance, as to represent one good soldier of the 15th Regiment as a deserter, whereas he was killed at Fair Oaks; and another as killed at Fair Oaks although he really came home without even a wound. I can see no reason why there should not be, among the necessary appendices to my book, an appendix expressly devoted to the correction of such errors as those, and I will therefore ask as a favor that my attention may be called by letter to all such mistakes. I am cordially yours,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Mrs. Lyman Brooks.

Once more death has invaded the Bay State Home circle of boarders and removed thence one of the long time residents. Mrs. Brooks was born in Western Massachusetts and at her death Saturday afternoon was seventy-one years old. Besides her husband, she leaves a son Harry, now in Boston. The funeral was held at All Saints Church, Monday at 2 p. m., Dr. A. H. Vinton officiating. The boy choir furnished music. Many floral tributes were sent. The bearers included John A. Dana, W. S. Barton, Fred G. Pratt, and W. A. Bullens. The burial was in Hope cemetery.

Golden Wedding.

Mr. W. B. Goodnow of Princeton, brother of E. A. Goodnow of this city, with his wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day last Wednesday. Mr. Goodnow lives on the ancestral acres. In addition to many Princeton friends the following were present from Worcester, E. A. Goodnow, Mrs. R. K. Partridge, Miss C. L. Goodnow, Mrs. Hastings, Hon. S. R. Heywood and wife. Letters were read from friends in New York, Boston and elsewhere. At noon an elaborate dinner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Goodnow were the recipients of between \$100 and \$200 in gold, and many other articles of value.



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1891.

The December number of *Fashions*, from the Boston Store is out and its most prominent feature is a portrait and sketch of Worth, the great Paris king of Fashion, though there are many and timely plates showing what the prevailing usage is. It is an excellent paper.

Don't fail to read Col. Higginson's letter in regard to the Record of Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors.

The current number of the New England Magazine has a timely article on Salem Witchcraft whose Bi-Centennial is near at hand. *LIGHT* is interested to know how many Worcester people claim descent from the victims of those terrible days. If readers will send in names of those who are thus affiliated, it will be considered a favor. Please name the one descended from.

The members of the Crescent Tennis Club are hard at work making final arrangements for their third annual dance at Horticultural Hall Dec. 18th. The arrangements, which are in the hands of three committees, promise a still greater success than that of last year, which was pronounced by many to be the most select party for young people held during the Winter. Zahonyi will do the catering and Bicknell's orchestra will furnish music. M. R. Crane will act as floor manager with the following aids: F. A. Whittemore, F. W. Washburn, F. S. Pierce and Karl Bonney. The reception committee consists of E. C. Belknap, H. H. Ames, Jr., W. H. Parker, H. A. Billings, W. C. Bemis.

The G. A. R. Trial.

The crowd gathered till its ribs ached. Mechanics Hall never held so much fun at any one time as it did Thursday night, when fifteen hundred people gathered to witness the Mock Trial of Charles W. Wood, Esq., for the alleged theft of Mayor Harrington's Plymouth Rock Rooster. The hits were all local and all exceedingly pat. From first to last the rafters rang with the merriment that fairly bubbled over. Comrade Newton has made his Mock Trial business famous. Properly backed up, as he was here, the evening becomes as funny as one with Robson and Crane, John E. Owens, Harrigan and Hart and W. J. Florence combined.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at *LIGHT*'s discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from *LIGHT*, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in *LIGHT*, Dec. 12, 1891.

Signed _____

I.

"Behind shut the postern the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

ii.

"I long wooed your daughter
My soul you denied,
Love swells like the Solway,
But ebbs like its tide."

iii.

"And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and ad be loved by me."

iv.

"The air is full of farewells 't the dying
And mournings for the dead;"

v.

"Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea a human spirit endowed with equal genius, etc."

vi.

"But if the air you breathe is not commensurate to be
the minister of death, yet hear it and tremble."

Answers to Quotations Nov. 28.

1. Emerson, "Uses of Great Men."
 2. Trowbridge, "Ancestors."
 3. Thoreau, "Walden," p. 62.
 4. Joaquin Miller, "Kit Carson's Ride."
 5. Lucy Larcom, "Thy Will be Done."
 6. Holmes, "Dickens."
- S. E. Rice wins the prize.

In Memoriam.

Scarcely had the mourning friends of the late Frank A. Monroe returned from his burial, Nov. 24th, before Marion Jane, one of his two daughters, was stricken with the same dread malady, pneumonia, and Tuesday last, just two weeks from her father's funeral, her gentle spirit joined his in the Summer Land. She was aged 14 years, 8 months and 13 days, a pupil in the seventh grade of the Belmont Street school. The funeral was held at her late home, Friday, at 10 o'clock, a.m. The Rev. Alexander C. Childs, who spoke Christian words over her father's body, commended her soul to our Heavenly Father and addressed comforting thoughts to the surviving friends. The sympathy of the entire community is with this stricken household. God help and keep them.

The correctness of the maxim "nothing succeeds like success" is well exemplified in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most successful combination of alteratives and tonics, it always succeeds in curing diseases of the blood, and hence its wonderful popularity.

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WORCESTER, Dec. 12, 1891.

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{ Gloves altered and repaired.
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Sole Agency

After all the other houses in the Syndicate and the largest general stores in Boston and in nearly all of the large cities of the United States have had confectionery departments for some time, and after many requests on the part of our patrons, we have decided to open a similar department.

At the foot of the central aisle staircase, this confectionery department will be formally opened Saturday morning.

An agreeable surprise awaits you, for the confections will be choice and very nice; fresh and wholesome continually.

As the Syndicate stores buy all their candies together, of one well known and extensive confectioner, the total quantity bought is very large; and so, of course, you can expect our prices to be lower than any you have yet enjoyed.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

The next meeting of the Worcester Art Society will be held in the lecture room at the Free Public Library, on Saturday, December 19th, at eight o'clock, p.m. After the meeting an exhibition of portraits by Mr. F. P. Vinton (mainly of citizens of Worcester), and of landscapes by Mr. Foxcroft Cole, will be opened to the members and their friends, and will remain open to the public for a fortnight.

Recent letters from Mr. Charles E. Haselden, who is studying dentistry in Basle, convey the information that he is pursuing certain studies as physiology and anatomy in the University of Basle, his Worcester High School diploma admitting him without an examination.

Next Thursday evening Herbert Johnson and the Whitney family will give the fifth entertainment in the Young Men's Christian Association course. Mr. Johnson will be remembered as the tenor who sang so splendidly at the recent Music Festival. The Whitney family includes Mrs. Charles M. Whitney, harpist and pianist; Miss Pearl Whitney, solo violinist; Charles M. Whitney, Jr., second violin, contra bass and conductor; Miss Estelle Whitney, viola; Miss May Whitney, violin, cello and contralto. With such an array of talent there should be a fine program.

Mrs. Frank A. Monroe with son and daughter will spend some weeks in Newark, N. J., her old home.



METHODIST.

GRACE.—Thursday evening at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Board Mr. E. W. Coffin was elected superintendent; Fred S. Tainter, assistant superintendent; Wm. T. Rogers, secretary; S. C. Flint, treasurer; W. L. Pentecost, librarian.



The Epworth League of Grace Church held a social Monday evening in the vestry. The entertainment consisted of a rehearsal of the Backwoods chorus under the leadership of L. J. Pentecost. Miss Gertrude L. March was organist and the singers were D. R. Taber, O. W. Farwell, A. L. Farwell, Misses Alice Bates, Alice G. Buck, Alice E. Worth and Flora M. Minor. A cobweb was next untagged, the first prizes going to Mr. F. W. Kenyon, a paper knife, and Miss Alice G. Arnold, a celluloid memorandum. The web proved too intricate for those who were left, and after much work, the five who persisted drew lots for the booby-prize, and it fell to the president. Those not concerned with the web, spent the time in singing and finding out a list of hidden cities. It was a very enjoyable evening.

A business meeting preceded the entertainment, at which a committee of five were appointed to act with similar committees of other Leagues as a general committee of arrangements for the coming convention.

At a meeting of the officers of the New England District League it was decided to hold the next annual convention in this city. The convention this year met at Portland and 600 were there. As Worcester is almost in the centre of the district, there ought to be 1,000 delegates here next October. Preparations are already being made for the program, this by the officers, and the committee from the leagues in the city will have full charge of the meetings aside from the program.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Park Church elected officers Monday evening for the coming six months as follows: President, Louis B. Osborne; vice-president, Miss Ella Parker; secretary, J. Edward Sherman; treasurer, David Fletcher; chairman of look-out committee, Louis C. Chase; of social committee, Elliott W. Brigham.

CONGREGATIONAL.

CENTRAL.—Tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock will be given the third in the series of Christmas song services. Rev. Dr. Palmer of Norwich will deliver the address. The following musical selections will be given as illustrative of the subject "Christ, Our Refuge."

Evening hymn, Brewer; organ prelude, West; chant, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God." Barnby; anthem, "I will sing of Thy power, Sullivan; anthem, "In the fear of the Lord," Roberts; prayer; solo, "Rest in the shadow of the Rock," Gilbert; hymn-anthem, "In heavenly love abiding," Mendelssohn;

solo, "Rest," Parker; hymn-anthem, "Rock of Ages," Buck; organ Postlude, Schumann.

At the annual meeting of Park Church held Thursday evening officers were elected as follows:

Clerk, James G. Alexander; treasurer, Javan E. Beane; auditor, A. H. Ayer; deacon for three years, S. E. Fisher; deacon for two years, John L. Day; deaconess for three years, Miss Laura A. Giddings; standing committee, Simon E. Fisher, John L. Day, J. H. Gleason, C. R. Peacock, L. W. Putnam; pastoral committee, Mrs. C. W. Bowker, Miss Ella Parker, Mrs. Wilcox, with deacons and other officers.

BELMONT STREET.—The Ladies Aid Society held a Christmas sale Thursday evening. The fancy table was under the charge of Mrs. E. C. Metcalf and Miss Lora Andrews, while Miss Hattie Robinson had the children's table in hand. There was also a pleasant entertainment consisting of music and readings. A quartet, consisting of Mrs. E. H. Plaisted, Mrs. C. W. Lee, Mr. Chas. J. Hitchcock and Mr. C. W. Lee, sang several selections, and Miss Hattie Robinson gave readings. Mr. Reed and Mr. R. H. Thompson played the accompaniments.

UNION.—At the pastor's residence, No. 9 Ashland Street, Thursday afternoon and evening, a most delightful entertainment was given, consisting of "A Trip to Florida" under the direction of Mrs. Merrifield, Miss Hattie Smith and Mrs. Peabody, and a Christmas sale under the charge of the flower committee, which included Mrs. E. H. Peabody, Miss Hattie Williams, Miss Mattie Lathe, Miss M. Clavel, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Charles Keith, Miss Mabel Lancaster and Mrs. W. V. Davis, and the fine needlework committee, which includes Mrs. Fred Coes, Mrs. Alexander De Witt, Mrs. S. F. Dickinson, Miss Annie Currier, Mrs. P. W. Moen, Miss Hattie Smith and Mrs. Henry Merrifield.

Plymouth Church held its annual business meeting in the church vestry Tuesday evening. An innovation was introduced this year in the form of a supper served by the Ladies' Aid Society just before the business session. Nearly the entire floor was occupied by the tables, to which over 300 sat down. After the supper, Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D. D., the pastor of the church, called the meeting to order and Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Perkins offered prayer. The election of officers, which followed, resulted as follows: Dr. F. H. Howland, re-elected clerk; E. W. Warren, elected treasurer; J. H. Bancroft, auditor; G. Henry Whitcomb, William Maynard, and George H. Mellen, with the other officers, standing committee, Prescott G. Kent, deacon; Sunday School—Superintendent, Charles G. Reed; assistant superintendents, Willis E. Sibley and Frank E. Stimpson; secretary, W. F. Crosby; treasurer, E. H. Wentworth; librarian, Frank Gilbert; superintendent of primary department, Mrs. C. H. Morgan; assistants, Mrs. J. W. Townsend, Miss Charlotte Morgan and Miss Lessie Maynard. Deacon Jehiel Todd's resignation as deacon was read but was not acted upon. The various reports showed: that the membership numbers 706, a gain of 42 during the year; that the receipts

were \$4,318.48, the expenditures \$4,375.21; that the membership of the Sunday School is 631, divided among 56 classes.

Bethany Church celebrated its first communion last Sunday in the Old Men's Home on Leicester Street. Rev. W. T. Sleeper was the officiating clergyman and the deacons were Dea. Deming and Dea. Bauer. The new silver service, presented to the church by Mr. Albert Curtis was used.

HOPE.—It begins to look as though Hope Church might have a new edifice. The 2d annual meeting revealed a very healthful condition. The officers for the ensuing year are Clerk, Miss Emma S. Cutting; Treasurer, Miss Emma G. Hall; Auditor, Loring Foskitt; Deacon for three years, George Mitchinson; Deaconess for three years, Mrs. Annie Lever; to fill vacancy, Mrs. Hutton; Standing Committee, Loring Foskitt, Joseph Dobbins, Mr. Hutton, Mrs. J. S. Moore, Mrs. Roxena Berry, Mrs. Hattie Scott; Pastoral Committee, Mrs. Bertha Chase, Mrs. George Mitchinson, Mrs. Mary Me, also the pastor and church officers ex-officio.

BAPTIST.

At the Pleasant Street Baptist Church last Sunday six persons were admitted to membership by baptism.

MAIN ST.—Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening, The Ladies' Aid Society conducted a sale of Christmas articles, serving refreshments in the evening. The sale was well patronized.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

Four persons were admitted last Sunday to the Church of Christ upon confession of faith.

Y. M. C. A.

There will be no afternoon meetings tomorrow on account of the grand union No License meeting in Mechanics Hall.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Ladies Social Circle of the First Universalist Church will meet at The Orphan's Home next Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

Chamberlain District.

At "The Poplars," Mr. A. S. Lowell's residence, The Farmers' Club held its session and B. W. Potter, Esq. quite charmed his hearers with an essay on vacationing on wheels. Of course only a few farmers can afford time and outfit for a trip by his own conveyance, but where the same is possible, he will do well to read carefully what Mr. Potter has said and to heed his advice. No more entertaining paper has been read before the club than this.

The Saturday evening sketching class of the Art Students' Club was formed last Saturday evening. This evening it will be decided whether a class in oil, under the direction of J. M. Stone of Boston, will be formed.

The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skillfully prepared laxatives; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pills. Physicians everywhere recommend them for costiveness, indigestion, and liver complaints.

Prof. George E. Gladwin.

A picture of Longfellow among his books or Edison in his laboratory would be voted complete. This, too, must be the judgment on our representation of Professor Gladwin. He is in the drawing-room at the Institute. About him are the casts and models that generations of boys have copied. In his hands, receiving immediate consideration, are the papers that the students have, lately, passed in. Like a king upon his throne, he is the monarch of all he surveys. And thus it has been from the very founding of the Institute. Every young man, who has been a student there, has had to pass under Professor Gladwin's supervision.

Our instructor is a native of Higganum, Conn. where he was born December 15, 1828. There were eleven children in the family of whom he was the third. Nine boys and two girls made up an array that savors of old times. The elder Gladwin was a ship joiner and, fifty years ago, ship building was a thriving industry on the Connecticut River. Here in the ship yard, as a lad, the future draughtsman learned to wield mallet and chisel rather than pencil and brush. When twenty-two years old, he had assisted in the building of thirty different crafts, from the large merchant ship, down to the fore and aft schooner. It was at this age that he started away from home, resolved to acquire an education.

In 1850 he went to New Britain, Conn. and entered the High School, where he prepared for admission to the State Normal School, located in that thriving place. He remained in the school till graduation, receiving the Valedictory in a class of twenty-three members. Then followed a year's teaching in the school itself, making a specialty of drawing, attaining therein, considerable success. Thence he went to Meriden, in the same state, and took charge of a large district school remaining two or three years and making drawing, still his chief theme.

Next he removed to Hartford, in 1857, where he established himself as a teacher of drawing to a large number of private pupils and also found work in several of the public schools. Besides, he undertook the training of the city teachers in this branch. At this time, the whole matter of drawing in schools was tentative, no city nor town having undertaken it as a fixed part of the school system.

In 1859, under the lead of the Hon. Henry Barnard, a prominent Connecticut educator, a university was projected at Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Gladwin was requested to assume the direction of the drawing department and, to better equip himself for this labor, he was sent to Europe, by Dr. Barnard, to study the different systems there established, with a view to introducing the results of his study and observation into the new Western college. He left America, in the Fall of 1859, and entered the South Kensington school of Art in London in October. The coming on of the War of the Rebellion deferred the university scheme at Madison, so that he was able to remain aboard longer and so acquire a wider range of culture. It was not till October, 1863, that he returned to this country, bringing with him, when he did come, medals and medallions as trophies.

Then came his introduction to Worcester, for he was persuaded to make his home with the late John B. Gough where he established a studio. Soon after, he opened one in this city and, at once, more work poured in upon him than he could readily accomplish. Upon the founding of the Polytechnic, he was selected as the man to have drawing in charge and for more than twenty years, he has been the indefatigable director of all branches of this art in that institution.

During these years, he has labored diligently in other directions, having charge of drawing in the High School of this city and in Hartford, Norwich, Providence and Springfield as well. In all of these places he has been the pioneer to open the way. Also he has travelled far to find subjects for his delineating touch. He even went, once, clear to Niagara to see and to sketch the ice-mound formed at the base of the Falls. He has sailed in the Arctic regions for the study of icebergs and he has dwelt in Florida for semi-tropical scenery. He has spent much time upon the prairies of the Far West, making notes of Indians and their habits and, besides, he has penetrated into the wilderness of Canada to see just what the "Forest primeval" may be, while there is not a nook nor a corner any where near Worcester that he and his sketching classes have not found.

Prof. Gladwin is a quick, nervous, practically untiring man. He is ever in quest of some new field and his home at No. 16 Harvard Street, contains many traces of travel by sea and by land. While with Mr. Gough he found a wife in Miss Mary A. Booth, a member of the latter's family. They have no children, but a grand-niece of Mrs. Gladwin has long made her home with them, having been adopted.

Our Professor is one of those who have given a tone and inspiration to the study of art in this city. He is prominent in all the agencies that look to the furthering of this department of culture. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman. One whom we like to meet, always leaving a pleasant impression on the memory.

The Telegram Train, with conductor Hugh D. Magee aboard looking after the interests of Worcester's business men, will make periodical trips through the business section of Main Street during the holidays. The genial conductor's train has long been on the road to success.

A great many people have examined with pleasure the portrait of General Devens on exhibition in the window of Pinkham and Willis. It is finished in India ink and was given to Post 19 by Comrade James F. Meach of Lynn.

Senator Pinkerton's Legislative duties keep him in Boston a large share of the time.

Frank E. Heywood has been appointed chairman of the committee on investigation and reinstatement of the New England Association Amateur Athletic Union.

Col. A. George Bullock was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of E. W. Bond, ex-president of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, at Springfield, Tuesday afternoon.

A Hope.

My creed is "The Golden Rule,"
My Hope, that there may be
A Heaven, where the soul, at last,
Shall be, forever free!

And that those who sin may know
Repentance's greatest joy;
That those who nobly live may find
A bliss, without alloy.

That we may have warm lips to kiss,
Strong hands to clasp, and hold,
A face and form, (as well as soul)
That self-same soul, to fold.

That Earth may be perfected,
Its we be joy prolonged,
That tears may be smilings all ways
That right be no more wronged!

That know'ng then, 'tis we are known,
Fall in that Great White Light,
We shall work to make a Heaven,
A Day—that has no night!

—Florence M. Keith.

CHAMBERLAIN FARMERS' CLUB.

Program of the Meetings for Discussion This Winter.

The official program of the meetings for discussion of the Chamberlain Farmers' Club for the season has been issued, and is as follows:

Thursday, Dec. 10.—At "The Poplars," Brattle Street, North Worcester, residence of A. S. Lowell. Subject: "A Cruise on Wheels as a Farmer's Vacation." Essay by B. W. Potter.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—At "Mapleshade Farm," Salisbury Street, residence of Hugh J. Allen. Subject: "Free Delivery of Mails and Library Books in Country Districts." Essay by S. A. Burgess.

Thursday, Jan. 28.—At residence of F. P. Stowell, corner of Salisbury and Forest Streets. Subject: "What the Poets Say About Farming," Mr. and Mrs. William L. Allen, leaders; Mrs. Charles R. Bryden, Mrs. E. W. Wheeler.

Thursday, Feb. 11.—At "Chamberlain Farm," Salisbury Street, residence of S. A. Burgess. Subject: "Life and Early Records of Chamberlain District." Essay by Caleb A. Wall.

Thursday, Feb. 25.—At "Intervale Farm," Salisbury Street, residence of J. L. Ellsworth. Subject: "Is Science Aiding the Practical Farmer." Essay by J. Lewis Ellsworth.

Thursday, March 10.—At residence of E. W. Wheeler, Forest Street. Subject: "What are the Proper Sanitary Conditions of Our Homes?" Essay by Dr. Merrick Bemis.

Thursday, March 24.—At "Applecroft," Salisbury Street, corner of Forest, residence of B. W. Potter. Subjects: "Home Decorations." Essay by Mrs. A. S. Lowell. "Indoor Floriculture." Essay by Mrs. J. L. Ellsworth. "Outdoor Floriculture." Essay by Mrs. B. W. Potter.

The annual supper will be at "Lilac Hedge Farm," the residence of P. F. Sears, at the corner of Salisbury and Flag Streets. There will be a musical and literary entertainment at each meeting.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year. 'Tis now the longest gas bills in collector's hands appear.

A "Lucky" Boy.

He was not quite 17, and was at home for his first college vacation. Three or four young fellows of about his age lounged on the piazza of one of the village homes, and discussed the affairs of the college youth.

"I'm older than he by seven or eight months," said George Chester, gloomily, "and my father is a good deal better off than his, yet here he is through his first college year, and no prospect of my beginning mine. Some fellows are lucky and some are not, and that is all there is about it."

"His father doesn't send him to college," said Horace Wells, a boy who lived nearly across from the young man whom they were discussing. "An old aunt, or grandmother, or something, who took a fancy to him years ago, got him a chance to take care of the library, and help to pay his way; and she got him other chances too. I tried for one of them, and he got it instead, so I know about it."

"Well," said George, "that just proves what I said. Why shouldn't you have got the chance, for instance, as well as he? I tell you he is a lucky fellow."

"He took the prize for mathematics," volunteered young Brooks; "that gave him a lift—it is in gold, you know. I never thought he was a special genius with figures."

"Nor was he," muttered George; "it is just another instance of luck."

"Horace is mistaken about one thing," declared Merrill Stuart. "The old lady who helps Hal Adams along isn't an aunt nor a grandmother to him, anyway; she is no relation. My aunt Harriet knows her."

"That's only another argument for George," laughed Horace. "We all know dozens of old ladies; why didn't some of them take a fancy to you and give you a lift?"

While these wise young men are discussing "luck," let me ask you to go back over a period of five years, when they were all between twelve and thirteen years of age, and stand with me at one of the street corners of their village on a certain August day.

A heavy shower was falling, which had gathered three umbrellaless boys under the awning of the corner building. Three other boys appeared at nearly the same time, two of them coming out of the grocery, the third from the bank across the way.

"If you were only going my road," called the boy from the bank, "I could shelter one of you. What are you doing this rainy day without any umbrellas?"

"Why, the sun came out," said Horace Wells, "and we thought it wasn't going to rain any more."

"Ho!" laughed the boy from the bank, whose name by the way was George Chester, "anybody with an ounce of thought would have known that that was a make-believe clear off. Whew! how it does pour. I believe I will try the awning myself until it lets up a little."

"I had no faith in the clear off," said one of the umbrellaless boys, whose name was Halford Adams, "but the fact is, my umbrella isn't convenient to carry." The boys laughed good-naturedly; they knew he did not own an umbrella, and that perhaps there was not even one in the entire family.

"I have umbrellas enough," said Will Brooks, "but it is such a bother to be lugging one around all the time. Hallo! look at that old lady; I guess she wishes she had taken her. What an idiot she is to splash out in this shower; she will get as wet as a duck. Why doesn't she stay on the steps over there until the shower is over?"

The boys all turned and looked in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was a tall, elderly, plainly dressed woman braving the pelting rain as best she could, with her arms full of packages, and without an umbrella. She made a curious figure splashing along in the puddles, and the boys laughed, some of them. One exclaimed over her misfortunes: "She is an oldish lady, too! George, you have a large umbrella, why don't you go and help her through?"

"Not I!" said George, shrugging his shoulders; "I'm not such a dunce. She had no business to start out in this rain."

Hal Adams, who had made the suggestion, looked about him uneasily. "Perhaps her errand would not wait," he said. "If I had an umbrella—I say, Merrill, let me take yours and I'll help her out; it isn't likely that she has far to go, or she wouldn't start in this storm. I'll bring it back all right in a few minutes. You are not in a hurry; you never are."

"Why, no," said Merrill Stuart, "I'm in no hurry; but then, I think you are an everlasting idiot to do any such thing. You don't know her, and are under no obligations to get a wetting for her."

"All right," said Hal, breaking into the midst of this: "I'll listen to your moralizing when I come back; give us your umbrella, old fellow." He seized it, and was gone, amid the jeers of the boys, every one of whom thought him a simpleton. The middle-aged woman, struggling with the storm, did not.

"You are a good, kind boy," she said heartily, as he pounced upon her packages and tucked them under his arm, shielding her carefully the while. "I would not have started out, but my niece is sick and needed the things and there was no one else to go. I could not wait for the shower to be over on her account. I knew I couldn't manage an umbrella, so I didn't take one."

It proved to be but a short walk, and Hal thought the woman's gratitude more profuse than the occasion warranted. He shook his head merrily when she begged him to come in and wait for the rain to be over. "No, ma'am, thank you, this is a borrowed umbrella, and the owner is waiting for it."

"A borrowed one? Then you will be left without. How will you get home if the rain continues?"

"O! I will run between the drops; I'm used to it. I never carry an umbrella."

"Why not, young man?"

"Why, because," he said, with a burst of laughter, finding himself caught by such an outspoken question, "I have none to carry."

"Is that so? Well, I have one which is altogether too heavy for my hands; I will give it to you to remember our walk by. It is nothing but cotton, and old at that, but it will keep the rain off."

It was in vain to protest; his new friend was in earnest, and Hal came back to the boys

laughing and showing his large umbrella, which was very good indeed.

"You are in luck!" said George Chester; "I wouldn't mind having as good an umbrella as that for my own; mine is about worn out."

That was years ago. The boys gathered under that awning are, with one or two exceptions, the same boys who sat on the piazza five years later and discussed the luck of Hal Adams in college. Every one of them has forgotten the incident of the rain, and of Hal Adams's rush through it to help a middle-aged, plain-looking woman. I suppose if they had known that the "aunt or grandmother or something," who took a fancy to him years ago was the woman in the rain, and that she had never lost sight of him since, but had been able to give him a bit of help of one sort or another many a time, they would have called it a "queer piece of luck." While bright enough boys in general, they seemed to be utterly stupid about cause and effect.

Listen to one of them, shouting at this minute from the piazza to Hal Adams under the trees: "Hallo, Hal; I heard you had a tip-top bicycle. How did you happen to be so lucky?"

"I planned my luck," Hal called back, with one of his old merry laughs. "I found a second-hand one for sale cheap, and discovered that by riding it I could board a couple of miles farther away from the college, and the saving in board would pay for the bicycle in few months' time."

"Just his luck!" muttered George Chester, even in the very face of the important words, "I planned my luck!"—Myra Spaford in Pansy.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Great is Blue Jeans, greater still is Joseph Arthur, but greatest of all is Laura Burt. Such was the verdict of the thousands of people who visited Blue Jeans at the Worcester Theatre last week, and who applauded the witty lines, roared at the comedians, sympathized with the vicissitudes of the hero, held their breath over the saw mill, cheered the brass band and coveted the baby, but united in pronouncing Laura Burt the bright star of the occasion. She is as piquant as an of-fenbach air, as refreshing as a watermelon in August, beautiful as an angel, though much more becomingly dressed, and more funny than a lobster factory. The part of *June* fits her like a glove, but so does every other rôle she has ever undertaken. It is a peculiarity Miss Burt has. She is even credited with playing *Topsy* in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and making that mouldy chestnut "bud and blossom like the rose."

A young man whose head and heart are alike, tender, and who has never grasped the dangers of a little learning, was heard to remark before a group of sympathizing auditors that Miss Burt was possessed of the "*Beaute du diable*," and when pressed for a translation declared that she was "devilish pretty."

Verily Miss Burt, from this time forth the city of Worcester is your especial property.

An afternoon tea was given Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Mary A. Lathe, 20 Cedar street. The hours were from 4 to 6.



Phi Gamma Delta.

The establishment of a chapter of a Greek Letter Fraternity in an institution in which neither Greek nor Latin is taught is a matter of sufficient moment to call out a little history. The very oldest society of this kind is the Phi Beta Kappa, established at William and Mary's College in 1776, but this long since ceased to be a society in the sense that the later orders are. It is now chaptered in certain colleges, taking therefrom only a certain proportion of the Senior class at graduation, the first third or such fraction as may have been decided upon. There is only an initiation and the member wears a well known key attached to his watch chain. There are, today, probably seventy-five fraternities, wearing Greek letter badges and being more or less secret in their character.

The particular one, which has recently granted a chapter at the Institute in this city was founded in 1848, at Jefferson College, an institution located at Canonsburg, Penn., but which, in 1865, was united with Washington College, James G. Blaine's alma mater, located in Washington, nine miles away. The merged institutions are known as Washington-Jefferson College. In 1879, there had been granted, thirty-nine chapters, mostly in Southern and Western colleges. For this reason, a considerable number were given up during the War. The locating of a chapter here, is creditable to the Polytechnic. As students are clanship and will have their cliques, anyway, it is quite as well for college faculties to recognize this fact and to permit such bodies to exist legally. In some colleges, they maintain an existence by stealth, not a good way for young people to come up. In 1879, Phi Gamma Delta had 2750 members, with its strongest chapters in the West. The founders were Samuel B. Wilson, James Elliot, John T. McCarthy, D. Webster Crofts, Ellis B. Gregg and N. Fletcher. Though no one of these names has attained anything more than local fame, the Fraternity boasts among others Senator Vance of North Carolina, Edward Eggleston, the author, General George A. Sheridan and General Lew Wallace, in addition to the names given in last week's LIGHT, as President Harrison, James G. Blaine and Chauncey M. Depew. Very likely this innovation will open the way for more orders of the same sort.

Smith.

Ev. ry one is busy now, as the time for examinations, term essays, etc., draws near. Prof. Goodyear of Harvard has begun a course of art lectures, illustrated by stereopticon views, which are given every Thursday and Friday evenings in Assembly Hall.

Dr. Anderson of Paris gave a very interesting talk on the McCall Mission, Friday night, in the First Church. Dr. Blodgett, who is much interested had urged the college girls to attend, so that they formed the greater part of the audience. A branch association was

started, of which Miss Jordan, head of our English department, was appointed vice-president.

Prof. Landers of Yale now gives Bible lectures to the Freshmen.
Dec. 9.

Worcester Academy.

The first of the series of lectures will be given next Wednesday evening by President Andrews of Brown University whose subject will be "Mental Independence." The second will be given January 13th by President Hyde of Bowdoin College and the subject will be "The Qualities of Leadership." January 27, President Small of Colby University will speak on "The Ideals of the Higher Education." President Gates of Amherst will also speak sometime during the Winter.

High School.

The usual rhetorical exercises were held in the hall Dec. 3, consisting of the following programme: Declamation, Extract from Webster's address at the Plymouth Bi-centennial Celebration 1870, H. Bellis; Reading, Contentment, Holmes, Miss Cheney; Violin Solo, Miss Clark; Declamation, Extract from one of Charles Sumner's speeches in Senate.
W. Tower.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather Dec. 5 and the small attendance of the societies, it was thought prudent and advisable to join the meetings of the Assembly and Summer Club. This enabled the members of both societies to hear Mr. Cummings, the janitor, who was to speak to the Assembly on his personal "Reminiscences of the War."

He briefly outlined that he had belonged to a regiment of Zouaves, composed of New York firemen. This regiment was mustered in by Gen. McDowell for the war, whether it lasted one or ten years, the only one that was ever mustered in with that design.

His talk was highly entertaining and he was heartily received and applauded. When the applauding had ceased, a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to him.

"Tech" Camera Club.

The young men who constitute this thriving organization have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the exhibition which they gave, one week ago to-day. The large room on the second floor, north-east corner, was given over to them and, in this, they displayed above five hundred prints. There were possibly a dozen different exhibitors, so it will be seen that some of the parties had many samples. Some exceedingly fine pictures were for exhibition only, conspicuous among these were those shown by Master Kimball. The judges were Mr. Alfred S. Roe, Principal J. Chauncey Lyford and Dr. A. S. Kimball. These gentlemen attended to their duties so that at four o'clock, all the cards were in place designating the honored few. There was a steady influx of visitors so that the receipts were sufficient to net a handsome balance. Not the least happy faces in the room were those of some of the fortunate recipients of prizes; but everybody looked happy, even the judges who had to crush some rising hopes. There were fifteen classes in all and the awards were as follows,

the first name, in each case, being number one; landscapes, A. C. Higgins, H. Sinclair; marine views, Sinclair, H. W. Brack; architecture, H. S. Coombs, Bracken; interiors, E. W. Davenport, E. H. Keith; animals, Braken, Keith; instantaneous, Sinclair, Higgins; flash-lights, E. W. Vaill Jr., Higgins; portraits, Higgins, Keith; groups, Keith, Braken; machinery, Sinclair, Higgins; copies, Braken, Higgins; bromides Keith—no second; novel effects, Higgins, Sinclair; clouds, Keith, and E. E. Kent.

It was understood, at the outset, that the same party should not take both first and second prizes in the same class and some excellent pictures were shown that took prizes last year. Of course, they were ruled out of this. A little more care in classification is desirable and Mr. Braken's scheme of having all his pictures in one frame was particularly vexatious to the judges. His work was excellent but it should have been distributed. Where there was so much that was choice, comparisons may be invidious, still LIGHT will not forego mentioning Higgins' glimpse in the Adirondacks, Keith's group of high school girls, Sinclair's children at play and Bracken's mare and colt all of which won first prizes for their makers. As a whole, the result was excellent and it is a pleasure to see young men, thus striving for success, content with honorable mention. In the evening there was a fine exhibition of lantern slides, under the direction of Mr. Edward H. Keith. The next annual showing will be looked forward to with pleasure. The officers of the club are President, Edward H. Keith '94; vice-president, Aldus C. Higgins '93; secretary, E. W. Vaill, Jr., '93; treasurer, Howard A. Coombs '93.

Holy Cross.

The marks for November were read in Fenwick Hall last Wednesday. Among the Worcester boys averaging 95 per cent., or over were the following: rhetoric, T. B. Cunningham and W. I. McLaughlin; poetry, J. P. O'Brien, F. M. Phelan, C. P. Fitzgerald, T. H. Dowd and C. H. Durning.

The regular monthly elocution exercises took place last Thursday.

Last Tuesday being the feast of the Immaculate Conception and a holiday of obligation, was a holiday for the students.

The regular semi-annual reviews commenced yesterday.

Rev. Robert Walsh of the Church of the Immaculate Conception is holding during this week a retreat for his parish. It will close Sunday morning with a solemn high mass at 10.30 and a sermon to be preached by one of the fathers from the college.

The net receipts of the recent minstrel show given by the Washington Club at the theater were \$226.25 while the net profits were \$311.47.

Church Choirs.

At the Old South Church last Sunday the choir sang a Te Deum set to music written by A. V. Hill, the organist of the church. The work is in the key of C and has solos for soprano, alto, tenor and bass. It is as yet only in manuscript, but it may be published.

"I found Rome brick, I leave it marble.—Augustus Caesar.

Our Schools.

CHAPTER IX.

At the risk of almost tedious iteration it may be well to quote still further the words of eminent educators on this subject: An article in a late able periodical, said to have been written by a distinguished educator, says, "We turn our children stupefied with lists of names and dates and intricacies of spelling and grammar, but utterly ignorant of most things which are needed for the struggle of life." Another able writer on the subject remarks that "The cramming system, so much in vogue, subjects all the pupils to the treatment of Strasbourg geese — noodled, as it is termed, till their livers are unnaturally enlarged; only it is the minds of the children that are thus noodled."

E. L. Stanley, an able educator, says: "Our educational machine is like the labor of the Danaides; with a maximum of friction, it forces a huge volume of water into vessels full of holes, and but little remains to fructify the soil."

Another writer remarks as follows: "Owing to the perfunctory process of filling the child's memory—so far as he had any—with words unexplained, and disconnected facts, the school becomes irksome to the child, and the attendance becomes a sort of bondage which the child is too glad to escape from. Thus the school-life, instead of being the happiest time for the child, becomes one of incessant fret and worry."

Owing to the sort of military discipline pervading the schools,—happily somewhat relaxed in the High School—the condition above described is too fatally manifest.

The "State Board of Education" has the following: "Experience has proved that the cause of popular education in a community flourishes in proportion to the excellence of its supervision. From the nature of the case adequate supervision cannot be secured except by agents selected for their pedagogical learning, and employed to give their whole time and strength to the administration of school affairs."

From what has been said in previous chapters, it is obvious that there is necessity for using greater care in the choice of school committee; and that in the discharge of their duty to the people, this committee, in filling the important office of superintendent, should exercise perfect independence of all personal influences, whether in the form of persuasion, blandishments or intimidation, and should at once proceed to elect to that office, a person of far higher qualifications than those possessed by the present incumbent—thus recognizing the will of their constituents so often and so emphatically expressed.

In closing the present series of papers it is desirable to recur to the question of school management, now claiming so large a share of public attention.

So much interest has it caused that a committee of fifteen gentlemen was chosen at a public meeting to take into consideration the whole subject of popular education.

This committee, after a survey of the situation, published in the morning papers of the 21st, ultimo, an unanswerable "statement" the

attempted reply to which is only noticeable for its audacious mendacity—a characteristic which sufficiently reveals its inspiration if not its authorship. The assertions in regard to "Kindergartens" in the above "reply" appear ridiculous, in view of the papers elucidating the subject lately read before the Woman's Club—some of which have since appeared in the columns of the Spy—and the remarks about "sticks and blocks and clay models," as at present "used in the primary schools," clearly show the utter incapacity of the management to understand or at all appreciate the scope and purpose of the kindergarten; and make it clear to all its friends that this management is as incapable of successfully introducing the system as would be very "sticks and blocks and clay models" themselves.

It is well understood that the school committee needs to be better instructed as to the will and purpose of the great majority of the people. In the impending election it is important that they should exercise careful discrimination, in the choice of committee men, and vote only for such men as will carry out their often expressed will.

The Herculean efforts now making to thwart this will, should be no cause of discouragement, as it only shows the desperation of this man and his few coadjutors.

The intelligent members of the committee must see that the harmony of a great political party and the peace of the city require that they should act for the best interest of the schools, and dispose of this exciting question, in the only possible way, by the discharge of this obnoxious official.

The great audacity of this political intriguer and his untiring devotion to his own interests, coupled with his long experience and past success in his peculiar style of chicanery, have rendered him a somewhat dangerous subject,—dangerous to the best interests of the schools, and utterly obstructive to any progress towards the newer and better systems of education already so successful and beneficent in more enlightened and enterprising communities. If this man had any sense of propriety, he would no longer be a rock of offense, and "a stirrer up of strife," but would at once betake himself to "fresh woods and pastures new."

After what has been said in preceding chapters it would be useless and might become tedious to prolong the discussion of this subject; the time for words is past, and the period of action is, at hand; if the course of these papers has in any degree helped to open the eyes of the public to the fatal loss that is occurring, at a ruinous cost in money—as well as in moral and intellectual culture, a loss ten times more deplorable—there can be no doubt that every conscientious and hopeful voter, of either sex, will do the duty of a faithful citizen in voting for reform at every opportunity.

In taking leave of this subject for the present, I wish to thank the publisher of LIGHT for admitting this series of papers to his columns, sometimes under protest; and to say that the writer alone is responsible for whatever they contain, which, but for the cautious reticence of the editor, would have been far more aggressive than they now appear.

H. H. CHAMBERLIN.

"Prayer ardent opens heaven."

If We Could Know.

BY JOLIA H. MAY.

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go;
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, ke-pling death in view?
Should I my love to you more oft express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan?
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling; and 'tis better so,
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk alone the same old stumbling way—
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish the seas may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go—
I would not know.

—Exchange.

VOLAPÜK.

Din Gletikun Vola.

(Continued)

Tatopom omi ko klans. Tatopom omi ko benodof. Kikod ladäl binom veütikum ka klöd? Bi fin binom veütikum ka med. E kikod binom veütikum ka dedil. Ladäl binom veütikum ka klöd, bi zell binom veütikum ka med. Zesid kiom sibinom labön köi bi? Binos tanon lani ko God. E kis binom zell tanön man ko God? Dat mögom sumön Godi. Ab „God binom ladäl.“ Kludo, klöd binom med al zell, kel binom ladälön.

Ladäl, sikodo, klüliko binom veütikum ka klöd. Denu binom veütikum ka benodof, bi löi binom veütikum ka dedil. Benodof binom tei dl smalik ladälä, bal kulas nenumik ladälä, e benodof lemödik kanom sibinön e sibinom nen ladäl. Binos din nefuklik jedön sentabi lubegele in sü, binos köömiko din nefuklik man ko dunön ösi. Deno ladäl binom as ofen in beküpil. Lemobs livami fekas dilu-mädiki pedagaloi dub juv misala tökü sentab. Binos tunedelik, tuuedelik plo obs e ofeno tudelik plo lubegel. If ladälöbs la velatiko omi, ädunösov plo om u plu ulu. Täno Paul tatopom omi ko vitim e maur. E begob tlu-pilli utas, kel desidoms binöb pesedans, e estimö balidno nemön somo anikis olas, memön das do givöl kopis olisik al padefiedön, e no labos ladäl, pöfödos nosi, nosi. No okanos polön dini veütikum al pägans ka nimped e lokam Goda ladälä su kalad olisik. At binom puk valemik. Ofilag völes lenadön ciäna-pükön u päemik dinö dialegis Nidäna. Sis delä-nafols, pik et ladälä, pekapaölä fa valikas, osebladom piköb nesentik omik. Binom man kel binom pesedan, no binos vöds omik. Kalad omik binom sedanum omik. In zenod Fikopa, bevü laks gletik ekölömöb manik e vomis blägik kel memoms mani veitik soalik kel ilogoms evelo, David Livingstone; e aikelup dugolon futöp omik in fimän et nepesevik logeds manas nidöms du piköms dö doke benodik, kel idutävom us sis vels kil.

"SCHEPP'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORLD."

THE GREATEST BOOK ON EARTH.

COSTING \$100,000

NEW, NOVEL, STRIKING.

A Wonderful Collection of Photographs. Everyone Seeing It Will Want a Copy.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to one of the most daring, if not the most marvellous achievement, that has yet been accomplished in the publishing world. We refer to a new and most valuable publication, entitled "Schepp's Photographs of the World," representing renowned picturesque scenery, historic castles, views of cities, avenues, buildings, monuments, copies of celebrated paintings and artistic statuary, collected from every corner of the world.

It includes every thing of any interest through Great Britain, from the Blarney Castle to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, and from the Hills of Scotland to the South Coast of England; through Europe, from Gibraltar in the South to Hammerfest in the North; through Asia and the Orient, from the Holy Land, Arabia and Persia in the West to India, China, Japan, Australia and the Islands of the Pacific in the South and East.

Through Africa, from the Suez Canal, Egypt and the Nile in the East to Cape of Good Hope in the South and life among the Natives in the interior, West and North; through Asia and the Orient, from the Holy Land, Arabia and Persia in the West to India, China, Japan, Australia and the Islands of the Pacific in the South and East.

Through Spanish South America, from Terra del Fu-go to Panama; through the Central American States and Mexico;—land of the Aztecs; through Alaska, Greenland, British North America and Canada.

Through the United States, from the Golden Gate in the West to the Rocky Coast of New England in the East, and from the Lake cities in the North to the Cotton States in the South, forming one of the finest, rarest, wealthiest, and most beautiful, interesting and historic collections of Photographs ever seen.

The Photographs representing master paintings and works of art, taken from the French Salon, Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, Dresden, Uffizi, Pitti and Vatican Galleries, in the direct and accurate reproductions of the famous originals. Their value is so great that the wealth of nations could not buy them. No collection like this has ever before been formed from the lids of any book.

Every Photograph is carefully explained in from four to six lines printed matter, in an accurate, concise and most interesting manner. So great has been the demand for this book already, that the publishers immediately translated the English explanations into Swedish and German, printing the book in three languages within four weeks, and we understand that a Spanish edition is now in course of preparation.

The work is issued by the Globe Bible Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, Penn. The publishers, who are wide awake, and know how to meet the wants of the masses, have placed the retail prices marvellously low, ranging from \$3.25 to \$7.00, according to the style of binding, giving every one an opportunity to purchase a copy.

Mr. E. H. Chamberlain, 3 Clarence Street, is the local representative for this community, and we trust that this announcement to our many readers may prepare every one to receive him cordially. A postal card to his address will receive early attention.



The Chautauquan for December.

The frontispiece is a portrait of Edward Everett Hale, a Counselor of the C. L. S. C., and there are also two pages containing nine pictures of contributors. This magazine, though, the organ of the Chautauque movement, contains much of interest to the average reader, as a "Trip up the Nile," containing several illustrations; the "Scottish Language;" the "Modern Treatment for Insanity;" and a description of the life and work of Charles Stewart Parnell. The woman's department shows what women have done as lawyers, astronomers, trained nurses and clerks. The Library Table contains many interesting sketches cut from books both new and old.

Dr. Theodore L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have recently issued a new edition of Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal with portrait and designs by Edmund H. Garrett. Printing and binding are in the highest style of the bookmaker's art.

W. D. Howell's Venetian Life, so many years a cherished book by all who travel, or, for that matter, stay at home is out in a new illustrated edition from the presses of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is profusely illustrated and will be hailed with pleasure by many readers.

The Christmas Wide Awake has been made by some of the brightest people in America; Mary E. Wilkins, Jessie Benton Frémont, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Childs Hassam, Irving R. Wiles, John Mead Howells, Charlotte M. Vaile, Captain Curtis, U. S. A., Emilie Poulsson, Eleanor Lewis, Mrs. Maria Mc Intosh Cox, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, L. J. Bridgman, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Lieut-Col. Thordike, Caroline Hunt Rimmer, Charles Monte, E. H. Garrett. There is a great range of story, ballad, and picture, all full of the Christmas spirit.

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.

Good Housekeeping for December presents a number of articles of unusual interest, apart from those which give its distinctive flavor as a Christmas number. Among these may be named "Little Lord Noughtyboy," a society paper on "Afternoon Receptions," "Our Sleeping Rooms," "The Attic and its Treasures," "A Chapter on Children," especially relating to "The Baby," with others of equal importance. A most appropriate holiday gift for any housewife—or for almost anybody else—would be a year's subscription to this model home magazine. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

William Dean Howells to Write a Story Especially for Girls.

It is said that Mr. Howells, who is perhaps the foremost of living American novelists, has

long had in mind a story of American girl-life, which he believes will be the best piece of work he has ever done. The great novelist has now been induced to write out the story, and at present he is at work upon it. It is a novel unlike any which Mr. Howells has ever written. It deals entirely with the struggles of a Western girl who goes to New York, and the story will have about it all the flavor which attaches to a tale of city life with a young girl as the central heroine. Heretofore all of Mr. Howells' novels have gone to the Harpers, but this special girls' novel will be printed during 1892 in The Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia, the publishers of which have bought the exclusive rights to the story from Mr. Howells. The novel is to be beautifully illustrated, and Mr. Howells himself believes that it will be as attractive a story as any with which his name has been connected.

Babyland.

The December number is already here, and it is quite as enchanting to the little people as preceding numbers have been. It is full of pretty pictures, and with its merry jingles and little stories Babyland is sure to delight every baby. Suitable for children whose ages range from one to six. Nothing better for the Christmas stocking or tree than a year's subscription.

The price is only 50 cents a year; 5 cents a copy. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

The Pansy; Isabella M. and G. R. Alden, editors. A week-day and Sunday magazine. The best publication for children of all ages. Bright, sparkling and interesting.

This year The Pansy will be brighter, more attractive and more helpful than ever.

Pansy's new serial, "Way Stations," will deal with a real girl and boy.

Our golden text story this year, The Little Card, will be the work of the loving hand of Pansy herself.

Margaret Sidney's Little Paul, and The Frisbie School, will introduce novel, quaint, and interesting young folks.

Mrs. C. M. Livingston's Baby's Corner will delight the little toddlers.

"English Literature" will acquaint you with celebrated characters in fiction.

A novel and interesting feature will be a series of autobiographical stories of dogs—actual occurrences, correctly reported.

Our Bible Band, Sunday Afternoon, The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, The P. S. Corner, The Missionary Department, All Along the Line, The Queer Story will continue to uplift, instruct and guide every member of the family; for The Pansy is a favorite with young and old alike.

The Pansy is \$1.00 a year. New volume begins with the November number.

A free subscription by sending two new subscribers with two dollars, direct to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The following tribute to the work of an American magazine is contained in the report of the Secretary of the Interior just submitted to Congress:

"Your attention is also requested to the paper contributed by Mr. John Muir to the num-

ber of The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine for November, 1891, entitled "A Rival of the Yosemite—the Canon of the South Fork of Kings River, California." It furnishes maps of this section and is illustrated by most admirable engravings of the wonderful scenery there existing. The engravings are chiefly from the pencil of Mr. Charles D. Robinson. These gentlemen, as well as the editors of The Century especially Mr. Johnson, have taken a great personal interest in the forest reserves in California, and are worthy of great consideration, both from their experience and intelligence. The magazine article mentioned advocates the extension of the Sequoia National Park so as to embrace the Kings River region and the Kaweah and Tule Sequoia groves. The boundaries are there set forth. The subject is recommended to your favorable consideration and action."

The Century for December, contents: The Holy Family, Frontispiece, painted by Frank Vincent Du Mond; The Christ Child, Raphael, (Italian Old Masters) W. J. Stillman, engravings and notes by T. Cole; At First, Amanda T. Jones; The Shepherds, Edith M. Thomas, picture by H. Lerolle; The Christmas Shadrach, Frank R. Stockton, picture by A. B. Wenzell; The Midnight Call, Kate Putnam Osgood; The Naulahka, A Story of West and East, H. Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; Queen Elizabeth, Ross Terry Cooke; The Rapture of Hetty, Mary Hallock Foote, picture by Mary Hallock Foote; The Appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds, painting by P. Lagarde; Mozart—After a Hundred Years, Amelia Gere Mason, pictures by Malcolm Fraser, and from paintings, etc.; Remembrance, William Sharp; The Two Lessons, Thomas W. Higginson; A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral, Thomas Balley Aldrich, picture by Anne G. Morse; The Annunciation to the Shepherds, painted by J. Bastien Lepage; The Bowerly, Julian Ralph, pictures by A. F. Jacassy and A. Castaigne; The Long Ago, Julie M. Lippmann; Childhood, Viola Roseboro, picture by Abbott H. Thayer; Holy Night, painted by Fritz Von Uhde; The Ocean from Real Life, John A. Beebe, pictures by W. Taber; Science and Immortality, Augustus Jay DuBois; Sympathy, Charles H. Crandall; Frost-Flowers, W. P. Foster; The Golden Age of Pastel, Elizabeth W. Champney, pictures from old paintings in pastel; The Century's Christmas Pictures, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer, W. Lewis Fraser; Wally, A Wall, a Christmas Sketch from Life, Vida D. Scudder; An Offertory, Mary Mapes Dodge, picture by Dagnan Bouveret; The Song of the Brook, Mary Ainge De Vere; Characteristics, I. S. Weir Mitchell, portrait of the author by Frank Holl; Sherman and the San Francisco Vigilantes, unpublished letters, General W. T. Sherman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Christmas Century, Charitable Reform of High Public Value, The "Per Capita" Deduction, The World's Columbian Exhibition.

OPEN LETTERS.

John Boyle O'Reilly as a Poet of Humanity, George Parsons Lathrop; The New England Kitchen, Maria Parloa; Parks and Playgrounds for Children, Walter Vrooman.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Understood, William B. McVicar; Smithy Song, George Horton; Jack Frost, Esther B. Tiffany; The Blue and the Gray, R. W. P. Noble; The Little Tunker Bonnet, B. S. Parker; A Paradox, Lydia C. Heckman; Friends Only, F. H. Curtis; Embarassing to a Modest Mao, J. K. Bangs; Christmas Day, Alice Williams Brotherton; To a Southern

Girl, James G. Burnett; A Christmas Toast, John H. Boner.

The Christmas Century is something more than the usual number of this magazine under a holiday name. It is pervaded with the spirit of Christmas, and both directly and indirectly touches upon the Christian celebration. This characteristic is first evident in the cover, a new and special design, drawn by George Wharton Edwards, and printed in gold and brown on white. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of "The Holy Family" by Du Mond, a young American artist, who presents in this picture an original conception of the subject. The number also contains engravings of modern pictures relating to Christmas as follows: "The Arrival of the Shepherds," by H. Lerolle (with a poem by Edith M. Thomas); "The Appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds," by P. Lagarde; "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," by J. Bastien Lepage; "Holy Night," by Fritz Von Uhde, and a Madonna by Dagnan Bouveret, accompanied by a poem by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, entitled "An Offertory." Quite appropriate to the season also is Mr. Stillman's article on "Raphael," accompanied by Mr. Cole's engraving of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," made especially for this number, and three other examples of Raphael's work—the *Aeneas* and *Parnassus* groups from the Vatican, and the portrait of *Maddelena Doni*.

December Education contains several articles that should be read in Worcester. The first essay by Commissioner Harris is entitled, "Vocation Versus Culture; with two Aspects of Education." Treating, as he does, at some length, the subject of kindergartens, it is quite fitting for Worcester people to peruse. "School Libraries" also is a pertinent subject, though the writer treats the literary features of the same more than its uses as a source of information. The prime function of a school library is to answer questions and the more books that will assist in this direction, the better. Of course if there is not near a public library, then the school collection must help along in the way of general literature. "The Study of Modern Language" is a helpful treatment of a subject of growing importance. "Is the Public demanding Impossibilities" is another name for the oft repeated discussion of "Limitations in Teaching." We can't do everything, all at once. All must grant this, yet the school curriculum, already badly crowded, is threatened with still further loadings.

The December Architects and Builders Edition of the Scientific American has its accustomed array of designs for homes, real pleasurable buildings all by themselves. Just think of a cottage, two stories high, with four rooms on each floor, not to mention halls and closets, and all to cost only \$800. Why should people live in "Three deckers," where such happiness is to be had so cheaply?

Doubtless the high water mark of educational literature is reached in The Pedagogical Seminary, whose third number, completing the first volume is just published. It is one of the several highly scholarly publications of Clark University, bearing the name of President G. Stanley Hall as editor. The

editorial is a comprehensive glance over the entire educational field, Europe as well as America. It is a masterly presentation of the outlook. "Recent Literature on Higher Education" indicates progress in the United States and in the European learned centers of France, Germany and England. "Higher Pedagogical Seminaries in Germany" is by W. H. Burnham, Ph. D. J. F. Reigart, A. B., discusses, "The Training of Teachers in England," wherein he shows us that the English way is quite different from the American. "History of Methods of Instruction in Geography" is by J. R. Potter, A. M. "Literature and Notes" includes a wide range of subjects. The miscellaneous matter giving paragraph notes on educational matters, the world over, is the result of a vast amount of pains-taking searching and clipping. "The Recent Acquisitions to the Pedagogical Department of Clark University" gives an excellent notion of the proportions that this lately established portion of the institution is attaining. The Seminary may be had of Putnam, Davis & Co. \$1.50.

House and Health by Harriet Prescott Spofford, New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, 1891. \$1.

The writer of this instructive volume has long been known as the writer of very interesting short stories, in fact she is one of the few people who can do that very difficult thing and do it well. But this book is not in the story line at all. In twenty-three chapters, she has condensed a lifetime. It is a book to give to your newly married friends and they should read it aloud to each other. Quite likely subsequent living would be much happier for the act. Moreover, as it is better late than never, there are very few who might not profit by the perusal. The chapter heads are, The Maid Herself, The Grandmother, Mortmain, An Unseen Giver, In Society's Beauty and Charm, In Fair Array, The Lovers, The Betrothal, The Bridal, Marriage, On the Part of Mother and Father, Bondage and Burden, A Great Hindrance, Poor Work, The Allowance, The Relations, The Unhappy Wife, The Plain Wife, The Old Wife, The Angel in the Child, In the Sick Room, The Family Strain. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The Pansy for December is now ready; it is not necessary for us to read all the stories to know whether it is wholesome for children. It is the same with this as with all the magazines published by this firm, all that could be desired for the young people. It contains many short and elevating stories from the able pen of Pansy. It is also full of beautiful illustrations, and we are sure that the young folks who read it will feel better, stronger and happier for their association with such wise and entertaining friends as Pansy, Margaret Sidney and the other favorite authors. It is only \$1 a year, 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

"Tales from Town Topics No. 2." the second of the series recently started by the publishers of New York Town Topics, has made its appearance. It is a collection of the favorite stories, poems, jokes, etc., that have appeared in the pages of the journal itself. Town Topics Publishing Co., 21 West 23d Street, New York.

"Glittering and Sounding Generalities."

These oft repeated words in the recent campaign comprise a part of a remark in a letter of the year 1856, in which Rufus Choate referred to a government based on Northern or anti-slavery ideas, as follows: "Its constitution, the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence."

It was Emerson who replied, that these "generalities" were "blazing ubiquities."

We are told of three ways of getting out of a scrape, first, write out; second, back out; third and best way, keep out.

If a man bristles with rustere reflections, affecting to untwist verbal tangles, or prune an apostrophe, he is likely to betray that his most active interest is to promulgate the fitness of things; yet, it is not worth one's while to rush *ête battisse* against a granite wall just to be compassionally called a reformer. The error may prove a nearer millstone; it might be a lightsome fogbank.

We will not fix the genesis and trace the road by which we reached the conclusion that the "blazing ubiquities," and the composite errors to be assailed, require the work of a redactor, nor state whether we journey afoot, on wheels, or mounted on Pegasus,—we did not cut cross-tails. There are shams in every art. Persecution, deception and piracy, plagiarism, and pugnacity belong to antiquity and are not catalogued with the lost arts.

From the post of observation which a critic chooses, he should not lack the poise of judgement in his attempt to "fog the world." The critical spirit possesses a comprehensive nature, often fickle, but facile and insinuating. It is a transparent stream which creeps around weedy rocks babbling of ugly flaws, spreads like a wet mat under chilly, uncertain feet. A critic need not be an advocate nor an apologist. Averse opinions and defects must be set in their natural connection, claiming honest freedom for themselves. "The National Sin of Literary Piracy," covers a large serrated surface and "Tristram Shandy" is held in the grasp of Dr. Ferrier, while the modern literary Kodak has focused hundreds of literary inadvertencies and "blazing ubiquities." Even now a sermonizer has deemed it becoming to assume the little liberty of adaptation and sing, "Hurray, for my handiwork!" with old "Tubal Cain" for he too, was a "man of might." Then the time had come for the little javelin of rebuke, which touched the structure, and it fell like a house of cards. Crumbling monuments of genius afford not a compensation, and the epithet of "tacti" may distinguish the architect as he "backed out," but the city of Amyclæ was destroyed by silence.

"A loose leaf with a negotiable thought upon it is so handy," says one, "A chance-found" is claimed for "scrap" territory by another. A certain quality in a writer makes him an excellent "verse tinker," emulator of Demas Junior, of whom the dreaming tinker in "Pilgrim's Progress" fixes a bas-relief. A genius is he who can "soldier over the cracks and chasms of rigid honorable poetry." A confirmed pirate will screw up his mouth, sharpen his sight

"Like an old tailor to his needle's eye."

and pilfer the soul-language, the brain-labor of an arduous scholar merely for the purpose of alliteration, convincing the originator that

"His leaf
By some o'er hasty anel was misplaced
In Fate's eternal volume."

There are great scientists, great artists, great inventors, and explorers. Would these men bear infringement upon especial disclosures of their genius without a strong protest against imposture? Would they adopt the system of Pythagoras, and remain silent? No, they would struggle to compel recognition, unless they represented low incomes, figuring high only in the scale of fame and "intangible services," thus forming a cluster of obliterate heroes. Imagine the feelings of a painter upon seeing a cherished creation of his brush dismantled. Conceive the beautiful infant in Bertinotti's "Watch and Ward," transformed into an allegorical "Infant Bacchus," by a graceful twining of grape-vines and a burden of luscious fruit. Or with Circe's rod that transformed the Friends of Ulysses into pigs, change the subtle influence which surrounds the subject of Landseer's "Sancho Panza" with his faithful companion "Dapple," by substituting an Antelope for the Ass. We should behold an incongruity as insidious as the recension of some word-pictures from which disservice has filled individuate beauty and vitality, as a fire without the crackle or a scent-rose rose.

Thophile Gautier discovered that painting was a means "too impersonal and too remote" to satisfy the desire that was within him demanding an artistic outlet. He became an honest "hunter of words" and phrases. It is said, words had for him the fascination that butterflies have for children. His literary field was the dictionaries, of these he possessed fifty. His fine word-pictures were "copies in the color of Greek Marbles," their beauty powerfully appeals to the artistic mind.

In fine delineations Gautier was pre-eminent, as the following samples amply prove and enabled him to pose as the prince of word-painters.

In an expression of an Oriental day he tells us "the light sparkles, the sun darts arrows of fire, and the heavy silence of burning hours weighs upon the atmosphere." While in Spain, Gautier describes two cypresses backed by the bluesky next to the red walls of the Alhambra, which strike upon his sense like a staccato note, "Those two black sighs of foliage, sad, like a thought of death in the midst of general joy; the only sombre tint in the dazzle of gold, of silver, of azure, of roses." These are enough to characterize the powers of this incessant, fantastic, arbitrary, lawless, vivid and beautiful writer, — a literary artist.

Who of the group of reproducers would have the temerity to tamper with this man's phrases to delude modernites? Or who, dare to filch from the unique and typical Maurice de Guérin's "Centaur," or Keats' "Hyperion," interrupt the "sweet slipping movement" of Spenser, alliterate Lowell's "Biglow Papers"

"But John P.
Robinson he
Saz they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Would they dare, and still look through Casa Guidi windows to the sun? Instances are painfully numerous and of much impor-

ance that have been made public, have confronted the contempt of the minority, been met by a quasi-denial from the accused, and finally, controversy has been overborne in the maelstrom of life-interests while the delinquent found half shelter beneath the smiles of a variant public.

Conspicuous in modern times are the plagiarisms found in "Progress and Poverty" so ably exposed by Mr. Sullivan and credited to their true author, Patrick Edward Dove. The moral offence of Henry George was not a crime to be dealt with by severely repressive laws, exile, stripes and the halter, therefore the generalship wrought no wholesome remedy, brought no indemnity. He attempted to "write out" of the scrape.

"The Painters Adventure," by a young French artist named Chatillon, is another instance; brief mention of his lost manuscript, its fate, and where it was published can be found in "The Critic" (May 16th, 1891).

"The lines "Over the River" were communicated to the "Trumpet" over the signature of Anna M. Bates. Subsequently a poem entitled "Over the River," appeared in the Boston "True Flag," July 7th, 1855, bearing the same thoughts, but omitting the author's name. In August, 1857, still another arrangement of the same conceit appeared in the "Springfield Republican" and the lady is said to have been a resident of Hinsdale, N. H. The friend who kindly furnished copies of the three distinct poems gave a few interesting coincidences respecting the writers and added, "I know of nothing in the English language more remarkable than these three poems which so closely resemble each other. Soon after the publication by the Springfield Republican, a war of words arose over the authorship, and if I rightly remember, all three of the writers claimed the honor of originality. I am strongly impressed that neither of the claimants knowingly trespassed on the rights of the other."

"A careful study of each poem will show that the conditions of the inspirations were very similar, and this may explain the seeming plagiarisms. The spirit that could clothe such sentiments in such beautiful language, is not the spirit of one that would willfully wrong another. The poems must ever stand as three of the rarest gems in the poetic world."

A poetical contributor favored a leading journal with a poem not devoid of merit, and having an old familiar air about it; the editor's divining rod brought out the fact of its original appearance in a volume of poems published by a lady more than seventy years before. The sender put the English song into the French tongue for the sake of securing a copyright. Wholesale piracy of this stamp is commonly resorted to. "I can point out," said the editor, "in volumes that now lie upon my table sundry scraps, prose and verse, which were frauds upon their publisher," the productions being slight variations of works that had previously appeared, ushered by more or less famous writers. It develops considerable ambidexterity dealing when an editor in this era dares to deplete a contributor's magazine article, by introducing a portion of it to decorate his own leader in a succeeding number, and he, in our opinion, meets just punishment when a contemporary press adopts the

culprit's entire article and applies it to his own locality. Even collectors of autographs possess very little veneration. One vandal filched a page from a book containing the autograph of Queen Elizabeth; a rogue stole Byron's note from the urn in Sir Walter Scott's drawing room, which examples are amazing enough to justify retributive inflictions, yet sure-footed Nemesis is slowing up in pace.

It is also lamentable, but true, that great improvements and discoveries in medicine and surgery have brought persecution to their authors. Instances are too numerous to give in this limit, more than a hint. Ambrose Peré was persecuted for substituting "a mild treatment for cauterizing in gun-shot wounds;" Boylston, for introducing inoculation into New England; Harvey, for his discovery of the circulation of the blood; Jenner, for his discovery of vaccination; Johnson met irritating insistence and he long repelled the attempts to rob him of his rights of discovery of etherization. Such cases require the constant magnetism of a resolute nature to secure vindication. It is somebody's business to remember the petition, "to strengthen such as do stand," and assist the myopic few who lay, "Prop't on beds of amaranth and moly," on the hypothesis that Lot has taken a new lease of life. Living in a pleasing land of "Drowsyhead," waiting with Chinese patience, was not wholesome for one man, who became a reformer, energized himself to elevate the intellectual standard of educators in a country where a man had been sentenced for robbing a church, to serve three years as a schoolmaster. But the man who stole the meeting house gave warm encouragement to a movement looking toward moral progress, and his act seemed to be a solid contribution to the Nation's training, notwithstanding he took large liberties with the texts and creeds. The society was not so fortunate as the Patriarch Abraham who reclaimed his well of Abimelech, because he had made it.

The training, tending and watering season has past; the period of illusions has past. It is time for the public to tolerate frank criticism which belongs to the "open country and the broad day." Here is no Don Quixote searching for enemies to battle with, nor a Guy Fawkes, whom you may seize and bring to judgment as a supposed conspirator with a dark lantern corrupting credulous people, nor a Carlyle to prick through many a bag of bombast and make onslaught with his fine rapier; nor indeed, self-asserting shoulders to push their way regardless of the natures galled by contact. The tripod from which our affluence is distributed, is not made luxurious with padding. Mr. Carlyle may dub the profession "the California of the spiritually vagabond," and our names may be unknown outside the adytum, but we are really necessary to mankind. We may be classed with an oracle "who" his enemies claimed, "was not long ago a noble savage and ran wild in the woods near a famous college, was caught and caged in that institution," and after devoting, like him, a year or two to tobacco, the balance to *belles lettres*, we received a degree from the faculty and having a "feeling for color," became an items-man and was "made vocal" by the newspapers they

"Then think strange things have come to light,
Whereof but few have had a foresight."

It is not every victim of "glittering and sounding" injustice and pilfering who has the courage to seek immediate revenge, so sweet to some. The literary forum would become a battlefield entailing a general dissolution of society should repression venture under extreme measures. We need not multiply examples, for unchallenged facts and pointers broaden from "precedent to precedent," from the era of Seneca, ancient Nero's teacher, to the present hour. It is not our problem to shape the form of action the movement should take to correct the evil.

It is possible for each one to enquire what he for his part can do.

In his mind there are many things which plainly should be done; he may do the one enjoined by duty, the general issue will rest with a Higher Intelligence. The penetrating spirit of justice and principles of right will find expression. The geniuses who have forgotten duty and abused it for self glorification, may costume themselves with silence and bar their study doors, despise the salient energy of the "items" and the "critic," but, baffle the chief-detective conscience, they cannot. Renan says of himself, "I often lie in conversation, I never lie when I take a pen in my hand."

Should the pirates row me up "Salt River" according to Willis, it may debar my remark that there are professional adapters who perform a legitimate and economic service for pioneers in literature. Their process is well known to the less fortified novice whose embryonic growth sparkles with brilliant fragments of thought, masked in the quarry, toward which an able redactor will graciously bend, summon out the amenities, cast away the detritus of the work.

The thinkers delve and bring forth the ore, the adapter seizes the nugget and eventuates its currency, thus the honest adapter becomes a beneficiary to the fledgling. J. E. L.
Nov. 18, 1891.

EMILY DICKINSON.

The second volume of Miss Dickinson's poems is reviewed in another column. As, in the years ago, she was a visitor in this city and still has relatives here, it is not amiss to make some further mention of her. It is true that very little can be added to the pleasant little sketch, given by Colonel Higginson in the Atlantic but even this little may be of interest. Her's was not a personality that admitted of a long biography. Her fame is altogether posthumous. Her girlhood in her Amherst home, presided over by that sternest of Puritans, her father, would probably disclose little that is peculiar. Her education, away from home, was had at Mount Holyoke where she was an intimate friend of Miss Fiske, also an Amherst girl and the famous Helen Hunt Jackson of later years. Another friend in the seminary was Mrs. Simeon Newton of State Street, Worcester. In those days, Mrs. Newton recalls her as a modest, retiring girl, with no indications of poetic ability, yet even then possessing some marked peculiarities.

Whence came this ability to express her thoughts in verse? Not even a Galton could find any reason for it among her paternal ancestors. Metered Psalms would include all the poetry that they cared for;

but when we turn to the Norcrosses, her maternal relatives, we find literary taste and activity that readily accounts for her own devotion. Not that the Dickinsons were not highly intellectual, for her father and brother have been connected with Amherst from the beginning and her grandfather, a Yale man, was its founder, but prose realities rather than poetic fancies filled their minds. Her uncle, William Dickinson, of this city, was prepared for college but preferred business to school. He sent two sons, however, through college courses. He was himself, always interested in school affairs and was the donor of the bell in the High School tower.

After her death, her sister, Lavinia, to whom she willed her poems, many hundred in number, has with others, as Col. Higginson and Mrs. Todd, made judicious selections for publication. Then it is that her marked peculiarities of manner are the more vividly remembered. After her father's death she would wear white only, and after the dismissal of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins from the Amherst church, she never attended meeting. In a recent Christian Union, a member of this Jenkins family has given a child's recollection of Emily Dickinson. A cousin was an invalid, obliged to be wheeled about in a chair. Emily would never see Cousin H—, but frequently sent bunches of flowers to be tied to the invalid's chair. She was devoted to flowers and to this day, her sister, as far as possible, preserves the grounds and floral display as Emily loved them.

Her last interview with certain near relatives was very peculiar. They had come from a distance and at first she declined a meeting, but later she consented to five minutes conversation each with uncle and aunt in a dark hallway. It was a visit of words only, for vision was impossible. When her father was in Congress, she was in society at the Capitol but afterwards, she almost completely withdrew herself, scarcely appearing save as she and her sister served at the annual lawn parties given by her father at Commencement.

The life, so full of sentiment that no one knew while she lived, must have had a thousand unsatisfied longings. Possibly, in that beyond where she and so many of her kindred are, there may be a fruition unattainable here. Let us hope so.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mary Howe was married to William J. Lavin, the tenor, last week Monday, at Cleveland, O., at the residence of a cousin of the bride. Mr. Lavin is twenty-seven years old and already holds a very high rank in his profession. The New York Sun says of him that he "is one of the most acceptable tenors who has ever appeared in the Messiah." A bright future seems to be in store for the talented young couple.

That magnificent offer for War Memoirs, with *Cosmopolitan* and *LIGHT*, is still in force. Viz., \$5 pays for *LIGHT*, *Cosmopolitan* and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

The Fair Bugler of Glendale.

BY R. H. HOWARD, PH. D.

In the thriving country village of Glendale there was, at one time, among the young people, an unusually large number of accomplished amateur musicians; and what was quite remarkable, many of these, embracing ladies as well as gentlemen, were skilled in the use of brass, and other wind instruments. In process of time these young musicians organized themselves into a sort of orchestra or band, and played on certain public occasions; or, it may be on Summer moonlit evenings on the village green, for the entertainment of their many admiring friends. They also provided for themselves a natty barge, and on various half-holiday occasions made excursions into adjacent districts and villages, delighting the people with their choice selections. Many a midnight serenade also may be placed to the credit of this unique, charming musical company.

Meantime, one of the most gifted of these amateur artists, and who in this homemade orchestra, always played a leading instrument, was an interesting young lady named Jenny Fowler. Indeed, by common consent, the energy and brilliancy with which this young woman uniformly executed her parts were the delight not to say the astonishment, of all hearers. Everybody confidently predicted for her a very brilliant career on this line, even though never attempting the role of the professional. Unfortunately, however, directly in the midst of these brilliant successes, Miss Jenny's health became sadly unsettled, and also eventually, her mind to a degree, as well. She of course, to our inexpressible regret, dropped out of our band. She went little into society, seldom meeting even her intimate friends. It was understood that her trouble was of a nervous nature, and took the form of melancholia. Strangely, she conceived an aversion to music and seldom if ever touched, or even alluded to her favorite instruments.

Time passed on, weeks lapsed into months. Finally towards the close of a balmy, sunny, Summer's day, our company was making one of its accustomed trips through the rural districts, whether by chance or ofset purpose. I do not now remember, it happened that our route lay in the immediate vicinity of Jenny Fowler's home. Eagerly, as we slowly drove past the premises every eye was strained to obtain if possible, some glimpse of our old time bugler and admired associate. It chanced that the latter was discovered walking by herself in a field near by. Pausing, the band at once struck up and softly played a familiar air. With a surprised and startled look, Jenny stood and gazed upon us listening. Presently one of our number, an intimate lady friend, instrument in hand, ventured to go over to her, and cordially greeting her, to ask her to play. Unhesitatingly she took the instrument, and blew upon it a blast that resounded melodiously far and near. "Give me my bugle," she cried. Her own instrument was straightaway brought and placed in her hands. Putting this to her lips, she proceeded to execute a variety of snatches and passages from well remembered favorites, and with quite all her former

vigor, brilliancy and power. Instantly disembarking, our company naturally hastened to gather about her, and with unfeigned enthusiasm and delight, to accompany her in these various performances. The occasion, it needs hardly be said, was one long to be remembered. But what was especially remarkable in connection with this strange occurrence, and suggestive of a most interesting study in physiology, is the fact that the pleasant surprise, as well as mental excitement, incident to this timely diversion on her part, seems to have had the effect of quite restoring Jenny Fowler to her right mind.

The dense cloud, that for some reason had so long drearily brooded her faculties, had suddenly passed entirely away. She was fully herself once more, to the unspeakable delight of her family, and wide circle of tenderly attached friends. Henceforth, as the reader may readily surmise, our music social company was never complete without the presence of the brilliant, accomplished and charming Jenny Fowler, popularly known as the "Fair Bugler of Glendale."

Franklin, Mass.

Lincoln's Marvelous Memory.

Abraham Lincoln, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, was perhaps the best man in the country in his day to remember men and to place them without hesitation in the environment where he last saw them. He was first of all a politician, and the politician who forgets is lost. When he was comparatively a young man and a candidate for the Illinois Legislature, he took dinner with a Sangamon county farmer, and after the meal they two stood at the barn-yard gate, talking and whittling. Lincoln's knife needed sharpening and the Yankee in him prompted him to sharpen it. He walked to a tool box the farmer had nailed just inside the wagon shed, took from it a whetstone and came back to the great gate, where he stood again and began sharpening his knife. One post of the gate was very high, and a rod from the top supported the extended weight of the gate. A man came along the road in a wagon, going in the direction Lincoln wanted to travel, and he bade his host good-bye and clambered into the vehicle—intent, no doubt, on getting another vote.

Years afterward, when he was President, a soldier came to call upon him at the white house, and at the first sight the gaunt chief executive said: "Yes, I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you one time when I was running for the Legislature. Recollect we stood together out at the barnyard gate and I sharpened my knife?"

"Ya-as," drawled the farmer-soldier, "and wherever did you put that whetstone? I looked the whole place over a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We loved mebbey you had took it along with you."

"No," said Lincoln, looking serious, as if the matter were as important as the recent defeat of Pemberton, "no, I put it on top of the gate post—the high one."

"Well!" exclaimed the visitor, "mebbey you did. Couldn't nobody else have put it there, and none of us ever thought to look there for it."

He went on home, and when he got there one of the first things he did was to climb up on the gate and look for the whetstone. It was there, right where it had lain for fifteen years. The honest fellow, adoring his chief, wrote a letter before his furlough expired, telling the President the whetstone was found and never would be lost again.

Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs.

California papers of November contain obituary notices of the death of the wife of Mr. John H. Jacobs, formerly of this city. He was extensively engaged in hardware and junk trade over the firm name of Smith & Jacobs, though latterly he was by himself, with place of business at Lincoln Square and residence on Lincoln Street. Mr. Jacob's failing health compelled the removal of the family, in May 1856, to Southern California. In Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs were very prominent members of Grace Church, foremost in all that pertained to the interests of that body. Mr. Jacobs was an efficient member of the official board and Mrs. Jacobs was the soprano of the choir, having one of the clearest and strongest voices ever heard in the church. Their departure from our city was sadly missed.

Mrs. Jacobs was born in Sutton, Vt., February 3d, 1853, the daughter of Dr. W. W. and L. W. Carpenter and Nov. 5, 1873 was married to Mr. Jacobs. Coming to Worcester soon afterward, they resided here till they took the long Western trip. Here their oldest child, Ralph, died, they having one son John on their removal. In California, two children were born to them, a boy and a girl; but the former was early taken by death. Their home by the Pacific was, first, in Los Angeles and second, in South Pasadena; in both places they allied themselves with the local Methodist Church. It seems not a little strange that illness should attack Mrs. Jacobs first, the very ailment, to escape which, Mr. Jacobs had made the trans-continental journey. Consumption claimed a victim, but not the husband and father. Her decline was gradual and peaceful, surrounded by loving friends, among them a sister, Mrs. Beckwith. The funeral was attended by the Rev. J. D. Monroe, her pastor, who was assisted by former pastors, Revs. T. S. Woodcock and J. A. Wood. The choir, in which she had sometimes sung, rendered, most effectively, "Asleep in Jesus," "Thy Will be Done" and "We shall meet Again."

Two of Mrs. Jacob's sisters still reside in Worcester. They are Mrs. Edwin W. Kenerson and Mrs. William N. Berry. Though a broad continent intervenes between her burial place and this, her former home, there are many hearts in Worcester that treasure pleasant memories of the life that is gone and that are filled with sympathy for the sorrowing father and the motherless children.

The Clinton Courant, Nov. 28th, has in full a lecture given by Arthur P. Rugg, Esq., of this city, before The Village Improvement Society of Sterling. LIGHT regrets its inability to transcribe in full his eloquent appeal for the still further beautifying of his native town. Should his advice be followed, Sterling will be one of the most attractive towns in the Commonwealth.

That Little Home.

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN

There's a little home on a hillside fair,
O'er shadowed by mountains high,
Mid the fragrant breath of the Summer air,
And the pine trees gentle sigh;
Where the sweetest notes of the wild bird's song,
At the waking hour of day,
And the sound of the brook as it glides along,
O'er its bed of stones and clay,
Where the early flowers of Spring time bloom,
And the purple lilac's glow,
Cast a scented shade in the "sitting" room,
While the nodding blossoms blow,
Where the crimson light of the western sun,
Turn the window panes to gold,
As he bids "good night" to the day that's done,
And the curtains of night unfold.

Where the twilight hour falls slowly down,
Like a mantle of softest gray,
And folds the earth in a tender gown,
Ere it swiftly glides away;
And the whip-poor-will with his plaintive cry,
Is heard mid the shadows dim,
While the drooping crickets hovering high,
Are singing their evening hymn.
And the sighing pines in the spicy grove,
Are chanting a low refrain,
That the birds in the branches up above,
Are echoing back again.
And the well-worn path from the homestead door,
That leads to this cool retreat,
Is trodden now as in days of yore,
By the tripping of many feet.

And the coming snows of the Winter drear,
With its garments of ermine white,
Will but add to the homestead's pleasant cheer,
As it follows the Summer's night,
For the glowing fires, and the sunlight's play,
And the happy hearts within,
Will lighten the gloom of the darkest day,
And the grimest of shadows win.

The Joke Reacted.

A good story is told of Bay Middleton, whose name in England is a household word for jokes and escapades of all kinds. It seems that in the house was a guest, who, for some reason, did not bring a smoking-jacket with him, and committed the heinous offense of appearing in the smoking-room in a dress coat. Bay Middleton vowed vengeance against him, and promised him that if he repeated the offense he would tear the coat from his back. The following night the man appeared in the smoking room very late, wearing, as usual, his evening-coat. He took his position before the fire-place, with his arms on the mantle-piece, gazing contemplatively into the fire, and presenting his coat-tails in a tempting fashion to Bay Middleton. The offer could not be refused, and Bay seized the coat-tails and split the coat up to the collar. The victim never moved or said a word. The joke seemed to fall flat. Some one asked him of the split coat why he did not make any objection, upon which he said: "Why should I? As I came down-stairs I went into Bay's room and put on his evening coat."

Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.—Milton.—Tract on Education.

It is the business of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works in scrubbing some part.—Thoreau.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS SOAP.

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See summary of official reports,
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Indian Pudding, No. 1.—Three tablespoonfuls of corn-meal, three pints of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, salt to taste, molasses enough to make a batter. Put this mixture into half the milk, scalded; then pour into a well buttered dish, and pour over it the cold milk. Bake in a moderate oven about two hours.

Indian Pudding, No. 2.—Pour one quart of boiling water over five tablespoonfuls of meal, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one large tablespoonful of butter, ginger, cinnamon and salt, thoroughly mixed. Turn into a buttered dish, and pour over it one cup of cold milk. Bake two hours. F. F. BATTLES.

Massachusetts.

Browned Hashed Potatoes.—Chop two cold boiled potatoes fine, and season. Put one tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan; when hot put in the potatoes, smoothen them carefully over the bottom of the pan, and cook slowly, without stirring, until the potatoes are brown and stick together. Lift with a slice. If more are wanted they must be browned in separate lots.

Lemon Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water, the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, one large spoonful of baking powder, and two cups of flour. Bake in three layers. For filling, take the grated rind and juice of a large lemon, one cup of sugar, a spoonful of butter, and one cup of water. When boiling, thicken with two spoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little water. Spread very thickly between the cakes, and cover the top of all with the yolks of two eggs, beaten very creamy with confectioners' sugar.

Meat for Mince Pies.

The best proportion of meat for mince pies that I ever tried was beef tongue well boiled, and all the tough outer skin cut off, two parts; and roast mutton, one part. Mutton was the meat used for these pies when first invented, as I have said, but later authorities substituted neat's tongue, then beef's heart, and we come down to quite recent times before we find the tougher fiber of the beef round used. Our pioneer mothers often made mince meat with pork, in lack of other meat, but those blessed dames could make good things out of the most unpromising materials, so well had necessity sharpened their inventive powers. I would not, however, advise my readers to try to emulate them with a pork mince pie; it would be labor wasted. And in advising the use of a proportion of lean, cooked mutton in mince meat I must not fail to warn you never to put in any mutton suet; it is a fatal error. Beef suet must be used, fresh, sweet and dry; the ancient formula was equal parts of beef suet and apples, but if you wisely cut down the proportion of suet to the very smallest amount that you find your family approves, the result will be a decided mellowing of the "mince pie visions" that follow. The goblins are fewer and of a gentler breed, not to say better looking. —Good Housekeeping.

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4-7 x 2-11		14	9
4-8 x 3-0		14	9
4-9 x 4-1		16	11
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4-1 x 3-0		12	8
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Household.

When in a hurry to boil some preparation for dessert in a double boiler, if the outside portion of the boiler be filled with brine, the inside will boil immediately, owing to the much higher temperature of boiling brine than of boiling water. E. M. L.

California.
For arrow-root blanc mange, use one cupful of milk and two dessert spoonfuls of the arrow root. Flavor with vanilla or rose. Sago may be used instead of arrow-root, but must be soaked an hour in cold water. It requires a little longer cooking than the arrow-root.

Beat the yolk of an egg with two teaspoonfuls of sugar until thick. Pour into a tumbler, rinsing with a little milk. Fill the tumbler with milk. Beat the white to a stiff froth, and stir it in lightly, adding a little grated nutmeg. This is very nutritious and easily digested. Where the patient objects to the raw taste of the egg, boil the milk, and when scalding hot, pour it over the beaten egg and sugar. To be served hot.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time, and it stimulates the appetite if variety be provided for them. E. M. L.

California.
To make tea do not use water which has stood in the tea-kettle and been boiled repeatedly. Fill the kettle with fresh water, and use it just as it comes to the boiling point.

To clean mirrors, sponge them perfectly free from all dirt, drying with soft cloths, and when quite dry rub a little powdered blue over the glass, polishing it finally with a soft, old silk handkerchief.

When hot grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water on it immediately, to prevent it from striking into the boards; then scrape it up.

It is said that silverware furnishes one of the most reliable means of detecting defective drainage. If it is covered with a black coating or tarnish soon after being cleaned, and after a second or third cleaning again becomes darkened, one may be certain that there is something wrong with the drainage system of the house.

The Sand-Bag.

It is very often necessary, says Good House-keeper, to convey artificial warmth to the bed in cases of sickness or with persons of imperfect circulation in cold weather. Hot water bottles, of glass, rubber, or clay, with bricks, soap-stones, billets of wood, and other articles, are employed in the mission; but the handiest and the best, because the most satisfactory, method, is said to be a bag of sand. This may be prepared in almost any way to suit the occasion; but a good plan is to make a flannel bag some eight or ten inches square, which should be filled with fine, perfectly dried sand, the whole being covered with a layer of linen, cotton, or stout canvas. This can be easily and quickly heated by placing it anywhere about the stove or oven where it is not too hot; it can be easily adjusted to the feet, back, chest, or any other portion of the body will retain the heat for a long time, and will in use displace any other agency for the same purpose.

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KRAUS, E. Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach; tr. by Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg	34688
LEWIS, A. J. (ps. Prof. Hoffman) Bacarat, fair and foul	1
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VANT' HOFF, J. H. Chemistry in space; tr. and ed. by J. E. Marsh	34712
WRIGHT, A. Baboo English as 'tis writ; curiosities of Indian journalism	34713

Prof. Miller's Loss.

Every body sympathizes with our genial barber when misfortune overtakes him, but somehow or other he nearly always comes around O. K. He fell off the window ledge and was laid up only a short time. It would have killed any other man in the shop. He had to yield to the Sunday closing act; but he seems to have flourished just the same. A discharged workman took a tramp to the Professor's house and put him to bed there, but the Professor had the drunken fellow locked up. Then Friday, one week ago, he lost a sum of money out of his pocket. With most men the loss would have been complete, but not so with our German friend. It was found and in a most generous manner he rewarded the finder with a V. So well do all his patrons think of Prof. Miller, it is probable that they would have passed around the hat for him, had his going abroad depended on the amount lost. Its finding, however, makes it sure that he will revisit "Fatherland."

Womans' Club.

The address of Mrs. Anna C. Fall of Boston, Wednesday last, on "The Status of Woman under the Laws," was a valuable addition to the long list of worthy lectures already listened to by the Club. Mrs. Fall will be remembered as the woman lawyer who recently won her case when Col. W. S. B. Hopkins was the opposing counsel.



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I have just received an Invoice of Ladies' Military Cape Ulsters, which I can afford to sell at fully 25 per cent, less than similar garments were sold for one week ago.

NEW * YORK * SUIT * AND * CLOAK * STORE.

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Full Dress

costumes receive great attention now, as opera will soon commence and almost simultaneously successive entertainments. For rich fabrics, such as brocade, velvet or Bengaline de soie, princess outlines lead, but are so modified by ideas copied from coat or round styles, that much variety is given and stiffness often done away with. Especially is this the case where the guimpe is introduced, since when made of thin material, it gives softness and even when of heavy plain material, goes to break up lines that might otherwise be too long drawn out. The corselet also is another happy innovation. When of *passementerie*, the effect is exceedingly rich with finishings of course in keeping, or if in velvet, pretty and almost innumerable contrasts in color may result.

Coats

of velvet, brocade or heavy corded silk worn with skirts of light fabric, such as lace, net, crepe de Chine, etc., are made to open over vests to match and pretty fancies are often brought about by linings of silk that match slips worn under the light material. There are great differences as to shape in these coats and sometimes they have tails at the back, reaching to the end of the skirt. Again they are economical, since transferable from one skirt to another and quite as suitable to silk or fine wool as to lace or gauzes. MME. MAY.

Leonard R. Hudson.

The death of this gentleman, Friday evening of last week, has removed another link between the old days and the present. He was a fireman when Worcester was a town. From 1845, onward for many years, there was very little in the way of firemen history that he did not have a part in. For several years he was in the bakery and confectionery business on Main Street. His home was on Grove Street where he was ever an agreeable host. His figure was conspicuous, not alone for his stature and weight, but for his wealth of white hair and beard. His death was the result of the breaking up, incident to old age, he being above seventy-eight years old.

His funeral was held at his late residence, Tuesday forenoon and was under the direction of Revs. F. A. Gray and D. O. Mears. The attendance was large including friends and relatives and many veteran firemen. Many

and emblematic floral tributes were sent by individuals and societies. The burial was in Hope cemetery and the remains were escorted thither by the veteran firemen and by a delegation from the actives. The bearers were A. T. Burgess, Samuel Bigelow, A. H. Sears, A. Rice, L. G. Lincoln, and Jacob Eitd. some of them being old friends and neighbors.

The Achievements of Women's Clubs.

It is through this dominant thought of doing something active for the condition of women, and consequently the rest of mankind, that—after many years of struggle, first by the woman's suffrage societies, then by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and later by the agitation in the clubs—the sex has gained the right to vote on school matters in twenty-eight states in the Union; that women can serve in hospitals as physicians and nurses; that women have been allowed to protect the unfortunate of their own sex as matrons in police stations, or, as in Chicago in the city jails. In two States the right of equal suffrage has been granted, and in several others permission to vote on matters connected with municipal reform. Colleges which in former times denied them the privilege of entrance have opened wide their doors to let them gain the knowledge they desire. These are some of the actual gains of a class of beings to whom was the denied the right, at one time, to learn the alphabet.—Mrs. Alice H. Rhine, in the December Forum.

Mr. A. W. Edson, agent of the State Board, conducted a teachers' meeting in Westminster, Tuesday last.

The Sons of Scotia and Clan Scott will hold a joint celebration of the anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday, January 25.

Next Tuesday evening the Continentals will hold the first of a series of socials in Continental Hall. The floor committee will include Capt. C. A. Waite, Lieut. N. E. Mansfield, Sergt. George H. Cutting, Sergt. F. M. Clark, Jr., and Private C. D. Thayer. The others in the series will take place January 7 and 27.

Dr. Frank H. Howland has one of the best dove cotes in the state. His birds always command the highest prices. He has just sent a pair of white Fantails to San Diego, Cal., for \$30. There is something besides fun in such a hobby.

George K. Robinson, the oldest son of William L. Robinson of this city, has been engaged by J. B. Mackie, the proprietor of the "Grimes Cellar Door" Company, as his leading support in that play. He will take the part of Josiah Grimes.

A former pupil of Mrs. Ware has lately visited that lady in her Boston school and finds her more than pleasantly situated. Obviously the "Hub" appreciates a good teacher.

The Central Massachusetts Poultry Club has concluded that Horticultural Hall will not be large enough for its exhibition and so has engaged Mechanics Hall. The dates of the exhibition are January 26, 27 and 28.

Last week Friday evening Rev. Austin S. Garver gave a reception to the members of his congregation at his residence at the corner of Lancaster and Highland Streets. Besides social intercourse there was dancing in the hall at the top of the house. A large number attended in spite of the rain.

Police Ball.

The fifth annual concert and ball of the Worcester Police Relief Association will be held in Mechanics Hall next Wednesday evening. The Worcester Brass Band will furnish the music.

A. A. Goddell Camp, Sons of Veterans, held a social in Grand Army Hall last evening.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Two entertainments were given this week by the School of English Speech, the proceeds from which will be used to furnish a ward in the Washburn Memorial Hospital. The first took place Monday evening in Horticultural Hall and the pupils who gave recitations were Miss Nellie Delany, Mr. Harry Hosley, Miss Mabel King, Miss Edith Hardy, Miss Mary Howard, Miss Sadie Parsons, Miss Lulu Isaacs, Miss Ella Johnson. They were assisted by Miss Genevieve Burke, soprano; Miss Alma Collins, contralto; Mr. Arthur Hanson, violinist; Miss Mamie Kuddy and Mr. Ben Hammond, accompanists; Mrs. W. E. Bowen, reader. It had been planned to give "The Dolls' Hospital," but on account of the illness of one of those who were to take the parts it was postponed. The second of the entertainments was given last evening.

Mechanics' Course.

The Boston Rivals gave the third entertainment in course A, Monday evening. The company includes Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, soprano; Felix Winternitz, violinist; Albert F. Conant, pianist; Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, reader. The names alone warrant that the entertainment was excellent. Next Monday evening, in course B, the Lithatans quartet will give a concert with the assistance of Olive Mead, violinist.

Friday Populars.

Next Friday evening the third of this course of entertainments will be given in Mechanics Hall, when Prof. J. B. DeMotte will give a lecture on electricity, illustrated by many experiments.

The Week.

CITY.

- Nov. 27—Republican City Convention. Nominations unanimous. Mayor Harrington will run again and Alferman candidates as follows: Ward 2, Edmund L. Parker; Ward 4, John P. Streeter; Ward 6, George W. Coombs; Ward 8, Charles H. Pinkham.
- 28—Mrs. Myra (Ware) wife of Jenison Wheeler dies at 10 Burncoat Street, 68 years. Local politics now claim the floor.
- 29—No License meeting at the Rink. Addresses by Rev. W. T. Worth, Rev. G. H. S. Bell and Rev. H. W. Eklund.
Wm. A. Houghton, son of Alba Houghton, dies at 66 Elm Street, 35 years.
- 30—Democratic Caucuses. No nomination for mayor. Aldermen: Ward 2, John Burns; Ward 4, Francis Plunkett; Ward 6, William Hart; Ward 8, Waldo Lincoln. School Committee, nominations in Wards 3, 4, and 5 only, where the candidates are Daniel Savage, John H. Murphy and Francis D. Hickey respectively.
- Dec. 1—Regular monthly meeting of the School Board. Some wrangling and some compliments.
- 2—Citizens ticket at last made up. Joseph S. Perry heads it and the aldermen are O. P. Shattuck, Francis Plunkett, Wm. Hart and O. F. Rawson or Charles Belcher.
Two boys, Eddie Toole and Eddie Houston, drowned in Harris' pond. At the age of eleven years, their lives go out. Look out for the ice boys.
Aunt Hannah Hemenway dies at her home on May Street, 97 years.
- 3—Citizens Ticket completed by the nomination of O. F. Rawson for Alderman in Ward 8.
John B. Lepire elected commander of the G. A. R. for the ensuing year.
Patrick Leary killed by the cars.
- 4—Annual Firemen's Ball in Mechanics' Hall. Festivities interrupted by fire alarm. In the storm and in their best array the firemen rush to the conflagration in Dexter's Block.
Burial from St. John's Church of Masters Toole and Houston, drowned in Harris Pond last Wednesday.
"Aunt" Hannah Hemenway, first the Centenarian, buried from the First Baptist Church in Hope Cemetery.
Leonard R. Hudson, dies at his residence, 274 Grove Street, 78 years.
- 5—Registration ends. The biggest list on record.
Mrs. Lyman Brooks dies at the Bay State House of pneumonia, 71 years.
The "Tech" Camera Club holds a very successful exhibition.
- 7—J. B. Chapin resigns the superintendency of Worcester Street Railway.
Frank S. Tourtelotte, a veteran of the late war, dies in the insane ward of the Alms House, 51 years.
- 8—Mr. Joseph S. Perry accepts independent Citizens' nomination for Mayor.
Petitions for retention of Major E. T. Raymond as clerk of Central District Court circulated.
Reunion of Company D Fourth Mass. Heavy Artillery at the Lake. The Belmont.
9—Eighth annual banquet of the St. John's Guild. Many invited guests and excellent speeches.
A very exciting bicycling contest at the Rink.
More than 1,000 Worcester people peti-

tion the Governor and Council for the retention of Clerk Major E. T. Raymond.

- 10—The G. A. R. Mock Trial in Mechanics Hall. The funniest event had in Worcester.
Elevator in Dexter Block falls, seriously injuring four men.

COUNTY.

- 25—Mrs. Keziah Adams of Oxford stricken with paralysis while visiting her son in Woodstock, Conn.
- 28—Clinton votes to abolish grade crossings and to petition the Legislature for right to use water from Lake Washucum.
Simon G. Harrington, one of Paxton's oldest and most respected citizens, dies, 83 years.
- 29—Methodists in Athol celebrate their 40th anniversary. Address by Rev. N. H. Martin.
- 30—Westboro talking about a monument to Eli Whitby, a native of the town, in Augusta, Ga.
- Dec. 1—Andrew J. Adams of Millbury probably fatally injured by the cars. A veteran of the 36th Regiment.
- 2—Patrick O'Malley of Clinton struck by a locomotive and killed.
Mrs. Patty Blair of West Brookfield dies, 102 years.
- 2—Levi Darling of East Douglas hangs himself, 91 years.
Fitchburg will take water from adjoining towns.
- 4—Frank Blair of Charlestown, killed at Fitchburg, by the cars.
Funeral of Miss Patty Blair in West Brookfield.
Serious railroad smashup at Webster on the New England road.
- 5—Josiah G. Stone dies in Shrewsbury of pneumonia, 83 years.
- 6—Joseph H. Wood dies in Milford, lawyer, member of Republican State Central Committee, 36 years.
Athol votes its town hall unsafe.
C. P. Hastings dies in West Upton, 22 years.
- 7—Harris C. Hartwell of Fitchburg, late president of the State Senate is dangerously ill.
- 8—Millbury is to lose the Stonemix Printing Press business. It will go to Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 9—Hon. Joseph H. Wood buried in Milford, a very respectful demonstration.
Old B. & A. station in Millbury, torn down.
Charles A. Vickey dies in Clinton, 70 years.
Hon. Harris C. Hartwell dies in Fitchburg, 44 years.
- 10—H. B. Hutchinson of Worcester drops dead in Spencer.
Hon. John E. Russell addresses the Oxford farmers.

COMMONWEALTH.

- 7—General Armstrong, Principal of the Hampton Institute, Va., stricken with paralysis while speaking in Stoneham.
A saloon keeper in Lowell sues the Times and the Star for damage.
Massachusetts teachers meet in Boston.
- 28—Suffolk Trust Company of Boston closes its doors.
- 29—Harvard and Yale arrange a joint debate.
Had Wendell Phillips lived he would have been 80 years old today.
Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, late Principal of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, dies in Boston.

30—Hon. Joseph H. Walker has a long letter in Boston Herald on the McKinley Bill.

- Dec. 1—Twelve cities have municipal elections. Not much politics. License a little behind.
- 2—The Governor nominates John A. Thayer of Worcester to succeed Major E. T. Raymond as Clerk of the Central District Court.
Rev. Samuel Adams Devens, of the famous class of '29 at Harvard, died last night in Boston.
- 3—Boston publishers petition for the reinstatement of John Quincy Adams at the Post Office.
The Boston Algonquin Club will have to take down and rebuild their imposing front on Commonwealth Avenue.
Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wesson of Springfield seriously injured by the overturning of their carriage. Horse frightened by electric cars.
- 5—Rev. Tunis G. Campbell, the oldest African minister in the country, dies in Alliston, 79 years.
Thomas Wheeler, 25 years old, commits suicide in Boston.
- 6—A Cambridge preacher denounces No License. His name is Orr. Perfectly "orful."
Bishop Phillips Brooks in Fall River.
- 7—Alfred White Sprague, an old Free Soiler, dies in Wollaston, 70 years.
- 8—Col. Wm. W. Clapp, long editor of the Boston Journal, dies in Boston, 65 years.
- 9—The Governor's Council delays action on petition for Clerk Raymond one week.
Annual meeting of Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons.
Fire cracker factory in Boston burns.
- 10—Congregationalists in Somerville dedicate a new church.

NATION.

- 27—Alonzo A. Stagg instead of going to Chicago will head an athletic department in Yale.
Recent rains remove danger of water famine in New York.
- 28—Coming contest for Speakership in Congress the leading topic of discussion.
- 29—Wanamaker and Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt are reported "out."
Minister Dunham summoned home from Hayti.
- 30—Sawtelle, the New Hampshire murderer, now claims that the deed was done in Maine and demands a new trial.
- Dec. 1—Railway train held up and robbed within the city limits of St. Louis.
Recent measurements show Indiana to have 100 square miles of Ohio territory.
- 2—The year's reduction of National debt foots up over \$118,000,000, notwithstanding pensions.
- Providence at last elects a Democratic Mayor, the first since 1854. His name is Wm. K. Potter.
- 3—Cyrus W. Field improving.
Speakership contest in Washington the chief topic now.

WORLD.

- 57—Halifax is sad over the withdrawal of the Ocean Steamship lines.
Von Caprivi has made up with Emperor William and will not resign.
- 28—Rain making in Spain a failure.
Famine growing in Russia.
Chinese Rebels marching on Peking.
- 29—Lord Dufferin will retire from the diplomatic service.

30—German spies overrunning France.

Five boys in Southampton, Eng., will die from explosion of bomb shell which they were playing.

Dec. 1.—A discharged engineer in Switzerland turns an engine loose and, thereby, does great harm. Many lives lost.

2.—Dom Pedro is seriously ill in Paris.

A daughter of Queen Victoria will be the President of English Women's Work at the World's Fair in Chicago.

3.—The Russell divorce case unrivaled in disagreeable features. What a pity that these nobles (?) have nothing to do. Work would improve them.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

Wedding Bells. Here is something decidedly new and pretty. The title page has Cupid in the center with an arrow drawn almost to the barb. Above him a bird carries a ring in his beak. In one corner is a picture of a church, whence comes of course, the "Mellow Wedding Bells, Golden Bells." In another corner are those oft quoted words from Longfellow, beginning, "As unto the bow the cord is, etc." It is a book for marriage records designed by Mrs. H. Emilie Taylor of this city. This is an age of birthday books and autograph albums and this beautiful book is designed to receive the names of your married friends, there being properly arranged spaces under each month. Then, too, there are most apt quotations for the several months, and your first act will be to turn to the month of your marriage to find what its sentiment is. It is a pretty specimen of book making, in white and gold and may be had at the book stores for 40 cents.

Our Little Men and Women for December is a charming number, full of delightful pictures and pretty stories and verses. The little folks will be sure to hail it with joy. It is printed on fine paper, in large type. The magazine is both entertaining and instructive, and is suitable for children whose ages range from five to nine. A year's subscription will make the very best of Christmas presents. The price is only \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Publishers.

Inglis' Home and Art Magazine, Published by J. F. Inglis, Lynn, Mass.

As the name indicates, this is a magazine given wholly to art and the home. It takes up decoration of almost everything whether done in water color, oil, scorch work or china painting. All directions are very clear and this number has many articles especially adapted for the coming holidays. Price fifteen cents per number, or one dollar per year.

Table Talk, published by the Table Talk Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

As with all the other monthlies so this shows the near approach of the holidays. It has Christmas dinner, Christmas eve, Christmas decorations, Christmas gifts and a Christmas poem. The question and answer column holds a deal of useful information and the new menus are a feature which will prove a great help to the housewife. Price per year \$1.

The Little New Neighbor, by Mary D. Brine, illustrated by Miss A. G. Plympton. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. \$1.

The children look eagerly for a new book

from this author for she is deservedly popular among them. She has a way of reaching the little hearts that is not attained by every writer for the children. In fact we think it a gift that comparatively few possess. The dainty heroine has moved into a new place situated in the country and, with her cat, proceeds to make acquaintances among the people around her. Everybody calls her the new neighbor and she finally calls herself by that name. The pictures are so dainty, the cover so attractive, in its white, gilt and colors, and it is in every way such a lovely book that we hope many a child will find it among his Christmas gifts. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The January Atlantic Monthly will have an article of peculiar interest on James Russell Lowell, by Henry James. It will be largely devoted to the remarkable success of Mr. Lowell as U. S. Minister at London, and to the greatness and charm and superlative patriotism which marked his character.

The most remarkable piece of news in the literary world this week is the announcement that William Dean Howells will sever his connection with Harpers and will become one of the editors of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Short Studies in Literature by Hamilton Wright Mabie, New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, 1901, \$1 25.

A book full of interest to the book lover or to him who loves to think about Johnson and the many others who have reigned as literary kings. There are forty chapters, each one devoted to some phase of literature and each one, as the writer says, so suggestive that it might easily be expanded into a book. The chronic novel reader and the dissipated absorber of sensation, clap-trap papers would find this book dull reading; but he who has fed on good healthful literature will cut and turn these pages with genuine delight. Our writer betrays a familiarity with the book makers of the past and he passes them in review as his chapters progress. It is a book for the teacher of literature to fill up from as he appears before his classes. Whether Mr. Mabie's illustrations be drawn from Greek, Indian, Hebrew, German, French or English sources they are alike inspiring. It is a charming series of essays, every one bearing the stamp of thorough study and reflection. There are few readers of good books who can forego its possession. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

Physical Development and Exercise for Women, by Mary Taylor Bissell, M. D., New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, 1901, \$1 25.

Here is a book for parents and for girls. Not alone for mothers but for fathers as well, that they may intelligently suggest rules of health to their growing daughters. Many books on this subject are already in existence, all having their excellent points, but this one does more than point out their imperfections, it suggests means of improvement. The subjects treated are under the following heads. I. Symmetry and Health. II. How we grow. III. How environment may influence Growth. IV. The Influence of Dress on Physical Development. V. The Influence of School on Physical Development. VI. The

Influence of Exercise on Development. VII. Some things that Exercise will do for the Body. VIII. The Ways and Means for Exercise. IX. Practical Suggestions. The volume is practical enough for a text book and in judicious hands may save many a woman from life-long illness. Everywhere the woman killing corset gets a deserved whack. For this reason, if for no other, the book should be read by millions; for not the individual alone but all her descendants are liable to be effected by her way of living. "The Influence of School" is a very valuable treatise, setting forth the ills that come to our young people through the constrained attitudes too often assumed there. Dr. Bissell clearly portrays what the perfect form is and illustrates how means may be taken to attain it. The gymnastics, described under "Practical Suggestions," if persisted in will bring about most salutary results. We cannot be too careful in so important a matter and any teacher who will point to a better life, physical, mental or moral is a benefactor. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

Decorated China.

Miss Emma Gladwin, daughter of Prof. George E. Gladwin, is exhibiting in Room 9, Burnside Building, some beautiful specimens of her handiwork. Nothing lovelier was ever shown in Worcester. Those liking this form of art will do well to call early as some of the choice pieces are already sold. Along with this decorated china are many sketches made by Prof. Gladwin in his rambles, north and south. Here are icebergs from Labrador, oranges from Florida and homelier scenes from points nearer Worcester. Parties looking for Christmas gifts will do well to call and see what this room affords.

Hancock Club.

This body after nine months of being, held its annual meeting last Tuesday night and, in addition to partaking of a collation, re-elected Harry W. Anderson, President, and other officers as follows: Vice-president, S. A. Willis; secretary, Elmer H. Loring; treasurer, F. R. Burgess; board of managers—Rev. F. G. Burgess, H. A. Howe, W. E. Holmes, J. A. Shaw, C. H. Davis, E. L. Parker and G. L. Allen. House committee—G. L. Allen, E. H. Day and John A. Lowe; membership committee, E. L. Parker, Rev. F. G. Burgess, S. C. Earle, G. W. Mirick and J. F. Crowell.

The club room is in W. H. Sawyer's building, on Lincoln Street and everything indicates success in the past and prosperity for the future.

Mr. Jehiel Todd is very dangerously ill at his home, 105 Austin Street, and it is feared that he will not recover. Mr. Todd is a deacon in Plymouth Church and has long been one of its most active workers. He was formerly in the wholesale spice and coffee business, with headquarters on Union Street and his coffee, in particular, had a wide reputation for its excellence. But for several years past he has been with J. A. Long, the furniture dealer. At the business meeting of Plymouth Church Tuesday evening, resolutions, expressing the sympathy of the members, were drawn up and sent to Deacon Todd.

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You've heard lots about the "McKinley" bill.

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Two dollars and fifty cents each curtain.

Your home ought to be your world.

Brighten it in all ways and increase the sum of happiness for all.

Portiers will help greatly.

You have the opportunity to-day

If you are wise, you'll come quickly and make selection.

Two dollars and fifty cents each curtain.

You'll find them on the second floor in the Upholstery department.

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Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

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STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Entertainments.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Silver Age," a western play, in which the villain is foiled and virtue and innocence are triumphant in the end, has drawn crowded houses every evening this week at the Pleasant Street Theater. The matinee performances are well attended, the gentle sex predominating. Miss Katherine Rober as Lena Wilder, the heroine and the bright, particular star of the mining town of Silver Age, easily carries off the honors at each performance. Miss Rober is a charming little actress, whose personality and rare talent have succeeded in winning for her many admirers both on and off the stage. Max Freeman as Capt. Jack Caton, U. S. A., steers justice in its proper course and makes it a point to see that the villain is foiled in the regulation way. Mr. William Cattell deserves especial mention for the realistic manner in which he portrays the death of the outlaw in the final act. His conception and rendition of the character are among the features of the performance. The laughable farce, "Statue Blanch," which precedes each performance, is the work of Mr. John Phillips. It is one of the best farces ever given at the theater and keeps the audience in laughter from the beginning to the end. Miss Frankie Bell as the statue made a very pretty picture.

Mr. Charles Barringer and Miss Kate Glassford will bring "Si Slocum," a sensational melo-drama, in which the late Frank L. Frayne made such a phenomenal success, to the theater next week. "Si Slocum," with a nerve of iron and a heart of gold," will be in the capable hands of Mr. Barringer, who is every inch an actor. Ruth Slocum, the wife of the hero, "a true American woman," is well adapted to Miss Glassford's genius. Miss Grace Hamilton, as Grace Townsend, will make her first Worcester appearance. She is bound to be successful, as she has the benefit of an experience in some of the best companies on the road, among them Daniel Frohman's celebrated New York company. Miss Hamilton has a host of acquaintances who will be glad of the opportunity afforded them of witnessing a performance in which she is to take a leading part.

Mr. J. Gordon Edwards, an actor for a long time connected with Lothrop's Stock Company, but of late with the Joseph Haworth Dramatic Company, has been again secured by the management and will be seen here next week. The patrons of the house are in for an unusual dramatic treat.

Firemen's Ball.

The eleventh concert and ball of the Worcester Firemen's Relief Association was held in Mechanics Hall last week Friday evening and was a success, in spite of the bad storm. Reeve's band of Providence furnished the music both for the concert and for the dancing.

Last evening in Old South Church, Albert L. Bacheller, of Lowell, repeated his lecture of last March, on famous personages in English history. As before, it was illustrated by persons costumed to represent the characters.

"He that is down needs fear no fall."

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PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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- 10.13 A. M. 3.30 P. M.
- 12.12 A. M. 5.30 P. M.
- 5.06 P. M.* 10.00 P. M.
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*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to **JAMES CUNNINGHAM**, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Christmas Work.

Linen Sachet.

A very pretty sachet for the bureau of a little girl is made from two pieces of white linen, each twelve inches long and six inches wide.

A quaint figure of a little girl in Kate Greenaway costume is etched on the linen, and a fold of white cotton batting is plentifully sprinkled with orris powder mixed with violet sachet powder, and placed between the two pieces of linen.

These pieces are then buttonhole-stitched together with coarse white silk, and small bows made of white baby ribbon are tacked at each corner.—Household.

Pincushion.

An ordinary wooden spoon is first Aspinlled white, and when dry, painted with small flowers and grasses in sienna brown and gold bronze. A small cushion of light blue satin is fixed in the bowl of the spoon with glue, and the spoon trimmed with light blue ribbon.—Home Magazine.

An Ear of Corn.

This is a pretty device for the handle of a hot tea or coffee pot. It is made from a ball of corn color knitting silk as follows: Steel needles, medium size. Cast 40 stitches, knit plain across, carry two threads. Knit five stitches with one thread; carry second thread over and knit five more. Knit five more with first thread.

So continue until the forty stitches are knit, representing eight kernels of corn. On return seam five stitches, then carry the thread over inside and seam five more. So continue to seam until across. Make the holder about one-eighth of a yard long. Gather one end and crochet around it in single crochet, to form a point, and frill a crochet of shell stitch on the other end.—Household.

A Crystal Catch-All.—The small glass globes which come for many and varied uses, such as holders for fresh flowers, for spent matches, etc., may be beautifully decorated if you are anything of an artist. They come in different sizes, but those from four to six inches in diameter are the prettiest. Take your oil colors and paint upon them field flowers and grasses, all springing upward from the bottom. Cover the glass with the design, but make it light,—not putting it on too thickly, but leaving an effect of delicacy. Under the curling "lip" of the glass tie a satin ribbon of pale blue, green, gold, or amethyst, finishing with a bow. Under this bow tie an end of the ribbon; leave sufficient by which to hang it, and tie the end on the opposite side with a small bow. They make very graceful little gifts where your own handiwork, and but small outlay, are sought.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

A small plush bag for holding an opera glass is a pleasing gift. An oblong piece of pasteboard forms the foundation of the bag. It should be five inches long and one and a half inches wide, with rounded corners. The pasteboard is covered with plush on the bottom and satin on top. Two pieces of plush with satin lining are sewed to the foundation, and silk draw-strings the color of the plush are run through a casing at the top. Olive plush and old-gold satin is a good combination.—Good Housekeeping.

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At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the efficacy. Not so with those who have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Cap. U. Harley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

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satisfy a great many clothing dealers so well that they persist in the practice season after season.

The fact that every face that comes into the store is a new face never seems to trouble them, or tell them the most important of all facts in the building up a reliable business.

New faces are welcome in any store, but it is never wise, or good, business, to simply make a sale to the visitor.

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that constitutes a business worthy of the name. The "come again" trade is only won by the fairest kind of dealing, by the fairest kinds of goods, and fairest of all prices.

In CUSTOM CLOTHING

we have names on our books that never have been on the books of any other clothing house.

Every Suit of Clothes and every Overcoat they have ever worn was made for them by us.

We know exactly what their taste requires. We never make the mistake of putting into their garments things that will offend them. There is no need to caution us in this direction or that. We know what'll suit them, and we see that they have it.

Then again, there are in our employ to-day men and women who have made CUSTOM CLOTHING for us for so many years that they are not only familiar with all our particular ways, but are full of the spirit of our purpose—that nothing but perfection shall go out with the Ware, Pratt Co.'s goods and name.

All this helps to add month after month to **WHAT WE CALL BUSINESS,**

The "COME AGAIN" CUSTOMERS,

whose wishes our salesmen know, and whose

interests they guard at all times and in every way.

Our *Custom Department* prides itself upon the possession of:—

THE VERY B-ST CLOTHS,

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The *Ware, Pratt Co.* claim that its prices on its perfected work are the best for you of any that can be given you.

LEAVE YOUR MEASURE TO-DAY.

The clothes will be ready for you by Christmas.

You'll enjoy the day all the better for having them.

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LIGHT

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VOL. IV. No. 16. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891. FIVE CENTS



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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

No. 16

"Which is best,—to build a light-house,
Storm and tempest to withstand,
Or to build the buoyant life-boat
Always ready to be man'd?
Is it best to save the ves'els
From becoming total wrecks,
Or to snatch a few poor wretches
From the brine-besprinkled decks
Of the wrecks each year occurring
For the want of warning light?
Ought we not to save the ves'els
And direct their course aright?"

Read the sentiment first.

See how well it fits the present emergency.
Tuesday's vote was for the light-house.

It was the record that did it. Figures may or may not lie, but the constantly paraded contrast did its work.

Those black figured columns in the Telegram could not be overlooked. Nearly three to one arrests for drunkenness in license months as against the same time under no license.

Where is the croaker with his stereotyped statement, "Just as much rum drunken under no license as under license." He will make his appearance soon. Look out for him and close his mouth with the record.

What a turn about! Last year, license by over a thousand majority; this year, no license by more than four hundred! Truly Worcester is the banner city of the Commonwealth. The brigade of workers for "personal liberty" was behind the bar dealing out fluids. Next year it will be at liberty to organize again.

What is needed is the securing of no license two successive years and then the brigade will have to go to work. It cannot afford to pay rent for unused bar rooms, two years running. The profits are such that it can pay rent and lie idle, one year but not longer. The second year is what we must look for now. When citing the influences that brought about the decisive "No," we must not overlook the work of the young people. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor along with the Epworth League has made itself a potent factor in this cleansing labor. It is the first time that these bodies have taken a direct part, but probably not the last. It was an inspiring sight to see young men driving vehicles, bringing to the polls those who would help along the opposition to the rum power. The names of these organizations have grown to mean something.

Amidst so much hurly-burly, incident to politics, it is a great pleasure to turn aside to the peaceful life that at Danvers, Thursday, the 17th, entered upon its 85th year. John G. Whittier was born in Amesbury 1807. Long beyond the lives of his associates has his life been prolonged. Those who fought with him the battles for Freedom have passed on; but he remains, the grandest of them all. How-

ever much we may revere those who have set New England in the fore front of thought, we must ever accord to Whittier the place nearest to the popular heart.

One of the most notable publications of the state, for several years, is that recently sent out by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture with reference to abandoned or partially abandoned farms of Massachusetts. The City of Worcester has no such land as any one may safely conclude who has ever tried to purchase a house lot. These farms are mostly in the towns remote from the centres of population, though Charlton has fifteen and Dana but one. Fitchburg has two, a fact that is not to the credit of our sister city. Leicester has one, but the electric railroad will soon obviate that. Boylston has one. Otherwise, our contiguous towns seem disposed to hold on to their land. If something would drive people from the cities to the country, a better condition would follow.

At last it appears that the final government action with reference to the new Post Office has been taken and that, in the near future, work will begin. Curiosity is on tip toe to know just how the edifice will look, behind the Flat-Iron Block, but very likely some way will be devised to get rid of that. If the same public spirit that drew the office to that section of the city will remove the objectionable building in the angle, many will be glad. What many fear is that the cost of it will be thrown upon the city. That will arouse opposition.

The recently received news that a son of Kit Carson had shot and killed his father-in-law in Colorado and that Joaquin Miller's son had "held up" a stage coach in California make it apparent that the twig was not properly bent in their childhood. Carson, the elder, was a man of action, quick, alert, daring, but not capable of a cowardly act. Miller, it is claimed, has always neglected his son. "Look to your hearths, My Lords," was said by Catiline for another purpose, but it will apply here. Our homes are what we make them. Our children will be as we rear them. Street education will make rowdies of them. Know where the children are. Labor for them now and in later years your hearts will not ache for them.

This is one of the weeks when store windows look their very best. Wednesday afternoon, the schools were not in session and as a consequence the little folks were out in crowds taking in the free sights that enterprising merchants had provided. True, there was no snow, no sound of merry sleigh bells and Santa Claus, if on his way, was taking his journey on wheels, still the streets were thronged with a happy company of easily pleased people. That it became, used exclamation, "Oh!" was used till it was, if possible, rounder than ever. Very likely all the beholders were not pur-

chasers, but they did get a deal of satisfaction from the free show. The merchant gets his returns in no way sure. The smiles in front of his store must have been, at times, as light bearing as the gas jet and may have delayed lighting it. It is a good thing to please the little folks.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Patti receives five thousand dollars a night, besides a share of the profits, during her tour of the United States, this season.

Tschaikowski has composed a striking overture to Byron's "Manfred."

An American "society" lady, who wished to entertain her friends at a party by having Paderewski play for them, asked for his terms. He placed them at one thousand dollars.

New York critics seem to consider Paderewski's concert to R ubinstein.

M. Guonod, the composer, who is 74 years of age, has been seriously ill but is now better. Some months ago, he had a cerebral attack, which seriously affected his eye-sight. He cannot read without spelling each word and does not write at all. He considers his career as finished and never hopes to write the score of another opera. M. Guonod lives very secluded with his family, seeing only his intimate friends.

"A few weeks ago, I gave two working girls tickets for a concert of a superior class. I have just seen one of them and, in thanking me, she said, 'I never was at a concert in my life.' I felt distressed. No sweet voices, no melodious choirs, no grand organ ever charmed and elevated this girl. The concert was in a chapel. Why not? Cannot Christians use their chapels and choirs a little more in this way and so make many a poor girl feel like an angel and a saint." Ex. The Worcester churches began this good work some time ago and what the Bostonians are just beginning to do with their working peoples' concerts, has been done to a degree for several years in Worcester, by the musical organizations of our churches. At Central, Salem Street, Pilgrim, Piedmont, Grace and other churches high class concerts have been given and, though they were not always free, the price of admission has been very small, only large enough to meet any expense that has incurred.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson has severed his connection with the Boston Globe to accept a position of Press Agent of the New York & New England Railroad. Mr. Anderson is widely known in journalistic circles, and is particularly well qualified to fill the position to which he has been appointed.

There are no abandoned farms in the city of Worcester, but Mr. F. J. Kinney of Tattuck left his long enough to run down to Boston and address the New England Farmers on Market Gardening, last Saturday.



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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1891.

Before you start out on your Christmas round of shopping, be sure to look through *Light's* list of advertisers and give them the benefit of your buying. Every business advertised here is first class, no matter what the line is, it is the very best. Read carefully every advertisement.

The next paper will be out, Thursday, the 24th. Boys should call for their at 6. p. m.

Light deems itself specially fortunate in being able to present a letter on Milestones from Mrs. Freeland of Sutton, the able historian of the town of Oxford. Her explanation leaves little to be desired concerning this interesting question.

It is children's week, too, at Barnard & Sumner's. The south window is filled with objects for the children's special delectation. Of course, the window separates the little ones from the glorious sights, but how they would like to be inside. The north window is another triumph of the decorative art. Who would think so much could be done with handkerchiefs!

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chandler went down to Ashland Tuesday evening to attend the installation of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Mrs. S. D. Leland and son of Holyoke are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Felix De Camp, of Dix Street. In the years past Mrs. Leland was a pupil in the High School, a Normal School graduate and a Worcester teacher.

Prof. Gladwin's Book.

There are many people, not all in Worcester, who are anxiously awaiting the Professor's book. It is sure to be one of interest and well worth keeping. It will be a good souvenir volume.

"Praying hard is fighting hard."—Gustavus Adolphus.

A Literary Contest.

Light is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at *Light's* discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from *Light*, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in *Light*, Dec. 19,
1891.

Signed

I.
"Are all the dead dogs over"
Growled through that matted lip,
'The dead ones are no better,
Let's light-n the good ship.'"

II.
"There's another, not a sister,
In the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment,
That sparkled in her eyes."

III.
"Truth crushed to earth
Will rise again."

IV.
"Here lies his head on the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown"

V.
"The blood for which you thirst is not congealed
By the artificial terrors that surround your victim"

VI.
"The wrath of God was upon them heavily. In th
whirlwind was the hiding place of his power."

Answers to Quotations Dec. 5.

- 1 Poe—"The Raven"
 - 2 Bryant—"The Yellow Violet"
 - 3 Hawthorne's "Fancy's Show Box"
 - 4 Thoreau, "Walden" p. 250
 - 5 J. Boyle O'Reilly, "Hidden Sins."
 - 6 Emerson, "Plato."
- James Sibley wins the prize.

Furniture dealers are hardly supposed to make special displays for Christmas, for they furnish the framework on which may hang the more delicate fabrics of special display, but the Putnam, Sprague Company has found some of the most beautiful material in all forms of cabinet make for their show windows. The hand of man is very skillful.

The Belmont, at the Lake, under the management of W. M. Fay, is enjoying a well deserved reputation as a place for anniversary parties and dinners. The railroad connection makes communication easy and the dinners could not be better. The veterans of the 4th Heavy Artillery, who went down there last week, were admirably treated.

Miss Nellie York.

This young lady, Worcester reared, made a most excellent impression last Sunday afternoon in Mechanics Hall as she read before the immense audience gathered there, "A Voice from the Poor House." She has a well trained voice, fine personal appearance and thorough appreciation of what she reads.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.

Pointers

To what you want to find and where to find it.

The greatest and most varied gathering of Gifts in central New England is under the Boston Store roof.

This is the only place where Books, Clocks, Toys, Dolls, Pictures, Perfumes, Lamps, Silverware, Crockery, Neckwear, etc., are sold at dry goods prices.

Books. Moved to left side.

It goes without saying—the Christmas book business of Worcester is done in this left aisle.

That whatever book you wish, be it cheap or costly, we sell it for less than you can buy it elsewhere, in every instance without single exception whatever.

Beautiful Children's Books, Best book for boys and girls.

Superb art volumes, all standard sets.

All the new and old books, bibles, prayer books and hymnals.

Bric-a-brac. Downstairs.

We sell for only our usual dry goods profit above cost.

Beautiful vases and ornamental treasures; exquisite, odd, unique, and varied beyond description.

Eichwald, Royal Bonn, Rudolstadt. Teplitz, Carlsbad, Burslem Suhl, Hampshire.

Booklets. Left aisle.

By the tens of thousands.

There is no other place where they are so plenty, so varied and so little priced, 3c., 5c., 10c., 12 1/2 c., 15c., 19c., 25c., up.

Carlsbad Table Ware. Downstairs.

Carlsbad is the beautiful and quaint table service that has, on account of its great beauty, been sold for big prices.

We have just put in the entire assortment, and lowered the prices. You can buy it freely.

Stationery. Moved to left aisle.

The best bargain is: 37 1-2c.; boxes of Swan Vellum writing paper with envelopes 29c. a box.

Plush photograph and autograph albums, 50c. to \$5.

Christmas inkstands, scrap albums 25c. and up.

Playing cards, hand-painted novelties, calendars, gold pens, plush stationery boxes, etc., etc.,

Cut Glass. Left aisle.

Perfumery bottles, all sizes 10c. to \$2.50.

Slippers and Blacking Cases.

—Near store.

Handkerchief Boxes. Centre aisle.

Handkerchiefs. Centre aisle.

We import direct; we sell cheaply; we

sell more; we have more.

39c. and 50c. embroidered scalloped Irish Linen handkerchiefs at 29.—our best holiday bargains.

Chiffons.

Handkerchiefs, filmy as a spider's web; embroidered daintily; a bargain at 48c. each.

Silk Kerchiefs.

Centre aisle.

Pocket Books.

Left aisle.

Bags, toilet cases, left rolls, rings, necklaces, and all jewelry, latest styles.

"Fashions."

Right aisle.

At stationery department, a year's subscription free to purchasers, December No. ready.

Pictures and Frames.

Downstairs.

Our prices are less than you have any idea of.

More and prettier and costlier pictures, framed or not, than ever seen here before.

Easels, tables, music racks, photograph cabinets, as nice things as anywhere, with prices less.

Neckwear.

By the door.

Shirts, collars, cuffs, buttons and studs. For extra particular men.

Silk hose.

Right aisle.

You don't know how pleased your wife, daughter, sister, or friend would be with these as a gift.

Pure silk mittens, 89c.

Card Engraving.

Right aisle.

Stationery department.

Clocks.

Downstairs.

Marble, onyx, iron and silver to \$25. Bronze figures, dry goods prices.

Aprons.

Right aisle.

Umbrellas.

Right aisle.

This is the only store that has an umbrella trade large enough to maintain a separate department of umbrellas.

Having the largest trade is the unspoken evidence that prices are the lowest here.

We engrave the handle of every umbrella sold, free of charge.

Lamps.

Downstairs, to the right.

We have just opened the most commodious and pleasant lamp department in Worcester.

One-half side of the basement is transformed into a blaze of light and vision of beauty never before seen in the city.

The stock is as large as all the similar stocks in all other city lamp stores put together.

We are sole agents for the best lamp there is—the Pittsburg; and our prices are less than what is being asked for inferior makes.

500 Pittsburg lamps in a row.

Plush Toilet Sets.

Right aisle.

A useful gift is good; one combining usefulness with beauty is better.

Plush and silver toilet sets, perfumery, manicure, shaving, jewel, and glove cases,

are most conspicuous combinations of extreme usefulness with great beauty.

Sea-shell caskets; very cute, and novel candles, sticks and shades.

Travelling Bags.

Downstairs.

Baskets.

Downstairs.

Indian and Japanese, in all the shapes, grass, willow, rushes, palmetto or bamboo can be tortured into.

Fur Rugs.

Third Floor.

Japanese, wolfskins; large sizes; in grey, black, tan and white—red fox, \$3.50, \$3.75 and \$6.

Men's Smoking Jackets.

Downstairs.

Imported from Japan by us.

Made of silk; softer and lighter than French or American, \$6.75 and \$8.

Toys.

Downstairs.

Now ready, every toy that can delight the hearts of children

The prices—depend upon it—they are lower than elsewhere.

The list of things is as long as childhood's hours.

Japanese Toys.

Downstairs, too.

The little folks will think themselves in dreamland while among them. These toys are all so different from the toys of other nations that even grown people are often lost in admiration.

"We are all children of larger growth."

Silverware.

Downstairs.

We carry the Hartford Silver Plate Co.'s quadruple-plate wares.

We have about every article on their list you are likely to ask for.

This ware is sold elsewhere in Worcester. But we make the lowest prices. *Fact!*

We fully guarantee every piece sold. The company is behind us.

Candlesticks.

Right aisle.

Sweet and pretty beyond description.

New York society is agog over them, and in every comfortable home the kindly light of candles glimmers quaintly. We can supply everybody—candles, candlesticks, shades.

A corner of Japan.

Downstairs.

The Japanese department is now in its glory.

We have the largest and nicest stock of Jap goods in New England without exception.

It is almost a universal custom to put absurdly high prices on Jap wares; it's necessary for stores to do so that depend upon indirect and costly methods to buy their goods.

The Syndicate sent a man to Japan; bought largely; imported direct; and our prices are a surprise.

MR. S. Z. AKAMATSU presides.

Games.

Downstairs.

Roll-top desks, etc.

A Sunset of Color.

Downstairs.

Brass tables with Mexican onyx tops, at such low prices as \$11, \$12 and \$14.

The onyx is a poem in stone. The colors are as varied as the tints of sea-shells. One shows a rare pale sea-blue, blended with cloudy white like wind-tipped wave-tops, frost-work tracery, in glorified brown and tans, some show a whole sunset of riotous color.

Confectionery.

Downstairs.

All kinds; fresh, wholesome and nice, and at unexpectedly low prices.

Table Covers and Linen Sets.--

Annex.

Silks.

Annex.

A. Guinet et Cie's black silks reduced 25c. a yard till Christmas, and regular 69c. colored surahs to 55c.

Cloaks and Shawls.

Second floor. Take elevator.

Fur Capes and Muffs.

Left aisle.

Rocking Chairs.

Third floor.

Gloves.

Centre aisle.

The finest glove imported is none too nice to serve as a gift. We have that glove. It is our Paris moussquetaire suede. Sold only here.

8 button, 10 different shades, \$1.75.

12 button, evening shades, \$2.25.

We are sole agents for the Foster, Centre and Filene gloves.

Portieres and Lace curtains.

Third floor. Take Elevator.

Perfumes.

Left aisle.

The most delightful in the world are made by Delettrez, Paris. We have 15 of his odors; they are perfectly diaphanous.

Also, all the favorite odors made by

Lundborg, Lubin,
Seeley, Oakley,
Tappan, Bailey,
Lauter Fils, Kirk,
Colgate, Woodworth,
Lady Grey, Atkinson,
Brown, Crown Co.

Our prices are always the lowest.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

Wellesley.

The last two or three weeks before vacation always seem to pass very slowly in spite of the fact that they are unusually busy, but at last vacation has come. College closed at noon, Dec. 16, for a recess of three weeks.

Since we last wrote, we have been addressed by Dr. Mabie, Home Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, and by President Andrews of Brown University. Dec. 8 Mme. Hopekirk gave a fine piapo recital.

Sunday evening, Dec. 14, the usual Christmas Vesper Service was given by the organist and several of the students.

Dec. 15, the Beethoven Society, assisted by Miss Estelle Andrews of Boston, gave a concert, consisting of solos, choruses, and a short Christmas cantata.

Dec. 17.

Mrs. Lillie Wilkinson has been confined to her home on Pleasant Street since Thanksgiving on account of inflammation of the eyes. But she is now recovering the use of them and will soon be able to be out.

For The Truants.

It was long since demonstrated that if we would make the bad, good, we must do something besides punish. It is this thought that has prompted the construction of the building whose picture adorns the first page of LIGHT this week. It is in Oakdale, the first station North of West Boylston, on the Boston & Maine railroad. Here the track of the Massachusetts Central crosses the B. & M. and thereby the School may be readily reached from all parts of the county.

Quite too long, a certain element among our boys has been sent to the Reform School at Westboro or, as in this city, to the Truant School at the City Farm. Having the life-long interest of the boys at heart, it was decided, some months since by the County Commissioners to erect a centrally located building and in it to gather such lads as home surroundings had failed to properly train. The building is up: how do you like it?

Worcester County does not command a finer outlook than that which may be had from the west porch of this structure. Having decided upon this central place for the school, the commissioners could not have done better than they did in taking this slope of thirty-six acres. Upon it, the sun shines the entire day, and the vista of fertile fields, threading railroads, and busy factories must prove in the years to come an inspiration to the lads whose home this is to be. Leaving the cars at the Union Station, we have to retrace our steps and finally take quite a climb up a new road, through what will, eventually, be a beautiful park appendage to the grounds. By a gradual ascent, this leads up to the building, which, another season, will be surrounded by the greenest of lawns. Our eyes rest upon a commodious structure, two stories and an attic high, in the shape of a Greek cross. The length, north and south is 113 feet, east and west 90 feet, yet so well adjusted are the parts, the arms of the cross would seem to be of equal length. Fuller and Delano of this city are the architects. The walls are of brick with mottled Conway trimming; the construction was done by Joseph Vaudreuil also of Worcester. The slate roof was laid by the O'Gara Brothers of Worcester, while the foundation was put in by the late C. F. Batchelder, a Worcester contractor. The north and south wings are each 34x25 feet, while the west, main frontage is about sixty feet in length. The impression on nearing the edifice is imposing and happy at the same time.

As the superintendent, Mr. Frank L. Johnson is here let us walk up the graveled path to the front door and push the button, for all that electric signaling can do has been introduced here, Mr. C. F. Page of Worcester, doing the work and putting in, at Mr. Johnson's suggestions, about a mile of insulated wire. Today, the superintendent will answer but, by and by, one of the boys will be on hand to respond. Going into the main hall we find at the left the superintendent's office, a spacious room, and at our right, the reception room. Further east, on the north side, is the family dining room, which is separated by windows, only, from the much larger room where the boys will take their meals. Returning to the hallway, we enter the library

adjacent to the beautiful school room. Here is shelf room for more than a thousand books, with a large table in the center. Here the call boy, with an electric indicator above him, will sit ready to answer signals. To select books for these shelves, will be one of the most delicate and, at the same time, most important tasks for the immediate future. Then we pass into the school room. It will be a revelation to most of the unkempt urchins who are to be trained here for manhood. More than one-half the school children of New York City are very far from having such comforts as this room promises. All day, the sun will shine upon it and with a sunny teacher within, we may expect glorious results from work done here.

denied to the good and well behaved.

In the attic, there is the tank, fed from a living spring on the hill-side, which supplies all parts of the premises. Also here is ample space for rainy day play and for drilling which the boys will, also, be taught. Should we go down stairs again, we might inspect the ample kitchen, with its range and oven, the room for sewing, the pantry, the refrigerator and the rooms for attendants. Descending still further, we shall find the laundry, the lavatories for the boys, the bath rooms, the heating appliances and the gas machine. The system to which these lads are to be subjected is admirable; but nothing in the whole scheme will strike an outsider more favorably than the individual bath rooms. There are



Ascending an easy flight of stairs, we may enter the dormitory where every boy is to have a bed of his own. This room is quite as large as the school room, being just over it, both being in the south wing. The ceiling is finished upon the rafters and while there may be fifty boys here, all will have good air. The bedsteads are of iron, with wire-woven springs whereon are laid hair mattresses, good enough for a king. The attendant sleeps in an adjacent room, having windows connecting. A small room on the west side has numbered spaces where every boy, on going to bed, will hang his apparel. On the north side, just over the boys' dining room is the large room to be devoted to actual manual training, and it begins to look as though Worcester's mischievous boys were about to get what is

sixteen of them supplied with hot and cold water. Contrast such conveniences with the great tub into which fifty boys at Westboro used to plunge, at once. Truly, the world moves. In boxes, provided and numbered, every boy will place his out of doors foot wear and will don a pair of slippers before going up stairs. When he enters the institution, his old clothing will either be sent home or destroyed. He will be clothed in a nice blue uniform and when he goes away he will be given a nice suit.

On the farm of thirty-six acres there will be work for the boys. There will be little idleness, nor will it be all work, for Mr. Johnson has reserved an excellent base ball field. On the pond, just made for the newly built ice house, the boys may skate in Winter. South

of the school is a very large and convenient barn where will be kept six cows and a span of horses. Of course, as much work as is reasonable will be exacted from the lads, for their own good and for that of the public.

What will come of it? After going over and through this palatial outfit, one is possessed with the notion that boys will have to be driven away rather than restrained, for the restraint is no more than that of any good home. Nay, there is danger that its fame will so pass out that boys may play truant that they may be sent here for to the vast majority of the lads, whose temporary home this is to be, it will be, to their real home surroundings, like a palace instead of a hovel. This manner of dealing with juvenile offenders is an experiment but in competent hands it must prove a success for it is right. The County Commissioners, Hon. Henry G. Taft of Uxbridge, Hon. Emerson Stone of Spencer and Hon. Charles J. Rice of Winchendon have done what will redound to their credit for years to come. The Commonwealth is watching the Worcester County experiment. There is going in it and they will make it go.

Supt. Frank L. Johnson.

When the County Commissioners had progressed so far as to nominate a superintendent for their new school in Oakdale, they did not have to look long for their man for they found him very near at hand, the Superintendent of the Spencer schools, a gentleman who had given to the school of that town a reputation much more than local. Assuming his duties, the first of November, the hand of Mr. Johnson has been evident in many ways. Early and late, he is on the grounds, planning directing and everywhere prompting the work now nearing completion. An enthusiast in the matter of electricity, he has so strung wire about the premises, that from his office he can signal and direct almost everything in the school. The system under his intelligent explanation, will itself be a school for all who have to do with the building.

Mr. Johnson is a native of Springfield, Vermont, where he was born thirty-seven years ago. His parents, also, were natives of the Green Mountain State. Though the elder Johnson was a manufacturer, his son spent a considerable part of his boyhood upon a farm where he laid the foundation of a vigorous body. He had the schooling of the country town, Barre, (Vt.) Academy and of the Montpelier Seminary.

Then, securing, through the influence of a friend, the appointment of school-master on board the U. S. Steamship, Swatara, in 1879, he sailed away from Boston on a cruise around the world, thereby ingraining geography as only travel can fix it. There were forty apprentices, whom he was to instruct in rudimentary knowledge. Their first stop was at Gibraltar, and thence they touched at Malaga, Malta and Port Said. From Malta, he made a run up through Italy and from Port Said he went to the Holy Land. Then came the Suez Canal, Aden, Bombay, Indian Ocean, Strait of Malacca, Bankok, Amoy, Foo Chow, Japan. The Inland Sea, Yokohama, Nagasaki and a multitude of other places. While in Japan, he had the misfortune to be seriously injured on ship-board by falling down an open

hatchway. This necessitated his transferral to San Francisco, whence he returned home by way of the Isthmus of Panama, landing in New York, about two years after his departure from America.

Having been discharged from the Navy, he entered the Normal School at Castleton, Vt., whence in due time, he was graduated. Then he was Superintendent of Schools in that town. Next, he came to Worcester as a special student, in our Normal School, and between his two periods in that school, taught in Holden. Next he went to Spencer, about five years ago, as principal of the Grammar School. His success in it was so manifest that in a short time he was promoted to the Superintendency of Schools which position he continued to hold till his election to the present office.

In many ways he made the schools of Spencer noteworthy. The houses became models of neatness and our own Capt. Dyon, State Inspector of Buildings in one of his reports alludes to them as "banner buildings." His liking for electricity and his ingenuity combined to make pupils and teachers move almost as by clock work.

His round the world travels have furnished him with an almost inexhaustible fund of information which he has frequently utilized in giving lectures. In fact a large part of his school training was paid for by his lectures. One theme aside from those devoted to his travels is "What shall I do for my son?" Mr. Johnson was married before starting on his prolonged journey to a Vermont lady, and they have two daughters. Mrs. Johnson will be the Matron of the Truant School whose doors will probably be open for the reception of boys, some after the first of February. In the first building ever erected for such a purpose, Superintendent Johnson will undertake what his friends believe will prove an unqualified success. He loves boys; is tactful and ingenious. Above all he is enthusiastic and without doubt, years hence, scores of well doing men throughout this land of ours will unite to call him "blessed."

Police Cap.

He was not to the manor born, that was evident at a glance. Behind him walked his wife, probably. He stalks into a Hat, Cap and Fur Store and says, "Pleace Cap?" The affable salesman says "Yes," all the time wondering by what pull he got his place as a "peeler." Then he pulls down a great pile of boxes and fishes out a police cap; but the foreigner shakes his head, no go. Then he produces a paper on which is written something. The accommodating salesman glances at it and reads "plush." "Oh that is a different thing and down comes another pile of boxes and a plush cap appears. Again our "lately arrived" shakes his head and says "no, for her," pointing to his wife. "Ah," says the good natured tradesman "we don't keep hats for women. Let me see your paper again" and a second look, shows him that the Northman wanted a plush cape and he was directed to a place where feminine wearing apparel is a specialty. Quite a progress that, from a plush cape to a police cap. It is in this way that changes and corruptions come into our language.

The Enchantress.

There is life in Dorothy's eyes,
And under their luminous spark
New hopes and new joys arise.
When weary of worldly cares
I feel more than their words can tell
There is life in Dorothy's eyes.

From the wells of the paradise
Where her mind and her spirit dwell,
New hopes and new joys arise.

And into my heart each quell,
His trouble and pain to quell—
There is life in Dorothy's eyes!

All radiant glow the skies,
No matter what clouds befall;
New hopes and new joys arise.

Though fortune may frown and despoil
And fate ring funeral bell,
There is life in Dorothy's eyes!
New hopes and new joys arise!

—C. L. Cleveland.

Columbus.

The Outing Club of the Y. W. C. A. appears to have a good idea of the fitness of things in that it is now reading Edward Everett Hale's *Life of Columbus*. Tuesday evening Misses Millie F. Dyer and S. Bessie Whitcomb were the readers. A good time to get posted as to America's discoverer.

A Silver Service.

Mr. Thomas M. Rogers has served without compensation, for eight years as president of the Electric Light Company. In recognition of his services the directors of the Company have presented him with an elegant service of six pieces viz, a salver, coffee-pot, tea-pot, hot water kettle, sugar-jar and creamer. The set is to be properly engraved. The presentation was made by the Hon. T. C. Bates.

Worcester Art Society.

This society will meet in the lecture room of the Free Public Library building this evening at 8 o'clock. After the meeting an exhibition of portraits by Mr. F. P. Vinton and of landscapes by Mr. Foxcroft Cole will be open to the members and their friends. The exhibition will not be a large one, but what it lacks in quantity will be amply made up with quality. The portraits are nearly all recent works of Mr. Vinton and include those of Mrs. F. P. Vinton, Gen. Charles Devens, Stephen Salisbury, Waldo Lincoln, Hon. and Mrs. Joseph H. Walker, and Mr. Sims of Boston. The landscapes will number seven or eight. There will also be a portrait of Hon. Edward L. Davis, done by J. Hanson Walker. Beginning next Monday the exhibition will be open to the public every afternoon from 3 to 6 for two weeks. It will also be open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

Arrangements for three select subscription dancing assemblies in Colonial Hall have been completed and they will take place January 8 and February 5 and 26. The patronesses are Mrs. Waldo Lincoln, Mrs. Francis H. Dewey, Mrs. Halleck Bartlett, Mrs. Frank R. Maccular and Mrs. J. Fred Mason, and the managers are Charles F. Aldrich, James W. Allen, George T. Dewey, Rockwood Hoar, George D. Moore, Charles Ranlet, William B. Scofield and Charles M. Thayer.

Entertainments.

Old Folks' Concert.

An old folks' concert was given in Park Church last week Friday evening by the church choir, under the direction of Mrs. Edwin Sagendorf. There was a long program of old songs and readings and the singers were dressed in the costumes of "ye olden time." Even the printed program was in keeping with the spirit of the concert and on it were such notices as these.

Ye latche string of ye door, will be hunge out at half past 7 of ye clock, and ye musick will sound at earlie candle lite at 8 of ye clock, when ye sands in ye hour glass have all run out, so as to favor ye menne folks who can't get their chores done earlier.

N. B. Ye womin folks need not bring their tallow dips as ye church will bee lite with ye new fangled lites without wicks, if so bee they don't go out.

N. B. Positively no live stock or provisions will be tuk as barter, for ye benches, as singing mistress Bassett can't be pestered with them.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Si Slocum," an American melo-drama in which Frank I. Frayne created considerable of a stir several years ago, was presented, this week at Lothrop's Pleasant Street Theater, with Charles Barringer and Miss Kate Glassford in the leading roles. Mr. Barringer, as Si Slocum was the recipient of enthusiastic applause at every performance. Miss Kate Glassford as Ruth Slocum, his wife, is seen to good advantage. Miss Grace Hamilton, whose quiet marriage to Francis H. Kingdon, a member of the company, in Providence last week, caused surprise among her friends in this city, made her first appearance in Lothrop's Stock Company as Grace Townsend. She is the possessor of a charming voice and most winsome manner and is a young actress with a bright future. She has made many friends and admirers by her work, which is far above the average. Mr. J. Gordon Edwards as Roman Vasquez, the villain, was accorded a hearty reception. It was his first appearance in this city.

Next week's attraction will be Miss Ethel Tucker in "Light and Shadows," a melo-drama of intense interest. Miss Tucker has a character in which she has a splendid opportunity to display her many charms and talent of high order.

Dale Armstrong, who has been the local manager of Lothrop's Opera House ever since its opening, will be missed by the patrons of the house for a short time, as he has taken a vacation. On Monday Manager Lothrop presented him with a check for \$100 and advised him to take a trip for the benefit of his health, which has not been of the best for some time. Mr. Armstrong has made many friends who wish him success on his trip.

Mr. W. B. Smith, formerly manager of Lothrop's Portland Theater, will be temporary manager of the local house.

Mechanics' Course.

The third entertainment in course B was given Monday evening in Mechanics Hall,

when the entertainers were Miss Olive Mead, violiniste; Frank O. Nash, accompanist; Jessie Couthou Shandrew, recitationist; Willard E. Shandrew, baritone; Miss Jessie M. Downer, solo pianist and accompanist. It was originally planned to have the Lillatans quartet give the concert but the engagement had to be broken, on account of the death of the husband of Mrs. Lillian E. Wood, the first soprano of the quartet.

Bancroft's Books.

It seems a pity that the library of George Bancroft cannot come to Worcester, but after allowing John B. Gough's magnificent collections to pass out of our midst, it may not be a subject of wonder, if no special effort is made to secure the library collected by the historian, but we can wish for it just the same as though its possession were possible.

At Half Mast.

That is where the G. A. R. flag is a large part of the time. Wednesday, it was thus on account of the sudden death of Comrade Sanford B. Ring who died at three o'clock in the morning, the 16th inst. Heart disease was the complaint that carried him off. His home was at 14 Coral Street, where he had, for several years, conducted a market. He was in his 61st year and, off and on, has been a resident of this city forty years. He came to Worcester from Clinton. He served in the 4th Mass. Heavy Artillery. His funeral was held Friday at 11 a.m.

Plain Talk.

No one can tell what part, in the no license campaign, the meeting in Mechanics Hall, last Sunday afternoon, sustained, but this is certain that the people who thronged that vast room were not prompted, thereby, to take any backward steps.

Dr. Almon Gunnison, though a comparatively recent comer to this city, by his outspoken words on subjects pertinent to the city's good, has placed himself in the very front among those whom it is safe to count on. There was a practical ring in his address that particularly pleased his listeners, especially when he showed that the license fee paid in by the seller is only a small per cent. on what they take from the pockets of the drinkers.

It was a novel experience to hear a Catholic priest take the decided position that Father Scully of Cambridge maintained. He is an old fighter, first as a soldier in the Rebellion and since then against the drink curse. If his attitude could be imitated by every priest in the country more would be done to lessen the traffic, ten fold more, than ever has been done. Should the Reverend gentleman ever visit Worcester again, he may be assured of a big audience of sympathetic listeners.

Dr. J. O. Knowles, in a few pointed remarks brought the afternoon to a close. He knew just what to say though the hour was late and his words ended another of those gatherings that, from year to year, have assembled to help along the cause of humanity. Though Carthage may not be absolutely destroyed, her foundations have been shaken.

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains."—Young.

Knowlton's Jewelry Store.

They are bright faces that are thronging Frank A. Knowlton's stores, this week, at 350 and 354 Main Street, and the brightness of the faces is more than reflected in the wares inspected. The windows of No. 350 are a study. In the north one are onyx cased clocks fit to adorn the home of a millionaire and if an expensive present is sought, the seeker need go no further. In the south window is a display unequalled in this city. It contains a cabinet having gilded supports, mirror back and onyx shelves, a glittering array of beauty and art. Upon the shelves are costly china, vases and statuettes. Entering, the eye is charmed with the wealth of material collected for exhibition and sale. Here are clocks in all sorts and sizes as well as prices. No one need go away unsatisfied. In this store are the larger articles and about the floor are cases of elegant gold headed canes, umbrellas with the finest of handles and umbrella stands. Upon elaborate pedestals may be seen the finest statuary in Worcester. These are in bronze or clay, for Knowlton's is the depository for Rogers' famous statuettes. In the next room the figure of Henry Ward Beecher looks down upon the throng of buyers, and many other trophies of the sculptors' skill abound, while any group from "John Alden and Priscilla" to "Football," the very latest, may be ordered. Here too are lamps in every form and design, from that for the study to the tall one for the piano, with shades most exquisite in hue and finish. In this room, we find most beautiful stands with onyx tops, seemingly too delicate for use, but they have their own appropriate places. Upon the table in the center of the store is an assemblage that attracts the younger people, for upon it are engagement cups of workmanship so delicate that one wonders how it can be done. That maiden who is oft remembered from this collection will count herself many times fortunate. About the room and upon the shelves, at the sides, are other specimens of porcelain of every make and design. You will be sure to find what you seek.

Passing around the west end of this store, we are in the south room or, No. 354, where the articles for display and sale are more numerous if not more costly and beautiful. Here come the lovers to buy engagement rings and later to secure the circlets with which to say, "With this ring I do thee wed," for in no other place in Worcester is there so large a collection of jewelry as Mr. Knowlton is carrying. He has jewelry plain and again that of the most expensive character. He has diamonds that would make a connoisseur smile and the woman wearer, the envy of all feminine beholders. Diamonds, set for all possible purposes, are found within these cases in dazzling brightness. Watches, also, for men and women, gold and silver, big and little, plain and ornamental may be seen by the score. Souvenir spoons are not overlooked. Those same Bancroft spoons which a little less than a year ago attracted so much attention in Worcester. They have the picture of the eminent historian and of his birthplace. No American city has a handsomer memorial than this which Mr. Knowlton has devised.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.
I indicates that the book is in the intermediate department, and may be taken out if specially called for.

BARR, A. E. The beads of Tasmer 34750
BASCOM, J. The new theology 34751
BINET, A. The psychic life of micro-organisms; tr. by T. McCormack 34776
BURTON, C. V. Introduction to dynamics, etc. 34752
CHEVNE, T. K. Origin and religious contents of the Psalter in the light of Old Testament criticism 34753
EWING, J. H. Mother's birthday review; and other tales in verse The blue bells on the lea; and other tales in verse 34755
GRASBY, W. C. Teaching in three continents 34749
HOPFING, H. Outlines of psychology; by M. E. Lowndes 34756
HUDSON, A. S. Annals of Sudbury, Weyland and Maynard, Middlesex County, Mass. 1
JEROME, J. K. Idle thoughts of an idle fellow 34736
KEESE, W. L. Wm. E. Burton; sketch of his career (Dunlap Soc. Pub., no. 14) 1
KIELLAND, A. L. Tales of two countries; tr. by W. Archer. Introd. by H. H. Boyesen 34737
KOCHLER, S. K. Catalogue of the works of John and Seth W. Cheney 1
KOOP A. Dictionary of English idioms with their German equivalents, 2d ed. 34734
MATHEW, F. J. Father Mathew; his life and times 34738
MALOT, H. Roland Kalbris, Memorials of St. Paul's School [by G. E. Shattuck and J. H. C.] 34748
MENDELSSOHN, S. Criminal jurisprudence of the ancient Hebrews 34757
MILLER, J. R. Making the most of life 34740
MISSENSON, G. N. India rubber; its manufacture and use 1
POOL, M. L. Dally 34741
POWERS, H. N. Lyrics of the Hudson; poems; introd. by O. F. Adams 34758
Q. pseud. for A. T. O. Conch. Noughts and crosses; stories, studies, etc. 34759
RENAN, J. E. History of the people of Israel; from Hezekiah till the return from Babylon 34742
RUSSELL, W. C. My Danish sweetheart 34760
SCHURER, E. History of the Jewish people in the time of Christ, 5 vols. 34761-5
SEELYE, J. H. Duty; a book for schools 34743
SMITH, G. W. The battle of Seven Pines 34766
STODDARD, W. O. Inside the White House in war times 34744
TOTTEN, C. A. Joshua's long day and the dial of Ahaz (Our race ser) The philosophy of history; Tea Tephi (Our race ser) 34767
The secret of history; the King's daughters (Our race ser.) 34768
Jeshurun's pilgrimage towards Ammi, from Lo-Ammi (No. 1 of our race ser.) 34769
WATH, W. S. The circle of trigonometric functions 34775
WARNER, C. D. As we were saying 34770
WEBB, S. and Cox H. The eight hours day 34745
WENTWORTH, J. T. The interstate commerce law 34772

WENDELL, B. English composition; lectures at the Lowell Institute 34773
WHITMAN, Walt. Specimen days and collect. 1
WINSLOW, I. O. Principles of agriculture for common schools 34746
YANGWILL, I. The Bachelors' Club 34747

"Colonel" Pinkham!

That is the way it reads and it all comes about through Commander-in-chief Palmer of the G. A. R., making our Post 10 Commander one of his aids. He could have not done better and all of us look forward to the next encampment in Washington with no little pleasure. Post 10 will be there and its old commander will ride ahead.

Only Words.

The following anecdotes are told in the Illustrated American of Mr. John Stetson, the Malaprop in trousers. Once, when Modjeska was playing at the Globe, she required a bier to lie upon in one of her scenes, and sent to Manager Stetson stating that she wanted a bier. "Wants a beer, does she?" said Stetson; "well, she can want and be blowed. I ain't providing beer for these furrin players. Tell her she can't have it." The messenger returned to Modjeska with Stetson's message. The countess was furious. "Go to Mr. Stetson," she said, "and tell him unless I have a bier I will not go on in the next act. The messenger duly repeated the message. "She won't, won't she?" screamed Stetson; "well, we'll see if she won't. That's the way with these furriners; they always want beer, beer, beer." Then, as if relenting, he took fifty cents from his pocket and said, with a deep sigh: "I suppose I'll have to let her have it. Here, go and get her a gallon." It is needless to say the countess got her bier.

Another story may appropriately be divided into the acts, viz.:

ACT I.

Manager Stetson (in a towering rage, appearing before a new drop-curtain for the Globe Theater)—Who painted that drop curtain?
Assistant (facetiously)—Michael Angelo.
Stetson—Discharge him at once.

ACT II.

Jones (of the press to J. H. Haverly, rival manager)—Did you hear that last story of Stetson?
Haverly—No; what is it?
Jones—(Repeats as above.)
Haverly—(with a forced and uncertain laugh)—Oh, I see! There ain't no such person.

ACT III.

Jones—Stetson, did you hear that joke on Haverly?
Stetson—No; what is it?
Jones—Well, you know I told him about your wanting to discharge Michael Angelo, and he pretended to understand the joke, and said; "Oh, I see! There ain't no such person."
Stetson—(after an embarrassed pause)—Oh! ha, ha! Yes, he ought to have said there warn't no such person.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.—Franklin.

The Song of the Stream.

Here by the foot bridge that spans the stream,
The willows are slenderly leaning
Down to the waters that flash and gleam,
And whisper their mystical meaning
Singing forever the self-same tune,
I fall joyous but not uncomplaining,
And ever like some old rock-learned rune
A deeper significance leigning.
Running its gamut of measured sound,
As it hurries down to the river,
Where sunnier hemlocks its margins bound,
And seeds in mid-current sliver;
Murmuring gently where elders dank,
Form a sun-filtred archway over,
Slipping through mowings under the bank,
Rime-touched by the blossoming clover.
The Kingfisher knows its secret well,
And the Cardinal flower has heard it,
Nodding and bending the breeze to tell
When its breath so languidly stirred it,
But I who have wooed the sweet coquette,
When her mood was one of caresses,
And where her banks she sweetlyly frets
Deep drowning her emerald crests,—
I know not what is the song she sings
But her melody aye doth linger
And oft its fancy the music brings
When afar from the ceaseless slier;
And oft in the crowded marts of trade,
Mid hurry and worry and bustle,
I hear her murmur in sun and shade,
Where the leaves overheading rustle:
And lo! the haunting song of the stream
Hath wrought a complete transition,
And things that are real seem but a dream
That clouded my recent vision.
I walk once more as in bygone day,
When the rills their tribute deliver,
And muse again on the mystic lay,
That the streamlet sings to the river.
—Francis Zuri Stone.

The Old Mill.

"I was also much interested the other day to read the article concerning a certain Mr. Parker's reminiscences of the "Old Mill," Burlington, Vt. Being an admirer of that "Old Mill" and having my early home in Burlington, I was able to verify every allusion. We lived on Goff Street, on which was located the old gambrel-roof "Goff Mansion," he refers to It was while I lived near there that the property was bought by a wealthy Burlingtonian, Dr. J. N. Pomeroy,—long since dead,—who removed the old house, and built a very fine mansion on its site, grandly overlooking the Winooki valley. In my childhood, I used to hear much of the "High Bridge" over the Onion river in Colchester, and later crossed it many times. With a class-mate I have followed the railroad track far up among the glens and gorges of the river, climbing up into the net-work of trestles and bridges. Strangely, notwithstanding all the years I lived in Burlington, I never visited the Juniper Island, out in the Burlington Bay, on which is located a light-house; and for the reason that it was never regularly visited by vessels of any kind. During two notable college winters, I taught school in Shelburne Point which so beautifully projects north ward into the lake, making at once Shelburne and Burlington Bay—the latter being by tourists said to resemble and rival for beauty the bay of Naples. Very Truly Yours
R. H. HOWARD"

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.—Talleyrand.



Chats with Girls on Self Culture by Eliza Chester. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

This book follows very properly after Physical Development and Exercise for Women, by Mary Taylor Bissell, M. D., reviewed in last week's LIGHT. A sound body is the first consideration, and then the *sana mens* or sound mind, which should accompany the sound body, else the latter may be only that of a fine animal. The writer treats her subject as one who knows it well. She may be a teacher, at any rate she must be one who has read and observed extensively. The importance of her theme is shown so conclusively that even the dullest will acknowledge it. Her topic is, by no means, a new one. Prof. Blackie of Edinburgh has used the title and so has our late Boston Divine, James Freeman Clarke, though these gentlemen may have directed their discourse towards men rather than their sisters. Times have changed since that period when a very small amount of learning was considered enough for a woman. She now wants all that her brothers may have and she bids fair to get it too. The long closed avenues are opening to her. Of the nineteen chapters some are conspicuously interesting. "What is Self Culture?" "How Shall We Read?" "What Shall We Read?" "Justice and Truth," "A Spirit of Love," "The Choice of Companions" and "The Meaning of Our Culture to Others" are some of the headings. In a word, this book is one that we could wish our lady friends had read in their girlhood; one that we shall insist upon our daughters reading now. The world of knowledge is very far from being shut to people even though there be no open school. Industry and determination will do much towards accomplishing what "Chill penury" may have seemed to prevent. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

The Inland Printer for December presents its accustomed array of excellent matter and superb engravings. "The Bugle Call" is the finest half tone that ever came under our notice. The form of the bugler stands out as clear cut as marble. The watered silk of her dress is perfect. A half tone picture can do nothing better. All the other engravings are also in the highest style of art, while the contributions and the letters are of unflagging interest. James W. Scott, publisher of the Chicago Herald, comes in for a good description and his full page portrait begins the book. His face has just a little of Grover Cleveland's look, but he can't help it, perhaps he wouldn't if he could.

Wolverton or the Modern Arena by D. A. Reynolds.

Religious dogmas, like scientific matters, are now being treated by novelists, and in "Wolverton, or the Modern Arena," a handsomely printed work just issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, the author has given a skillfully woven plot, which will keep his readers interested to the end. The story

of Wolverton is designed to show the error into which the churches have fallen by a misinterpretation of Christ's gospel. The author makes war on no sect or denomination, nor upholds one doctrine above another, preferring to sustain that which is in accordance with Christ's teachings, and point out the error of misconception. With this aim in view, he has endowed the character of Thurman Wolverton with the doctrine of the modern churches, and then, by showing the errors of his life, points out the errors into which church people are apt to fall by reason of their imperfect understanding of the true Christian character. By the reformation and new conversion of Wolverton is shown that strength of character so noticeable in the true Christian and exemplifies the possible attainment of the Christian religion when once fully understood and appreciated. Wolverton is a worthy addition to the list of religious novels published of late years. The story is well conceived and the characters strongly drawn. This novel should find a place in every Christian household. Extra cloth, 1.50.

An important paper on Boston, from Mr. Emerson's unpublished manuscripts, will appear in the January Atlantic.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have just published an Italian composition by C. H. Grandgent, author of their Italian Grammar. Part I. supplements the Grammar by giving additional exercise work with references. Part II. comprises selections of simple Italian with exercises based on each. Part III. consists of additional exercises in composition and formulas used in letter writing. A vocabulary together with an appendix containing notes on pronunciation, and a list of irregular verbs, follows.

Early in 1892 Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney will publish, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a new story entitled "A Golden Gossip," a neighborhood story of the same sort as her "Acscutney Street."

Mr. John Fiske's work on "The discovery of America" will be published early in 1892. It has involved a vast amount of research, and Mr. Fiske is reported to regard these two volumes as his most important contributions to American history.

It is said that Mr. E. W. Kemble has for years wished to illustrate "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has now done it, and with what success is shown in the two beautiful volumes of the Holiday edition of this world-famous story.

The death of any author naturally produces a demand for his works. Fortunately Mr. Lowell had just edited his writings, and they had been brought out in a very attractive form.

In the notice of Mrs. Taylor's admirable little book in last week's paper, the price was incorrectly stated. It is \$1.00 instead of the amount there named. If you wish to keep track of your newly wedded friends, just buy this book and find how handy it will be. At the book-stores.

Chicago continues to send out marvels of typographical excellence. The Artist Printer

is well named and the November number, like its predecessors, is sure to gladden the eye of many a disciple of the Art Preservative who would gladly emulate. Aside from the articles on pertinent themes, the letters from various parts of the country are very entertaining;

A Round Robin, illustrated by Harriette M. Bennett, Stories by M. A. Foyer, edited and arranged by Robert Ellice Mack. From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

One of the prettiest holiday books we have seen. The illustrations are beautiful, and the stories such as will please the children beyond measure. The pictures are in colors and many of them are full page. Children, animals, flowers and birds all show the genius of the artist. It is put into a binding sure to attract the little ones and we hope many a child will find it among the Christmas gifts. Price \$2.00. Putnam, Davis & Co.

My Little Margaret, by Mary D. Brine. Illustrated by A. G. Plympton. From E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A sad story of a flower girl, but with all the tears and misery there is a lesson and when at the end little Margaret finds a happy home as the result of her unflinching cheerfulness and happy looking for the best under all circumstances, we feel that it is only her just reward and rejoice with her as we have wept with her in her former troubles. The cover is white, gold and colors and the illustrations are all good and on almost every page some form of little Margaret or her friends looks out at us. The price is \$1. Putnam, Davis & Co.

A Rose of a Hundred Leaves, by Amelia E. Barr, author of "Friend Olivia," "Jan Velder's Wife," etc. From Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

It is a lovely story, but such a beautiful one that we wish all might read it. The heroine is an English girl, Aspatia, and so dainty, sweet and pure that Ulfar Fenwick falls in love with her. But after a while he tires of her simplicity and leaves the place. Her brother follows him and with threatening words extorts a promise to marry her, but though Ulfar keeps the promise he will not live with her but leaves the country. After he goes, Aspatia goes away to school and does her best to fit herself for a grand lady and so well does she succeed that on Ulfar's return he sees and falls in love with his own wife. The book is finely illustrated, the pictures on some pages leaving room for a line of type one side, and on some a few words above and beneath the engraving. A portrait of the author fills the first page. Price \$1.50. Putnam, Davis & Co.

Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets from the Poetic Works of James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1892.

Another of those beautiful books that this firm so well knows how to produce. It is in the White and Gold series and the elegant exterior gives promise of excellence within, nor is the promise broken. The odes are "The Harvard Commemorations July, 21, 1865," "Agassiz" and "Under the Old Elm." Among the Lyrics are many familiar friends as "An Incident in a Railroad Car," "Auf Wiedersehen" and "The First Snow-Fall." A delightful book to give to a friend, a genuine pleasure in every sense. Denholm-McKay Company.

Better Dead, by J. M. Barrie, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York, 25 cents.

It is difficult to make out just what the writer is driving at. Apparently he has read Dr. Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art," still this does not account for all his vagaries. Andrew Riach, an educated Scotchman, goes down to London and after many tribulations, enters a "Society for Doing Without Some People," or in other words a Society of Thugs or Assassins. Of course the whole thing is a satire, but of just what phase of English life is satirized, we still remain in ignorance. The book has the advantage of brevity.

Becker's Business College.

The advantages of this school are becoming more and more manifest. Merchants and other business men are employing its graduates and they naturally recommend young men and women, seeking places for study, to try Becker's. The result is that the rooms are filled. There is nothing for show, but everything for use. The means, resorted to, to utilize every inch of space is an excellent lesson in economy to the pupil. The telephone closet is one of the most ingenious contrivances in the city. The learner will observe that there are ways of doing a thing other than by calling in expensive workmen. It is this common sense way of doing things that has given Becker's College its reputation. Whether the work be Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Short Hand or Type Writing, the doctrines and rules of common sense are supreme. Call in and see for yourselves.

On Harvard Street.

A very pleasant social event of last week was the afternoon tea, given at 40 Harvard Street by Mrs. M. V. B. Jefferson and her daughter, Mrs. William H. Coe. About 200 ladies were present. Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Coe received, assisted by Mrs. O. H. Everett, Mrs. Charles C. Baldwin, Mrs. John Dewey, Mrs. C. G. Wood, Mrs. Jared Whitman, Mrs. T. S. Johnson. The young ladies who assisted were Miss Mabel Gage, Miss Alice H. Baldwin, Miss Bertha Putnam, the Misses Wyman and Miss Gertrude Wood.

The house was decorated with palms and potted plants by Lang. Music was furnished by John J. Heron and an orchestra

Hamilton—Kingdon.

Only recently, Miss Grace Hamilton was announced as having gone upon the stage. This week, she will appear at Lothrop's Opera House in this city, but she now has another reason for public notice in that she was married last Saturday, in Providence to Mr. Francis H. Kingdon, an actor of English birth, and a member of the same company with herself. By a quiet marriage in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, the fret and worry of a public affair were avoided. That life's voyage may be happy is the fervent wish of many friends.

Anniversary.

Dr. A. K. Gould has a way of his own of celebrating his release from Rebel Prison. Friday, the 11th inst., was the 27th return of the day, so he called in his children and friends, hung out the flag and with them rejoiced that the perilous days were over.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

Twenty-five years of married life and nearly twice as many of earthly existence, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Howard of 16 West Street celebrate their wedding anniversary on the return of their birthday, the 14th of December. Getting so many celebrations into one day is, really, a great saving of time. When in 1866, the young people were married, the groom was 23 years old, his bride 21. It was a merry company that took possession of the house, and congratulated the husband and wife on their silver milestone. There were 200 and more guests who thronged the rooms. Twenty-five years ago, in Spencer, by the Rev. James Cruickshanks, Mr. Howard was married to Miss Ruth L. Randall and in about three months, thereafter, they came to this city where they have resided since, Mr. Howard being the president and treasurer of the Card Clothing Company in Washington Square. Mr. Howard is a native of Worcester, Otsego Co., New York and Mrs. H. was born in Spencer.

Harrison G. Otis acted as master of ceremonies assisted by D. C. Turner and W. C. Haberley. Amidst profuse floral decorations, Mr. and Mrs. Howard received, the latter attired in the wedding dress of a quarter of a century since. Mrs. Caroline Randall, Mrs. Howard's mother, was present and with Misses Edith and Ethel Howard, daughters, assisted in the reception. Many employes of Howard Brothers, with their wives and children were present as well as relatives from a distance.

Among the Worcester people were Gen. Robert H. Chamberlain and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Dean, Mrs. Harrison G. Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Church, Rev. Isaac J. Lansing and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brannon, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Harrington, George Sessions, E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Frank H. Ruggles, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Allen, Col. and Mrs. J. A. Titus, Mrs. Peter Rice and Miss Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Tucker, Jr., and many others.

From their fellow members of Salem Street Congregational Church came the present of an elegant gold lined, silver service of eight pieces. The employes of the Howard Brothers sent a fine reclining chair and a piano lamp came from W. G. Warren Sons beside many other timely and beautiful gifts.

Rebholz furnished refreshments, excellent music was given by an orchestra and the following appropriate poem was read by the writer. The evening was a very pleasant one for all.

[Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Howard, on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of their Wedding Day, December 14th, 1891, by their Friend and Pastor, I. J. Lansing.]

From a hillside verdant and sunny, a silvery rivulet springs,
Tinkling and splashing, runs down o'er the slope, where
its sister goes singing.

Rippling among the grasses, where zephyrs the blue-bells are ringing,—
A ribbon of silver, she leaps in cascades, to the arms of her brother,
And the two, one brooklet henceforward, no longer apart from each other,
Flashing and sparkling, in sunshine and starlight, glide on to the ocean, their tropical.

Out of the sea depths, where tropical islets float on the wave,
Curves upward a billow, with bosom of beryl, the rose-tinted sea-shells to lave;
Then another bright wavelet springs lightly beside it, from ocean's deep cave;
And onward, in liquid embracings, they pass like the dance of a feather,
Over the fishing pebbles and on to the white sands together,
Brightening and scampering in gladness, as lambskins escaped from their tether.

Amid blossoming branches of springtime, a songster awakes with the day-dawn,
And lists, while he carols his lay, for an answering bird-note of passion;
Through the tremulous leaves, comes a trill in responsive confession:
With twitter and call, toward each other, these warblers in ecstasy move,
And, singing a sylvan betrothal, the two build one nest in the grove,
Where against each others warm feathers, they rest in delight of their love.

When the morning of summer is dewy and fresh, where before all was mute,
A song rising clear, carols forth like the voice of a flute;
Then harmonious, concordant, as vibrate the strings of a lute,

Another awakening, blends with it, the two are one stream of sweet sound,—
Like lovers, the quavers of feeling embrace at a bound,
And, united in harmony perfect, one song they float round.

The boy born December fourteenth, by kind Providence blessed, if fated,
Meets the girl of his heart, seeking also that same dear birthday belated;

Hand in hand, together they walk, and on that natal night, when they are mated,
Pighting vows of devotion whose sweetness two young hearts then fills;
And the two, as the birds and the songs, as the waves and the rills,
Blend in one stream, one wavelet, one nest; and one glorious harmony thrills.

The springs shall run dry and their rills, in the summer, cease flowing;

The birds end their warblings, as southward from chill winds and snows they are going;
The waves cease to break on the shores, in the calm of the starlight;

The songs of the singers sink silent, as darkness grows midnight;
But to children of love, the youth and the maiden, the bridegroom and bride,

The years bring accession of loving devotion, whatever betide;

And seasons and change passing by, are but read as a token,
That heaven unmeasured by years, shall leave love-linings forever unbroken.

Worcester Assembly, Non-Secret Endowment Order, will hold a bon bon party in the hall at 566 Main Street next Tuesday evening.

Dr. George McAleer contributes a valuable article to the December number of the American Trotter on the pedigree of horses. The horse lover will not fail to find it good reading

G. A. R.

A large party of veterans belonging to Post 20 visited Grafton, one week ago last night, to take part in a Camp Fire given by the Gen. A. B. R. Sprague Post of that city. Commander-elect J. B. Lepire was with the party and was one of the speakers at the meeting.

Old Middlemuth's Will.

Aunt Hephzibah Judkins, or Aunt Happy as she was usually called by her friends, was an elderly, single lady.

She was poor, and earned her living here and there as she could.

For many years she had sighed for a home and helpmeet to cheer her solitary hours, but as time sped away, it began to look as if her mission in life was to float about from place to place; to do deeds of kindness in homes where people were too poor to pay; and some times to do them in those in which money was more abundant.

She had been a familiar figure so long in the village, being without any relations, that she knew of, that somehow the people partially forgot she was flesh and blood. For when any of the folks in the neighborhood were sick, Aunt Happy was expected to come in and stay until all were well again.

Her services were in demand in so many ways that she generally had some place where to stay, but she thought many times that to have a home to herself was a condition in life to be desired.

One day while she was at one of the houses in the vicinity, a child of one of the poor families came past the window at which she was sitting. She had learned that there was sickness in the home a day or two before, and she stepped to the door to inquire of the child how all were.

The girl replied that the doctor thought there was no change in their condition. They must await further development in their disease: typhoid fever.

Aunt Happy was surprised to hear from the child, that three were sick at her home instead of one, and her heart flowed out in sympathy to them. The widowed mother, never very well, but always using every effort to get along and keep herself and little ones as respectable looking as possible, was all tired out with ceaseless toil by night and day, caring for them.

"O dear!" exclaimed Aunt Happy, "I pity your mother so much. I'll go at once and help her in her duties."

"Mama says," began the child sorrowfully, "that if we had the things to live on it would not be so hard to get along now." There was a strangely plaintive tone to her voice, that awakened Aunt Happy's interest to its fullest measure.

"Lor sakes," she said, clasping her hands together as she spoke, "ye don't pretend to say't ye haven't the things to live on, when ye're all so poorly like, do ye child?"

"Yes'm. The most we have in the house is some Indian meal, a few potatoes, and we have a little wood. Mother has tried to keep along and, until this morning, we have done so, but now she don't know what we shall do." The silent tears started in the child's eyes as she finished her recital. This was too much for Aunt Happy. "Well Aunt Happy 'll see't ye hav' som' pervisions if nobody else won't, 'n that right off too." She said this just as determinedly as though she had everything to do with herself. "When ye' goin' home, 'cause I'll go along with ye' or see what can be done for yer mother."

"I was going to the Post Office to ask about this before I went home," replied the girl as she drew an envelope from beneath her shawl, from which she took a slip of paper, which she handed rather shyly to Aunt Happy. "You see" she continued, "it just came through the mail and mother don't know what it means."

Aunt Happy took the paper a little suspiciously, opened it and read:

— Bank of New York.

Pay to the order of Mrs. Ida A. Long Fifty Dollars. RUBEN RUST, Cashier.

"Why," exclaimed Aunt Happy after examining the slip for a moment while a look of deep surprise settled upon her face, "it says to somethin' or somethin' to pay Mrs. Ida A. Long fifty dollars, but sakes me; what it does mean is more'n I know. Let's see," she continued looking at the paper very earnestly, and reading slowly adjusting the slip to the light as she read and looking sideways through her glasses, "Pay to Mrs. Ida A. Long, that's your mother sure, but that fifty dollars, where is it? Seem's if they'd ment sh'd hav' it, they'd hav' put it inside with this 'n sent it. It's too bad child! I wish ye could hav' it fer 't would do ye so much good now when ye need help."

"Mama thought it was altogether too good to be true, yet she did not know but there might be something in it," said the girl in a disappointed voice.

At this point, while Aunt Happy still held the piece of paper in her hand, upon which she began to look with distrust, an elderly man came past them. Seeing it was Old Middlemuth, as the people called him, and being always willing to exchange a word with him, she handed him the slip for his opinion of it. He took it, read it, and turning to the girl with a kindly manner said:

"It is a draft on the — Bank of New York to pay your mother fifty dollars. If you will take it up to Mr. Newton's store he will tell you just what to do with it. And I am glad for your mother's sake that she can have it." Saying which he went his way.

Aunt Happy was happily surprised at Mr. Middlemuth's ready solution of the contents of the paper, that were really so much Greek to her. And as the girl gladly started for the store, while the old gentlemen went the opposite direction, her head turned from one to the other of the receding forms, wondering within herself how Mrs. Long came to have the letter come to her.

This was hard to fathom, however, and she quietly prepared to go to help the sick ones.

The child was not long in going to Mr. Newton's who told her if her mother would come to him he would give her the money.

Mrs. Long was deeply thankful for this timely gift, and while she knew not the giver, her daily thanks went out to her benefactor as with Aunt Happy's aid and the things she was enabled to buy for her sick ones she at length saw them rapidly improving.

The fact of the draft coming to Mrs. Long brought to remembrance a few like circumstances, that had occurred in the vicinity, and it always proved that highly deserving people were the recipients of these gifts and someone, knowing the facts in the case, must have been concerned in making them, yet no one knew who that person was.

Just outside the village lived Old Middlemuth. He lived in a small wood colored house, where he had made his home for some years. He dwelt alone, doing his own work both in doors and out. He had a little land that he worked when he felt inclined to labor out of doors. He had few callers and was rarely seen away from his home. When his business called him away he transacted it as quickly as possible and hastened back again. He was a shrewd, kind man, always pleasant and courteous to all with whom he had to do. His personal matters were strictly kept to himself. He never alluded to them, in any way, to his neighbors.

It was but a few months after Mrs. Long had received her draft, that one day word came to the people of the place, that Mr. Middlemuth was quite sick. Friends readily took up the task of caring for him, but a few days after this he died. The day before he passed away he told those who were caring for him that when he should die they would find the key to unlock his secretary on a string about his neck. In that they would find instructions how to proceed with his affairs.

After the old man was dead, his attendants, with much curiosity, unlocked the bureau. The first thing that they noticed was a large card tacked to the inside of the door, on which was written in a bold hand:

"In case I die, inform Julius Cass, Esq., No. — Street, New York City.

MARTIN MIDDLEMUTH."

This was all. There was no chance to appease their inquisitiveness as to the sources of the dead man for money, and secretly chagrined at the shrewdness of Old Middlemuth, they finally sent word as indicated on the card.

The next day after, Mr. Cass appeared at the doorway of the house and having necessary papers he informed those who had stayed with the old man, that he would take matters into his own hands, which he did.

As soon as possible after the burial, Mr. Cass invited a few of the neighbors to the house. Asking them to be seated, he told them he had some things to tell them in regard to Mr. Middlemuth's disposal of his property, and believing they would be interested he had invited them to come in and hear them.

"In the first place," he began, "the homestead, with full use and control while she lives, goes to Miss Hephzibah Judkins, together with two dollars per week for her support, she to have the furniture and all household goods after the private papers of the deceased shall have been removed."

"Lor sakes alive! Do hear that!" cried Aunt Happy, glancing from one to another of her companions, while her face assumed a look of great astonishment at the sudden fulfillment of her long desire for a home of her own. The company were greatly pleased at this good fortune of their life-long friend, but it was beyond the scope of their understanding why the old gentleman had thus disposed of his property, and after quiet had been restored, Mr. Cass, who was richly enjoying the surprise of the simple inhabitants of the village, proceeded with his business.

"The next provision is of one dollar per week to each of Mrs. Ida A. Long's four children, until they are sixteen years of age, and similarly to each of the two children of Mrs. Jane Jennings."

LIGHT

SUPERFLUOUS * HAIR * AND * MOLES * PERMANENTLY * REMOVED

ELECTRIC * NEEDLE.

NO PAIN, NO SCARRING, OR OTHER INJURY, AND NO RETURN OF THE HAIR OR MOLES AFTER REMOVAL.

It is the triumph of science.

Electricity is the scientific king of the day, the synonym of progress, and the solution of the wildest dreams of thinking men.

The ancient Greek philosopher declared that there was "one universal force in matter." Modern scholars know that force to be all-permeating Electricity.

What will this prince of progress not accomplish for mankind?

For the woman whose feminine beauty is marred, and whose fatures are rendered masculine by a growth of hair or disfigured by moles upon her face, much to the mortification of her friends, and her own personal shame, it has brought release from the bane and curse of her life.

Thanks to Electricity, there need be no more sensitive dreading or public gaze, no more keen sorrowing in secret because she is not as other women, no more bitter shrinking from the pleasures of society, no more hateful using of the razor or tweezers.

I take this means of respectfully inviting the attention of ladies thus afflicted, and their friends, to the fact that I have opened quarters at room 17, Clark building, 492 Main St., Worcester, near the Boston Store, where I am prepared with every modern convenience and comfort to do work in this line, assisted by experienced lady operators, on the most reasonable terms possible.

DR. B. F. LONGSTREET, A. M., Physician and Surgeon,
CLARK BUILDING, 492 MAIN ST., ROOM 17. TAKE ELEVATOR.

This announcement was greeted with applause, for the two ladies whose children had been so kindly remembered by their benefactor, were highly regarded by their townspeople. But when Mr. Cass read the last legacy, of one dollar and fifty cents per week each, to poor old David Lanely and his wife, who were all but used up with rheumatism and were very old, if Mr. Middlemuth had been one of the company who were listening to his peculiar will, he would have been overwhelmed by the words of praise for him heard on all sides.

In the course of time, when the children should arrive at the limit of the provision in the will, and the old people should pass away, the property should be invested as a whole in some way, for the management of which three persons were named, so as to apply the proceeds to any poor, respectable people whom the committee might think deserving.

As Mr. Cass finished reading, there began to be considerable inquiry among the company how the old man was to meet these several requirements in his will. They had never given him credit for very much money, certainly, nothing in comparison to that which must be provided for. Finally they referred the matter to Mr. Cass.

"My friend Middlemuth had other ways of getting money than from his land in this place. As you all know, he lived alone in a simple way, and I think no one here knew of his odd way with money, for he always bound me to secrecy while he should live. As he is no more, I will tell you some things that he told me years ago, when I first came to know him.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION offered below.

Do not fail to call upon me. A visit to my rooms will cost you nothing, and may prove a life-long blessing.

The success of this method of removing superfluous hair and moles permanently from any part of the body is so universally acknowledged by men of science, that it is only necessary for you to consult your family physician, if he is a well-read man, and up to the times in his profession, and he will unhesitatingly tell you not only that it is beyond all question a success, but also that it is positively the only method known for surely and permanently destroying these obnoxious growths.

But, better still, your own intelligence will tell you that all argument on the subject must close when I say that if you are at all doubtful, you will not be required to place a single dollar in my hands until the work is completed, and a sufficient length of time has elapsed to satisfactorily settle the question of permanency. In other words, it will not be necessary for you to pay for the work until you are perfectly satisfied with it.

The method will be carefully, fully and convincingly explained to all who will call at my office.

I have scores of testimonials, but as I never

gave publicity to the names of my patrons, I do not publish these testimonials here, but have adopted the better plan of placing those who are interested in direct correspondence with those for whom I have done such work, many of whom are easily accessible, personally, to people living in Worcester and vicinity.

I am just completing work for one of my patrons, from whose face and neck I will have removed, when the work is finished, no less than six een thousand hairs. This lady is so grateful for the results accomplished in the permanent removal of this enormous growth of hair, which for years has been the bane of her life, that she has voluntarily consented to see and talk with any one interested, and afflicted as she has been. I have photographs of this lady, showing her as she was, and you can see her as she is. Notwithstanding the immense amount of work accomplished, not a scar can be seen upon her face, which presents precisely the natural appearance of one upon whose face no hair had ever grown. What has been accomplished for her and others, may surely be accomplished for you.

For ladies living out of town, pains will be taken to secure suitable board and lodging, at reasonable rates, when required and unrequested.

All correspondence carefully and promptly attended to.

The utmost privacy strictly maintained.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily.

They could claim no acquaintance with him there was a deep feeling of gratitude for his kindness. In view of the anxieties he had helped to drive away from so many aching hearts, it is too much to hope that when the time shall come the Master shall say to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

C. F. MATTHEWS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

It has been suggested recently that the proposed monument to the women of the Southern confederacy shall take the form of a college for the education of the Southern girls, which shall be built by popular subscription and be situated at some central and suitable place. It would be a most appropriate selection to appoint Mrs. Jefferson Davis the agent to receive subscriptions to the college, and with the aid of a board of directors to provide for its construction and organization, and this work, we are sure, would be wholly agreeable to her, at the same time that her connection with it would insure the most active support on the part of the friends of the proposed institution.

When it is completed, of course, Mrs. Davis should be elected the first president of the college, to hold the position for life. If such a college is to be established in honor of the women of the confederacy, it could not have a more worthy founder and head, and its organization in the way we have indicated would emphasize its significance for all time as it could not be emphasized by any other means. —Richmond, Va., Dispatch.



Milestones.

The old milestone on Lincoln Street, Worcester, as seen in the heading, is of red sandstone with the following inscription:

42
Miles from
Boston go to
Springfield,

1771.

By a Provincial enactment made in Governor Hutchinson's time, this milestone was one of many placed in the year 1771 along on the "New Connecticut Road," which way was afterward called the "post road" from Boston to New York and Albany. This road left Boston for Marlborough thence to Quinsigamond (Worcester) and then to Brookfield and so on to Springfield.

In the history of the town of Northborough, once a part of Marlborough, it is stated "The oldest vestige of pioneer life still in existence is doubtless the great road to Worcester, as it is called."

Originally this road in 1672 was only a pathway or trail through the forests, when Marlborough was a frontier settlement with its garrison houses. After leaving Marlborough there was no habitation on the Eoston road to Springfield until the garrison house was reached at Quabaug (now Brookfield) with the exception in Quinsigamond (Worcester) of a little Indian town of huts on Pakachoag Hill, the highlands of which reach the town of Auburn. On or near the site of this Indian town is now located "Holy Cross College."

This Indian town is described by Gookin: "This village lyeth about three miles south of the new roadway that leadeth from Boston to Connecticut; it consists of about twenty families. This town is situated upon a fertile hill and is denominated from a delicate spring of water that is there."

Settlement of Worcester. "A tract of land eight miles square was purchased by the Indians for twelve pounds lawful money. The deed bears date July 13, 1674."

Dec. 2, 1675, Increase Mather writes: "This day all the houses in Quonsukamak (Worcester) were burned by the Indians."

"At what is West Brookfield, near to the south-west end of Wickabaug Pond, on a knoll below the junction of the waters of the pond with Quabaug river, stood Mark's garrison."

Quabaug (Brookfield) became the established English bridle path between the Bay and the Connecticut. "The single horseman or a cavalcade of riders and pack horses was a common sight to the Indians." The old Connecticut road had in a manner ceased to be used as the most traveled path to Connecticut and was already displaced by the new Connecticut road.

The old Connecticut road was the inland trail of Massachusetts of which we have the most ancient account. From Cambridge it proceeded to the south-east part of Marl-

borough, then passed to Wassanamesit (Grafton, a part of the township of Sutton) and thence to Oxford near the French fort Woodstock and so on to Springfield.

It is stated that in the autumn of 1630 the chief of the Indians of Wabquasset, now Woodstock, visited the English governor at the Bay to establish a trading house, and this Indian trading expedition brought this forest path to the knowledge of the English, who made it their way to travel to the Connecticut Valley.

John Oldham followed this old Connecticut path in 1633, lodging in Indian towns all the way. A well defined trail from Mount Hope and the Narragansett country, known as the Providence Path, intersected the old Connecticut Path in or near Woodstock. Another trail, known as the Nipmuck Path, came from Norwich to the same point of junction. From here a branch track proceeded to the north-west into Strubridge, where it separated, our track going westerly past the lead mines, and on to Springfield. Miss Ellen D. Larned, the author of the History of Windham county, writes of this "Connecticut Path": "This rude track became the main thoroughfare between the two colonies, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Hundreds of families toiled over it to reach homes in the wilderness. The fathers of Hartford and New Haven, ministers and governors, captains and commissioners, government officials and land speculators, crossed and recrossed this forest path."

There were milestones placed all the way along this "Old Connecticut Road" from Boston to Springfield.

On the southerly front of the residence of B. Frank Battcheller in Sutton stands the queen of all milestones; it is of red sandstone, five feet in height, two feet wide and eight inches in thickness with this inscription:

48
ML To
Boston
1771
B W

Col. Bartholomew Woodbury of Sutton was the proprietor of a country inn which was with a fine landed estate situated on this "old Connecticut Road." Col. Woodbury offered the Commissioners, who were directing the sites of the milestones, if they would make the last mile a little less than its limit, placing it near to his house, that it might attract travellers, he would be at the expense of erecting the milestone, and that it should excel all others en route from Boston to Springfield on this same old Connecticut road.

At every country inn there was a horse block for the convenience of travellers on horse back—a gentleman in the saddle, may be, and a lady on a pillion behind him. Ladies of high position had a separate horse with a side saddle, and were escorted by a gentleman or a servant, and to avoid the gaze of travellers wore masks of black velvet, as was the fashion of the time.

Long since the little brown house, with its huge cobble stone chimneys and oven outside of the house, has passed away and only its stately milestone with its companion, the horse block, covered in the summer time with greenery and flowers remains to mark the site of the "Wayside Inn." There is one notable

milestone in Oxford on this old Connecticut road where the Sutton road enters the village street. It stands on Sigourney corner and was erected by Josiah Wolcott a resident of Oxford with this inscription:

53½
Miles to
Boston
J & W
1771.

Milestones were anciently placed along the roads in eastern countries.

It is said by travellers at the present time in Palestine they may be seen here and there in that country.

Milestones were once common in England, viz., the roads leading from London to the Inrge towns.

"Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight
The second mile store fronts the garden gate."
—"Retirement", Cowper.

The Bay Path.

In 1673 this highway was established for the use of the country leading from Waterdown as the nearest and best way to Marlborough and thence to Quabaug (Brookfield). This new path left the "Old Connecticut Path" at "Happy Hollow" (now in Wayland) and passed through Marlborough, Worcester, Oxford in its northern section, Charlton on to Brookfield where it parted, one branch following the old trail or old Connecticut road to Springfield and the other leading on through Ware, and Belchertown to Hadley.

The late Hon. Salem Towne of Charlton stated that remains of the "Old Bay Road" were still to be seen lying in the western valley lands of Charlton; vestiges of this "Bay Road" are still remaining in Oxford on the old north Charlton road.

The "Old Bay Path" is beautifully described by Dr. Holland in his romance of that name.

"It was a path marked by trees a portion of the distance, and by slight clearings of brush and thicket for the remainder. No stream was bridged, no hill graded, and no marsh drained. The path led through woods which bore the mark of centuries, over barren hills that had been licked by the Indian's hounds of fire, and along the banks of streams that the seine had never dragged."

"It is wonderful what a powerful interest was attached to the Bay path, the rough tread of soil, chopped by the blades of a hundred streams, was the one way left open, through which the sweet tide of sympathy might flow. Every rod had been prayed over by friends on the journey and friends at home. If every traveller had raised his Ebenezer as the morning dawned upon his trusting sleep, the monuments would have risen and stood like milestones."
— M. de W. FREELAND.

Boys Make Men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy,
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy.
Let home charm your boys by brightness;
They avoid the household when
It is cheerless. Make them happy,
For remember—boys make men.

"Youth, thy words are an army"—Ages
Ihau.

God always favors the heaviest battalions.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

LAWRENCE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
492 Main Street.
TAKE ELEVATOR.

Miss Idelle A. Clark,
Graduate of the
BOSTON * CONSERVATORY * OF * MUSIC,
will give lessons in
PIANO AND HARMONY.
45 PROVIDENCE STREET.
Lessons at pupils' residence if desired.

Piano-Forte Tuning.
Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
ELWYN H. FOWLER,
PIANO: FORTÉ: TUNER: AND: REGULATOR,
16 Oberlin Street, Worcester.
Orders may be left at Browning's Periodical and Stationery Store, 568 Main Street.

MISS CARRIE E. DAVIS,
Teacher of Piano and Accompanist.
At Music Room from 10 to 12 a. m.
Terms reasonable. Refers by permission to Mrs. Carrie King-Hunt.
Burnside Building, 339 Main St., Room 35.

ART NEEDLEWORK AND STAMPING
Room 1, Burnside Building, 339 Main St.,
Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.
Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold on commission.
MRS. S. M. KEYES.

STARKIE'S DYE HOUSE,
12 Lazard Place, (Old Stand,) Worcester.
Ladies and Gents' Garments
DYED * AND * CLEANSED
in a Superior Manner.

C. H. DRAPER,
Livery, Feed and Truck Stable.
Three Large Moving Wagons. Baggage Wagon always ready. Furniture and Piano Moving. Telephone 308-5.
161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE
permanently eradicated by the
ELECTRIC NEEDLE
Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
195 PLEASANT ST., WORCESTER, MASS.

MISS C. KENNARD,
Ladies' and Children's
HAIR * DRESSING * PARLORS,

387 Main Street, Groat's Block.
Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.
Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.
Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
Hair Cutting, 15c.
Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

FACIAL BLEMISHES REMOVED.


MRS. KIRBY, 66 SALEM STREET,
Treats hair, scalp and skin scientifically; falling hair prevented, its growth promoted; eczema, dandruff, all scalp and skin diseases cured; moles and warts removed; the skin bleached and beautified; superfluous hair removed; the form made symmetrical; sweats and offensive odors from breath or body removed; bunions, corns, ingrowing nails cured; all these processes taught to ladies who want profitable employment.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR and MOLES
REMOVED BY THE
Electric Needle Process.
No pain, no shock, no scarring nor any injury whatever. Permanency of removal guaranteed. Dr. B. F. Longstreet, A. M., Physician and Surgeon, 492 Main Street, Room 17, Worcester, Mass. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. ad. floor. Take Elevator. Send for circular.

To Mother Nature.

Oh, cloudless sky, oh, quiet sea,
My heart leaps out to thee,
And in the wavelets of the sea
Is dancing full and free.

Oh, Mother Nature mine,
Could I but ever know
How restful is thy lap,
How soft thy bosom heaves,—
Less often would I, sliding
From out thy close embrace,
Seek to carve a pathway
For myself amid the crags
That climb the mountain's height,
More clearly would I feel,
That from thy sheltering arms
And with thine eyes to teach,
More gently could I view
The land that stretches far
Beyond my little grasp,
And haunts me in my dreams.
—Helen Worthington Rogers.

VOLAPÜK.
Din Gletikun Voia.
(Continued.)

No akanoms kapalan omi, ab äsenoms laddali kel müfom ladi omik okesumolós, in stan oulik voba, kö desänols vitimón lifn ölsik, venudi balik e lifavob ölsik mütom plöþön. No okanols sumón bosi gletikum, no nedols kesumón bosi smalikum, no digós tim ölsik glöþn if kesumols bosi smalikum. Mögols kesumón lefulis votik, mögols plepadón ölsi plo vitims valik; ab if givols kopl al pedefiedón e no labols ladali, pöfidos nosi öles u glestabe de Kristus. Na Paul itatopom ladali kel dins at ägivotom obes dilimami milagik kelosa din vetükim binom, me liäns lik leblefik. Begob öllis konsidón omi. Binom din kosiadik sagom obes. Sümóm lif. Äs elogol nolavikani fanón stali tika e nüdlänón lidativilvieli ko om, äs elogol omi sekómón len fian votik lidativilvieli pefekol in köis kosietik oma—led, e yulib, e yelik, e violet, e linyelik, e köis valik lömöba—somo Paul dugolom dini at, ladali, dufumón tika, delivielik magrifik kapala betik-älik oma e sekómom len fian votik al pesatölön in kosieladils omik. E me vods at nemödik labobs kelosi kanoo nemón „spectrum“ ladala, dilimami ladala. Li onetols kis binoms kosietadils omik? Li onetols das laboms nemis komunik, das binoms tugs dö kel lilobs vadelo, das binoms dins, kel kanoms paplagón fa mans valik in top alik in lif, e liko, me möd dinas smalik e tugas kösömik, din vetükün, gudükunom, pamekos.

„Spectrum“ ladála labom kosietadilils zül. Sufad. „Ladal sufom loned.“
Gudöf. „E binom benodik.“
Givöf. „Ladal no glötom.“
Miegöf. „Ladal no luglölom öki, no binom pleidik.“
Plütöf. „No koditöm nepütikö öki.“
Nelönisüköf. „No sükom dinis plo om it.“
Tempal benodik. „No pazinóm nefükliko.“
Nebäd. „Tikum badi nonik.“
Känüd. „No galom öki in sinöf, ab galom in velat.“

Boys' Club.
Any one with generous promptings and the means to satisfy them will do well to call on Mr. Burgess at the Club, Barton Place, and do a little towards making Christmas merry for the lads.

"No baking powder is gaining public favor so rapidly as Cleveland's."

One reason is people like to know what they are eating, and the composition of Cleveland's baking powder is given on every label.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

Dentists. 11 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass

Residence, 61 West Street.
Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
To call at my

Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
10 FRONT STREET.

ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

GEORGE C. BLANCHARD,

DEALER IN

Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass

TRY A POUND OF

HOWE'S NECTAR TEA.
Only 60 cents a pound. One of the finest and most delicious drinking Teas you ever drank. Packed in rib. Drums. You can get no equal, for the money.

Our Awkola Java, at 40 cents a pound, is the best Coffee grown. A very rich, delightful drink.

Our Flavored Mocha Coffee at 25 cents a pound, gives excellent satisfaction.

Holiday Goods of all kinds, given as presents with our Tea, or sold for a slight advance over cost. Give us a call.

D. A. Howe, Proprietor New England Tea Co.,
273 MAIN ST., WORCESTER, MASS.

Good to Eat.

A properly boiled ham is a delicious dish. For this purpose soak in cold water over night a small ham, weighing about seven pounds. In the morning take it out, wipe it over the fire in a saucpan, covering it with fresh cold water. Let it boil slowly for about three hours, then remove the skin and sprinkle it with a little sugar, make a few incisions on the surface and cover it lightly with fine bread crumbs, sprinkling a little white pepper over it. Set it in an oven and bake till well browned.

For a dish of apples and rice, peel a dozen golden pippins, core them; make a syrup of a cup of sugar and a cup of water, and boil them gently in it till they may be pierced by a straw. Boil a cup of rice in two cups of water for ten minutes, seasoning it with a teaspoon of salt. At the end of this time pour off the water and throw over it two cups of milk. Arrange the apples in an earthen pudding-dish. As soon as the rice is thoroughly done and has absorbed the milk, pour it around the apples. It should fill the interstices between them, but not the hollows left by the cores. Put in these hollows a little sugar and a preserved cherry. Spread crabapple jelly over all, and serve the pudding with soft custard sauce.—Boston Budget.

Bakewell Pudding.

Line a soup plate with a rich crust: then spread over it a layer of red currant preserve, and one of red raspberry preserve or a layer of strawberry preserve alone, over which you must sprinkle two tablespoons of finely chopped blanched almonds, and one half an ounce of candied lemon peel cut in shreds. Then mix the following ingredients: one-half pound granulated sugar, one-quarter pound of melted butter, four yolks and two whites of eggs, and a few drops of essence of almond. Beat all together, pour over the dish and bake in a slow oven until the middle seems firm. When cold sprinkle powdered sugar over the top. To be eaten cold with cream. It is to be cut like pie, and as it is very rich a small piece will suffice for each person. I procured this recipe and the one that follows in England, and they have been very much liked in this country. **MARY KIMBALL WALKER**

Almond Custards.

Make a rich boiled custard of a pint and a half of fresh milk flavored with vanilla. When it is ready to be taken from the oven, stir in rapidly one-half pound of finely chopped almonds. When cold, after stirring well put into custard glasses or cups. Both appearance and taste are improved by placing a little sweetened whipped cream on the top of each.—Home Magazine.

MARY KIMBALL WALKER.

Apple Fritters.

Beat two eggs until light without separating; add to them a half pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient flour to make a batter that will drop from the spoon about one cup. To this add a teaspoonful of baking powder and four apples, chopped fine; have ready a deep pan of fat, smoking hot, and drop the batter by spoonfuls into the fat; when brown on one side turn and brown on the other; when done lift with a skimmer, as piercing with a fork allows the steam to escape and makes the fritter heavy.—Table Talk

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
Charles M. Rogers, Bakery, 166 Pleasant St.



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**FINE WATCHES,
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REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

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**GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE : WAFERS,
PINE : APPLE : WAFERS**

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John * A. * Hartigan's,

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At 25 1-2 DIX STREET,

Furnishes all kinds of baker's wares. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4.30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

E. W. COFFIN,
Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.



Mt. Holyoke.

The new term has begun and the under classes are rejoicing that the groans of the Seniors over "that psychology" have died out. The old term has been a busy one to all, and the change of work comes gratefully.

The new catalogue presents few changes in the now well established college course. To strangers to the college who still associate with the school only the idea of the seminary as it was founded, fifty-five years ago, a perusal of the Annual would give much enlightenment.

Have the Worcester Alumnae fully grasped the fact that The Mt. Holyoke is full of interest to them, and a literary attempt on the part of the students that should be encouraged.

The musical course has been given a wonderful impetus under Prof. Blodgett's management. The concerts by Victor Hugo, Prof. Blodgett and Miss Sawin have been especially good.

The term closes the 22nd with a reception from the faculty. The Sophomores give the Juniors their annual reception this week.

High School.

The Rhetorical exercises of Dec. 15 consisted of an essay on "The Trials of an Editor," read by Miss Kingsbury, '92; a song, Weldon Quartet; recitation, "First Thanksgiving in 1620," Miss Woodward, '92.

Mr. Gardner's class in Political Economy has been studying the subject of money for the past two weeks. Both single and double standards have been discussed until, now, the majority of the class are bimetalists.

There is a great deal of trouble about the signals on Monday. Never before was there such confusion. A few scholars start off at the first signal they hear, without thinking whether it is the right one or not. These few have so annoyed the teachers, that now the whole school is obliged to give its undivided attention to the reading and explanation of the signals every Monday morning. We hope that the careless pupils will soon wake up and relieve both teachers and the other pupils of all this unnecessary annoyance.

The class of '92 is evidently well aware that time is on the wing. More or less electioneering is going on about the officers of the class, especially for the president. A number of names have been mentioned as candidates, and considering that it is not yet the middle of the school year, there is sure to be a lively time at the election whenever it occurs.

Amherst.

The Fall term closes at noon next Tuesday, according to the catalogue, but according to student chronology and the "cut" system it closed last night. Very few of the students remain in town after Saturday noon, and many leave earlier in the week.

The Ninety-three Olio appeared last Saturday with its burden of sorrow and joy to the various members of the college. It is fully up

to the standard of former years both in appearance and material. The opening sale in college hall was the largest ever held.

The college lecture course has been very interesting and successful this year. Last Tuesday evening the Boston Rivals gave the entertainment in the course before a large audience of students and townspeople. The course continues through a part of the Winter term.

Dec. 15.

Harvard.

Worcester has forty students among the 2,613 who are members of Harvard University. They are classified as follows:

COLLEGE.

Senior,—Henry Y. Simpson, Jr. Juniors,—Walter S. Adams, John D. Baldwin, D. Osborne Earle, Ernest H. Wood. Sophomores,—Chandler Bullock, Charles B. Earle, Herbert C. Lakin, William H. Morse, Jr., Robert K. Shaw, Reginald Washburn. Freshmen,—Earl Brown, Harry H. Chamberlin, George Crompton, Samuel A. Ellisworth, George Hogg, William F. Hogg, Edward Mellus, Arthur M. Morse, Edward H. Warren.

LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

A. Bowman Wood, second year, George A. Davis, first year.

LAW SCHOOL.

Harry N. Rice, second year, Robert M. Washburn, second year, Charles T. Tatman, first year.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

C. B. Stevens, C. D. Wheeler, third year. W. F. Donohue, G. H. Hill, Harry L. Houghton, D. F. Ronayne, second year. J. H. Dennis, C. P. Desmond, J. S. Sullivan, F. A. Underwood.

GRADUATE SCHOOL.

Henry B. Washburn, first year.

DENTAL SCHOOL.

A. H. Woodcock, first year.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

Charles A. Gray, first, Colledge. John P. Putnam, first, Divinity School.

Miss Adeline M. Bisco is enjoying her second year at the Harvard Annex.

George Crompton was manager of the Freshman foot-ball team this fall.

Earl Brown has been elected manager of the Freshman crew.

Boston University.

The Monday Club held its monthly meeting at Copley Square Hotel last week. Dinner was served after which Dr. W. I. Rolfe of Cambridge addressed the club on "Hamlet."

It has been said that Prof. Borden P. Bowne will spend next year in Europe and that his place will be taken by William M. Warren who was formerly an instructor at the college and is now abroad.

The "First Annual Record" of the Class of '91, B. U. C. L. A. was published this week. It is a twelve page pamphlet containing the addresses of all the members of the class of '91 and what they have been doing since they graduated. It was compiled by John Wenzel the secretary of the class.

Examinations at the College begin Friday, Dec. 18 and last until the following Wed-

nesday. There will then be a recess of two weeks.

The college social Friday evening, Dec. 4th took the form of a contrast party. Over 150 students and a majority of the faculty were present. Miss Mabel E. Langford, '93, was toastmistress. Toasts were responded to by Prof. Marshall L. Perrin, Instructor Foy S. Baldwin, Miss Louise Symonds, '92; Wilmont E. Butler, '91, and Arthur W. L. Nelson, '95.

It is rumored that the members of the Gamma Delta Society will give two receptions to their friends during the year instead of one as formerly.

Howell's "Mouse Trap" was presented by the Philomathian Dramatic Club last week. It was a great success.

Polytechnic.

Quite a large number of students had arranged to attend the lecture upon electricity at Mechanics Hall last evening.

Vacation of two weeks, lacking one day, an unexplainable omission, begins next Wednesday night.

Several students are out, with the mumps. Dr. Fuller has also been absent from the Institute for a few days on account of sickness.

Fifteen or twenty Seniors, who have found life too prosaic and humdrum, recently organized the "Socialists of '91." The members of this society, secret of course, intend to indulge in a series of socials, theater parties, sleigh rides and skating trips during the Winter season with now and then a dance perhaps. In fact anything which promises pleasure and sociability is to be tried. The first blow-out is to be a banquet next Tuesday evening. It is also rumored that theater boxes have been engaged for the night Sarah Bernhard plays here. The Socialists represent a bold departure from all precedent, a departure that nearly takes the breath away from the average student, and their career will be watched with much interest.

Rev. A. Z. Conrad addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Tuesday noon.

The subject of an Institute hat is just now agitating the minds of the imaginative. '94 a few days ago appointed a committee of six to consider the feasibility of "mortar-boards" or uniform hats of any kind, and invited '93 to co-operate with them. '93 also has appointed a committee and the two meet together this noon. The craze for college hats is rapidly spreading through the country and many colleges are adopting them. It has but just reached Worcester and with what result remains to be seen. One thing however seems to be pretty certain, and that is that the average student has not the moral courage to appear on the streets of this great country town, in a "mortar board."

Those who have looked in at the windows of Pinkham and Willis, during the past week have seen not only the excellent picture of General Devens, but the finest exhibitions of work baskets that any one Worcester window has contained for many a day. They are here in all colors, sizes and designs. In these, not alone the beautiful is found for usefulness abounds as well. That big window is much like a kaleidoscope.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

In dainty things, you can find ever so many in a special case by themselves.

What caught our fancy most, was the lovely *Shell Hair Pins*, some with sterling silver tops, some without.

The *Perfumery* section is charming in all ways. *Fuery* taste selects every drop and every bottle to hold it. What our ladies admire is known, and has proper provision.

You don't need so much quantity in genuine perfumes as you do in the shams.

But then shams—*are shams*, and you don't care for them anyway.

The best gift of the season, "A Black Silk Dress."

Falles at 75c. Rhadamads at \$1.00 and \$1.25. Gros-grains—a dress for \$12, 16 yards; we recommend this silk.

Tray Cloths—The Christmas 12 1-2c specialties—went freely yesterday.

There are still some of them for to-day.

Lunch Sets in Art Shades; covers 2 1/2 yards long; dozen napkins \$3.20 the set.

Silk Umbrellas for men and women; we suit nearly every one between the prices \$2 to \$5. Some go as high as \$10, and we have a very good one for \$1.00.

Fire Screens, a new conceit, \$2.65, with others at higher prices, filled in with pretty Silks.

Irish Point Curtains for \$2.75 a pair. Think of it!!

Art Muslins 15c. Drapery Silks 95c, and the handsomest "Armio" drapery Silk \$1.25.

Oh! we almost forgot to tell you that our black "Cotelet" Silk has arrived. Twenty ladies are waiting for it.

Christmas—only 5 days to get ready.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 21st.

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

LOTHROP'S STOCK COMPANY
supporting

Miss Ethel Tucker,

will present for the first time at popular prices, the famous realistic American melodrama, entitled

LIGHTS and SHADOWS.

A roaring farce precedes the drama at every performance.

MME. PERCIVAL'S GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA—Matinee every day at 2. Doors open at 1.30 and 7 P. M.

PRICES—Orchestra, 50c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats far in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

EXTRA!

Grand Children's Matinee Christmas morning at 11 o'clock. Admission to any part of the house 10 CENTS for this performance only.

Rev. W. H. Thomas.

The following concerning Trinity's late pastor, cut from the Lowell Mail, will be appreciated by many Worcester readers.

"At the regular Sunday evening service held at St. Paul's Church last evening, the usual large congregation so increased in numbers that after the church was completely filled hundreds were turned away, there being no room for them to be admitted. Even the vestibules were filled, and many stood during the entire service. A manifest interest in all the services was indicated by the eager listening and intense stillness of the immense congregation." His sermon last Sunday on temperance was one of the most stirring ones delivered in that city.

Free Text Books

"We do all need a well-equipped private library if our reading is to go very deep. Public libraries are a great blessing but I am afraid they tempt us to spend some of the money in bonbons which we ought rightfully to spend in books. Free school text-books have the same tendency. They were introduced in Massachusetts with the best of intentions, but I have always felt that they defrauded all but the very poor of their right to own their school-books. A young lady forgets a date in history. She knows exactly where to find it in the text-book used in school, and if she owns the book, she refers to it and remembers the date ever after. But if she must spend an hour in a public library looking up the matter the chances are, she never does it and is always at a loss. Of course, we still are free to buy our text-books, but when our purse is light, the temptation is strong to use those provided."—Eliza Chester in Chats with Girls on Self-Culture.

Edwin Morse.

The death of this gentleman removes from our midst one of the notable figures of the years ago. A native of Andover, Vt., he was one of thirteen children of whom only one now survives. He came to Worcester in 1846 and has been engaged in various manufacturing industries since, though for the last twenty years he has been retired. Always a Republican, he served in the Board of Aldermen in the Mayorality of Pinehas Ball. He has had to do with the First National Bank from the beginning, since 1867 a director, has been president of the Mechanics Association and was an attendant at the Salem Street Church. His first wife was Miss Smith of Grafton and his second Miss Abbie C. Goodhue. His son, Captain Edwin A. Morse, died two years since. His daughters are Mrs. Alice Morse Earle of Brooklyn, N. Y., the noted writer, and Miss Fanny of Worcester. His funeral was held at his late residence at 2 p.m. yesterday.

The boys and girls have had a picnic at Clark & Sawyer's recently, but that is what the firm set out for and they allow the youngsters to go twice round and then out. If there is anything, calculated to cheer the youthful mind, that has been omitted, the house would like to know it. Many a tea table conversation, Wednesday evening, was monopolized by the lads who had been the rounds in Clark & Sawyer's.

Smith's

401, 1403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Bulld'g.

DON'T make your selection before examining our stock of

Holiday Handkerchiefs.

It contains everything you desire, from a child's school Handkerchief at one cent to Fine Lace Handkerchiefs at Six and Seven Dollars.

ARE you thinking of giving anyone a present of a

Fancy Apron?

If so, look at the one we are selling at ninety-eight cents; ribbon trimmed.

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CALL ON
CHAS. E. GRANT,
Successor to Allen & Greene,
FOR YOUR
FIRE INSURANCE,
352 Main St., Worcester.

J. W. GREENE,
PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

The Lakeside Boat Club has nearly completed arrangements for a social which will be held in Continental Hall Thursday evening, January 21. The committee having it in charge includes George Eddy, S. Frank Gates and Charles Putnam. Reboli will cater. Particulars will be announced when the arrangements have been wholly completed.

He's armed without that's innocent within.
—Pope.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.,

I have just received an Invoice of Ladies' Military Cape Ulsters, which I can afford to sell at fully 25 per cent, less than similar garments were sold for one week ago.

NEW * YORK * SUIT * AND * CLOAK * STORE.

Christmas Work.

Crochet Lace Holder.

This is a pretty and convenient article for holding the crochet lace which is so popular. Cut from cardboard four stars, from which a square has been cut from the centre. These stars should be about four inches in diameter from point to point.

Cover these smoothly with white linen and overseam each two together, working on one side some pretty design in silk.

Pass ribbon one inch wide through the centre of each star, and upon this wind the crochet work. Then tie the two ends of the ribbon over it in a bow, which will confine the work and keep it securely.—Household.

A Lace Drape.

One calculated to delight a dainty housewife is made of white wash net, rather fine. A hem two inches deep is turned up all around, and feather stitched with pink silk. Then a number of pieces of net are to be cut perfectly round and four inches in diameter. Gather the edge of one of these, draw it up to the centre, pat it out flatly with the hand, then embroider loose silk stitches across the centre. Catch these together to form triangles containing six apiece. Sew these airy conceptions across one end of the drape, and put a slender pink silk tassel on the point of each triangle and between the two. This drape is twelve inches wide when finished, and over a yard in length. The other end is finished by a fall of Fedora lace. It is bewitching to twist about an easel that holds a white-framed etching, and the cost is trifling.

A Pongee Knitting Bag.

Make it twelve inches long by six wide, of Pongee silk, lined with the same. The sides are to be sewed up to a height of six inches, then cut towards the top in a curving line, which leaves but three inches of width at the very top. This narrowest part is tied with a rich bow of yellow ribbon, and rests on the upper part of the arm, hanging there; while the lower portion of the bag keeps your ball of wool or yarn, allowing it to escape freely through the wide openings at the sides. Embroider a design upon one side of the bag, large daisies outlined with gold Japanese thread, couched on, with centres of brown silk in French knots. Finish the curved side-openings with gold cord, also couched on.—M. R. Ramsey, Philadelphia, in House-keeper's Weekly.

Something That a Boy Can Make.

An easy thing for a boy to make for mother, sister, or invalid friend is a writing-board, which is far better than a portfolio, and for an invalid's use is invaluable, as the things are all held securely in place and in no danger of being overturned.

A plain pine board twenty-three inches long by fifteen inches wide should be covered with dark felt cloth of any color desired.

In the center of the board arrange a sheet of blotting-paper, held down by strips of the felt and gilt-edged nails. Pockets of felt to hold paper and envelopes may be put on to suit the taste, and places should also be made to hold pencils, penholders, a knife, etc.

The leather inkstand may be attached by cutting several notches in the felt, and setting the bottle on the bare board. Then glue the notched pieces up on the leather of the bottle, and this will hold it firmly, and have a neat appearance at the same time.

Make a pen-wiper, and glue to the left of the pad.

These boards fitted out with inkstand, pencils, etc., may be bought for \$5; but, aside from the satisfaction, the expense of making one at home will be far less.—Mary F. Harman in Christian Union.

An Essay On Man.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and a few in a hill. He rises up today and flourishes like a rag-weed, and tomorrow or the next day the undertaker hath him. He goeth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one or two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of his life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone and meeteth the bank teller with a draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and felleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the Winter he putteth on his winter trousers and a wasp that abideth therein causeth excitement. He starteth down into the cellar with an oleander, and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.—Exchange.

New York Fashions.

For Young Ladies

numerous light weight silks in lovely striped patterns or showing sprays at intervals, are shown. Grape finished silks are also charming and both come for a dollar or a little more per yard, thus rendering the dress not expensive. As a change, are almost innumerable varieties of gauze, crepealine, crepon, chiffon, net or tulle, the last named when bestrewn with apangles or imitation jewels, having a rich yet light effect. These are made usually with very short basques or round waists and give opportunity for all manner of fanciful drapings on the corsage, together with jaunty corselets, peasant waists, ribbon suspenders, or ornamental belts that present just the right contrast to thin fabric. Velvet bodices with thin skirts are in high favor and like the coats mentioned previously, are economical because readily transferred to skirts of any character.

ROSALIND MAY.

Twenty-nine dollars a yard is the price of some rich pearl passementerie designed for wedding dresses. It is true that it is a collection of so many beaded wings, like butterflies, each one of which, about a tenth of a yard, serves for an aigrette or evening head-dress. Nearly all of these expensive passementeries can be separated into their figure patterns, and each distinct figure is a pretty decoration.

The man's overcoat, paletot, or box-coat, furnish the latest models for some of the heavy cloth wraps for woman's wear.

A good arrangement for a showy tartan is to make sleeves and side breadths of it, with one black breadth, combined with darkest blue cloth, the perfectly fitting blue cloth waist buttons on the left side, with button-holes of the exact shade, in orange, that is found in the tartan, and the scanty blue cloth skirt is slashed to the waist, in three places, to display the tartan panels.

Summer Club.

The graduate members of the High School organization are to have a reunion and banquet at the Bay State House Dec. 30. C. C. Milton, Class of '90, is secretary and is sending out the invitations.

Did you ever buy a horse and not have some misgivings as to his points until they were fully tested? Not so with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; you may be sure of it at the start. It never disappoints those who give it a fair and persistent trial.

Edward H. Atherton of this city, W. H. S. 1875, Harvard '79 and late instructor in the Roxbury Latin School, was appointed, Nov. 2, a master in the Girl's Latin School, Boston.

The second meeting of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of central Massachusetts will be held in Horticultural Hall this afternoon at 4 p. m. There will be a business meeting and lunch will be served.

Rev. John Galbraith, late pastor of Grace Church, preached on Sunday last in his own church in Boston a stirring sermon on the License question. He called the yes voters partners in the crime.



EPISCOPAL.

Bishop Phillips Brooks will make the first of his regular visitations to all All Saints' and St. Mark's churches March 2 and to St. John's and St. Mathew's March 3.

METHODIST.

The annual meeting of the Worcester M. E. Social Union was held in Grace Church, last Monday evening. After partaking of an excellent repast, served by Caterer Yeaw, the report of Secretary Charles H. Carpenter was listened to and, also, that of Treasurer N. H. Clark, showing the financial condition of the Union to be healthful. The committee appointed, two months ago, to report a list of officers for the ensuing year, reported and, on motion, the secretary was instructed to cast a single ballot for the following list: President, P. Foster White; vice-presidents, C. O. Richardson, John Legg and H. C. Graton; secretary, Charles H. Carpenter; treasurer, N. H. Clark; directors, J. W. Stanton, C. S. Goddard, A. M. Thompson, M. G. Fuller, C. A. Richardson, J. F. Lundberg.

In behalf of a committee, on restoration of the old Worcester District, Rev. J. O. Knowles offered a resolution, setting forth the merits of the plan and asking the endorsement of the Union, which was unanimously made. The same will be submitted to the next annual conference.

Following this, Joseph K. Greene, Esq., gave a most happy half hour address, abounding in witty allusions and interesting reminiscences. Then the Rev. Dr. David H. Ela of Boston, a former pastor of Grace and who was the guest of the evening, spoke on the work that he is at present doing in Boston. He outlined the changes that time has wrought in the location of churches in that city; that in old Boston, only two Methodist Churches now occupy the territory where formerly were nine. Foreign population has usurped the old places and Methodists have moved out. It is to try to regain some of this lost ground that evangelical Boston is working. Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Methodists are putting forth extra effort to render crowded centers better. The Doctor's remarks were filled with facts and were interesting throughout. Among out of town people present were Revs. George S. Chadbourne of Boston, S. C. Carey of Gardner, J. P. Kennedy and Mr. H. Maynard of Shrewsbury and the Rev. Mr. Stratton of Oakdale.

The gathering was one of the most interesting in the whole series, closing the fourth year of the Union's existence. It was brought to a close at about 10 o'clock with the benediction by the Rev. Alonzo Sanderson.

TRINITY.—The following officers have been elected by the Sunday School board for the coming year: Superintendent, Joseph K. Greene; assistants, Arthur E. Dennis, B. G. Luther; secretary, Herbert Greene; treasurer, A. E. Walls; librarian, Edwin F. Templeton.

THOMAS STREET SWEDISH.—The third quarterly conference was held on the 13th inst. at 6.30 p. m. During the pastquarter, forty-one members have been received on probation, seventeen in full connection and five by letter. In the same time, twelve have removed from the church. The average class attendance is from 80 to 100. A larger church is becoming a necessity. Something over five hundred can be seated in the edifice now. In addition more than 100 chairs are used every Sunday evening, and yet crowds of people go away unable to get in. If some of the vacant space in other edifices could be utilized it would be a good thing. The people and their pastor, Mr. Eklund, have perfect confidence in each other, hence the very flattering situation. Possibly, too, our Swedish friends are more given to church attendance than some of the native Americans. Dr. Geo. S. Chadbourn preached at 7.30 p. m. last Sunday.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Lake View Endeavor Society has elected officers for the next six months as follows: President, Archie N. Goddard; vice president, Leslie M. Briggs; secretary, Miss Katie E. Hamilton; treasurer, Miss Louise A. Scott; lookout committee, Winifred S. Perry; prayer meeting committee, Miss Lilla H. Hacker; social committee, Mrs. G. A. Haggar; temperance committee, Warren A. Scott; calling committee, Mrs. Emma L. Barker; flower committee, F. E. Goddard; Sunday-school committee, Miss Ida Hacker.

As a No-license worker these societies seem to be very effective. Last Spring they succeeded in keeping the city's Summer resort, the Lake, free from the vile traffic and they were, beyond all question, one of the leading factors in bringing about the reversal, this week, of last year's vote. Their plan of work has been to deal with individuals and not with masses. The result shows that the work was well done. The Epworth Leagues of the Methodist Churches also deserve a share of the praise, as they co-operated with the Endeavor societies in the personal canvass.

The Pilgrim Endeavor Society has selected officers for the next six months as follows: President, Walter S. Davis; vice-president, D. B. Tucker; recording secretary, Charles F. Stetson; treasurer, Miss Effie J. Fletcher; corresponding secretary, Miss Emma M. Plympton; chairmen of committees—lookout, Miss E. M. Plympton; prayer meeting, Henry Coley; social, Miss Grace Larkin; Sunday School, C. C. Brown; missionary, Miss Sarah Gould; flower and relief, Jessie Duckworth; temperance, Edward S. Jones.

The executive committee of the Local Union will hold its regular monthly meeting next Monday evening.

BAPTIST.

The Baptist people living at Lake View have organized a mission and, with the assistance of the Baptist ministers from the city, hold meetings every Friday evening at the home of Mr. J. H. Hayden. This is the third denomination to hold regular services in the village, the Congregationalists having an organized church and owning a good sized church building, and the Methodists having a mission which meets in Wesley Hall. It

would seem that the two were nearly sufficient before but the Baptists desired to worship according to their own doctrines and though they start with a membership of but twenty-one, they take encouragement from the fact that many successful missions have begun with less numbers.

UNIVERSALIST.

Miss Rose Fish has been appointed a lady visitor for the First Universalist Church.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PILGRIM.—At the annual meeting of Pilgrim Parish held Monday evening, J. M. Russell was elected a trustee for four years; A. H. Longley, auditor for two years; Benjamin F. Joslin was chosen treasurer; F. P. Knowles and George S. Boutwell were appointed a committee on music and \$8,400 was appropriated for next year's expense.

SUMMER STREET. This church held its annual business meeting Monday evening when the annual reports were read and the following officers were elected: Clerk, C. W. Dodge; deacon, Andrew S. Merritt; treasurer, George Anderson; auditor, C. O. Wheeler; trustees—C. W. Dodge, C. O. Wheeler; standing committee, John Vincent, Mr. Currier, Mrs. W. T. Sleeper; Sunday School Superintendent, Rev. W. T. Sleeper; assistant, C. W. Dodge; clerk, Ralph Knapp; librarian, Charles Grover.

Y. M. C. A.

The first of a series of indoor athletic and gymnastic contests was held in the gymnasium last week Friday evening. The events were all handicaps. Several more will be held during the Winter.

Tomorrow the morning meeting will be led by Mr. Frank Jerome, the boys' meeting at 3 o'clock will be addressed by Mr. Edward Morris of Plymouth Church and the men's meeting at 4, by Dr. McCullagh.

The class in elocution met Tuesday and will meet again next Tuesday. There is an opportunity for two or three more to join the class. Prof. Hastings of Boston is the instructor.

The class in electricity also met Tuesday evening. If there are any others who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity of receiving instruction in this science from so able a teacher as Prof. Kimball, they can do so by attending the meeting next Tuesday evening.

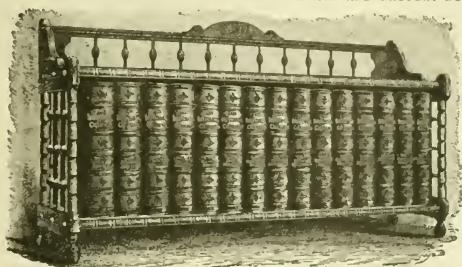
A successor to Mr. Meade will probably be appointed very soon. It has not been decided whether there will be two assistants or one assistant and a clerk.

Over 2,000 invitations will be sent out next week for the annual New Year's reception. The program will be more elaborate than that of last year and will include music, refreshments and gymnasium exhibitions. The entire building will be suitably decorated for the occasion. The reception will be under the direction of the reception committee and the women's auxiliary.

"Sweet's to the sweet." That is the motto of Marsh and Royce and it is appetizing to look into their store at 511 Main Street. Bright, clean and wholesome is the impression one gets as he looks over the array of tempting morsels set forth for his inspection. Everything is freshly made.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers, New York.
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Mention this paper.

W. C. T. U.

These letters have grown to mean something. They need no interpretation to the readers of this paper, for friend and foe alike know what they mean, among other things, the destruction of the saloon. The present week has been a busy one for them. Sunday their "call to arms" was read from every pulpit in the city, or better, one was sent to every pulpit to be read therefrom. Then Monday, they put out 17,000 appeals to the voters of the city. These circulars were placed, if possible, in the hands of the women in their homes, not entrusting them to boys and the hired girls. With a chairman for each ward, sixty women were thus banded for work. The general committee consisted of Mrs. Helen DeCamp, chairman, Mrs. H. W. Ware, secretary, and Mrs. M. M. Townsend, Mrs. R. D. Oaks, Mrs. J. H. Martin, Mrs. D. E. Knight and Miss S. Pellet. The Romans of the days of Regulus were not more implacable in their hostility to Carthage than are these energetic women against the saloon. "Carthago delenda est."

Mrs. Frank J. Howe.

This lady who was, formerly, Mrs. George W. Shillaber died, Tuesday morning, aged forty-six years. Her serious illness is of recent date, though she has not been strong for the last twenty years. With her husband, to whom she was married in February, last, she has carried on the wall paper business on Main Street. The funeral was held at her late residence, 182 Main Street at 9:30 a. m. Wednesday, the Rev. H. J. White of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church officiating. Many friends were present and left there several beautiful floral tributes. The remains were taken to Peabody on the 10:30 train for interment.

The Light Infantry, Co. C, 2d Regiment, held the first of three socials at the armory last week Friday evening. The big drill shed was used for dancing for which Bicknell's orchestra

furnished music. Rebboli was the caterer. Lieut. P. L. Rider was the floor director and was assisted by H. L. Adams, W. N. Brooks, S. F. Gates, George H. Learned, W. S. Lincoln, Henry Marsh, Henry Gross and E. E. Johnson. There was a very large attendance. The next in the series will take place January 8.

The Fairy Boat with its occupants has been the attraction in the north window of the Boston Store for a week and, scarcely an hour has a crowd been lacking to admire the craft and its crew. By concealed machinery, motion is imparted to the boat and Santa Claus, who sits in the stern, and looks with complacency on the multitudes who gaze through the great window at him. He does not, often, come by water, but perhaps he will have to, this year.

They were poorly dressed boys, but the Candy Castle in Rebboli's Store did tickle their fancy. "I tell you what," says one, "that's my kind of candy." But the other lad thought his taste would lead to another choice. No wonder they liked the sight. Sugar delights could not be more attractive. The castle is a great tribute to some candy maker's ingenuity and there isn't a child in Worcester who wouldn't gladly, be imprisoned in it, and thus have a chance to eat his way out. It is talked about, no little in the homes where the children have been out exploring. Of course all the surroundings of the castle are of sweets also and both windows open up vistas about which the children dream.

The window decorator has been at his work in great shape during the past week. Such sights! Edward L. Smith & Co. never had a finer display than their north window presented last Wednesday. The round track with the train of cars has become an elevated railroad in the midst of a bower, not of roses but one of handkerchiefs that is a wonder to behold. The maker has reason to congratulate himself on his success.

"Oh Papa!" says a small boy who had been making the rounds of the beautiful store windows, at Zahonyi's Candy Store, there are great big candy pigs. They look awfully funny." No wonder the sight pleased the boy and aroused visions of saccharine delight, for by the side of the pigs are cakes and candies of all description, enough to fill him up to repletion. Here are great piles of all sorts of candy, the very best ever made, and when bought, it is done up in such nice boxes it really gets added sweetness thereby. Zahonyi comes pretty near Santa Claus with the little folks.

Capt. A. V. Newton has engagements to conduct mock trials for the benefit of Grand Army posts and other organizations at Erie, Pa., Fall River, Attleboro, Plymouth and other places.

Miss Mary Crane of Leominster is visiting her cousins, the son and daughter of Capt. D. A. Matthews.

The Ruling Passion.

Not long before his death, Barnum summoned his lawyer to the side of the couch where he was lying. "I am very much worried," he said, "about a certain matter, and I want to consult you. My neighbor keeps peacocks. Now, suppose some of them should fly over into my yard—which they are doing all the time—and lay some eggs here. Would those eggs belong to me, or could my neighbor compel me to give them up?" The lawyer, having duly scratched his head, answered: "Well, Mr. Barnum, I must take time to look into this matter. But the best thing for you to do would be to keep the eggs and let your neighbor sue for their possession." In that way your rights would be determined, and we should have a very valuable test case." "Well," said Barnum, "while you are looking into the matter, will you find out how it would be if the eggs were laid by peacocks?" The lawyer swore softly to himself, but never made any investigation.



Holiday Furniture and Carpets.

DESKS.

A beautiful Antique Oak Desk, with plate glass Mirrors in top, only \$10. Others, \$12, 15, 20, 25.

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In Antique Oak, 16th Century Oak, Mahogany and Birch. A good one for \$9. Others, \$12, 14, 16, 20, 35. They make a very acceptable gift.

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200 different styles, from \$5 for a Plush Rocker solid oak frames, to \$15 for a large arm Rocker, with silk plush seats and backs, frames nicely finished, and you would say it was well worth \$5 more in price. STUDENT CHAIRS, from \$7.50 upwards Morris Chairs, in Leather and Plush LARGE EASY CHAIRS, that mean comfort every time. REED and RATTAN CHAIRS. A bargain at \$4. These make a sensible Christmas gift.

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FANCY REED BASKETS.

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355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

Sick headache can be relieved, and often cured by the application of mustard plaster on the back of the neck, but it should not be kept on more than twenty minutes. The best way to make such a plaster is to take a tablespoonful of mustard and mix it well with the white of an egg that has been well beaten. Such a plaster will draw perfectly well and not raise a blister.

For sharp pain in the head an equal mixture of pounded rice and salt put in a cotton bag and applied to the head will generally cure it.

To purify a sick room set a pail of water in the apartment and in a few hours it will have absorbed the most of the respired impurities of the room leaving the air much purer. The water should be changed frequently, and water for drinking purposes should not be kept in the room. Water that has been held in lead pipes all night should not be used for cooking or drinking, until it has been allowed to run freely, as it is often impregnated with the lead. D.

Blacksmiths, and those who work in steel and iron, very often get a speck of hot metal in the eye; it adheres to the eyeball causing intense pain. When this happens a few drops of oil, dropped in the eye or applied with a small camel's hair brush, will remove it, and if the eyeball is injured the oil will heal it. The oil and brush never fail to remove all dust and specks that may get into the eye, without the least injury to the eye. If oil is not on hand wet the brush in warm water, but do not rub the eye with the finger or cloth. If the eyes are weak, wash them with a tea made of rose leaves, night and morning. D.

Pastry made with lard although it looks better, is not as healthy or as good as that made with butter.

If pumpkin is peeled, cut up and stewed rapidly, it makes coarse pies which have very little of the native sweetness of the vegetable. If it is cooked in a very small amount of water, in a thick, porcelain-lined kettle, where it will gradually steam for six or eight hours, it acquires a richness and sweetness that cannot be obtained by any other process of cooking it.

Every particle of fat cut from the kitchen meats should be carefully fried out. Coarse fats, like mutton, lamb and turkey, are for the soap fats, but are none the less valuable for that. Beef fat properly clarified and strained is equal to butter for shortening and frying. It is incomparably better than lard. Breadcrumbs saved from each day's cutting of bread, properly dried in the oven and rolled and sifted, go far toward keeping a stock of breadcrumbs on hand for veal croquettes and other dishes. If every particle of stale bread is saved, pounded and sifted, there need be not a jar of cracker crumbs purchased.

Chocolate Caramels.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one pint of brown sugar. Cook till brittle when tried in water, and just before removing from the fire, add half a cake of chocolate. They do not need any flavor.

Nearly all colds are slight at first, but their tendency is to so lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against the danger,

THE CLARK- SAWYER Co.

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COULD ONE ANTICIPATE THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE PLENTY OF THE "BEST THINGS" EVEN TO THE LAST DAY. BUT WHO WILL UNDERTAKE TO SAY WHAT WILL BE THOUGHT "BEST" WHEN ALL IS NEW AND SO IT IS. THE LATE COMER TOO OFTEN IS OBLIGED TO CONTENT HIMSELF WITH WHAT HE CAN FIND, BUYS HURRIEDLY IN THE RUSH WHAT HE WOULD NOT THINK OF ACCEPTING EARLIER—NO DOUBT THE EXPERIENCE OF PREVIOUS YEARS WILL BE REPEATED THIS. ALTHOUGH THE EARLY BUYERS HAVE A LARGER FOLLOWING THAN EVER THIS SEASON THE ARMY OF LATE COMERS SEEMS TO BE A FIXED AND DEFINITE QUANTITY.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE IS FOR EACH TO GIVE PLENTY OF TIME AND THOUGHT TO THEIR BUYINGS. IN THE CARE WITH WHICH YOU SELECT LIES THE TRUE VALUE OF THE GIFT.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO LOOK, PRICE, HANDLE, AND GOAGAIN AND DO THE SAME. LIVE STORES EXPECT IT—WANT IT—AVOID THOSE THAT DON'T.

COMMAND US TO AID YOU IN ANY POSSIBLE MANNER IN YOUR SELECTION.

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For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

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About Folks.

Rev. I. J. Lansing spoke in Stoneham, Tuesday night, before the church of W. W. Sleeper, his former associate in the Salem Street Church. Mr. Sleeper is having a course of lectures and his former leader is one in the list.

Dr. David H. Ela, who addressed the M. E. Social Union, last Monday evening, was the pastor of Grace Church from 1882 to 1885. During his pastorate a vigorous and successful effort was made to reduce the church debt.

Dr. D. O. Mears spoke, Monday, in Boston, before the Congregational ministers on "The Sermon and its Limitations."

Rev. Dennis Scannell has been in Washington.

Grand Prelate, D. E. Denny and Grand Preceptor, Frank R. Hayden of this city went to Haverhill, last Tuesday evening, to witness the work of the Knights of Pythias of that city.

Mr. H. H. Merriam gave a very pleasant entertainment in Association Hall last Monday evening to the employees of the Knowles Loom Works, and for the benefit of the Relief Association belonging to them. Accompanied by stereoscopic views, the trip with the traveler was a rich treat to his listeners.

"It never rains but it pours." Principal W. H. Bartlett has reason to believe this, for scarcely had he gotten out from his five weeks "lay up" on account of his foot, before he had an attack of acute bronchitis. Then came malaria and lastly inflammatory rheumatism. There are a few more complaints known to the profession but our principal hopes to escape some of them.

Drummer Boy.

Everything points to a very successful presentation of the play at the theater the last week in the month. Post ho has so often rendered this drama, it has become almost second nature to the performers. The rehearsals are in active progress.

The National Conservatory of Music of America.

The Board of Directors of the National Conservatory of Music of America, 126 and 128 East Seventeenth Street, New York, respectfully ask your attention to the fact that the semi-annual entrance examinations take place as follows: Violin, violoncello, contrabass, harp, and all other orchestral instruments, January 4th, 1892; piano and organ, January 5th; voice, January 7th and 8th; orchestra, January 4th; chorus, January 6th; operatic chorus, January 7th.

The Fifty-first.

The Reunion of Colonel Sprague's old regiment at the Lincoln House, Friday night, came too late for description here, but will be written up next week. Company C, whose meeting came on the afternoon of the same day and at the same place is in the same box. Light goes to press too early for an account of it, this time.

EVERY FAMILY

Should be provided with Ayer's Pills. No other aperient is in such general demand or so highly recommended by the profession. Mild but thorough in operation, these pills are the best of all remedies for constipation, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, flatulency, loss of appetite, liver complaint, and sick headache. They break up colics, fevers, and malarial, relieve rheumatism and neuralgia, and are indispensable to travelers, either by land or sea. Sugar-coated and compounded of the purest vegetable cathartics, they may be taken with impunity by old and young. Physicians recommend these pills in preference to any other. H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark., says: "In 1853, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."

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CHRISTMAS NECKWEAR,

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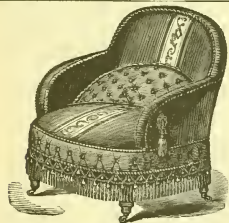
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 17. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891. FIVE CENTS



JOHN B. LEPIRE,
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We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the Celebrated Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

No. 17

A Christmas Carol.

"O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head,
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!"

—Mrs. Hemans.

We love Christmas.

That is, everybody but the old Scrooges of whom there are still quite too many alive.

After all, while they live they may change. Possibly, even in their souls there are chinks into which a little of divine love may make its way.

Surely, no one can complain of any lack of sunshine for the past few weeks. The weather, except as it has lacked snow, has been perfect, and the shop windows a study.

How the shoppers have exulted and what glad faces the children have worn! They have been glad to part with their money and the tradesmen have been more than glad to take it, so all have been happy.

Twelve hundred pounds of candy over one retail counter, in one day, is just one record. Our little folks should be sweetness itself, if sugar can help the quality along. And as childhood is largely devoted to sweets, what a blessing it is that duty was taken off sugar.

And yet with this thought comes the sad compensation that doctors have discovered a new heart trouble and they call it the candy heart. Those people, little and big, who give way too much to any taste must pay for their satisfaction in some form of ailment. "We can't eat our cake and have it."

Do people buy more than they need at Christmas time? Surely not more than the merchants would like to sell. Quite likely, beauty and ornament are rated higher than utility and presents are intended, as a rule, to gladden the higher senses rather than to meet physical wants. The custom is a growing one. It is not so long since "A Merry Christmas" was not an agreeable greeting in New England.

In fact, it was not till 1856 that the Holiday was made a legal one and a judge of the United States Circuit Court, sitting in Boston, who adjourned over the day in 1852 thought he was making a great innovation. Yet Washington Irving had written his Bracebridge Hall years before and it is probable that forty years ago the day had its significance even in Massachusetts, but the influence reaching out from Plymouth was lasting.

The Pilgrims had little relish for memories of churchly rule, whether that of Rome or

England and they preferred their own Fasts and Thanksgiving to Christmas whose origin they knew was, to say the least, peculiar. Everything, or nearly so, of stated religious form they ignored and then set up their own negatives that became, with them, as rigorous as the rules they deplored. In spite of this lack of Christmas thawing out, they managed to rear a pretty high type of manhood.

Join to the Pilgrim appreciation of right, to his high standard of truth and justice, just a grain of delight in the higher senses and we shall have the nearly perfect man. It matters not what modern critics and would be detractors may say as to the company, sheltered in the Mayflower's hold, the western world is brighter and better today for their existence. Better err on the side of morality and Godliness than towards the looseness and immorality of Continental Europe.

We have missed all these twenty years the delightful story sermons that Charles Dickens used to preach to us every Christmas time. We have had no "Mugby Junction," nor "Carols," nor "Chimes," since he died. "No Thoroughfare" was last threaded by him. This glad season cannot return without, at least, a hearty thanksgiving that Dickens gave us so much happiness over Christmas.

Notwithstanding the sunshine and the high temperature, La Grippe, has had its accustomed hold upon the people. It has been no respecter of persons. Rich and poor, old and young have alike suffered. Not only have suffered but are suffering for its grasp is not relaxed in a day. Schools have been invaded and teachers have had to lay aside their authority and yield to the Grip. The years bring queer ailments.

How can Christmas be merry at that hill-side home, whose little Johnnie Rice is burned to death. Just old enough to begin to talk of Santa Claus and the hanging stocking and then, in all his boyish beauty, to die so agonizing a death. The bon-fire, Saturday last, the stumping each other to do hazardous things as running through the flames are all sports of childhood, but little three years old Johnnie was only an infant. He could not do with impunity what others did and now a newly made grave is a sad reminder for Christmas time. We must look out for our darlings.

Again we are startled by a sudden death, directly attributed to drink. August Eckstrom whose name proclaims him a North European, sleeps off, in part, the effects of his debauch on the very edge of the precipice beyond the Normal School, then partially awakened he seeks his hat and plunges to his doom. There is nothing of romance in this to awaken a poet's lyre, but it is a piece of reality that should arouse a voter's remembrance. He had placed in his mouth that which stole

away his brains. Was it right to allow this even though it was legal?

Christmas week cannot prevent the constant occurrence of the question, "How did it happen?" The opponents of License are as much surprised as are its friends. With the present outlook, it will be useless to claim Republicans as the sole friends of the measure, for in some cases the heaviest increase was in Democratic wards, not only in Worcester, but in Boston. In fact it will need but little more conversion to make the latter a no license city. Is there a cat in the meal? The whole affair is phenomenal, and more than this, the success of such a measure does not lie in merely getting it through the polls. It only begins there. Is the community ready to see that the saloon is the leper of modern society and to do its utmost to suppress it?

The Pilgrims didn't like Christmas and they would have punished the man who undertook to observe the day, but they couldn't help their landing/being very near the 25th of December, so near in fact that Fore-father's Day and Christmas come in the same week. The observance of the event, last Monday evening by the Congregational Club of Worcester was a noteworthy occurrence. New England tongues never wag more freely than when discussing t' deeds at Plymouth. Though Dr. McCullagh is hardly to the manner born he assimilates easily and he rose fully equal to the occasion.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see,
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and dust!
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

—THACKERAY.

Though dated the 26th, LIGHT comes out this week, on Christmas eve., so this stanza from Thackeray is entirely appropriate. Perhaps he was not like Dickens the writer laureate of Christmas time, yet he had a gentle soul and cheery voice. His dust lies in Kensal Green cemetery, hard by the ceaseless roar of great London, but his pleasant words live on. There is a wealth of running vine about the great slab of granite that covers his grave, and many a pilgrim's eyes grow dim as they linger over this last resting place of Thackeray, but with one accord all chant "Peace to his dust."

Mrs. Whiting Fames of Dix Street is just up from a spell of illness.

Walter Perley Hall, who is a graduate of the High School, '85, and who was later in Brown University and Harvard Law School, will take up his residence in Clinton, succeeding to the office of Herbert L. Parker, who goes to Fitchburg.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.

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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1891.

Before you start out on your Christmas round of shopping, be sure to look through LIGHT's list of advertisers and give them the benefit of your buying. Every business advertised here is first class, no matter what the line is, it is the very best. Read carefully every advertisement.

Though dated the 26th this paper is issued the day before instead of the day after Christmas.

If your piano needs tuning, don't fail to call on Elwyn H. Fowler, 16 Oberlin Street. LIGHT can testify to the efficiency of his work.

Professor George E. Gladwin's beautiful Souvenir Book is out and it should, forthwith, find a place in many Worcester homes. It may be had at Room 9, Burnside Building, until Jan. 1st.

The New England Stenographer, edited by Aldis Owen Hall, comes to LIGHT's desk from Boston. It has an attractive and helpful look. Just the thing for those interested in any branch of the art.

H. Spencer Haskel, Esq., receives from a Chinese client a queer gift in the shape of 165 coins arranged in the form of a sword. It is probable that the lawyer's pen was more powerful than this weapon, though it is hardly a surrender.

Light Infantry

The efforts that this company is making to secure portraits of all its commanders is a highly commendable one. Those of Levi Thaxter, first captain and of John W. Lincoln, captain in 1812, have recently been received from Captain Levi Lincoln. The company room will soon be a study.

As Ayer's Sarsaparilla outstrips all other blood-purifiers in popular favor, so Ayer's Almanac is the most universally familiar publication of the kind in the world. It is printed in ten languages and the annual issue exceeds fourteen millions of copies. Ask your druggist for it.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Dec. 26, 1891.

Signed

- I. "I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent."
 - II.
 - "Here's a sigh for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate."
 - III.
 - "I dreamed my soul consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine."
 - IV.
 - "I once was a jolly young beau
And knew how to pick up a fan."
 - V.
 - "I come from haunts of coot and hern."
 - VI.
 - "I am out of humanity's reach
I must finish my journey alone."
- Answers to Quotations Dec. 12.
1. Browning, "From Ghent to Aix."
 2. Scott, "Lochinvar."
 3. Poe, "Annabel Lee."
 4. Longfellow, "Resignation."
 5. Seward, "John Quincy Adams."
 6. Supposed speech of John Hancock on "Boston Massacre."
- 1st, C. A. Gray, Cambridge.
2d, Theresa Houghton, Washington.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Next week Thursday the last entertainment in the first series of the Young Men's Christian Association course will be given by "The Chorists'" Glee Club, which is composed of twenty men and boys from the vested choir of Grace Church, Newton, Mass. This is considered one of the leading boys' choirs of the country.

The Oratorio Festival.

All is now ready for the festival of oratorio music at Central Church next week under the direction of Mr. E. N. Anderson. The soloists, who are nearly all Worcester singers, are as follows: Sopranos, Mrs. Henry F. Harris, Mrs. J. A. Rice, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell; contraltos, Miss Florence King of the South Congregational Church choir of Boston, Mrs. F. W. Ruggles, Miss Nellie Broadbent; tenors, Frank H. Mason, Alfred Thomas, Thomas Hamilton; basses, John H. Howell and W. A. Anderson. The chorus is made up of local singers and it has been rehearsing for several months under Mr. Anderson's direction. The orchestra for the first day will consist of 26 pieces and the second day of 33 pieces from

the Boston Festival Orchestra. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will be concert master and Mr. Anderson, conductor. The programs are as follows:

Thursday, Dec. 31, afternoon, 2.30—Public rehearsal of Handel's "Messiah."

Evening, 7.45—Performance of "Messiah."

Friday afternoon, Jan. 1, 2.30—Miscellaneous program.

Fest.—March (new) Raff
Be Thou with me (new) Lachner

Psalm XXIII Mrs. J. W. Mitchell. Smart

Ladies chorus with Orchestral Accompaniment.

Fantasia for organ and Orchestra. (new) Guilmeot.
A He shall give his angels

Ladies Chorus.

b. Intermezzo for orchestra, "The Holy Night" from an unpublished cantata "The Christ Child." Anderson.

Aria: Love not the world. Sullivan.

Miss Nellie Broadbent.

Benedictus (new) Mackenzie.

Evening, 7.45.

Orchestral scene for orchestra Anderson

(From the cantata, "The Christ Child.")

Christus Mendelssohn.

(First time with the orchestra)

Selections from Elijah.

If the experiences of past years are repeated

there will be scarcely a vacant seat at any of

the concerts.

Lothrop's Opera House.

Miss Ethel Tucker, supported by Lothrop's Stock Company in "Lights and Shadows" is drawing large audiences at the evening performances this week. Miss Tucker is seen to excellent advantage in her character of Mabel Bland, the Gypsy, and again as Edith Broughton, the long-lost heiress. The company will give three performances Christmas Day.

The patrons of the Pleasant Street Theater will have an opportunity next week to enjoy a novelty in the form of first-class minstrel entertainment. The Fisco Minstrels will be the attraction and it is needless to say that the public will fully appreciate such a change, as the continuous line of melodramas which have been produced since the opening of the theater would satisfy the most fastidious taste. The members of the minstrel company are artists of acknowledged reputation. They have played to large and enthusiastic audiences wherever they have appeared. The prices will remain the same.

Mechanics Course.

Monday evening, Leland T. Powers, the character impersonator, will give the fourth entertainment in course A. Mr. Powers has a very wide reputation as an impersonator. He has appeared in the Young Men's Christian Association course several times and has invariably given a very entertaining program. Monday night he will recite "David Copperfield."

Relief Corps Officers.

The Womans Relief Corps No. 11, elected these officerses Thursday afternoon, the 16th: President, Emma A. Savels; S. V. P. Addie A. Pinkham; J. V. P. Melinda A. Stiles; treasurer, Lizzie M. Taft; chaplain, Mary A. Bushnell; conductor, Mary A. Mills; guard, Esther A. Parker; delegates to department convention, Emily E. Ward, Esther A. Parker, Angie A. Robinson, Abbie M. Gasset, Amelia R. Cook; alternates, Mary A. Mills, Mary S. Hine, Julia A. Stone, Lydia A. Wellington, Jessie W. Verry.



CONGREGATIONAL.

OLD SOUTH.—The Old South Sunday School elected officers last week Friday evening as follows: Superintendent, Edward L. Smith; assistant, C. D. Nye; secretary, George B. Farnsworth; treasurer, Walter S. Bliss; librarian, Hugo Otto. George R. Bliss, who has been superintendent for eight years, declined a re-election.

SWEDISH.—The new chapel of the Swedish Congregational Society at Quinsigamond Village was dedicated last Sunday afternoon. The program was mainly in Swedish and included Scripture reading by Rev. Victor Witting of the First Swedish Methodist church; prayer by Rev. J. F. Hultman of Deerfield, N. H.; and address of welcome by John A. Cornell, the Sunday School superintendent; music by the Swedish brass band; a sermon by Rev. K. F. Ohlson of the Swedish Congregational church on Providence Street; remarks by Rev. H. W. Eklund, of the Second Swedish Methodist church; remarks by P. W. Moen in English; prayer of dedication, Rev. Mr. Ohlson and benediction by Rev. Victor Witting. The report of the building committee stated that the cost of the building was \$3,406.50. Toward paying this P. W. Moen had contributed \$800; Joseph S. Perry, \$25; R. H. Mooney, \$10; P. Borg, by outside collections \$153.50. This leaves a debt of \$2,406.50. A collection taken at the dedication yielded \$80 more towards paying this debt.

PARK.—Park Church Sunday School elected officers for next year two weeks ago, but since then there have been several resignations. At a business meeting Wednesday evening the vacant offices were filled and the list is now as follows: Superintendent, Charles R. Peacock; assistant, Louis C. Chase; secretary, Charles A. Newton; treasurer, C. Herbert Colburn; librarian, Francis Kneeland.

CENTRAL.—At a meeting of the Central church parish Monday evening officers were chosen for next year as follows: Clerk, F. E. Williamson; assessors, F. H. Morgan, W. E. Sawtelle, B. W. Potter, C. S. Knight, Jr., E. D. McFarland; treasurer, J. S. Brigham; auditors, R. B. Fowler, J. E. Fish; music committee, James Logan, G. W. Mackintire, E. Whitman; supply committee, Dr. T. H. Gage, B. W. Potter, E. A. Sumner. J. C. Woodbury was moderator.

METHODIST.

PLEASANT STREET MISSION.—That is it was the Pleasant Street Mission until last week, when it was decided that the building at 209 Pleasant Street was no longer large enough for the needs of the mission and so hereafter the meetings will be held in the two story dwelling at the corner of Abbott and Tufts Streets. There will be three Sunday meetings held, a preaching service in the afternoon, followed by a Sunday School, and a prayer meeting in the evening. Mr. S. J.

Laws will continue to be superintendent of the mission. The old building will be used hereafter by the Bethel A. M. E. church.

There will be a union watch-eight service of Grace and Trinity Methodist churches at Trinity church, December 31, beginning at 9.30 p. m. There will be a praise service, love feast and sermon by Rev. Dr. John D. Pickles. The services will close at midnight in the traditional Methodist manner.

WEINSTEIN SQUARE.—The following Christmas music will be sung under the direction of C. C. Kenyon, leader of the choir, Sunday, Dec. 27, '91: Morning—"Gloria in Excelsis" (Festival) D. Dudley Buck; "The Birth of a King," Nirdlinger; "Nazareth," B. Solo and full chorus; "Father in Heaven," (trio) C. C. Stearns. Evening—"Come Hither ye Faithful," Chadwick; "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night," C. C. Stearns; solo, "Oh! Holy Night," Adam; duet, "In Bethlehem a King is Born," J. C. Mary; trio, (adies) "While Shepherds Watch," C. C. Stearns.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Endeavor Society of Old South church held a Christmas morning consecration service at 8 o'clock Friday.

The Endeavor Society of the Old South church has elected officers for the next six months as follow: President, E. Roscoe McAfee; vice-president, Wm. I. Thompson; recording secretary, Mary E. Browning; treasurer, Addison L. Kerr; assistant treasurer, Herbert L. Pariseau; corresponding secretary, Marion A. Knox; usher, Albert W. Kincaid; chairmen of committees—Lookout, A. A. McLaughlin; prayer meeting, Wm. H. Lincoln; Sunday School, Waldo Woodward; missionary, Beulah E. Lewis; temperance, Geo. B. Farnsworth; calling, Frank Morrill; social, C. A. Bancroft; music, Marion A. Knox; flower, Florence Shaffer.

At the meeting of the executive board of the Local Union, held in the Young Men's Christian Association building Monday evening, it was voted to hold the next regular meeting at Pilgrim Church January 19; a special meeting in observance of the Endeavor anniversary, at the Church of Christ, February 2; the regular March meeting at Piedmont Church; the May meeting at Belmont Church; and an invitation from the Lake View society to hold a special meeting with them in June was accepted. The program at the January meeting will consist of reports from the recent state convention and there will probably be a short consecration meeting at the close. The resignation of the Auburn society was accepted. A committee consisting of J. H. Childs, President D. B. Tucker and Mrs. Robinson of the Church of Christ was appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions, congratulatory to the Junior Endeavor Union on its organization

The Endeavor Society of Union Church has elected officers for the next six months as follows: President, Edward C. Whitney; vice-president, Everett Kimball; treasurer, Roscoe N. Clark; secretary (recording), Miss Stevenson; secretary (corresponding), Miss Reed; Chairmen of committees, lookout, Miss Clarel; prayer meeting, Harry S. Whitney; missionary, Mr. Blakely; social, Miss Lathé; music, Oliver Kendall; finance, Roscoe Clark.

Mr. Sumner A. Kinsley, "Tech" '91, teaching in Lawrenceville, N. J., is at home for the Holidays.

Harry L. Dadman, Worcester's well known amateur athlete, has joined the Telegram reporter staff.

As a residuary legatee of the late Deacon Josiah W. Cook of Cambridge, the Worcester Academy is the possible inheritor of a large sum of money, possibly \$8,000.

The second of the series of cotillions held at private residences will take place Monday evening, January 4th at the home of Mrs. Thomas B. Eaton, corner of Crown and Chatam Streets. It had been intended that it should take place at Mr. J. H. Clarke's on Elm Street, but, as his daughters are in mourning, a change was necessary.

The Louisville (Ky) Courier-Journal published, Dec. 6, in connection with its account of the Centre college-Louisville Athletic club football game, a portrait of Captain Walter D. Berry of the Centre college eleven, who is a Worcester High School graduate, class of '90. Captain Berry's interest in athletics began while he was in the High School, where he was always a member of the school base ball nine and a successful competitor in the athletic games. He was also for several years a constant attendant at the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium. After his graduation from the High School he went to the Springfield School for Christian Workers, taking a course of study preparatory to becoming a physical instructor. Last Fall he was offered the position of physical instructor in Centre college at Danville, Kentucky and accepted it. Beside being physical instructor he is captain of the baseball and football teams. In the game written up by the Courier-Journal Capt. Berry's team was a winner with the score of 14 to 0. The account speaks of the victory as the "proudest that the young athletes of Kentucky's famous college have yet placed to their credit." It also speaks in high praise of Capt. Berry's management of his team.

Mrs. Maria Marsh.

It seems only a few weeks since the venerable figure of Alexander Marsh was a frequent and pleasant sight in our city, but he passed away in June, 1890, and now his widow is at rest. She died Monday, at 2 a. m., at her home No. 2 Oak Street, at the age of 85 years and 6 months. She was born in Southborough and with her husband came to this city in 1840. In 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary, away beyond the golden milestone. Her long life has been a pleasant one, a blessing to the community. She leaves four children, three daughters and one son, Mr. Henry A. Marsh of the Central National Bank. Her funeral was held at her late residence, Wednesday, at 2 p. m.

Co-operative Banks.

It is evident that some people appreciate the advantages of these institutions. They are loaning lots of money to stockholders, whereby homes are secured.

Upton's Historic Houses.

NO. 3.

The Upton Historical Society.

It is proper here to insert in the series of articles relating to the old houses of Upton, some account of an organization which has had much to do with inaugurating the movement which leads to the use of the columns of LIGHT in giving the annals of our old houses. This society is destined, if properly managed, to preserve our local history.

Every town in the world has its history. Its own citizens are the ones who should preserve that history, beginning with the time when its first inhabitants began to make history and, from generation to generation thereafter, put on record the events of their own time. The town clerks in the main do their duty faithfully, but as they record only the doings of a town in its legislative capacity, their limits are circumscribed. Parish and church clerks give a history only of their particular parishes or church societies. Neither the town nor parish clerks are called upon to record or take official notice of the thousand and one events which never call for legislative notice or action by town or parish, nor the executive oversight of selectmen and pastors, but which of themselves are of such prominence for the time being, as to exclude every other subject from the minds of men, women and children.

Certain events become marked epochs in a town's history; all other events being dated in reference to that time either before or after. "Before the war," and "since the war," are expressions common all over the country. So in Upton, we date certain things in reference to certain events which were the town talk, and at the Post Office, store and fireside were the principal themes of conversation for a long time. "Before Priest Wood died" is when a certain thing "happened" to our older citizens, or, "about the time Major Warren's new road sunk out of sight" was when something else occurred.

Having in view the preservation of such local traditions and histories of important events, the thought occurred almost simultaneously to three or four of our citizens to devise some method of preserving them. Chancing to speak of this one day to Charles A. Davis, then clerk in Stephen B. Fiske's drug store, he said the same thing had been mentioned to him by James S. Le Sure and one or two others. These coincidences of thought led to a call for a meeting which was held in the Assessors' room, Town Hall building, July 23, 1890. Such was the general doubt in which the success of the undertaking was held that only the original movers in the matter were present. These were J. Harvey Le Sure, James S. Le Sure, his son, Henry A. Corbin and Aaron F. Greene.

As eclat was not what they sought but effective organization, nothing daunted they chose the senior Le Sure chairman of the meeting, while Mr. Greene was made secretary. After the pros and cons had been well discussed Messrs. Greene and Corbin were chosen a committee to prepare a constitution and report at the next meeting, which was decided should be one week later at the same place.

On July 30, 1890, the meeting was held and the following officers chosen: President, John Harvey Le Sure; vice-president, Henry Walter Cain, M. D.; secretary and treasurer, Aaron Fay Greene; custodian of the museum, Henry Alonzo Corbin.

The constitution as reported was adopted. Article II states the objects of the society to be "to procure and preserve such records and objects of historical value, relating to Upton and vicinity towns, as shall be of interest to citizens of Upton. It shall also have such papers read and such discussions held by the members as may be fixed by the executive committee." The name as fixed by the constitution is, "The Upton Historical Society." The date chosen for the annual meeting of the society was June 14, the date of the incorporation of the town of Upton in 1735.

The first historical report read to the society was that by Mr. Corbin, Nov. 5, 1890, on the Old South burying ground. As he gave in detail the odd inscriptions and called up names familiar in Upton ever since it was settled, they were so full of historic suggestions that our worthy president, now eighty years of age, overflowed with anecdotes and folk lore of the long departed characters whose names the young people are forgetting. It was the beginning of many decidedly interesting meetings. Upton, like all old New England towns, is replete with history which would be as full of charm as that of Oldtown if a second Harriet Beecher Stowe would but give its annals to the world. It is the Upton Historical Society that is searching out the hidden histories in our town and bringing them to LIGHT.

Our museum, though small, is valuable. Its present quarters are at Mr. Corbin's house; but the need is felt for a more public place. The pecuniary resources are small. Any who may read this article and who may be interested in the objects of the society are invited to join. The conditions are, signing the constitution and paying fifty cents. Non-residents, by notifying the secretary in writing and remitting the fee, may become members. With this explanation we will now resume our history by giving an account of

The Ruggles House.

About an eighth of a mile east of the Center, on the Milford road, at the corner of what are now Milford and Elm Streets, stands a two story house with an ell on the north side, known to Uptonians as the "Ruggles" house. The original house of which the north ell is the only remaining part, was built some time before the Revolution between the years 1755 and 1760.

John Ruggles, a type of the hardy yeomanry of one hundred and more years ago, came here from Westborough and built the house one and one half stories high. He lived there until his death in 1802 at the age of eighty-one years. The house was made in the old-fashioned style, low-studded, with great, square-hewn, white-oak beams, split, hard-wood laths, wrought-iron hinges and latches to the doors, which indicated that with them service should take precedence over ornamentation.

Yet ornamentation was not ignored in country houses in those days. I have seen old door hinges that showed how the blacksmith who forged them had an artistic eye as well

as skill in handling hot iron and a hammer. The little curling finger pieces found on some old door-latches, the ornamental screw-plates of the old fashioned door handles, all hand forged, are often times good models for designing artists.

The chimney of the Ruggles house was of brick, resting on a stone foundation. It included a large old fashioned brick oven, which last was taken out but a few years ago. A wide walk of flag stones led from the door to the roadside. The house then faced the south. Directly opposite across the road, where D. Willard Morse now has his garden, Ruggles built his barn. At right angles to the Milford road ran the old Mendon road, now called Brooks' Street. This road, now disused from Dennis McNally's place southward, went along the side hill to the east side of the old south burying ground, encircling it one-half, coming out near where the old cellar is of the first house ever built in Upton; across the road diagonally from where Nahum Hall now lives. The first meeting-house ever built in Upton was in this burying-ground. I have been told by an old resident that the pewter communion service used in this church was bought with money raised by a lottery. The readers of LIGHT may sometime have an opportunity of reading an account of that affair, also the reason why the old meeting-house was abandoned, a new one built in a more convenient location at the Center and the lively scenes and incidents which took place there and are not recorded either on the town nor church records. That was just before the Revolutionary war began.

On this old road, beyond where McNally now lives, lived Joseph Brooks, the great-grandfather of Charles E. Brooks and Mrs. Eliza Corbin. From that family the name of the street is derived. The Brooks house was burned down a few years ago.

John Ruggles left one son in Upton, Jeremiah, who died in 1817 aged sixty-two years. He married Keturah Daniels of Franklin. Keturah had a sister Melita, who married Capt. Jonathan Ward. They were the parents of the present Capt. Jonathan E. Ward, himself now eighty-two years of age with his faculties unclouded by advancing years.

Keturah died in 1851, nearly one hundred years old. Jeremiah and she had six sons, Calvia, Nathan, Luther, Harvey, Merrill and Milton, and two daughters; Julia, who married Lewis Rockwood, the builder of the wall around the North Street burying-ground. He was the oldest brother of Adams Rockwood who is now eighty-eight years of age. There were seventeen years difference between the ages of these two brothers. The other daughter was Sukee, who married Samuel Lackey of the Lackey Place on Christian Hill. Samuel and his wife died in Princeton.

Jeremiah was a blacksmith as were also his two sons, Harvey and Luther. The shop stood two rods north of the house. He died possessed of much real estate, owning considerable land on both sides of the Milford road and up what is now Elm Street nearly to Deacon Johnson's. He left a will giving the homestead to Harvey for caring for his mother, Keturah, through life and settled with the others by giving them \$200 to \$300 each. Henry Alonzo Corbit, a relative, who gave me these

facts, has a deed in his possession dated September 6, 1816, from Luther Ruggles of Shrewsbury to Jeremiah. Luther, Jeremiah's son, had gone to Shrewsbury to live and while there married Sally Fales, so he sold some of his land back to his father. He with his wife and one child afterwards returned to Upton.

By 1830, Harvey's and Merrill's children had so multiplied that a larger house was necessary, so the two fathers enlarged the old one, making the main part two stories high and having the house face the town as we now see it. Near the center of the square formed by the four corners of the two roads and about four rods from the house stands a great elm tree, of which the early history is lost. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember when the tree was any smaller. Thomas Rockwood, son of Julia Ruggles, Mrs. Rachel Johnson and Mrs. Julia White, daughters of Luther, J. Harvey Le Sure the President of the Upton Historical Society, now eighty years of age, and who was born in a house that stood not more than two rods from the tree, say they played under the tree when they were young, and it seemed to make as great a shade then as now. The tree measures in circumference one foot from the ground, fourteen feet, eight inches; and six feet from the ground, ten feet, four inches. The tree stands on a gravelly knoll and has been exposed to the winds and storms of many generations. Its growth has not been so great as the Johnson elms, as they are situated in rich soil, but it is undoubtedly much older.

Nathan, one of Jeremiah's sons, was father to Charles Ruggles, for so many years the trusted ticket agent of the old Boston & Worcester Railroad Company at the old station on Foster Street, Worcester, and afterwards for a time at the Union station. One of Milton's daughters married Benjamin Benson, the head of the firm of Benson & Nelson, of Upton, straw goods manufacturers.

Harvey Ruggles, with whom we have the most to do, as he kept the homestead, married Julia Mixer, June 30, 1819. She died in 1833. They had the following children, names being given in the order of their birth: Eliza Wood, Calvin Harvey, Daniel Wallace, Samuel Smith, Luther Leander, Henry Claudius and George Ralston Jeremiah. Beginning with the year in which Eliza was born, 1820, and adding two years at the birth of every child thereafter, you will have the year of birth of each one of them. Henry Claudius married Ann Taft, sister of the late Hon. Velourous Taft. Henry died in 1856 leaving one daughter beside his widow, Ann. She married for her second husband Moses H. Bullard and with him has for several years past kept the Mountain House at Mt. Wachusett. George, now living in Milford, is the only one now remaining of all Harvey's children.

Harvey married for his second wife, Eunice Churchill, a widow with one child, Catherine, who, when she grew to womanhood married Lewis Corbin, now of Hartford, Conn. She, Catherine, was the mother of Henry A. Corbin, previously referred to and who is the enthusiastic custodian of the museum of The Upton Historical Society. He has a family Bible containing the family record of Jeremiah Ruggles' family.

Harvey built a machine shop, sixteen by

twenty feet, just north of the house, for the manufacture of shoe kit. Horse power was used, a large overhead, horizontal wheel being used as the power transmitter. He made all kinds of shoe-kit i. e. knives, awls, hammers, etc., some of which are in use in this vicinity to this day. Other small tools, such as screw-drivers, carpenter's edge tools, etc., were made by him, and such was their excellence that his business increased greatly. After his death orders kept coming in so that George Ruggles came up from Milford to run the business, but soon after returned, not caring to continue it. It ended eventually as such business often has in other towns in Worcester County, the city of Worcester absorbed it. It is not difficult to imagine what a great advantage such an industry would have been to Upton had it been continued by Harvey's descendants or other parties. Harvey farmed it a little, raising his own tobacco besides his hay and vegetables, but never sold any of his tobacco. He gave it away to his neighbors when he had more than he wanted for his own use.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that Upton was once a station on the Underground Railroad, a channel used for the escape of runaway slaves. Young people of today need to be told that this name was applied to the secret channels of escape for runaway slaves on their way from the south to Canada. Travelling usually at night they would be carried or sent to certain known friends of slaves who always aided such fugitives. One much used line of travel was from Connecticut and Rhode Island north-easterly, through southern Worcester County to Mendon and Upton, branching at Upton, one road to Hopkinton, another to Westborough, through which the slaves could make their devious way to a land of freedom.

In Upton, Harvey Ruggles, Louisa Hall, sister to Nahum B. and Thomas J. Hall, Mrs. Harvey Bradish, (née Polly Dean) were the foremost ones engaged in this good work. Harvey Ruggles and Mrs. Polly Bradish entertained and sheltered many of them, Harvey carrying them in his wagon or sleigh to other towns and keeping them out of the reach of pursuing officers. Harvey usually took the fugitives very early in the morning before daylight, some to Hopkinton, some elsewhere, not many in succession to any one place lest he should attract attention. William Wells Brown, a fugitive slave who afterward became a noted public speaker, called one night on Harvey, being sent by another friend on the "Underground Railroad." This was not long before the war. Harvey sent Henry Corbin, then a lad, to Polly Bradish with a note requesting her to entertain Brown over night, which she did. At three o'clock the next morning, Harvey harnessed his team and carried the slave to a friend in Hopkinton, who was another secret agent on the same route. The pro-slavery people of Upton little dreamed of what was going on.

Harvey, naturally a big-hearted man, had his whole generous heart in the cause of the emancipation of slaves. He often used to say that he asked only to live long enough to see them made free, and when the civil war set in, often dwelt on the thought that the strife would end in the freedom of the black race in the United States. The battle of Antietam was fought

on Wednesday, September 17, 1862. According to a vow which Abraham Lincoln had made before that battle, the following Monday, September 22, he issued his emancipation proclamation. Harvey died eight days after, September 30, 1862. Thus was his hope realized.

Luther, Harvey's brother, upon returning from Shrewsbury, opened a blacksmith shop in the northern part of the town near the Partridge place. Afterwards when the town divided the school district at the Center, Luther bought the old school house on Elm Street and made a dwelling of it. It was small but there were born most of his children. The school house is now the ell of the dwelling house which was enlarged as the family increased. Mrs. Rachel Johnson and Mrs. Julia White still live there. Mrs. Johnson who, with many other children attended the school in her girlhood, took me into the old part. The windows are of the small old-fashioned kind. The wall casings come up to the windows and show the marks made by the boys seventy five to one hundred years ago. Nearly the whole of the north wall was occupied by a fire place, which held huge back logs. The old men and women of today well remember that fire place. Many were the pranks "cut up" in those days. The school house caught fire once, the charred timbers still showing the fruit of one of those pranks. One bitter cold morning the boys who got there early thought they would warm up the school room quickly. So they piled the big fire place full of shavings, chips, bark, pine cones, dry wood, etc., until the top was out of sight up the chimney. Then they set fire to it. It was such a success that the school house itself would have gone if some of their fathers had not appeared in time to save it.

When the district was divided, one new school house was built on North Street, near the burying ground and called the "Center" school; the other built near the Deacon Johnson place and called the "Middle District." One of Luther's daughters, Susan, married Anthony Bull, an Englishman. They were the parents of Charles H. Bull, our present postmaster and merchant.

Daniel and Samuel, two sons of Harvey, went to Toledo, Ohio, and opened a shoe store. Afterwards Samuel returned to Worcester and opened a boot and shoe store there, which was kept by his son, Frank, after he died in 1879. Most of Daniel's and Samuel's sons became dealers in foot-wear. Leander, another of Harvey's sons, moved to Salina, Kansas. When he died he left two daughters, Josephine and Emma, the first of whom is a rising poetess.

Dr. H. T. Fuller of the Polytechnic is suffering from a severe attack of illness. He has been confined to his home for some time.

Mr. James A. Donnelly of this city, Sacred Heart Parish, was ordained to the priesthood in Springfield, Monday. At the same time and place, Mr. John J. Bell was ordained. Both will re-enter the University in Washington.

As things are going, it will soon be easier to announce the well people than those who are ailing. At present it is about "Half and half."



The Dartmouth Alumni of Worcester and vicinity met last Saturday in Horticultural Hall and after partaking of one of Caterer Year's dinners proceeded to organize. The exact place of meeting was that inner sanctum, called Nirvana Hall. Sixteen men were present, the oldest class was represented by Chas. E. Stevens, Esq., and the latest, '91 by H. S. Hopkins of Millbury. Lt. Governor Haile of Springfield was made president, Vice. Pres. Judge Hopkins of Millbury, Sec. A. W. Edson, Treas., B. F. Robinson. Ex. Com. C. E. Stevens, Hon. E. B. Maynard of Springfield, Judge C. C. Conant of Greenfield, A. G. Lewis, and L. L. Conant. A banquet will be given in February.

A University course for the city of Boston, under the management of the School Committee, is now freely discussed. With Harvard and the Annex across the Charles, Tufts College only a little way off at Medford, Wellesley almost in the city limits, Boston College and University with the Institute of Technology in the city, it would seem that the educationally inclined, might be educated; but then those Hubites have queer notions.

Boston is to have a University Club. Those who have received regular degrees from college, West Point, Annapolis, or Massachusetts Institute of Technology are eligible. It will cost \$40 to join and \$36 a year thereafter. Non-resident members pay half rates. This movement is supposed to mark an intellectual advance in Boston.

Hard after the opening of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia comes the presentation to it of a fine collection of rare prints, manuscripts, autographs, etc., by George W. Childs. The lot is valued at more than \$100,000 and is said to be one of the best in the country.

The school fund in Connecticut is richer by more than a thousand dollars, the principal and interest of a debt incurred at the beginning of this century by Luke Hayden of Torrington. Those Wooden Nutmeg farmers are honest.

What's in a name? Cambridge people now want the streets, Harvard, Main and Front, connecting Harvard Square and Harvard Bridge, all united under one name and that University Avenue.

Clark University.

"The work of the Clark University is probably now the most advanced of any university work in America. Clark University is in reality a normal or training school, where men are being fitted to fill the highest chairs as lecturers or professors in our colleges and universities.

The only danger as it seems to us is that specialization may be carried too far—a danger that timid minds have feared ever since our young men began to be educated at the German university."—Boston Budget.

High School.

The Rhetorical Exercises of Dec. 23, consisted of a "Twilight Song" by the Junior Quartette, and some practical remarks upon the coming vacation by the principal.

He said that there is an art in keeping a vacation and that it is not a time for "uninterrupted study" as a college professor once told his student. We may reasonably expect to be happy after a long term of study and especially so, at this festive time of the year, but in our happiness we should anticipate something serious.

One of the good uses to which we might put our vacation is to cultivate a desire for literature. "Literature is the supreme achievement of man."

He advised books of essays that would awaken our thoughts rather than a novel "for there is always something unwise in a great novel."

Miss Bridgman was suddenly called away from school duties one day this week. Miss Alice G. Arnold is acting as substitute during her absence.

We are glad to see that something is going to be done in certain rooms about heating. During the last cold snap some of the rooms were not up to regulation mark. Every precaution possible should be taken not to encourage the epidemic that is still attacking people in large numbers.

Holy Cross.

The Dramatic Club gave a most successful presentation of "The Celebrated Case" before the students, Tuesday night.

The priests of the college will assist at the various Catholic churches Christmas day. Father Welch will preach at St. John's, Father Langlois at Notre Dame and Father Jones at St. Ann's.

Rev. A. A. Maes, S. J., officiated at St. Ann's, Sunday, as the three priests of that church were indisposed from slight attacks of La Grippe.

Rev. James J. Donnelly, '87, will say his first mass at Sacred Heart Church on Christmas day.

The class of philosophy held their Christmas disputation in Fenwick Hall, Wednesday morning. It consisted of a Latin essay by J. A. Riordan, an English essay by S. A. Jennings.

J. P. Gorham defended Major Logic against D. L. Gleason and W. A. Kelley, the objectors.

Mr. A. O. Hall's Shorthand School.

Mr. A. O. Hall, the well known shorthand author, writer and teacher of Boston, has opened a Branch Shorthand School in Knowles Block, 518 Main Street, Worcester. Mr. Hall is author of perhaps the shortest shorthand in the world. He has so much improved and simplified the older methods that his pupils are able to read and write rapidly and accurately after a very brief course of instruction. We are pleased to learn that many of our enterprising young men and women are attending his school who express themselves as highly pleased with their instruction. One young lady informs us that she could take dictation after two weeks instruction with considerable rapidity. Mr. Hall's school is advertised on the inside last cover of this paper.

The parks of Chicago cover 2,000 acres.

Ballads of the Boar's Head.

O esulent morsel delicious,
All garnished with cassia and clove,
What more could the epicure wish us
To bring from the wars, Christmas stove!
But the men and the hunters long sought these,
In the fen and the rannel's deep reed;
And wind-blown with labor we caught these,
There are many to feed.

Euroclydon blew in the valley,
The plantain was burdened with snow,
Yet forth did we merrily sally,
Athwart the wild world just below.
But thou in impetuous rushes,
Adown the white meadow didst lead;
And we caught thee among the thick bushes—
There are many to feed.

O sweet is the eating of pigeon,
And other such daintful wings—
The mavis, the rynchops and widgeon
And many a mad post sings
But covered with rusk and with spices,
And herbs of the mid-summer mead,
E'en the sated thy savor entices—
There are many to feed.

So served up at Christmas for dinner,
With relish we'll carve thee indeed;
For Christ's birth brought food to the sinner—
There were many to feed.
—John W. Heffer.

A Ball Dress.

One of the High School teachers didn't go to the Policemen's Ball but her dress did. She happened to want it on the evening in question and it could not be found. The next day, it was in place again. The servant had borrowed it and worn it. Apologies would not suffice, and it will take many week's wages to pay for that night's pleasure.

Our Clerk.

Isn't it a little queer that after all these years of existence, as a city, we still have a Town (e) Clerk?

Five Cents Savings Bank.

The staging is down and the latest accession to Worcester's big buildings is revealed. By common consent the verdict is, "Nothing finer in the city." Architect Stephen B. Earle is receiving a deal of merited praise.

Judge Putnam.

Post to has Judge Putnam in very high esteem and hopes to see him command the State Department of the G. A. R., some time; but not next year. That date is reserved for Comrade James K. Churchill who has done manful and honest service for two years in the third and second places. Opposition was expected but not from this quarter. If our eloquent comrade wish.s the honorable office of Commander, let him put himself in line of promotion and Post to will work for him with all possible ardor, but just at present the Post wishes to see the Senior Vice Commander moved up. Nor will any statement, however plausible, have the least weight in changing this attitude. Further, the Post believes in promotion, has always worked for it, and is unalterably committed to the plan. There is no doubt that James K. Churchill will fill all the requirements of the position with credit. He should have a chance to try. Of course, there are old debts to pay, but Boston must recognize that she can't pay all of such obligations. In fact it will be better for the Grand Army to allow some of them to outlaw.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.
I indicates that the book is in the Intermediate department, and may be taken out especially called for.

ABBOTT, E. and others. The fourth gospel; evidences of its Johannean authorship 34790

AUDSLEY, G. A. The ornamental arts of Japan. Pt. 1-4 1

AUSTIN, I. G. Betty Alden; the first born daughter of the Pilgrims 34791

BALL, T. My three score years and ten; an autobiography 34792

BARR, A. E. A sister to Esau 34793

BARTLETT, J. Familiar quotations, 9th ed. 1

BAZAN, E. P. A wedding trip; tr. by M. J. Serrano 34794

BIXBY, J. T. The crisis in morals; rational ethics in the light of modern science 34795

BLOUET, P. (ps. Max O'Kell) A Frenchman in America 34796

BROOKS, N. The boy settlers; story of early times in Kansas 34797

BROOKS, P. The voice of the Christ-child; a Christmas carol 1

BROWN, G. B. The fine arts 34798

CABE, H. The Little Manx nation 34799

CAREY, R. N. Mary St. John; a novel 34779

CARPENTER, E. J. The woman of Shawmut 34800

CRAWFORD, F. M. The witch of Prague 34801

CUNNINGHAM, W. The use and abuse of money (Univ. extens. man) 34802

DANIELL, G. W. Bishop Wilberforce 34803

DUNBAR, N. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts; an estimate 1

EARLE, A. M. The Sabbath in Puritan New England 34804

EGGESTON, E. The faith doctor; a story of New York 34805

ERVING, J. H. Last words; a final coil of stories 34806

FROISSART, J. Chroniques; pub. par S. Luce, Tome 79, pt. 1-2 1

GARLAND, H. Main-travelled roads; 6 Mississippi Valley stories 34788

GILMAN, N. P. and JACKSON, E. P. Conduct as a fine art 34807

GOVE, J. H. Geodesy (Riverside sci. ser.) 34808

HARDY, A. S. Life and letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima 34809

HAWKER, M. (ps. L. Falconer) Cecilia de Noel 34810

HENTY, G. A. Redskin and cowboy; tale of the Western plains 34812

The dash for Khartoum; tale of the Nile expedition 34811

JACKSON, H. E. A calendar of sonnets 1

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, F. Oeuvres; nouv. ed. rev. et aug. par D. L. Gilbert et J. Gourdault 1

Notice biographique de La R. Oeuvres; Album 1

MORRIS, Wm. The story of the glittering plain; repr. in fac-simile 1

SAPPHO. Songs of Sappho; by J. S. Easby-Smith 34777

SARGENT, D. A. Effects of military drill on boys, etc. 34789

SCHICK, L. Chicago and its environs; hand-book 1

SCHUCHHARDT, C. Schliemann's excavations, tr. by E. Sellars; with app. on the recent discoveries at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörffeld; and introd. by W. Leaf. 1

STOCKTON, F. R. The Squirrel Inn 34778

STROCKLAND, A. Lives of the Queens of England 8 vols. 34780-7

WINSOR, J. Christopher Columbus and how he received and imparted the spirit of discovery 1

The Fifty-first.

If Worcester people do not get the story of the Rebellion by heart, it will not be because it is not often told to them. Regiment after regiment has its reunion and fights its battles over annually. The latest was that of the 51st Infantry, Friday, the 18th, which followed General A. B. R. Sprague to the front. It was nearly thirty years ago that the regiment started for the South. Its reunion comes on the anniversary of the stirring times in North Carolina where the most of its service was performed, and this year, it was held in G. A. R. Hall, assembling at 11 A. M. About 125 survivors were gathered together and surrounded by reminders of the old time strife indulged in pleasant reminiscences of the days that tried their metal. During the year, the following have answered to the final roll-call, Asa Wheeler and James Lewis, Co. A, Corp. C. H. Porter, Co. C, Charles O. Parker and Andrew Cotter, Co. E, Chester Scarborough and Henry Maynard, Co. F, James Callahan, Co. F, Sergt. Henry A. Clark, A. Jillson and Frank A. Woods, Co. I. So long a list is sufficient reminder that time is fleeting.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, ex Sheriff A. B. R. Sprague; vice-presidents, Lieut. Col. John M. Studley, Capt. John S. Baldwin, O. P. Winslow; financial committee, Capt. E. A. Wood, Charles A. Heywood, Capt. Joel H. Prouty; secretary and treasurer, Adj. J. Stewart Brown.

Dinner was served by Rebball and the menu was a souvenir, worth preserving, calling attention to this as the 24th annual reunion. Following dinner, General Sprague felicitously referred to the days of old and to his gratitude at the honor so long conferred upon him. He then called upon Lieut. Col. Studley to perform a part that had been assigned to him. This part was the presenting to Adj. J. Stewart Brown of an elegant reclining chair, as an expression of the regard in which he was held by his associates, for, during all these years he has been the very efficient secretary and treasurer of the Association. The adjutant made a happy response, expressive of his regard for his fellow-veterans and his thorough appreciation of their generosity. A letter of regret over necessary absence was read from Col. T. W. Higginson. Ex-Mayor Winslow, the only honorary member of the association spoke as did Alderman George C. Whitney, a member, for the mayor, Francis A. Harrington, who was unable to be present. Remarks, also, were made by Capt. John S. Baldwin, Capt. E. A. Wood, Dr. J. H. Darling, J. B. Brooks, H. J. Jennings, C. H. Burleigh, J. W. Greene, J. B. Lamb, Capt. Horace Holbs, Capt. J. H. Prouty, J. E. Gordon, Stephen C. Earle, O. P. Winslow and B. F. Gibson. It was a quarter past five before the very pleasant meeting adjourned.

Company C.

In the evening came a smaller but equally happy gathering of Co. C. survivors. They ate one of landlord Tower's good dinners at

the Lincoln House and then in the parlors they told their stories over again.

These veterans were present: C. A. Goddard, Charles H. Heywood, S. P. Lyon Perry, Benjamin Carrico, Winthrop Davis, Alfred M. Eames, Stephen C. Earle, W. H. Estey, S. H. Fuller, Warren (Glover, Loren L. Hicks, George E. Kendall, Moses A. Lowe, Charles A. Moore, Franklin A. Muzzy, J. Edward Nichols, Franklin Nye, Charles F. Pierce, J. Marshall Puffer, Henry W. Putnam, David G. Tapley, George S. Whittemore, J. O. Hemis, F. Pierce.

The officers for next year are: President Samuel H. Fuller; vice-president, W. H. Estey; secretary and treasurer, Charles F. Pierce.

Ex Sheriff A. B. R. Sprague, and Colonel Charles B. Fry of Providence, George M. Kendall of New York, F. E. Nourse of Holyoke, and John S. Rogers of Saratoga, sent letters of regret at necessary absence. A museum of war relics was opened, C. A. Goddard showing a hard tack preserved in a gilt frame, also the musket he took from a rebel at Beaver Creek, N. C. C. F. Pierce exhibited the tin coffee dipper he carried throughout his war service, and also the cap he wore. J. M. Puffer exhibited a powder flask he captured in Baltimore July 4, 1863. Then came an impromptu concert of war music to which all contributed according to ability. Clasped hands "Auld Lang Syne" closed the happy evening.

VOLAPÜK.

Din Gletikon Vola.

(Continued.)

Sufad, gudöf, givöf, miegöf, plütöf, nelonüköf, tempal benodök, nedebäl, kanüf,—ats kosiadoms givi veutikim, mañ mañ laudul. Oleogods das valiks tefoms memo, tefoms life, tefoms dines adela e tefoms milk, e no dines tefoma nepesevik. Lilöbs al mödikosi do ladäl kol God. Kristus äpukom mödikosi do ladäl kol man. Veutöbs pudü ko sul; Kristus veutom pudü tu lat. Rel no binom din fogivik peläsedöf, ab binom betökid lifa timlik, binom vapü tikalfnöfa do vol üpik. Blefo din veutikim, leno binom din, ab binom givon kevüti lägivik vödes e dunes plomüdök kels kosiadoms lölemi dela komunik valik. Tim no sibinom dunön üma ka mekön noeti blefik su kosietadil alik. Ladäl binom sufädik. At binos stup nomik ladälä; ladäl nedöfom, ladäl valadom begio ön; no spidom; binomladatakedik; papelpadom dunön vöbi omik ven vok ekökom ab bevino polom deki meuga miegik e takedik. Ladäl dahedom lonedoko sufom valikosi, klödöfom valikosi, spelom dines valik, ibo ladäl kapalom e kludo valadom ai.

Benodäl—Ladäl dunik. Li noetöbs vevlo limödikosi lifa de Kristus pagebos al dunön dines benodök, dunön teiko dines benodök? Kosiolödös omi tefu atos e otvuls das gebom diladi gletik tima omik teiko al mekön pöpi galödik in dunön dini pevo. Din te bal sibinom, kel binom veutikum ka beat in vol e at binom sanäl; e no binom in kipam obas; ab kelosi God egivom obes binos beat atos, kelozumoms obes, e atos pefos bud benodol obas omes. Din veutikum esagon man kanom dunön plo Fat sulik binos tolato.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 12-19, '91.

The holiday shoppers are out and about in full force and in all their glory, and seem to be enjoying themselves hugely, especially those of the female persuasion, and that covers about all of them, as male shoppers, as a rule, are rather scarce, and remain at home to audit the bills that are kindly sent them.

Along Washington Street from School to Boylston you will find the largest crowds, and at noon time it is as much as you can do to move along at a snail's pace. Tremont Street is fully as well occupied, while the large army of fair shoppers literally capture Winter Street, Temple Place, and West Street and really have everything their own way there. The windows of the dry goods and fancy stores, have, as a rule, their goods handsomely displayed, to tempt the eye and purse of the passer-by. In fact stores of all kinds vie with each other in making as attractive a show as possible, and the artistic dressing of windows has become quite an art within the past few years. Some of the wealthiest concerns employ men who do nothing else, and are kept pretty busy too, at that.

The giving of presents at this glorious season of the year is of course a beautiful idea, and one worthy of encouragement, but it strikes me that in these days it is very much overdone in anything but the right spirit by a good many worthy people we know.

Of course it is not the intrinsic value of a present that alone should make it valuable, but the spirit in which it is given. What does the great poet say, "Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

Nowadays there is a sort of a barter and exchange of gifts, too often sizing up their pecuniary value, and sending something in return of about the same price, making a sort of a clearing house of one's purse—and conscience. The result is the next few weeks find a good many "short" of the market, so to speak—but what would you?—The same human nature runs through most of us and Christmas would not be Christmas without the presents, so let us all go in and say with Tiny Tim, "A merry Christmas to us all, God bless us."

In spite of the amount of money being spent for presents, the theaters appear to hold their own pretty well, good houses being the rule at all the places of amusement.

At the Tremont, Rosina Vokes with Felix Morris and an excellent company are as usual attracting very fine audiences, as they deserve to, for they are all artists, and in their line of delightful light comedy are unexcelled by anything that comes here.

The new Columbia theater on Washington street up towards the south end is the theater this year as far as a big business is concerned. Ever since it was opened last October, the house has been crowded as a rule and it has been difficult to secure desirable seats unless one bought them well in advance. The piece they opened with, "Men and Women," was much the best of anything they have produced. Since then "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," a rather comical play, but not much to it, has been given. Tonight is the last one for "Jane" a bright laughable comedy; for next

week Harry Dixie appears with Frohman's New York Company in "The Man With a Hundred Heads." A good many heads for a man to have even at Christmas time.

He is a great favorite here and will have a splendid reception. It gives him a good chance for his imitations and wonderful "make ups," and caught the town, as they say, in New York.

"The County Fair" at the Park still holds the boards doing as well as ever, and doubtless will do so during the entire season.

Agnes Huntington at the Globe in "Capt. Thersé" has drawn well as usual. She has many admirers in the city and always has a hearty welcome.

Next week "Blue Jeans" with its saw mill and barbecue is the attraction.

"A Fair Rebel," a military drama is at the Boston Theater; and "A Sailors Knot" at the old Museum is as good as anything they have given us here this season. Eben Plympton is back again as tending man with his English accent and manner, though he says acting bores him. At least so it is reported. He is an admirable painstaking actor just as the same.

WATSON.

Saved by his Wife's Ready Wit.

The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, the popular Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, made a bad break the other day, but was helped out by the quick wit of his wife.

On the day in question he saw a lady about to call whom he was anxious not to meet. So he said to his wife: "Now I'm off, my dear. I'll run up stairs and escape till she goes away."

After about an hour he quietly tiptoed to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Reassured, he began to descend, and while doing so he thoughtlessly but emphatically called out over the balustrade:—

"Well my dear, has that old bore gone at last?"

The next instant a voice from below caused the perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow and rooted him to the spot. There came a response which sounded in expressively sweet to him just then. It was the voice of his wife, who with true womanly tact replied:—

"Yes, darling, she went away over an hour ago, but here is our good friend, Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got or Gotten.

An eminent Shakespearean scholar writes in the "Critic": "Apropos of participles in *en, gotten, los got* has similarly become popular within the last few years. This is legitimate, of course, but the dictionaries all give 'p. p.' of *get* as *got, gotten*, implying that the former is more in use; just as under *forget* they give *forgotten, forgot*. Some grammars refer to *gotten* as 'obsolete' or 'obsolescent.' Mr. Aldis Wright, in the last edition of his excellent 'Bible Word-Book,' (London, 1834) calls *gotten* 'the old form' of the participle, 'now used only in the compound *ill-gotten*.' If I remember right, one seldom if ever hears it in England, but it is getting to be the more common form in this country; and I have heard of teachers who tell their pupils that it is the only correct form. Shakespeare uses it

only five times, his usual word being *got*." This recalls the remark of another critic, who says: "Gotten is a Chautauquian revival of an archaism, chiefly used by speakers whose undue anxiety for accuracy leads them to use phrases as 'Between you and I.' No first-class American writer, until within the past few years, and no first-class author up to this time, habitually writes *gotten*. Its most harrowing use, of course, is when the verb *to get* is itself quite out of place, superfluous, inappropriate, e. g., 'I have gotten back.'"

They Married (Write) A Long.

For the past ten years two Alongs, one named Write and the other Jonson, have lived near each other in Blount County, Ala., about ten miles from Blountsville. Mr. and Mrs. Write have five daughters about grown and Mr. and Mrs. Jonson had five sons who had attained their majority. The families were neighborly and intimate. Two years ago the two eldest Jonson boys married two of the Write girls. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Jonson and Mr. Write died at about the same time postponing temporarily the marriage of another of the Jonson boys to another daughter of the Writes. A short while ago Mr. Jonson, Sr., was married to Mrs. Write, and one of the two remaining boys married the youngest Write girl. The marriage was a double one. A few weeks ago the remaining Jonson boy was married to the last Write girl.

Deacon Jehiel Todd.

Deacon Jehiel Todd, the announcement of whose probably last illness was made two weeks in Light, died Tuesday, the 15th at his home, 105 North Street. Deacon Todd was 73 years of age, being born in Hinsdale, N. H., Nov. 4, 1818, the son of Caleb Todd, Esq. He was married twice, his first wife being Melissa Hildreth, who died in 1843 and his second, Susan Elizabeth Whitman who survives him. Of seven children three are alive as follows: Martha, widow of Hon. Rufus Livermore of Orange; Minnie, wife of J. A. Long and Alice, wife of C. W. Gilbert of the Gilbert Loom Company.

Deacon Todd came to Worcester in 1864, from Lowell, where for seven years he had been superintendent of the Middlesex County Mills. On his arrival in Worcester he founded a wholesale coffee and spice business in which he continued until 1886, when he entered the employ of his son-in-law, J. A. Long, furniture dealer at 555 Main Street, where he remained until last July.

In religious belief, Deacon Todd has always been a Congregationalist and the record of his work in the interest of the denomination is a long and honorable one. He was one of the original members of Plymouth Church, where he has been a deacon for many years. He was one of the most active workers in the City Missionary Society and was a life member of nearly all of the great Congregational missionary societies. Though his death has been expected for some time it is none the less regretted. The funeral was held Saturday at his late home and was conducted by Rev. Dr. McCullagh. The burial was at Orange.

Man is a two legged animal without feathers.—Plato.

The Thirty-Fourth.

This was a three years' Regiment, formed from Worcester County companies and others from the western part of the state. Those from this county were A. Capt. H. W. Pratt; C. A. D. Pratt; E. Wm. B. Bacon; H. Henry P. Fox; I. David Holden. Both of the Pratt's became Majors and Harrison W. died of wounds. Capt. Bacon was killed at New Market. John A. Lowell and Robert W. Walker were the Lieutenants in Co. A. Lovell became a captain and was till his death a member of Post 10.

The first Lieut. Colonel was Wm. S. Lincoln who so long held a prominent place in all military matters in this city. He became Colonel and was in command on its return. The first colonel, George D. Wells was killed at Sterling Farms.

General Lincoln has told the Story of the Regiment in a volume published in 1879. It was a labor of love on the General's part, very far from being remunerative. Coming of a family long identified with military matters, it was natural that General Lincoln, though in 1862 beyond the prescribed military age, should enter the army. He served through, encountering a great variety of hardships and, for many years after the war his was a picturesque figure in our midst, arrayed as he generally was in a military cloak. His son, Levi, was a Lieutenant in Company E. The regiment did excellent work in the Valley and Western Virginia Campaigns and at the close of the war served with the troops before Richmond. There have been two men from this regiment elected to command Post 10 before Comrade Leprie. They were A. C. Soley, Captain of Company I, who was at the head from January 1870 to July of the same year and Cephas N. Walker, 1887, who was a Sergeant in Company C. There is a pretty large sprinkling of the General Lincoln's old soldiers in the Post, but regimental clannishness has never made its appearance there. In fact, all distinctions of rank and branches of service have little recognition in any Post of the G. A. R.

Commanders of Post 10.

Arthur A. Goodell, since deceased, was the first commander and his service extended with that of D. M. Woodward, from April to July of 1867. For the first five years of the existence of the Post, officers elected twice a year, hence the short terms, A. A. Goodell went out as Sergeant Major in the 3d Batt. of Rifles, and came home as Adjutant, succeeding John M. Goodhue who was promoted to the U. S. Army. When the 36th Regiment was formed, he became captain of Company A. and was discharged as Lieut. Colonel and Brevet Brig. General. The local Post of the Sons of Veterans is named for him.

D. M. Woodward, also passed on to the other world, succeeded Goodell. He was Lt. Col. of the 60th Regiment an organization that served 100 days.

Colonel J. A. Titus, of the 42d and 60th came next, viz., from July, 1867, to January 1869. The colonel has long been well known in Worcester, though he has recently removed to Orange, Franklin Co. His title came from service in the militia after the War.

From January '69 to July of the same year, there were again two commanders, R. E. Blake and A. M. Parker. R. Elliott Blake was a corporal in Co. C of the 36th and is now employed in the Post Office Department in Boston.

Amos M. Parker is well known as a member of the Board of Assessors and at the beginning of the War was in the 3d Batt. of Rifles Co. A. He is and has been Fanner Howard in the Play.

Major George F. Thompson held the command from July '70 to Jan. '77. He was an officer in the 21st and after his return home held the offices of representative and senator in the General Court. He is now employed in the Custom House, Boston.

Then two more men divided the six months from January to July 1870. They were A. C. Soley, a Captain of the 54th and James E. Dennis of the 51st. Captain Soley died a few years since.

No man in the Post is better known than Comrade Dennis. He was Sergeant in Co. C and since the war has been one of the most noted salesmen in the city. Then he had a term of his own till January '71.

This ended the six months business, and E. P. Halstead, now a Claim Agent in Washington filed the year 1871. He has this statement as to service, "Staff Corps, U. S. A." whatever that may mean.

Colonel Titus was again in the lead in 1872. In 1873 and '74 James F. Meech whose war record was made in the 26th Connecticut, was commander. For a number of subsequent years he was Assistant Adjutant General of the Department. His home is now in Lynn where he is connected with the electrical business. He lately presented a picture of General Devens to the Post.

Jairus B. Lamb, better known as "Jerry" Lamb, held the office for the three years 1875-6-7. He was a member of both the 51st and of the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery. In Drummer Boy memories, he holds an important place, being the "Fatty" Smith beyond all compare.

James K. Churchill of the 5th Regiment followed, during 1878 and '79. He too is one of the well known members of the Post and is now the Senior Vice Commander of the Department. For some years he has, been with Pinkham & Willis.

Justin B. Willard was in the 42d Regiment Co. F and in 1880, he commanded the Post. Till recently, he was one of the State Inspectors of Buildings. In the Drummer Boy he is Brigadier General.

In 1881, there were again two commanders, first William H. King who died two years ago and then Theodore M. Remington. Comrade King was 1st Sergeant in Company G of the 36th Mass. and, after the war, gained the rank of Major in the militia.

Comrade Remington was a Corporal in Company F of the 60th. He also commanded in 1882. It was during his first term that General Sherman visited Worcester and was received by the Veterans in G. A. R. Hall. Remington is now in Providence.

William L. Robinson who succeeded and who held the office in 1883-4-5, is the only representative of the Navy to rise to the chief place in Post 10. He served on the gunboat

Mangham. He has been a member of the City Government and is now employed at Police Headquarters. Naturally, he is Comadore in the Play.

Cephas N. Walker was Commander in 1886. He was, as already stated, a Sergeant in Company C of the 54th. He, too, has been a member of the City Government and is recognized as a political force in Ward Eight. His business is that of a market-man.

Charles H. Benchley, who held the reins in 1887 was a Corporal in Company F, 1st Batt. Mass. Heavy Artillery. He has only recently returned from a residence in Rochester, N. Y. His business is that of a book-keeper.

The year 1888 had two commanders, Comrades Josiah N. Jones and Clare W. Putnam. The former was 1st Lieutenant and Captain in the 6th New Hampshire Infantry. As he left the city before the end of his term, he was succeeded by Comrade Putnam, a member of the 25th, Company C. He is the Superintendent of the mailing department in the Post Office.

Amos M. Parker came in again in 1889 after twenty years. He says he is going to command in 1909. Look out for him.

This brings us down to the terms of Charles H. Pinkham whose life was sketched in LIGHT one year ago. He was a Lieutenant in Company H of the 57th. During his term the Post has increased in members to a remarkable degree. He planned and carried out the reception accorded to the Kansas City Veterans. He was a delegate from this department to the last National Encampment and has recently received the appointment of Aid with the rank of Colonel on the staff of Commander-in-chief Palmer.

In this record it will be observed that previous rank has not availed in holding elective office in the Post. In no other country in the world would the file possess the ability for such positions.

John H. Delvin, W. H. S., '86 and "Tech" '90, of the Wilmington Bridge building business has gone to Chicago to assist in the drawings for one of the World's Fair Buildings.

Memorial Hospital.

Saturday, the 19th inst., Mrs. Stephen C. Earle held a sale of goods at her home in behalf of the Washburn Memorial Hospital. A hundred people attended and the amount realized for the good cause was eighty-six dollars.

W. W. Rice's Gift.

The Society of Antiquity has received no more notable gift than that which the Hon. W. W. Rice has recently made. It comprises the complete proceedings of the United States Congress from 1774 to 1888. This collection has been made after much labor and expense and is one of the very few complete sets in the country. The collection comprises the following: Nine volumes Force's American Archives, 40 volumes Annals of Congress, 27 volumes Congressional Debates, 117 volumes Congressional Globe and 98 volumes of the Congressional Record. At the same time, he sent in 20 volumes of public documents.

Mrs. W. W. Rice has given the set of Worcester Directories left by her father the late Henry W. Miller. As this set reaches back to 1845 it is particularly valuable.

Two Quaker Girls.

A Reminiscence of Philadelphia.

"I say the tale as it was told to me."

BY JACK SHEPHERD.

Early in this century in December, two young Quaker girls were walking rapidly toward the Exchange, in Philadelphia.

Their simple dress of brown merino with large capes of the same and dark, silk, shined bonnets almost hiding their fair, rosy faces, would attract attention at the present day. They evidently walked with a purpose and soon reached the office of a wealthy banker of that period. Here they stopped to whisper together before entering.

"There had better go in alone Susan, I am trembling and will never be able to speak," said one of the girls.

"No, no, Ellen, I will ask him, if they will only come in with me," said the other.

After some parleying they entered and asked the clerk if they could see Stephen Girard.

He showed them into an inner office, where Mr. Girard sat at his desk. They stood shyly by the door until he looked up at them and said, "Good evening girls, what can I do for you."

Susan stepped up to him and blushed as she said, "We have come to ask thee to contribute to our fund, we, with four other girls, have started a society to make clothes for the poor, this Winter."

"Clothes for the poor," repeated Mr. Girard, "well, that is a good object, have you a book?"

"Yes," said Ellen, growing quite courageous as matters looked so promising and drawing from under her cape a book made of letter-paper and covered with nankeen.

He took the book, looked over it very carefully and at last wrote down *ten cents*.

Both girls colored and exchanged disappointed looks at this small amount. They had expected at least ten dollars from this very rich and benevolent man.

But Susan took the ten pennies from him and thanked him pleasantly as they passed out.

"Girls," he called, as he watched them closely when they had almost shut the door, "That won't do much."

Susan turned back, her face as fresh and innocent as a spring flower and looking at him said, "Oh yes, if every one gave us that much we would do pretty well."

They passed out hurriedly and after crossing a pavement or two heard his voice calling them again.

They looked and saw him standing at his door and beckoning to them to return.

"Oh dear," said Ellen, "I fear he intends to take it from us."

But they returned and followed him into his office. He asked to see the book again and wrote in it in the place of ten cents a contribution of one hundred dollars.

"Is that enough, girls?" he asked as he handed them his check for that amount.

"Yes indeed!" they both answered joyously, "we are very much obliged."

"Well, let me know when you have used

that and maybe I will give you ten cents more," he said facetiously.

It was a bitter, cold Winter. The Delaware was so solidly frozen that sleighs and skaters crossed it with perfect safety. Coal and wood were high and the poor needed much help.

Returning from their school one afternoon, arm in arm, light-hearted and laughing, Susan Parry and Ellen Sharpless saw a neat and delicate looking woman with a shawl pinned over her head, picking up fagots and coals along the gutters and in the street, which she put in her large checked apron. It was not a common sight in those days and filled them with pity as they thought of their own homes warm and comfortable, with cellars piled with fuel.

"Let us follow her and see where she lives," said Ellen, "she must be very poor to pick up wood in the streets."

After a while the woman turned the corner of Sixth and Arch streets going toward Market, here she disappeared in one of the alleys in the heart of the city. The girls followed and saw her enter a very small frame house in a row of similar ones. The door opened into the front room and the wind blew it more than half way open as she had left it ajar, so they could see and hear what was passing inside.

"We are dreadful cold and hungry," said a childish voice.

"These dry crusts choke me," said another. They saw the speaker, a little girl of eight years and two younger children, boys, sitting huddled together, shivering, on an old settee, with a plate of crusts of bread between them while each was trying to nibble a hard, dry bit.

"Isn't it a pity," said Susan, with tears in her eyes, "I am going in to put my shawl around those cold, little children," and without waiting for Ellen she knocked lightly, then entered and threw her warm, double blanket shawl over the three, saying, "There, wait till I come back and you shall have something good and hot to soak your hard bread in." She ran out of the door and scarcely heeded Ellen who tried to throw her own shawl around her. "What are you going to do?" said Ellen.

"I am going home to get some hot cocoa for them," she said, running most of the way, a distance of about three squares, to her home on Arch Street near Thirteenth.

Ellen followed her friend closely and they entered the house by the side alley which led into the yard and to the kitchen. Here Susan began to coax black Clara, the cook, for a pitcherful of her hot cocoa. This was Wednesday and Clara always had cocoa for supper on this night, putting it on early in the afternoon, which she said, made it "good'n rich." Her cocoa was excellent and she took great pride in her cooking.

"No, no, Honey," she said to Susan, "Whar's de use ob spillin Clara's cocoa, missus won't like it no how?" But Susan said, "Oh, Clara, you can make more," and she breathlessly told of the three cold and hungry children only a few steps off who were suffering, this bitter Winter day.

Old Clara stood with her hands on her hips, before her pot of cocoa to keep Susan away, but good-natured and laughing till she showed her teeth to the red gums, she relented soon

and sweetened and poured a quart pitcher full of the delicious drink, wrapped a towel around it and gave it to Susan only stipulating that she would return quickly and buy her more milk for a fresh pot of it as she couldn't make good cocoa "no how without plenty of milk."

Ellen and Susan retraced their steps and before the startled children could explain to their mother, who had been building a fire in the room beyond, about the stranger's shawl, they were soaking their hard crusts in the steaming, fragrant cocoa and warming their fingers by placing them around their mugs, which Susan's quick eye had seen on the dresser and appropriated.

The fire was now burning in the kitchen and the children fed and warmed, crept off the settee and brought Susan's shawl to her; she took it with a smile and kept the eldest boy by her side as she listened to their mother's story. Mrs. Wagner was a German woman who had lived with her husband in America, for nine years. They had had a happy and a prosperous home until early in the Spring. Her husband was a carpenter and during March had fallen from a roof and hurt his head. After awhile he had acted very strangely and becoming insane had wandered off during the Fall months, no one knew where. Mrs. Wagner had used up all her savings and now in the midst of this severe Winter was poor and friendless.

Susan became much interested and induced Ellen to join her in forming a small society of girls of their own age, to sew for the poor and provide food and fuel for the destitute.

They found help at first from their friends and acquaintances but realized after a while the great responsibility they had taken upon themselves. "Why don't you go to Mark Cooper and Stephen Girard for funds?" said Susan's father. "I believe Mr. Cooper will give your society some flannels and warm dress stuffs and I will speak to the 'Guardians of the Poor' and they will send Mrs. Wagner some wood and coal."

This advice influenced them to seek help from Mr. Girard and others. The little German woman's home had been warm and bright since the day Susan had discovered their poverty.

The fathers of the girls who formed the little sewing circle contributed much for the needy ones, the mothers cut out underclothing and necessary garments so that the society could use to advantage the money they collected; but the sewing and chief responsibility rested upon the girls and they realized that to keep even one family housed, warmed and fed was no easy matter.

Now they had over one hundred and sixty dollars in their hands, Christmas was almost here and what a fine feast they would give these poor children.

Teddie and Emil should have some toys, Gretchen a pretty dress and a doll and Mrs. Wagner's pale face would grow glad and rosy when she saw the Christmas basket come in, laden with chicken, ham and many good things. Mrs. Wagner had plenty of work among the best Quaker families now. Knitting, ironing and house-cleaning, which kept her busy most of the afternoons, on three of which the sewing circle met in her kitchen,

LIGHT
 SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND MOLES PERMANENTLY REMOVED
 BY THE
 ELECTRIC NEEDLE.

NO PAIN, NO SCARRING, OR OTHER INJURY, AND NO RETURN OF THE HAIR OR MOLES AFTER REMOVAL.

It is the triumph of science. Electricity is the scientific king of the day, the synonym of progress, and the solution of the wildest dreams of thinking men.

The ancient Greek philosopher declared that there was "one universal force in matter." Modern scholars know that force to be all-pervading Electricity.

What will this principle of progress not accomplish for mankind?

For the woman whose feminine beauty is marred, and whose features are rendered masculine by a growth of hair or disfigured by moles upon her face, much to the mortification of her friends, and her own personal shame, it has brought release from the bane and curse of her life.

Thanks to Electricity, there need be no more sensitive dreading or public gaze, no more keen sorrowing in secret because she is not as other women, no more bitter shrinking from the pleasures of society, no more hateful using of the razor or tweezers.

I take this means of respectfully inviting the attention of ladies thus afflicted, and their friends, to the fact that I have opened quarters at room 17, Clark building, 492 Main St., Worcester, near the Boston Store, where I am prepared with every modern convenience and comfort to do work in this line, assisted by experienced lady operators, on the most reasonable terms possible.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION offered below.

Do not fail to call upon me. A visit to my rooms will cost you nothing, and may prove a life-long blessing.

The success of this method of removing superfluous hair and moles permanently from any part of the body is so universally acknowledged by men of science, that it is only necessary for you to consult your family physician, if he is a well-read man, and up to the times in his profession, and he will unhesitatingly tell you not only that it is beyond all question a success, but also that it is positively the only method known for surely and permanently destroying these obnoxious growths.

But, better still, your own intelligence will tell you that all argument on the subject must close when I say that if you are at all doubtful, you will not be required to place a single dollar in my hands until the work is completed, and a sufficient length of time has elapsed to satisfactorily settle the question of permanency. In other words, it will not be necessary for you to pay for the work until you are perfectly satisfied with it.

The method will be carefully, fully and convincingly explained to all who will call at my office.

I have scores of testimonials, but as I never

give publicity to the names of my patrons, I do not publish these testimonials here, but have adopted the better plan of placing those who are interested in direct correspondence with those for whom I have done such work, many of whom are easily accessible, personally, to people living in Worcester and vicinity.

I am just completing work for one of my patrons, from whose face and neck I will have removed, when the work is finished, no less than six teen thousand hairs. This lady is so grateful for the results accomplished in the permanent removal of this enormous growth of hair, which for years has been the bane of her life, that she has voluntarily consented to see and talk with any one interested, and afflicted as she has been. I have photographs of this lady, showing her as she was, and you can see her as she is. Notwithstanding the immense amount of work accomplished, not a scar can be seen upon her face, which presents precisely the natural appearance of one upon whose face no hair had ever grown. What has been accomplished for her and others, may surely be accomplished for you.

For ladies living out of town, pains will be taken to secure suitable board and lodging, at reasonable rates, when required and requested.

All correspondence carefully and promptly answered.

The utmost privacy strictly maintained. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily.

DR. B. F. LONGSTREET, A. M., Physician and Surgeon,
 CLARK BUILDING, 492 MAIN ST., ROOM 17. TAKE ELEVATOR.

Amateur Sport.

Tommie Conneff, the well known distance runner, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, announced last week his intention of retiring from the amateur ranks and becoming a professional. He sailed Saturday for Ireland, his native land, where he will begin his professional career.

Foot ball is beset by temptations which it befores all its well wishers to beware of, and no note of warning has been more opportunely raised than that by Walter Camp, in *Outing* for December, anent its two most dangerous problems—"The Spectator and the Professional."

It is an indication of the hold which rowing is obtaining in this country to find the critics even now casting up the probabilities of next Summer's events, according to the able critic of *Outing*. At Harvard nearly all of this year's crew will be available for next year. Some weak places may be strengthened by the infusion of new bone and sinew; but when work commences in the Winter the captain will have a lot of experienced oarsmen to coach, a most encouraging state of affairs. On the whole, although it is early to form any correct idea of the crew, rowing prospects look bright at Harvard, and there should be keen competition for the few places at all likely to be vacant.

Connecticut's Toe.

Many readers have wondered, no doubt, why the otherwise symmetrical boundary of

the very square-cut State of Connecticut, reputed to be inhabited by a peculiarly rectilinear sort of folk, should have acquired that curious jutting knob or handle at its southwestern corner. This is the way it happened, and the explanation is pertinent: Toward the end of the seventeenth century the disputes as to territorial limits between New York and the New Haven colony were settled by an agreement to make a boundary twenty miles east of the Hudson River and parallel with it. Accordingly, a line was projected inland from the mouth of Bryan River, where now Port Chester stands, but so bad was their surveying, or their geography, or both, that this line, instead of paralleling the Hudson, would cross that river at west Point. When this was discovered a new line was determined upon to start just west of Stamford and Port Chester, who had fondly thought themselves safely in the land of steady habits, and now were suddenly to be made citizens of ungodly New York. At this woeful discovery such a clamor went up as compelled attention; and Connecticut, to save her loving but distant children, ceded to New York, in exchange for the townships on the Sound which now appear in the extension on the map, a strip of land two and a half miles wide along the whole Western edge of the State. This strip became popularly known as the Oblong; and when, in 1733, the cession had been accomplished, land there became very desirable because a perfectly clear title could be had from New York, whereas all the adjacent region was held by grantees whose titles were often doubtful and even yet give rise to litigation.

where everything was clean and bright. Gretchen, neatly dressed, was ready to take their bonnets and fold their shawls and then sit down and sew with them or run errands.

Emil and Teddy would each get very close to Susan and Ellen, Emil with his father's violin, on which he played a few tunes very prettily, and Teddy who was of an inquiring mind to ply them with endless questions.

"Oh, I do wish Christmas would come this minute," he said one afternoon in December.

"How many minutes till Christmas, Susan?" he asked, pulling her dress to get her attention, for she was busy counting the buttons for a night-dress and Ellen answered, "Hush, Teddie, there is too inquisitive."

"What is 'quisitive?'" said Teddy, undaunted by Ellen's reproof.

"There!" said Ellen, impatiently, "as fast as we answer one thee asks another; inquisitive means, asking a million questions in one afternoon."

"What is a million, Susan?" said Teddie turning to the good-natured girl who had grown very fond of the bright rusty boy of five years.

"How is he to learn if there does not answer him, Ellen?" she said, and taking him on her lap she began to count on his fingers, making him repeat after her the numbers up to ten.

Then putting him on his little stool beside her she said, "Now, if thee counts ten on thy fingers all the time we sew here this afternoon, thee will count part of a million."

So Teddy set to work and began in low tones his task, asking Susan no more questions for some time.

(To be Continued Next Week)

The Creedless Chimes.

I heard the bells across the snow,
Now rising loud, now falling low;
The air was keen with breath of time,
And seemed to tinkle with the chime
That told the merry Christmas time,
Now swelling loud, now hushed and low,
Where clear blue sky and white earth met,
The hills, in massive silhouette,
Heaved up their undulating line:
Their lasses girt by somber pine,
Cold in the clear and bright sunshine,
With myriad flashing jewels set.
The stream beneath the ice complained,
As some one in a ducegone chanted;
The smoke, that from the chimneys cur'd,
Caught by the wi' d and the southward whirled,
Cast shadows on the sheeted world,
Save for its phantoms all unstained.

The lonely elm, a seamy stark,
Stood like a pillar slim and dark,
And cut the background hill in twain,
With one black line, while on the plain,
The alders looked a spearsman train,
Close phalanx'd in a barren park.
I mused upon these days long past,
When earls in warded castles fast
With stalwart knights and stately dames,
Watched, by the Yule logs leaping flames,
Their merry vailla's' boisterous games,
When common faith had overcast

The fearless stream of blazoned birth
As with a bridge; and lightsome mirth
Supremely reigned; the archer drank
With noble, and dignified and stately dame,
While sang alike, of every rank,
"Good will to men and peace on earth."

More than John Bull, the priest of Kent,
More than Wat Tyler's dissonant,
Or Jarquerie that startled France,
When peasant's cudgel parried lance,
And Jacques Bonhomme led the dance,
Christmas to human freedom meant.

They fell a common brotherhood,
Although they little understood,
That what they knew, a friendly glow
Binding the highborn to the low,
In years to come would overthrow
Old systems, building new and good.
And if in those rude lawless times,
The heart's response to Christmas chimes,
Was one of thankfulness and cheer,
Why let us then be merry here,
In this the most propitious year,
That ever promised better times.

For every year Time shall unroll,
From out the vastness of his scroll,
Is better than the one unrolled.
For Centuries, like wine, I hold
Are better as they grow more old
In thoughts that lift the human soul.
Old wrongs die out; there is no thing
Creed, race or city, slave or king
But has the germ of both of these,
The good, the bad, and God decrees
The right shall live, the wrong shall cease,
Beyond mankind's remembering.

Rocking and reeling,
Brazens peeling,
Broadcast the seed of thy glad mission sow,
Till with thy cheering,
Doubts disappearing,
Leave the soul clean as immaculate snow.

Sound o'er death-stricken
Places and quicken
Faith in the fetter and faith in the race,
O Thou Fatheral,
Make us fraternal,
Shatter the structures that darken Thy face.

Phantoms and terrors,
Ghosts of old errors,
Exorcise thou to the place whence they came,
Wrongs apostolical,
Creeds diabolical,
Daughters of darkness and sisters of shame!

Scourge from thine altar,
High ones who palter,
Grinding the poor under heels iron shod,
Who in strong places,
Lift their hard faces,
Smite them O Lord! with thy levelling rod.

Misery-scorers,
Priestly suborners,
Selling thy garment for indolent ease,
Hearing none crying
"Help, we are dying!"
Let not prosperity tarry with these.

Where man's autonomy,
In King's economy,
Ho'd's not a place by the sanction of birth,
Let them not perish,
Brave hearts that cherish,
Freedom, in pits burrowed deep in the earth.

Shake with throes dire,
Purge with thy fire,
Lands where oppression stalks girt with a sword;
Let revolutions,
Red evolutions,
Teach them man's right Thou sustainer, O Lord!

Grant every nation
Emancipation,
Freedom of ballot, of speech and of press.
Call back the banished,
Feed thou the famished,
Throw down old systems and black crimes redress.

O Thou Supernal!
O Thou Eternal!
Lift we our voices as accents of one
This all we pray thee,
Still thy will may be
Here upon earth as in high heaven done.
—Francis Zuri Stone.

A Soldier's Bible.

While Miss Winter of Emmittsburg was overlooking her childhood's treasures, she came across an old Testament which she found on the site of a soldier's camp near there during the war, after the soldiers had left for the field of Gettysburg. On examining the book her eyes fell on the name, "Samuel Wolcott, Griffin's Mills, Erie County, N. Y.," and Miss Winter decided to write to the address, thinking the owner would like to recover the book. In a few days she received a reply from Mrs. Weaden of Clifton, N. J., stating that she was a sister of the soldier and the only living member of a large family. She said her brother had returned home from the army in 1863, and died in 1864, and Miss Winter's letter had been forwarded to her as his nearest of kin. Mrs. Weaden seemed much pleased at the idea of recovering this long-lost memento of her dead brother, and Miss Winter sent the Testament to her.—Baltimore Sun.

Not long ago, two young girls were traveling "out West" (says a writer in the New York World). As the train stopped at a station, two ladies entered and took seats directly in front of them. Just as they were seated, a stout lady came forward, greeted them effusively, and the trio kept up a lively conversation until the train started. Then one of them said: "Sit down here, near us," and, in a little lower tone, "Tell those girls to sit somewhere else." So the stout one turned round and said, in the most freezing of tones: "I wish to converse with my friends, and would like that seat. I am Mrs. President R—, of this road." The girls stared at her an instant, and then one of them drawled: "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I suppose you know I am Mrs. President Harrison, of Washington," and the other girl, settling herself comfortably in her

seat, said: "And I am Mrs. Queen Victoria." There was an audible smile from the other passengers, and the stout lady went to her own seat in the rear.

Sheridan's Wit.

Perhaps the wittiest of Sheridan's retorts was delivered, as it seemed, off hand in the House of Commons. He said that Dundas resorted to his memory for his jokes and to his imagination for his facts. Unfortunately for the extempore reputation of this jest, it is found set down in Sheridan's note book years before. He jots down the happy thought, "He employs his fancy for his narrative and keeps his recollection for his wit." Later on he expands this into, "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." After this he uses the idea to the confusion of Michael Kelly, a composer of music who had been a wine merchant. "You will now impart your music and compose your wine." Finally he lets it off with a bang to the House of Commons.

A Born Lawyer.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot gun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.
The lawyer without answer continued: "and seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.
"As he passed inside the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.
The lawyer went on without answer: "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.
The lawyer said: "There that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story." But observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out:

"I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man; you have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning, and the hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."—Tact in Court.

"Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

"Free Trade is not a principle, it is an expedient."—Disraeli.

The "Vet's" Last Prayer.

[Dedicated to my pupil Lulu Isaacs.]
 Raise my head a bit, old comrade,
 Let me hear the bugle's call,
 Let me see the sun's rays casting
 Golden shadows on the wall.
 Let me see the clouds go flitting
 Swift across the evening sky.
 Hark! What means 'hat glorious music
 Floating far away on high.
 Am I dreaming, is this real,
 Can you see the picture too!
 All my comrades of the past time,
 All who wore the "army blue,"
 None are wounded, none are sightless,
 Not an empty sleeve in view.
 God be praised for now the soldier,
 In that land has his just due.
 Grasp my hand "old comrade," grasp it,
 I am drifting out to sea,
 And the scenes of army hardship,
 Seem to hover close to me.
 Once again, I hear the blunder,
 Of our cannon in the sky,
 Charge boys! Rally round the colors,
 One more charge before I die.
 Then his breath came short and gasping,
 And we thought his soul had fled,
 But a ray of sunshine golden
 Wove a halo 'round his head,
 And again he rallied feebly,
 There is one more boon I crave,
 Let those Daughters of our Comrade,
 Lay bright flowers on my grave.
 Bid the noble Sons of Veterans,
 "Fire a volley," at my side,
 Please let "Taps" be sounded clearly,
 Then what else you do beside,
 Don't forget my last prayer, comrade,
 Ere my bark drifts out to sea,
 Let those Daughters of our Comrades
 Lay bright flowers over me.
 —Fred. L. Hildreth.

He Wanted Potatoes.

A good story is told of M. Taine. Max Müller, it is a id, went to the dining-room of a hotel in Oxford, and there saw Taine sitting with a dish of roast beef and vast quantities of buttered toast. The learned German was surprised at the combination, and at the large quantities of the toast. "Is that a French dish?" he asked. "No," said Taine; "but they keep on bringing it to me, in spite of all I can say to the contrary." "What did you ask for?" observed his friend. "Why," replied Taine, "I keep telling them to bring *potatoes*, and each time they bring me a fresh dish of toast. M. Taine's pronunciation of "potatoes" was so much like "buttered toast" that the astonished waiter could not be blamed.

Mistletoe and Holly for Christmas.

The man, woman or child who wishes to use mistletoe or holly in their Christmas observance should call and examine the magnificent array at the store of H. B. Watts & Son, 545 Main Street, Franklin Square. This firm commenced business originally in Leicester some eight years ago, and push and enterprise combined with a practical knowledge of the art of floriculture, has compelled the opening of a branch store in this city to enable them to comply with the constantly increasing demand for their flowers. A specialty is made of furnishing floral designs of the most artistic description. Cut flowers formed into bouquets of the latest fashionable style can be obtained at short notice. All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. The telephone number is 242-5.

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No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass

Senator Hoar is at home from Washington
for the Holidays. So constantly have official
duties kept him at the Capital for the past
twenty years, that city must have a somewhat
home-like feeling.

John W. Cahill.

In rapid succession, the G. A. R. men are
passing away. John W. Cahill of Post 10
died at 55 Franklin Street, Thursday the 17th.
He was a native of Ireland and had served in
the Crimean and Indian wars. In this country,
he was a member of the 2d Massachusetts
Cavalry. He was a machinist by trade. He
was buried Saturday from St. John's Church.

Good to Eat.

"Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake fall of plums."

—Herrick.

Apple Gelatine.

Pare, core, and quarter six "Maidenblush"
apples; put them in a granite kettle; add one
pint of water; stew slowly until the apples
are perfectly tender; add one pound of sugar
and boil until the syrup forms a jelly when
tried in a saucer; add a teaspoonful of vanilla,
and turn the apples into a fancy pudding mold.
Stand aside until cold and firm. Serve with
thick cream.—Table Talk.

Date Cake.

Make a light layer cake; bake in four
sheets. When cool pile up with the following
mixture: One cupful of sugar, three table-
spoonfuls of water. Boil until it strings, and
pour over the beaten whites of two eggs. Stir
in well together, flavor with vanilla and mix
with one cupful of stoned dates, chopped fine.
The top may be of plain frosting, ornamented
with large dates.

Date Creams.

One cupful of molasses, one egg, one cupful
of butter or lard, one cupful of hot water in
which a spoonful of soda has been dissolved,
one spoonful of mixed spices, and one large
cupful of dates, chopped fine. Cut in squares
like frosted creams, bake in a moderate oven,
and frost with boiled frosting.

For a tea dish when fruit is scarce, take
one quart of rich milk, one cupful of sugar, a
small piece of butter, and a teaspoonful of
almond flavoring. When boiling, thicken with
corn-starch and two cupfuls of stoned dates.
Set on ice until served. Ice the top, and orn-
ament with dates.

Figs may be used in every case where dates
are mentioned, and even seeded raisins are
not objectionable.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

A simple breakfast dish is a "quaking ome-
let." It calls for four eggs, half a cup of milk,
a rounded tablespoonful of flour, and a tea-
spoonful of salt. Beat together the yolks of
the eggs, the flour and the salt. Add them to
the milk. Then stir in the whites of the eggs,
beaten to a stiff froth. Add the salt to the
yolk of the eggs before the milk is put in.
Put a tablespoonful of butter in a hot French
frying-pan, and turn the mixture in. In about
one minute put the frying-pan in the oven,
and let it remain six minutes. At the end of
this time have a hot platter ready, and a cup
of cream sauce, well seasoned. Turn the
omelet on the platter, but do not attempt to
fold it. Pour the cream sauce around it.
Serve it at once, as it will fall if it is left to
stand.

Boiled Leg of Lamb.

Trim off all the loose fat, cut off the shank,
wash and wipe it dry; dredge it with flour
and tie it in a clean cloth; put it in boiling
water enough to cover it. The water should
be salted in the proportion of two teaspoon-
fuls of salt to a quart of water. Let it boil
from two to three hours according to its size.
Serve it with drawn butter or rich parsley
sauce, whichever may be preferred, and vege-
tables of any kind which may be in season.
Boston Budget.

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made,
eats like home made and most people like it
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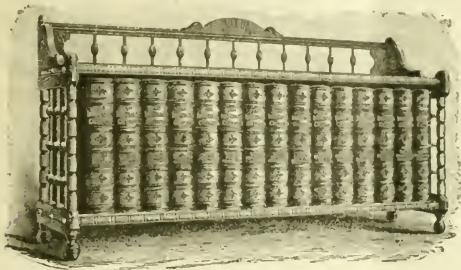
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Mention this paper.

John B. Lepire.

The latest elected Commander of George H. Ward Post 10, G. A. R., is a native of Canada. His ancestry, as his name clearly indicates, is French, but it was quite one hundred and fifty years ago that the first Lepire, meaning the Worse, left La Belle France to find in the new and western world something better in deed if not in name. Commander-Elect Lepire, was born in St. Aimé, on the Yamaska river in Richelieu County. There is considerable in those names to remind the reader of France and its history. The nearest considerable place is Sorel, while Montreal is not so very remote.

The family came to the States, in 1853, when John Baptiste Lepire, our comrade, was thirteen years old. It was the first of July and the Lepires got their introduction to the United States during an old fashioned glorious Fourth of July, a good time to give the new comers a taste of genuine American independence. In Canada, the elder Lepire was a farmer, but in Massachusetts he located in Farnumville, and worked in a factory. In his northern home our Commander had had the advantages of the French schools, but in Massachusetts, he had only such instruction as he could gain from evening schools.

There was a family of twelve children equally divided as to sex, but of all these, beside himself, only two sisters live in this vicinity, and they are in North Grafton. One sister resides in Paterson, N. J. The mother, who had made her home with her son, in this city, died Nov. 23d, full of years. The father, 86 years old, since his wife's death, has gone to North Grafton to live with a daughter, unwilling to see daily the scenes so long associated with his companion along life's journey.

From the factory young Lepire went to work in a boot shop and it was when thus employed in Shirley Village that he enlisted July 17, making one of the quota from that

Middlesex town. He went into the 34th Regiment, Company E, the one commanded by Captain William B. Bacon, a son of the late Peter C. Bacon. Captain Bacon was slain at New Market, May 16, 1864. There were not many Worcester men in this company but Arthur M. Stone, who enlisted from Spencer, was a fellow member. Comrade Lepire was mustered July 31, 1862, and went with his regiment to Washington, participating in all the vicissitudes of camp life till late in the Fall of that year. He was seriously injured while in the city of Alexandria, and was discharged for disability while the regiment was at Fort Lyon. It was no fault of his, rather his misfortune, that he did not help make up the grand record that the Thirty-Fourth has set down in its favor.

Coming back to Worcester, when he was able to go to work, he sought employment on the railroad and in some way, has been connected with that service ever since. For the first thirteen years he was with the Boston & Albany, and since then has been with the Worcester & Nashua and Boston & Maine. For several years he has been the Canadian Passenger Agent for New England on the Boston & Maine railroad. His duties keep him pretty actively engaged and much of the time away from home.

He became an American citizen in 1873 and, just ten years before or in 1863 he was married to Miss Mary Snow of Rhode Island. They have six children living, John W., Lizzie, Celia C., Joseph D., Sarah and Eddie. Joseph D. is Junior Vice Commander elect of the Sons of Veterans while Lizzie and Celia belong to the Daughters of Veterans. The latter is Treasurer of Clara Barton Tent. The home of Comrade Lepire is at No. 10 Normal Street.

His Grand Army life began in 1873, April, and very likely no member of the Post has attended more meetings than he. There has been no duty that he could perform that he has not been ready to undertake. In 1887, he

was made Officer of the Guard; in '88, Officer of the Day; in '89, Junior Vice Commander; in '90 and '91, Senior Vice Commander and December 3d he was elected Commander. He has thus served in all capacities save one, and early in January, he will be installed to act as the head of the second largest post in New England. His fellow veterans, recognizing his faithful services during all these years, have placed him in command and under his lead will, next September, march again through the streets of Washington, at the National Encampment.

The annual banquet of the Summer club alumni will be held next Monday evening at the Hay State House. It is expected that about forty or fifty will be present, an unusually large number of the early members having signified their intention of being present. Frank B. Hall was toastmaster, but the will be no formal toasts. Hoar H. Hill, the president of the club, will respond for the present members.

Board of Trade.

As Major E. T. Raymond has signified his acceptance of the position of secretary of this newly organized body, it would seem that he does not expect any favors from the governor and council.

Forefather's Day.

The Congregational club fittingly remembered this auspicious day, last Monday evening, at Association Hall. It was ladies night and the attendance was very large. Rev. I. J. Lansing was elected president for the ensuing year. The other officers will be elected at the next meeting. The following were elected to membership: H. Ward Bates, H. H. Merriam, John Hewitt, C. S. Merrick, H. L. Gale, Rev. Geo. P. Eastman. The Rev. Ebenezer Cutler, D. D., was made an honorary member. Dr. Archibald McCullagh was the speaker of the evening.

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Pillow Shams of pure linen, plain, 2-inch hem, hemstitched, good size, \$1.25 a pair.

Handsome *Pillow Shams*, prettily embroidered, \$2.75 to 6.50 a pair. Beautiful goods and quite nice for Christmas.

From the lace section, you can go to the linens.

You'll find very handsome and very fine *Bird's-eye Danmusk Towels*, heavily knotted fringe, large size, many colored borders, at the remarkable price of 25c each.

Chenille Covers, *yard square*, 75c to \$1.75 each.

One and a-half yards square, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Let us go back a moment to linens, so that we may tell you of the arrival of a special lot of 58 bleached Napkins; regular \$1.75 quality, \$1.50 the price with us.

Have you visited our *Handkerchief section*? Isn't it wonderful?

Any hour of the day the same eager desire to get what's wanted; twenty-five clerks will serve you there to-day.

Why, there is *every thing* good known in 'Kerchiefs at genuine Christmas prices.

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The choicest Christmas Novelties, useful,

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This is the year for *Sensible Giving* of

Sensible things.

We foresaw your desire, and prepared for it.

You have found whatever you wanted.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.**Bethlehem in Judea.**

BY JOHN C. CRANE.

O Bethlehem! What glory came
To give to thee a deathless name,
For to the manger on thy hill,
Came one, a Prince, who liveth still,
Humbly he came and humbly went
His weary way, on mission bent,
That mission was mankind to save
And heeded not death and the grave.

Fair Bethlehem! On thee the light,
Rested on that far-off night,
And shepherds on the lower plain
Heard the angel's glad refrain,
Earth hath no dearer spot than where
Was born this King Divinely fair,
Who lived and suffered, died and rose,
Triumphant over every foe.

Mr. H. W. Badger of Dix Street, foreman in the Washburn Machine Shop, has had a severe attack of the prevailing complaint. His son, John, is still suffering from the same ailment.

Miss Lottie Maynard, who is teaching at Irvington on the Hudson, is spending the Holidays vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Maynard.

George Eaton and Charles Chambers of the Polytechnic, class of '94, boarding at No. 3 Dix Street, gave a party to some classmates Tuesday evening. There were twelve in all and they had a good time till the hour to go home came around. Then they waked the whole neighborhood with the "Tech" cry. Still, the folks always feel forgiving towards the "Techs."

About Folks.

Putnam, Sprague & Co. exhibit in their window, the elegant chair presented to Adit. J. Stewart Brown, last week, by the 51st Regiment. It is a fine specimen of workmanship.

Rev. J. J. McCoy of Westborough, formerly of this city, and his sister, with the Rev. J. F. Redican and sister of Cordaville will start, next month, for a six months' European trip.

Senator A. S. Pinkerton was one of the guests at the banquet given to Representative Murray in Fitchburgh, Friday, the 18th. Mr. Murray is about to remove to Boston.

Mrs. Austin Warren, mentioned in the "Up-ton's Historic Homes" series in the account of the Jonas Warren House, Sept. 12, 1891, was greeted, December 10 last, by 20 of her children and grandchildren on the occasion of her 68 birthday.

Mrs. Timothy Earle and daughter sent a bouquet of flowers to John Greenleaf Whittier on his recent birthday.

Col. Henry E. Smith, ex-commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston was at a smoke talk with his old command at the United States Hotel, Thursday, the 17th inst.

D. F. Gay and C. E. Burnham were among the Prohibitionists' who attended the party banquet in Boston, last Monday.

Miss Gertrude S. Metcalf of Ashland, a Wellesley College student, visited her sister, Mrs. Alfred S. Roe, last week.

Colonel W. S. B. Hopkins was present at the dinner given by the New York Williams College Club Thursday the 17th inst.

At last that long contemplated Trans-Ocean trip by Geo. E. Miller and son is definitely settled upon. He will start the 30th inst. Everybody wishes him a joyous visit.

Assessor H. G. Otis attended the meeting of the Massachusetts Assessors Association, of which he is secretary, Friday the 18th. A change of date from May 1st to April 1st as assessment date was one of the subjects discussed.

Representative Joseph H. Walker and his Secretary Frank Roe Batchelder, are spending the Christmas week in Worcester. Mr. Walker will have much to do during this Congress to keep the small number of 87 Republicans from being completely overrun by the vastly more numerous Democrats.

Board of Trade.

The old Natural History quarters in the Foster Street Bank Block are undergoing thorough overhauling before becoming the permanent abode of the Board of Trade. The work is done under the supervision of the Ways and Means Committee of which A. M. Stone is chairman.

Next year it will be President Eben Francis Thompson of the Common Council. This situation will confer honors on all concerned.

Smith's401, 403 Main St.,
Cor. Mechanic, Walker Build'g.Every Piece of
HOLIDAY GOODS

in our store

Marked Down.

You can save from fifty to seventy-five per cent. on any Holiday Goods remaining unsold.

EDWARD L. SMITH & CO.**Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 28th.**

Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 7.30.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS

An entertainment of high-class minstrelsy; chaste in tone and pure in execution. The company is composed of the leading lights in the minstrel profession, artists whose reputation is as wide as the world. If you love soul-stirring music and side-splitting smiles, don't miss this most excellent opportunity which will probably never occur again in a life-time.

MME. PERCIVAL'S GRAND LADY ORCHESTRA—Matinee every day at 2. Doors open at 1.30 and 7 p. m.
PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 50c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

RICHARD HEALY

WILL COMMENCE

SATURDAY, DEC. 26th, A CLEARANCE SALE OF

Ladies' Cloaks and Furs,

AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE in the history of the Cloak and Fur Trade in Worcester.

RICHARD HEALY, * 512 MAIN ST.

When a Man's Lot is Very Hard.

It's Just Before Christmas When He is the Bachelor Uncle of Thirty-seven Nephews and Nieces.

"It's a pretty hard season of the year, isn't it?" he said, leaning on his umbrella, and smiling wearily.

"What is it—rheumatism?"

"No; worse than that."

"Gout?"

"Wish that was all."

"Threatened with pneumonia?"

"No; it's Christmas."

"Oh, I see," said the other, sympathetically. "Yes, it's just this way. I'm a bachelor, and have five brothers and four sisters. I used to think it was the finest thing in the world to be the most popular brother and uncle in the world."

"Yes."

"Well, it isn't—not at Christmas time. You see, they all got married, one after the other. When I had a half dozen nephews and nieces, I could go out and hunt around for a couple of days, and provide for them. Then for a month I was literally crushed to earth with youthful affection. I liked it then."

"But now," he said, with a grim smile, "it isn't the same."

"More nephews and nieces, eh?"

"More!" he groaned. "Why, man, I've got thirty-seven right in this city, and they're climbing up every year. I'm like Solomon and his wives, only he was luckier than I, because he wasn't bothered with any Christmas. I've done nothing but walk the streets and march through stores and shops for three weeks. I wake up in the night with a start, and remember that I forgot my third brother's fifth boy. When I meet one of my relatives, I turn pale and shiver. I have cold sweats at night. I've lost my appetite. I'm drinking like a fish to keep my nerves steady. I've had three attacks of vertigo and two of heart failure, and yet I've got seventeen more presents to get. My room looks like a warehouse, and I've engaged an extra one in which to store the presents yet to get. I'll bet you even money I forgot my youngest sister's twins, or my second sister's three-year-old girl. I'll bet you even money that I've made a miscout somewhere, and that I'll send five presents to Will's house, when he's only got four chil-

dren, or three presents to Nell's house, when she is the mother of nine. I'll bet you I'll buy boxing-gloves for some of the girls, and bon-bon boxes for John's twelve-year-old boy, who wants to be a pirate. I'll bet you I'm a raving maniac before the week's out."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked his friend encouragingly.

"Do? I'm going to plunge. I'm going to buy everything I see. I'm going to bankrupt myself. I'm going to own a Christmas bazaar. Then I'm going to get brain fever and send for 'Jack.' He's my youngest brother. 'Jack,' I'll say, 'I'm losing my mind over Wall Street speculations. I'm possessed with the idea that I haven't a relative in the world, and I know that can't be true. For heaven's sake take these infernal torments—I mean these little presents—and distribute them to the best of your judgement. Then cremate me, Jack. I guess that's my only chance.'"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said, shutting his teeth. "If I live out this experience I'm going to get married. I'll marry the first woman who'll have me. There never was a woman yet who did not like to buy Christmas presents. By George! I'd marry one today if it wasn't too late to save me this year. Do you know any woman—a first-rate shopper—who'd like to get married this afternoon?" he cried, wildly.

"I'm afraid they're all to busy buying Christmas presents," said the sympathetic friend.

"Well good-by, then. I've got to run up to Tiffany's. Say, do you know any place where I can get something appropriate for a young girl of sixteen? She's young looking but old in her manner. Nothing childish will do."

"I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Can you make any suggestion about a boy ten years old, who has run away from home three times, and been nearly drowned twice? I can't give him anything that shoots. He'd kill the whole family and blow his own head off."

"I'm sorry, but—"

"How are you on twins?" cried the uncle, eagerly; three years old, one fat and one thin, one dark and one fair, both terrors. Can you do anything for me in the twin line?"

"The twins floor me, too."

"Now, there is Isabella, twelve years old, dark hair and eyes, very motherly and quiet, affectionate and sweet tempered. Maybe you could—"

"Afraid I can't."

"Well, there's my nephew, U. S. Grant, aged nine—"

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Charles Augustus Cusar, aged eleven—"

"No."

"Caroline Virginia, fifteen; pretty, blue eyes and—"

"I'm no good at it old man."

"Harriet Lucille—"

"No, no, no."

"Jane Gray Clothide—"

"For heaven's sake, old man, spare me!"

"Why, man," cried the uncle, "I haven't made a start in 'em, and you are crying for mercy. You can't make a half dozen suggestions. What do you think of me? Thirty-seven of 'em; but I've already taken care of twenty, and you can't make one suggestion. I've got to find seventeen yet. Good-by," he shouted, running frantically for a surface car. "I guess I can fix Frederick William and Augusta Victoria this afternoon. Then I'll hunt up something for Marie Louise and—"

But the car was gone, carrying deeper into his misery the distracted uncle of thirty-seven nephews and nieces.—N. Y. Tribune.

Miss Mary L. Bridgman, of the High School was informed Tuesday of the sudden death of her mother at the family home in South Amherst, the night before. Her illness had not been announced. She was the mother, also, of Mrs. Charles M. Lamson, formerly of the Salem Street Church, Worcester.

One of the pleasantest social events of last week was a reception given at the Oread by Mr. and Mrs. Manton Van Shaack, the managers of this reorganized school for young ladies. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers, palms and ferns. A large number of the school attended.

The third annual social of the Crescent Tennis Club was held last week Friday evening in Horticultural Hall. There was a large attendance and the dance order of twenty numbers was thoroughly enjoyed. The names of the officers of the evening were published in LIGHT two weeks ago.

Principal Wm. H. Bartlett is out again, having rallied quickly from his last attack of illness.

At the rooms of the School of English Speech Tuesday afternoon an entertainment was given by the youngest pupils to a company of children from the Orphan's Home. The program included readings, music and fancy dancing. The pupils taking part were Susie Sargent, Rosie Woodcock, Ethel Estie, Eva Townsend, Mamie Parsons, Effie Adams, Alice Casey, Zetta Parker, Eva Mayo, Ralph Rebboli, May Mellor, Arline Hall. At the close of the entertainment each of the thirteen orphans was given a Christmas present.

Edgar E. Putnam.

The death of this gentleman, Monday, removes from our city a valuable citizen. Sutton born, he was in the grocery business at 600 Main Street. His age was 39 years, 9 months and 15 days. He was a member of Piedmont Church. His funeral was held at his late residence, Thursday at 2 p.m.

The Week.

CITY.

- Dec. 11.—Dr. Thomas H. Gage elected president of the Washburn Memorial Hospital.
- Frank Willard suffers from broken arm in W. H. Warren's machine shop.
- 12.—City politics at white heat. What would happen if we should have nothing of the kind for a year?
- Le Courrier de Worcester appears under a new proprietorship. Victor Belanger has sold to Benjamin Linthier of Lowell.
- 13.—Large and enthusiastic meeting in behalf of No License in Mechanics Hall. Addresses by Rev. Dr.'s Gunnison and Knowles and Rev. Fr. Sully of Cambridge.
- Almost every pulpit in Worcester resounds with attack on the Kum power.
- 14.—Methodist ministers hold regular monthly meeting in Grace Church.
- Committee on municipal affairs of Board of Trade holds first regular meeting.
- The city flooded with political circulars.
- 15.—Worcester elections. Francis A. Harrington re-elected Mayor. Aldermen, E. L. Parker, Francis Plunkett, George W. Coombs, Charles H. Pinkham. Five Republican Wards elect Republican Councilmen and three Democratic Wards elect Democrats. In other words, the Dutch have taken Holland. In the contests for the school committee, the Marble candidate, Garver, wins in Ward One and the opposition to Marble in Wards Seven and Eight. More than 400 majority against License.
- 16.—Worcester Policemen hold the most successful ball in their history. More than 2,000 people crowd Mechanics Hall but even that number did not represent all the tickets sold.
- Many cases of scarlet fever and La Grippe.
- Sanford B. King dies at 14 Coral Street, a veteran of the 4th Mass. Heavy Artillery.
- Edwin Morse dies at 57 Chatham Street, 76 years.
- Jehiel Todd dies at 105 Austin Street, 73 years.
- 17.—Cricket Club of South Worcester entertains at the Bay State House.
- Jonathan E. Minott dies at 18 Leicester Street, 67 years.
- 18.—Reunion of the 51st Regiment at G. A. R. Hall.
- Company C of the 51st has reunion at the Lincoln House.
- Funerals of Deacon Jehiel Todd from 105 Austin Street, Edwin Morse, 57 Chatham, and Sanford B. King at 14 Coral Street.
- 19.—Republican members of next Common Council hold a caucus.
- Exhibition of paintings opens in Library Building.
- John Rice, three years old, burned to death on Millstone Hill.
- Meeting of Dartmouth Alumni in Horticultural Hall.
- 20.—Some clergymen preach on Christmas, other size up the No License vote.
- August Ekstrom plunges off the Normal School cliff, and is killed. Rum did it.
- 21.—City Government meets and re-elects chief engineer, E. L. Vaughn of the Fire Department, Alzirus Brown and Denis C. Leonard, Overseers of the Poor and Wm. H. McClure, city electrician. Dr. Charles A. Peabody and Alderman George C. Whitney are elected directors of the Public Library. Postmaster Greene receives tracings of the interior of the proposed new Post Office.

- 22.—The house of Mrs. Alex. H. Dean, 14 Cedar Street, invaded by a burglar. He was frightened away before getting all he had arranged for.
- Father Conaty at the Sacred Heart Church has a tussle with a thief who is finally captured.
- 23.—Sara Bernhardt appears at the Worcester Theater in La Tosca.
- Rain and sloop. The day much like a North Carolina winter day.
- John A. Thayer, Esq., confirmed as clerk at the Central District Court.
- At the Boys' Club 625 lands made happy by gifts.

COUNTY.

- 10.—County Commissioners visit the new Truant School at Oakdale and dine with Superintendent Johnson.
- 11.—Secretary W. S. Parks, of the Clinton Y. M. C. A., resigns.
- 12.—Hon. Harris C. Hartwell of Fitchburg buried, impressive ceremonies.
- A fire in Webster partially destroys the office of the Slater Cotton Works.
- 13.—Charles A. Forbush of Westminster takes a nine months vacation in the old world.
- 14.—John R. Conant of Gardner dies, typhoid pneumonia, 63 years.
- 15.—Expelled Russian Jews are finding homes in Oakdale.
- 16.—And now Millbury citizens are not so anxious for license as they were one year ago. They don't fancy Worcester's sewage.
- 17.—New church, the Conant Memorial, dedicated in Dudley. It costs above \$35,000 and is the gift of Hezekiah Conant of Pawtucket, R. I.
- 18.—Moses Woodward dies suddenly in Princeton, 82 years.
- 17.—Fitchburg is getting enthusiastic over a new Athletic club.
- 19.—Herbert L. Parker, Assistant District Attorney will remove from Clinton to Fitchburg to become a member of the Law firm of Norcross & Baker.
- 20.—Eddie Allen, 17 years of age, drowns in West Brookfield. A student in Hinman's Business college.
- 21.—Rev. George W. Stacey an old time Abolitionist and Temperance worker, stricken with paralysis in Milford. He was a friend of Garrison and Phillips.
- 22.—From all quarters come reports of severe runs of La Grippe.
- 23.—Grafton in a ferment over the disappearance of the late Mrs. Faulkner's bank book. It is finally traced to Dr. W. E. Rice who recently left the town for Tacoma.

COMMONWEALTH.

- 10.—Col. John D. Washburn of Worcester addresses the Massachusetts Historical Society.
- 11.—The New York bomb thrower thought to be Henry L. Norcross of Boston.
- Boston will extend Commonwealth Avenue and enlarge the City Hospital.
- 14.—Judge Dewey of the Superior Court enjoins another Short Term Endowment Order, that of the Golden Fleece, a suggestive name.
- 13.—Congregationalist pastor in South Sudbury, Rev. L. E. Perry, to enter the Universalist Church.
- 14.—It appears that during the past year 31,556 immigrants from beyond seas have landed in Boston.

- 15.—Boston re-elects Mayor Matthews by an immense majority. Boston, Lynn and Newburyport vote License. Municipal elections are now over for a year. Next will come the National agony and that will begin soon.
- 16.—The late Deacon J. W. Cook of Cambridge will nearly \$200,000 to Baptist charitable measures.
- Malden will open the Converse Library Sundays.
- La Grippe effecting factories and schools in Lynn.
- A similar story comes from Lawrence.
- 17.—The poet, Whittier, celebrates his 84th birthday at the home of his friend, Joseph Cartland, in Newburyport. Many friends present and many messages received.
- 18.—The Royal Ark continues to be in trouble.
- The Supreme court decides that even though trespassing, a man cannot be injured by railroad cars with impunity; case of McCreey vs. Boston & Maine railroad.
- 19.—Hotel Wellesley in Wellesley burns.
- 20.—Insane Hospitals overcrowded.
- Some Boston people observe "Fore-father's Day." More ought to. It may be forgotten.
- 21.—It is proposed to erect opposite the State House in Boston, a monument to the memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw and his regiment, the 54th. It will have as relief figures of the colonel and his men. Though late, it bids fair to be a fitting tribute to valor and worth.
- 22.—E. S. Draper of Hopedale, appointed to the Republican State Central committee in place of J. H. Wood deceased.

- It looks as though Boston would do something in the Truant School order, perhaps she will imitate Worcester County.
- 23.—The Governor pardons Dunlap, the bank robber.
- The Hopkins-Searles will case comes up again in the Courts.

Friday Populars.

Last week Friday evening Prof. J. B. De Motte of De Pauw University gave an intensely interesting lecture on "Electricity," the third entertainment in this truly popular course. He did not as was expected talk upon the applications of electricity now in use, but he gave a glimpse across the borderland of the science into the future. He has just returned from several years' study in some of the best German laboratories and he told of the advance which is in progress towards the discovery of the time nature of electricity. The tendency of the results of the experiments so far is towards proving that electricity is the manifestation of energy in wave motions, occupying in the scale of velocity of vibrations a position between heat and light. He prophesied that within a few years, possibly before two years have passed, we could light our rooms with the expenditure of only about one-fiftieth of the energy now required, because we shall be able to dispense with the steam engine which utilizes but a small portion of the energy given out by the burning of the coal.

The next entertainment in the course will be a concert by the Whitney Mockridge Concert Company which includes Whitney Mockridge, tenor; Mrs. Mayo Rhodes, soprano; Belle Warner Botsford, violin virtuoso; Arthur Heresford, the English basso, and Miss Hattie Mockridge, pianist and accompanist. The date is January 1st.

Duncan & Goodell Company.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Foreign and American Cutlery

of the Finest Quality to be found in the city, including CARVERS in all of styles Handles, in Cases and in Sets, or Single Pairs.

TABLE KNIVES, POCKET KNIVES and SCISSORS all Warranted.

Nice Line of Cutlery in Cases for Ladies' use, put up especially for Holiday Trade.

We also have a full line of

LADIES and GENT'S SKATES, ALL SIZES.

Duncan, Goodell Company.

404 Main Street.

The Drummer Boy.

There must be something in the eternal fitness of things that makes this play so successful in this city. Of course, it has elements of success that would make it go anywhere but in Worcester it goes beyond precedent. From its first presentation, in January 1871, there have been ten seasons, this of 1891 making the eleventh. A generation of players has grown with it. If it continues, the drama will become to Worcester, what the Passion Play has long been to Oberammergau. In the cast, this year, there are some names that were found in the list twenty years since. For instance, C. W. Wilson, who was so instrumental in first getting the play before the Post, is as then put down for Farmer Elliott. James E. Dennis is once more Major General while A. M. Parker, then Major General, is Farmer Howard as he has been for several seasons. If ever "Jerry" Lamb has failed to be "Fattie" Smith it was when he was out of the city. This year he is on hand as portly as ever. George H. Conklin, then Frank Rutledge is now chief of staff.

The play has turned into the post's charity fund more than \$14,000. The good that this sum has done, only God and the angels know.

"Why don't you try a new play?" This question is frequently heard and one answer is that no other drama has begun to charm the people with this. The Post has tried other plays and on some has lost, while on the nominally successful ones the receipts were very meager. But why not see the Drummer Boy once a year? Is there a better school for patriotism? Of course some of our non-resistant friends would not have a military play at all; but the spear-pruning hook metamorphosis will not come in our day and the best way to insure peace is to be ready for war. The History of the Rebellion will have additional zest for any child who witnesses the Drummer Boy.

Do those who clamor for a new drama ever think that "Joe" Jefferson really plays only one character, that of Rip Van Winkle and who has ever wearied of it. How many would not esteem it a favor to be able to look at Booth as Hamlet each year and how many would care if he never played another part? While many people have seen the Drummer Boy many times, there are still those who never saw it and each season brings along a generation of little folks who were too small to go during the last.

There is no good reason why the play should not have an annual success for years to come.

The following is the cast for 1891:

Farmer Howard	A. M. Parker
Mart Howard	Jas. A. Gettings
Harry Howard	H. C. Robinson
Johnnie Howard	Master L. E. Barnes
Farmer Elliott	C. W. Wilson
Tom Elliott	Fred I. Fuller
Maj. Rutledge	L. J. Goodell
Frank Rutledge	George H. Conklin
Fattie Smith	J. B. Lamb
Will Smith	Thos. O'Gara
Uncle Joe	A. Frank Nail
Col. Robinson	Capt. W. A. Condy
Major-General of Federals	Jas. E. Dennis
Commodore	W. L. Robinson
Brigadier General	J. B. Willard
Lieut. General Johnson	Chas. A. Mayers
Major-General Cheatham	Charles M. Smith
Capt. of Co. G, C. S. A.	J. J. Upham
Capt. of Co. H, C. S. A.	D. E. Burbank
Old Mrs. Howard	Miss Ada M. Hill
Mrs. Mart Howard	Mrs. D. E. Denny
Miss Jennie Howard	Miss Bertha Brewer
Mrs. Elliott	Mrs. D. E. Burbank
Mrs. Rutledge	Mrs. C. N. Walker
Goddess of Liberty	Mrs. Thomas O'Gara

Woman's Club.

Miss Florence Rice of the Washburn Memorial Hospital gave a valuable address Wednesday afternoon, on "Hospitals and Nursing." While somewhat historical, the lecture was practical and very interesting throughout.

Mr. H. L. Fiske, a son of L. B. Fiske, left Worcester, last week, for a long trip to New Mexico. He will be private secretary to his uncle who is Attorney General of the Territory. He has fitted himself for this place by a course at Hinman's College. Before starting he was the recipient of many tokens of regard and affection. His new home will be in Santa Fe.

The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the root and follicles, removes dandruff, heals itching humors in the scalp. In this respect, it surpasses all similar preparations.

1876 1861 1891

WORCESTER THEATRE!

The . . . Drummer . . . Boy,

— OR —

Spy of Shiloh!

War Drama! Beautiful Tableaux!

This popular Drama will again be presented to the public under the auspices of

Geo. H. Ward Post, No. 10,
Grand Army of the Republic,

On the Evenings of

Dec. 29, 30, 31, & Jan. 1.

Matinee Wednesday, Dec. 30.

☞ Sale of Tickets will commence at the Box Office, Wednesday, Dec. 23d.

Prices 75, 50, and 25c.

Secure your Seats early to avoid annoyance.

Doors open at 7 p. m. Doors open for Matinee at 1:30 p. m. Begins at 2 and 7:45 p. m.



Holiday Furniture and Carpets.

DESKS.

A beautiful Antique Oak Desk, with plate glass Mirrors in top, only \$10. Others, \$12, 15, 20, 25.

MUSIC CABINETS.

In Antique Oak, 16th Century Oak, Mahogany and Birch. A good one for \$9. Others, \$12, 14, 16, 20, 35. They make a very acceptable gift.

ODD ROCKERS and EASY CHAIRS.

200 different styles, from \$5 for a Plush Rocker solid oak frames, to \$15 for a large arm Rocker, with silk plush seats and backs, frames nicely finished, and you would say it was well worth \$5 more in price. STUDENT CHAIRS, from \$7.50 upwards Morris Chairs, in Leather and Plush LARGE EASY CHAIRS, that mean comfort every time, REED and RATTAN CHAIRS. A bargain at \$4. These make a sensible Christmas gift.

HASSOCKS.

200 five frame Body Brussels Hassocks at 79c each, worth \$1.

RUGS.

Foreign and domestic, at low prices.

POTTERY.

Royal Worcester and Doulton ornamental pieces. Very choice.

CHAMBER SUITS.

A special bargain at \$40. Others at \$20, 25, 30 and 35.

PARLOR SUITS.

An elegant Plush Suit at 75. Wouldn't your wife be pleased with a new Chamber Set or Parlor Suit?

FANCY REED BASKETS.

See them in our window this week. Something entirely new.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,
355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

A Hair Tonic.

Take seven parts of water to one of acetic acid (five cents' worth from the druggist's will last quite a while), mix well, and rub well in the scalp with some sort of a brush every night. Of course it takes some time for the effect to become apparent, but in time it really does bring out the hair. I know it for a positive fact.

MARION C. ELLIS.

New York.

Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg-shells in a little water.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

A good cement is melted alum; but it must never be used when water and heat are to come in contact with it.

Fine shavings from soft pine wood make a pleasant pillow. They have special curative virtues for cough and lung troubles.

Remove ink stains from silver-plated ware by rubbing them with a paste composed of chloride of lime and water; then wash, and wipe dry.

If varnish is defaced and shows white marks, take linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts; shake them well in a phial, and apply a small quantity on a soft piece of cotton until the color is restored; then wipe the mixture entirely off.

Great care is required in handling soap and such substances as are sold for cleansing and contain soap or will form soapy compounds with grease. The best way will be not to use soap or soap compounds at all for cleansing the kitchen utensils; use a solution of sal soda instead. The solution of soda should be prepared in sufficient quantity in proportion of two pints hot water to one pound sal soda.

Pour the boiling water on the sal soda and stir until dissolved. If not stirred, the soda may remain undissolved at the bottom of the vessel, and it will then become troublesome to dissolve it; but if stirred immediately after the hot water has been poured on it will dissolve very quickly. A stone jar will be very suitable in which to dissolve the soda and keep the solution.

In addition to the solution of sal soda, powdered pumice-stone, sand-paper No. 1½, plenty of clean rags and sticks about one-half an inch thick, 1½ inches wide and a foot or more long should be kept in full supply in any kitchen.

A novel way of conducting that tiresome business, washing currants, is given as follows in Good Housekeeping: Look over them, just to pick out any large stems and gravel-stones, then put them into Indian meal and scour them. Have a pan large enough to work the hands freely; sit down, and take it in your lap, then rub between your hands, around and around, which will take off both the dirt and those wretched little stems. Put them in the colander and shake out the meal, and, presto! there are the currants floured ready to use.

Mr. George S. Bennett, W. H. S. '87 and Amherst '91, is teaching in Montclair, N. J. At present he is visiting his mother in this city.

THE CLARK- SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

JUST ARRIVED!

A New Importation direct from the Celebrated Factory of Haviland & Co., Limoges, France,

Fine China Dinner Sets,

Ice Cream Sets,

Berry Sets,

Jelly Trays!

Solid Silver

and

Silver-plated . .

. . . Ware!

From the Best of all the makers,

Gorham Manufacturing Company,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

OPENED THIS DAY!

THE CLARK-SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.



NO. 545 MAIN STREET, FRANKLIN SQUARE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

- GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
- GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.
- STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.
OPEN EVENINGS.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

ONLY
First-Class Through Car Route
TO THE
WEST!

Commencing June 7, 1891,
Through Trains Leave Worcester:

- 9.50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
- 11.40 A. M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
- 3.25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
- 4.17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
- 8.00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE
FOR
HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK.

LEAVE WORCESTER.	AR. NEW YORK.
10.13 A. M.	3.30 P. M.
12.12 A. M.	5.30 P. M.
5.06 P. M.*	10.00 P. M.
12.29 A. M.*	6.45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.
A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

New York Fashions.

With the commencement of Opera, the fashionable season has fairly begun and entertainments follow one another in rapid succession. Viands in dishes, having been banished from fashionable tables, thought has had full play among that which is ornamental; new fancies in flowers, fruits and bonbons arise perpetually and have been the chief cause of those entertainments in color, which are sometimes fairly like in beauty. Pink, yellow, heliotrope, blue, crimson or white are usually selected, with great partiality for the two first named, because of their greater adaptability. Blue must in truth be toned by yellow touches. It is a hue but lightly played upon in Nature's symphonies and when produced by art cannot be dealt with in entirety. The same is true of heliotrope. Crimson may readily become overpowering and white easily grows monotonous and must have a finish of gilt. But the lovely blush of pink greets the eye with continual charm: from deep to pale there is no sameness and it is not surprising that it leads in favor. Yellow comes next and like pink, is capable of endless variations from gorgeous orange to soft, dawn like suggestions of hue.

Flowers

though forming central adornments, are arranged with great freedom and sometimes so lavishly used as to render the table a floral parterre, but room is always given for a completion by fruits and bon-bons and generally the flowers are set to show off the two former, especially the bon-bons, because they are capable of such constant variety. They are of course colored to suit the feast: ices, creams and other rare delicacies follow suit and it has been a question how to produce coloring matter that might give artistic shades without an injurious result. Burnett's Color Pinks have solved the problem and colors even so pronounced as green or orange, are free from anything unwholesome. They are endorsed by the chemist of the State Board of Health and possess in addition to superior strength, the special advantage of solubility in milk, spirits or water.

ROSALIND MAY.

The college students are home in large numbers; just in time for Christmas presents.

Willis S. Putnam, "Tech" Class of '89 and before that a High School boy, has severed his connection with the Delaware Bridge works in Wilmington and will, after Christmas, take up his abode in Harrisburg, Penn., where he has secured an excellent situation.

Patrick E. Ratigan.

This Patrolman, whose illness has been noted for some days, died Tuesday morning from pneumonia. He was born in Ireland and came to America when a lad. He had resided in Worcester forty-six years and was appointed to the force in 1862, and his service has been nearly continuous since. Since 1883, he has done office duty at the No. 2 station. He leaves four children, John B. Esq., William E. and Frank A. All three sons have been pupils in the High School. There is one daughter, Harriet. He was buried, Thursday, from St. John's Church.

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Professor LANGLEY'S fascinating book, with nearly 100 fine illustrations. 8vo., gilt top, \$3.00.

The Atlantic Monthly

for January contains
DON OSEBINO.

The First Chapters of a Remarkable Serial Story by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A paper of very great interest by HENRY JAMES.

BOSTON.

An Essay, never before printed, by RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

With articles of great interest by Prof. B. L. GILDERSLEEVE ("The Creed of the Old South"), WALTER CRANE ("Why Socialism Appeals to Artists"), ANNIE PAYSON CALL ("The Greatest Need of College Girls"), HERBERT D. WARD ("The Missing Interpreter," "2 Story"), EDITH M. THOMAS ("Birds and Birds," "19"), and a trenchant paper on "The Political Situation." N. B. Now is the time to subscribe.

\$4.00 a year; 35 cents a number.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



The January Wide Awake comes with a store of good things for young and old that are as entertaining as they are varied. It brings to its readers stories by Molly Elliot Seawell, G. Adams, Captain C. A. Curtis, Maria McIntosh Cox and the two bright story tellers who write under the *nom de plumes* of "Dorothy Holcomb" and "Abdel Ardavan," the Arab. It has sketches by Amanda B. Harris, Lieut. Col. Thorndike, Harriet Maxwell-Converse, Zitella Cocke, Otis T. Mason and Sally Joy White. It has poems by Celia Thaxter, Anna J. McKeag, Clara Doty Bates and others. It has pictures by L. J. Bridgman, George Foster Barnes, Virginia Gerson, Childre Hassam, Hy Sandham, Irving R. Wiles, Clifton Johnson, Charles Mente and E. H. Garrett. Such a combination of talent in story tellers, verse-makers and artists should produce most absorbing as well as most interesting reading matter, and one needs but to glance over Wide Awake's attractive January pages to find the promise fully carried out.

Wide Awake is published at 20 cents a number, \$2.40 per year. All booksellers keep it. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers, Boston.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will soon issue the first four books of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, edited expressly for them, with introduction and notes by Professor C. A. Buchheim, editor of the Clarendon Press Series of German Classics. The edition will be especially adapted for pupils preparing for entrance to colleges, offering an advanced requirement in German, but will also have in view the numerous colleges that devote a portion of their time to the reading of Goethe's prose.

Beowulf, translated into Modern Metres by Jno. Lesslie Hall, Professor of English and History in the College of William and Mary; with footnotes giving variant readings, as well as suggestions of eminent Beowulf scholars and critics. The translation is based upon the Heyne-Socin text, rarely deviating from it. The translator has aimed at a close, but not slavish, rendering, reproducing sentences, but not verses (or lines). The chief characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry have been retained. Parallelisms, frequent alliterations, archaic forms, and occasional ruggedness, will please the scholar; while the non-technical man of letters will have a tolerably regular cadence to take him quite smoothly through the poem.

Friends: A Duet, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

A novel from this well known author is always sure of readers and this is one of her best efforts in the way of writing and expression. It was published some time ago as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly but now that it is in convenient form no doubt many who could not have the expensive magazine will purchase this. The story is of a young widow

who thought she could make a friend of her dead husband's friend without his falling in love with her, but finding she cannot have the friend without the lover she accepts both. The book is published in the Riverside series and is, in paper covers, only 50 cents.

Ciphers, by Ellen Olney Olik, author of *The Story of Margaret Kent and Sons and Daughters*, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

As the title might indicate, this is a society novel, but one that is very true to what it describes. The principal characters are a widow whose money brings her every thing but love and happiness. She falls in love with a young architect, and he, fearing people will accuse him of being a fortune hunter, makes haste to bind himself to one of his acquaintances so that he may have no temptation to see or care for Mrs. Childre, but alas he loves her just the same, and, by and by, when his betrothed finds out she likes money better than her lover, she breaks the engagement leaving Sidney Breck free to marry where he chooses. The pictures of society are well written and bring in ciphers of all sorts. One needs to read it to find the charm. For sale by the Denholm, McKay Company.

Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, was in the Confederate army and a firm believer in the cause for which it contended. In the Atlantic Monthly for January he will state with frankness and force the reasons for his course, in an article entitled "The Creed of the Old South."

Sir Edwin Arnold does not seem to have met, in the West, the warm reception that his merits deserved. In St. Louis, the Spectator says, his audiences were meager at each one of his three appearances. On his Saturday matinee, he had less than a hundred listeners. In Chicago, he quite vexed those Lakeside dwellers by not going to a reception they had planned for him. In return they would not go to his readings. It was a fair turn about.

Two Worcester girls, one a present and the other a past member of the High School, recently made bold to call on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. They found the genial gentleman in his Back Bay residence and he most kindly accorded to them a few moments of his valuable time. There was a common bond uniting them, for these girls are familiar with the Doctor's writings having studied them in school and they found the writer the soul of humor. The half hour will be to them, a life long memory. Among other things, Dr. Holmes was sorry that he had not six feet to show them. Most folks would think that two would do for a man, but the Wit referred to his stature. Of course, the girls did not overstay their welcome and when they went away, the Doctor might have said, perhaps he did say, "Good Day girls."

A piano recital was given last Saturday afternoon at B. D. Allen's studio, 173 Main Street, by his pupils, assisted by the Pilgrim Ladies' Quartet. The pupils who took part were Misses E. A. Pratt, Catherine Pratt, Eva Finnelly, Eva F. Lindley, C. M. Milliken, Florence Holt, C. L. Lowell, M. L. Starr, E. G. Whittemore, Mrs. A. J. Harrington, Mr. Frank E. Muzzy.

THE HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH

NEW
SOCIETY
BUSINESS
PERSONAL
MUSIC
DRAMA
LITERATURE
ART

LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 18. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892. FIVE CENTS



MAYOR FRANCIS A. HARRINGTON.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

No. 18

91-92.

The bridge was only a foot way
So tiny the brook it spanned,
But it led to the beautiful meadow,
Sweet land.

The path from the year that's passing,
Seems only a step at night,
But it leads to a beautiful future
Of light.

A Happy New Year!

Every thing depends upoo the way you regard it.

You may look down and be as unhappy as sin, or you may look up and beyond and see pleasures infinite.

Would that there were more Mark Tapley's in life, men whose faces are wreathed in smiles, no matter what happens.

Was Dickens too imaginative in depicting the character? Are there any such? Yes, there are many and we need justsuch to counteract the Job Trotters and other lacrymose individuals who would speedily reduce us all to a semi-liquid condition.

The past, we cannot change and the future is what we make it. Day by day we come up with calendar dates and pass them. The book of fate is unrevealed and a merciful fact it is. Of the future, we know little save the recurring days of the month; but, from the past, we know that we must move on breast forward, prepared for weal or woe.

Scarcely a writer of the English language, the long line of worthies whom we revere and love, has neglected to have his say when the old year ended and the new began. Who has not read with tearful eyes Tennyson's, "Will the New Year Come Tonight?" After all it is not a matter of one day but of many; our Happy New Year should go with us through the twelve months.

"Of all sounds of all bells, (bells the mightiest bordering on heaven) most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have diffused over the past twelvemonth; and I have done and suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies."—Charles Lamb.

Christmas and the New Year found Worcester in the pangs of the grip. The pestilence of which we heard, two years ago, as making havoc in far away Russia came nearer and nearer and finally had us in its grasp. Every cold became an attack of the disease. Many were scared into it. A brave mind is always desirable and never more so than when an epidemic rages.

The season of 1889-90 is ended. With the

coming of warm weather came a cessation of the distemper. The next year, the complaint returned but with less intensity, at least, in this vicinity. The stinging cold weather with snow seemed to lessen the evil, but the present Winter seems to be the chosen season of La Grippe. North Carolina weather transferred to our locality seems to have given the trouble the strongest kind of a hold. If the Clerk of the Weather, in his New Year's rounds, will distribute a nice covering of snow, the public will be much obliged.

In New England dame nature needs covering up during Winter and when she fails to get her blanket of snow, everything seems out of gear. The only interest that profit by this kind of weather are the street and electric railroads. If the season had entered into a compact to especially help such corporations the results could, hardly, have been different. It is an ill wind that blows no body any good.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

Tears and regrets for the old love,
Tears and hope for the new,
Tears and lament for the false heart,
Tears and trust for the true;
Tears and sorrow for old wounds,
Tears and courage for new;
The Lethæan bowl for the old year,
The red-rose wreath for the new!"

—Aoon.

In view of the proposition to use a part or all of our Common for a new City Hall, the following is significant reading.

"Attacks Upon Public Parks.

The fight to prevent the injury and impairment of public parks, large and small, appears to be a perpetual one. There is always springing up some new person or persons possessed with a craving, as absorbing as it is mysterious, to get into a park of some kind and do harm to it in one way or another. If the park be a small one in a great city, the hostile attack takes the form of a request to run a railway across or over a corner of it, or to be granted a section for a railway station or some other semi public use. Plausible reasons are always advanced in support of such propositions, the chief of which usually is that the public convenience will be greatly enhanced by the incursion. A few years ago it was proposed with much seriousness to run an elevated railway across the Central Park, and it was claimed that the structure might be of such architectural beauty as to constitute an additional charm for the park. Again it was proposed to construct along the entire length of one side of the same park a speeding-track for horses which should be devoted to fast driving by the owners of blooded horses. In Boston and other cities the proposition is made anew every year to allow the city parks to be used as training and parade grounds for the militia.

The attacks upon the great parks, those of the Adirondacks, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, differ only in degree. Somebody wishes

to run a railway into or through them, or to construct a highway across them, or to use portions of them for some kind of private enterprise of a profitable nature. The mere sight of so much property lying idle appears to be irritating to the utilitarian spirit of the age. Men wish to get at it and make it earn something for them. And the first excuse that they make is that their particular project will be a great public convenience. If it be a railway that they propose, they say it will not injure the park, but bring its beauties and delights within easy reach of thousands of people who otherwise would never be able to enjoy them. If they wish to cut down trees, they say they only desire to do so in order to improve the views, to 'open vistas' from hotels and thus increase the enjoyment of visitors. 'Opening vistas' has long been the favorite device of park desolators all the way from New York city to the Yosemite Valley, and is one of the most extreme and violent forms of park vandalism ever invented.

All these attacks are open to the same objection, which is unanswerable, that they remove, in part if not entirely, the very qualities which are essential in a park.—Century Topics of the Time."

Miss Lydia M. Sumner.

A name, long honored in Shrewsbury, is recalled in the death of this lady, last Saturday. She was eighty years of age, a daughter of Erastus Sumner and a sister of Mr. George Sumner of this city. Her grandfather, the Rev. Wm. Sumner, was long the pastor of the Congregational Church in Shrewsbury. Her home, for many years, was with her sister, Mrs. Seth W. Howe.

Silas Dinsmore.

The name recalls an unusually tall and erect form, that of a man who for many years conducted a drug business at the north end of Main Street. He was a native of West Boylston, but for the most of the time, since his boyhood, he has resided in Worcester. He has engaged in various occupations, and in some or all of them managed to accumulate a fortune. He died at No. 10 Gertrude Avenue, Christmas day at the age of 78 years. He leaves an only daughter, who had lived with him. His funeral was held Monday afternoon.

Miss Agnes R. Whalen.

This young lady, a daughter of Mr. John Whalen of 151 Canterbury Street, a prominent member of the Father Matthew Society, died at her father's home last Tuesday, aged 22 years, 4 months, and 18 days. She had been ill a number of weeks. She was, several years ago, a pupil in the High School. Her funeral was attended Thursday, 9 A. M. at St. Peter's Church.

The St. Anne's Temperance Society will have a dance at Unity Hall next Friday evening.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
HER NEIGHBORS.

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second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1892.

Attention is called to the card of Dr. B. F. Cough in another column. His new duties as surgeon of Post 10, G. A. R., necessitates changes in his office hours.

The Monthly Calendar for January is received from Rev. Thomas J. Conaty. Aside from valuable matter, pertinent to the month, are found an interesting sketch of James J. Donnelly, recently raised to the Priesthood, and a smooth bit of verse by F. R. B. entitled, "Through the New Year."

Prize Speaking.

There is to be a contest in declamation in Horticultural Hall, Jan. 21st. The prizes will be worth struggling for. First prize, \$10 in gold. Two second prizes, \$5.00 each. Two third prizes, \$2.50 each. The lists are open to all. Any one desiring to enter should address B. R. Simmonds, Box 646, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

Worcester has a host of good declaimers who will welcome this opportunity for a contest with a deal of pleasure. The Demorest contests have had too much sameness. This offers a wider range. No better chance was ever offered to declaimers.

The first of the three select assemblies, announced several weeks ago in LIGHT, will be held next Friday evening in Colonial Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. Waldo Lincoln, Mrs. Francis H. Dewey, Mrs. Halleck Bartlett, Mrs. Frank R. Macullar and Mrs. J. Fred Mason. The managers are Charles F. Aldrich, James W. Allen, George T. Dewey, Rockwood Hoar, George D. Moore, Charles Ranellet, William B. Schofield and Charles M. Thayer.

The second of the house cotillions will be held at Mrs. Thomas B. Eaton's on Chatham Street next Monday evening.

From the Past.

Albert Curtis is the sole surviving selectman of Worcester, 1840 and '41. H. W. Miller and Albert Tolman who have died during the past year, being the latest to go through their periods of office holding were after Mr. Curtis's.

The Hon. W. W. Rice is senior ex-mayor, his term of office having been in 1860, and though, since his day, five ex-mayors have died, ten still survive.

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WORCESTER, Jan. 2, 1892.

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{ Flene Gloves.
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BOOKS EVER KNOWN IN
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To reduce the stock of the following sets at once, before annual January inventory, we have indulged in the most ridiculous cutting of prices and downright sacrificing we believe you ever heard of.

The time worn phrase, "a chance of a life-time," most certainly applies to the following:

	Our Regular Price.	Reduced now to
Carlyle's Essays, 4 vols., cloth - - - - -	\$3.98	\$2.75
Carlyle's Essays, 10 vols., cloth - - - - -	9.50	7.50
Carlyle's Reformation 16th Century, 5 vols., cloth - - - - -	3.50	2.50
Dickens, 15 vols., cloth - - - - -	4.98	3.75
Dickens 15 vols., one-half Levant - - - - -	22.50	17.50
Dickens 12 vols., half - - - - -	17.50	13.50
Cooper, 16 vols., cloth - - - - -	8.00	6.50
Cooper 16 vols., one-half Levant - - - - -	22.50	17.98
Cooper, Lea and Leather Stocking, 5 vols., half morocco, - - - - -	3.75	2.75
Cooper, Lea and Leather Stocking 5 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.25	1.50
Ruskin, 12 vols., cloth - - - - -	9.50	6.98
Irving, 9 vols., half - - - - -	14.50	10.00
Levant - - - - -	8.98	6.25
Irving, 6 vols., cloth - - - - -	5.00	3.98
Mary Cecil Hay, 9 vols., cloth - - - - -	6.98	4.98
E. P. Roe's Works, per vol., cloth - - - - -	.60	.35
Shakespeare, 3 vols., cloth - - - - -	3.50	5.98
Shakespeare, 3 vols., half calf - - - - -	5.50	4.25
Shakespeare 4 vols., - - - - -	5.50	4.25
Green's English People - 5 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.98	1.98
Macaulay's England 5 vols., cloth - - - - -	1.50	.98
Macaulay's England, and Poems, 3 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.50	1.98
Gibbon's Rome, 5 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.98	1.98
Ferdinand and Isabella, 2 vols., cloth - - - - -	1.75	1.25
Conquest of Mexico, 2 vols., cloth - - - - -	1.75	1.25
Prescott's Works, 6 vols., cloth - - - - -	3.75	2.98
Josephus' Works, cloth - 2.75	1.98	
Hawthorne, 3 vols., cloth - 5.00	3.98	
McCarthy's Own Times, 2 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.25	1.48
Rawlinson's Seven Great Monarchies, 3 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.98	1.98
Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies, 2 vols., cloth - 2.25	1.48	
Rawlinson's Egypt, x cloth - 1.98	1.48	

Boswell's Jonson, 4 vols., cloth - - - - -	3.50	2.75
Hume's England, 6 vols., cloth - - - - -	2.50	1.98
George Eliot, 6 vols., cloth - 3.25	2.48	
Victor Hugo, 6 vols., cloth - 3.98	2.98	
Bulwer Lytton, 13 vols., cloth - - - - -	5.50	4.25
Plutarch's Lives, 4 vols., 1/2 morocco - - - - -	3.75	2.98
Waverley Novels, 12 vols., 1/2 Levant - - - - -	18.50	13.50
Waverley Novels, 15 vols., 1/2 Levant - - - - -	22.50	17.50
Half Hours with Best Authors, cloth - - - - -	3.98	2.98

These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, if you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating, you interrogate them; they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—Richard de Bury, 1227-1345.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are give here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Jan. 2, 1892.

Signed

i.
"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraud him,
But little he'll reek if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where his comrad's have laid him."

ii.
"And no never ending,
But always descending,
And that's how the water
Comes down at —"

iii.
"He died at the close of a darksome day,
A day that shall live in story."

iv.
"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

v.
"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the Sun in Heaven."

vi.
"All the world's a stage."

Answers to Quotations Dec. 19.

- Whittier, "Slave ships."
- Mrs. Norton, "Bingen on the Rhine."
- Bryant, "The Battlefield."
- Gray, "Elegy."
- Emmet's Vindication.
- Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

1st. A. H. Warren, city.

2d. T. G. Houghton, Washington.

Nothing is more simple than greatness in deed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

Entertainments.

Y. M. C. A.

The last entertainment of the first series in the Association course was giving Thursday evening by the Choristers Glee Club. This club consists of twenty men and boys from Grace Church, Newton. The program consisted of glees, part songs and solos. Master Gaun Wilson sang twice, his first selection being encored. He responded with "One Solemn Thought," which he rendered very well. Mr. Leach's singing was a decided success; he was heartily applauded both times he appeared, but responded only to the first. The audience greatly desired to hear him again. Mr. Sladen also sang twice. The director and pianist was Mr. H. B. Day.

The second series begins Jan. 21st, when the Temple Quartet will appear instead of the Fadette Ladies' Orchestra.

The Oratorio Festival.

The oratorio festival, arranged by Mr. E. M. Anderson and conducted by him, opened Thursday evening with a performance of Handel's "Messiah," the most popular of all oratorios and one very appropriate for the season of the year. The work was performed by a chorus of about eighty voices; an orchestra from the Germania orchestra of Boston with Emil Mollenhauer, leader; Benjamin Bowrin, solo trumpeter; Charles H. Groat, organist and the following soloists: Mrs. Henry F. Harris, soprano; Mrs. J. A. Rice, soprano; Miss Florence King, contralto; Mr. Alfred Thomas, tenor; Mr. John Howell, bass and Mr. W. A. Anderson, bass.

Considering the performance as a whole, there is only the highest praise for all concerned. The chorus was very well balanced and brought credit not only to itself but also to Mr. Anderson, who has conducted its preparation. Only once did it fall short of the requirements of the work and that was at the most trying part, the "Hallelujah" chorus, where the orchestra almost drowned the voices. Yet the fault was more in a lack of numbers than in the efficiency of chorus members. In the "Amen" chorus, however, where the requirements are the same, the difficulty was considerably overcome. The chorus was at its best in "Lift up your heads" and in the closing choruses.

Of the work of the orchestra not much need be said, for it was, of course, very excellent.

It would be difficult to say which of these soloists achieved the greatest success, but if pressed for a decision, the choice would be Miss King, for she was good in every selection while the others varied in excellence. In the air "He was despised" she sang particularly well, her voice full of the pathos which is the very soul of the air. She also won a triumph in the air, "He shall feed his flock."

Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Harris and Mr. W. A. Anderson should be mentioned next as successes. Mrs. Rice's best work was done in the recitative "He was cut off," the air, "But thou didst not leave his soul" and the air "How beautiful are the feet." Mrs. Harris was at the summit of her powers in the air "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and it is seldom that it is

sung as she sang it. It was perfect. Mr. Anderson's greatest success was in the air "Why do the nations." His strong voice fitted the spirit of the air to perfection. Mr. Thomas was in good voice throughout and Mr. Howell sang well the small part which he had.

But the greatest praise belongs to Mr. E. N. Anderson, to him belongs the credit for the successful performance. The "Messiah" as given Thursday evening will linger long and tenderly in the memories of many people.

The remainder of the festival took place too late for LIGHT to publish an account this week.

Lothrop's Opera House.

A deviation from the usual order of things was made at this popular house of amusement this week and the large audiences seem to imply that it met with favor from the theater's patrons. The Frisco Minstrel's have been the entertainers. The show opens with the usual first part introducing songs, sentimental and humorous, and jokes and conversations. Ad. Weaver is the interlocutor, Fayette Welsh and George Woods are on the bones ends, and Dave Reed and J. H. Mack jingle the tambos. In the excellent olio which follows appear J. W. Harrington, dialect comedian; Judson and Byrne in a musical act; Ad. Weaver in songs; Prince and Princess Tanaka, jugglers; William Hafford, ballad singer; Baggeson, the contortionist; Welsh and Reed in an amusing turn; Mack and Woods in a musical act; Healy and Costello in athletic feats, and the Brilliant Quartette. The after-piece is "Fun in a Boarding School." Lots of fun was the verdict of everybody who heard the minstrels.

The announcement for next week promises much pleasure to the lovers of sensational dramas. The piece to be put on is Augustin Daily's "Under the Gaslight." With three stars, J. Gordon Edwards, Charles Harringer and Kate Glassford and a good supporting company the drama should be given a capital presentation.

Friday Populars.

Last evening, in Mechanics Hall, the Whitney Mockridge Concert Company gave the fourth of the entertainments in this course. The company includes Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; Miss Belle Botsford, violinist; Mrs. Mayo Rhodes, soprano and Arthur Beresford, basso. The next entertainment will be a concert, January 15, by the Swedish Concert Company.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

"Professor Charles James Capen, principal or master of the Boston Latin School, has not missed being at his post on account of sickness a single day in forty years."

The above, from a western paper, is wrong somehow. There has been no such principal of the Latin School. Moses Merrill is the present head of the School.

"I could have only good words to say of the Chautauqua courses. It is the people's college. It is a step to something better, and that appears to be University Extension. This is the next natural step in the progressive develop-

ment of the idea of furnishing the means of the highest education to all its people. It is feared by some that it will cheapen learning—that many who might otherwise secure the training of the colleges will hereafter be content to take the University Extension course. But on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, it impresses me as one of the best movements of our time."—Dr. Bush in Boston Budget.

Sumner Club.

The former members of this club will have an interest in the following from the Boston Sunday Times. Mr. Kinsley who died Dec. 26, was one of the speakers when the picture of Charles Sumner was presented to the school in the Spring of 1889. He talked about personal recollections of the distinguished senator. He has also spoken before the Academy boys.

"EDWARD W. KINSLEY.

The Railroad Commissioner Dies Suddenly, at the age of 63.

Railroad Commissioner Edward W. Kinsley died suddenly yesterday afternoon. He was a native of Nashua, N. H., but had passed the greater part of his life in Boston. During the war he was prominent in the sanitary commission. In 1878 Gov. Rice appointed him a railroad commissioner, which position he held up to the time of his death, except during the few years when he acted as the representative of Jesse Seligman, the New York banker, in promoting important schemes. He was well known in New York and the West where he had considerable capital invested. He was 63 years old."

The Assembly.

Graduate High School boys to the number of nearly thirty assembled at Estey's restaurant, last Monday night to eat a good supper and to talk over former days in Room 6 of the High School where the Assembly meetings were held. For a starter, the gathering must be considered a great success. After regaling themselves on the choice viands presented, Arthur C. Comins of the Polytechnic called the young men to order and stated the purpose of the meeting. There were present the following former High School boys: A. E. Clark, C. E. Burbank, L. E. Booth, W. H. Ellinwood, E. H. Keith, A. C. Comins, H. J. Gross, G. B. Churchill, David Reid, John Reid, C. H. Andrews, F. E. Brayton, W. H. Larkin, Jr., C. T. Tatman, C. G. Rogers, W. H. Fisher, J. F. Healy, G. A. Prior, E. B. Fish, G. H. Hill, G. S. Bennett, H. P. Hopsen, E. H. Fish, L. W. Rawson, H. C. Lakin and W. E. Langlois.

Charles E. Burbank, the first president of the society, now a Senior in Amherst, was chosen toastmaster and at his instance, speeches were made by many of the young men.

For the ensuing year, Chas. E. Burbank will be president; Arthur C. Comins, vice-president; W. H. Larkin, Jr., secretary and treasurer. The officers will constitute an executive committee and to them was left the entire matter of a constitution and the next meeting. All who join before the next gathering will be considered charter members.

Francis A. Harrington.

When a man is elected, for the third time, to the highest executive office in the gift of the city it is meet and proper to set forth the manner of man he is. The first number of LIGHT, March 1st, 1890, presented a portrait of the Mayor, then in his first term, and a brief sketch of his life. In this number the engraving is used again. Though the two years have added much to Mayor Harrington's experience, they have not altered his appearance to any extent, so the semblance then is a good one today.

His face and form are familiar to those who walk Main Street. He is more often seen afoot than riding. He attends strictly to his duties, both official and private, and is as accessible an officer as any who ever filled the Mayor's place. Apparently, he has a high sense of the responsibilities of his position and is careful to slight nothing.

Of course, he has not pleased everybody; he would not be much of a man if he had, but it is probable that he has as few enemies as any decent man can afford to have.

Worcester born, reared and educated, it is not strange that the interests of the city should be very dear to him. His family name is as old as the town and he, himself, is only a little older than the city; his birthday being Nov. 19, and the year, 1846. His preliminary school for his office was an alderman's chair which he was occupying for the second term when he was called up higher. The stamp of the city's approval has, twice, been placed upon his record.

He is a thoroughly temperate man, a member of the Salem Square Congregational Church, a Mason and a Granger, has children in the public schools and in addition to his extensive business on Central Street, runs a farm over Bloomingdale way, a farm by the way, that has been in Harrington hands possibly from the days of the very first settler.

Our Mayor, who Monday next, will again be sworn to the faithful performance of his duties is not a pretentious man. He does not indulge in high sounding words, but in every place where he has been weighed he has been found fully up to the standard.

Board of Aldermen.

Associated with Mayor Harrington in his office, will be found an excellent array of advisers, many of whom have long discharged their duties.

Warren C. Jewett, from Ward One, is in his first term; but he had previously served in the common council. He is a farmer, like the Mayor, and just at present is recovering from an attack of illness lasting from the New England Fair in September last.

Edmund L. Parker who comes to the Board, new, from Ward Two, has had experience in the lower branch of the city government. He is a manufacturer of iron and steel goods on School Street.

A. Frank Gates who represents Ward Three, and who came into the Board as Mayor Harrington's successor, is a marketman and farmer with home, long in the family, on Plantation Street.

Francis Plunkett, the only Democrat on the Board, is a well known and popular lawyer,

from Ward Four, this being his second term. He has been school committee man and in the lower branch. His election was a decided compliment to him.

Francis W. Groat, who is Ward Five's representative is another farmer and it is not a little queer that the bucolic element is so largely represented in the city government. It certainly is to the city's credit. He is just half through his first term. His home is on Vernon Street.

George W. Coombs comes into the government as a new member and Ward Six is his particular territory. The caucus contest was a hot one but he won fairly. He has been an extensive dealer in wool.

William A. Lytle, the clothing man on Main Street, is Ward Seven's alderman and he has just finished his first year. He is New York born but has long lived in Massachusetts.

Charles H. Pinkham who comes for his first term from Ward Eight has just finished two terms in the common council. As a member of the firm of Pinkham & Willis he is well known. He has also, just completed his second term as Commander of Post 10, G. A. R.

Probably there is not a man in this branch of the government who does not thank his stars that the license question was decided at the same time that he was elected. They will have more time for other business.

The Common Council.

Having three times the number of the aldermanic body, the council is the scene of activity and eloquence, that the adjacent chamber is a stranger to. Over this organization, Eben Francis Thompson, Esq., will preside, he being the choice of the Republican majority. He has resided, nearly all his life, in this city and knows its needs perfectly. He was graduated from the High School in 1877, having taken the college preparatory course, though he did not enter. Devoting himself to the study of law in the office of Colonel Williams, he has been a diligent student ever since. In school he was conspicuous for his forensic talent and there is a prize won at a Mechanics Hall contest in declamation, still remembered to his credit. Since leaving school he has enjoyed a more than local fame as a diligent student of Shakespeare and an inspiring reader of the Divine Dramatist. He has twice been abroad and has published a Students Kent, an admirable book for the use of the tyro in law. This year makes his fourth in the council and his promotion is well earned.

The other twenty-three men are: from Ward One, Frank A. Atherton, refrigerator manufacturer of Sunnyside; George W. Rice, 2d, photographer at 419 Main Street; and Alonzo A. White grocer at 143 Main Street. Captain White was in the 36th Regiment and this is his introduction to city office.

Ward Two sends Alvah W. Bigelow, book-keeper with Bigelow & Longley, 388 Main Street; James P. Crosby, iron dealer on Foster Street and Representative elect from the ward; and Josiah P. Shattuck, farmer, on Lincoln Street.

From Ward Three we have William W. Sanderson, coal dealer on East Worcester Street; John P. Fay, truckman, 35 Grafton, and John J. Flaherty, instructor at the jail.

Ward Four has David F. O'Connell, lawyer;

Michael L. Russell, reporter and former High School boy; Daniel F. Fitzgerald, manager at 122 Front Street.

The councilmen from Ward Five are Edward J. McMahon, lawyer and High School graduate of '81; John J. Murphy, armorer and John F. Riley, also a High School graduate and collector for the Gas Company.

Ward Six's men are Jos'ph M. Dyson, State Inspector of Buildings and an old soldier; George S. Dixon, dealer in machinery oils, paints, etc., on Pearl Street and at Washington Square and Eben W. Hoxie, the well known Main Street grocer.

Ward Seven has John F. Adams, inspector, 31 Hermon Street; Irving E. Comins, woolen manufacturer at Greenville, a High School graduate of 1879. Amherst, 1883; Daniel W. Darling of the extensive firm of Darling Bros., contractors and builders.

From Ward Eight are Eben F. Thompson, already mentioned as president; Homer P. King, farmer, Tatnuck and Edward F. Fletcher of the Waverly Shoe Company.

From Wards 3, 4 and 5 the councilmen are Democrats. The others are Republicans. Probably not another city in the land as large as Worcester can show so good a representation, all reputable business or professional men. The city is safe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton.

Very rarely do husband and wife go, as it were hand in hand into the dark valley. It was a sad Christmas for the children of these aged people who, within a few hours of each other passed from this life to the next, the husband at about 4 A. M. and the wife seven hours later. They were, both, victims of the prevailing epidemic, though previous feebleness rendered them especially subject to the attack. Mr. Samuel Stoughton was born in Gill, Mass., where his father was one of the early settlers and where many of his relatives still reside. In that town he was a farmer. His wife, Hannah E. Spaulding, was a native of Jaffrey, N. H. They came to this city, twelve years ago, making their home with their son, Frederick S. 14 Crystal Street. Their other children are Charles S. and Mrs. George R. Bliss. Mr. Stoughton's age was 76 years, 10 months and 15 days; his wife's, 68 years, 10 months and 24 days. They were members of the Old South Church, whose pastor, Dr. Conrad is confined to his home by illness, and the Rev. Mr. Southgate of the Pilgrim Church officiated at the funeral, Monday at 3 P. M.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." The remarks of the clergyman were particularly happy and consoling to the bereaved family. The burial was at Hope cemetery. All the exercises were of the simplest character, being strictly private.

The sun was sinking in the west,
When two with staff in hand,
Started for that life of rest
Within the border-land.

Side by side, these two were laid,
A life of joy begun,
Just as the year began to fade,
Just at the set of sun.

My brush or pen would fail to paint,
How rich this glad fruition.
The boys held out for fullest saint,
Beyond my poor expression.

W. A. WHEELER.

Pagan or Nazarene ?

Suggested by Edwin Long's Picture, "Diana or Christ."

A day of golden sunshine and deep blue sky in Rome. Standing near one of the entrances of the Coliseum is a statue of Diana of Ephesus, the All-Mother, with arms extended toward her votaries.

Blood-red roses garland its base. White-clad maidens whose flowing tresses are circled by jewelled fillets group themselves in the shadow of the statue, and discourse sweet music on pipe and lute.

An aged man, white-bearded and wrinkled, is seated on a stone at their feet. His hands are fettered, his deep-set eyes are fixed on the central figure of the group in front of the statue—that of a young girl.

Scarcely past childhood is she, pale as Italian moonlight, slender to fragility. The flaxen tendrils of her hair shade the pure brow. Her widely-opened blue eyes have a wondering look. She seems to be listening to voices from afar.

At her shoulder a man reads from a scroll. He raises his serpent eyes to her, his lips spit venom.

A burly negro, whose ebony blackness is deepened by the yellow leopard-skin thrown across one shoulder, stands with one foot advanced and hands ready to seize her.

Suddenly, through the mass of glittering soldiery guarding the entrance to the amphitheater, a bare-headed young Roman pushes his way to the girl's side.

"Clytie!" he cries. "Flavius!" gasps the startled girl. The musicians are silent. The roar of wild beasts, the shouts of the spectators in the arena fill the air.

"What does this mean, my Clytie?" asks Flavius, as he throws a protecting arm round the girl.

"It means," interposed the snake-eyed man, "that she is a professed Nazarene, but because of her high standing and patrician blood she is granted the choice between scattering incense on great Diana's altar and making a meal for the lion."

"That dotard," passionately exclaims Flavius, pointing to the white-bearded man, "has cast some spell over her; to the lions with him! But twenty days have passed since I left Rome. Fall back, while I speak with the maiden."

Graceful as Apollo, brave as Mars, he stands, the proud young senator, favorite of the imperial city. Sullenly he is obeyed. The brass helmets of the soldiers form the background for the crisply curled dark head, the cameo profile rising from the sinewy sunburnt neck.

Hastily thrusting his hand into a pearly casket held by one of Diana's servitors: "See," he whispered, "my Clytie, throw these grains on the altar and let us begone from this foul mob." Clytie's lips quiver. Her eyes, now dilated with horror, involuntarily meet those of the old man. Strange that so much magnetic fire should dwell in that aged body.

"Flavius," she very faintly murmured, "tempt me not. Leave me to die in peace."

"This is no peaceful death, beloved. Even now the Coliseum reeks with the crowd clamoring for your sweet body. Hark! by all

the gods you swore you loved me. Come with me then and teach me your new faith!"

The soldiers are gradually yielding to the pressure of the crowd. Desperately Flavius opened the clinched hand of the agonized girl, and pours into the palm the incense from his own hand.

A second's pause—a parting sigh—the grains drop—but on the ground; the lovely eyes are glazed—the slender form sways and lies strangely still in Flavius' arms—the wild beasts are balked of their prey. Clytie is at rest.—Home Journal.

Books and Bookmen.

The contents of the January Pansy will delight all its readers as well as help create more. The Pansy is peculiarly adapted to the needs of the young people, but every member of the household is always sure to find something of interest as well as help. Its stories are characterized by that high moral tone which stamp this magazine as the young folks' friend, its sketches graphic and real, its poems, pictures and verse replete with incident, interest and merit, making this publication one we can everywhere heartily commend to the family, the reading-room and the home. The price is only \$1.00 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

One of the early issues of D. C. Heath & Co., will be White's Number Lessons, graded for second and third year pupils.

It has been carefully selected from the everyday blackboard work used in the Syracuse Schools, and contains no work that has not been long tried and approved by the very best Primary teachers.

It deals with number thoroughly and progressively from ten up to the thousands, using easy fractions, and Roman numerals throughout.

It has been a special aim to make the language so simple that children can use the book with little or no help from the teacher.

Original problem-pictures, and problem-making are features of the book.

Our Little Men and Women for January is a number well worth having. The pictures are bright, attractive and pretty, the verses and rhymes, expressions of melody and sweetness, and the stories are made for boys and girls, by writers who know how to make them. On the whole, the best thing to be said of Our Little Men and Women is, that it is really what it claims to be, a magazine for boys and girls (from five to nine years) and this to our mind is the best recommendation it could possibly have.

The price is only \$1.00 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

Babyland for January, with its dainty pictures, sweet little stories and gay jingles is here. Baby never fails to find this magazine engaging from cover to cover, and so long as babies are in our midst, just so long will Babyland continue to be a source of comfort and delight both to baby and mamma. Adapted to children from one to six.

The price is only 50 cents a year; 5 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

One of the most interesting things in the New England Magazine every month is the critical, chatty talk "In a Corner at Dodsley's," by Walter Blackburn Harte, which this month comes out under a new and appropriate design by H. Martin Beal. It shows a glimpse of the interior of the old bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, in which Pope aud all the wits of London used to congregate. Harte has plenty of witty, wise, and ironical things to say, and Pope would have found him a congenial companion.

It should be noted that Prof. Gladwin's book has a peculiar attraction for all Polytechnic boys and graduates, in that the cover bears the Institute colors viz., steel gray and crimson. The effect is delightful.

Curtis H. Hartshorn.

Mr. Hartshorn was known to few Worcester people, his coming here having been so recent, but he was a man of sterling worth who had known much of the vicissitudes of living. He lived in the West for many years, but for the last twenty, Ashland was for the most part his home. While he had worked at boot making, he was also a farmer and this form of labor was his last. With his wife he came to Worcester, within the year, to make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Martin L. Parmenter and at her home, No. 24 Salem Street, he died, December 25 at the age of 73 years. The burial was in Ashland, Monday, the funeral being held at an early hour at his late residence. In the later months of his life, no one would recognize in his feeble bearing, the hearty, robust man of only a few years ago. Then, he was one of the most successful fox hunters in his vicinity and there were few haunts of Reynard in Middlesex or Eastern Worcester with which he was not familiar. He leaves a son who served in the Rebellion and Mrs. Parmenter of this city. A daughter Jennie died several years since in Minnesota.

Alfred Atherton.

The past week has been prolific in sudden deaths and seldom has Christmas presented such an array as did our last. Wednesday, the 23d Mr. Atherton was about the city in normal health, though he has not been strong for some time. The 25th at 6 P. M. his spirit took its flight to another world, a victim of La Grippe.

Mr. Atherton has lived in this city for about thirty years, for a long time manufacturing refrigerators near Chadwick Square, a business that he passed over, several years ago to his son, Frank. He was born in Still River, town of Harvard and his wife, who survives him, was Mrs. Abby (Adams) Stacy. Their children are Councilman Frank A.; Edward Herbert, a teacher in the Boston Girls' Latin School, and Walter E., dealer in paints, oils etc. on Pleasant Street. Mr. Atherton was long a member of Grace M. E. Church and his death is the tenth in that body since the first of last April. He was born February 27, 1823. His reputation was the very best and his going hence, takes away a kind and loving husband and father and an estimable citizen. His funeral was attended Monday afternoon by friends and neighbors at his late residence, No. 5 Hall Street, Sunnyside, Rev. W. T. S.

Just Before Christmas.

A Boy's Story.

You see it was this way, my mamma could'n go with me and I went down to see Tim could go. His father is a policeman and he sleeps days. His mother had been sick all the week and she was trying to sweep and so she wanted Tim to shake the rugs for her and she said, "Spos'n your father should wake up ann way you. I guess you'd better not go today;" so I had to go all alone, for I was bound to see some of the fine things I'd heard the other boys tell of.

I went to see the candy castle in Rebboli's window for mamma had been down that morning and she said "be sure to look at that." I didn't think the castle was very big but the rocks it was up on looked splendid all made of candy. I didn't stay there long for nothing about it moved and I wanted to see the Fairy Boat in the Boston Store window that rocked. That was fine and I went down stairs with a lot of boys who said you could see how it worked if you went down stairs. I found out all about it and I can rig one up myself if I had room enough in the house, but mamma says if I had all the room I wanted she wouldn't have any. I shouldn't want to have her move out. I'd miss her awfully I guess.

Well, I went round and round down stairs and by and by a man asked me if there was any one with me and when I said no, he said he guessed I'd better go now. Papa said if I'd gone and found Uncle Charlie, (he's boss down stairs you know) why, I could have stayed, but the man who sent me out didn't know that, I suppose.

There were a lot of boys waiting at Clark & Sawyer's and I went in with them and saw more things that go, and there was a man, purpose to wind them up, and when I tried to tell about it at supper time papa said he guessed he would me up, and Frank, he's my cousin, said I needn't holler so, but you see I go to Dix Street school, an' I have to yell because I couldn't make any body hear if I didn't. I like Mr. Jenkins because he's jokinified like my papa, but I do hate to carry my slate to him because he says in kind of a sorry way, "You must do better than that, my boy."

I stayed a long time in that store, but they have a man in every where to send the boys out and he came up and said, "Now boys, you've been round four times and I guess you may look for the door now;" but I knew where the door was because I took particular pains to notice the way out. All the boys went right up stairs and so I guess he meant for me to go. Papa laughed when I told him but I don't see what there was funny about that, do you?

Then I went to No. 385 to see the House that Jack Built. That was fine, for the rat and the malt and the priest and the maiden and all the rest except the horse and the hound and the horn, and those were left out. They belonged to the farmer that sowed the corn you know. I wonder if that store keeper has any children?

I stayed so long down town that I thought mamma would wonder where I was, so I came home for that day. Papa said, most as quick

as I finished my supper, that I could be excused, so I took my little sister up stairs and told her all about it.

Next day after school Tim came up and wanted me to go down and show him the things I saw, so we started out and went over the same things, but when I got to the place we wanted to see most a man stood at the door and when we went in he counted us and said, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen boys, and there's the door," and he never let us so much as look over the railing down stairs. I felt sorry for Tim, though I had told him so he knew most all of it. But that isn't like seeing it your own self, is it?

I wanted to go down every day but mamma said she guessed I'd better not, but I saw lots the times I did go.

Living Whist.

The party at Mechanics Hall, Wednesday night, was a brilliant refutation of the oft repeated statement that there is nothing new under the sun, for to Worcester the whole affair savored much of an actual creation. The original suggestion of the entertainment for this city was made by Mrs. O. F. Rawson and the society of the Church of the Unity, that has presented already, so many novelties took it up with vim and energy. The rehearsals were under the direction of Mr. M. B. Gilbert who devised the scheme. Fortunately, clearing weather rendered a large audience possible, and many people assembled to see the most notable game of cards ever played in Worcester. Fifty-two persons under the direction of C. M. Thayer, E. D. Stoddard, John H. Jewett and T. K. Corbier, in costumes made specially for the occasion, went through graceful evolutions. The suggestion and the performance may be considered marvels of ingenuity. The mazes of the giddy dance are nothing to the intricacies of this network of interwoven complications, but the players were equal to the emergency and they went through in a manner to secure an encore. Following the play came a period of dancing.

The names of those acting the game are as follows:

Played by C. M. Thayer. Miss Lizzie Norcross, ace of hearts; Miss Maud Knowlton, queen of diamonds; W. W. Conkey, 10 of hearts; Fred Whittemore, 5 of clubs; Waldo Simpson, jack of hearts; Mrs. F. J. Darrah, 2 of diamonds; C. A. Wait, 6 of clubs; T. H. Blood, jack of clubs; Miss L. E. Gray, 2 of spades; H. A. Billings, 3 of spades; H. H. Ames, Jr., 7 of spades; Miss J. V. Hammond 3 of diamonds; Miss F. Buckingham, 4 of diamonds.

Played by John H. Jewett, Harry B. Fairbanks, jack of diamonds; Miss Annie Taft, ace of diamonds; H. W. Doe, jack of spades; George S. Taft, king of spades; Miss Alice M. Rheutan, 10 of spades; Miss E. Billings, 4 of spades; Mrs. W. T. Clark, queen of spades; Miss Mazie Longley, 10 of diamonds; Miss Catherine Burton, 4 of hearts; Edwin H. Dodge, 9 of clubs; Miss Josie White, 3 of hearts; Miss H. E. Fletcher, 8 of diamonds; Miss Theresa Gray, 2 of hearts.

Played by T. K. Corbier, A. A. Barker, king of hearts; Morton Crane, 7 of diamonds; Miss E. S. Rheutan, queen of hearts;

Miss Maud Longley, 4 of clubs; Miss Daisy Day, 8 of hearts; F. J. Darrah, 9 of hearts; Miss J. Robinson, ace of clubs; Miss F. Braman, 10 of clubs; George Eddy, 7 of clubs; Mrs. W. W. Conkey, ace of spades; Miss C. McClellan, 8 of spades, William Waite, 5 of spades; Miss Mollie Taft, 6 of spades.

Played by E. D. Stoddard, F. A. Leland, king of diamonds; R. G. Chandler, 9 of diamonds; Miss Ruth Goddard, 9 of spades; Miss Isabel Gray, queen of spades; A. F. Hyde, 8 of clubs; Dr. W. T. Clark, king of clubs; John E. Kennedy, 3 of clubs; H. Wheelock, 6 of diamonds; William A. Cile, 7 of hearts; Miss Mollie Day, 2 of clubs; C. F. Brown, 6 of hearts; J. O. Norcross, 5 of diamonds; Dr. A. F. Townsend, 5 of hearts.

The game was won by Messrs. Stoddard and Corbier.

W. A. Smith, secretary of the Mechanics Association, has had his share of the grip, but is again out and about.

Chas. W. Delano, Wesleyan '94, is spending the Holidays at home. He had a week of the grip, before leaving Middletown.

"Now is the Winter of our discontent made glorious Summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

The new French club, Le Casino, held its New Year's social Wednesday evening in the club rooms, 215 Front Street.

Next week Tuesday evening Worcester Grange, No. 22, Patrons of Husbandry, will meet at Grange Hall, when the annual reports will be read and the officers for 1892 will be installed by Past Master James Draper.

The Laurel Hill electric line was opened Wednesday. It promises to be a very paying branch. Next should come lines to Clinton, Shrewsbury, Millbury and other surrounding towns and then Worcester will begin to have the influence through the county which it should have but has not now.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

Horticultural Society.

The first meeting for discussion will take place, Thursday, Jan. 7. Subject, "The Possibilities of New England Horticulture," chief speaker, J. Howard Hale of South Glastonbury, Conn.

Tin Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Coffey have been ten years married. Mr. C. is the efficient clerk of the Board of Health. If the friends of these people chose to make them a testimonial more solid than tin ware, if not so resonant, they have no cause for complaint, for Monday evening from Pinkham & Willis' an elegant solid mahogany parlor suite was sent to their home on Ingalls Street. Illness in Mr. Coffey's family prevented a social gathering. That will come later.

Curious Corner.

Virginia's Nickname.

Inter-Ocean tells that the authorities in the colony of Virginia, at the time of the contest in England between the Stuarts and Cromwell, appear to have been devoted to the Stuarts, and when the Cromwellian government threatened to send a fleet to reduce the colony to submission, its officials dispatched a message to young Charles, who was afterward King of England, under the title of Charles II., who was then hiding in France, to come over and be King of Virginia. It is said that Charles was on the point of starting, when the collapse of the commonwealth and the Cromwellian regime took place, which sent him to the English throne. Charles never forgot this devotion of Virginia, to his fortunes, and that colony was subsequently classed with England, Scotland and Ireland as leading members of the empire. In this way Virginia came to be known among the American colonies as the Old Dominion.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, at the late National W. C. T. U. convention, told of seeing a group of Chinese ladies, to whom some one had given a magazine containing an American fashion plate. They were examining it with great interest, with their elaborately decorated heads all bent over the picture together. At length one of them straightened up and said to Mrs. Leavitt: "China woman pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman not pinch foot; Melican woman pinch here," laying her hands on her waist. "Life here, life not in foot. Melican woman velly more bad than China woman!" Mrs. Leavitt said a "Heavenly Foot Society" had been formed in China, of young men pledged not to marry any woman whose feet were smaller than heaven meant them to be. She wished a "Heavenly Waist Society" might be formed in this country, of young men pledged not to marry any girl whose waist was smaller than heaven meant it to be.—Woman's Journal.

Old Milestones.

On the old Boston and New Haven turnpike in the southern part of New London county, Ct., is an old milestone, notched and moss grown, that was set there by Benjamin Franklin. When the highway was laid out Franklin got the job of setting its milestones, and he did it in an original way. He set out from Boston in a comfortable chaise that he had built, and a gang of men followed him with a team that conveyed the stones. Franklin's vehicle had a peculiar machine that marked the miles according to the revolutions of one of its wheels. He drove all the way between Boston and the Elm city. The historic stone is alongside of the John Champion farm in Lynn.

Post Office Alley.

If you have time, take several trips through the alley by the side of the Chapin Block and note the looks of those *habitues* who, for years, have been wont to turn in at the side door of the Post Office. Their discomfiture is as good as a play. Some don't discover the change till they flatten themselves against the board

sheathing where once were the swinging doors. Then they remember that they did the same thing yesterday and they wonder if any one saw them. Of course, somebody did. Somebody is always at hand to enjoy a good thing. The way people have, for years, threaded that alley and stumbled up those steps is a very good illustration of the automatic manner in which many of the duties of living are performed. Many a man can't tell whether he wound the clock or not and few Main Street merchants would be willing to tell how many times they have walked back to their stores to see whether they had locked the doors as they went out.

Postmaster Greene has made some of his patrons lots of trouble by his enlarged quarters, but they will settle down to the changed order after they get their minds automatized on that side door question.

Demorest.

At the contest in Christ Church Monday evening the medal was won by Miss Bessie Lawrence. Miss Gertrude Fuller receiving honorable mention. The donor, a resident of New York, has given away nearly 1500 medals. At this rate they will become quite common.

Well Done.

This must be everyone's verdict over the entertainment given to the sewing women of the Employment Society. Thirty guests enjoyed a repast prepared by Rebboli at the expense of Miss Frances M. Lincoln. In addition to a lunch, they were treated to music by Mr. Ben T. Hammond and Miss Ida Johnson. Each guest also received a souvenir. The Employment Society is one of our city's many beneficent institutions.

The Grange Hall.

If one were to be a farmer, it would be nice to own a farm in Worcester, then could be had all the advantages of city life along with the bucolic joys for which the country is famous. Not least among these are such assemblies as that of last Tuesday night, when Worcester Grange No. 22, Patrons of Husbandry met in Grange Hall and enjoyed a Poverty Party. The costumes were remarkable and promenades were reviewed by the city's farmer mayor, F. A. Harrington, but if all those enumerated in the procession were farmers, then any one ought to be able to ring in, at least by descent.

The Last Christmas Tree.

The very last of the season was that had Tuesday night, under the auspices of the West End Mission, corner of Tuft and Abbott Streets. The Rev. Alonzo Sanderson who has the mission in charge was present and spoke and prayed. Above 100 little folks were made happy. The following people made up the committees in charge: Finance, C. H. Tower, Mrs. Olivia P. Santum, Miss Alice Hill, Mrs. Pettit; on tree and presents, S. J. Laws, Mrs. S. J. Laws, Mrs. C. H. Tower, Mrs. Olivia P. Santum; on box and contents, S. J. Laws, Mrs. Pettit, Mrs. Margaret Nicodemus, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Lovell. Mr. S. J. Laws, Superintendent, assisted by Mrs. Olivia P. Santum, conducted the exercises.

The Old Year and the New.

Today the Old Year breathes its last,
And in the vortex of the past,
With all its histories sad or bright,
Is whirled in Time's eternal flight.
On every sorrow, grief and pain,
Time's finger now is softly laid,
While melodies of happy days,
Shall echo o'er life's future ways.

Farewell Old Year! though hearts grow sad
To see thee go, yet memories glad
Of many joys that thou didst bring,
Around our lives shall ever cling;
While sorrow's hour that comes to all,
Its shadows dark none recall,
And Time with gentle soothing power,
Takes from us much of sorrow's dour.

Yet while the Old Year takes its flight,
And fades forever from our sight,
There swiftly comes to fill its place,
A younger, brighter, sower face,
And with its history still untold,
Its spotless pages yet unrolled,
It beckons us from grief away,
To greet the dawn of New Year's day.

Oh! glad New Year, we welcome thee
With joyous hearts, for thou mayst be
The messenger of hopes fulfilled,
The cup of bliss no one has spilled;
Yet if thou bringest in thy train,
Some mingled drops of joy and pain,
We'll take the bitter with the sweet,
And bravely all thou bringest meet.

—Carolina Weston Boyden.

VOLAPÜK.

„Din Gletikün Vola“

(Fefovöl.)

Pebeginöl Babul z id, 1891.

gudiko cikis anik votik oma. Desidob nolob kiod valiks no binos benodikum ka binos? Vol nedom gletiko isi? Padunos lenefulikio. Dunos liko foviko. Pamemos liko nepöliko. Gepelos liko lenefuliko oki, ibo debel no sibinom in vol so stinik, so lestimik, ka ladal. Ladäl nepöloom nevelo. Ladäl binom plöp. Ladäl binom beat. Ladäl binom lif. „Ladal, sagob,“ ko Browning, „binom näm lifa.“

Ko yöl e lug valik lifa.

E spel e dled,

Givos poti nolob fe ladala

Liko ladäl mögom binom, du tim.

Kjöpe ladäl binom, God binom. Ut kel lödom ladalo, lodom Godo. God binom ladäl. Kludo ladälödsid nen distins, nen kafs, nen fozogam, ladälödsid, lesegivödsid omi pöñkes, ko binom nefulik; pato liegikes, kels nedoms ofeno omi modik uno; sägo pluo liegikes kö binos lenefulik, e plo kels, ba obs all dunob nemödiküni. Dif sibinom bevü steifam al plidöb e givam plida. Givödsid plidi. No plödödsid plöd pot, givön plidi. Bi etos binos levikod nezidik e nepenevaiki tikala löfik velatik. Ogolob da vol te balna. Kludo odunöböd gudikosi aikelik, keli akanob dunön, u benod aikelik, keli akanob plödsönö mene aikelik. No pofezögöb ösi, u nenunöb ösi, bi no odutavob denu vegi at. Givöf. Ladäl no glötom. Atos binos ladäl tafeistü votiks. Aikeilü blufövs vobi gudiko otuvols manis votik dunöi vobü semik e luvetalikö dunüi gudikum omi. No glötödsid omi. Glöt binom sen nefenügä utes, kels jafoms äs obsit, senal labasuka e slanama. Vob kritik linemödikö binom it jel ta sen nekritik. Plasiif pastenudöb ko leben gletik, tikad et nekritik, on mengas valik nedigik, kels lovejadoms läri kritana, valadom obsit len beginam voba aik.

Books and Bookmen

American State Papers bearing on Sunday Legislation. Compiled and annotated by William Addison Blakey, Counsellor at Law, New York and Washington, National Religious Association, 1891.

Here is a very laborious compilation made by a man who, obviously, believes in something most devoutly, and that something is the complete severance of church and state. It is barely possible that the book is an outgrowth of the troubles into which Seventh Day Adventists and Baptists have, at various times, fallen. From Legislative, Judicial and Executive sources, the compiler has drawn material, showing that many of the brightest minds have believed that the government should have nothing to do with conscience. With this abstract truth, only bigots would quarrel, but what are we to do with such religions as Mormonism with its polygamy at tactment or with the case of Freeman, the Cape Cod child murderer, whose conscience prompted him to emulate Abraham in sacrificing Isaac. Every man should have the highest degree of personal liberty, provided he is not trespassing on the rights of others. Few will question the propriety of according to Sabbatarians the rights and privileges that Sunday observers claim, but knowing the great stress laid by the former on the Seventh Day claim, what might the latter expect were they to find themselves in the minority?

But all this in no ways lessens the value of this book, just as a collection of thoughts on this important matter. It is a large octavo, of 368 pages, printed in excellent manner and having profuse marginal notes or summaries of the several pages. It may be had at the New York office, 43 Bond Street, New York, or at 267 W. Main Street, Battle Creek, Mich. In the Appendix, may be found all there is bearing on the subject in the various state constitutions as well as an abstract on Sunday legislation in every state in the Union. The celebrated King case, where there was prosecution for Sunday labor is given at length. In conclusion, the book is one to be possessed by all who wish to know what has been said and done concerning the important subject of Sunday observance. It matters not, what the readers, opinions are, this is a thoroughly unbiased, unprejudiced compilation, the result of much research and as such is worthy a place, along with Kent, Chitty and Parsons.

Stray Leaves from my Sketch Book. A few jottings with pencil, in my rambles over land and sea, East, West, North and South. Reproduced by Photoengraving. George E. Gladwin, Worcester, 1894.

There are hundreds of present and past dwellers in Worcester who will hail Prof. Gladwin's book with no little pleasure. He has long been known, not only as the faithful and successful instructor in drawing at the Institute but also as one who has taken great pains to sketch interesting objects and places, at home and abroad. In his book, which is an elegantly prepared oblong from the press

of Lucius P. Goddard, he presents eighteen souvenirs from his sketch books. Each one is only a sample from the large number in his possession. His dedication is to the Alumni of the Institute, every one of whom has sat under his instruction. His preface is a very modest and well worded reference to the origin and purpose of the volume. Each picture is preceded by a quotation from some well known author who has written of the subject sketched. From Thanatopsis are taken the lines beginning

"To him who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A common language; etc."

Surely an apt selection for the work that follows.

The "Tech" graduate will be glad to see as the first in the series the *via ardua* up which he and his fellows have climbed in heat and cold; just a glimpse of Boynton Hall and the path among the trees. It should be stated that the book opens with a very fine portrait of the Professor, followed by a picture of the Instructor in his room, the very one which was seen a few weeks since on the first page of LIGHT.

After the Polytechnic representation are sketches of Diomedes, recognized by "Tech" boys. Among the Berkshire Hills, prefaced by a timely quotation from Dr. Holland. A Chippewa Squaw and Papoose is a reminder of Western Rambles. In the Woods, Suffield, Conn., is just a bright bit of scenery in Prof. Gladwin's native state. Flora is also a trace of school work. Ah Mic Lake takes us to Canada as do the following two pictures those of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau. Then we see Darkie Life in Georgia, in the semblance of a dumble little black with bristling hair and feet encased in gigantic shoes. The next step is to Provincetown with its Light, and then we stop in Newfoundland with a page of sketches, eight in number; then a touch of northern scenery among icebergs; next a page of English views, including four sketches about Chester and one in London, embracing the Obelisk, Somerset House, and Waterloo Bridge. Returning to America we are shown a Sioux Indian and then three studies of icebergs.

The book is every way creditable, both to artist and printer and it is a comfort to know that, amidst so much that is practical, Worcester can produce so beautiful a work. Prof. Gladwin had hoped to have the book out in time for the Holiday trade, but many things conspired to prevent. But it will prove an "all the year round" pleasure in many homes. May the success of this venture be such as to prompt the Professor to put out other specimens from his sketch books, filled as they are from all parts of Britain and America.

The Atlantic Monthly for January, 1892. Contents.

Don Orsino, I, III, F. Marion Crawford; Boston, R. W. Emerson; James Russell Lowell, Henry James; Birds and "Birds," Edith M. Thomas; John Stuart Mill and the London and Westminster Review. C. Marion D. (Robertson) Towers; Down by the Shore in December, Thomas William Parsons; The Creed of the Old South, Basil L. Gildersleeve; The Missiug Interpreter, Herbert D. Ward; The Greatest Need of College Girls, Annie

Payson Call; Why Socialism appeals to Artists, Walter Crane; The Political Situation, Recent French Literature, English Composition, Comment on New Books, The Contributors' Club.

Many readers of the Atlantic will hail Marion Crawford's new story with no little pleasure, while an essay by Emerson, never before published will awaken precious memories in minds that in the early days of the magazine, read his writings first. Henry James' article on James Russell Lowell is one of the most readable accounts that the death of the Poet has called forth. The naturalist, young or old, will be pleased with "Birds and Birds." The experience of J. Stuart Mill with the Westminster Review is a chapter, omitted from his famous Autobiography. Publishing a review at an average loss of \$500 a number is a luxury, that only the very rich can afford. Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins contributes one of the most important articles on the War of the Rebellion yet contributed by a Southern man. It would seem impossible for any old soldier to read it without feelings of the utmost respect for the writer. He will conclude that our opinions are, as a rule, the result of our surroundings. Mr. Ward's story is a fine picture of life on the coast, but there was no need of killing the old fisherman just as he began to be lovable. Annie Payson Call's advice to College Girls is worthy of all such young ladies. Mr. Crane's article recalls the statement that a recent invitation to a swell Boston breakfast was canceled because of his appearance at a Socialistic meeting. "The Political Situation" is a very fair presentation of the peculiar attitude of politics in this country today, perhaps it is a trifle pessimistic. In the Contributors Club, the most notable items are those on the age of Scott's heroines and a little screed on Emily Dickinson but her reputation can afford any such detractor. She did not write for the public, but for her own pleasure. It matters not if her stanzas do not come within any established rule.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

Over 700,000 women in this country alone now buy and read each month the Ladies' Home Journal, and a study of the January number, just to hand, shows at once why the Journal is so popular. It is in complete touch with a woman's best needs, and covers everything in her life. No magazine covers its special field so thoroughly, and in such a fresh and capable manner. Mrs. Burton Harrison, for example, is selected to write of "Social Life in New York"—than which there could have been no better choice. "Wine on Fashionable Tables," whether its use is increasing or decreasing, is discussed by such royal entertainers and diners-out as Chaucey M. Depew, ex-President Hayes, Madame Romero, Mrs. ex-Secretary Whitney, George W. Childs and others. In the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men" we have the first portrait of Mrs. John Wanamaker ever printed, and a sketch, while "Clever Daughters of Clever Men" presents Ethel Ingalls, the pretty daughter of ex-Senator Ingalls. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher reaches the call of Plymouth church to her husband and their removal to Brooklyn in her series of papers on "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," while the daughter

of Charles Dickens completes her first story. Robert J. Burdette begins his work as a Journal editor with his new department "From a New Inland." Maria Parloa's department is full of good household ideas. The Journal is only one dollar per year, and is, needless to say, fully worth it. Published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia.

Map of Worcester and Vicinity.

Anything that contributes to the good of the city is hailed with pleasure and a new map showing quickly, the immediate surroundings of the Heart of the Commonwealth is just out. It comes as a product of zeal on the part of the Appalachian Club. The Club has used the plates of the United States Topographical Survey and thereby has made the very best map of our city and approaches that has, as yet, been put forth. The map includes Wachusett on the north, Acton, and Holliston on the east, Millbury to the south and Hubbardston and Spencer on the west. By means of circular lines. Elevations of land are made apparent and figures are given in scores of cases. Every pond and water course are shown and every road, public or rail, plainly appears. To those good people who like to take carriage vacations it will be a great help, and to the pedestrian and bicyclist it must be invaluable.

This manner of map making was started in a map of Boston and surrounding country, the same reaching up to the eastern line of this one. This proved so successful from the start that Prof. Fay of Tufts college, a member of the Club suggested to Principal Russell of the Normal School the propriety of a similar map for Worcester and neighboring towns. A request to this purport was shown in the store of Putnam, Davis & Co., and having been generally signed was submitted. The map is here. It is prepared in three forms. As a roll map it costs \$1.25. In sections with canvas back, for the pocket, it may be had for 75 cents and as a simple folded map with cover, it is sold for 25 cents. There seems to be nothing lacking in proclaiming this the most desirable map of this part of Worcester County ever printed. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co.

"Ten editions of the first series of Emily Dickinson's poems have been sold. The second has already gone into its fourth."—Brains.

"Tennyson, is of course, a very great master of the noble language which he has so largely adorned. In Lincolnshire, his native county, the purest English in the world is spoken—with, to my mind, one exception, for I have heard the same English as correctly used in Boston, New England. If I am right, it is a strange coincidence. The capital of Massachusetts, peopled from the fens of England, and representing the names of its towns, should also preserve the purest traditions of English speech."—Sir Edwin Arnold, in Forum.

Educational Review.

With the number for January, 1892, the Educational Review opens its third volume. Professor Jenks of Cornell has a paper on "Educational Values," particularly with reference to the college curriculum, and controvert-

ing the position taken by Professor Patten in an earlier number. Superintendent Marble of Worcester, Mass., makes some practical suggestions concerning the teaching of the Effective Use of English. Professor Richards of Yale contrasts the old and the new methods of teaching Geometry; and Principal Grant of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, replies to Bishop Spalding's earlier argument for religious instruction in state schools. Important articles appear also on school savings banks in England, and the effect of manual training upon health.

The discussion on city school supervision is continued by Superintendent Tarbell of Providence, and that on practice teaching by President W. J. Milne of Albany. Other discussions are by the editor-in-chief and Principal Owen of Saco, Me.

Book reviews are contributed by Professors McLaughlin and Cameron of Yale, Oren Root of Hamilton, Gill of the Smithsonian Institution, and others.

The Review publishes unusually attractive announcements for the February and March issues.

Prof. George E. Miller, the well known barber, is on the briny sea, headed for Fatherland. He should have the pleasantest kind of a visit.

It was a very kind and thoughtful act in the friends of Alderman Jewett, recognizing his long illness, to make him a Christmas present of a well filled purse. Three hundred and fifty dollars is a tidy little sum to help tide over the shallow places.

William Langlois is home from Philadelphia for the Holidays. He is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and is a member of the foot ball team. He played the same while at the High School.

Miss Ruth M. Pettit, W. H. S. '91 and now a Freshman in Boston University is at home for the Holidays.

Dr. Henry T. Cheever has returned from his trip to Washington where he spoke at the presentation to Howard University of the bust and library of his brother, the distinguished clergyman, Dr. George B. Cheever.

Dr. Wm. V. W. Davis has been quite ill this week. It was, of course, la grippe which made the trouble.

Dr. S. B. Woodward gave a card party to about fifty of his friends, last Saturday evening, at his home, 58 Pearl Street.

The Republican City Committee has reorganized and re-elected Samuel E. Winslow, chairman. This means business for the presidential year.

Mr. Salmon Putnam of Holden, father of Messrs. Otis E. and Samuel H. Putnam of this city enjoyed his 91st birthday Tuesday. An injury received several weeks since, confines him to his bed, but his mind is as clear as ever.

Hon. W. W. Rice, a graduate of Bowdoin College, will preside at the next Boston meeting of the Alumni. Jan. 13.

"Our Drummer Boy."

[Suggested by the Play.]

A ball in the battle's awful roar,
And among the dying and dead,
Lay our "Drummer Boy" in the foremost rank,
While the golden curls on his head,
Were matted now as the oozing blood
Marked the track of a rifle ball,
And so "Li, the John" answered proudly "here"
Who we heard the Sergeant's call.

"Say Bill," said a gray-haired hatterman,
As he leaned on his powder-stained cheek,
"There's many a home that our shot has wrecked,
Since the rising of the sun,
And there's many a heart that our guns have lulled
To sleep on war's gory bed,
What's that you say? 'Little Drummer John,'
In the foremost line, lies dead?"

Dead! dead! and the tears from his great honest eyes,
Coursed down on his powder-stained cheek,
"Why that drum saved the day, six months ago,
When we fought at Peach Tree Creek
And along the line at Mission Ridge,
And on Sherman's March to the Sea,
Our 'Drummer Boy' as he marched in the van,
Was a wonderful sight to see."

"Dead on the field; what'll 'Uncle Bill' say!
For he loved that Drummer Boy,
And many a time I've seen his grave eyes,
Light up with both pride and joy,
As he watched him beat with steady hand,
Gay cheering notes from his drum,
And pictured a pair of shoulder straps,
For him in the days to come."

"Dear Little Johnnie, so kith or kin,
But the child of our whole brigade,
There's many an eye that'll fill with tears,
When his form 'neath the earth is laid,
Perhaps, old mate, in a fairer land,
He'll wait for me and you,
And the first thing we hear when we cross the line,
'Till be his drum's 'tattoo.'"
*Gen. W. T. Sherman. —Fred L. Hildreth.

Mrs. Thomas Bemis and son are spending the Holidays with her parents in Boston.

Mrs. Samuel Bemis has had a day off, spending it in Ashland with relatives.

Mrs. Alvah Metcalf of Ashland, spent several days at 5 Dix Street at Christmas time.

Mrs. L. M. Lovel had as guests on Christmas day Mrs. Pelton and daughter Bessie. Miss Bessie is home from Oberlin College for the Holidays.

FANCY WORK.

Pamphlet Cover.

Cut a piece of thin paste-board large enough to fit over and extend a little over the sides of the magazine you wish to cover; then cover the paste-board with gray linen on each side turning the edges under neatly, then overhand them together, concealing the stitches as much as possible. When done, fold in the shape of the book you wished covered, then cut two pieces of flexible card-board each of the correct size to fit on the ends and extend part way up towards the center of the cover.

These are to be covered the same as the large piece and sew them to it at the ends so that the edges of the magazine will slip into them easily. Tie a narrow bright ribbon through the center of the book cover making a bow with long ends to serve as book marks. This cover can be easily transferred from one book to another, thus each new magazine can be protected from finger marks and kept in nice order.

The Second Parish.

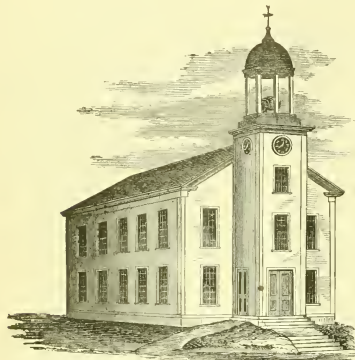
The Buildings.

January 1st, 1792, the edifice for the church to which the Rev. Aaron Bancroft ministered was dedicated. Up to that time, meetings had been held in the Court House which was afterwards moved to Trumbull Square and was,

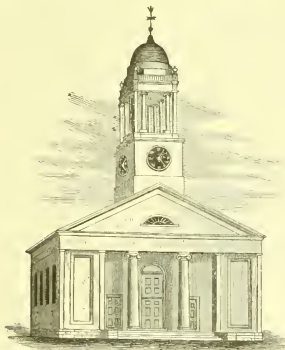
of an article in a paper, but to find the edifice still standing, after the lapse of a hundred years, makes reference to it almost a necessity. The settlement of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft was not effected without much trouble and many sacrifices. For several years, a third of his salary was given up that the building might be paid for. There were affairs of state as well as of religion to be considered in this

From the tower, since torn down, a bell called the faithful to worship and beneath it a town clock, presented by Isaiah Thomas, gave time for "Ye Northerners." Here Dr. Bancroft's associate pastor, Rev. Alonzo Hill, was ordained in March, 1827.

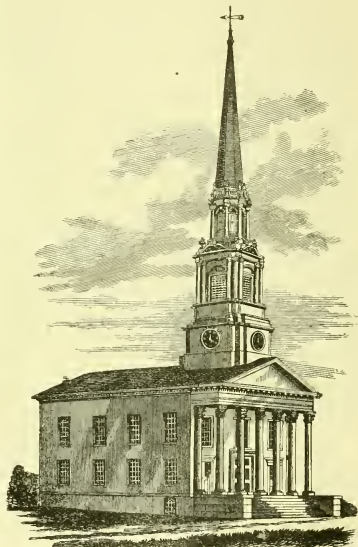
But a new and larger edifice was necessary and such was built on Court Hill, and the old building became a public house. As such, it



FIRST CHURCH OF THE SECOND PARISH, 1792.



SECOND CHURCH OF THE SECOND PARISH, 1829.



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, 1851.

for many years, the home of the Trumbull family. In that ter-centennial year of America's discovery, New Year's day came on Sunday and the good people of the parish assembled in their new church, to us known for many years as the Summer Street School House, and listened to a dedication sermon by the Rev. Zabdiel Adams of Lunenburg.

This subject is broad enough to merit a book, to say nothing of the prescribed limits

new venture, a story too long and involved for discussion here. The structure, old as we know it, in its youthful days conformed to the prevailing idea of church architecture and made a good gathering place for the Thomases, Lincolns, Bangses, Allens and Paines of those remote times. In their square pews they listened to the sermons of their chosen pastor, though they did have to go into something akin to rebellion to attain this privilege.

remained till 1847, when the town purchased it and transformed it into a school house, for which purpose it was used till the school year of 1890 when it took a step down and became a store house for school odds and ends. "To what base uses are we come," but the old yellow sided structure is worthy a visit from all who love the ancient. It is on the east side of Summer Street, just south of Lincoln Square.

Then came the third edifice, dedicated August 29, 1829. To it were removed the clock and bell from the old church and from this building in 1839, the first pastor, the beloved Bancroft was buried. In 1849, Aug. 24th, it was swept away by fire, very little being saved from the ruins. But measures were taken immediately for rebuilding and in 1851, March 26, the First Unitarian Church, as the Worcester of today knows it, was dedicated. On its slightly pedestal, it is one of the most noteworthy buildings in the city. Its spire is a gem of architecture, and one can fancy it looking over the places of trade and manufacture, over streets and railroads, to its humbler predecessor on Summer Street and wishing that centennarian a Happy New Year, say a Happy New Century. But inexorable progress, long ere the next century has ended, will have compelled the destruction of the veteran.



A. Bancroft. —

There will be a Second Parish and an edifice but the scene of Bancroft's long years of service will have disappeared.

The Pastors.

Only four settled ministers in more than a hundred years! Few parishes, even in New England, with its long settlements, can excel this record. It was February, 1st, 1736, that the Rev. Aaron Bancroft was ordained to his pastorate which did not terminate till his death, August, 29, 1839. How many people have visited his old home, still standing on Salisbury Street, the birthplace of his famous son, the historian? What a benignant face his picture presents and what wonder that he drew to his side so much of the culture and wisdom of the Worcester of his day.

Twelve years before his death, or in 1827,

the Rev. Alonzo Hill became his colleague and this pastorate, thus begun, lasted till the death of Dr. Hill in 1871, February 1st. Before the latter's death, or in 1869, February 10, he too was given an associate in the person of Rev. Edward H. Hall, who remained in Worcester till 1883, leaving the church in this city to become the pastor of the Unitarian Church in Cambridge.

Then in 1885, came the Rev. Austin S. Garver, who is still in care of the parish. He is a native of Pennsylvania and was educated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, and at the Andover Theological Seminary. He came to this city from Hopedale. His three predecessors were graduates of Harvard College.

There is not wanting material to make a connected story of these hundred years. Dr.'s Bancroft, Hill and Hall, all preached historical discourses which told graphically the re-

Retrospect.

1799—1891.

Living link of Past and Present, chain that bindeth
Then and Now

Bringing years with days remembered, say what phan-
toms we ye pass

Looking backward, calm, serenely as from some high
mountain's brow
Down the rugged pathway travelled in the souls' in-
verted glass

How when throes of change were shaking to their
deep foundation stone

Ancient wrongs and institutions, Europe's foul corrup-
tion heap

And mankind was being sifted through the hands of
the Unknown

For the planting of a harvest where Humanity shall
reap.

When mad Freedom from her dungeons broke the
strong blood-rusted bars,

Girt a sword about her body, bore aloft a torch of fire,
In whose red and fierce reflection pallid swam the
reeling stars

And the blood of slaughtered Tyrants streamed around
the funeral pyre.

Till, embodied from the vapor of the Headsman's
reeking block,

Rose stupendous, overshadowing with his bulk the cow-
er'd earth,

That colossus Bonaparte who, secure amid the shock,
Strangled in his steel-gloved fingers the Republic on his
birth.

Ah! those days seem farther distant than a single
life-time's span:

Not remoter to us children are the olden time Crusades,
For the world for us was builded when our petty life
began.

Those who lived and died before us are less real than
ghostly shades.

It is only when we listen to the tales of one who saw
With the eyes now dim and faded all the wonders that
have been,

That we realize there was surely such a hero—such a
war.

And those shadowy apparitions haunting history were
men.

Years are but the stunted measure of the Present that
we hold,

For the Past is never reckoned by its cycles save in
scrolls;

Empty lies the barren blankness of chronologies un-
rolled

Time is but the ordained sentence of our clay-impris-
oned souls.

One thing links us to what has been You that stay
awhile to rest

Like a tired Palmer leaning on his staff beside the way,
When the sun is sinking slowly down into the rosy
West

And the first low star lights dimly in his couch the
weary day.

As a sheaf of wheat left standing when the harvesters
pass by,

In the field of barren stubble all alone upon the plain,
Drops its hoarded seed around it, sees beneath the
Autumn sky

The rich increase of its sowing in strong spears of grow-
ing grain

Stay among till thy seedlings, though the reapers
sickle be

Year by year the sheaves shall garner, bear a harvest
for mankind!

Stay thou still though fair fruition, wait the One who
comes to glean,

Taking all the good he findeth, leaving weeds and tares
behind

—Francis Zuri Stone.

cord of their pastorates. At our side, as we write, are Dr. Hill's sermon on the death of his venerable colleague, his sermon when he had been twenty-five years minister and also the exercises, when he had been forty-two years in service. The cuts that LIGHT is able to present this week were prepared for the printed account of that occasion. Then here is the sermon of Dr. Bancroft on the Sunday following Dr. Hill's ordination. Lincoln's History of Worcester has many pages of interesting matter pertaining to the Second Parish. Caleb Wall's "Reminiscences of Worcester" abounds in First Unitarian facts, while Smalley's Worcester Pulpit and Stevens' Worcester Churches give detailed accounts of the edifices, pastors and people.

The office of LIGHT has been made more pleasant, recently, by calls from college boys and girls, home on vacation. There were E. H. Warren from Harvard, George Burrage from Cornell, Florence Syvret from Mt. Holyoke and others.



Alumni Association of the College of the Holy Cross.

My Dear Sir:—

The Alumni Association of the College of the Holy Cross will hold their annual reunion, at the Parker House, Boston, Thursday evening, January 14, 1892, at 8 o'clock sharp. Reception at 7.30.

You are invited to attend. It is an occasion to meet the old boys and recall the days at Holy Cross. Yours fraternally,

THOMAS J. CONATY
President.

Worcester, Jan. 1, 1892.

The Summer Club.

Nothing indicates the character of a school more than the regard in which it is held by its graduates. The young men who gathered at the Bay State House last Monday night to talk over High School days as lived in their Summer Club found much to make an evening pass "Smooth and quick." Of course their reminiscent words could not claim the length of days that have inspired Dr. Holmes to poetic flights, but the time was when he was no further from Phillips Andover than are these young men from their school rooms.

Charles C. Milton, the secretary and treasurer was kept away by illness and in his absence, the meeting was called to order by Henry J. Kettell. Others were detained by the same cause. Necessary absence was explained by letters from Louie E. Ware, Sumner A. Kinsley, Ernest H. Wood, John M. Goodell and secretary C. C. Milton. A constitution for future guidance was adopted and officers elected, as follows, for the ensuing year: Secretary and treasurer, Henry W. Doe, '88; executive committee, Charles M. Thayer, '85, Frank B. Hall, '89, Henry Y. Simpson, Jr., '83, Chandler Bullock, '89, and Henry P. Nye, '89. Besides the officers named there were present, Frank B. Hall '83, toastmaster and chairman of the evening; Harry H. Hill '92, president of the Summer Club and guest of the association; Charles M. Harrington '85, Walter P. Hall '85, Harry H. Chamberlin, Jr., '91, William N. Stark '90, Willard B. Walworth '87, Harrison P. Eddy '87, Henry N. Smith '92, Fred M. Knowlton '94, William C. Howe '90, William P. Goodwin '92, Edward Mellis '91, Alba H. Warren '91, William C. Mellish, '90, Herbert P. Linnell '91, Lawrence W. Tracy '90, Edward H. Warren '91, E. Walter Smith '93, and Harry L. Dadman '87.

After a brown's justice to one of landlords Douglas & Brown's excellent dinners, the rem. niscient order began. Mr. Hall as toastmaster was in excellent form, while eloquent and witty responses were made by Messrs. Walter P. Hall, Charles M. Thayer, Harry Hill, Edward H. Warren, Harrison P. Eddy, Charles M. Harrington and others. Not the least amusing incident of the evening was the reading of a telegram, genuine or otherwise, from Arthur C. Smith. The boys hope for less of the grip t he next time they essay to meet.

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society in Portland, now in session, A. W. Edson, of this city, Agent of the State Board of Education, was down for a lecture Thursday night on "Our Public School System; How to Improve it."

The Polytechnic Institute has news that Harry D. Yates of Portsmouth, N. H., died suddenly Dec. 28. He expected to return to the Institute, immediately after the mid-year examinations and to graduate in 1893.

"The Greatest Need of College Girls" is the subject of an important article to appear in the Atlantic Monthly for January. It is by Annie Payson Call, author of the excellent little book Power Through Repose.

The University of Chicago has purchased the library collected by S. Calvary & Co., of Berlin, containing 280,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets, beside other valuable books which are yet to be supplied. The library contains 200 manuscripts, among which are three original letters of Raphael; 1,600 hundred volumes in paleography; 25,000 volumes of periodicals; 65,000 volumes of Greek and Roman archeological works; 65,000 volumes of Greek and Latin classics; 1,000 volumes of illustrated works on art; 5,000 volumes in natural history. The actual cost to the owner was nearly \$125,000.

Marriage A Misdemeanor.

They have some funny ways "Out West." In Minneapolis, for instance, no married woman can be a teacher in the public schools. The Spectator of that city thus comments on a recent event. "The Board of Education made another startling discovery this week. Newspaper publication of the marriages at Hudson, Wis., disclosed the awful fact that for a month or more a married woman has been masquerading as a lawful public school teacher, under the innocent garb of single-blessedness. Though she was still giving entire satisfaction, as she had been for many years, as a teacher, the high moral judgment of the school board refused to allow any danger of corrupting influence by a married woman. The offending teacher was consequently discharged on short notice, not being giving even a day of grace. But for this prompt action, the contaminating influence of matrimony might have spread among the school ma'ams and have caused a disastrous epidemic. The growing evil of marriage must be nipped in the bud, and Minneapolis' board of education will stand at the front of this great reform movement."

Manual Training.

"A single special faculty, in a mind otherwise dull, detected and trained may make all the difference between a useful and a useless life, a happy and a miserable one," says President Eliot. Teachers who are adapted for and interested in their work quickly discover that no two of their pupils are alike, and many a child is usefully developed because the teacher comprehends him, takes a liking to him, or is peculiarly adapted to teach him and does teach him in such a manner as to bring out his individual trait. It is that fact carried out that makes the kindergarten, chemical

laboratory, the manual training schools and the technical schools so successful towards supplying the men who are planning and doing the work of the world. The laboratory and manual training break up routine work, give the brighter boys more to do and discover the bent of mind of the duller boys. Seeing, feeling and smelling for oneself brightens the wit and fixes a lesson that exercise of memory alone will let slip before an opportunity given to put it into practice. Such a system of education is coming into favor. We call it manual or industrial training.—Fitchburg Mail.

A British Skull.

The Society of Antiquary has recently parted with a relic that has been for some time in its Museum. This is the skull of one of the British soldiers killed at the Old North Bridge, Concord.

The first blood of the Revolution was shed at Concord, April 19, 1775 and the two red-coats slain were buried in a single grave near where they fell. After sixty-five and more years, the graves were opened and the skulls removed. One of them was so far decayed as to fall to pieces. The upper part of the other was well preserved and the path of the bullet plainly indicated. The bone on one side was clean cut while on the other side, where the bullet passed out after going through the brain, the bone was shattered. This skull was owned for a long time by a phrenologist of Worcester County, Walton Felch, and at his death it came into the hands of Daniel Seagrave who held it till it was purchased and placed in the Museum of the Society of Antiquity. Here it has been till recently an object of interest to visitors.

There are in Concord and vicinity a number of Englishmen, who have at each recurrence of the Battle of Concord, decorated the graves of their countrymen near his toric bridge. A short time ago Senator Hoar was approached by citizens of Concord with the request that this skull in Worcester be returned and laid in the grave with the ashes of the body to which it belonged. After consulting with the officers of the society, and the one from whom it was obtained, the skull has been returned to its former resting place, and its dust will soon be mingled with the body of which it once formed a part.

It is a matter of comment that the selectmen of Concord should have allowed such an interesting relic to leave its borders. If it was to be exhibited to the curious, that town should have been the place. But now after nearly fifty years, head and body are together in the grave to which they were consigned on that memorable day when the red-coats were obliged to beat a hasty retreat to Boston.

Worcester has lost, but justice demanded the surrender.

Worcester has a Birthday this Year.

As Worcester was incorporated a city February 29, 1848, it has a birthday only once in four years, that is every leap year. Consequently the city will have a birthday this year. But, looking ahead a little, suppose that in 1898 the city desires to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, on what day will the celebration take place, February 28 or March 1?

Two Quaker Girls.

A Reminiscence of Philadelphia.

"I say the tale as it was told to me."

BY JACK SHEPHERD.

[Concluded from last week.]

They were a busy, happy party. Behind a large clothes-horse, on which a blanket was thrown to screen them from the children, three girls were dressing dolls for Christmas. These were gifts for the Wagner's and two other families. Three jointed dolls were to be dressed in pink tarleton, black velvet and yellow and light blue satin.

Quaker girls were not allowed to wear these brilliant tints. Drabs and browns of many shades were the only colors they were accustomed to; so it was a new and delightful experience for them to handle these rainbow-hued materials. No extravagant expressions, however, escaped them; such as one hears frequently at the present day, "Perfectly lovely!" "Just elegant!" "Awfully pretty!" But a subdued "Isn't that handsome?" or "won't this doll look pretty in this velvet bodice and blue satin skirt?" or "Mercy and Harriet, see how well this orange and black look for my doll," was the extent of their appreciation, though it was very genuine.

One of them was stuffing a rag baby, a Captain Jack, and their mirth was excited to a high pitch by their criticisms uttered in suppressed whispers, for this was to be Teddy's doll.

"Oh, he looks as if he had a bad toothache, with that one cheek so big," said Mercy, "and his arms are longer than his legs," whispered another. Then a suppressed giggle would be heard and Emily and Gretchen would smile in great enjoyment of these mysteries, so near to them, yet to remain unsolved until the delightful Christmas time.

"There is some one knocking, girls, hush," said Ellen. "It must be that Mrs. Smith come to borrow your mother's clothes line, Gretchen, she comes every Friday and will wear it out."

"But mother always lends it to her," said Gretchen timidly, as she went slowly to the door.

"Wait, Gretchen," said Susan. "Girls, let us give it to her and buy Mrs. Wagner a new one."

"You can't do it!" said voices behind the screen, "You can't spend any money, Susan, if you are treasurer, without it is moved and seconded and approved by most of us," said Ellen.

"Well," said Susan, "I know that. I move, who seconds?"

"I," said Ellen and they all cried "Agreed, it is a vote," and Gretchen opened the door just as another timid knock came. A meek, pale-faced woman asked "if she could borrow the clothes-line?"

"Here it is," said Gretchen, "and you need not bring it back."

"What did you say?" said the woman in surprised tones.

"You can keep it," said Gretchen, pleasantly, "for mother is to have a new one."

"Oh, thank you," said the woman, whose voice expressed both chagrin and gratitude, at

the unexpected gift of what she had borrowed so often that it seemed as much her own as Mrs. Wagner's.

At twilight they put up their sewing and before starting for home had Emil play on the violin. And what a rare treat this was for these Quaker girls, who were forbidden music in their homes and places of worship.

So the days passed till the night before Christmas. As yet nothing more had been heard of Mr. Wagner, though the Friends had done all they could to discover his whereabouts.

A gloom hung over the Wagner family that even the kindness of their warm-hearted friends could not dissipate. During the three months that had passed since his father's absence, Emil had expressed the belief that his father was safe and would soon return to them. But the mother had lost all hope. The severity of the weather and the fact that her husband had not been traced by the slightest clue made her despair. Still there was so much to be thankful for she would not depress the children by showing her grief. Kind friends had been raised up to provide abundantly for all their wants and this Christmas Eve the children were looking forward to a happy time.

Susan told Teddy this afternoon, to hang his stockings by the chimney and go to bed early or Santa Claus would not fill it. Emil, who was too mature to believe in the delightful legend of Christmas Eve, still kept silence and tried to delude even himself into the belief in St. Nicholas and the charming presents he prepared. Gretchen had finished just before dark, a pair of fine, blue, woollen stockings for her mother, and after supper she hung them both beside Teddy's and Emil's, putting on one her own name and on the other her mother's. Then a thought came to her of the dear, absent father and she quickly brought another stocking and while the tears streamed down her cheeks, she without a word pinned the name father on it. Her mother came in at this moment from the bedroom where Emil and Teddy were trying in vain to shut their eyes and sleep. She glanced at the five stockings hanging by the fire-place and throwing her apron over her head sat down on a chair to have a good cry. Gretchen came over and knelt by her, saying, "Don't cry!" at the same time putting her head in her mother's lap she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Her mother stroked her shining braids and said, "Dear child, we know God is good, let us still hope." As she spoke, a knock was heard on the door and with a start they both arose. Gretchen opened the door and Susan and Ellen, rosy and beaming with happiness, came in with their arms full of bundles.

"Waiting up for us?" said Susan, "Here Gretchen," and whispering to her for a few minutes she pushed her away good naturedly as she gave her a bundle, with "good-night, to bed Gretchen, we will do the rest."

She said "good-night," and hurried off with the package, which was a gift for her mother to be given her in the morning.

From her chamber above, she could hear their merry voices and the rustling of paper bags, a delicious odor of fresh candy, nuts and good things seemed to fill the atmosphere and looking from her little window she saw an ideal Christmas Eve. The snow lay pure and

white on the roofs and chimneys of the city and over all the full moon shed its beautiful light making it seem like a new day. But excitement and grief had wearied the child and before long she was dreaming of a merry Christmas in which her father came among them as of old and they were all happy.

The girls who formed the Sewing Club had no Christmas in their own homes, for the Society of Friends did not make a festival of the birthday of our Savior.

The next morning Susan and Ellen went early to Mrs. Wagner's to see how they enjoyed Christmas.

Gretchen opened the door dressed in a blue merino made by the girls. The stockings were still hanging by the chimney about half emptied of their contents. Teddy ran to them shouting "Merry Christmas," a red candy shepherdess in one hand and his Captain Jack in the other.

Emil sat by the window dreamily playing on his father's violin, recalling many airs played by him. His mother said he was much pleased with his presents, a sled and new mittens, but he had not yet been out to coast, though the boys had often called him. He seemed determined to watch by the window, as if waiting for something to happen. Mrs. Wagner wore her Christmas gift, a pretty, woollen, plaid dress made by the girls, she was rosy and her curly hair brushed and glossy, a white linen collar and cuffs made her dress very becoming and the girls told Gretchen her mother was "very handsome."

There was a savory smell of chicken roasting and every thing was bright and clean, from the little dresser, with its white shelves filled with shining china and the handsome red waiters brought over from Germany, to the spotless floor and the small table, covered with a snowy cloth and set ready for their Christmas dinner.

Gretchen was telling the girls how much she liked her new doll, with its dress of blue satin and yellow slippers, when a knock on the door attracted them and Emil pale, and trembling, said as he pushed past them to open the door, "Why, there's father looking in the window!"

In a moment Mr. Wagner was in the room and embracing his wife and children. In the joy of that moment they forgot about his insanity and he appeared well and sane.

After being introduced to Susan and Ellen and told of their goodness to his family, while in trouble, he asked them to remain while he related the strange events of the past few months.

In the acute mania that showed itself after his fall and which the physician said was brought on by his efforts to keep on working, when his brain needed perfect rest, he was possessed by a desire to go to sea. He had accomplished this with the cunning one so often finds in an insane person and had been hired as one of the crew on a vessel bound for Hamburg.

The entire rest of mind and the sea voyage had completely restored him. On his arrival at Hamburg, he would have returned immediately to America, but he could find no vessel ready to sail for some days and as he was within eighty miles of his old home, where his father had lived, he hastened on through Ger-

many, but only to find his grave. The news of his death had just been sent to him as his father had been dead but a few days. His neat, thrifty little home with a small piece of ground and some money had been left to him by his father. His sorrow at the loss of his only parent was deep but uppermost on his heart lay the burden of anxiety for his dear ones so far away and so helpless. He could now take passage in a vessel sailing homeward and so had come back to them on Christmas day. "The best gift of all," said Gretchen as she laid her head on his shoulder, while the little mother sat by smiling through tears of joy. Teddy climbed papa's knee once more and Emil sat on the floor at his feet, by turns gazing in his face and then drawing soft, plaintive strains of music from the violin he still held.

"Do let Susan and Ellen hear some of the dear old music father," said Emil. So while Mrs. Wagner placed the Christmas dinner on the table, he played the beautiful Christmas hymn, "See amid the Winter's snow," then such music as Susan and Ellen never heard before.

The dinner was soon smoking on the table and the girls rose to say good-bye and wish them all a "Happy Christmas," which was indeed possible now.

We have only to tell in conclusion, that the Wagners, happy and prosperous, left soon for their home in Germany, but though so widely separated from their kind friends, the young Quaker girls and that Christmas day was enshrined in their hearts forever, while the girls themselves had laid the foundation of a noble womanhood and had discovered the secret of the present happiness era can give.

Worcester, December, 1891.

He Was Cane.

A recent Kansas City Journal contains an account of the presentation of an elegant gold headed cane to Captain E. W. Gould of St. Louis, the oldest river captain in the West. It was at the time of meeting in Kansas City of a convention to consider the improvement of Missouri navigation, and the Captain was present as a St. Louis delegate and the cane was given on his birthday, Dec. 15.

Captain Gould is the oldest river captain in the West. He was born in Westborough, Worcester county, Mass., in 1811 and learned the trade of a carriage painter. At the age of 24 he removed to St. Louis and did the first carriage painting done in that town. In those days he "boarded around," as it might be called. There were only two or three shops in the town, and a good carriage painter was such a rarity that he was able to effect an arrangement whereby he worked first for one and then for the other.

Instead of taking to the woods, as many do, the captain took to the water and before he painted any phenomenal number of carriages he was captain of one of the first boats that ever steamed up and down the great father of waters. He has captained boats on the Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois rivers, and no river man between St. Paul and New Orleans is better known than he. Of course, he has retired from active service and of late years he has rested on his paddles, as it were, and lived in honored and well earned ease."

James Whitcomb Riley.

He is sometimes called "The Hoosier Poet" although it does not seem fair to so localize him, for his sympathies are world wide. He is not only enjoyed by the "average man" but, I am told that at the banquet given in his honor by Henry Irving in London those present laughed and cried by turns as he read to them and would not say "hold, enough." We find in his writings "those simplest and broadest traits, of thought and emotion alike, which make the brotherhood of the human race," and a noble simplicity which makes them mean something to all men." With him, no human life is commonplace—and he touches us upon the better side of our nature.

"The Lord loves common people, that is the reason. He made so many of them"—it is said Riley is their poet, but not for them alone does he write. No one rises above the thought of his poem "Tiny Tim" which poem he says is one of his favorites, part of which I quote:

"God bless us every one" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall of soul,
We 'tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

"And thus he prayed 'God bless us every one'
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his childhood; and so desisting none,
Was nearer saint than man."

It is natural to wish to know something of the personal history of the writers we like. His boyhood was spent at Greenfield, Ind., where he was born about fifty years ago. His father, a lawyer of large practice, wished to make a lawyer of him but the Muses said "No." He found that "Blackstone didn't rhyme." I suspect that the following refers to his school days:

"In the long, lazy days,
When the hum-drum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare-feet were all printed so plain,
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole,
There was lots of fun on hand at the old swimming hole."

"Nature gave him at his birth what most he values" His writings show his keen perception of the beauties of nature. That he might be able to write for all men it was necessary that he should see somewhat of the "seamy side of life"—and in youth he tried his hand at several kinds of work, now a painter and then working on a newspaper as so many bright Americans have done. But whatever he did seems to have been well done, for speaking of this period of his life he says "one of Riley's hand-painted picket fences was a rapture to the most exacting eye." He early wrote for the newspapers and while connected with the "Kokomo Dispatch, he perpetrated a "Poe poem fraud" so called. This poem "Leonaine" was written in Poe's style and excited considerable comment at the time, but the fact that it was an imitation made to deceive reviewers, was soon known and, alas for the young poet, it cost him his job. The facts regarding this poem seem now to be forgotten by some for, in an article on Edgar Allen Poe, in the American "Catholic Quarterly Review" for October, 1891, this poem is republished and of it they say "This beautiful poem is not to be found in any of the editions

of Poe's works and our opinion is that no edition should claim completeness without it." He afterwards wrote for the Indianapolis Journal with which well edited paper, I believe he is still connected.

Personally he is a very pleasant man to meet, with a bright eye and sunny smile. "Clean shaven as a priest." He is not in any sense an imitator, believing that to be at your best, you must be yourself, be natural, doing your work in your own way. He says he appears at his best in his writings, at any rate that "he tries to." One claim of his writings is that we feel he is sincere, and we trust him. We like to follow his thought, and can say in his words:

"We follow ever on and on,
We know the ways thy feet have gone,
Of roses richer in perfume,
And birds of every blooming tree
Sing sweeter as we follow thee."

His first book was "The Swimm'ng Hole and other poems."

In 1886 came "The Boss Girl and other stories."

1887—"Afterwhiles."
1888—"Pipes O'Pan."
1890—"Rhymes of Childhood."
1891—"Neighborly Poems."

His poem "That Old Sweetheart of mine," has been put in beautiful form and makes a book, creditable alike to poet, artist and to his publishers, the Bowen Merrill Co., Indianapolis. One might think from this poem he was a married man, but he is not. His last book is "The Flying Islands of the Night." Of this Dr. Ridpath says, "As a dramatic poem nothing since the publication of 'The Midsummer Nights Dream' has risen to a higher level of creative art."

Please note these gems:

"Ere day was dremt, I saw her face
Lift from some starry hiding place,
Where ourtold moon was kneeling while
She lit its features with her smile"

"Cipher out the problem of blind stars
That ever still do safely grope their way
Among the thronging constellations."

"Who will name us what the seas
Have sung on for centuries?
For the Song's sake—even so
Sieg. O Seas; and breezes blow!"

Readers of his earlier writings need no urging to read all that he has written, and if there are any not familiar with his works, they have only to begin to read to find their "appetite grow by what it feeds on" and at the end will quote his own words and say:

"We follow thee forever on
Through darkest night and dimmest dawn,
Through storm and calm, through shower and shiee
Hear thou our voices answering thine."

CHARLES W. GRAY.

Another of those good deeds for which Worcester is noted and which help along the theory of the brotherhood of man was the giving to Joseph H. Mansfield, last week, a purse of above one hundred dollars by those who have known him as an obliging conductor on the street railroad. He was seriously injured while in the performance of his duties several weeks since.

Thomas P. Smith, once a High School boy and later of Holy Cross College, received Minor Orders at St. Sulpice, Paris, Dec. 19.

South End News.

The members of the Cavendish Club met with Mrs. Helen M. Davis last Monday evening at 9 Hawthorne Street. Sixteen members were present and during an intermission refreshments were served. The gentleman's first prize, a silver mounted bottle, was won by Mr. C. F. Stevens, and the lady's prize, a jewel casket, was won by the hostess. The club numbers among its players some of the finest in the city.

Mr. Harry D. Temple, who has been confined to the house, is once more able to be out. His many friends at the W. P. I. will wish him a speedy recovery.

The Brightside, Mr. Buck's new block on King Street, is fast being filled. Among the families who have recently moved in are Messrs. L. E. Livermore, S. E. Greene, F. L. Wright and Mr. Samuel H. Colton.

Miss May L. Goulding and Miss Mabel Norcross, students at Miss Mead's school Norwalk, Conn., are at home for the Holidays.

The Worcester County Philatelic Association held its regular bi-monthly meeting with Mr. W. L. Brown, 3 Norwood Street, Monday evening. The meeting was largely attended and much interest was shown.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Woodward gave a domino whist party to their friends Thursday evening. Play was indulged in until one o'clock of the new year, when a bountiful feast was served.

Unfortunately the firm of Joslyn & Brown, grocers at 830 Main Street, has become insolvent and Wednesday a keeper was put in charge.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Thomas B. Hamilton, the local tenor, and Miss Bertha Bigelow, W. H. S., '91.

The Evans, Mr. H. H. Houghton's new apartment block, corner of Main and Hammond Streets, is nearly ready for occupancy.

Mr. Geo. B. Buckingham has recently completed the erection of a stable adjoining his residence, No. 20 King Street. The edifice is modern in every respect and a noble addition to a handsome estate.

Mr. E. S. Jones, for many years with White & Conant, has opened a hardware store at 822 Main Street. It is a great accommodation to the residents at the South End and will undoubtedly receive their support. All the Boston and New York papers, together with LIGHT, are on sale at this store.

A committee from the Church of Christ is negotiating for the purchase of the Fay estate on Allen Street, where they intend to erect a vestry.

Mrs. Emeline B. Brown.

Death has removed one of the energetic workers of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Brown was the superintendent of Sabbath observance and her home was at 29 Benefit Street, where she died last week Friday. She was born in Sutton in 1823. She and her family have long been devoted workers in the Temperance cause. Her funeral, last Monday, was attended by a large delegation of her associates in the Temperance Union.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS
SOAP.

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CHAS. E. GRANT,
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FOR YOUR
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE

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Hair Cutting and Curling, - - - - 50c.

Singeing and Shampooing, - - - - 75c.

Bangs Cut and Curled, - - - - 25c.

Hair Cutting, - - - - - 15c.

Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR and MOLES

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Electric Needle Process.

No pain, no shock, no scarring nor any injury whatever. Permanency of removal guaranteed. Dr. B. F. Longstreet, A. M., Physician and Surgeon, 402 Main Street, Room 17, Worcester, Mass. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. 2d floor. Take Elevator. Send for circular

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At Music Room from 10 to 12 a. m.

Terms reasonable. Refers by permission to Mrs. Carrie King Hunt.

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Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework.
Done to Order.

Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold on commission.

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looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
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Mackintoshes. Ladies and Gentlemen's.
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Storm Slippers. Aaron S. Taft, Propr.,
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Confectioner * and * Caterer,
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**GINGER WAFERS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS,
PINE APPLE WAFERS**

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John * A. * Hartigan's,

47 PLEASANT STREET.

Dix Street Bakery.

MRS. A. S. SMEDLEY,
AT 25 1-2 DIX STREET,

Furnishes all kinds of baker's wares. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4.30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.,

* **PRINTERS.** *

Book, Newspaper, Catalogue, Church, Society, Wedding and Commercial Printing of every kind executed in the best modern style.

No orders too large; none too small.

154 FRONT ST.

Good to Eat.

Orange Snow.—Orange snow is delicious when prepared after the following method: An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of boiling water. It is then to be strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix with it the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon. Add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. Whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge. Put it into a mold and turn it out on the day following.

Everton Toffee.

Half a pound of golden syrup, half a pound of Demerara sugar, lemon juice to taste, and from five to six ounces of butter are required. Mix carefully the sugar and syrup, and then add the butter in little bits, stirring slowly till it is all thoroughly mixed. Then cease stirring or the toffee will be "sugar," let it boil gently till a tiny bit thrown into cold water sets. If everything is satisfactory it will be beautifully crisp, and the whole should then be poured into a tin previously well rubbed with sweet oil or butter. When it is half cold, mark it into squares.

Cream Sponge Cake.

Beat the yolks of six eggs until very light, add one cup powdered sugar and beat with the yolks, then, beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth, add one half cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cream, the juice of one lemon, a little salt, mix one teaspoon of cream tartar in one cup of flour, mix, and beat all the ingredients well together, and the last thing stir in one half teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, line the baking pan with buttered paper, allowing the paper to extend over the top of the pan, to remove the cake without turning over.

Stewed Kidneys

Make a good dish, if rightly cooked. Fry a tablespoonful of chopped onion in two table spoonfuls of butter until brown, then add one of flour and stir it in the butter and onion until it is smooth and brown, then add the kidneys cut in small pieces, one pint water, season with salt and pepper. Let it stew ten minutes, then add a tablespoonful of catsup and a teaspoonful of best Worcestershire sauce. This is an excellent dish for breakfast.

Rice and Chicken Fricassee.

Cut up chicken in small pieces, dip each piece in beaten egg and then in rolled cracker crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, fry each piece in half butter and half lard. When brown add half cup hot water, cover tightly and cook slowly half an hour. Then take the chicken when done and keep hot. Then take a bowl of cooked rice and put it in the frying pan the chicken was cooked in; add to the rice one chopped tomato, let it get very hot, then pile it high in the centre of a platter and lay the chicken around it, garnish with olives.

Sugar Cookies.

Three eggs, one cup butter, two cups sugar, one half cup milk, three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, two of soda, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract.

It's concealed,
but it's there—
ammonia in baking powder
widely advertised as
"absolutely pure;"
'tis easy to detect it;

Boil up a heaping spoonful of the powder in a spoonful of water, and smell the steam.

There's nothing to conceal in Cleveland's baking powder; the composition is stated on every label.

The ingredients are all so wholesome we are glad to have people know what they are.

Dr. A. A. Howland. Frank H. Howland, D. D. S.

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Residence, 61 West Street.
Office open during the summer.

The Readers of Light
I most cordially invite
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Model Drug Store

When in want of anything
They would expect to find
In a metropolitan establishment of its kind.

Respectfully,

Geo. E. Fairbanks, Druggist,
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ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

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Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States, descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Of course a good many things are wanted all the time, and of course we have them for you.

The Silk Remnants are just as desirable as ever.

The California Blankets are the best of the season's bargains.

The Nick *nax* left over from Christmas are at any price you care to pay—almost.

One or two pretty patterns of new dress goods are wanting your approval.

Quite a little lot of high grade novelties try to attract your notice in the north window.

Surely the prices are low enough for anybody, and nothing could be nicer than the fancy.

Look at them when you come down town. In Handkerchiefs you can pick out some splendid bargains if you want them.

In stockings you can have beauty, or service, or both in combination.

Well, there are lots of things for you, but it will take all this week for you to recover your old love for shopping.

Next week we will have something to tell you, and you'll be glad to hear it.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.



Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 4th.

Matinee Every Day at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

Lothrop's Stock Company, in the famous sensational drama in 5 acts, by Augustin Daly, Esq., entitled,

UNDER THE GASLIGHT.

Produced under the personal direction of H. PERCY MELDON.

Each performance to commence with a laughable farce by our Comedy Company.

PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Those Portraits.

Librarian Green's last contribution to the public's entertainment in the exhibition room of the new building, is well worth careful observation and study. Passing the landscapes which, though of a high order, we will assume are in place merely as settings for the portraits, we will note the faces so well known in Worcester. These are for the most part representations of people who walk our streets and are a part of the City's active, throbbing life. First we pause to glance at the semblance of the Hon. Joseph H. Walker. The artist has not given him a single accessory. Only his face and figure look forth from the canvas but they are wonderfully life like. His posture is a favorite one, standing erect with fingers of his right hand, thrust within his closely buttoned coat. It is the attitude he assumed when he talked protection to the Harvard boys in Sander's theater and routed the free trade advocate, William Lloyd Garrison. Our people have seen him stand thus scores of times and it is a good position by which to pass his appearance along to coming generations. His wife looks forth from the next frame and the artist has succeeded in making a picture that should win him applause any where. Of course, the Worcester world does not so readily recognize the face of the wife as it does that of the husband who has, so long, been an important element in all that pertains to the city, but it has no difficulty in seeing, a strong face most faithfully delineated.

Next, we pause before the portrait of W. do Lincoln and try to find in it the ancestral traits for which the family is noted. Long identified with the city, the surname might almost warrant calling us "Lincolnshire," nor is his first name wanting in local significance. The face is a pleasant one, possibly bearing a trace of the father's looks as shown in the Horticultural hall portrait. Very likely, not so many will linger before it as in front of Mr. Walker's or Mr. Davis's, those men being better known, still many will not hesitate to award Mr. Vinton unstinted praise for his depicting of Mr. Lincoln.

The Hon. Edward L. Davis next looks pleasantly at us, so naturally in fact that it would not surprise us if he should proffer his hand for a hearty shake or if his mouth should speak some sentiment sure to be for the good of Worcester. When, a hundred years hence, this picture is shown along with others at the exhibitions of such in those future days, of it, will be said, "This represents that Mayor of Worcester who gave the tower at the Lake, who donated a part of the Lake-side Park, who placed the picture of George Bancroft in the High School and who used his influence to retain the Common intact. He was thoroughly public spirited."

In the portrait of Stephen Salisbury, Mr. Vinton has introduced more accessories than in any other picture shown. We instinctively glance from Mr. Salisbury's face to his hat and gloves and then to the table by which he sits. Very likely the style of the hat may be of interest to hatlers in coming years, but just at present we are more interested in the sitters face. It is a triumph of artistic reproduction, so good that it needed no side lights to set it

forth. This, too, is a semblance whose interest will not perish with the generation that produced it. The North End of Worcester in its Salisbury Laboratory and Hall, Institute Park, Art Gallery and Antiquarian Society will ever respect the name.

We will leave the exhibition with the face of General Devens in mind. There is in this picture, nothing to draw the eye from the man unless it be the roll of paper that he has carelessly taken in his hand; so we may look constantly at this countenance so full of energy strength and goodness. It is the face that all of us have known for years, and Worcester is happy that a semblance of the distinguished soldier, statesman, and jurist, belongs in Worcester by right. Mr. Vinton the artist and Mr. Green the librarian are entitled to Worcester's gratitude for several weeks of genuine pleasure.

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TOWN TOPICS

READ BY ALL MEN AND WOMEN.

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Subscription 60 cents a month, postage paid. LARGEST CIRCULATION



BAPTIST.

PLEASANT STREET BAPTIST.—This week has been a sort of a jubilee week with the members of this church. It was just fifty years ago, Monday, that the church was organized and it was this anniversary which has been so auspiciously celebrated this week. The observance began Sunday morning with an anniversary sermon by the pastor, Rev. H. J. White, in which he related the story of the church's struggles and triumphs. Briefly, he said: In 1841 a number withdrew from the First Baptist Church and, December 28, organized a new church with 89 members. The first pastor was Rev. John J. Jennings and he remained until 1849. During the seven years 139 were added to the church by baptism and 24 by letter. Rev. Charles K. Colver was the next pastor, serving until 1854. During his pastorate 23 were added by baptism and 60 by letter. From 1854 to 1860, Dr. D. W. Faunce was the pastor and under his lead the church made very marked progress. After him came John Judson Tucker who stayed two years and increased the church membership by 23 additions. Rev. David Weston successfully worked for the church for the next ten years ending in 1872. During the three years' pastorate of Rev. I. R. Wheelock, which followed, 52 members were added and during Rev. S. L. Holman's pastorate, which extended to 1882 there were added to the church rolls 88 by baptism and 44 by letter. In 1875, at the beginning of his pastorate the membership was 423, the highest point ever reached. After Mr. Holman came Rev. H. F. Lane, who, finding the church in a very poor condition, worked so faithfully that at his departure in 1888 it was again in good working order. There were 98 additions to the church during his pastorate. In conclusion he spoke of his own pastorate of three years.

Tuesday evening the anniversary exercises were held in the new church on Ashland Street at the corner of Pleasant. The grip and the storm kept many away but yet it was a very large company which sat down at 6.30 to a bountiful supper served in the vestry by the ladies of the church. At 7.45 the exercises began in the auditorium with an organ prelude, followed by congregational singing, led by Rev. Guy F. Wheeler of the Quinsigamond Mission; responsive reading; invocation in Swedish by Rev. J. W. Hjerstrom, pastor of the First Swedish Church; anthem by the chorus; reading of Scripture by Rev. Joseph Ellison, the pastor of the Greendale Mission; prayer by Rev. J. J. Miller of the Lincoln Square Church; response by the quartet; and words of welcome by the pastor. In closing the Rev. Mr. White introduced Rev. H. F. Lane of Millis, Mass., who spoke "fraternal words" on behalf of the former pastors. He told of his recollections of the beginning of the church, when he was a student at the Academy, of attending the first meetings held in the east hall of the town hall and of hearing

Rev. John Jennings preach his first sermon. Rev. Mr. White then read letters from C. K. Colver of Chicago, D. W. Faunce of West Newton and I. R. Wheelock of Albany. Dr. Faunce spoke of himself as responding for two pastorate as he has recently married the widow of Rev. J. J. Tucker. Rev. G. G. Craft of the First Baptist Church spoke for "Our Mother Church." Mr. Craft said he wished to congratulate the church more on its noble graces of spirit than on its gain in numbers and possessions. He also congratulated the church on its line of successful pastors. Speaking for "Our Sister Churches," for Rev. C. H. Pendleton of the Main Street Church, who was unable to be present, he advised that the churches "pray for each other and not prey upon each other." Then a hymn, read by Rev. Hiram Conway, of the John Street Church was sung by the congregation after which Rev. Dr. B. D. Marshall read a history of the Baptist denomination in Worcester. He said that in 1795 James Wilson, a Baptist, came to Worcester and began to draw about him people of like faith. In 1812 Elder Bentley's services were secured and May 21, of that year the first baptism took place at a pond near where Crompton's mill now stands. Dr. Austin of the Old South Church was a vigorous opponent of the new church. Elder Goring succeeded Elder Bentley. He was afterwards very prominent in Baptist circles and was the founder of the Baptist Missionary Society. After him came Jonathan Aldrich and Samuel D. Swan. In 1835 a lot of land on Elm Street was purchased from Levi Lincoln and a building was erected, but soon after it was destroyed by an incendiary fire. In 1841 there were 146 members of the Baptist Church. He then gave an account of the organizations of the other Baptist churches and concluded with the following facts: During the past ten years about \$150,000 have been expended by the Baptists in this city in building churches; the total membership of the Baptist churches of the city is 2196; there have been employed by the Baptist churches during the past ten years 39 pastors and 7 missionaries; where there were, fifty years ago, two persons in Worcester, there are now seven—where there were, fifty years ago, two Baptists in Worcester, there are now twelve.

Rev. D. H. Stoddard of the Dewey Street Church spoke on "An Outlook and Prophecy;" Rev. E. B. Haskell of the South Baptist Church spoke on "Contemporaneous Denominational Progress at Home" and "Abroad" for Rev. D. W. Hoyt of the Adams Square Church, who was unable to be present; the congregation sang a hymn read in French by Rev. Gideon Aubin of the French Mission and the pastor pronounced the benediction.

JOHN STREET.—The people of this church are still at work raising money to clear off the debt on their new church. One of the members, William Brown, succeeded in raising recently, by personal solicitation, \$50. The contributors were Stephen Salisbury, Hon. Edward L. Davis, W. E. Rice and J. Edwin Smith.

METHODIST.

GRACE.—No better music than that, given, last Sunday night, under the direction of leader Hanson, was ever heard in the church. "The

Chimes of Judea" was the name of the compilation, which included selections from many of the masters. There was not a halt nor flow in the program which assumed the character of a Sunday School concert. There were responsive readings by the school and superintendent and individual songs and recitations by pupils. Where all did so well, it is hardly fair to mention names, yet it must be said that Miss Flora Miner and Mrs. L. W. Briggs sang their parts finely.

UNIVERSALIST.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.—There is to be special New Year's services at the First Universalist Church next Sunday morning and evening. The choir will be aided by an orchestra and the addresses will be appropriate to the New Year. The regular communion service is to be deferred one week on this account. Dr. Gunnison's engagement list for January is becoming extended. It includes Installation services at Cambridge and Lowell, sermon at the dedication of a church in Gloucester, sermon at Lynn, and a Lyceum lecture at Spencer.

The annual meeting of the First Church will take place next Friday evening.

CONGREGATIONAL.

SALEM STREET.—At the annual meeting of the parish, held Tuesday evening, H. G. Otis was re-elected treasurer; Lewis C. Muzzy, auditor; Henry Brannon, A. F. Gates and R. H. Chamberlain, prudential committee; C. F. Rice, D. C. Turner and D. F. Smith, music committee. The reports for 1891 were read and accepted. Gen. R. H. Chamberlain was moderator and William H. Bartlett, clerk.

The New Year's receptions of Park, Pilgrim, Old South and Piedmont churches, which were to have been held last evening were postponed on account of the large number of cases of illness.

ARMENIAN.—Yesterday afternoon a council of Congregational churches was held in Plymouth vestry to consider the advisability of organizing and recognizing an Armenian Congregational church. It took place too late for LIGHT to publish the result this week.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Endeavor Society of Piedmont Church has elected officers for the first six months of 1892 as follows: President, Irving E. Bigelow; vice-president, W. W. Orr; treasurer, Edwin Chapin; recording secretary, Helen W. Lincoln; corresponding secretary, Emma Pratt; chairman of committees—Lookout, J. H. Childs; prayer meeting, Mrs. Wm. Marble; social, Fred Cooke.

The Endeavor Society of Salem Street Church elected officers, last Monday evening, for the next six months as follows: President, Frank J. Bryant, Oxford Place; corresponding secretary, Miss Edith M. Harding, 16 West Street; recording secretary, Miss Ethel Howard; treasurer, Miss Annie Otis; chairman of committees: Lookout, C. E. Barr; prayer meeting, A. H. Rockwood; junior, Miss Edith Howard; social, C. D. Parker; Sunday School, Miss L. E. Reynolds; temperance, Miss F. L. Barber; new members, Miss Ethel Howard; music, Miss Annie Otis; visiting, Miss Minetta S. Nourse.

A son of Principal C. T. Haynes of the Washington Street School has received an appointment as a Senate page, this winter in Boston.

The Highland Bicycle and Athletic Club of South Worcester will hold its first semi-annual supper next Monday evening at its room, 263 Cambridge Street.

At the home of A. W. Edson, Agent of the State Board of Education, there is rejoicing over the birth of a son, Tuesday. Congratulations, Many!

Miss Flora E. Simmons of Vassar College, is at home for the holidays.

Among those who have suffered from the grip may be named Ex-Mayor Charles B. Pratt who was attacked suddenly while at a meeting of bank directors.

Ralph C. Aldrich has been in New York, the past week, visiting his brother, George, who is a student of art there.

Major F. G. Stiles and wife have had the prevailing ailment and have had to content themselves with the interior of their home for several days.

Mechanics Course.

In course B next Monday evening Roberts Harper will give an illustrated lecture on "Swiss Mountains and Valleys."

A. A. Goodell Camp, Sons of Veterans will hold a private social in its hall 418 Main Street, next Friday evening. The public installation of officers will take place Wednesday evening in Continental Hall.

Last evening Mrs. George T. Rice and Miss Rice received at 61 Cedar Street. They were assisted by Mrs. Waldo Lincoln, Mrs. Halleck Bartlett, Mrs. Preston Payer, Mrs. S. B. Woodward, Mrs. R. W. Greene, Miss Barnard, Miss Tiffany and Miss Dickey.

The Idea!

Mr. Wayback—I want to buy a brush.
Drug Store Clerk—Tooth brush?
Mr. W.—Now. What would I want a tooth brush for? They ain't no hair on my teeth.
N. Y. Press.

It is stated that in England an unmarried woman over fifty years of age can sign her name "Mrs." if she chooses to. The bother of it in this country is that unmarried women are rarely known to be over thirty!—Westboro Chronotype.

A Cayuga farmer raised a field of popcorn and stored it in a barn. The barn took fire and the corn began to pop and filled a ten acre field. An old horse in a neighboring pasture had defective eyesight, saw the corn thought it was snow, and lay down and froze to death Cortland N. Y. Journal.

That magnificent offer for War Memoirs, with Cosmopolitan and LIGHT, is still in force. Viz., \$5 pays for LIGHT, Cosmopolitan and a set of Grant's, Sherman's, Sheridan's or McClellan's Memoirs.

The Week.

CITY.

Dec. 24—A rainy day and evening. Those who went out to evening amusements had to go well rubbered, yet many churches had Christmas trees.

The city will need \$120,000 more to run next year than it has used this.

Ex-Alderman Samuel A. Porter seriously ill.

Funerals of Captain Patrick E. Raigan at St. John's Church and of Edgar E. Putnam at his late residence.

25—The mildest weather for many a Christmas. Rain and mud, yet people are merry. La Grippe reigns supreme.

Silas Dinsmore dies, 79 years, 3 mos.

Alfred Atherton dies, 68 years.

26—Funeral of George C. Taft at the First Universalist Church, Dr. Gunnison officiating.

Only cold weather with snow can stay the hand of disease, at present so heavily on the city, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, and La Grippe.

27—A recount of the city's vote on the license question called for.

Pastor H. J. White of the Pleasant Baptist Church preaches a fifty years historical discourse.

Many churches continue the Christmas festivities.

A new assistant secretary for the Y. M. C. A., C. O. Cotton of Woburn announced.

28—The recount is made and license gained 93 votes by the ants. Still a majority of more than 300 stands for No.

Former members of the High School Summer Club have reunion at Bay State House.

Alumni of the Assembly, another High School society, meet, eat and organize at Estey's restaurant.

29—"The Drummer Boy" begins its eleventh season at the theater.

Pleasant Street Baptists observe fiftieth anniversary.

Fire at the City Hospital.

Charles B. Perry of Millbury appointed assistant clerk at the Central District Court.

30—Living Whist party in Mechanics Hall, a great society event and a great success.

Thomas E. Sargent, a cab driver, dies suddenly while on duty, heart disease probably aggravated by the grip.

Thomas Street and Laurel Hill electric railway opened.

31—The last day of the year and a pleasant one.

City Government holds final session with usual compliments.

Washington Club has annual ball at Horticultural Hall.

Oratorio of "The Messiah" finely rendered at Central Church.

Methodist Churches hold watch night services.

COUNTY.

22—Alfred H. Batchelder, formerly of North Brookfield, dies in Boston, 61 years.

Laurence Upham dies in Brookfield, 73 years.

23—Funeral of Nahum B. Hall in Upton, one of the town's most respected citizens, 70 years, 11 mos.

25—Andrew Wilson, aged 27 years, killed by cars in Northbridge.

26—A Millbury girl, Ella Vance, won the Bay State big doll, in a contest of essay writing concerning the city of Worcester. There were forty-five contestants.

28—The Odd Fellows of Millbury dedicate a fine hall in Barrow Block.

29—James Logan dies in Clinton, 62 years.

Henry L. Sheldon, a veteran of the 15th Mass. Regt., dies in Fitchburg.

30—Owing to Principal Whiting's going to Chicopee, at an increase of salary, the Milford High School is closed.

Mrs. Sarah A. Warren dies in Leicester, 75 years.

31—Monroe Remington, one of the famous Remington triplets dies in Blackstone, 75 years.

COMMONWEALTH.

24—Collision on Old Colony Road. One killed.

Boston revelations indicate that the Australian Ballot system is not perfect.

25—Five hundred poor men and boys have a good Christmas dinner in Faneuil Hall. The Old Cradle never rocked in a better cause.

26—General R. W. Lee, a graduate of West Point dies in Boston, 87 years.

Nine deaths from La Grippe in Boston.

27—There is a strong demand, throughout the state, for a modification of the Australian Ballot system as too counting. Too much time occupied.

28—The Boston Aldermen vote in favor of a college to be maintained by the city.

The Governor will not sign Dunlap's pardon after all. So much the better.

29—Boston is to have readings from F. Hopkinson Smith and Thomas Nelson Page.

Boston cemeteries will not receive the body of Sawtelle, the murderer.

La Grippe has a tight grasp on Boston.

30—Lawrence is suffering severely from La Grippe. Some factories have shut down.

Ex-Auditor Trefry to be Savings Banks commissioner in place of E. P. Chapin.

31—Hon. James M. Usher dies in Medford, from the grip, 78 years.

Mrs. William H. Cole received New Year's evening at 62 Cedar Street.

Hon. John D. Washburn will start from New York on his return trip to Switzerland next Saturday.

The second of the Light Infantry socials will take place next Thursday evening in Continental Hall.

The death, Wednesday, of S. L. Sayles of Dayville, Conn., is of interest to Worcester people in that he was the father-in-law of the Hon. Charles A. Russell member of Congress from Connecticut and formerly a Worcester boy, 65 years.

The second of the Light Infantry series of socials will be held next Friday evening at the Army. Committees have been chosen as follows: Reception, Capt. Fairbanks, Lieut. Gilman, Sergt. Allen, Sergt. Hassam, Corp. E. S. Black, Corp. King, Privates Adams, Brooks, Gates, Havenner, Johnson, Knowlton, Marsh, Smith, Waite and Warren. Floor, Lieut. Rider, Corp. F. M. Clarke, Privates Fuller, Fairbanks, Gates, Hyde, Johnson, Jefferson, Kettell, Lincoln, Macomber, Marsh, Townsend and Walters.

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HEADQUARTERS

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Do you want a CHANDELIER?

You can get one here in any number of lights, and the price will suit you, too.

Do you wish to light a Hall, Store or Saloon? Get the "Mammoth Rochester." It will do the business.

Do you want a New Burner for your Lamp? Get the

"IMPERIAL!"

The best burner made. Gives more light than the "Central Draft."

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Household.

Insects on Plants.

There are only three kinds of insects that are really very troublesome to plants in the house, viz, the aphid or green fly, the red spider and the mealy bug. The first can be very easily destroyed by the use of tobacco in any form, either as liquid or smoke. The most convenient way is to wet the plant, then sprinkle snuff or tobacco dust over it. To kill the red spider, wash the leaves, then use a syringe filled with tobacco water. The mealy bug is easily killed with strong tobacco water.

D.

The Invalid's Attire.

To the invalid who has long been confined to the bed it will be a pleasant change to substitute for the ordinary white night dress, during the Summer, neatly fitting Mother Hubbard robes of delicate colored cotton goods, which should have as dainty and dressy an appearance as possible, and will be found universally more becoming than white. For Winter, use the dainty pointed flannels or outing cloths, which are so pretty and inexpensive. If collar and cuffs of harmonizing or contrasting shade be used, they will be all the prettier. These delicately-tinted or figured robes will also take away that undressed feeling, which often causes a feeling of embarrassment, even to those who have been invalids for years. The practical member of the family will also find that they will save not a little in the amount of laundering required.

CLARA S. EVERTS.

All grained or varnished wood-work should be cleaned with tea, made of medium strength and strained, after which it should be rubbed over with a small flannel cloth dipped occasionally in boiled linseed oil, and wiped thoroughly with a dry flannel cloth. Nothing is more convenient than a wooden skewer for cleaning out crevices and corners.

A very good remedy for cold on the lungs is a syrup made of the juice of onions and sugar; simmer some onions in a very little water, strain and add the sugar, or the sugar may be added at first.

A cup of hot water in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved will relieve constipation if drank before eating every morning.

To make an excellent cold cream take one half pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of white rose perfume, a half ounce of spermaceti and a half pint of rose water. Beat all to a paste, add more almonds if not thick enough.

When suffering from overstrained and tired eyes, bathe them in hot water several times a day.

Well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

Apply linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts with a soft cloth to the white spots on your furniture.

Wax drippings from the tapers now so fashionably used for lighting purposes can be removed from linen tablecloths with a hot iron and a piece of blotting paper, or by dipping the part in eau de cologne, which renders the wax brittle, so that it can easily be rubbed off with the finger.

Once had, is a poor man.



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A FIRST-CLASS

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ROLL TOP DESK,

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Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.
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TO THE
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9.50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
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3.25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
4.17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
8.00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE
FOR
HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN AND NEW YORK.
LEAVE WORCESTER. AR. NEW YORK.
10.13 A. M. 3.30 P. M.
12.12 A. M. 5.30 P. M.
5.06 P. M.* 10.00 P. M.
12.29 A. M.* 6.45 A. M.
*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.
A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

New York Fashions.

Full Dress Costumes

of course are special subjects of attention. Notwithstanding serious efforts to the contrary, skirts are almost always made close about the waist, clinging to the form and with great attention to foot trimmings, both because the feet look smaller by means of them and also, because much trimming elsewhere does not fall in with the spirit of the day. Frequently however, foot trimmings appear only in front and on the sides; the back being left plain because of the dust that would collect on garniture. For

Evening Dresses

artificial flowers are much used as headings to ruffles or flowers or again they form pretty fringes by means of drooping stems and buds attached to successive medium sized or small blossoms. Basques are charmingly outlined in a similar way and in general, there is much partiality for flowers set in rows, although not to the exclusion of bouquets which afford a change and for the hair, are always preferred. The hair on full dress occasions is dressed high, but with special avoidance of stiffness and in view of this, soft waves appear on the sides and back, the hair being previously dampened and twisted on pins made expressly for the purpose. Puffs and very short curls are combined and a favorite style for the front is one short curl in the center, with yet shorter ones on either side. Large shell combs or pins that from their size are almost combs, give a handsome finish and very wealthy women wear elegant adornments in diamonds and pearls. Shell or jet bandeaux are fashionable or may be replaced by gold beads or strands of pearls, but with such finish, the hair is dressed somewhat lower. ROSALIND MAY.

Well Done.

The recent call in behalf of the Policemen's Relief Fund, in Mechanics Hall nets the Association above \$1200.

Epworth League.

Mechanics Hall has been engaged for the evening meetings of the District Convention of this body to be held here the 6th and 7th days of next October.

Natural History.

Though not so near as when on Foster Street our young people should not forget the rooms on Harvard Street, corner of State, They are accessible and are filled with interesting objects.

An unusual large shooting star was seen in this vicinity Monday evening about 9.30. It seemed larger than either Venus or Jupiter, both of which were visible when it appeared. It came from the south, and its path was northwesterly, toward Jupiter. After losing its brilliancy, it could be seen as a pale red ball of fire, and its path could be traced for some distance.

Molasses Cookies.

Two cups molasses, one cup sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger. D.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other remedy is so promptly operative in throat and lung troubles as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Don't be well out of the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurr's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anna A. Lewis, Beard, N. Y.

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It saves Time, Labor and Fuel, and is the best for the family.

Manufactured by the
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TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

E. W. COFFIN, Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.

Name this Paper.

Mrs. Sarah M. Waters, mother-in-law of Mr. Henry A. Bowman, the tent and awning manufacturer, died suddenly, the 29th ult. of heart disease at No. 48 Dewey Street. She was aged 75 years.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION

TO OUR FRIENDS.

There is no need that we should make extraordinary claims for ourselves.

The favor of this entire community has placed us in their esteem and confidence in so high a position that we have nothing left to desire in this direction.

There isn't a man in the city or county of Worcester that needs to be told of the kind of *Clothing* we make and sell.

No one claims that better can be found anywhere.

This being so the announcement we now make will be all the more important to you.

The last day of 1891 is here.

With it comes the winding up of our business year.

Stock will be taken and newly arranged on our counters.

Prices will be changed also

ON ALL WINTER CLOTHING,

ON ALL OVERCOATS,

ON ALL SUITS,

ON ALL SINGLE GARMENTS.

And a positive and decided reduction will be made on everything.

All this will be done and got ready

FOR SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 20, 1892.

At that time we will offer "OUR" CLOTHING at positive bargain prices.

We know that what we'll offer will be the best for you to buy.

We advise you to see exactly what we will do for you then before you purchase anywhere.

And that is a mighty

SENSIBLE SUGGESTION

That will give you the very best Clothing

AT THE LEAST COST.

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Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order Dec. 12, 1891: Membership, 6,163. Amount loaned for Relief, \$13,729; Reserve Fund, \$59,118.31; Balance of Relief Fund, \$4,531.88; Total, \$98,459.68. Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600.

Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

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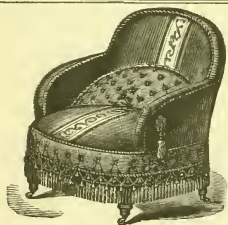
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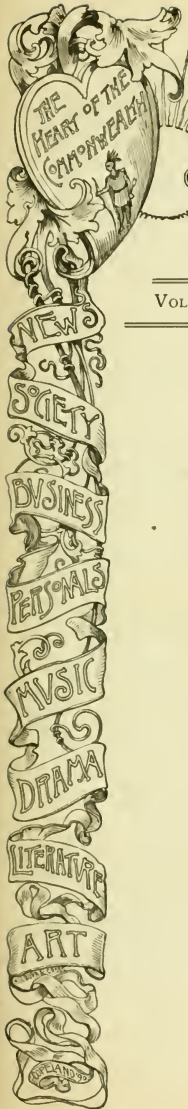
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WILLIAM S. SMITH, for the last five years of the firm of Smith & Adams, and previous to that with Henry W. Miller for many years, having purchased the Hardware business of W. H. Goulding & Co., 171 Main St., will continue same under firm name of Wm. S. Smith & Co., and will carry a full line of Builders' and General Hardwares, Carpenter and Machinist Tools, Cutlery, and Drawing Instruments.

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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. No. 19. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892. FIVE CENTS



JOHN B. GOUGH.

Orator and Philanthropist.

JANUARY.

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

We have completed our Annual Inventory, and closed the book for 1891. The result is satisfactory to us, and proves conclusively that it pays to buy for cash, and sell goods at the lowest possible prices. We now commence our mark down sale to close out odd pieces and incomplete suites. Grateful for past favors, we ask your patronage in the future, and promise to make it an object for you to trade with us.

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We have opened a store in Worcester, selling directly from the Factory to the Consumer, a line of Ladies', (a few Misses') and Men's

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and will keep in stock all the Sizes and Widths of the different Shapes. Prices stamped on the Bottom of the Shoe. We have the new Foot Conformer, enabling us to take an Exact Measurement and Form of EACH FOOT. We will make you a Last and Patterns therefor, which you will own for your own use. We will make any desired Shoe thereon at the uniform price of \$1.00 more than the same goods in stock.

We will also keep in stock during the Winter Season a full line of the Celebrated Alfred Dolge Pelt Shoes & Slippers, at the Factory Prices.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

No. 19

We should get tired of the sunlight itself, beautiful as it is, if God did not send it away every night. We're not even fit to have the moonlight always.—Geo. McDonald.

It is probable that our favorite Scottish writer had no idea of writing a weather item, but his words apply very nicely to the present situation.

We really owe more to the weather as a theme of conversation than most of us are aware of than any of us would acknowledge. How many, during the past ten days have said, "I never saw anything like it?"

And yet we have seen very much the same repeatedly. Two years ago, Christmas day was mild, so much so, that bees swarmed in New Jersey and buttercups were picked in the open air in that same delectable locality. On the same day, '77, the writer walked from the railroad station in Sutton over to Purgatory, and farmers were plowing along the way.

Of course there are varying degrees of cold, from year to year; but we get a fair general average. Only a few years ago there was a scare as to ice and not till March did the plumbers' harvest come, but it came then with a vengeance and pipes were frozen solid. If a man keeps a weather record and speaks from that, some confidence can be placed in what he says, otherwise his words are simply the result of the last cold or warm streak.

Illustrating the absurdity of some of these statements an aged gentleman says, "I was passing up the street in company with a friend of about my own age. It was in the Spring and he said, 'Did you ever see so backward a season?' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'many of them.' 'Well' he continued, 'I never did.' Just one week afterward we were walking along the same street, and the day was very warm, whereupon he remarks, 'Did you ever see so forward and warm a Spring?' I laughed outright and asked him if he recalled his words of only a week before." The most of our weather talk is just as inconsiderate.

From Medfield comes an invitation from the young and vigorous historical society of that interesting town to be present at the exercises commemorative of the birth of Dr. Lowell Mason. They took place yesterday, the 8th, and were quite in keeping with the character of the man whose long and valuable life they commemorated. These New England towns were little worlds by themselves and it is delightful that they thus keep in mind their precious history. Among those making up the committee of arrangements, LIGHT recognizes the names of Albert A. Lovell, formerly of this city.

Immediately after the death of John B. Gough, at a public meeting in the city of New York, a monument was projected in his memory and a fund was begun but since, nothing has been heard of it. Is it possible that

Americans will allow such a personality as Gough's to pass into forgetfulness? The monument should not be in New York, but right here in Worcester. Our Common should have some commemorative figure. How can it be secured? Who will start the ball in motion. Should there be an association to push the matter?

During the nearly a year intervening since Bancroft's death, till recently, very little has been heard concerning the disposition of his books. By no means the largest private collection in the land, it is still one of the most valuable. As the visitor, curiously inclined, can see in the Harvard Library, the volumes whence Carlyle drew his material for "The French Revolution" and in the Boston Public Library, Ticknor's Sources of his History of Spanish Literature, so in some other library should be these books that the great historian used in his immortal compilation. Clark University aims to give higher advantages in Science than any other American institution. Why should not the library become a part of the new University?

Chicago University has just purchased an immense collection in Berlin. Syracuse University was made the possessor by gift, of the Von Ranke Library, that one whence was drawn the History of the Popes, and it will not be strange if some ambitious college in the West or Middle States snaps up this choice morsel. This placed in the keeping of Clark University would give to that institution a pre-eminence in Literature that it could hardly hope to reach in any other way for a score of years. Mr. Clark is away from home at present; but it would seem that with his zeal for his university that he would not overlook this opportunity.

Bancroftiana.

Abel Stevens in the National Magazine for January 1855, writes as follows concerning the Historian, in connection with the Semi-Centennial of the New York Historical Society, where Mr. Bancroft gave the chief address: "He begins to look odd; he is cadaverous; his cheeks are sunken, a defect which somewhat obtrusive whiskers try in vain to conceal. He looks pallid and lank, and severe-featured, as if sedentary and studious habits had dried up the sap of his substance, his clothes hang loosely upon him. * * * * His voice partakes of the general feebleness of his aspect; it sounds dyspeptical and tells the truth in this respect, we rather think."

When we reflect that he survived this dyspeptic look fully thirty-five years, it must be concluded that the ailment did not have a very severe hold upon him. In the same article Dr. Stevens says Mr. Bancroft is eloquent in spite of a rasping voice. His thoughts attracted and held.

In June, 1862, a writer thus mentions Mr. Bancroft's copies of documents.

"The whole collection of documents, thus obtained, is handsomely bound in about two hundred folios and quarto volumes which are justly regarded by him as the most valuable, as it is undoubtedly the most expensive portion of his collection."

In the Century for January, 1887, W. M. Sloane thus refers to a call upon the historian and a visit to the library.

"The second story barely holds the volumes of the great library that lines the walls, fills the entries and passageways, and overflows into the window seats and on to the floors."

The very last literary venture of Mr. Bancroft was to make copies of the Records of the Polk Administration, in which he was Secretary of the Navy, done by means of type writers at the home of the aged widow of President Polk, who had, during her long widowhood, retained these papers and all for the purpose of preparing a history of those four years. These papers constitute a part of his unequalled collection.

Mrs. Frederick Paine.

For several years, Mrs. Ann Cushing Paine, widow of Frederick, has been the oldest dweller in the vicinity of Lincoln Street. She was born in Boston, and her marriage, in 1822, was the first after Boston became a city. Her parents were the Hon. Russell and Elizabeth (Perkins) Sturges. The Paine homestead on Lincoln Street has long been in the family and is a noteworthy structure. She leaves two sons, the Rev. George S. and James P. and a daughter, Mrs. H. P. Sturges of Beverly. Her remains were buried from her late home, Thursday at 1 p.m.

Chamberlain District.

The Chamberlain District Farmer's Club will meet at "Maplewood Farm," the residence of H. J. Allen, Salisbury Street, Thursday, the 14th, inst., at 7.30 o'clock, p.m. Subject, "Free Delivery of Mails and Library Books in Country Districts." Essay by S. A. Burgess. Music and literary entertainment. All invited.

Chaplain Beaudry.

The announcement of the chaplain's death in Chicago, last Saturday, creates a sadness among those who knew him as a gallant soldier. He always was present, while in Worcester, whenever ex-prisoners of war gathered and he ever had a good word to say. His written accounts of Libby Life as published in various papers and in book form were thrilling. He had been chaplain of the New York Department of the G. A. R. During the war, he was chaplain of the 5th N. Y. Cavalry, a regiment that saw lots of service, and whose record, the chaplain himself put in book form in 1874. The book is now very scarce and valuable. The chaplain was taken prisoner at Gettysburg. Though a native of Canada, of French family, there was not the slightest indication of foreignism in his manner or speech.



WORCESTER, MASS.

A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
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Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1892.

Amateur Gardening is the latest journalistic venture from that city of successful paper ventures, Springfield. At 50cts per year, this monthly should "live long and prosper." It certainly is a beauty.

Mrs. D. F. Estabrook very kindly furnishes LIGHT with a file of Colorado Springs papers, filled with data concerning that picturesque city at the base of Pike's Peak.

Mrs. Jennie E. T. Dowe, formerly of this city, has poems in the January Century entitled "Songs of Ireland."

Mr. Gilbert Davis has gotten out a very tasty Annual with the significant title "Its Inside." Along with excellent typography are shown some superb specimens of half tone work. No better ever seen in Worcester.

The Boston Engraving Company sends out New Year's Greeting to friends and patrons in a most exquisite engraving on satin. Nothing could be finer.

LIGHT is in receipt of the souvenir number of the Philadelphia Record for Jan. 1st. It has forty-eight pages and weighs one pound, all for one cent. Life is too short to have such papers very often, but it is a marvel of enterprise.

The cut of John B. Gough, on LIGHT's first page, is kindly loaned by O. B. Wood, who had it engraved for his Worcester, Its Past and Present.

Prize Declamation.

At Horticultural Hall, Jan. 21, under the direction of Messrs. R. R. Simmonds and Wm. E. Bowen will take place one of the most interesting contests ever had in Worcester. Eleven young people will declaim, as follows: Anna Carberry, Lulu Isaacs, Bessie Lawrence, Alla Johnson, Emma Hewitt, Mabel Jenkins, Amy Buck, Althea Bigelow, Harry J. Hosley, John J. Shea and John W. Heffren.

The prizes will be five in number and will consist of \$25 in gold, divided as follows: First \$10, second \$5, third \$5, fourth \$2.50, fifth \$2.50.

Music will be interspersed by Messrs. Gibbs, Adams and Marshall.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Jan. 9, 1892.

Signed

i.

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story."

ii.

"Fail, fail?
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail."

iii.

"Ye crags and peaks
I am with you once again."

iv.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has put
In their bloom,"

v.

"And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

vi.

"That a government of the people, for the people
and by the people might not perish from the earth."

Answers to Quotations Dec. 26.

1. Shakespeare, "Macbeth."
 2. Byron, "Tom Moore."
 3. Moore, "A Dream."
 4. Saxe, "The Family Man."
 5. Tennyson, "The Brook."
 6. Alexander Selkirk's Soliloquy."
- 1st. Helen Lovell, Medfield.
2nd. S. G. Houghton, Washington.

Henry W. King, Esq., of the firm of Rice, King & Rice is seriously ill at his home in North Brookfield.

A Good One.

I was browsing among the new books at the Athenæum the other day. A tall old gentleman dressed in the style of fifty years ago, who looked as though he had just stepped out of some old print stood by my side, peering at the books through his eyeglasses. It was Dr. Parsons, the poet. Next to him stood another octogenarian, evidently a friend of his. The old gentleman took up a book from one of the shelves by Maturin M. Ballou. "Ah" he exclaimed to the doctor, "a new book by Ballou! Is he a ripe scholar?" "He's been long Maturin," replied the doctor without a smile, busily peering at the titles before him.—Jacquot in Boston Times.

Most men mix a pound of ambition with a grain of energy and then wonder that the world refuses to admire the mixture.

Almost every one in the world is wicked enough to wish some one would die and leave him money.

THE BUD.

"A youthful maiden in her prime is worth a thousand coats of arms."

The fate of an American bud is a very fortunate one. She is not wrapped around with much paper unless it may come in the shape of invitations and love letters. She is allowed almost perfect freedom, and hates to be chaperoned. So writes Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in a series of papers on social topics, the first of which appears in the January number of FASHIONS, published by Denholm & McKay Co. Free to purchasers at Boston Store.

Mrs. Sherwood's graceful social essays are well known to the cultivated world, and her verdict in all matters of taste, behavior, essential propriety, and the esthetic side of existence, was long ago accepted as final in the Court of Educated Opinion.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD SONG.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" Said to Have Been Composed in a Saloon.

"There have been several versions of the origin of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,'" says George M. Young in the January New England Magazine. The most widely circulated and popularly believed is as follows: When Woodworth was a journeyman printer in an office on the corner of Chatham and Chambers Streets in New York, near-by in Frankfort Street was a saloon kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was unusually excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it. After taking a draught, he set his glass on the table and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. 'No,' said Mallory, 'You are mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations surpassed this in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth dubiously. 'The draught of pure spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the field on a hot day in Summer.' A teardrop-glued for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True, true!' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, took a pen, and in half an hour 'The Old Oaken Bucket' was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

The English island of Jersey, where originated the Jersey breed of cattle, famous as butter-makers, if square would measure but six and three-quarter miles each way, yet it supports a population of sixty thousand, has over twelve thousand, five hundred head of cattle, and exports annually some two thousand and head. This is on an average one head of cattle to every two acres.

In Society.

The old Knickerbocker custom of New Year's calls by the gentlemen at the houses of their lady acquaintances was more generally observed in this city last week Friday evening than it has been for some time. Some of the ladies sent out cards, others received without sending any special invitations and those who did not care for any reason to receive placed baskets at their doors for the cards of the gentlemen who might call.

Among those who received were Mrs. Francis H. Dewey at 142 Main Street; Mrs. W. S. B. Hopkins at 12 Linden Street; Miss Frances M. Lincoln at 39 Cedar Street; Miss Helen Lincoln and Mrs. Charles D. Wheeler at 5 Oak Street; Mrs. Charles H. Flint at 58 Cedar Street; Mrs. George T. Rice at 61 Cedar Street; Mr. Frank P. Goulding, Mrs. John A. Thayer and Mrs. Morrison of Braintree at 44 Harvard Street; Mrs. Wm. H. Coe and Mrs. M. V. B. Jefferson at 62 Cedar Street; Mrs. Sarah Brigham at the corner of West and William Streets; Mrs. David Harrower at 56 Cedar Street; Mrs. Henry Eveleth Hill at 60 Cedar Street; Mrs. C. W. Smith at the corner of Elm and Chestnut Streets; Mrs. F. R. Macullar and Mrs. J. L. Burbank at 44 West Street; Mrs. Mary C. Crompton and the Misses Crompton at Mariemont; Mrs. Charles F. Washburn at 38 Elm Street; Mrs. Frank E. Heywood on William Street; Mrs. Albert A. Michelson, 96 Woodland Street.

Last Saturday evening in Colonial Hall, Miss Helen White, daughter of Major L. G. White, gave a german for the very youngest set. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Eleanor Clark of Boston, Miss Phosa Bates and Mrs. L. G. White. The ushers were Alexander Bullock, Merrick Lincoln, Earl Brown, Ned Brown, Alexander Doe, Harry Thayer, John Adams and Ralph Earle. The favors were distributed by Miss Mary Eaton, Miss Alice Baldwin, Miss Frances Pomeroy of Boston, Miss Julia Buffington, Miss Mabel Buffington and Miss Alice Peckham of Boston. The german was led by Miss Mary Adams. Over one hundred were present.

The second of the house cotillions was held Monday evening at the residence of Thomas B. Eaton, corner of Crown and Chatham Streets and was very enjoyable throughout. The house was elaborately decorated for the occasion with laurel, holly, palms, roses and mistletoe. Erastus Hopkins, with Miss Mary Eaton as his partner, led the german and seventeen couples followed. The favors given by the hostess were very handsome and included boutonnieres, nosegays, bonbon boxes, silver cravat fasteners, pencils and key rings. The music was provided by four musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by John J. Heron, pianist. Caterer Johnson of the Worcester Club furnished refreshments.

Mrs. Eaton was assisted in receiving by Miss Eaton, Miss Pomeroy of Boston and Miss Carrie Batchelder of West Upton. Besides those mentioned above there were present Miss Helen Lincoln, Miss Christine Rice, Miss Josie Smith, Miss Pope of New York, Miss Pomeroy of Boston, Miss Knowlton of Upton, Miss Batchelder, Miss Dickey, Miss Nelson,

Miss Georgie Stone, Miss Addie Wyman, Miss Grace Whitman, Miss Elizabeth Hopkins, Miss Mabel Gage, Miss May Doe, Miss Clara Smith, George M. Stearns, Charles M. Thayer, Dr. George Moore, Charles Ranlet, William B. Scofield, John Nelson, Hale Holden of Kansas City, George T. Dewey, Frank L. Hale, Dr. George D. Kelley, Ernest L. Thayer, A. Bowman Wood, John D. Baldwin, Henry W. Doe, George S. Taft, Dr. Gage, Charles Goodwin of Philadelphia.

The last of the series will be given at Mariemont, by the Misses Crompton, some evening near the end of January.

The committee who arranged the game of living whist, which was so successfully played at Mechanics Hall December 30, desiring to testify of their appreciation of the good work done by the "cards," gave them a complimentary dance Thursday evening in Salisbury Hall, Society of Antiquity building. All the "cards" were not able to be present because some were ill, but when Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell's orchestra struck up for the first dance it was found that forty-four had responded to the invitations and were ready for the evening's pleasure. They were Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. J. F. Darrah, Miss Lizzie Norcross, Miss L. E. Gray, Miss F. Buckingham, Miss E. Billings, Miss H. E. Fletcher, Miss Ellen S. Rheutan, Miss J. Robinson, Miss Mollie Taft, E. D. Stoddard, T. K. Corbiere, Fred Whittemore, H. A. Billings, Harry B. Fairbanks, A. A. Barker, F. J. Darrah, Wm. J. Waite, F. G. Chandler, John E. Kennedy, Wm. A. Gile, J. O. Norcross, Mrs. A. A. Barker, Mrs. W. W. Conkey, Miss Maud Knowlton, Miss J. V. Hammond, Miss Alice M. Rheutan, Miss Catharine Burton, Miss Theresa Gray, Miss Daisy Day, Miss F. R. Brauman, Miss Alice Day, John H. Jewett, W. W. Conkey, T. H. Blood, H. H. Ames, Jr., Edward M. Dodge, Morton Crane, George Eddy, F. A. Leiland, A. F. Hyde, Harvey Wheelock, C. F. Brown, Dr. A. F. Townsend.

There was no regular order of dances, the whims of the dancers being suited. At different times during the evening several of the fancy dances given at the "game" were repeated and were loudly applauded by the spectators. Those danced were the minuet movement by Miss Alice Rheutan, Miss L. E. Gray, George Eddy and Albert Hyde; the Aurora dance by Miss Day, Miss Longley, E. M. Dodge and Fred Whittemore; the Highland fling by Mrs. F. J. Darrah and Miss L. E. Gray and partners. At ten o'clock Rebboli served one of his best collations. Dancing was then continued until midnight. The affair was arranged by E. D. Stoddard and John H. Jewett and the chaperones were Mrs. John H. Jewett and Mrs. A. A. Barker.

The second of the series of socials of the Continentals was held in Continental Hall Thursday evening. Putnam and Babcock's orchestra furnished music for dancing and Zahonyi was the caterer. C. A. Waite was floor director and his aids were George M. Rice, 2d, J. W. Flagg and George H. Cutting. The last of the series will take place January 27.

The City Guards will hold the first of a series of three socials at the Armory January 22.

The social events of last evening were the Light Infantry's second social at the Armory and the first of a series of select dancing assemblies in Colonial Hall, both too late for LIGHT to publish an account in this paper.

A Great Country.

A Scotch lady, now residing in Roxbury, on her first arrival in this country, exhibited great curiosity on seeing some doughnuts brought to table.

"What are they?" she inquired.

"They are bread nuts," replied a wag who was present.

"Bread nuts! Do they grow?"

"Yes, they grow on the doughnut tree, and we call them doughnuts."

After eating one she exclaimed: "Well! well! this is a great country where the vera breed grows on the trees!"

An Unexpected Answer.

There is an old lady residing in Roxbury, a native of "The Land o' Cakes," amiable in character, a sincere Christian, but a little deaf, a circumstance which sometimes leads her to give queer answers to questions asked her. While visiting the house of a friend a few evenings ago it was decided to hold a prayer meeting. After the exercises, one of the company approached the old lady and asked:

"D'ye walk w' the Lord?"

"Oh, no," she replied, not distinctly hearing the question. "I jist come back and forrit to see Mrs. Geigie."

Veritas Caput.

These two words, abbreviated before and behind, furnished Henry Rowe Schoolcraft the name for the source of the Mississippi or "The True Head," but in the region thereabouts a war of words is raging as to whether it is the true source. Iowa and Minnesota papers are hard at it. When a decision is reached, we will put it down in our Geography.

Lessons are to be taken from the life of the late John Jacob Astor, one of the wealthiest men in the world. He abhorred ostentation. He would only participate in important public affairs on condition that his name should not be made prominent. Walking was preferred by him to either carriage or horse car. The methodical life led by this man was not unduly secluded, and was the means of adding to the Astor fortunes largely. It was only of late years that he permitted any elaborate decoration of his house. His funeral was conducted with the utmost simplicity.

Whenever I see those swinging doors labeled "Push" on one side and "Pull" on the other, which are used so much in offices and places of business, I am reminded that the words are really the motto of all wide-awake professional and business men. To get ahead nowadays one must push and pull from morning until night. The trouble is that we do it selfishly. If we would only push one another forward instead of aside, and pull each other along to success instead of backward, then this push and pull of competition would be altogether a good thing.—Diogenes.

Idle, lazy folks have most labor.

John B. Gough.

We are nearing the anniversary of the death of this most famous man. It was February 15, 1886 in that city that he loved, Philadelphia, that he was stricken with his illness that proved to be fatal two days later. Nearly five years have passed since he has been seen in our streets and what a bundle of nerves he was! What a breezy sight to see him walk through the great hallway at the Union Station? What a hearty handshake he had for all acquaintances and what greetings he gave those who called upon him at his Hillside home. From the humble birth at Sandgate, England, August 22d, 1817, to his death with those glorious words upon his lips what a panorama his life presented? The poor immigrant, the ingenious but unsteady mechanic, the careless son and husband, the roistering accompaniment of a show, the bar room loafer dropped all his former besetments and became as truly the Apostle of Temperance, of Total Abstinence as was Paul the preacher of the religion of Christ. Conversions are instantaneous and that magic touch of Joel Stratton did much for the friendless young Englishman. There are many people in Worcester who have pleasant recollections of the man whose tongue had woven a magic spell over more people than any other man of his times had addressed. They have met him in church; they have heard him speak in Mechanics Hall; they have met him in our streets; have called on him at his home and have had the pleasure of seeing him display his treasures of Cruikshank illustrations.

Then there are some favored ones who remember his visits to the High School. The school, itself, pretty nearly filled the hall but the pupils sat near each other and all the ninth grade pupils were invited in. What fun! The great orator never was funnier nor more active and he never had a more inspiring audience unless it was when he came to the same school again. He said himself that the school was an inspiration and he regarded it as a favor rather than a task to talk to such bright young people.

To keep the event in memory, a large album was procured and all those members of the school who had heard him talk wrote their

names in it. The principal of the school carried it out to Hillside one bright, crisp autumn afternoon. Mr. Gough received the little testimonial most heartily. He said, "I have thousands of names presented in a similar spirit, by foreign friends, but with all my goings up and down in America, this is the only instance of the sort from a home source, and I esteem it all the more. I shall put this volume with all of these others and this will be prized most of all for it is from my friends and neighbors." His parting remark was, "Whenever you want me to talk to the young folks in the school just let me know." But ere the date came around when it would seem proper to ask the school's kind friend to address it again, the orator and philanthropist was dead with those stirring words upon his lips, "Young man, make your record clear." It was in the Philadelphia that he loved that he closed his eyes for his final sleep, but his body was brought back to Hillside for funeral exercises; but not in Boylston only was the sound of wailing heard, for everywhere, where man feels for man, were there laments over his untimely death.

His body was laid at rest in our Hope Cemetery, away back in the newer part, upon a slightly knoll and in the lot was placed the monument shown below. The inscription is upon the upper right face, followed by the words from Revelations, 3d chapter, 5th verse, "He that overcometh, etc.," and the sentiment that he had emphasized in his last address, "I can desire nothing better for this great country than that a barrier, high as heaven, be raised between the unpolluted lips of the children and the intoxicating cup, that everywhere men and women should raise strong and determined hands against whatever will defile the body, pollute the mind, or harden the heart against God and His truth."

The wife, who had wedded him when everybody, her own father included, said "no" and who had so faithfully followed him in his journeyings and who had been the manager at Hillside, passed away during the summer of 1891 and was laid by his side in this peaceful abode in the cemetery. "Hope" it is beautifully named and they who sleep in it are in repose with a hope of a blissful resurrection. No grave in Worcester is so frequently visited as this whose monument tells the story of lives, spent for others.

Personal Recollections.

Mr. Horace Kendall, the well known auctioneer of the Mechanics Hall Block was, in Mr. Gough's earlier career, his business manager. A recent call on Mr. Kendall, in his Pleasant Street home, and it is pleasant in fact as well as name, called forth a train of recollection. It is just as well to allow Mr. K. to tell his own story, for every body knows that an auctioneer is a good talker.

"I first met Mr. Gough in 1851. Some time before, in paying his respects to the Boylston school teacher, Miss Whitcomb, who subsequently became his wife and who was an intimate friend of my sister, he had been at our house a great deal. After they were married and had begun running the Hillside Farm, he would not take 'No' for an answer; but I had to go and look out for that place, which by the way consumed, first and last, more than \$200,000 of Mr. Gough's money, an outlay that availed little when it was sold after his death. Here I supervised things in the Summer and, in the Winter, I went with him as business manager on his lecture tours, for that was before the days of Lecture Bureaus. I must have gone out with him as early as 1851 and I was with him twelve years. During that time, he averaged \$30,000 a year receipts for his platform work and, if he had been a good financier, he might have died with more than half a million; but he was the victim of all sorts of beggars, individual and corporate. Why I remember an Englishman, coming way out to Harrisburg, from Providence, and in spite of all I could do, he got a check for \$3,000, and Mr. Gough never saw a cent of it afterwards. At Hillside, each pleasant day would bring a relay of parties in search of help, sometimes a committee of several members to impress him the more, and this doesn't include the applications by post.

"My duties, in going about with Mr. Gough, were to sell tickets, look out for advertising and give him such personal aid as he needed. He was the most careful of men as to his apparel. We had to carry six or seven trunks all the time, for following each address, there must be a change throughout. In fact this was necessary, so hard did he work when speaking. It was seldom that he had a dry thread in his undergarments, when his lecture was over.

"He was the most impressive of men. A word from pen or tongue would disconcert him. He went to Richmond only once, for as he entered the hall there, some evilly disposed persons, knowing his anti-slavery principles, hissed as he went in. The earnest, enthusiastic applause of the respectable part of the large gathering could not restore his equanimity. He was not himself during the whole evening. Once in New York city, just before going out to speak in the Y. M. C. A. course, he picked up a copy of the N. Y. Herald and in it he found a scurrilous attack on himself. It completely used him up. He said to me, 'I shan't go to the hall tonight, Horace. There is no use. There will be no one there. No one believes in me.' 'Oh, phaw!' I said, 'Yes you will go. If you don't I shall go on and speak in your place.' It required a deal of persuasion to get him started that night, but he did go, finally. When we neared the hall,



one of the first things seen was the announcement 'Standing Room Only.' 'How does that look,' said I, 'for no audience?' Before he began, there wasn't a chance for a man to even crowd in. He was all right after he began.

"I never knew him to have a poor audience. Even down in Maine, the people crowded to hear him, but his most successful places were in the Middle States, particularly in Philadelphia. The attendance there was phenomenal. He had a benefit one night there after which I turned over to him \$4,000 of clear profits. Folks were generous, seats one dollar each. There must have been something more than 3,000 people there, but they wouldn't wait for change. They were willing to let Mr. Gough have the money.

I used to have queer times with some of the money in circulation. You see it was in the days of wild cat banks and I had to look pretty sharp. One night in New York and at the old Broadway Tabernacle, I heard a knock at the door when I was selling tickets as rapidly as they ever went at a circus. Of course, it was contrary to my rules to let any body in; but I found out that it was Mr. "Sam" Halstead, a New York millionaire and particular friend of Mr. Gough who had come to help me out as he said, if they tried to shove any bad bills on me. So he sat down by my side and was referee whenever need arose.

Mr. Gough was disheartened very easily, but notwithstanding his very sensitive nature, I never knew him to return an attack. A Quaker could not have been more non-combative.

Philadelphia was his favorite city, though the country was full of the warmest kind of friends. In Albany, he was the means of reforming Delavan, the distinguished hotel man and in every great center there were reformed men who looked upon him as their savior. It was in Philadelphia, that he gave me a great setting out. We had along with us 470 copies of his Autobiography, a little book, once very common. It cost 17½ cents per copy. My salary was small, so one day he said I might have the profits on the whole lot. We sold at 37½ cents each. Accordingly that night, while I was sitting on the platform, he proceeded to endow me with qualities that I never dreamed of possessing and then capped the climax by saying I was to have all I got above cost for the books. Well, didn't I have a bonanza that night? No sooner was the meeting over than the folks surged up to the platform. No ceased coming till I had sold the last book. Old Dr. Albert Barnes, the famous commentator, seeing how busy I was, came up and helped to sell. Many people wouldn't take any change so it was better for me than the profits only.

Mr. Gough was terribly in earnest in war times and his voice was worth a hundred men anywhere. He gave up his time to war meetings with all the ardor that he had displayed in the temperance cause. No one man in the state did more than he to prompt men to enlist.

When the season of lecturing was over, he used to come back to his home completely unnerved. Then it was that home care was essential to restore him to his normal self, but it was a big mistake, his making his home at Hillside. He should have been nearer the great arteries of travel. It was a great waste

of energy, the driving to and from this boyston home, for every thing was in, from or by Worcester."

Mr. Gough and Mr. Kendall retained their friendship for each other as long as the former lived and when he passed away, it was Mr. Kendall who served as one of the appraisers of his estate.

Among other relics of their travels over the country, Mr. Kendall preserves a dress coat, presented to him by the lecturer, one of those famous garments whose tails were said to talk. Putting it on, the observer can see that Messrs. Gough and Kendall were of quite the same figure, but in his later years, the lecturer grew stouter and it is doubtful whether he could have donned in 1885 this coat worn thirty years before. Were Mr. Kendall disposed, he could fill a large book with memories of his old friend and employer.

How Mr. Gough Came to Worcester.

Major F. G. Stiles has a memory full of facts pertaining to Worcester for the last fifty years. It is worth while to go down to his Foster Street paint shop and to get him to tell of men and events during this period for his recollection is unerring. "Do you remember, Major, when Mr. Gough came to this city?" "Of course I do, perfectly well. It was in 1841, in the Fall, at Brinley Hall, now G. A. R. Hall. There was a panorama, representing The Burning of Moscow, The Fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere and Washington crossing the Delaware. Mr. Gough's part was to have general charge and to sing songs, adapted to the scenes, for instance in the sea fight, he sang a naval song and in the Delaware incident he was melodiously patriotic. It was not so much his voice, nor what he sang, as the way he sang that made him popular. He was always received with applause. He left the show, here, and went to work at his trade of book binding, working for Messrs. Hutchinson and Crosby.

"It was here that his first wife died, and the house in which she died is still standing on Belmont Street, a small wooden one back of the big tavern. In those days "Nat" Stearns kept the place and it was there that Gough could usually be found. I remember seeing him there once with pants tucked into his boots, having on a red flannel shirt and an old battered hat and whistling and singing for the drinks. There was a McFarland who was a chum of his and they used to go on great sprees. He finally got so low that even the tavern wouldn't have him around and he was fired out. Then he contemplated suicide, and, probably, would have taken his own life, if Joel Stratton had not laid his hand upon his shoulder and led him to the Temperance meeting in the old Town Hall. I was there and saw him reel in and up to the platform. There was a general titter over the audience but he turned upon the people saying, 'You may laugh, but I will yet be a man and I'll wear a better coat than you ever owned.' In his best days, he never excelled the thrilling effect of that speech. Though he fell once or twice afterwards, he was a new man from that date, and the reputation that he made became one of the proudest pages in Worcester's history."

A gentleman, not a resident of Worcester came here to listen to Mr. Gough's last address, in December, 1885. Many years before, he had heard him talk in a school house in the town of Franklin. The room was full and the speaker was earnest. Soon the heat induced him to lay aside his coat and in his shirt sleeves the young orator exhorted men to abstain. The visitor said he readily recalled points of similarity in the cultured language of the speaker who had had forty years of experience from that school house talk, but he also said, "There is no more fire and force now than there was when he spoke in his shirt sleeves, perhaps not quite so much." Culture could not add to the energy and strength that nature gave him. She only rounded off the corners.

After a Decade.

Somebody must have kept a close run of the years for surely the most of their friends would not have suspected that Charles A. Richardson and wife had been ten years married, for it seems only a short time since they were in school. But the almanac says it is ten years since the Rev. Garrett Beekman united these young people, then as now, attendant at the Laurel Street Church.

Monday evening, friends, to the number of about one hundred, assembled at 8 Woodland Street completely surprising the chiefly interested parties. The day was also the birthday of Mrs. Richardson who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Wilson who with Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richardson, Mr. R.'s parents were present. Their former pastor, Mr. Beekman and Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, the present minister at Laurel Street, were present and joined in congratulations. Numerous and valuable presents were received from Montacute, Masonic Lodge and from the Knights of Pythias and their friends. It was not until late hour that the party, after a very enjoyable evening, dispersed. Among those who were present may be named Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Earle, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Kennedy, Henry C. Willson, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kenerson, F. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ellinwood, H. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Walker, Mrs. E. H. Moulton, Mrs. John Legg, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Donaldson, Mrs. Eliza Tolin, Mrs. Mary Locke, Mrs. E. M. Howes, Mrs. Mary Williams, Miss Mabel Richardson, Miss Flora Winchester, Miss Annie Rawson, Miss Mary Williams, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buck, E. H. Moulton, E. M. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Squires, Morton Richardson, Mrs. E. M. White, Mrs. G. M. Smiley, Mr. George H. Fernald, Mrs. Minnie Stebbins, Mrs. Sarah Briggs, Mrs. Mary Rawson, Mr. Sarah Rawson, Miss Emma Berry, Miss Jeanette Dobby, Miss Eliza Rawson, Wells F. Ellinwood.

A few drops of ether dropped into a bottle of oil will prevent it from becoming rancid for a long time.

The Week.

CITY.

Jan. 1.—La Grippe still reigns. Only icy winter with fleecy snow can break the grasp and they do not seem likely to come at present.

Very successful oratorio season at Central Church ends.

Worcester appears to have taken something of the New York notion of New Years receptions. Has our city a "Four Hundred"?

Great reception at the Y. M. C. A. Colored people celebrate Emancipation Day.

2.—In the case of Washburn and Moen vs. City of Worcester concerning Mill Brook, the City wins.

Mayor Harrington receives boxes of tokens of remembrance from Ex-Mayor Williamson of Worcester, England. Pictures for the city and books for the Library.

3.—Worcester ministers preach New Years' sermons. Good time to take account of stock.

H. W. Denny, formerly a furniture dealer dies, 59 years.

4.—Inauguration of New City Government which appears to be the event of the day.

5.—Bay State Poultry Show opens in Horticultural Hall.

Well known jewelry store of A. L. Burbank meets with business reverses.

Widow of the late Frederick Paine dies, 95 years.

Meeting of Worcester Society of Antiquity.

Mrs. Abbie A., wife of John C. MacInnes dies, 129 Pleasant Street, 28 years.

Ebenezer Pray dies at 26 Grove Street, 87 years.

6.—Athletic contests under direction of Worcester and Wachusett boat clubs at the Rink.

Installation of officers at Gen. A. A. Goodell Camp 2, Sons of Veterans.

First snow storm of the season. As was expected, the snow interfered with travel on the Electric Road to Spencer.

7.—Installation of G. A. K. officers. Funerals of Mrs. Abbie A. MacInnes, H. Walford Denny, Wm. H. Haggerty and Mrs. Ann C. Paine.

Death record for the past week largest in the history of the city, La Grippe has a harvest.

The living whist party dances at Salisbury Hall.

William Lloyd Garrison addresses the Single Tax Club.

J. Howard Hale of Connecticut addresses the Horticultural Society.

COUNTY.

Dec. 31.—Thomas A. Barrows dies in Millbury, 64 years.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Whiting dies in Whitinsville, 81 years.

Jan. 1.—Rev. Willard E. Waterbury of Springfield, Mass., will become pastor of Baptist Church in Clinton.

Roderick E. Chesley dies in No. Brookfield, 45 years.

2.—Oxford is interested in the effort of Flora (Green) Willis to secure a divorce from Eugene Willis in Providence. It is the old story of marrying the hostler and then regretting.

4.—William Cowie of Webster dies, 83 years.

5.—Mary and Martha Lakeman, twin sisters,

aged 67 years, buried in Harvard. In death, even, they were not separated.

6.—The Rev. George S. Ball of Upton made the opening prayer in the House at the convening of the Legislature.

7.—Mrs. Mary de Witt Freeland will soon issue "The Records of Oxford" in handsome form.

COMMONWEALTH.

1.—Steamer, Roman of the Warren Line stops at quarantine in Boston on account of case of small pox on the trip over.

2.—The William Lloyd Garrison letter concerning barbarities at D. K. E. initiations at Harvard excites more comment, just now, than politics.

3.—Col. George P. Peabody dies in Salem, 88 years, the largest tax payer in the city.

4.—Inauguration day throughout the State. Now for reforms. There is need enough.

5.—Boston is moving a new City Hall.

General Armstrong, recently stricken with paralysis, able to leave Boston for Hampden, Va.

6.—Legislature convenes. Alfred S. Pinkerton of Worcester elected President of the Senate and William E. Barrett of Melrose, Speaker of the House.

Snow storm throughout the state. Something like a blizzard.

Harvard gets a bequest from Dr. Buckminster Brown of \$40,000.

7.—Governor Russell inaugurated for the second time.

Rev. Benj. F. Bolles, formerly pastor of the First Universalist Church in this city dies in Abington, aged 68 years.

Eben F. Draper made Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

High School.

With the present additional heating pipes, certain rooms, which were very uncomfortable on a cold day, are now as warm and pleasant as could be desired. The "freezing days" are now a thing of the past.

The Assembly Alumni Association voted to offer three prizes annually to the best debaters of the Assembly Debating Society, the members to vote upon the best debater each meeting. The one receiving the most votes will be entitled to first prize.

Prof. Bolton of Clark University is giving memory tests in the schools.

Mrs. C. W. Bowker received word last Saturday that her only sister, Miss Myra J. Upham, was dangerously ill in Fitchburg. She left for that place at once but reached there too late to see her sister before she died. The funeral was held in Fitchburg and was conducted by Miss Upham's pastor, Rev. Mr. Rice of Royalston. The cause of her death was pneumonia, which followed the grip. It was only last March that Mrs. Bowker's mother died.

Mrs. Heywood's Gift.

This is a generous age. Not only do wills and testaments reveal liberal giving, but many people choose to give while living and thus obviate the contests that too often follow the deaths of philanthropists. One of the most notable of recent instances is the endowment at Meadville, Pa., of a department of instruction in the Unitarian Theological School of that place by Mrs. Abbie Ballou Heywood,

wife of the Rev. W. S. Heywood of Sterling. She is a daughter of the late Rev. Adin Ballou of Hopedale and she donates \$16,000 for this most excellent purpose, in memory of her father. From the proceeds of the endowment, lecture courses will be given setting forth the social features of the religion of Christ. Among the subjects to be treated will be "Temperance," "War and Peace," "The Relations of the Sexes, including marriage and divorce," and "The Enfranchisement of Women."

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

Three stars, a strong supporting company, special scenery and an exciting play are the order of things at Lothrop's this week. The three stars are Miss Kate Glassford, J. Francis Kirke and J. Gordon Edwards. The play is the well-known drama "Under the Gaslight." The special scenery includes a pier and railroad scene. Everybody familiar with the play knows that there is intense excitement from beginning to end. The company is giving it a splendid presentation. Miss Grace Hamilton, the Worcester actress, is one of the members of the supporting company.

Next week Miss Ethel Tucker, supported by Lothrop's Stock Company, will play the five act American melodrama, "Nobody's Claim." Preceding it there will be the usual laughter-provoking farce.

The date for the presentation of the comedy drama "Nevada" by the XIV Club of the First Universalist Church is January 8. The proceeds will be given to the Sunday School. The full cast was published in LIGHT several weeks ago.

The cast for "The Spy of Gettysburg," which is to be produced by Gen. A. A. Goodell Camp 2, Sons of Veterans has been selected as follows: Gen. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, George H. Hill; Harry Lenox, the Spy of Gettysburg, Frank Bemis; Uncle Moses Mulvey, relic of the Mexican War, J. B. Leprie; Cyril Blackburn, the black sheep of a noble Virginia family, W. H. Plummer; Solomon, an independent "coon," Robert R. Simmonds; Capt. Warren, a federal staff officer, John J. Torkey; Jenison, a willing tool of Blackburn's, John L. Sullivan; Mabel Meredith, a true-hearted girl, Miss Minnie Smith; Lottie Evans, her cousin, full of mischief, Miss Lulu Isaacs; Mrs. Moses Mulvey with a mind of her own, Mrs. Ellen M. Walker. The play will be elaborately presented, and special tableaux will be given.

Mr. Ebenezer Pray.

At No. 26 Grove Street, Tuesday, this very estimable gentleman passed away at the advanced age of 87 years, 8 months and 18 days. On his mother's side, he was related to the Phillips family, one of the pioneer settlers of the towns of Oxford and Auburn. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. M. A. Kilburn. His funeral was held Friday 11 a. m. at his late home.

Concerning Candy

Don't give children much, and remember that plain, sweet chocolate is about the best you can give them.

The Synthetic Philosophy of Expression.

The Delsarte system,—what does it imply? What does it teach? The inadequate answer "To study how to gesticulate," would be given by even the generally well-informed, if they were not conversant with the use of the Delsarte system. The student of literature may derive enjoyment and profit by a perusal of Prof. Moses True Brown's book on "The Philosophy of Expression." Mme. Giraldy Delsarte the eldest daughter and pupil of François Delsarte, has arrived in New York. Current news promises a treat, as through her presentation of the truth in support of this much abused system of expression, existing false ideas will be thrown down. Upon the principles of this grand science, Prof. Moses True Brown of the Boston School of Oratory recently addressed a highly intelligent and representative audience at the Home School. Every one was happy to take the elementary step to the Delsarte movement, and as the Professor cast aside assumption and the reserve of a lecturer, he as gallantly, as logically conducted his hearers a long step forward through the graceful curves of "Hogarth's line of beauty," on fluent tongue.

"So felt he who first told how Psyche went,
On the smooth road into realms of wonderment."

The speaker interused apt and frequent illustrations, often humorous and quite diverting, quickly supplying a note of beauty to restore the harmonic chord. In his loftier flight descriptive of varying shades of emotion, the poet's touches were adroitly managed. Concerning the false ideas, and misrepresented subject of art, Prof. Brown emphasized his regret that so large a class of liberal people entertained narrow estimates. He commented on the inclination of the superficial to depreciate the movement; cited editors squibs, innuendoes of critics, the beguilement by "Puck," for the collusion of minds unclassical. The speaker also expressed his belief in the awakened thought on this subject of physical and voice culture; and, "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." To the frequent question, "Wherein do the Delsarte gymnastics differ from other systems of physical exercise?" we find an answer in the following: "They consist in gymnastics which free every muscle and articulation of the body, to obtain expression, develop habitual grace; bad physical habits are broken up while natural ones are established."

"The Delsarte laws of expression underlie all art," the work "develops self possession and overcomes self-consciousness." By Delsarte, we are taught vital economy.

Professor Brown says: "To the researchers of the two great philosophic minds, Darwin and Mantegazza, we owe the substance of the body of truth which forms the present Philosophy of human expression, and with equal confidence we may assert that to François Delsarte we owe the practical application of philosophic methods to speech arts,—reading, oratory and dramatic expression."

In his next step he endeavored to justify the appearance of Synthetic Philosophy of Expression. Neither Mantegazza or Darwin at-

tempted to apply their philosophy, they did not claim to be teachers, nor to suggest how the principles should be taught. Prof. Brown has thrown "an hypothesis into the mass of accumulated facts lying in disorder." He logically defines the first principles,—the three conditions of being,—the three special agents of expression,—the three modes of motion.

"The Philosophy of Expression, then, is the Philosophy of Manifestation." By permission I employ the succinct explanation published in the "Portland Press" by Sarah E. Laughton, then teacher of elocution in the State Normal School. Miss Laughton is now permanently connected with the Home School in our city. The definition may help others to attain to a correct use of the Delsarte system.

1.—It is mind, or soul, which is interior, and it is this essence which seeks to express or dramatize itself.

2.—It is organized matter, or body, which is exterior; and it is this material element through which expression or dramatization is made; and this whole of being, Delsarte calls the organism. So we may state, a new definition of expression.

Expression is the exterior in motion, moved from the interior, or oratory, in that language of the whole organism by which man instructs, moves, and persuades his fellow-men. If it be the exterior in motion that we recognize as expression, then all expression is gesture. And so, Delsarte gives us three modes of motion to express three states of the soul, and through three special instruments. This outcome of gestures of the exterior moved by the interior, we all recognized as: 1st, the voice; 2d, the play of face, hand and torso; 3d, articulation.

Let us examine briefly these modes of expression: 1, Voice is the gesture of the larynx; crude and physical in animals next below men, growing into inflected and musical tones in the man as he emerges from the savage to civilized conditions.

2.—The body in motion, especially in the play of the hand, face and torso, is a wonderful means by which the human soul manifests its threefold nature.

3.—Articulation is the gesture of tongue and lips. Primitive man used a crude animal voice, with frightfully significant gestures; expressions of animal appetites and gross passions. Odi with a growth of brain-substance came a growth of thinking power, a use of hands to fashion rude forms of art, and finally articulation.

We may state the Delsarte philosophy, then 1.—An attempt to discover and formulate the general laws governing expressions of voice, gesture, and articulate speech.

2.—An attempt to apply these general laws to special classes.

3.—To perseveringly practice modes of expression thus found, remembering, there can be no adequate expression with inadequate technique."

In whatever form the lines expressive of grace appear, to the true beauty lover, he requires no knowledge "unborrowed from the eye," to catch the natural grace in the poise of a little, unrestrained child at play; or to follow the artistic-natural lines of a Greek statue.

The artistic naturalness in the actor, or the fascinating danseur is the result of skilled dis-

cipline like the tempering process of a "Damascus blade."

Sarah Bernhardt, an adequate exponent, acquired from Delsarte, her "swaying grace," the tigress-like springs; only as fruition of years of study and perseverance. Who could remain insensate.

"Mild husband cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,"
Seeing no beauty in the curving line traced by the swift bird

"Sheres the liquid sky"

Is there a Titium stoic among us who would refuse to vitalize with modern fire, or an educated eye that could fail to recognize the beauty of poise and graceful posturing of finished artists upon the modern stage? I look upon it as somewhat a waste of effort to anaesthetize. On the other hand it would be much better to direct effort to the solution of the subject. If our physically uneducated accept the principles, the work has begun. "Delsartism helps to better living; for it gives to the human being power of complete expression. It sets the body to match the soul." When bad physical habits are broken up by good laws of health-culture, a better generation of men will grow up.

Grace of motion is a superior charm of woman. Awkwardness and ugliness will become extinct when women employ their leisure for self-culture, self-improvement. When they become: fully aroused the average mental and physical condition will be elevated.

Edward Bellamy's maidens in "Looking Backward," possess magnificent health.

Whenever lovers of harmony discover beauty, artistic grace, strength, power, he beholdeth with glowing soul, and an "appetite in the eye" the subtle philosophy

"Unwitting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Dec. 23—91. J. E. L.

Delsarte.

Mme. Marie Giraldy Delsarte, the elder of Delsarte's two surviving daughters and his favorite pupil when he was alive, has arrived in New York from Paris. She comes to this country to expound the system of her father, says the N. Y. Sun. She and her brother Gustave Delsarte, who died some few years ago, have been since the death of their father in 1871 the leading teachers and exponents of the Delsarte system. Nearly all the teachers using the name of Delsarte in this country who lay claim to any eminence, have received their instruction from one or the other of these two. Since Gustave's death Marie has generally been regarded as the one person preeminently competent to illustrate and exemplify his methods.

Those who are interested in foreign missions will find a very pertinent letter in the New York Sun written by a Chinaman of that city. He had the audacity to suggest that the board appropriate China's share to certain specified districts of that city equal in area to a whole county of China where for five hundred years not a drunkard or a murderer was known. He wonders why the board is so anxious to populate heaven with Chinamen when they are not fit men to live in America, the home of the board. The old heathen seems to have a disgraceable habit of independent thinking.



Books and Bookmen

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink!
Old friends to trust! Old books to read!

—Alonzo of Arragon.

The National Library in Paris has about 2,250,000 printed volumes and 100,000 MSS. Its annual expenditures amount to 788,000 francs.

Rev. Wm. Brunton is of the opinion that with the multiplicity of books it becomes quite a serious question with parents what the boys should read. "Better read anything than not to read anything," said a wise and witty divine. I am of that opinion; but the best way is to read the best; and that we may determine which is the best, we must consider the age of the reader and purpose he has in view. Boys from ten to fifteen years of age, will look for recreation; their purpose will be interest and amusement. Naturally, they love adventure, daring deeds, the wild and romantic side of life. They can enjoy this, as they have not the experience to show the power of routine and the commonplace. They live in the fairy world, and believe in the heroic and romantic as naturally as birds sense their power of flight.—Spectator.

Of Tennyson's beautiful poem "Crossing the Bar," the English periodical "The Bookman" says: "The poem was composed during an illness. Being upbraided by his nurse because he had never written any hymns, Lord Tennyson composed 'Crossing the Bar' the same night, and recited it to her the next morning. Our authority for this is a lady friend of Lord Tennyson, who received the information from the lips of the poet during a visit. It is quite possible that this account may be reconciled with that of Dr. Ainger, who asserts that it was written by Lord Tennyson on a day when he journeyed across the Solent from Aldworth to Farringdon. There is nothing to prevent the poem having been composed before and written out afterward in its complete and perfect form." Another interesting note from "The Bookman" is this: "There is in the possession of an intimate friend of Lord Tennyson a letter, the contents of which should prove useful to any future biographers. It is an account of the manner in which he first essayed to make poetry. One day, at about the age of sixteen, he was too ill to go to church. His brother suggested that he should employ his spare time in trying to write a poem. The boy did so, and discovered for the first time his capacity for poetical expression."

New England Magazine for January, 1892. Contents.

Phillips Brooks, Julius H. Ward; The Master of Raven's Woe, Arthur L. Salmon; Purification, George Edgar Montgomery; Mice at Eavesdropping; The City of St. Louis, Prof. C. M. Woodward; Deposed, Florence E. Pratt; George William Carter, John W. Chadwick; The Beaconsfield Terraces, John Waterman; The Pines, Zitella Cocke; The Gray Dawn, S. Q. Lapius; A Salem Witch,

Edith Mary Norris; The Yellow Wall Paper, Charlotte Perkins Stetson; The Old Oaken Bucket, Samuel Woodworth; The Author of The Old Oaken Bucket, Geo. M. Young; Christmas Eve, Agnes Maule Machar; Stories of Salem Witchcraft, Winfield S. Nevins; This Better to Have Loved and Lost, Philip Bourke Marston; Abraham Lincoln, Phillips Brooks.

This favorite illustrated magazine comes out in its regular garb for January. The refugence in December was only a Christmas luxury, but it will be strange if LIGHT is the only reader that prefers the accustomed uniform. The chief article in this number, the one that will be read the most thoroughly, concerns Phillips Brooks, that large hearted Divine whose fame has gone out through all the world. To be sure, the City of St. Louis, and the Stories of Salem Witchcraft are intensely interesting, particularly the latter, yet there is extra interest in all that is said or written about our new Massachusetts bishop. It is exceedingly fitting to discuss Salem Witchcraft in 1892 for we are just two hundred years away from the days that, more than any other in New England History, disgrace us. The illustrations in this magazine are all of a high order.

The story, "Saddle and Sentiment" by Wenona Gilman, now running as a serial in *Outing*, is deservedly attracting much attention. It is said that the publishers have been obliged to print a second edition of several of the issues on account of the demand for this story.

Anthony Burns.

"MADISON, WIS., Dec. 11, 1891.

Mr. A. S. Roe:

DEAR SIR, Please accept thanks from a western reader of LIGHT for what you say on page 318 Dec. 5 about the Burns rescue in 1854.

In regard to what you say on page 316 about the beginning of the Free Church I wish to inquire what has been said or written of Adin Thayer's doings in connection with the Burns Rescue. My thought is that we have never given him sufficient credit for stopping at the right time the rescuing party from Worcester. I think Samuel Porter gives Judge Thayer the credit of stopping Col. Higginson at the door of the court room by saying, "No more now, Massachusetts must have the credit of being lawabiding." But I have not seen what Citizen Stevens has written. I will thank you to inform me about it and also other writings about the local affairs of Worcester as it was 30 to 50 years ago, especially as to the writings of my old schoolmates Caleb and Sarah Wall who, I understand have been very active and useful in such matters. Respectfully yours,

E. C. TAINTER.

LIGHT regrets that a copy of Charles E. Stevens' History of Burns Rescue is not obtainable save as it is picked up in odd lots. It has long been out of print. At the onset there were printed 1,500 copies which Burns himself sold. Had it been possible to print in the heat of the excitement, incident to the Rescue, the demand would have been vastly greater. As it is, however, the book has long been rated as "out of print." Mr. Stevens was an eye witness to the affair and, at home, lived a near neighbor to Col. Higginson. No

one had better qualifications for the writing, and it is little wonder that his book is now sought after by collectors. Mr. Stevens was, for a long time, Register of Probate and Insolvency for Worces or County. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and, at present does a Probate business in the Walker Building. Mr. Wall will be pleased at the expressions of regard for him, and his work that the letter contains.

Reading and Speaking, Familiar Talks to Young Men who should speak well in public, designed as a Text Book for Colleges and High Schools, and also for general use by Brainard Gardner Smith, A. M., associate professor of Elocution and Oratory in Cornell University. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cents.

This is not a reader's book of selections by any means. It is a book containing more valuable suggestions on the subject of reading naturally than were ever crowded inside of covers before. In the first place, the writer is a teacher and it seems probable that this book is simply his class lectures. Be this as it may, it is an invaluable book for any one who wishes to excel in the art of speaking and reading naturally. He discourses on the control of the breath, how to cure faults, consonant sounds, articulation, inflection, applications. As this is the latest book on the subject, so it is the best. It is a treatise that no student can afford to overlook. While scarcely more than a primer in size, it contains all the essentials. Since the publication of Monroec's Vocal Gymnastics, there has been nothing so good as this book, on the subject.

In every home which seeks brightness and attraction there is a place for that most excellent magazine, Good Housekeeping. It is not alone that it is of interest to the housewife, for even *pater familias*, and most certainly all the younger members of the household, will find in its pages an abundance to interest and instruct. The January number begins a new volume, and one which from the promise of the initial issue will be exceptionally attractive. It is printed from new type, which adds to the beauty of its appearance. It is a sound, sensible journal, which deals with the every-day facts of life in a way to make the problems of the hour more easy of solution; to increase the happiness and diminish the discomforts of life. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine is marked by several new features: the first of sundry stories and sketches illustrating journalistic life and labors; the first of a series of articles on athletic subjects; an editorial department headed "As it Seems," containing brief essays and comments on various topics of the times, literary and other; and notices of several recent books, given in the form of dialogue.

This is the season for calendars, and Mr. Chas. E. Grant, Insurance Agent at No. 352 Main Street, is improving it by sending out some specimens, that are particularly beautiful. He has taken four noteworthy military situations and makes these the background for his calendar. The series include Grant at Missionary Ridge, Sherman at Atlanta, Logan at Kenesaw Mountain and Sheridan's Ride. All are exceedingly spirited well

executed colored pictures, not only useful today, but they are admirable reminders of stirring Rebellion days.

President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, has written her first article. It treats of "The Training of Children," and will be printed in the February issue of 'The Ladies' Home Journal.

A Whittier Quotation Calendar has been printed by C. W. Burbank & Co. It is one of the finest instances of literary taste and artistic printing that Worcester has ever gotten out. There is a picture of Whittier and the quotations are all selected for this special purpose. The first one is from "To My Old Schoolmaster" and naturally enough one of the early copies finds its way into LIGHT's office for in the not very remote days the younger Burbank was a pupil of the writer. The scheme of the calendar was suggested by a visit during the year to the home of the aged poet. Tied with crimson ribbon, the calendar is worthy a place in every home where Whittier is revered.

Mr. Howells' New Work.

The announcement that Mr. Howells will leave Harper's Magazine, to take editorial charge of the Cosmopolitan, on March 1st, calls attention to the process of building up the staff of a great magazine. Probably in no month has the evolution been so distinctly under the eyes of the public as in the case of the Cosmopolitan. The first step after editorial control was assumed by Mr. John Brisson Walker, was to add to it Edward Everett Hale, who took charge of a department called "Social Problems," subjects concerning which the greatest number of people are thinking today. Mr. Hale, who is a student, a fair minded man, a thorough American and a man of broad sympathies, has filled this position in a way to attract the attention not only of this country, but of leading European journals. Some months later, a department was established called "The Review of Current Events." To take charge of this, a man was needed who should be familiar not only with the great events of the past thirty years, but who knew personally the leading men of both the United States and Europe who could interpret motives and policies. Murat Halstead accepted this position with the distinct understanding that his monthly review should be philosophical and never partisan. The next step in the history of the Cosmopolitan, was the placing of the review of the intellectual movement of the month in the hands of Mr. Brander Matthews, who for some time has been recognized as one of the two or three ablest critics in the United States.

Finally came the acceptance of the editorship conjointly with Mr. Walker, by Mr. Wm. Dean Howells. Mr. Howells, who is recognized universally as the foremost American of letters, upon the expiration of his contract with Harper Brothers, on the first of March will take in hand the destinies of a magazine which promises to exercise a share of influence with the reading classes of the United States. His entire services will be given to the Cosmopolitan, and everything he writes will appear in that magazine during the continuance of his editorship.

The Century for January. Contents

Portrait of Charles François Gounod, Frontispiece; The Jews in New York, Richard Wheatley, pictures by Irving R. Wildes, Otto H.bacher, C. A. Needham; Milan Cathedral, Douglas Sladen; The Nauviah, a story of West and East, III, Rudyard Kipling, Wolcott Balestier; Andrea Del Sarto, (Italian Old Masters) W. J. Stillman, engravings and note by Timothy Cole; Custer's Last Battle, by one of his troop commanders, Capt. E. S. Godfrey, comments by Gen. James B. Fry, pictures by Frederic Remington, and after photographs; Gounod in Italy and Germany, Charles François Gounod; The Jewish Question, Josephus; The Cloud Maiden, William Wilfred Campbell; The Alligator Hunters of Louisiana, Andrews Wilkinson, pictures by Marie Guise, George H. Clement, and J. C. Beard; Witchcraft, J. M. Buckley, head-piece by Theodore Bauer; A Parting Guest, Meredith Nicholson; Characteristics, III, S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.; Dolce Fra Niente, from a painting by W. H. Low, (See Open Letters); A Garland, Frank Dempster Sherman; New Year's Eve, Alice Williams Brotherton, picture and decorations by George Wharton Edwards; Bentley's System, Viola Roseboro' pictures by C. D. Gibson; The Discontent of the Farmer, J. R. Dodge; A Battle in Crackerdom, Harry Stillwell Edwards, pictures by E. W. Kemble; Sonnet on the Sonnet, Inigo Deane; Interludes, Fireflies—A Parable—Art—Transformation—Death Defied, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Topics of the Time: The Progressive Discovery of America, Alabama's Thousand-Dollar-a-Day Blunder, Mississippi's Crop-Moving Currency, Attacks Upon Public Parks, "Progress of Ballot Reform," Colorado, Open Letters: M. Gounod and his Ideals, H. E. Krehbiel; The Camp Norton Controversy, W. R. Holloway, John A. Wyeth; Will H. Low, W. Lewis Fraser; Notes on "General Miles's Indian Campaigns," George L. Spiving, G. W. Baird. In Lighter Vein: Songs of Ireland, Jennie E. T. Dowe; An Old Belle, L. W. Reese; The Silent Partner, Edith M. Thomas; Reflections, J. A. Macon; A Lover's Plaint, Mary Ainge De Vere; The Last Song, George Horton; Only a Hint, George Mooré.

Everything in The Century merits reading, but this is a busy age, so each one will pick out the parts of the magazine that most please his fancy. Of course he will linger over Gounod's portrait and, if musical, will read the sketch. The Jews in New York is a mine not much worked. The Kipling story will have its readers, if for no other reason than that the writer is one of the latest fads. Custer's Last Battle will please every one who has learned of the gallant trooper, dead in our centennial year. Is J. M. Buckley's article on Witchcraft inspired by the fact that 1892 is the bi-centennial of the Salem horrors? The Discontent of the Farmer is one of the most timely of all the contents of the number. The Topics of the Times are, as ever, pertinent to the day and age. How they will sound to the antiquary one hundred years hence. A Battle in Crackerdom is one of those delightful Southern sketches that the times, since the war, have developed. Dialect always has a charm.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine, Boston, G. W. Studley, for January has its accustomed entertaining contents. It is the solace of many an hour, when diverting reading is sought. Fact and fiction are judiciously blended. Every body who has read Robinson Crusoe, and who has not, will enjoy an interesting account of a visit to the island of Juan Fernan dez.

Mr. John F. Crowell, Insurance, 344 Main Street, has the Pilgrim exiles as the figures overlooking Plymouth harbour and the days of the year. The effect is fine.

This is the month for Calendar distribution. The ubiquitous small boy is on hand "Got any calendars?" is heard a dozen times a day and if he goes to the right place, he doubtless gets what he goes for.

F. S. Blanchard & Co. advertise their extensive printing business by a very plain yet clear calendar.

Blair, the photographer, lets a superlatively beautiful maiden serve as the carrier for the year 1892.

Pinkham & Willis have impressed the same delightful feminine service as their messenger. The scene is like one from Snow Bound.

Leach, Shewell and Sanborn, Boston Publishers, send out their compliments along with a convenient glass paper weight, with the calendar arranged to show through. Very handy and sure to keep the donor's name in mind.

Scientific American.

If you are interested in Natural History, you will find much on that subject in Scientific American for December. The ostriches of the Central Park Menagerie, New York, are described, as is also the chacma, or South African Baboon. The tortois s of Galapagos Islands are edible, and furnish much food to vessels that stop there. Oregon boasts of a horse with mane and tail so long as to trail on the ground; the article is accompanied with an illustration.

Scientific American, weekly, \$3 a year. Munn & Co. N. Y.

The Chautauquan.

The January number contains no less than thirty two illustrations, including, as in a former number, a page of faces of contributors and of noted women. The article on Richter by Maurice Thompson is accompanied with several pictures of his famous paintings. There is much to interest the reader whether he be a "Chautauquan" or not. Two dollars is a small price for such a magazine, but that is all that is asked for it. Meadville, Pa.

The Author of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

"Who is there that has not sung or read or heard 'The Old Oaken Bucket'?" says George M. Young in the January New England Magazine. "Many musical compositions have been set to its lines, and it has been translated into many languages; it has gone the rounds of the civilized world for more than two generations. And how many know the name of the author? He was Samuel Woodworth and was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, January 13, 1685. He came to Boston and chose the profession of a printer, binding himself to Benjamin Russell, then editor of the Columbian Sentinel, with whom he remained until 1806 and while serving his apprenticeship he contributed poetry to the different periodicals then published in Boston under the signature of "Selina." The only poem of his which has survived is the "Old Oaken Bucket," which he wrote while editing the Mirror in New York with George P. Morris.

"Waiting."

BERTHA BRIDGMAN DAVIS.

The sleepy little village of True reposes by the side of the great and fearful ocean. The few farm houses scattered here and there, nestle under some of the numerous hills, or stand erect on a summit defying the fierce winds and mighty breaths of the sea: when in times of madness they grapple with the waves and fling them upon the shore.

The stranger on entering the town would almost suppose the inhabitants were tiptoeing on errands for the departed, and the distant sound of the woodman's adze might be the dull thud of the hammer, as the lid is made fast against any eruptive power beneath, and the clouds fall upon the gloomy roof.

Not far back from the beautiful beach stands the little white church with its directing finger ever pointing upward, while beneath in the churchyard, the white slabs, like sentinels, keep guard over the empty graves and bear the record, however false, of those that are gone.

Neighbor to the church, is Squire Smith's home, where Aunt Hannah moves, priest like, within its precincts, before the sills and window frames of immaculate whiteness that rise before the vision of Mabel, the Squire's only child, like tablets within a shrine; whereon is written her aunt's creed—pure, stately and cold.

There on the cliff, overlooking the sea, is Aunt Polly's place. The house stands braced against the sea breezes, in pomp and power, for here the summer boarders come, and all the gossip of the town is centered.

We enter through the gate, constructed in the old turnstile fashion. The whitewashed fence is lined with newly polished milk cans and bright pans of all sizes. The sense that seems most affected is touched by the faint aroma that issues from the barnyard; but the eye quickly catches the variegated flower garden, over which are flying like ensigns from the whitewashed pickets a few cloth strainers, several pairs of home made socks and a pair of trousers keeping guard near the gate. And as one really takes in the hospitable aspect of the back yard, he intuitively glances at the back porch and sees a couple of dish towels waving a welcome in the door-way, and with one sweep of the eye takes in the good old style New England farm house, painted white with green blinds, and the front door in the rear, where the morning glories climb peeping in at the windows. It was the eventful time of the year.

Housecleaning and spring work in general had come and the advent of summer boarders, which not only caused Aunt Polly's west rooms to be thrown open and the feather beds to be seen dangling from the windows, but awoke the town from its reverie, while the maidens stood on tiptoe in expectancy, forsooth that some city swain desiring the pleasures of the shore, might be reminded of his fondness for some country cousin and come to spend his holidays.

But this time, the light of that day appeared overcast, in the going out to sea of so many of their number. Uncle Joe remarked as he pulled off his cowhide boots for the more

agreeable condition of stocking feet: "Wall Polly, wall, 'spose them 'ere boys agoin' to take to the sea; what in kingsake they want to turn to haulin' in fish fur, when they might stay at home and be comfortable." But all Uncle Joe's soliloquies and Aunt Polly's admonitions failed to turn the minds of their boys. At the party next night it was remarked that Ben seemed in a more contemplative mood than usual. If he had a girl to leave behind him no wonder, but Ben, Aunt Polly's boy, was everybody's sweetheart and nobody's beau.

'Twas a jolly set of boys and girls that met to bid farewell to the sailors. Ben foremost in fun and the leader in the orchestra, was, however, unusually sober, or at least appeared so, as he sat perched on the top of the long kitchen bench, with fiddle in position and bow suspended, ready for tuning up.

Across the room, J. Henry Warden, Aunt Polly's brother, was paring an apple and told Mabel Smith her fate would be decided that night, and as a comforting thought to the expectant declared the letter J was the most general one made by apple paring and feeling quite confident of his case, drew the knife around and around the fruit, making a good long paring. Fearing lest some unconscious stroke might have ruined his hopes he partly held up the wavering chain and found on investigation that the shepherd's crook was fast growing into a link and still one half the apple lay in its rosy shell; however, the fated knife must continue its cutting purpose till one heart is severed and two hearts made one and owing to some of Dame Nature's bad work, the link was cemented by a notch half way down the pretty J and then with cle r sailing another link was made. Mabel looked first at the letter, then across to Ben. There was a mutual understanding in that quick intelligible dialect, which eyes alone can speak and all three saw a perfect B. Ben's fiddle did his feelings justice after that and he played as he never played before.

The orchestra was called for and began tuning up. The fiddle yielded forth its unutterable sounds as when all amateurs are "getting ready." The girl behind the comb, which was done up in thin paper, began her screeching and the cheap horn was blown by the cheeky boy, whose efforts seem to be mainly to hide his cheap feelings by the gurgling sounds which issued from his windpipe by the aid of his unmusical trumpet.

To a student of classical music, the delicate membrane of the ear would no doubt have received a fearful shock, for as the time neared the wee small hours the young people became intoxicated with mirth. The "Virginia reel" continued into an "Irish fling" and when the serenade to the jolly tars was at its height Aunt Polly declared "Them boys ad girls will raise the roof or maybe get through to the cellar." But a gentle remonstrance brought them once more to their equilibrium, and to Ben the realities of life seemed as near as the frivolities of the evening just gone.

The goodbyes, the farewells were said. We follow our three boys to their cottage. J. Henry Warden and Alfred, Ben's youngest brother, occupied the big bed in the west chamber, and Ben had a cot by himself under

the shelter of the eaves, in company with corn cobs, herbs and rats that infested that corner of the attic; but the sight of that beautiful expanse of water that met his gaze from out of the window, more than compensated for any misery of sleepless nights that the rats or other inhabitants ever had brought to his healthy frame.

The boys in the generous bed influenced by the excess of night's balmy draught were well along in dreamland, but the occupant above forgot to look out of his window at his cherished picture where in happy moods and dull he had feasted his appetite for art. A break in the general routine of his life had come.

To hear the wind getting up at sea; to hear the waves comely slyly kissing the sandy beach and then as if sure of their prey rush with fury upon the broad stretch which lay pale and still in the moonlight—this had no terror for him. The would-be sailor had already learned to knuckle down to sterner feelings, when in time of peril only the brave heart and steady hand is master at the helm.

Was he remembering the last storm when the vessel was pitched and rolled by the sea's mad endeavor, while all on board were calm excepting our sailor lad, whose hidden, untutored feelings corresponded with the wind and the waves?

Was his mood one of misgiving at the last moment? Oh, no! His memory would recall the beautiful dawning of a morn when the sun is seen in all his glory, no chimney near to send forth a dye that would smirch the colors.

Ah! Was it vain anticipations of glorious triumph over a watery grave, or an expected cargo exchanged for gold at some great port? No! 'Twas no mighty worldly gain, or a little fame that had caused this reflective mood.

The boy had become a man.

He had learned heart's lesson and told the "Old, old story," and was pondering on what the sequel might be. 'Twas no faltering to end in retreat tomorrow; no fear of a tossing vessel when Heaven's artillery is booming and Nature is in her wildest mood.

'Twas only a little hand, a very little hand for a country maiden to own, that was shyly placed in the outstretched palm of her fisher lover.

The apple paring had a mission. 'Twas long ago the cords of love first vibrated, but not till last night at the parting did they realize they were in such harmony, and with a lover's boldness Ben told the "Old old story" but in his own way. "Will you wait for me, Mabel?" Silence is golden sometimes, for a beautiful light came into the sunburnt face as nearer he bent and felt the throbbing of her heart, and she, gently pressing his hand, answered—but in her own way.

CHAPTER II.

During the next four years nothing occurred to disturb the monotony in the quiet secluded village of True.

To be sure, each Summer the west blinds were thrown open at the cottage and the feather beds were hung basking in the sun. But this time Ben's cot in the attic was dressed in its usual night vestments, for Ben, Aunt Polly's boy, and the pride of the village, was coming home. And Henry Warden was

expected from the city. Not since the jolly party met to bid farewell to the sailors, had he been to his favorite resort, and his advent was looked forward to with as much excitement as the expected arrival of a city school-marm to teach in the district school.

Mabel put on a blue ribbon that evening because the pretty girl in the glass told her it was very becoming.

Oh! The wiles of a maiden's heart. Is it always true to itself?

But the town was deaf to the journeying of the lumbering, jostling, rattling coach, for at a late hour it ground its tedious way through the hot sand; the lash of the long whip was heard only by the hills and its answering echo died on the night air. Soon Henry Warden was feeling the magic influence of Aunt Polly's feather bed. A week had passed. And like a vixen natural man, Henry Warden had fallen in love, and unfortunately coveted forbidden fruit. Four years before he left the object of his love as one of the country girls.

She had, as one of the old salts had remarked, "Such gentle ways and purty blue eyes," and slight and willowy form. Now, while riding up and down on the gentle waves the same girlish type appeared before his vision but so developed into womanly loveliness that she was indeed a maiden fair to see.

Her chestnut curls lay clustered upon her brow, and fell like a drapery around her lovely throat and shoulders; the beauty of her countenance was only enhanced by two beautiful eyes of blue, her chief attraction, combined with winning ways, not easily resisted. He felt his weakness, and leaning on his oars, gazed out upon the ocean's vast expanse and saw in reflection a ship, whereon was a gay sailor, homeward bound.

He drew his gaze from that picture and tried to look far out into the broad future, but beyond a glimpse into that unknown period all was a blank. No mother; no home; and to the one he loved he dared not speak his heart, for he thought—yes, she loved me, but not as she loved Ben. Ah! He reflected on the wonderful fact that everything has a present, past and future. One can no more turn the leaves in this book of life and read that which is not yet than he can look back upon its pages and blot out that which has been. 'Tis as impossible to comprehend the fullness of the present as to mark out the future and realize one's heart's desires.

Thus he communed with himself as the gray shadows of evening were falling around him. Mabel too was thinking, thinking just the way fond girls will do.

She strolled down the garden path and after reaching the shore, walked up and down the beach watching the waves that were bearing her dearest hopes toward home. Never did the sun go down with brighter glory unless on that memorable eve four years before. Never did the moon rise with wilder radiance over the quiet village, unless 'twas when the man in the moon, with gouty cheek, looked down and blinked at the house once white, whose clap-boards time and Nature's tears had tinted; seemingly unconscious of the whisperings of a youthful pair, as the young man in sailor's garb whispered, "Will you wait for me, Mabel?"

Tomorrow he was coming (as sure as sailors

can be) and at the same gate with the same moon looking down, Mabel, in her great happiness bade her companion good night with an unconscious fervor that started the warm current from somewhere, which diffused itself through his frame.

That night in his dreams, raising his head from the pillow, he saw a fair maiden about to enter through the window. She had the same sweet countenance of her who had bidden him "Good night!" so tenderly, although it was older and true love had left its indelible marks on the face. As she loitered upon the sill to arrange her garment, which fell in perfect grace down to her feet, she disclosed a pair of wings; then gliding swiftly to his bedside, the Angel recalled to him delightful pictures. Life seemed so beautiful as she said with angelic sweetness "Don't you remember, Oh! Don't you remember long ago? Have you forgotten when we picked the bright berries down in the marshes, and the lovely white roses on the hillside? How we gathered shells on the beach and kicked and splashed as the ocean's waves kissed bare feet? Have you forgotten your little companion? She is an Angel now and has come to leave a charge with you. It is 'Forget me not.'"

Raising himself a little more, for just a closer look, the gray dawn stole upon his eyelids and his lovely vision was gone. Awaking but still with that picture so plainly visible, he strained his sight to see if some foot print might yet be warm on the sill, but his gaze became fixed on the misty heaviness of the aspect. The wind was already rising and was high all day.

(Continued next week)

The War in Politics.

The National Tribune of Washington, the organ of the Grand Army of the Republic, thus summarizes the war record of the present Congress.

1. Senators in Union Army	16
2. Senators in Rebel Army	23
3. Senators in neither Army	49
4. Representatives in Union Army	70
5. Representatives in Rebel Army	66
6. Representatives in neither Army	195

Diamonds.

Our boy, recently, took a little tour of observation along Main Street. At the dinner table, after said trip, he says, "What is there about diamonds to make them cost so much? Where do they come from?" A parental voice replies, "South Africa and Brazil. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I looked into a store window and I saw a plain brass ring with a diamond in marked \$20.6. I couldn't see what there was so very nice about it either and I can't see what that hundred dollars was for. Twenty-six cents is more than I pay for rings." This story teaches that appreciation of the beautiful is a matter of culture and education.

Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D. took part in the Quarter Centennial exercises at Grace M. E. Church, Springfield, last Sunday.

Among those who now know all about La Grippe, may be mentioned J. Stewart Brown, treasurer of the Five Cents Savings Bank and James H. Churchill, Senior Vice Commander of the state department G. A. R.

The Sun—in 1816.

Haijze's, a Dutch poet, seems in the following lines to have enumerated all the attributes of the God of day. This translation is from the Batavian Anthology

But by thee I'll not be driven
Fiercely shining lamp on high—
Measurer of our days from Heaven—
Year disposer—glorious eve!
Mist absorber—Spring retainer—
Day prologuer—Summer's mate;
Beast annoyer—visage burner—
Fair-one's spoiler—maiden's hate—
Cloud disperser—darkness breaker—
Moon surpriser—azimuth thief,
Torch conductor—shadow maker—
Rogue discoverer—eye's relief,
Linen bleacher—noiseless stroller,
All-observer—gliding ail—
Dust disturber—planet roller—
Traveler's friend and day-break's call—

Awfully Expensive.

"Lord Lytton, although he died as British ambassador at Paris, an office which carries with it a salary of about sixty thousand dollars a year, besides allowances, and had been Viceroy of India, has left his wife and children poor."

These foreigners are great fellows to spend money. The above salary is ten thousand a year more than our President gets. Lord Dufferin has always had a big salary when in place, but when out, he and his wife live in cheap quarters in Paris under the name of Temple. They should save against a rainy day.

Booming Soap.

London journals assert that a check for ten thousand pounds sterling, recently received by the treasurer of the Gladstone Liberals from a local soap firm, was paid for a few words from the "Grand Old Man" indorsing the firm's soap for advertising purposes.

General Booth's daughter, "La Marechale," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl, with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, as was shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris, who attended her meetings. Altogether she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a Joan of Arc in time of peace.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never do to tell her so, so his medical advice ran thus: "Arise at five o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at eight." Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first." "Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculap, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.—Argonaut.

After Christmas.

A little incident connected with buying Christmas presents happened in a St. Louis store that made quite a romance. The store was packed with people hunting for Christmas gifts. Two little girls, the eldest barely nine, standing outside, were noticed by a lady who left her carriage to enter the store. The little girls were poorly dressed. The little ones wanted to go in the store, but seemed afraid to enter. A rush came and they were caught in the crowd and whirled into the store. There they appeared enraptured with the beautiful things they saw. The lady had entirely forgotten her own errand and kept near the little girls. Finally they began a whispered conversation and kept pointing to an article on a counter; then the oldest reached the counter and timidly asked the saleswoman the price of a red worsted hood. The answer was, "Two dollars and twenty-five cents." The little girl's countenance fell, and opening her hand she began to count some pennies she held. The open hand showed the lady just nine cents. The little one joined her sister. She was disappointed, and the two girls counted their money over and over, then took another look at the hood and walked away. The lady made her way to the counter, and, making a confidant of the saleswoman, told her she wanted the little ones to have the hood, for which she would pay herself, but did not intend that the girls should know that it was not their own money that bought the hood. The saleswoman became interested at once, and leaning forward she beckoned to the girls and said, "How much money can you pay for this beautiful red hood?" The eyes of both brightened, and without answering the child put forward all she had in the world—her nine pennies. "What are you going to do with this hood?" the saleswoman asked. "Give it to mamma for her Christmas," exclaimed both at once. The lady turned away and placed her handkerchief to her face to hide the tears that filled her eyes. Another question made her turn toward the children again. "Did you save all this money for Christmas?" "Yes," answered both. "How long have you been saving this money?" This answer was a long time coming and finally the oldest one replied that she did not know, but part was Bessie's and part her own. "Well," said the saleswoman, who received a knowing nod from the lady, "since you have been saving so long I'll let you have this hood for the nine cents." The money was handed over, the package done up, and the little ones went away happy, both wanting to carry the precious bundle, and both laughing and crying with delight about the present for mamma. The following morning just as the store was opened a poor woman entered with a small bundle and two little girls. After looking around the older girl pointed to the hood counter and was at once recognized by the friendly saleswoman. The party walked toward the counter and the older girl, pointing to the saleswoman, said, "That's her." The little ones were trembling; the mother looked anxious, and could hardly ask, "Did this hood come from here, miss?" The saleswoman noticed the bundle, and answered, "Yes." "Well," said the mother, "that hood is marked

\$2.25, and my little girls tell me they bought it for nine cents. I have never known them to lie to me, but I am sorry to say I could not believe them this time. I was so afraid to come into the store and ask, but I must know the truth; please tell me about it, for I haven't slept a wink all night, though the little girls said it was a Christmas present, and I was afraid—I was afraid"—the tears now stopped the mother's words. The saleswoman could stand it no longer and leaning over the counter she whispered the whole story to the mother. The oldest girl could not understand why her mother took her in her arms and kissed her. Then all three went home.—St. Louis Spectator.

An Invention.

Somebody has said that a colored man never had invented any thing. That must have been a long time ago, for things are different now. It is not such a long time since James D. Smith was a boy in the Dix Street school. On leaving the school, he was a coachman for a while, then he became a cook at the Worcester Club on Elm Street. Now he is at the Colonnade on Front Street. This is only prefatory to the fact that he has letters patent on a machine for grinding up bread, a very useful appliance, where bread puddings are made in quantity and where stale bread accumulates. Already, the indications are that he has an exceedingly valuable property in his invention. His friends wish him success.

Willard Cummings.

He was an aged man. Had he lived till next May his age would have been eighty-nine years. He was a native of Stamford, Conn., and came from that place to Brookfield, Mass., working there in the foundry of Wm. A. Wheeler and when the latter moved to Worcester, Mr. Cummings moved, also, and continued in Wm. Wheeler's employ ten years or till he sold out. Then he worked for Ruggles, Nourse & Mason fifteen years. Since then he has had no regular employment, doing odd jobs as he could find them.

Twenty-three years since or when Grace Church worshiped in Washburn Hall, he joined and has been a member ever since and no one was more faithful in the observance of his Christian duties. Among the people of Grace Church, he was long known as "Father" Cummings, always an object of love and respect. Christmas morning he fell and received a serious injury on account of which he was removed to the City Hospital, where he died Friday, the 1st, inst. His funeral was held Sunday afternoon in Grace Church, the Rev. J. D. Pickles of Trinity officiating. The burial was at Hope Cemetery. His wife died many years ago. He leaves a daughter and a son, the latter a physician in New Haven. It is probable that, had he lived, he would soon have been admitted to the Old Men's Home, as measures were being taken to that end. Among those who contributed to his comfort in his last days mention should be made of Mrs. Dr. Tracy who was a friend indeed.

Miss Flora E. Simmons from Vassar, Miss Iva Smith from Smith College and Miss Winnie Hill from Wellesley made LIGHT a call during their vacation.

Body and Soul.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERSEE.

Two comrades they, the body and the soul,
Tethered awhile, upon life's sunny knoll,
Following in turn, on each day led;
Began to wonder at their state and sigh,
That one should live to see the other die,
Nor even of its love have need.
"Albeit I must leave you," said the soul,
"I go, thine angel, to the heavenly goal;
A surer spirit for thy grace;
Who marks the sparrow's fall, shall guard thy dust;
Gather its perfume, for another trust,
And give it love's best place."
Worcester, Nov. 1891.

Horticultural Society.

Prof. W. P. Brooks of Amherst will address the Society January 15th on the fruits and flowers of Japan.

Mayflowers.

Mr. Charles H. Carpenter has received from friends in Cottage City a box of Arbutus picked there New Years Day. It is evident that our seasons are going fast. Boys will be snow balling next July to pay for this.

W. C. T. U.

This energetic body has elected officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows:

President Mrs. M. M. Townsend, re-elected; 1st vice-president, Mrs. W. E. Cole; 2d vice-president, Mrs. S. Angie Wheeler; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. D. Knight; recording secretary, Mrs. Emma Ware; treasurer, Mrs. Belle Howe.

Miss Elizabeth S. Tobey, President of the State W. C. T. U. having been secured to give Bible readings beginning Jan. 15, Mrs. J. V. Simmons was appointed to secure Plymouth Vestry if possible. Her appearance here should be warmly greeted.

Tatnuck Farmers.

Those happy citizens began the new year with an all day's meeting in the very useful hall of that locality. President Kinney presided and practical questions were discussed by Messrs. Chas. T. Foster of Holden, E. F., Chamberlain, Chas. Greenwood, Elliott Moore L. J. Kendall, M. H. Sears, W. C. Jewett, B. J. Snow, Geo. H. Rich, and others. Dinner was served by Mrs. W. W. Clapp and Misses, Emma T. and Sarah C. Kinney. There will be no abandoned farms in Tatnuck. January 15th, Jos. S. Perry will give his reminiscences of foreign travel.

Is It True.

Chauncey Depew said, in the course of his address to the Fellowship Club, in Chicago, that after a man has passed forty years of age he makes no new friends.

Is he Crazy.

"An extraordinary rumor is current in Europe to the effect that Emporor William is on the eve of submitting himself to a medical examination of an international character, in order to offer a conclusive refutation to the assertions in the English, the French, and the American press that he is more or less insane." Is there a physician in Germany who dares rule his empuror of unsound mind? Le Sage's story of the nephew and his uncle, the bishop, applies here.

The Oratorio Festival.

The second concert of Mr. E. N. Anderson's oratorio festival began last week Friday afternoon, with an orchestral number, Raff's Festival March, a new composition to Worcester audiences. It was given an excellent rendering by the orchestra and in view of the fact that they had rehearsed it but once, the performance was the more remarkable. And right here it may be said that Mr. Anderson expresses himself as very well pleased with the work of the orchestra during the whole of the festival.

The second number was a soprano solo, Lachner's "Be Thou with me" (new), by Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, followed by Smart's 23d Psalm for ladies' chorus with orchestral accompaniment by Mr. Anderson. Both were well done. The fourth number was one of the best of the afternoon. It was a new composition of Guilmant, a fantasia on two church tunes for orchestra, organ and two harps. This work, also, was given with almost no rehearsing and, even if no allowance was made for that fact, very creditable to all the performers. The harp parts were played on two pianos by Miss Mary Tucker and Mr. Arthur Bassett and their imitation of the harp was so perfect that, had the pianos been out of sight, it would have been difficult to have believed that the music did not come from harps.

In the next number, two selections from Mr. Anderson's new cantata "The Christ Child" were given. This is the first composition of length which Mr. Anderson has attempted and consequently much interest centered about its first performance. The verdict after the performance of these two selections and the one in the evening was one of universal satisfaction and praise. The selections given in the afternoon were a ladies' chorus without accompaniment, "He shall give His angels" and an intermezzo for orchestra, "The Holy Night." The sixth number was the contralto solo, "Love not the world" from Sullivan's Prodigal Son, sung in her usual good voice by Miss Nellie Broadbent. The concert concluded with Mackenzie's "Benedictus" (new) for the orchestra, a very fitting conclusion for so excellent a concert.

In the evening the program included the oriental scene from "The Christ Child," all that was ever finished of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Christus" and selections from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The oriental scene, more than the selections from the same cantata given in the afternoon, proves Mr. Anderson's ability as an orchestral composer. In this as in all other places the orchestra rose fully equal to the occasion, even the composer himself being very much pleased with its comprehension of his work. The public awaits with great eagerness for a time when the whole cantata may be heard.

The soloists for the "Christus" and "Elijah" were Mrs. Henry F. Harris, soprano; Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, soprano; Mrs. F. W. Ruggles, contralto; Mr. Frank H. Mason, tenor; Mr. Thomas Hamilton, tenor; Mr. John H. Howell, bass; Mr. W. A. Anderson, bass. Where all did so wonderfully well it would be an injustice to praise any single one.

At many more pretentious undertakings the solo work does not equal that of Friday night. The chorus work also was magnificent. Indeed that adjective is the word which sums up in itself a description of the whole festival.

Much has been said on the question whether Worcester is a musical city or not but when she can carry out, without any outside aid, save that of an orchestra, such a festival as this, it cannot be said that she is wholly devoid of musical taste and talent.

About Folks.

Miss Cora A. Durgin returned to Mt. Holyoke College Tuesday.

Mr. Lewis T. Reed, Amherst, '93, returned to college Tuesday.

Miss Ida E. Metcalf of Ashland has been visiting at 5 Dix Street.

Mr. George Holmes, our old time Worcester friend, now in Springfield has had a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. Frank J. Metcalf of LIGHT, has had the prevailing complaint, necessitating a cessation from work for a while.

Messrs. George E. and Herbert F. Burrage and their sister, Miss Gertrude A. have returned to Cornell University after the Holiday vacation.

Librarian S. S. Green is a good man to have in the congregation for when the Rev. Mr. Garver found himself unable to continue his morning service, last Sunday at the 1st Unitarian, Mr. Green completed it and in the evening took the pastor's place.

The next meeting of the Worcester Art Society will be held in Colonial Hall, 321 Front Street, Tuesday evening, January 12th, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Ernest Francisco Penolosa, the distinguished authority in Japanese Art, will give a lecture, to be illustrated by lantern slides, on "Epochs in Japanese Art."

All the way from Los Angeles, California, comes a New Year's card, bearing congratulations from W. A. Vandercook and his two boys, Arthur and Roscoe. As their other names are Blaine and Conking respectively, it wouldn't be strange if at some time they fell out. The card itself is quite Californian, having pictures of the lads individually and also in a goat drawn wagon. A Winter Scene in Los Angeles is the title of the letter. LIGHT returns many congratulations to the happy surroundings of Southern California.

Mrs. Battelle of number three Dix Street evidently understands the fun children have dressing up in their elders' clothes, and New Year's night she prepared a little tableau party and, gathering all the children in the neighborhood, allowed them to dress for the different pictures. They enjoyed it hugely. The audience was not large consisting only of the family and such of the children as were not in the scene presented. This practice of dressing up for fun may be witnessed almost any time on our street. Little boys in very long trousers and tall hats, big coats and im-

mense shoes, little girls with peculiar bonnets and carrying a long expanse of train in the way of a sheet plainly seen to be fit only for the ragman. They scurry about and peep out to wait for the passing man or woman eager to be seen and yet a little bashful.

N. Y. Z.

Survivors.

In 1854, June 14, when the famous Merrifield fire took place, 61 individuals and firms were burned out that day, the larger part being tenants of Mr. Merrifield. With the exception of two or three he has outlived them all. The only ones whom LIGHT can name are Alonzo Whitcomb and James H. Bancroft. Two days after the fire he invited all his tenants together at his home. He said, "I am sorry for the occasion that prompts me to call you here, but I am glad to see you. What I want to know now is, how many of you will want room and power and how much, for I propose to rebuild at once, and I shall build to fit, much if you need it, and if not, only what I need myself." He also said, "Gentlemen, I don't own a building in the world. All I owned was lost in the fire." He was then living in what is now the Waldo House on Waldo Street.

During the fire, beginning just after noon and lasting till nearly 5 o'clock, Mr. Merrifield handed his pocket book to Col. Isaac Davis saying "Mr. Davis I wish you would take this wallet containing \$3,000, go to the Mechanic's Bank and pay a note due to-day. I am busy and can't go." Mr. Davis took the book and did the errand as requested. Mr. Merrifield, full of years, and venerable, is still a man of business in our midst. He is a "Grand old man," England has not the only one.

Addison A. Hunt.

The death of this old school teacher at his home in Barre will arouse recollections in many a Worcester resident's mind. From 1855 to 1873, with a year's interval, he was a Grammar School principal here, holding such positions at Sycamore, Woodland and Dix Streets. The days of his stay were not altogether untroubled, but he succeeded in imparting a deal of information. He died the last of the year and was buried the first day of 1892.

C. Y. W. S.

The Catholic Young Women's Society of the Sacred Heart Church gave a New Year's party at their rooms on Sheridan Street. The evening was pleasantly passed with music and games. Great merriment was caused by the suggestive articles given from the Christmas tree. Reboiled served refreshments.

General Devers.

Thursday was the anniversary of the death of Worcester's distinguished citizen. During the year, we have heard much of his shining qualities, his speeches have been printed and two monuments are in contemplation, one in Boston, the other here. His fame is secure.

A Correction.

Mr. Samuel Davis was selectman in 1846, so Mr. Albert Curtis is not the sole survivor. His home is at 58 Kendall Street. He was once in business with Nourse, Mason & Co.

Curious Corner.

A Classical Gambler.

There died in Boston the other day a tramp printer named Gerard, who was an accomplished classical scholar. He was perpetually begging in printing offices. Once he had twenty-five cents, and begged a printer named Jones to give him a nickle to make up thirty. "Well," said Jones, "I've got no nickle, but here's a quarter. Put yours against it and we'll toss to see who has them both."

Gerard hesitated, but the chance of making at one stroke a half-dollar dazzled him. "I'll have to go you," he said.

They threw; Gerard lost, and Jones pocketed the two quarters. Gerard stood a moment motionless, prostrated by despair. Then he broke forth into a classical apostrophe that for pure grief would have left Niobe nowhere. He quoted the "Auri sacra fames" of Virgil, and ran the whole gamut of the gods from Pallas Athene to Atropos, Clotho, and Lachesis. Jones was apalled. Drawing forth the two coins he thrust them into Gerard's hand, saying—

"Never mind, old fellow, let me lend you these. But don't get drunk."

Gerard was completely overcome. He grasped his fellow-printer's hand. "Jones," said he, "hear me. I solemnly swear that never again so long as I live will I indulge in the foolish, the pernicious, the depraved, the soul-destroying habit—of gambling."

A Question.

Does any one know when, where and by whom Worcester was called "The Horse-shoe city."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

At a concert given by Paderewski—he of the Circassian beauty hair—last week somebody sat next to a smartly gotten up girl who seemed absorbed in the music—too wrapped up in it to pay a particle of attention to the remarks of her escort. With her hands clasped tightly, she leaned forward and never stirred till the last note had died away. Then she turned to the man at her side, and somebody listened for the appreciative comment that must follow. This is what she heard: "What do you suppose he does with his hair when he puts his hat on?"—N. Y. Press.

Anton Rubinstein, the Russian pianist, has accepted an offer of £25,000 for a series of fifty concerts to be given in the United States in 1893.

Mr. E. N. Anderson was one of the conductors at a festival given by the Hosmer Hall Choral Union in Hartford, Conn., Wednesday evening.

The publishers of the Boston Musical Herald present with their January number a large half-tone portrait of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A Lawyer's Fee.

"What's your fee for collecting this?"
He inquired, with a nervous thrill;
And the lawyer calmly made reply:
"The whole amount of the bill."

—Puck.



"Knowledge is noble in proportion as it is prolific—in proportion as it quickens the mind to the acquisition of higher truth."—W. E. Channing.

By the will of Miss Catherine Garcelon of Oakland, California, Bowdoin College falls heir to \$400,000. This admits of glorious things for the Alma Mater of Longfellow and Hawthorne.

Mrs. Jennie I. Ware, formerly a teacher in the High School, now in the Roxbury High School, was in the city last week.

"My college is the best."

That is what every one of these girls said who recently met at the High School, Miss Simmons from Vassar, Miss Pettit from Boston University, Misses Syvret and Clark from Mt. Holyoke, Miss Iva Smith from Smith and Miss Hill from Wellesley. There is nothing like loyalty to one's chosen home. It makes living much happier.

A Bright Girl.

A pupil at a large boarding school, very skillful with her needle, and as obliging as skillful, found her time was taken up in sewing on buttons, mending gloves and rents, etc. A fair was to be given for an object in which she was deeply interested. She had no money to give, and was so liberal in giving time to her friends that she had no time to use for the fair. Her school mates were surprised one day to find on her door a card bearing this legend:

Mending Gloves, 5 cents.

Putting on Shoe Buttons, 1 cent each.

Dressing the Hair, 10 cents.

Every minute spent in sewing or working for her mates meant so much money to be devoted to the object for which the fair was held. Charging for her services seemed to increase the demand, and the young girl found that business and school work could not be carried on without conflicting. So this legend appeared on the door of her room:

After December twentieth my services cannot be bought for love or money.

There must be sound judgment in the character that learns to administer time for the best good of the particular period through which it is passing.—Christian Union.

"Who misses or who wins the prize;

Go, lose or conquer as you can;

But if you fail, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

—Epilogue to Dr. Birch and his pupils.

"The advanced work done in our colleges by women is not one of the least hopeful signs of our times; on the other hand, it is most gratifying. Still the colleges for women are not in many respects equal to those for men, and future effort must be directed to overcoming this inequality, until the highest edu-

cational advantages shall be enjoyed by each. Our system of public schools deserves and should have the support of all the people. The attempt to establish parochial schools or private schools by wealthy citizens as class or caste schools I have no sympathy with; I regard it as un-American, and little less than disloyal. To have loyal and good citizens we must train the boys and girls in our public schools.—Dr. Bush in the Boston Budget.

The nomination of R. H. Mooney, Principal of the Quinsigamond School for the Common Council, at the recent city election, was a decided innovation in politics, but why should teachers and preachers be excluded from participation in such matters? Is it custom or some deep seated principle that prevents?

Wesleyan.

A few weeks ago it seemed necessary to correct a statement which appeared in many of the daily papers in regard to the government of the University. There has recently appeared another report which has been so widespread that it does not need to be called to mind but which must be contradicted. In the midst of all this newspaper exaggeration it is pleasing to know that there is one paper which has regard for the truth and will not publish a false report of a sensational nature simply for the sake of filling up the paper.

Although there has been some feeling among the members of the two lower classes over the formation of a new freshman society, there has been no trouble such as reported, and it would be difficult to find a college in which the students are more in sympathy with the faculty in the management than at Wesleyan.

Middletown people will have a rare treat upon Jan. 25th when Sir Edwin Arnold lectures in the Alpha Delta Phi course. The lecture will be given in the North Congregational Church, after which the lecturer will be given a reception at the Chapter House.

Before the close of the last term, Professor Winchester delivered a lecture before the students of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton College, formerly of Wesleyan, delivered a lecture on "Democracy" in Russell Library Hall on Dec. 10.

During the Winter the students will have the pleasure of listening to a series of lectures by Prof. Daniels, upon "Civil government."

Prof. Stephenson will give a series of lectures before the Y. M. C. A. of the city during the Winter term, upon "American History."

Pres. Raymond is soon to have an article in the Zion's Herald entitled, "The study of the English Bible as a classic in college." In the Gilbert Haven issue of the paper, in January, Prof. Prentice will have an article on "The latest estimate of man."

On Friday, Nov. 6, 1891, the freshman organized a new society, Pi Kappa Tau, with twelve charter members. At a later meeting twelve others were initiated with appropriate ceremonies among whom was E. T. Coffin of this city. The society is at present prospering finely and promises to be a valuable addition to class societies.

Mr. Charles W. Delano of this city, of the class of '94, gave readings during the last term at Arnold Station and Saddle Hill.

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BRUSSELS

SOAP.

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Holmes to Whittier.

John G. Whittier was eighty-four years old on Dec. 17. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has passed the eighty-first anniversary of his birth. The following gem from the pen of Dr. Holmes was addressed to Mr. Whittier, congratulating him on the occasion of his birthday:

MY DEAR WHITTIER. I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their afflictions you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon! It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with you now. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years. The image which I have used before this in writing to you recurs once more to my thoughts.

We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. The life of a whole generation passed and found us in the cabin with a goodly company of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft pieced together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel.

I have just been looking over the headstones in Mr. Griswold's cemetery entitled The Poets and Poetry of America. In that venerable receptacle just completing its half-century of existence, for the date of the edition before me is 1842, I find the name of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes next each other, in their due order, as they should be. All around are the names of the dead,—too often of forgotten dead. Three names I see there are still among those of the living. Mr. John Osborn Sargent, who makes Horace his own by faithful study and ours by scholarly translation; Isaac M'Lellan, who was writing in 1830, and whose last work is dated 1886; and Christopher P. Cranch, whose poetical gift has too rarely found expression. Of these many dead you are the most venerated, revered, and beloved survivor; of these few living, the most honored representative. Long may it be before you leave a world where your influence has been so beneficent, where your example has been such inspiration, where you are so truly loved, and where your presence is a perpetual benefaction! Always affectionately yours,
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When Dr. Wyland was president of Brown University, a student of philosophy once said to him: "Doctor, I don't believe I have any soul." "Possibly not, possibly not, young man," said the doctor. "You ought to know. I know I have. Good day sir."

Dead men opens the eyes of the living.

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Good to Eat.

Marpizan.

Procure half a pound of almonds, two ounces of bitter almonds, and a half pound of sugar. Blanch the almonds and pound them in a mortar; clarify and cook the sugar slightly, then remove it from the fire and stir into it the almonds. Warm all together, stirring well, and taking the greatest care that it doesn't burn. When it is cooked enough (that is, when it won't adhere to the fingers), pour it out on a board sprinkled with sugar. As soon as it is cool cut it into tiny fancy shapes, stars, rings and fingers. This can be decorated with preserved cherries or other fruits if desired. Scalded Coblins.

Take six apples; pare, but do not core them, and allow the stems to remain on the apples; wrap each in a cabbage leaf; the leaves should be scalded first to make them pliable. Pack them closely in a stew-pan; add sufficient water to half cover, and let them simmer gently until about half done. Remove the leaves, dust the apples thickly with sugar, and serve with cream.

Apple Puffs.

Pare and core very small tart apples; put one pound of flour into a bowl; add to it a half teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and then rub in two ounces of butter. Stand this in a cold place until thoroughly chilled. Beat two eggs until very light; add to them about a gill of milk; stir this into the flour, turn it out on a board, knead lightly, roll into a thin sheet, and with a large round cutter cut into biscuits; in the centre of each piece stand an apple. Fill the space from which the core was taken with sugar; fold the dough lightly over the top of the apple; place them in a baking dish cover and bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes; do not entirely cover the apples as you would in an apple dumpling, but allow the apple, while cooking, to sort of ooze out of the dough. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Creamed Oysters.

One pint of milk; when boiling, add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, salt and pepper, and one tablespoonful of butter. Take fine powdered crumbs, and scatter over the bottom of a well-buttered dish. Put a layer of oysters, then of cream, next crumbs, then oysters, cream, and so on, having crumbs on top. Brown, or rather cook as for escalloped oysters. It is a change from the latter dish.

Baked Omelet.

One cupful of boiling milk; beat the yolks of four eggs, and add hot milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter; wet three teaspoonfuls of flour in a little cold milk, add the beaten whites, and beat all; salt and pepper well; bake twenty minutes. It is very appetizing.

Fig Pudding.

One pint flour, one-third pint of molasses, one-third pint hot water, one-third pint melted butter, one-half teaspoon soda, (small half), one pint figs chopped and floured, steam two and one-half hours. Sauce, whipped cream, sweetened.

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Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

January the 31st, 1892, the present Co-partnership will expire by limitation, and we think it advisable to reduce our stocks in every department. We have determined to sell

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The sale of this hundred thousand dollars worth of goods will be of the greatest importance to you, and in order to meet it we have made the most remarkable MARK-DOWN SALE ever effected in this house.

Every department will have its full share in the great bargains. It is for your interest to see all about it.

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Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.

It indicates that the book is in the Intermediate department, and may be taken out if specially called for.

ADAMS, H. Historical essays	34846
BANCROFT, W. H. Chronicles of the builders of the Commonwealth	1
BAXTER, S. The cruise of a land yacht	348:8
BEAN, F. Pudney and Walp	34829
BROWNING, C. H. Americans of royal descent; coll. of genealogies, ed. ed.	1
CHASE, F. History of Dartmouth College and the town of Hanover; ed. by J. K. Lord, vol. 1	1
DOLE, N. H. A score of famous composers	34830
DRAKE, S. A. Old landmarks and historic personages of Boston	1
DRAYTON, M. Poemes, lyric and pastoral (Spenser Soc. publs. new ser., no. 4)	1
The Poly-Olbion, pt. 1-3 (Spenser Soc. publs., new ser., nos 1-3)	1
EDWARDS, F. Dictionary of thoughts; quotations from the best authors,	
EWING, J. H. A soldier's children; and other tales in verse	34831
FOSTER, B. The Upper Rhine, illust.; described by H. Mayhew	1
The Lower Rhine, illust.; described by H. Mayhew	1
GARRETT, E. H. Elizabethan songs in honour of love and beauty; introduced by A. Lang	1
GRISWOLD, W. M. (ps. Q. P. Index) The monograph, no. 51-57	34839
HANNAY, D. Rodney. (Eng. men of action)	34832
HENTY, G. A. Held fast for England; a tale of the siege of Gibraltar, 1779-83	34833
Holland Society of New York. Year book, 1886-7, 1887-8	1
Collections, vol. 1, pt. 1-2; Records of the Reformed Dutch churches of Hackensack and Schralleburgh, N. J., pt. 1-2	
First annual dinner, Jan. 8, 1886	1
HOLMES, O. W. Poetical works; household ed.	34842
HOWELLS, W. D. The Albany depot; farce	34813
Venetian life; illust. from original water colors, 2 vols.	
JENNESS, M. Comprehensive Physical culture	34827
JOHNSON, J. B. The theory and practice of surveying, 8th ed.	34854
KEEP, J. West coast shells	34840
Kennel Club. Calendar and Stud Book for 1890, vol. 18	1
KIRK, J. F. Supplement to Allibone's crit. dictionary of Eng. literature, 2 vols.	1
LYON, I. W. The colonial furniture of New England; a study	1
Maine Historical Society. Col. lectures and proceedings, ser. 2 vol.	1
Documentary hist. vol. 4 cont. the Baxter mss; ed. by J. P. Baxter	1
MERRIMAN, E. W. Socials	34838
MILLER, O. T. The Woman's Club; pract. guide and handbook	34814
MOLENTAITH, M. L. (S.) The Red Grange	34815

Brown.

The Lyman gymnasium is now open in reality and hard work has begun in earnest. Four hours weekly are required from each student.

The gym. is patronized by almost all the men outside of regular required hours and it is to be sincerely hoped that with what material now exists an athletic team, much more creditable to Brown than former teams, may be put in the field in the Spring.

Next Monday evening is to be reserved as "College night" in the series of Promenade concerts given in Music Hall and special seats will be reserved for the students. The college will attend in a body escorted by Reeves American Band.

There is much talk about the renewal of the old time inter-scholastic debates. As yet the talk has not taken on a tangible form but it is hoped that Brown may not be slow in following the example of Harvard and Yale and that she may have as exciting public debates as in years gone by.

The Worcester Academy club is thriving and prospering in a decidedly encouraging way, despite the fact that she is as yet young and the pioneer prep-school club in college.

The Brown Daily Herald commented on in these columns some time ago still lives and is thriving. She has appeared in much neater dress and is slowly but surely gaining a firm foothold.

Monday evening Prof. Sears delivered a very interesting and enjoyable lecture in Manning Hall on "The Oratory of the Greek Fathers." This is but one of the many interesting lectures to be given by the Brown Lecture Association.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Harry B. Needham and Miss Edith Greene. Mr. Needham is a member of '63 and resides in Washington. Miss Greene is a resident of Providence.

Mr. Howard E. Sumner, '94, of Worcester has been compelled to leave college for a few days on account of ill health.

Prof. A. Harkness gave an informal reception to the classical students in Sayles Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The occasion was the opening of the Classical Seminary.

Julia Ward Howe.

The announcement that this distinguished lady will appear twice in this city, next week, will please many people. Wednesday she addresses the Woman's Club, but the evening of the next day, she will talk before the Woman's Suffrage League. The latter body held a preliminary meeting last Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Mary C. Harris at No. 2 Charlotte Street.

Mr. Wm. W. Macomber, late assistant Clerk at the Central District Court succeeds Mr. Elliott H. Peabody as Second Assistant Clerk of Courts.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and at the same time, for Almanac, which is free to all.

With his thumb, a boy is said to have saved the Netherlands from inundation. Many people have been saved from the invasion of disease by a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts tone to the system and strengthens every organ fibre of the body.



METHODIST.

At Grace Church last Sunday four were admitted to membership by letter and two on profession of faith; at Trinity, there were five admissions by letter and one on probation.

CONGREGATIONAL.

ARMENIAN.—The council of Congregational Churches to decide whether or not an Armenian Church of that faith should be organized, met in Plymouth Church véstry Friday afternoon and organized with Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, moderator and Rev. E. W. Phillips, scribe. The council decided to grant the request of the Armenians for a church and the exercises connected with the organization were carried out in the evening, the program being as follows: Reading of the minutes of the council by the scribe; singing; invocation by pastor of the new church, Rev. H. A. Antranassian; Scripture reading by Rev. Rufus M. Taft; recognition address by Rev. M. H. Hitchcock, eight being admitted by letter and ten on confession; prayer of recognition and consecration, Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Perkes; right hand of fellowship, Rev. I. J. Lansing; address in Armenian by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., of Lexington, who organized the first church in Armenia in 1846; singing; addresses by Philip W. Moen, Rev. Dr. Archibald McCullagh, Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, Dr. Geo. H. Gould and Rev. C. M. Southgate; prayer, Dr. McCullagh; doxology in Armenian; benediction by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

PLYMOUTH.—The annual parish meeting was held Tuesday evening. George H. Mellen was elected moderator; W. H. Crosby, clerk; Willis E. Sibley, treasurer and collector; H. W. Eddy, P. G. Kent and H. P. Duncan assessors; Wm. Maynard, Everett J. Bardwell and George A. Smith, singing committee. The treasurer, clerk, assessors and singing committee presented their reports, and they with the addition of the following were appointed a committee on appropriations, viz., F. H. Bancroft, G. Henry Whitcomb, C. H. Stearns, Lucius P. Goddard and Wm. H. Sawyer. The financial standing as presented by the treasurer is as follows: Balance on hand, Jan. 1, 1891, \$441.17; collections for the year, \$10,255.79; total, \$10,696.93; expended for salaries and current expenses, \$10,245.22; leaving balance in the treasury \$450.71. The rentals of the pews have increased about \$1,250 during the past fifteen months. Ten new members of the parish were elected.

The fourth meeting of the Worcester County Congregational Sunday School Superintendents' Union will be held in the Young Men's Christian Association lecture room next Monday evening. A collation will be served at seven o'clock, after which the topic for discussion will be "The superintendent and his work," divided into "Objects," opened by Geo. R. Bliss; "Methods," opened by Edward Whitney; "Difficulties," opened by L. P. Goddard. After each division there will be an open discussion. Several amendments to the constitutions will be acted upon.

The record of church admissions in Congregational churches last Sunday was as follows: Old South, forty-seven by letter, eleven on confession; Plymouth, four by letter, two on confession; Bethany, three by letter, six on confession; Swedish, one by letter, three on confession; Salem Street, two by letter, nine on confession; Piedmont, two by letter, one on confession; Hope, three by letter, five on confession; Central, two by letter; Pilgrim, nine by letter, three on confession. There were to have been eight admissions at Union Church, but because of the absence of the pastor, Dr. W. V. W. Davis, on account of illness, the ceremony was postponed.

BAPTIST.

At the First Baptist Church last Sunday three persons were admitted to church membership by letter and twenty-four by profession; at the Main Street Baptist, two were admitted by letter and seven by baptism; at the Dewey Street Church one was admitted by letter and at the Pleasant Street Baptist, the pastor Rev. H. J. White gave the right hand of fellowship to fifteen new members.

Y. M. C. A.

The New Year's reception given by the Association last week was the most enjoyable and most largely attended of any it has ever given. This is the first time that the Association has had the assistance of the Women's Auxiliary and the ladies rendered very valuable aid. The guests were entertained with refreshments, gymnasium exhibitions and orchestral and vocal music. Many congratulations are being bestowed on President Rugg, Secretary Gale and all others concerned in the arrangements.

He Knew How.

Mrs. H— is a young married lady, and an Episcopalian (says the Philadelphia Record). Her husband is not a member of any church; but, as all good husbands should, he frequently attends church with his wife. His first attempt, however, to conform to the Episcopal form of service was so mortifying that he was almost tempted to forswear church-going altogether. It was on Easter Sunday, and his wife had tried to coach him properly beforehand, naturally wishing him to take part with her in the service. "Remember now, my dear," she said; "that the rector will come forward and say 'The Lord is risen,' and you will respond with, 'He is risen, indeed'—you will remember that, won't you?" "Well, I guess I can remember four words," replied Mr. H—, a little testily. An hour later they were at the church. The rector came forward at the proper time, in the beginning of the service, and said, solemnly: "The Lord is risen." Promptly and distinctly came the response of Mr. H—: "Is He, indeed?"

The American Cathedral.

The amended plans for the proposed Cathedral of St. John the Divine, drawn by the architects Heins & Lafarge, have been accepted by the trustees. The plans will be placed on view in their present shape at the coming exhibition of the Architectural League. The ground plan of the future cathedral is in the form of a cross, its arms forming nave,

chancel, and transepts, and containing each a central aisle and two side aisles. The exterior resembles in general a large central lantern or tower, against whose four sides come the four arms of the cross. In the four angles of the four arms are four towers, with separate entrances. Two large towers also rise at the west front. The central tower is crowned by a spire dominating all the other towers. The whole external length of the cathedral when finished will be 520 feet. The width across the front will be 190 feet; the width across the transepts, 290 feet; the height of the central spire will be 425 feet from the floor of the cathedral. As the ground of the cathedral is high, the central spire will be in reality 525 feet above the level of the city. The width of the front towers will be 57 feet, while their height will be 240 feet.—Christian Union.

The Thirteen Superstition.

In Belford's Magazine is an account of the supposed origin of this wide spread superstition. An idea of its prevalence among all nations may be obtained from the fact that the Turks have almost expunged the number thirteen from the vocabulary. The Italians never use it in making up the numbers for their lotteries and the thirteenth card in one of their games bears the figure of death. No house in Paris bears the No. 13 and in that city the Quatorzièmes are recognized persons in society who hold themselves in readiness to be invited to any dinner which would otherwise have the fatal number at the festal board. The superstition briefly stated is that if thirteen persons either by accident or design dine together at the same table, one will die during the year.

Its origin has been traced back to the old Norse mythology, in which occurs the story of the gods sitting down to a feast with Loki in the Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth and he had to die. It is hardly likely though, that this is the true origin, as it is only an obscure tradition connected with an ancient faith so that the popularly accepted tradition is doubtless the correct one. The Last Supper, which so immediately preceded the crucifixion of the Saviour, must always excite a feeling of awe in the breasts of the faithful, which in an unenlightened age easily degenerated into a feeling of superstitious terror.

Leonardo da Vinci, in his famous painting in the Dominican convent in Milan, unwittingly perhaps, gave the first impulse to the superstition in the minds of the ignorant masses who beheld the twelve apostles and the Master at the table.

To see before their eyes the fatal feast itself must have affected them far more profoundly than could the most eloquent sermon on the subject. In this picture, too, we see Judas in the act of spilling the salt, so it is fair to presume that both superstitions have the same origin.

In a hotel not one hundred miles from the top of the Rigi the following announcement gives satisfaction: "Mistress and venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blown." That announcement sufficiently prepares the visitor for the following entry in the wine list, "In this hotel the wines leave the traveller nothing to hope for."—Notes and Queries.

PINKHAM & WILLIS.

Special Bargains

For This Week

50 Large Rockers,

Finely Finished Oak Frames, Plush Seats and Back, with Plush Roll for head-rest, reduced from \$15. Our price now,

\$12.00

30 Platform Rockers,

Solid Oak Frames, Plush Seat and Back, for only

\$7.00

REDUCED FROM \$8 50

1000 Yards Tapestry Carpets
good Patterns, for Only
50c Per Yard.

25 Parlor Stoves

To be sold at a reduction of 20 per cent from regular prices, to close.

Goods sold on 4 months' time at Cash Prices.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

Breakfast Should be the Heartiest Meal.

Rev. Mark Trafton who is considerably more than 80 years old, has been a member of Congress, and is the senior member of the New England Conference, M. E. Church, talks as follows concerning food and longevity in the N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"Our food is taken at the wrong time, and too hastily. The morning is the time for our principal meal not the evening. Some years ago, during the sessions of our annual conference, I was the guest of a physician. He one day remarked to me: 'You will live to be 100 years old if no accident befalls you.' Why do you think so?' I asked. 'Because I notice that your principal meal is your breakfast.' This is true. I rise from night's repose hungry, and it is the only time in the day when I have that sensation. But, the reader will say I have no appetite in the morning. I will tell you why. You rise in the morning, quickly dress yourself, drop down at the table, swallow in haste a cup of coffee, hurriedly eat a hot roll, seize your hat, and rush to the cars or your place of business, drive through your morning work, run into a restaurant, swallow something that an alligator would find it difficult to digest, go back to your study, counting room, or mart of trade, where you are driven by the press and perplexities of business or study until 5 o'clock, when you hasten home faint and exhausted, and sit down to your 6 o'clock dinner. The same habit of hurry clings to you at this meal, and you bolt a mass of hot meats and the usual et ceteras, and go to bed to toss and turn and wrestle with horrid shapes. Your digestive organs are in no condition to receive that mass of matter. The business, the planning, the brain-work of the day, have driven the blood to the brain and lungs, thus checking the flow of the gastric dissolvents; and now all night, instead of the quiet rest, nature has been at work to remove that half-digested mass of material from the stomach. Do you wonder that you have no appetite in the morning. Now the stomach, as well as other organs, calls for seasons of rest and recuperation or it will fail in its functional duties. Would you have length of days? Change all this."

Raw beefsteak applied will remove the discoloration of a bruise.

A little powdered borax thrown into the bath makes the water very soft, and greatly invigorates and resists the bather. This is particularly beneficial to those who are troubled with nervousness or sleeplessness.

One use for oyster-shells is to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

To temper earthenware which is to be used for baking, put the dishes in cold water over the fire and bring it gradually to the boiling point. When the water boils around them, remove them from the fire, and let them remain in the water till it becomes cold.

THE CLARK-

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OF LAMPS,

Before Stock taking.

SATURDAY MORNING

We shall commence the Mark-Down Sale of Lamps of all descriptions.

If you wish to get a good article cheap embrace this opportunity.

Satisfy yourself that what we say is true, and get a Piano, Banquet or Table Lamp at the greatly reduced prices while they are before you.

Sale commences Saturday morning.

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George Bancroft's Library.

The private library of the late George Bancroft, historian of the United States, is a large and valuable collection.

About thirty years ago, at the time when Mr. Bancroft lived in New York City, it was stated by a gentleman who probably knew that it contained 12,000 to 15,000 volumes.

At that time there were said to be in the library about 200 folio and quarto volumes of manuscripts. Those manuscripts had most of them been collected by Mr. Bancroft while he was in England, serving the United States as minister to the Court of St. James.

At that time he was offered every facility for examining and making copies from the authors of Great Britain and France. He was also welcome in large private libraries abroad and allowed to copy documents contained in them. The opportunities offered him he availed himself of fully. When described in 1862 the library was growing rapidly. At the time of Mr. Bancroft's death it must have been very large. Recently it has been kept in his late residence in Washington.

Hon. Charles T. Tuckerman visited the historian in October, 1839. Having been admitted to Mr. Bancroft's house he followed his man upstairs to the library. "As we proceeded," he writes, "the inner life of the occupant of the house was apparent at every step. Books lined the walls, and a second room filled with shelves loaded with bound volumes caught my eye, adjacent to the library proper in which the historian passed the greater part of his time."

It was Mr. Bancroft's wish that his library should be kept together and that the United States government should buy it for the nation and place it in the Congressional library. It has been understood that, by a provision of his will, the government had the refusal of the library for a specified time. It would seem from statements recently made that the library is not likely to become the property of the United States, but is now offered for sale as a whole to individuals and institutions.

There was once a hope in the minds of some of the members of the American Antiquarian Society that Mr. Bancroft would leave his library to that organization. That society has its headquarters in Worcester, his birthplace; his father was one of its founders; he himself and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop were its oldest members at the time of his death; and Mr. Bancroft had been a vice-president of the society for several years previous to his death. That disposition of the library was never made however.

It is very desirable that Mr. Bancroft's library should be kept together and be accessible to students of American history. His books and manuscripts were very largely the sources from which he drew the materials used in writing his history. They should be accessible to other students of the history of our country both because they are valuable on account of the information which they contain and because they are needed for the verification of Mr. Bancroft's statements in his history and in furnishing the exact words and enabling scholars to mark the connection of quotations made by him.

It is particularly important that the collection of manuscripts should be in a place where they can be readily consulted, for Mr. Bancroft made a very free use of those manuscripts in preparing his great work. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the whole library will be bought by one of the large public libraries of the country.

It is too much to hope, I fear, that money can be raised to secure it for the library of the American Antiquarian Society or for the Public Library in this city. Were it here it would undoubtedly attract to Worcester many students of the history of our country.

SAMUEL S. GREEN.

VOLAPÜK.

„Din Gletikiin Vola“

(Pefovöl.)

Pebeginöl Babul 21 id, 1891.

Kritan nedom velatiko glötön te dini bal, lani geilälik, liegöfik, givöfik, kel no glötom.

E täno, na elenadols etosi valk, omütols lenadöni dit at fovik. miegi-kikön lipis ölsik e fögetön kelosi edunols. Na ebinöls benodik, na ladäl eslupom in vol e edunom vöi jönik oma, ogegolsöd in jed, osagolsöd nosi dö om. Ladäl savom öki dei ök. Ladäl mojedom sägo kotenöfik ko öki it. „Ladäl no luglölom öki, no binom leplidök.“

Kostetädil lüid binom bosso selednik tuvön in gadiükönis at. Plüt, atos binom ladäl in sog, ladäl tefu diged. „Ladäl no kodätom öki neplütök.“ Plüt pebeponom as ladäl dö nemods. Plüt pasagom binö ladäl dö dins smalik e klan nemik plüta binom ladäl. Ladäl no kanom kodätön öki neplütök kanols stanön pösödis netidükön in sog kullivükön e if laboms kipipi ladäla in lads ökik, no otäzoms neplütök ökik. Blefo no kanoms donos ösi.

Carlyle asagom dö Robert Burns das noban velatükum no äshbinom in düpna ka plaudan poedik. Kod äbinom das älöfom valkols, mugi, ganañ e äinis valk, gletik e smalik, kelis God emekom. Kludo ko nitildanam at äkanom migön ko sog aikelik, e nitildön kütis e ledomis des domil smalik len jol de Ayr. Nolols siami vöda nobel, siämom mani molik-mani kel dunom sofiko dinis ko ladäl e atos binos lekan lölik e klön dö om. Man molik no kanom, demü nat dinas, dunön düni nemolik, nenobik. Lan nemolik, nesieunik, laböl nati nedilsumalik, no kanom dunon bosivi ökik. „Ladäl no kodötön neplütök.“

Vitimöf. „Ladäl no sükom dinis ökik.“ Neotilsöd, no sükom utosi kel binom it jöniks ökik. In Britän nelijan binom divodik, e gidiko, al cödüks ökik.

Engagements.

From the Boston Budget:
"Miss Eurolia A. Marble of Boston and Mr. Charles G. Green, Jr., of Worcester."
"Miss Josie H. Hyde, daughter of Charles H. Hyde, of Boston, and Mr. Edward Dillingham Miller of Worcester."

'Tis Better So.

Here is some solid food for thought,
I heard it at a recent ball—
'Tis better to be kissed and caught,
Than never to be kissed at all.

—Puck.

Society of Antiquity.

This organization, now domiciled in its new North End quarters, held its 238th meeting, Tuesday night. President E. B. Crane gave his annual address, taking as his theme the story of the local Tories who in Revolutionary days suffered more or less from their devotion to the crown. As with everything that he writes the essay was interesting and thorough. Rev. John Gregson of Wilkinsonsville spoke on the same subject. Accessions to the library show 343 volumes, 132 pamphlets, 235 papers besides other articles.

The following gentlemen were admitted to membership: U. Waldo Cutler, George W. Coombs, E. D. Buffington, Thomas A. Clarke, E. A. Grosvenor, Gustavus E. Wetherbee, Frank L. Chamberlin, J. Norcross, Benjamin Brierly.

Among other gifts, received, was a water proof rush coat made in Japan, and given by Mr. Samuel H. Putnam.

Boston University.

The Index of Boston University for 1891-92 has just been compiled and published by Will S. Spencer, '93. It is a university directory, containing complete lists of the professors, students, their home and city addresses, associations, societies, etc., in all the departments of the university, also the alumni of the College of Liberal Arts, and the School of Law, with their addresses and occupations. The pamphlet contains 83 pages, and one copy is given by the publisher to each student in the university. The Index shows that there are 103 professors instructors, librarians, etc., in the university. The following is a summary of the students in the different departments, showing the increase of students during the last year:

	1890.	1891.
College of Liberal Arts	284	287
College of Agriculture	150	159
School of Law	177	199
School of Medicine	92	232
School of Theology	140	143
School of all Sciences	96	112
College of Music	9	
	938	1072

The faculty of the College of Liberal Arts have appointed the commencement speakers for next June. They are Charles B. Tewksbury of Westboro, and Miss Nettie A. McKinson of Cambridge. The alternates are Oscar Storer of Morrill, Me., and Miss Eva M. Gowing of Wakefield.

The Christmas vacation is over, The Medical and Theological schools opened Monday. The college opened Tuesday and the Law school opened Thursday.

Boston, Jan. 7.

Mr. O. H. Weston has been confined to his home for some days, suffering from pneumonia.

Intense Cold.

By the subjection of common air to a pressure of 1,125 pounds to the square inch, or 75 atmospheres, with a condenser kept at —133° c., the air is reduced to liquid form; and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate produces a temperature of —200° c. This is within 73° of absolute zero, which is —273° c.—Scientific American.



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Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

- GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
- GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.
- STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

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- 3.25 P. M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
- 4.17 P. M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
- 8.00 P. M. Daily, Pacific Express.

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12.12 A. M.	5.30 P. M.
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12.29 A. M.*	6.45 A. M.

*Run Daily.

For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

New York Fashions.

In Jewelry

the bow-knot is quite a rage and by means of enameling, simulations of tiny ribbons are almost without number, very small diamonds or pearls being set in rows upon the ribbon-like surface or a single larger jewel may shine in the center. A new style bracelet shows a delicate gold cord that passes through a loop with pendant jewels at the end; bracelets in delicate rims with jewelled centers and also links are still worn however while the bangle family is large and popular. Necklaces are very fashionable, the leading styles being one or more rows of gold beads or pearls and pendants are so much worn that brooches—among which *fleurs de lis*, suns or crescents lead are so made as to become pendants upon occasion.

Fans

are of the ostrich feathers or pinked gauze and later introductions are of chiffon in ruffles that extend along the sticks. But these last are not likely to be popular, because not at all pretty. Gloves for evening are of undressed kid in white, pale, yellow, blue, pink, gray or tan; and in lengths to suit sleeves. Colored slippers match costumes and are of undressed kid, satin or made to order from the dress material, but gray, tan or bronze are worn and suit any dress, with gloves to correspond. Toes are still very sharp pointed and heels high and set far forward. Hosiery matches the slipper.

ROSALIND MAY.

SOUTH END NEWS.

Among the newcomers to the South End may be mentioned Superintendent of Schools A. P. Marble and family, who will occupy a suite of rooms in the Brightside.

The chorus connected with Piedmont Church met last Monday evening under the direction of Mr. Seth Richards and began the study of the oratorio of "St. Paul."

Rev. Mr. Conrad is once more among his flock and last Sunday assisted in receiving fifty-eight into the church.

Mr. Chas. C. Brown, late of the firm of Joslyn & Brown, has been in Florence, Mass., the past week on business.

Mrs. F. B. Knowles, who with her family has lately returned from Europe, is refurbishing her home in a most artistic manner to conform with ideas gained abroad.

Miss Evangeline Houghton, who for the past nine months has been the leading soprano soloist in the Piedmont choir, leaves next week for Germany, where she will pursue a course of study. No one to fill her place will be hired for the remainder of the year.

The Cavendish Whist Club will hold its next meeting with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Stevens, 666 Main Street, next Tuesday evening.

The members of the Worcester County Philatelic Association will hold their bi-monthly meeting next Monday evening.

Mr. F. M. Harris has been in Boston the past few days for the purpose, it is said, of establishing a branch store in that city. He has greatly outgrown his present quarters and is looking for a larger field.

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eczema,
tetter, boils,
ulcers, sores,
rheumatism, and
catarrh, cured
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It
purifies,
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Has Cured Others
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Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

No. 319 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Mechanics Hall Building.

P. D. Q. versus C. O. D.

The tailor said he'd send my clothes
As soon as he could do
Them up for me, and I urged him
To send them p. d. q.

And so he did; but I, alas,
Must dress as now you see,
Because, foomph, by some mistake
He sent them c. o. d.

And p. d. q. is but a tink-
Ling rymbal and a sound-
ing brass that is no earthly good
When c. o. d.'s around.

Detroit Free Press.

The Drummer Boy

The play was never performed better, but the Holiday Season was not a good time for it. The receipts will be considerable, but not up to those of last year.

Miss Alice Denny has returned to Wellesley College.

Gas for Cities.

Nine cities in the United States own the machinery and manufacture their own gas; they are Philadelphia, Pa., Wheeling, Richmond, Danville, Charlottesville and Alexandria, Va., Bellefontaine and Hamilton, O., and Danville, Ky.—Chatauquan.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

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ALL OUR ULSTERS,

ALL OUR OVERCOATS,

ALL OUR HEAVY SUITS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS

The very goods you want, this very moment you can have for LESS MONEY, by a good deal, than the regular selling price a week ago.

THE SNOW FLIES.

BITING WINDS COMING.

AVOID THE DANGER.

When you buy an ULSTER you want one made from solid hard woven Cloth that will keep the winds out and the heat in.

You want an OVERCOAT that will protect you.

GREAT ULSTERS,

GREAT OVERCOATS,

GREAT SUITS,

That will prove an immense comfort to you, can now be had at a STRAIGHT REDUCTION FROM REGULAR PRICES.

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But you can't buy either—in quality—at all equal to ours for anything like our MARK DOWN prices.

We have the very best Clothing made.

We'll give you the very best bargains of the year.

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Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, State of the order Dec. 12, 1891; Membership, 6,163 Amount loaned for Relief, \$43,727; Reserve Fund, \$52,118.31; Balance of Relief Fund, \$4,531.88; Total, \$98,459.08 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600. Are you protected in case of sickness? Are you making provisions for the future by laying aside small sums of money from time to time?

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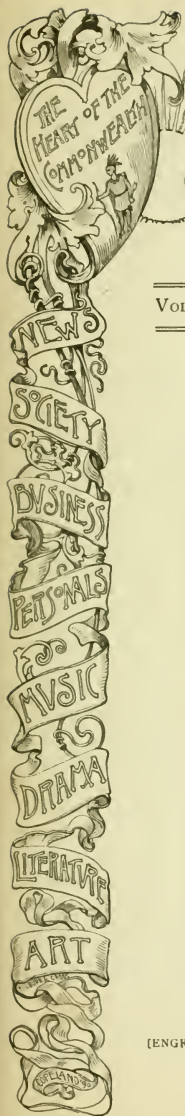
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO. 20. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892. FIVE CENTS



HERBERT L. GALE,

General Secretary of the Worcester Y. M. C. A.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

No. 20

Under the sparkling snowdrift,
Screened from the light of day,
Merrily sings the brooklet
Its flowery springtime lay.
Flowing in ice-bound darkness,
His murmurous spirit knows
A subtle sense of the trembling
Reflection of Spring's wild rose.

With January, begin the sessions of the Great and General Court.

Since 1780, under the constitution, legislators have assembled in Boston and for the most of that time under the Gilded Dome.

Laws have been made and unmade and thus the record will doubtless continue for years to come. "We are governed too much" was a wise saying of some one.

The Legislature that convened, Wednesday, the sixth, inst., lost little time in electing to the speakership, for the fourth consecutive time, Mr. Wm. E. Barrett of Melrose. There was no opposition. All united on him.

This was very pleasant to Mr. Barrett and those voting seemed satisfied with their choice. Ex-Speaker Noyes held the place five terms but there was an interval of four years between his third and fourth terms. Several other speakers in recent years have held the office as long, as John E. Sanford of Taunton, Harvey Jewell of Boston and Alexander H. Bullock of Worcester who, by the way, was the last Worcester representative to gain the speaker's chair.

Other men have held the chair longer, as Wm. B. Calhoun, seven consecutive times, Timothy Bigelow, eight, and Edward H. Robbins, nine; but Mr. Bigelow was in at other times enough to make a total of eleven terms thus giving him a longer aggregate than any other speaker. Important as all these men were, in their day, there are many of them whom the world of 1892 knows little of. In the gathering that assembled Thursday to witness the inauguration of the Governor, the most noteworthy figure was that of General N. P. Banks. Still erect as in days of old, he could recall when he, too, took the oaths of office in that very place and when, a few years before in 1851 and 2 he was the Speaker. A large share of those gathered around him were born after those dates.

General Banks, in many ways, has long been a picturesque figure in Massachusetts politics. "From Bobbin Boy to Governor" tells the story of a life as strange as fiction. What ups and downs! Member of the Legislature, Speaker, Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, Governor of Massachusetts, a General in the Civil War, again in Congress, once more in the Legislature of his native state, returned to Congress again, U. S. Marshal for the state, he has a history that would fill many volumes were he to tell all he knows

about politics. His white hair and dignified bearing grace well all public occasions.

Worcester was particularly interested in the joint convention of the Senate and House of Representative in that the President of the former body is a Worcester Senator, Alfred S. Pinkerton, the first one to attain this honor in so long a time that no one remembers when, not in a generation at least. Before the election, the Spy had an item to the effect that if Senator John R. Thayer were elected and the Senate were Democratic he would, doubtless, be the President thereof. There were too many ifs, but a Worcester man has the office just the same, and he performed his part in the inauguration in a dignified and impressive manner.

From the recent meeting of school-men in Boston, it would appear that the showing of this state in the Columbian Fair will be properly looked after. The fact that T. M. Hallist of Springfield, S. T. Dutton of Brookline, Supt. E. P. Seaver of Boston, W. A. Mowry of Salem and State Secretary J. W. Dickinson are in charge of the matter will insure the utmost care as to detail and management. Better selections could not be made. It is hoped and expected that the Old Bay State will appear near the head, though the West has made great strides in the last few years.

Just at present, in certain parts of the city, mothers are hugging their darlings more closely on account of the prevalence of diphtheria and scarlet fever, but more particularly the former, and thus it will be, at intervals, till all our people learn to place a higher value on care and preventives. Small pox long since ceased to be epidemic, on account of the precautions taken against it. Who would think of attending a funeral where small pox was the fatal illness; yet how many crowd into close rooms to pay final respect when the cause of death is quite as much to be dreaded? Boards of Health must learn to deal with these two scourges as evils scarcely second to their more feared but no more deadly rival, small pox. For the sick, there should be complete isolation and for those of the family a quarantine rigidly enforced.

"An interesting experiment is now on trial in Ithaca, N. Y. The charter of the city of Ithaca was passed in 1838, and received the sanction of Gov. Hill, and is now in force. By that charter, all taxes above a certain small sum must be passed upon by the tax-payers themselves, and by them alone. Those who pay the money are permitted to say how it shall be spent. Hence, in that city, the women tax-payers vote."

Why is not this a righteous enactment? Suppose it were in force in Worcester? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that the city would wait some time before voting vast sums of money to a City Hall and, for that matter, for

many other alleged improvements? As things stand, today, money is voted away freely by men who would have nothing to lose were the city to be looted.

A very good argument for temperance was furnished recently in one of the bathing establishments of this city, where a young man of excellent name, but, at the time, said to be under the influence of liquor, played a stream of scalding water on the unprotected leg of an employee, nearly paralyzing the member. The poor man was laid up for weeks, but not a word of sympathy nor a cent of cost came from the man whose horse play produced this lamentable condition. Had he been in his right mind he would not have done the deed, and had he not had his nature whiskey hardened, his heart would have softened towards the victim of his cruelty.

The executors of Mr. Bancroft's library have decided to offer it in one lot. The collection is a very large one, the manuscripts are numerous and valuable, and many of the books are enriched by the addition of Mr. Bancroft's own marginal comments. A special study of its extent and character has been made by Mr. John F. Sabin, who estimates it to be twice as large as that of the late S. L. M. Barlow, and three times as large as the Menzies collection. All book lovers hope that the executors may be successful in their attempt to prevent its being scattered.—Public Opinion.

There are many people still sanguine enough to believe that this library may come this way.

What is Prison Reform.

Prison reform does not set aside the justice of God, nor seek to paralyze the arm of the earthly ruler, the minister of God, when he declares and enforces the penalty of transgression. It seeks rather to sustain him. It believes in law, upholds the law, and finds the justification of legal punishments not in the sentiment of vengeance, but in the protection of society. The advocates of the indeterminate sentence go so far as to declare that the man whose criminal propensities and habits are a menace to public security should be confined for life if he persists in their indulgence.—Rev. F. H. Wines.

Maine man (finishing a story)—Yes, sir, I killed that bear with nothin' but this little jackknife. Guess you never had a tussle with a bear, did ye?

New York Liar—Oh yes. I was out fishing one day on Staten Island when a big bear made a rush for me and knocked the pole out of my hand, leaving me without that means of defence. Well, sir I grabbed that bear, threw him down, and held him down until he froze to death.

Maine Man (gasping)—I might 'a done that many a time myself, but the weather up our way don't change so quick as it does here.—New York Weekly.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1922.

All arrangements are made for a very enjoyable evening of Declamation in Horticultural Hall, Thursday, the 21st next, under the direction of Messrs. Simmonds and Bowen. The entries insure good speaking. Messrs. Alfred S. Roe, Eben F. Thompson and Frank P. McKeon will act as judges.

In the record of the week, for Jan. 9, the business reverses ascribed to A. L. Burbank should be read A. F. Burbank. The former gentleman retired from the jewelry business a year and a half ago.

The Gardner Journal has the sympathy of all Massachusetts Newspaperdom over the recent loss by fire of nearly everything that constituted its outfit. New appliances will be secured at once.

Diphtheria.

John H. Jackson, son of Henry B. and Laura Jackson of No. 8 Goulding Street died Wednesday. He is an other victim of the terrible disease so fatal to childhood. He was a pupil in one of the lower grades of the Dix Street School.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe ought to feel highly flattered at the impression made on the reporter of one of the morning papers, in her Colonial Hall address. To him she looked to be between 50 and 60 years old. As she was born in 1819, he must have inferred her age from the vigor of her remarks.

Dr. Souther.

Surgeon Wm. T. Souther is giving a series of Emergency Lectures before the companies that rendezvous at the Armory. Tuesday night, his talk was on "Hemorrhages." These lectures are very generally attended and cannot help being of great value to the soldiers.

Rugg—Burnham.

Mr. Archibald B. Rugg was married Tuesday, in Westminster to Miss Martha B. Burnham that of that town. In this city they will reside at Hotel Pleasant.

A Remarkable Case.

Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT'S discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Jan. 16, 1922.

Signed

1.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and my hand to this vote."

11.

"Don't let my Civil Rights Bill fail."

111.

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate."

IV.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

v.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour
 See the front of battle lower."

vi.

"Trust no future, how'er pleasant."

Answers to Quotations Jan. 2.

1. Wolfe, "Burial of Sir John Moore."
 2. Southey, "Cataract of Lodore."
 3. M'Lellan, "Death of Napoleon."
 4. Moore, "Miriam's Song."
 5. Webster, "Reply to Hayne."
 6. Shakespeare, "As You Like It"
- 1st, Addie M. Ginn, Worcester.
 2d, Helen Lovell, Medfield.

The pupils of Miss Stella M. Haynes gave a very pleasing entertainment Thursday evening in Horticultural Hall, to a small audience. Beside readings by Miss Elsie MacCallum, Miss Emma Hewitt, Miss Edith M. Gould, Miss Nellie Hatch, Miss Gertrude Tuller and Mr. Joseph Rondeau, the program included music by the Elberon Orchestra and Mrs. E. H. Plaisted, Japanese fantasies and marches, tableaux and pantomime by twelve pupils, and Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven" in which the parts were taken as follows: Childhood, Miss Olive Hewitt; romance, Miss Nellie Hatch; love, Miss Emma Hewitt; maternity, Miss Effie C. Walsh; widowhood, Mrs. Lottie Hastings; giving in marriage, Miss Mary C. Howard; longing for home, Miss Edith M. Gould. The Japanese fantasies, marches and tableaux were the finest that have been given in this city. Of the readings the best were Miss Emma Hewitt's "Genera", Miss Tuller's "Young America's War Cry" and Miss Gould's "The Pilot's Story." The others were good with the exception of Mr. Rondeau's, which possessed no merit whatever and had not a single redeeming feature.

"The Other Boot."

Mr. B——t of the "House" was indignant

over his committee appointment. He was mad clear through. He had been mad for twenty hours. His cigar was tilted up at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. He took a seat in the boot black's chair and after one foot was polished, started up to leave. "Hold on boss, let's black the other boot." Mr B——t looked black enough as he sat down to have the job finished, but several onlookers thought there would have been more fun if he had gone in one sided.

Holy Cross.

The mid-year work has commenced in earnest. The semi-annual written examinations have taken place and the ovials will commence the 22nd. The College Dramatic Club will present "The Celebrated Case" in the theater on Shrove Tuesday night, March 1st. This is the night before Lent.

In the death of Rev. Fr. Blenkinson, pastor of S. S. Peter and Paul's in South Boston, the college has lost a dear friend. He was the donor of a medal and also the brother of the Georgetown College.

Rev. W. J. Dower, a former High School and Holy Cross boy, has been assigned as pastor of the Catholic church at Lenox, Mass.

The annual reunion of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont will be held next Tuesday evening in Horticultural Hall. There will be a reception from six to seven and at seven a turkey supper will be served, after which there will be addresses by several Vermonters, among them being Col. Albert Clark of Boston. There will also be a literary and musical program, including readings, vocal and piano solos and orchestral music.

Bay State division, Uniform rank, Knights of Pythias, has arranged for series of four socials to be held January 18, February 8, and 22, and March 7, at Continental Hall. Stiles' orchestra has been engaged. The division will celebrate its anniversary as usual, by a ball on Fast night.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The members of the Woman's Suffrage League who enabled Worcester people to see and hear the writer of the Battle Hymn of the Republic at Unity Church last Thursday night are entitled to the gratitude of all listeners. Mrs. Howe very much resembles the pictures we have seen of the Queen of England and as she expressed her sympathy for that beloved lady in the death of her grandson, it seemed as though she were naming a personal loss. She has a wonderfully clear and effective elocution and her thoughts are admirable. How could any one listen and not believe?

Mechanics Course.

The last entertainment in Course A was given Monday night by the Boston Beacon Orchestral Club, which consist of twenty-two ladies. They were assisted by Mrs. Bessie H. Pierce, soprano, and a very pleasing program was given. Next Monday night the Schubert Quartet will give the last entertainment in Course B.

England Mourns.

The death of the oldest son of the Prince of Wales and of Cardinal Manning on the same day, the 14th, has caused a wide spread expression of grief throughout the kingdom. A Prince of the Royal Family and a Prince of the Church, both dead at the same time. All classes and conditions mourn.



Y. M. C. A.

At the men's meeting at four o'clock tomorrow Rev. Mr. Woodbury will speak on "What your business?" Mr. Cotton, the new assistant secretary, will talk to the boys at three o'clock on "Traps and trappers" and he will also lead the morning prayer meeting at 9:15.

Next week Thursday the second series of the course of entertainments will begin with a concert by the Temple Quartet of Boston, assisted by Profr. Tripp, reciter and humorist. It was originally announced that the Fadette Ladies' Orchestra would furnish the entertainment but as it was not considered a sufficiently strong attraction, the above change was made. This makes every one in this series a first class entertainment. Jan. 28, Eli Perkins, the famous humorist lecturer will speak on "Wit, Humor, Pathos, Ridicule and Satire"; Feb. 11, The Tufts College Glee and Banjo Clubs, considered the finest in the country, will give a concert; Feb. 25, Mr. Leland T. Powers, the well known impersonator, will give his latest production, "The Shaugraun"; March 3, the Vitale Concert Company and D. W. Robertson, the musical artist and tumbler-organ soloist, will give a concert; March 10, Prof. H. L. Southwick and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick will give an evening of readings and will close as fine a course of entertainments as has been given in Worcester for some time.

Last evening a reception was given to the junior department. Beginning at seven o'clock there was a reception in the parlors, then the athletic contest in the gymnasium was witnessed, then there was an entertainment in Association Hall which included readings and songs by Mr. Crierie and readings by Mrs. Bowen and finally the boys were feasted on cake and ice cream.

The class in electricity will begin next Friday evening with a membership of fifty-two. The attendance at all of the classes has kept up better this year than ever before.

Mr. Eugene Kemp of this city began work this week as second assistant secretary, working principally on membership matters.

The second of the gymnasium contests was held last evening.

Next Tuesday evening the members of the Y. M. C. A. bicycle club will, with their lady friends, hold a social in the Association building.

Arrangements are being made for a course of six entertainments for the junior department. There will be an illustrated lecture on the Civil War, concerts, readings, etc. Among those who will appear will be George Pettin-gill, the boy soloist.

Sometime during February a reception will be given to the young peoples' societies connected with the various churches in the city.

Special efforts are being made just now to increase the membership. The renewals and additions were the largest during December and January that they have been during the

same months, with the exception of the first year.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The regular monthly meeting of the executive committee of the Local Union will be held next Monday evening in the Young Men's Christian Association building.

The next meeting of the Local Union will be held next Tuesday evening at Pilgrim Church. There will be reports from the recent state conventions by Arthur E. Gray and other delegates, a paper will be read on Junior Endeavor and a consecration meeting will be held. There will be the usual contest for the Union's banner.

UNIVERSALIST.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.—The officers of the Sunday School for this year are as follows: Superintendent, Dr. E. D. Fitch; assistants, Charles Davis, Miss Kate E. Parker; secretary, H. C. Robinson; assistant, J. H. Adams; treasurer, Linus Sibley; librarian, E. C. Fuller; assistants, George Bridges, W. H. Towne, Foster Goodwin; superintendent primary department, Mrs. Emily Ward; assistants, Mrs. J. F. Bicknell, Miss Grace Crawford; superintendent of infant department, Miss Grace Geer; assistant, Miss Alice E. Green.

At the annual parish meeting, held Monday evening, E. I. Comins was elected a trustee for two years to fill the unexpired term of the late H. B. Wellington; A. M. Parker and Charles L. Gates were chosen trustees for three years; A. E. Newton was re-elected treasurer and collector. The annual reports showed that the church was in a very prosperous condition, financially. Announcement was made that the church was to be the trustee of a fund of \$1,000, given by Mrs. Mary M. Bancroft of Athol, formerly a member of the church, the interest from which is to be used to purchase fuel for the poor.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PLYMOUTH—The adjourned annual meeting of Plymouth parish was held Tuesday evening, in the church vestry, James H. Bancroft presiding.

The action whereby the parish voted to petition the legislature for a change in the laws governing the election of officers, was rescinded. The appropriations for the year were fixed as follows:—Pastor \$6000; contingent fund, \$400; coal, oil and gas, \$450; ringing chimes \$100; pulpit supply, 450; music, \$2700; treasurer and collectors' salary, \$150; janitor, \$650; total appropriations, \$10,900. The total appropriation exceeds that of last year, \$100. The appropriation for music is raised \$200.

At an adjourned meeting of the Church Wednesday evening, Henry F. Leland was elected Deacon for three years to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Deacon Jehiel Todd.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. Fr. Adrian of Leicester lately ordained at Montreal has been assigned as curate at St. John's Church this city, to take the place of Fr. McDonald who has temporary charge of Rev. John J. McCoy's parish at Westboro.

St. Anne's Church will hold a coffee party in the basement of the church during the week of Washington's birthday.

On next Wednesday evening the Sacred Heart Lyceum will hold its annual banquet. This one promises to eclipse all others in point of success.

BAPTIST.

MAIN STREET BAPTIST.—The Main Street Baptist Church held its annual business meeting last week Friday evening and elected the following officers: B. E. Guy, deacon for four years; E. M. Overholser, treasurer; clerk, E. V. Dexter; George W. Horton, auditor; George A. Thayer, superintendent of Sunday School; assistant, Walter J. Peacock; chairman of committees—Standing, F. L. Durkee; finance, W. H. Dexter; pew, W. B. Gage; music, Ellbridge G. Guy. Deacon F. L. Durkee was moderator and E. V. Dexter, clerk. The membership of the church numbers at present 299.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Smith.

Though the college began a week ago, many of the girls are not yet back, and others who have come are not able to be out, because of the grip.

The gymnasium teacher, Miss Watson, is not able to come back this term and her place is taken by Miss Barrington. The new apparatus is all in now, and Miss Lawrence of Boston, the donor, is here for a few days to start the girls in its use.

In the Junior Whately class, regular parliamentary debates are going on, in which the students are very much interested.

Polytechnic.

At a meeting of '92, held Wednesday afternoon, Messrs. Lyden, A. H. Smith, Collier and Bracken were appointed to nominate committees of arrangements and class day officers for graduation. The class has voted not to publish a class-book but will issue a souvenir similar to ninety's.

Committees are busily engaged making final preparations for '93's half-year supper which occurs next week. These committees were appointed nearly two months ago and every effort is being made to have this supper surpass all previous ones in the history of the Institute.

The present half year closes next Wednesday and the second half begins on Friday noon. There will be no session of the Institute Thursday and Friday morning. Entrance examinations for the apprentice class begin Wednesday morning at eight o'clock and continue for two days. Arrangements are being made for a class of about seventy. Last year the class numbered fifty-four.

The project of an Institute hat is still up for discussion. Tuesday noon a meeting of the joint committee from '93 and '94 organized with Harris, '94, chairman and Paull, '93, secretary. A "mortar-board" was passed around for inspection. The '95 men were of the opinion that their class could not be persuaded to adopt it, and that some other style of headgear must be chosen if the Middlers were to co-operate. Accordingly a sub-committee consisting of the chairmen, secretary and Cobb, '94, was appointed to procure other samples.

Pi Iota has hired and furnished a room in Knowles building for society purposes.

Herbert L. Gale.

Though the bearer of this breezy name is comparatively new to Worcester, the name itself has been long and favorably known in our midst, the late Geo. W. Gale, so long and so favorably recognized as clerk of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, having given to the word a reputation that any one might envy; but if there be any relationship between the families it is so remote that only a genealogical history could trace it.

The present general secretary of Worcester's Young Men's Christian Association is a native of Haverhill, Mass., born under the shadow of Hannah Dustin's monument, and as she was fearless against temporal foes, so our secretary knows no hesitation in his warfare against that which would harm the spiritual man.

He is yet a young man, for it was in 1859, that he made his advent into that bustling city by the Merrimack, a member of a family long established there and long recognized as one of sterling business enterprise. His father was engaged, for thirty years, in the shoe trade and to this vocation his son was reared. He had the advantages of the public schools of his native city, including the High and later he went to New York city to continue the same line of business as that in which his father was engaged.

In time, he became a commercial traveller in his line, and in this capacity, covered the territory from Buffalo to Portland. This occupation gave him a very extensive personal acquaintance, an excellent knowledge of this part of our country and, what is of equal or, possibly, greater importance, an insight into human nature that is in constant use in his secretaryship.

His home, while a resident of the Empire State, was in Brooklyn and there he was a member of Dr. Talmage's famous Tabernacle. His conversion was an exceedingly bright one and, for a time, it seemed probable that he would enter the ministry, but a compromise was made and he went into the Association work. The change was a sudden one, for he performed office work, till noon of the day, on whose afternoon, at three o'clock, he took his satchel and started for his new field.

It was in Middletown, Conn., that he made his essay in his present kind of labor. The Association, there, had been established a long time, but it had suffered vicissitudes innumerable, but Mr. Gale's energetic methods speedily injected new life into it and it very soon reached a pitch of popularity never before attained. This was only about two years ago. He, at once, set about endeavoring to raise money for a building and when the call from Worcester came, he had succeeded in securing subscriptions above \$20,000, nearly half the amount needed and a large sum considering the size of the city.

Worcester's invitation was one that he could hardly decline and, accordingly, in December, 1890, about the middle of the month, he came to this city and assumed the management.

His force and energy are as evident and conspicuous here as they were in his late position. Early and late, he is at his post and

his labors are legion. To take in hand and to direct the many lines of work in an Association as large as that of Worcester requires tact, talent and executive ability of the highest order. All of these characteristics Mr. Gale possesses in a high degree. A study of his face indicates decision and alertness. He has bodily health and vigor to carry out his plans and purposes. He is an active poeticality

gan his work in this capacity October 1st, 1892 and continued, therein, till May 1, 1896. His name, just now, is quite conspicuous in Y. M. C. A. circles on account of his recent return to former associations.

There was, next, an interregnum till March 1st, 1899, when M. B. Van Vranken, a gentleman from New York, became general secretary. But poor health prevented his retaining



throughout the Y. M. C. A. building, and a force, vigilant for good, throughout the city. He is unmarried, and thus is able to give all the more time and attention to the duties of his office.

Former General Secretaries.

The line of these officers in the Worcester Association is not a very long one. The first general secretary, though he was then called superintendent, was Joshua Freeman, who be-

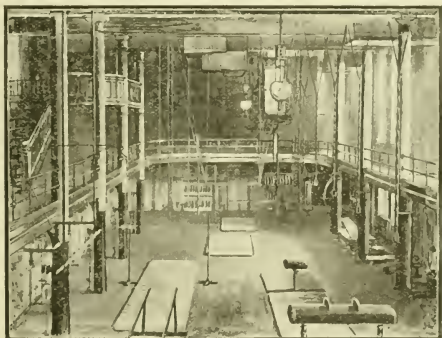
it long and accordingly, he resigned Dec. 2, 1880. Mr. Van V. is well remembered by many Worcester people as a young man of most excellent spirit and all will be pleased to know that he has again entered Association work, laboring now in the South.

Then came the brief acting secretaryship of W. E. Colby, lasting from July 1st, '80, to Oct. 15th, of the same year.

Mr. Richard H. Shelton became the general

secretary, April 15, 1881 and, under his management, the elegant hall of the Association was constructed. He was a bundle of nerves and if his health became impaired through his excessive labors it was only the legitimate result of incessant application. After the edifice was finished and occupied, Mr. Shelton resigned and, for a while, sought much needed rest in New Hampshire. Now he is the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for the state of Maine, and, no doubt, is putting in there the same "best licks" that made him so successful here.

He was succeeded by Samuel G. McConaughy, the youngest general secretary ever in the position in this city. He came from Pennsylvania and very soon made himself an exceedingly popular officer with the members of the Association. But he did not find the East entirely to his liking and so accepted a similar place in Duluth, Minnesota, after about two years of service. He is now in Duluth and very enthusiastic over all that pertains to that lively Western city. This brings us to the present secretary whose portrait adorns our first page.



Worcester Y. M. C. A.

Everybody in this city knows who the building of the Association looks, but there are readers of LIGHT who have not seen, this one of the finest structures in Worcester. Many patrons of the paper left the city years ago, and know us now only as they get such pictures as LIGHT and other similar means aford. It is for such readers that the familiar engraving is reproduced here. Standing on land, reaching from Elm to Pearl Street, it has an exceptionally favorable location, being only a few steps from Main Street and can be entered from both streets. It was opened for use in 1887, the corner stone having been laid August 27, 1886, with appropriate ceremonies. The principal address was made by Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the famous Evangelist. Albert Curtis, who was the largest donator to the building fund, laid the corner stone with a gold plated silver trowel, that day presented to him. The total cost of the structure was

above \$150,000 and of this sum Mr. Curtis contributed one sixth. By general consent it is one of the largest and best equipped Association Halls in the country. Its gymnasium far excels any other in Worcester and is a source of no little pride to the patronizing young America.

It is claimed by those who know, that the seeds of the Association were sown as far back as 1852 when, in the vestry of the Old South Church, an organization was effected of which Thomas Tucker, proprietor of the American House was made president and Nelson Wheeler, principal of the High School, Philip L. Moen and Sabin A. Daniels, vice-presidents. New to Worcester, this was one of the earliest ventures of the kind in the country.

While this did not live a great while, it is interesting as a forerunner of the permanent organization that came into being June 14, 1864. The first meeting was in Lincoln Hall, now a part of the Lincoln House, and successive meetings were held, the 21st and 28th of June, July 12 and 18th and a permanent organiza-

tion was effected which has continued to the present time.

The 6th of September, following, the Association took rooms on the second floor of Mechanics Hall and continued to hold the same for five years. At the first meeting Deacon Ichabod Washburn, through the Rev. W. R. Huntington, presented to the newly formed organization a Bible that continues in use even to this day.

The first remove was to Harrington Block, corner of Main and Front Streets, in June, 1869, but the stay, here, was brief, for in the Fall of 1870 quarters were leased for ten years in the Chapin Block, on Pearl Street, long known as the Post Office Block. Before the expiration of the lease, possibly two years, it was voted to remove to Main Street and accordingly the second floor of the Richmond Block, No. 411, was rented and fitted up. Most excellent work was done in these rooms, circumscribed as they were, compared with

the elaborate appointments, at present, enjoyed. The next and final remove was to the present well known edifice.

During these twenty-seven years, seventeen different men have held the office of president, the most of them for a single year; one, Mr. George C. Whitney, having the position one year each for two terms. For many years, the term extended from one June to the next and the presidents with their years have been as follows: Frederick A. Clapp, 1864; Charles Ballard, '65; Asa L. Burbank, '66; Henry M. Wheeler, '67 and '68; Lucius J. Goddard, '69; Henry H. Merriam, '70; Charles B. Knight, '71; George C. Whitney, '72 and '84; Charles D. Tucker, '73; Edward Whitney, '74 and '75; Samuel W. Cooke, '76 and '77; J. Orlando Bemis, '78, '79 and '80; William Woodward, '81 and '82; James Logan, '83. In 1885, J. O. Bemis was made president again and he continued to 1889 when he was succeeded by the late W. A. Denholm who resigned in April, 1889. Charles F. Rugg was next elected and he continues in office to date, a president who enjoys the thorough confidence of every one connected with the Association.

A careful reading of this list of presidents will give a very good idea of the spirit that pervades the Association. They have not been selected on account of denomination nor wealth, but through the superior fitness that they have shown for the position. No small part of the Association's success is owing to the wisdom and skill of the men who have piloted the body during these years.

Today, the Y. M. C. A. of Worcester stands as the most powerful single agency for good in the city. It is made up of representatives of all denominations who meet on the common ground of devotion to the Christian religion, irrespective of creed. With the classes that are maintained there, with the meetings that are daily held and with the gymnasium in full operation, it will be seen that mind, heart and body are all provided for. Under discreet management the building may be a choice boon to the young men of Worcester. In fine it occupies just that relation today. The letters, Y. M. C. A., are talismanic for good.

Sheridan's Ride.

The intelligent reader must blush with shame to read of a young elocutionist who is much advertised because of her success in England, who decided to give "Sheridan's Ride" before an English audience. The gentleman who was to introduce her asked her: "Where did Sheridan ride to?" The young person did not know, so replied: "To Bunker Hill." The gentleman stepped before the curtain and announced: "Miss— will recite Sheridan's Ride to the Battle of Bunker Hill." This was too much for some Americans in the audience, and the mistake was corrected. It is no wonder that elocution as a form of public entertainment has fallen off if this represents the intellectual ability of its exponents. How could any one recite intelligently a poem depicting a dramatic incident who did not know the history and environment of the incident? Without this knowledge the reciting becomes the effort of a parrot with a trained voice. — *Christian Union.*

An idle brain is the devil's shop.

The Week.

CITY.

Jan. 8—Sleighting excellent and those who can afford it are out with jingling bells.

National Three Years Benefit Order in trouble. This effects Worcester somewhat.

9—Diphtheria reported epidemic in Wards one and Eight.

Livey sleighting on the Boulevard.

Ex-Alderman Samuel A. Porter dies, 84 years.

10—Rev. I. J. Lansing resigns the pastorate of the Salem Square Church. Everybody surprised.

Dr. Almon Gunnison talks about Penn and the Quakers at the First Universalist.

Christ Church moving to secure a vestry.

11—Annual meetings of All Souls, and First Universalist Parishes, Old South, First and Second Unitarian Parishes.

Dr. Emerson Warner elected president of the Boston Wesleyan University Club.

12—Mr. Joseph Mason resigns the presidency of the Central Bank. Henry A. Marsh succeeds him.

Volapük Club elects J. C. Pellett, president.

Miss Margaret O'Neill appointed second assistant clerk at the Central District Court.

13—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe addresses the Woman's Club on "The Rights of Women."

Dr. Franz Boas resumes measurements in the schools, this time at Belmont Street.

Resignation of the Rev. I. J. Lansing accepted by Salem Square Church.

Armenians and Swedes have a snow ball fight at Lincoln Square. The Northern forces triumph.

14—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Adelaide A. Claffin address the Woman's Suffrage League and others at the Church of the Unity.

"Bill" Nye the humorist appears in Mechanics Hall.

Woman's Relief Corps holds meeting and hears encouraging reports for the year.

Mrs. Booth-Clibborn addresses a full house at the Salem Square Congregational Church. A noteworthy gathering of Salvationists and others.

President Hyde of Bowdoin addresses Academy students.

COUNTY.

8—Grand military ball in Clinton. Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.

Mrs. Cheney Dane dies in West Brookfield, 96 years.

9—Seth Gilbert found dead in his bed, Brookfield, 66 years.

11—Edwin S. Merrill, Postmaster of Winchendon, dies of La Grippe, 74 years. He had held his office 43 years.

Grafton suffers from a severe fire. The Pratt Cotton Mills in Centerville destroyed. Loss \$40,000, fully insured.

12—Fire destroys the old rink edifice in Gardner, robbing the Gardner Journal of a home.

13—Mr. Newton Makepeace, one of the most respected citizens of West Brookfield, dies suddenly of apoplexy, induced by the grip, 42 years.

In Mendon, Dr. John J. Metcalf, the oldest physician in Worcester County, dies of pneumonia, 91st year.

14—In Westboro, Republicans nominate Dr. Clinton Nichols to succeed Mr. Ambrose, Representative, resigned, and the Democrats nominate George H. Hero, both candidates of Westboro.

COMMONWEALTH.

8—Street car catches fire on Bowdoin Square, Boston. Electric current went the wrong way.

Wool manufacturers have annual dinner at the Parker House, Boston.

9—Governor Russell adds Maj. Fred B. Bogan of Boston, Maj. Fred G. King of Boston and Lt. Commander James L. Carter of Brookline to his staff. Three new colonels.

10—The fund for benefit of Phillips Andover Academy increased \$50,000, since June.

Rev. Philip E. Moxon of the First Baptist Church in Boston resigns.

11—Legislative committees announced.

Hon. Geo. C. Crocker, chairman of Railroad commission resigns. Governor Russell can now appoint.

12—Parsons Mason, an aged colored man of Springfield, dies, leaving property to the amount of \$50,000. He founds a home for worthy old men.

Springfield organizes a new Social Club. A Massachusetts veteran, Horace J. Poland, gives up his \$8 per month pension.

13—Governor Russell nominates for R. R. Commissioner to succeed Crocker, resigned, Ex-Speaker John E. Sanford of Taunton. He will be confirmed.

It is soberly proposed to tunnel Boston Common in the interests of Rapid Transit.

Harvard's Dicky Club says it will do better and won't brand any more arms.

14—The long expected debate between Harvard and Yale takes place in Sanders Theater, Cambridge. Yale said the young voter in '92 should cast a Democratic ballot. Harvard said "No." Governor Russell presided. No decision, but the affair a great success. Not so much kicking as at a foot ball game, but vastly more sense.

Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch dies in Boston, 84 years.

Charles I. White, the composer, dies in Boston, 62 years.

Mrs. H. Adelaide Matthews.

Mrs. Harriet Adelaide (Greene) Matthews, who died Friday January 8, in this city was the daughter of the late Smith Greene, who was born in Smithfield, R. I. in 1805, and Mary Taylor Clark, who was born in Northampton Mass., in 1808.

Mrs. Matthews was born in the village of Kittville, in Grafton, Mass., August 12, 1836. Her father was at that time in company with the late Dr. Levi Rawson of Farnumville in the manufacture of shoe-kits. The financial distress which followed especially in New England, President Andrew Jackson's abolition of the United States Bank caused the downfall of the firm of Rawson & Greene. Smith Greene moved to Elizabeth Port, N. J. in 1841; thence to Providence R. I. in 1846; thence to Kittville again in 1850; thence to Worcester in 1852, where he died in 1856. During all this time, Adelaide, as she was called by her father's expressed wishes, was the help and comfort of her mother. She showed from early childhood the well balanced judgment and kind affection that characterized her throughout life.

Wishing to obtain an education beyond what her father's means would allow, in 1852 she went to work for the late Jonathan Groot of Worcester, making porte-monies, which people now past their youth can remember were once fashionable. By this means she

earned enough to pay her way through a course at the Oread Institute, then in its palmy days and which was under the personal direction of the Hon. Eli Thayer who started the institution. Mrs. Matthews has said in late years, that the Institute after Mr. Thayer entered politics, never attained its former glory and prestige.

She was married to Mr. William J. Matthews Christmas, 1856, by the Rev. Daniel W. Faunce, then pastor of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church. She leaves beside her husband, one daughter Lillian, and one son, William John, Jr. She also leaves four brothers, Levi R. Greene of Boston, John W. Greene of Worcester, Aaron F. Greene of Upton and James H. E. Greene of Worcester. Her father, Smith Greene, was grand-nephew to General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame.

Mrs. Matthews once spent six months in London, England, her husband's home, before her first child Lillian, was born. Early in June, 1885, the family removed to London which has since been their home. In 1887, Mrs. Matthews came here to visit her mother, who afterwards died in December of that year; again she came in 1889 on a two months' visit and came again last year to die amid the scenes of her much loved Worcester. She used to say that, though she had seen much of the world, there was no scenery so beautiful, nor any streets so charming as those of Worcester.

She was a well informed woman on the affairs of both her native country and those of Europe, which added greatly to her abilities as conversationalist, in which art she excelled. Her powers of description were exceptionally fine, both in conversation and correspondence. Her letters to her few confidential friends were charming epistles. Her description of the last days of the Emperor Frederick and how Sir Morrel Makenzie kept him alive thereby making Queen Victoria's oldest daughter the empress dowager of Germany was a treat to any one who loves romance.

Mrs. Matthews was long identified with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Worcester, though in a quiet way.

The tears of gratitude and blessings of those to whom she showed loving-kindness are her best epitaph. She was a devout Christian and of great spirituality.

Her remains are buried in Hope Cemetery beside those of an infant daughter.

Rail Road Manners.

Such manners are not confined to the Boston & Albany by any means, but as in this section, that road is most travelled it affords the most numerous examples of the selfishness said to be innate in all men. A few mornings since an elderly lady (?) with a very heavy seal-skin sack, at any rate it was presumably of that character, seated herself in a car and at once threw open the window, thus rendering the car, in her vicinity, uncomfortable for everybody but herself. Rain beat in, men changed their seats, small boys blinked out the cinders but still that woman kept the window open. What cared she? She was happy. She took Horace's motto in full, "Every man for himself and Scabier take the hindmost."

Yours know more than books.



Concerning the Good Teacher.

"He studieth his scholar's natures as carefully as they their books.—Thomas Fuller.

Industrial Training.

The old apprentice system is dead and buried, and cannot be revived. Trades Unions and other labor organizations object to having a sufficient number of youth taught skilled labor lest it should compete with their own. If a boy continues through the entire grammar school course, unless he is a bright scholar he is rather old to learn a trade which requires skill, and he has his head filled in addition to the knowledge which will be of use to him, with a good deal of stuff that is of no use unless he is going to the high school and thence to the college or scientific schools. Our system of education is based on the notion that education consists in learning what is contained in books, instead of the training which fits youth for the active duties of life. The result is that boys leave school all along through the course from the second year of the grammar school up, until it comes to graduating at the high school, when there are two or three times as many girls as boys, and neither sex is trained to the work which awaits them in life. When industrial training is proposed the objection is made that we already undertake too much, that there are now too many studies in the public schools, and since this is true, objection is effective, and yet it is more important to a boy to know how to use tools than it is to know the rules of grammar, which never enable any human being to use the English language correctly and forcibly. A rich man has used his wealth for the benefit of the city of Cambridge, in the gift of the public library, and of the Rindge school, named for the donor, in which the boys of the high school and other boys qualified to learn, are taught to work in wood and iron, and no expense is spared in the building, the appliances, or the teachers, as Mr. Rindge does not expect that cities and towns will establish schools so expensive as this, but offers a model of what can be done in this direction. In Germany the plan is carried still further, and the boys are taught trades in trade schools and are turned out finished workmen. In this way Germany furnishes the United States with skilled labor which might be trained here from the American stock which is more ingenious, and of more natural capacity for mechanical excellence than any people in the world. The Boston Commercial Bulletin says that the Boot and Shoe Club has appointed a committee to consider the establishment of a trade school for the Boot and Shoe industry, and this fact shows that there is a want in this industry; and what is true here is also true of others. There is no need of adding to the number of studies which any particular pupil shall pursue, but the boys should be taught according to their capacity, and the business which they will probably follow when they leave school. Under the present system

the course of study is a Procrustean bed in which the short are stretched out to fill it, and the tall have their heads cut off so that they shall not reach beyond it. Industrial training is of more importance than a large part of what boys learn at school for the average boy. It would fit him more thoroughly for the active duties of life, and be of more advantage to the pupil in an educational point of view, and public in training of good and useful citizens. It is a subject which is stirring the public mind, and which deserves careful and a thorough consideration.—Windham County Transcript.

Cornell.

This institution is to lose two valuable members of the faculty in the resignations of Professors Hale and Laughton to accept \$7,000 chairs in the new Chicago University. Prof. Hale is at the head of the Latin Department and has held this position since 1880. Prof. Laughton is in charge of the Department of Economics. Chicago is searching for the best.

The New York Sun figures out that the students in Cornell are more religiously inclined than in any other college. If so, it is an item for the university to be happy over.

Dr. Frank Angell of Cornell was recently married to Miss Louise, daughter of the Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, formerly Secretary of State.

Shorthand in Our Colleges.

Although the profession of stenographic reporting has been accurately traced back to the days of Julius Cæsar and Cicero, yet it cannot be said to have attained any great degree of perfection until about the middle of the last century.

In its early days stenography was merely an abbreviated form employed by private individuals for insuring secrecy in recording memoranda. Today it is a nicely adjusted art, established upon scientific principles, and forming a most potent element in the social, political, commercial and judiciary world.

Notwithstanding the fact that this subject has been so exhaustively treated, and has reached a practical excellence heretofore unknown, it is somewhat surprising, with its wonderful adaptability to every-day use, that it is not more universally employed in jotting down private notes.

In our colleges where students are more or less required to note down the lectures of their professors for future reference and study, it is almost an enigma how this can be accomplished with any degree of accuracy under the present conditions.

Stenography should be included in the curriculum of every college, even if in a very abridged form.

For instance if the student had learned a few of the "special forms" and "word signs" occurring frequently in ordinary conversation, of what inestimable value they would prove in trying to follow a speaker. Instead of spending the time to write out "the," "a" and "an," a dot of the pencil will suffice; instead of "is," "his," "as," "has" a tiny circle—each, of course, in its relative position to the line.

A list of about fifty of these ordinary words could be prepared and memorized with but

little application, a knowledge of which would most assuredly prove serviceable.

EMILY SUPPLE.

How Brooks Captured Boston.

"When Harvard celebrated the end of the war" says Julius H. Ward, in the January New England Magazine, "Phillips Brooks was asked to make the prayer on this occasion. The man whose heart and imagination had been fired to the utmost in the heat of the contest could not even pray on such an occasion without breaking forth into words that rose to the greatness of the event; and Colonel Henry Lee, the Harvard marshal for that day, once said to me: 'The services on that occasion were not equal to what men felt. Everything fell short and words seemed to be too weak. Phillips Brooks' prayer was an exception. That was a free speaking to God, and it was the only utterance of that day which filled out its meaning to the full extent. Lowell's Commemoration Ode was great, and so was General Devens' speech, but Brooks surpassed them both. The eager inquiry of that day after that prayer was, 'Who is Phillips Brooks?' It was the first time that he had appeared before the most distinguished audience that could be collected in New England; and from that moment the growing thought at Trinity Church was to induce Bishop Eastburn to resign, and to call Phillips Brooks to the rectorship of Trinity Church.'"

Just What She Wanted.

Young lady (at bird store)—Has this parrot any accomplishments?

Proprietor—He can speak a little, but he is too old to learn anything new.

Young lady (hesitatingly)—Would he imitate any sounds he might hear, such as a sneeze, or a cough, or anything of that kind?

Proprietor—No. The girls were trying the other day to teach him to imitate the sound of a kiss, but he wouldn't do it.

Young lady—I'll take him.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Kicker.

"How's business today?" asked a passer-by of a poor fellow who had lost both legs—either at Gettysburg or in a saw mill—and was being trundled along the street by a companion, together with a dyspeptic monkey and an asthmatic organette.

"Well," said the legless musician, as he panted in the middle of a popular melody, "I can't kick."

Solons and Papers.

In the usual order of events, at the opening of the Legislature an order was made directing the securing of two copies each of Boston, Worcester and Springfield dailies and of one each of all other Massachusetts dailies for the reading room, but several members understood the order to apply to each one, and they were in high dudgeon over what they considered the unwarrantable extravagance of the body, moreover they wondered where they were going to store their many papers. They were almost vexed when they found that they were off and that they would have to go to the reading room for a sight at the literature. "It beats all how much some people have to learn."



Books and Bookmen

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.— Bacon, *Essay on Studies*.

Dibdin and others have written of book madness, but if ever there was a moment when Americans were in danger of going beside themselves on the subject of books, it is today. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is the book over which they are going daft. It is published for all sorts of prices, but when the purchaser buys it, the chances are that he has a book that reads away over his head. For the general public there is not a *Cyclopaedia* less adapted to the needs of the average American than this. The *International Peoples'*, *Johnston's*, *Appleton's* or *Chambers'* are all better calculated to answer his questions. What does he care for long treatises on abstract topics. He wants a question answered in the very shortest way possible; but this big book gives him enough to make even *Domine Sampson* cry out "Prodigious." The old junk dealer will yet be selling *Cyclopaedias* for two cents a pound.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Company have just issued a fourth edition of Prof. Hiram Corson's admirable *Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry*, revised and enlarged. The new matter consists of a half-tone reproduction of an autograph photograph of the poet, taken not long before his death, a fac-simile of a most interesting personal letter to the author, and *A Death in the Desert* with its argument. The volume contains in all five scholarly essays on Browning's poetry, and thirty-four of his most characteristic poems with necessary notes and introductions; also a list of criticisms on Browning. This volume has received the warmest commendations of the poet and stands at the head of the list of critical works. This new edition is furnished at the same price as the old, \$1.50.

A unique experiment will be tried in the February issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The entire number has been contributed in prose, fiction and verse by the daughters of famous parentage, as a proof that genius is often hereditary. The work of thirty of these "daughters" will be represented. These will comprise the daughters of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, James Fenimore Cooper, Horace Greeley, Mr. Gladstone, President Harrison, William Dean Howells, Senator Ingalls, Dean Bradley of Westminster, Julia Ward Howe, General Sherman, Jefferson Davis and nearly a score of others. Each article, poem or story printed in this number has been especially written for it, and the whole promises to be a successful result of an idea never before attempted in a magazine.

The *Mentor*, published by the Alumni of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston

has entered upon its second volume. The January number has as frontispiece a beautiful engraving of the little deaf and blind girl, Helen A. Keller, who has excited as much interest possibly as did Laura Bridgeman, after Charles Dickens' famous description. Also there is an essay by this eleven years old child on "The Frost King." It would be considered an excellent effort from any pupil, but when we reflect that she has had only five years of instruction, the result is remarkable. The *Mentor* costs one dollar a year and may be had by addressing J. W. Smith, No. 37 Avon Street, Boston, Mass.

Among the periodicals that come to the desk of *LIGHT*, the *Magazine of New England History* holds a high position. Its contents are varied and to the antiquarian exceedingly interesting. In the January Magazine, which is No. 1 for Vol. 2, the first article is a valuable discussion of the relative ages of Southold and Southampton, Long Island. It seems quite allowable to include this section in *New England for Librarian Hannahs* of the Long Island Historical Society has said that nothing could be more thoroughly New Englandish, than the eastern end of the Island, not even Cape Cod. Genealogy is treated in "The Descendants of John Holmes, of Jefferson, N. H." Dr. John Green of Boston contributes a prelude to the Revolutionary pamphlet which was of absorbing interest in those early and trying days. Principal Huling of New Bedford continues his extracts from the *Letter Book of Samuel Hubbard*. Notes, Queries, Editorial Notes, and Book Notes are, all of interest and value to him who would with the past hold communion and, from the ancient records, draw facts for later use and diversion. The *Quarterly* is published by R. H. Tilley in Newport, R. I., at \$2 per annum.

The January *Education*, under the able direction of Frank H. Kasson is one of the best numbers yet issued. President Charles F. Thwing of the Adelbert University discusses "The Higher Education and Christianity." Rev. A. D. Mayo's "The support of the Secondary and Higher Education by the State." is part I of a subject that long experience has enabled him to treat most intelligently "Real and sham observation by Children" by Henry L. Clapp and "Claims, for English as a Study," by True W. White are practical articles for teachers. Prof. Richardson's "Inspiring Pupils to Honorable Actions" is one of the best contributions to the number, for what is teaching worth if he does not prompt to noble doing. Prof. Scarborough's dissertation on one of Grote's Interpretations is a very clear and scholarly treatment of that Historian's rendering of a certain word to Thucydides, while President W. M. Beardshear discusses "State Education, Its purposes and Needs." Editorial matter and correspondence and Foreign Notes are very full. The *Bibliography of Current Periodical Literature* upon *Education* is one of the complete compilations furnished by any publication. *Education* is published at 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, 3.00 a year.

No name in the agricultural world ever had a wider reputation than that of Orange Judd

and now the *American Agriculturalist* which he once conducted so successfully is about to celebrate its semi-centennial. Fifty years old, 108 broad pages, 143 original engravings, articles by 88 authorities in every branch of agriculture and domestic affairs, and a wonderfully compact array of statistics, showing why the future for farmers is brilliant with hope—these are a few of the characteristics of that sterling magazine for January, the *American Agriculturalist*, 52 and 54 Lafayette place, New York. The unique celebration of its entrance upon its second half century is a marked event in the agricultural world.

The family features are rich in reminiscences, *Clarissa Potter* describing the good old times in New England, *Jessie Benton Fremont* giving an historical episode of the Far West, *Frank G. G. Carpenter* describing the washerwomen of the world, and *Katherine Lee* relates the women's colleges of the country. The boys and girls are well remembered, not the least interesting thing for them being a novel puzzle contest with \$175 in prizes. The *Orange Judd Co.*, publishers, 52 and 54 Lafayette Place New York; price 15c per copy \$1.50 per year.

Boston Public Library.

"It is surprising to see the number of ill-clad men who surfeit the entire day for months in this room, reading one book after another. How they live is one of those things no fellow can tell. But they are there. Almost every nationality is represented in this mass of readers; even John Chinaman is "in it;" but he has hitherto devoted himself to Puck or Judge, which papers, by the way, before being properly expelled from the library, were the most widely circulated, of their list of 478 periodicals. Harper's Weekly is next in demand, while Scribner's and Harper's are the most sought after of the magazines. Among the ladies', *Don Don*, *Life*, *Harper's Bazar* and the *Century* are the favorites, while of the newspapers, the *Pilot* is the first to wear out.

The average circulation of the entire list is about four hundred each night, but of course it is many times that amount during the day.

The trustees find a decided improvement in the class of readers since the enforcement of the new rule of closing at 9 P. M. instead of 10.

There are not so many of the tramp order to make the room a resting place. Boys are largely represented their papers, being the several juvenile and comic publications.—*Transcript*.

The Seventh Biennial Report of the Board of Directors of the Kansas State Historical Society for the period commencing Nov. 21, 1888 and ending Nov. 18, 1890 is at hand.

It shows how rapidly this library is growing. It is probable that no other library in the land is taking so much pains to collect files of papers which will really reflect the ways of living of the day better than any book can do. Not only is the list of Kansas papers very complete but a large array is shown from other states. Massachusetts is well represented.

The society has the advantage of an enthusiastic, indefatigable Secretary, Mr. F. G. Adams, who is ever on the alert to advance its interests. It is probable that the collections of the Kansas State Historical Society will excel in extent and interest all similar col-

lections west of the Mississippi. There are already, nearly 60000 titles of books and pamphlets.

Table Talk for January is full of seasonal good things, spread out before the housewife by Mrs. Rorer in her own practical style. To run a household in a manner economical, and at the same time satisfactory to the demands of even an epicurean stomach, is, not we should think, an altogether easy task. Yet this is what Mrs. Rorer asserts can be done, and the province of her magazine is to show and teach exactly how it can be done. That Table Talk is quite equal to the task would seem verified by its six years of popularity and success. Published by the Table Talk Publishing Co. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. \$1 a year; 12c single copy.

During his connection with Punch, John Leech contributed over 3000 drawings to the paper, and received some £40,000 in payment.

The Dedham Historical Register for January is No. 1 of Vol. III of this Quarterly. Every number is a confirmation of the assumption that our towns have an abundance of material for publication. The field that the Register is working is a very rich and, apparently, an inexhaustible one.

We have, as a frontispiece, a heliotype of John Rogers's statuette of John Eliot preaching to the Indians. Of course, this is purely ideal but it is beautiful and let us hope that, some day, Roxbury, Newton or Natick may see the same set up, of heroic size in bronze or granite. "Indian Missions in Massachusetts" by Mary S. Locke which naturally follows this picture is the first of a series and is one of the most valuable compilations yet made on this subject. "Schools and Teachers in Dedham" continues to be an interesting theme. "Early Times in Dedham" introduces many names still familiar in this and neighboring towns. "Dover in the Revolution" and "Dedham in the Rebellion" are continued. Other titles are "The Ames Diary," "Franklin, Mass., Births," "First Parish in Needham," "The Editor of By-Gone Days," "Dover, Mass., Births," "Needham, Mass., Epitaphs," "John Eliot, the Indian Apostle," "Ezekiel Holliman," "First Church in Dorchester." The Register is published at \$1 a year.

At the meeting of the Horticultural Society next Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the question for discussion will be "The preservation of roadside trees and the improvement of public grounds." James Draper will read a paper on the subject and a general discussion will follow.

Things Change.

A gentleman is now a member of the Legislature who was a member in "War Times." He says that circumstances have altered mightily. Then, men seemed to hold office by reason of merit, now somebody "hustles" and "gets there." As he puts it, "There is no such thing as preferment going by fitness, it goes to the man that makes the biggest stir and has the longest reach." Is there not a measure of truth in these words? And is the situation confined to the State Legislature?

Curious Corner.

Not infrequently an invention has been suggested by some trivial event which would have passed unnoticed had not a man with eyes and brains seen it. Argand, a poor Swiss, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, up which a current of air was allowed to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as to the exterior of the circular flame. At first Argand used the lamp without a glass chimney. One day he was busy in his work room and sitting before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil-flask over different articles; suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. It did more, for it flashed into Argand's mind the idea of the lamp-chimney, by which his invention was perfected.

Dr. Flint is quoted as saying: "I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

The Faithful Dog of Helvelly.

A monument has just been erected on Helvelly, (a mountain of Cumberland, England, 3,300 feet high) to the memory of Charles Gough, who, in the year 1805, was killed by falling from the high crags on the ridge that joins Striding Edge to the summit; and of the faithful dog who for three months watched over her master's remains. Sir Walter Scott describes the event in the poem "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvelly," and Wordsworth records it in his lines on "Fidelity."

The young man was returning to Wythburn, where he lodged, from a fishing excursion to Patterdale. The accident was probably caused by a false step, during a blinding hail-storm or a dense fog that day. It happened on April 18, and on July 20 his bones were found, still watched by the starving dog, a little yellow, rough-haired female terrier. She had given birth to puppies, which were found dead by the side of the corpse. It is believed though unable to secure enough food for milk for her young, she maintained life by bits of carrion sheep which are not infrequently found on the hills; but she might have had to range far and wide during her three months' watch. The mere fact that the bones were found intact serves to prove the assertion that the dog did not touch the remains of her master, for dogs break the bones to suck the marrow. This animal died a few years afterward at Kendal.

The merit of the suggestion to erect this monument belongs to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose design has been carried into execution by the aid of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, both names of some repute in literature.—Illustrated Evening News.

President G. Stanley Hall has been suffering from the grip this week.

Progression.

Within our minds is one conclusion fixed,
Not born of vain imaginings,
And that no warped opinion can restrict,
That 'tis our right to peer into
The unseen world, and view the light beyond.
If we but go de our straying feet
With heartfelt truth, and love, are ever fond
Of thoughts and deeds that will unfold
Our spirit's grandest purpose, we shall know
That the angels who more truly live,
We have but to improve this life, and grow
In graces that adorn the soul.
We know the unseen ones may far outrun
Our lagging feet, to reach their plane
We must maintain the strife for work undone.
Would saint or sinner bar our way?
Are we the worse for spirit cognizance?
May not our souls in sunlight bask?
E'en Christ Himself did not forbid the glance,
But bent our thoughts to things above,
And told us 'twould surely come again.
Proving the truth beyond a doubt
That there are many hearticals, not in vain
Sent to us from the world of love,
A subtle something is the sure response
Within our eager, anxious souls
About, which angels through a firmer scene
Gainst gloomy doubts, and sterner fear,
And in this truth is one incentive grand,
Our fainting hearts to guide and cheer,
That with the unseen ones we yet may stand
And in their presence learn to know
That progress lieth, as here, is proved a power,
Our souls are like all natural growth,
A fair, symmetrical, and budding flower,
The hand of Death is tender too,
It starts the spirit back to bloom anew,
A rare unfoldment is the end.
Nay, think not that we covet death, nor view
It as a monster dread, we feel
The force of gradual growth, and long to pace
Still nearer to the unseen ones—
The tokens of death will leave us no trace.
Death gives a royal robe, aside
The old one falls, Death is a summer shower
That waxes the soul bud to new life,
And with aptured fate will burst in flower.
A friend in Death is none the less,
Who leads us toward Elysian fields where we
Through progress' mighty law are fit
To know the grandeur of eternity.
Our Father does not love us less
Because so human that the thought of eyes,
Dear spirit eyes, can move us to
More earnest work, and fault that in us lies
Seems pitiful, and fills us with
A deep and constant sense of burning shame,
Because those loving eyes can see,
And grief for our misdeeds. He does not blame
The one who holds a truth, and proves
It good to their this earthly bidding place.
There is no call within this life
That fills us up with pure, and saintly grace
As knowledge that our angels know
Are conscious of each life and every deed.
And if we will accept the truth
The converse sweet will prove a royal need.
Why should we aliens be to truth?
Unveil your hearts, and let your lives resound
With knowledge that the world's commune,
Nor make your silence prove you alien bound.
—Mrs. A. H. Hinman.

Inasmuch.

The Scriptural words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children, etc.," have had a fresh illustration, recently, in this city, when Dr. B. F. Clough and wife set about securing means to properly bury the remains of the late Dr. Scribner. For many years a physician in Leicester and this city, but in later years, "Misfortunes had followed fast and followed faster" till in death there seemed only a burial at the public expense. All honor to his late associate and the latter's wife in moving in the matter so that his body may rest finally in some other place than the Potter's Field.

"Waiting."

BERTHA BRIDGMAN DAVIS.

[Concluded from last week.]

Aunt Polly's flower garden seemed like one dark abyss. Henry Warden sat near the window and mused. So had these from childhood's happy hours been planted in his heart, and had sprung up into fruitfulness of joy; but the mist that had been gathering in this last vacation time, now seemed to be settling over his future like one dense cloud.

But the happiest life has its night and with the rising wind his one long vacation day was drawing to a close.

He sat shut till the rain and wind compelled him to shut the window, from which he went to the one facing the sea. A remarkable sight met his gaze. The sky was a murky confusion.

Here and there great forming masses like dark fuel smoke, clouds rushing everywhere and terminating in remarkable heaps.

In another hour the sky was more overcast; and the wind was fiercer and when Night drew her wet mantle closer around the earth the hand could hardly be distinguished before the face, and again Henry Warden sat musing.

Thoughts of his own life and future happiness went drifting out to sea, with the wind and the waves, and soul tossed and weather tossed creatures of God.

Fisherman's tales become illustrated before his fixed vision, as a lightning flash would reveal to him only the depth of the darkness out there on the deep; and the pictures of men clinging to masts and souls striving after God came in quick succession. Afar off on the land were frantic wives and loving mothers, counting the minute hand of despairing time, while one sad sweet face remained before him waiting for one who might never return.

Still the storm increased and Henry Warden, saddened by the sight, but made nobler by his sorrowing, went to watch with her whose sorrow he so well knew.

When he arrived at the cottage there stood

"Mabel, with her face against the pane."

The kettle had been singing—

"Set the table, Maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm,
For your fisher lover
Is out there in the storm."

As the storm grew worse, the expression of terror upon her sweet face increased to one of hopeless despair.

With a peal of thunder, like the crashing and snapping of masts and timbers of some ship at sea which had fallen in the seething waters and struck bottom on the rocks and bones of former victims, immediately came a flash of lightning through the windows and played around the andirons; while the wind blew furiously down the big chimney leaving the moaning sound of a dying man ringing in her ears.

The night wore on. The day broke. Out-side, heaps upon heaps of dead leaves lay strewn all over the ground. Others just stripped of their last hope of life, were flying promiscuously through the air. While the wind breathed its worn out passion of nature, the sun came slyly up over the hills as though

mistrusting the havoc of the night and doubting even that its light might be welcome to some sad hearts.

As the day grew, the winds abated as though driven back by the rising sun, which came peeping over the top of the barn and glanced in at the window, where through the long night was that face against the pane. Mabel had now left the window and the pale, calm face showed a repose in God. She went about preparing the morning meal, unconscious that the sun came in and played around the breakfast cups at the same time, encircling her throat like a golden chain and fastening itself like a warm loving clasp of friendship.

The neighbors flocked together to talk over the storm. It was pronounced the worst ever known on the coast and all walked down to the shore to gather any spoils that the waves, the ocean's mottos might have brought to the land.

Perhaps a cap of blue or a tie taking passage on some homeward bound remnant of the ship's side, come to tell of the wearer's doom or mayhap his last words, forgotten when parted, were cried out for the winds to carry, but were stifled and buried with the speaker in a watery grave. Some of these on-lookers turn away sad yet hopeful because not even a token came to tell of love, in that unspeakeable way.

Mabel and Henry Warden went, both very pale and anxious.

As they all drew nearer, they were startled by the sight of a long black shape stretched at full length upon the sand.

They hastened with bated breath, each looking for the outline of some beloved father, brother or friend.

Oh! The horrors of that moment as the figure came nearer to view.

Oh! The agony of suspense in the moment of recognition.

Do their faces speak of disappointment as they gently lift the body and turn its face toward the sun, where the purplish hue of a once fair visage discloses no clue to their fears?

The face is smooth. The lips are thin and compressed, while the forth-gurgling foam from out mouth and nostrils gives a ghastly look to the dead.

The curly hair, fast drying in the sun, is gloriously beautiful; and indicates the eyes of blue, those windows to that unseen soul were closed, but their draperies were hung in artistic repose.

Mabel turned away.

But some whose curiosity does not wane, searched his clothes, and find in one of the breast pockets a little testament with a tintype of a woman, whose undeniable likeness identifies him at once as somebody's darling and pride.

CHAPTER III.

A week passed and not one came back to tell of the fated vessel and again

"Mabel, timid Mabel, with her face against the pane,
Stood looking out—"

while the sun that had cloyed around the breakfast cups and encircled her neck now covered her in a halo of glory. She responded to the warm touch and gazed afar off into the fleecy clouds; saw it was a beautiful

world and those of her loved ones gone, seemed nearer; and with beautiful thoughts she wandered to their guidance, to the very gates of heaven. There stood Ben at his portals. His countenance radiant. As he held the white gates open he seemed to say to her, "I am waiting for you, Mabel."

And in the vision she saw the throne and she thought of the great king of that country and the Savior of all; and with new hopes she put herself in His keeping and guidance; a newly born spirit was perceived, like the sun drawing the morning dew which has bathed the hills and sparkles on higher plane.

Just then the latch clicked and Henry Warden came to bid farewell.

The next day he must return to his debit and credit accounts, no more speculating with time, for his problem of life was about solved.

She met him as he came into the room; she knew for what he had come and was silent.

He took her hand and looked questioningly down into her face.

He read in it the expression of her heart and her late sorrow.

He would have kissed her but she drooped her head, then quickly raising it said, "'Tis not because I do not love you that I hesitate in this but"—Henry Warden with all the grandeur that his nature was capable of looked upon that sweet face and read her pure heart; and answering said, "I can't now because you would be sorry for it, God bless you," and he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

'Twas when three months had passed in one of those large cities, a bookkeeper sat at his desk.

His face wore an expression as if in search of something he could not find. At last drawing a little slip, cut from a newspaper, he read from the scrap, "Brought to life, or Ben Hatch the sailor returned to tell of the fated vessel that was wrecked near the coast 16—" After reading it he felt satisfied even though it took away his last hope and the burden of his prayer continued to be "God bless her."

The sun was setting and left a fitful light around the fireside in Mabel's home. The kettle was singing its song—

"Go spread the supper table,
And set a steaming;
Your fisher lover—"

The kettle was taken off. The tea was made. The family gathered around the table and there listened as he told them of the terrors of that night.

How the thunder roared and the lightning flashed; showing the white face of some brother sinking just out of reach.

How he, Ben, clung to the ship's side till his body, floating on the top of the waters, came alongside of a spar and with one deep despairing clutch he caught the one fragment of hope, and with his fast failing strength, wound the rope around his body and fastened it to the spar; and tossed at the will of the sea was found unconscious by a foreign ship, and finally carried to a Sailors' Home.

There he lay powerless for weeks.

The story was a long one, but the telling of joy was longer.

To Ben it seemed many years since he had wooed his fair Mabel at the gate. But now was come the wedding day.

The little church stood on a green carpeted ground, arrayed in white like the bride, who glided down the aisle in a simple gown with flowing bridal veil.

And there at her throat catching two shreds of lace, a pin, one forget-me-not, set in a coll of gold. In the centre of the flower was fastened a pearl, just as though a tear had dropped thereon.

It came in a little white box, bearing the postmark—city. That was all it said. The marriage passes. Ben and Mabel walk down the church aisle, out into a new life.

CHAPTER V.

Ten fleeting years had passed.

Time had wrought but few changes to the landscape round about.

Long ago he had laid a clammy hand upon the brow of Squire Smith; and the sound of the axe was not heard for the workman was called to receive his wages and to labor near his master. The mail coach had again brought city boarders. But Aunt Polly, dear soul, was away.

They, the city folk, were taking their first stroll on the beach.

It happened to be the day when ten years ago that great storm swept the coast and gathered so many to the ocean's rough bosom.

They marveled at the change in nature, as the ebbing tide went out and the sea breezes fanned their cheeks.

One among them, walking as if alone, had a far off look upon his handsome face as though his thoughts might be in that distant ship, where only the white winged canvas could be seen fluttering near the heavens, like specks of pretty cloud.

The traveller left the shore and turned in the direction of the church. Passing some bushes where the wild flowers grew he stooped to pluck once more, the roses whose delicate pink reminded him of the flush of a cheek when beside him ten years before he had placed some in her hair.

While he picked the thorns scratched his hands, as if they could lay bare the old wound in his heart.

He was nearing the house from which he had once fled so quickly.

Meeting a fisherman, he accosted him with a word about the weather in which the old salt reminded him, that just ten years ago occurred that fearful storm—but here the old man seemed to be muttering, "Ben was saved but now he's gone to that shore, where they tell me no storms ever come and"—Henry Warden, for it was he, staggered, put his hand to his brow and asked, "Dead?" "Yes, Ben is dead and"—the old man finished to the winds what the traveller did not know. He had moved on, a hopeful look came into his face.

As the house came in sight, he became more pale and agitated.

To the left stood the church all white and ghostlike.

In the church yard side by side rose the mounds. As he stood at the gate with the soft wind kissing the leaves overhead, Henry Warden breathed a prayer for the one whose husband was lying there.

'Tis the beautiful sunset that speaks of a glorious future. But now the gray shadows

of the night were darkening the horizon. Approaching the house, Henry Warden peered in at the doorway.

The kettle had ceased its song and the embers lay dying on the grate.

He was just about to knock when a lovely little girl came into the room, followed by an elderly woman, who asked the stranger in.

He began at once to speak of her whose image was before him.

"O, yes, she is dead; gone these two months" she said, and leaving the room she returned with a little box which she placed in the child's hands.

Little Mabel came towards him.

With a woman's intuition, she read the love in that kind face, and the heart full of tender feelings.

With the box in her hands she offered her little gift saying, "Mamma said if you ever came here, I must love you and give you this." Still holding it towards him looking up into his face she whispered to him "Will you take it?"

He took it and with it both little hands; and drawing her nearer, he gently raised the cover, as though some precious remembrance was hidden beneath the lid; and there shining like a crystalized tear, nestled the pearl in that flower which spoke to him as did that Angel in his dream; when she said—"I come to leave a child with thee, it is, 'Forget me not.'"

Clasping the child to his arms Henry Warden bowed his head, and the grave woman wondered when he said, "God bless her."

VOLAPÜK.

„Din Gletikün Vola“

(Pefovöl.)

P'ebeginöl Babul 21 id, 1891.

Ab tim kömöm ven man kanom plagön cödiki geilikum mosuipön cödikus okik. Ye Paul no levidöm obesloveletön cödikus obisk. Ladäl dudianom vemo dibikum. Flagom das leno suköb omis, nelesevön omis, sejedön löliko kosiadadil pösodik se kals obisk. No binos fikulik mosuipön cödikus obisk. Ofen binoms senedik. Din fikulik binom mosiadön obis it. Din nogo fikulik binom leno sukön dinis plo obs it. Na esüköb omis, elemöb omis, elepoföb omis, emelidöb omis, esumöb ya dili gudükün de oms plo obs it. Binos täno ba mifät nemödik mosiadön omis, ab no sukön omis, plo man alik no loegön dinis okik, ab dinis votikus—*id opus est*—(atos binos fikulik.)

„Li suköl ai dinis gletik plo ol it“ plöfet äsagom no sukölöd omis. „Kiköd? Bi geial no sibinom in dins. Dins no kanoms binom geil- alik. Geial soalik binom ladäl nelönisükik. Vitimöf it binom nos, binom it pök. Teil soalik gletik, u ladäl geilälikum, esagob sekundo lukami. Binos fikulikum, kanob, leno sukön lönikosi, ka, esütöl omi, mosuipön omi. Mutob ceinön utosi. Binos mifät ladäle e nos dilö okasükik. Nos binos mifät ladäle e nos binos fikulik klidöb das yok ke Kristus binoms nefükilik. Yok de Kristus binom te mod omik dageipön lifi. E klidöb das binos nefükilikum ka mod votik aikelik. Klidöb das binos mod labikum ka votim aikelik. Sugiv manifi-

kun in tidäm de Kristus binom das lab no sibinom in labün u dagetön, ab te in givön bos. Denuob, lab no sibinom labün, u dagetön, ab te givön bos.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

The Medfield Historical Society, only recently organized, has fully justified its claim to recognition in the magnificent manner in which it celebrated the centennial of Lowell Mason's birth on Thursday, the 8th inst. The great singer's memory is fondly cherished in this beautiful town and the opportunity to fitly commemorate him was seized upon in an excellent spirit. It was something to remember that Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America" and a fellow worker of Dr. Mason, was on the platform and took part in the exercises. Some of the grandest of the great composer's tunes were sung, as the Missionary Hymn, Hebrew, Laban, Downs, Uxbridge and Hamburg. Of course, with the author present, America was sung. Mr. W. S. Tilden, the historian of Medfield, gave an interesting sketch of Dr. Mason's life. His family was long settled in Medfield and here the first twenty years of Dr. Mason's life were spent. Next he is found in Savannah, Ga., and afterwards in Boston in the banking business, but always a musician. The latter part of his life was spent in Orange, N. J.

Not the least attractive part of the program was the singing of the school children under Prof. Tilden, this being especially appropriate when we remember Dr. Mason's influence in popularizing the study of music with the young.

The speaking was unusually happy, and well it might be, for certainly there never was a better theme than that which the composer's life and career presented.

Joseph H. Allen was the president of the day and very fittingly did his part. Howard Lowell Mason, Esq., a grandson of the musician was present and spoke, as did the Rev. H. J. Patrick of West Newton, Mr. Charles Stone of Boston, Prof. N. T. Allen of West Newton, Mr. J. C. Haynes of Boston, and Mr. A. A. Lovell of Medfield but formerly of Worcester. He closed the speaking with a very feeling and worthy tribute to the character and work of Dr. Mason.

A Busy Man.

When a man conducts classes in the Y. M. C. A. and at the Worcester Academy, looks after the interests of his own flourishing institution and has the grip, besides, he must be kept pretty thoroughly active. And that is just what Mr. E. C. A. Becker has been doing for the past few weeks. He is a living illustration of what vim and energy can do. He may be found in regular hours at his Business College in Clark's Main Street block. No where, in this city, does a more studious air prevail than in the school rooms of this school. Everything, pertaining to business education, is taught here in first class manner. Mr. Becker has a grip on his business.

Quite So.

Some people never will be rich,
Because they're always stewing
And fussing over something which
Some other fellow's doing.

—Louisville Journal.

Our Teeth.

Some Branches of Dentistry. Importance of Mechanical Department.

Unfortunately this old term "Mechanical" has in it a tinge of odium to many good men in our profession and, may I not say to the majority of the dentists now just beginning? This branch of our profession seems almost to have been tabooed in our societies and sadly neglected in our offices. How many dentists have a large, well arranged, thoroughly equipped and lighted laboratory? On the contrary the laboratory is so often a small and out of the way, poorly lighted and poorly ventilated place. Neither time, thought nor expense is spent by the younger dentist in providing a well lighted convenient and commodious laboratory, provided with all the necessary appliances for conducting the most important branch of our noble profession; but see what time, money, thought, energy he will put into his operating room and how proudly he invites you to see his new and handsomely furnished office equipped with all the modern and most expensive improvements, as costly fountain spittoon, high-low Wilkerson chair, electric engine, electric mallet, with which he fills teeth with lightning rapidity. But listen, do you hear him invite you to see his modernly arranged laboratory? No sir, not one word about that. However, if perchance you accidentally allude to his laboratory, hoping he may show that place of places, he proudly remarks, "O! my time is all occupied in operating, you see. I have forty or fifty engagements on my books, at from \$5.00 to \$10.00 an hour, so of course I have no time to devote to mechanical dentistry, and besides, I hate to bother with it. We dentists who get so much per hour cannot afford to bother in making teeth for \$10.00 a set. We can make more, filling teeth." Yet it is a notorious fact that the majority of our operative dentists are obliged to do more or less mechanical work in order to get the operative too. It is also a fact, worthy of our attention that most of the mechanical work, done by these high toned operative fellows fully demonstrates the fact, that they have not given the attention nor have they the artistic taste that every dentist should have in order to make a set of teeth suitable for the person. How many mouths are disfigured by teeth that look like white as marble and as large as gravestones? They make the mouth look hideous. There are few dentists who have taste for selecting teeth suitable for different mouths. They select the same teeth for all mouths, paying no regard to the condition of the face, complexion etc., and unless labeled, "This is a crown," "These are teeth" it might be difficult to say what they were intended to represent. Too many operators look upon the making of artificial teeth as something to be left to a boy, or after the dentist has taken the impression it is sent to some other dentist who knows how to make a set as it should be made if he only could see the person's mouth. Then he would have a conception of the form or features of the person for whom the teeth are constructed.

The person who practices prosthetic dentistry should possess an education to preserve the form and color adapted to the individual,

as the artist, with his colors, produces a likeness of his subject. A wrong conception of what is mechanical dentistry exists in the minds of many a dentist.

The term mechanical dentistry is applied and confined to that portion of the art of dentistry which is practiced in a dental laboratory. I would claim, and so do the professors of our dental colleges, for this branch of dentistry, as much thought study and preparation as any part of dental art. The more experienced and intimate acquaintance I have with the duties devolving upon the practitioner of dentistry, the more I am inclined to the opinion that were the mechanical part to be taken out of the science of dentistry, little would be left to the gentlemen who so loftily ignore the title of mechanical dentist. Mechanical operations of various kinds comprise three-fourths, if not more, of all that is practiced in the dental profession. The preparing of a cavity in a tooth for filling is all mechanical, then all that is left to the operative or surgeon dentist, is the treatment of a few diseased conditions of the mouth. I would place mechanical dentistry on a broader basis, and give it a higher standard.

The professors of our dental colleges tell me that the students do not pay attention enough to artificial work and say that they go from the college with some book learning about filling teeth. They also say that if they could not show a young man how to fill a tooth in a few weeks he would never become a dentist, and had mistaken his calling. I would have the mechanical dentist, the peer of the operative dentist. I would have him endowed with inventive and imitative skill. He should be a judge of color, light, shade, form and size, and should have an acquired knowledge of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Surgery and general medicine, to be able to treat, successfully, all conditions of the mouth. Let this be the standard and our profession will not be weighed down by its odious members, and humanity will derive the full benefit of this most merciful calling. Since it is by means of the mechanical principles of dentistry that so many happy changes are made in the human face either by artificial dentures, crowns, bridge work filling etc. I am constrained to think that, perhaps, a more kindly feeling would be stimulated towards this branch of industry, if it were called by a different name. Considering the effect produced through mechanical dentistry, in restoring lost features and reproducing the personal appearance as it existed before the loss of a tooth or teeth, would not the term, "Artistic Dentistry" be more appropriate, sound more euphonious and help to remove much of the odium now hovering around the old term? Our young D. D. S. s., would be as proud of the title "Artistic Dentist" as they are now of the Operative Dentist. Surely the former would sound quite as aristocratic and professional as the term "Operative Dentist," so often used.

DR. W. B. GREENE.

Mr. Thomas H. Reed has suffered from the grip.

Mr. Edward Abercrombie, W. H. S. '85 is now in the Boston University Theological School. He is also using some of his time as private secretary for Joseph Cook.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.

I indicates that the book is in the Intermediate department, and may be taken out if specially called for.	
MOORE, G. Confessions of a young man	I
MOULTON, C. W. Prize selections; familiar quotations from Eng. and Amer. poets	34845
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At the meeting of the Worcester Grange next Tuesday evening, Calvin L. Hartshorn, a member of the new State Dairy Bureau, will read a paper on the bureau, "its origin, organization and purposes." There will also be a musical program including a violin solo by Miss Nellie F. Cooley and a song by Mrs. L. J. Kendall.

Mr. George M. Bancroft announces that he is prepared to receive pupils for instruction on the violin, at his studio in the Knowles building, and as he has been an earnest student of the instrument almost from his childhood he should make a very efficient teacher. At the present time he is studying with the famous Prof. Bernard Stemann of Boston. He is also the director of the newly organized Worcester Concert Orchestra.

Public School Papers.

The Jew and the Janitor.

BY FRANCIS ZURI STONE.

I have often thought that while juvenile literature is rich in tales of school life in England we do not possess any really good tales of that class which appeal directly to the sympathies of an American, or if we do, I have yet to see them. Robert Grant, it is true, published something of the kind a few years ago, but the production was modeled on English lines and drew a picture of boy life as it might be at an ideal institution. As a painting it is a success, but as a photograph it strikes me unfavorably. Indeed so closely does it resemble Trans-Atlantic works of the same character that the great base-ball game at the close of the volume at once suggests a cricket match at Eton, Harrow or Rugby, the hero figuring of course as Captain of the triumphant eleven. We have boarding schools here, but only a very small number of boys, comparatively speaking, enjoy their questionable advantages. We deplore the existence of that unspeakably contemptible unique, the Anglo-Maniac, yet the unthinker might with some reason, point to foreign school stories, and ask us why our writers have given us no worthy rivals of their popularity based on that pre-eminently American institution, the public school. The absence of an international copyright has had as much to do with the breaking out of Anglo-mania as the reputation for safety and despatch enjoyed by the Cunard line.

It is my purpose to recall some of the most memorable events that occurred during the time I spent at a public school, in the hope that these reminiscences may be of interest to those who have had similar experiences.

The school that I attended longest, stood in one of the upper wards of New York City with the Hudson about a mile away and East River somewhat nearer. The building was erected during the Tweed regime I think, for a court house, but it was never used for that purpose, those who succeeded the great Boss in the management of Manbattan's property, having arrived at the conclusion that preventing crime is better than punishing it, and educating voters the surest way to avoid the extortions of official black-mailers. They decided to turn their court-house into a school. It would be a curious speculation, but I would like to know how much expense that decision has saved the people. No one who went there with me would question the propriety of terming New York a cosmopolitan city. I don't think over twenty per cent of the eighty boys usually drafted into a single class-room had names of English derivation, but of the 2100 pupils recorded on the rolls sixty per cent at least were of foreign parentage. I recall now that during a part of one term I sat with a Jap on one side, a recent arrival from Portugal on the other, a Polish Jew in front and a Swede behind. It was a good place to study the result of unrestricted immigration. I cannot say, however that I ever noticed any marked difference in scholastic ability between the races represented, though, to be sure, national characteristics often cropped out, especially with the Hebrews, who were nearly as numer-

ous as the Americans,—the Germans outnumbered either. Speaking of Germans. I don't understand the policy of introducing that language in the public schools. If a German comes to this country are we to put a premium on his jealous retention of foreign custom and mannerism, by fitting our children to carry on their relations with him in the tongue of his fatherland? Are we going to assimilate the indigestible mass we have swallowed any quicker by keeping it alive in the stomach?

To return to the Hebrews. There was a little black-eyed scamp of precocious craftiness there, whose name was Levi; not that his name would easily fix his identity for there were innumerable Levis at our school. Well, the building had never been altered to any great extent from the original design, so there was a sort of jail-yard opening out of the cellar, guarded by iron bars twenty feet high. It was the practice of teachers to throw out of the back windows into this sunken yard any proscribed articles that were captured during the session. The stone pavement far down below and entirely out of reach was a veritable lake of tantalus to the boys who looked with longing eyes at wealth thus placed in chancery. There were jack-knives, (why "jack"—I never have been able to find out) balls, tops, puffy-blowers, "flippers" (bean-shooters, or sling shots I think they are called everywhere else), dime novels and a great variety of ingenious engines for the annoyance of the authorities.

Now the only person having access to this Golconda was red-haired John McGonnigle, the janitor, and John cared as little for riches as Timon of Athens. He was a misanthropic, pre-occupied man and had no interest in anything about him except the frequent pugilistic encounters that took place in front of the school. It was John's duty to stop all such affairs and I have always entertained the idea that a life-long endeavor to reconcile his duty to his inclination embittered his existence and made him the moody pessimistic man we knew. He never appeared upon the scene of action until the last moment (he had a window from which he watched the progress of chance misunderstanding with surly joy and with one eye fastened upon the infuriated gladiators fearful lest he should lose a detail, he would drive away the spectators first, thus saving every possible moment to the principals. But in the meantime he kept up a running fire, aimed at them, in which his charge sometimes failed to explode. While he flourished his broom and scattered the ring I have heard him address two lads in this way:—"Be hivins O'll repot yez,—Git on out av this now or O'll hav yez before th' principal—howly mother av God,—that was a nate swipe!—an' 'tis another wan roight an' th' o' that yez hov, me laddy buck. Yez ought to be ashamed. 'Tis a foine broth of a yue yez are! Hit him wan in th' ribs av him now!—'tis th' sap yez've started—nixt tome he jabs at your mou't' duck under and go for his hind. Faith o'll hov yez expelled!"

Young Levi was aware of the janitor's weakness and formulated a plan of campaign. From a sneaking, malicious young scamp he suddenly developed into a lad of metal, wearing chip epaulets and literally treading on the toes of every boy whom he considered pugilistically

inferior to himself. As I have said before, he was a little fellow, but by no means an insignificant opponent as many learned to their cost. A week after digging up the hatchet he had become the idol of red headed John McGonnigle and the possessor of two black eyes, relics of a stubborn contest with a tough little Prussian named Eckert.

It was soon discovered that if the janitor loved the Jew the latter reciprocated his affection with all the warmth of an oriental nature. They were together at noon, and after the dismissal of school Levi lingered to comfort John. And one day a rumor went through the building that was astounding enough to be scoffed at as incredible. A cross-eyed youth named Coogan, having been "kept in" until four o'clock for blowing an ingenious instrument made from the fly leaf of a spelling book deposed that he saw Levi and the janitor together in a deserted class-room which the latter was sweeping. Nothing would induce Coogan to retract his statement to the effect that Levi was dusting desks! Of course there were few who could believe the Hebrew capable of this enormity, which was set down by some as a fact only in the imagination of cross-eyed Coogan, a theory rendered plausible by the circumstance of his having been thrashed only the day before by the person he now testified against. Others accepted a more charitable hypothesis, accounting for Coogan's calumny on the grounds of his oblique vision which, it was confidently asserted, enabled him to see double and thus possess a sort of second sight.

Time passed and the Jew's singular coalition with the janitor had ceased to be a matter of general discussion; other things of fresher interest absorbed the attention of our school, occurrences not so sensational, but newer: last year's great fire does not excite us as much today as a wordy altercation in wretched billingsgate between a licensed venter and a slattern servant girl down our street. But one afternoon just before the close of the session, Reddy Callahan, who had left the room a short time before returned in a state bordering on insanity. He threw himself into his seat and in a stage whisper informed Prehalski, a Polish Jew sitting next to him, that sheeny Levi [all Jews had "Sheeny" prefixed to their names at our school] had gained entrance to the cellar-yard, presumably by the connivance of McGonnigle, and was growing opulent with the treasures to be had for the mere picking up.

The tremendous news spread. Boys have a sort of freemasonry by means of which they communicate important intelligence without alarming the teacher. Never was a more profound sensation created in legislative halls by the sudden announcement that a minister has been recalled and war is imminent than was created by Reddy Callahan's words. Never was treachery duplicity more deeply execrated than was Levi's. Never was resentment more thoroughly or dangerously aroused.

There are certain laws, unwritten it is true, but none the less binding, which govern school boys in their mutual relations. The involuntary deposits in that bank to which sheeny Levi had, through soulless machinations, gained admittance were looked upon as public property alike unavailable for private recovery or individual assumption, just as

most countries regard buried treasure as the requisite of the governmental treasury. Levi had set this law at naught. He had ruthlessly violated the most jealously guarded statute of the entire code.

When he emerged from the front door that afternoon with his feloniously obtained wealth his pockets bursting and his crafty face illumined with satiated avarice, he found himself confronted by an array of stern countenances that made his heart throb and then stand still in his breast. Sieur. Clubin, successful in wrecking the "Durande," with those sixty thousand blood-stained francs in his pocket, finding himself when the fog lifted, confronted not by the Hanways, but by those terrible Donvres over whose desolation death reigned supreme, must have experienced such a shock as the Hebrew experienced when he read his fate in the determined faces of the mob.

There was no escape. Like phantoms of past misdeeds around the bed of a dying felon, he saw around him those whom he had overcome to conciliate the guardian of the treasure chamber. He had toiled and plotted that his edifice might be complete, and behold it tottered beneath him as he stood upon the pinnacle. A moment later they faced each other. Then with a howl that had in it more of brute than human, the crowd fell upon Levi.

Five minutes later with blackened eyes and a bleeding nose; with his coat torn up the back and his hat missing,—without even a china alley to show what he had lost, the Jew was permitted to depart, bruised and limping to the house of his fathers.

(Continued next week)

The Tramp and the Violin.

A down town music store in Lewiston was surprised on Friday at the entrance of a tramp—a ragged, veteran tramp, who said that he was not vicious, but only unfortunate. "What made you come into a music store?" asked the proprietor. The thin cheeks of the tramp flushed as he said, "I am a musician." Having said that he played the violin they handed him one, and he laid a loving cheek against the fiddle and drew a bow of finished power across the trembling strings. For half an hour he played to a rapt audience, preluding with the skill of the improvisator and weaving the theme into many an airy fancy of the strings. Sometimes he marched up and down the floor playing and talking.

A new light was born in his eye. His rags were forgotten by all who saw him. His cheeks were flushed and his gray hair was tossed back by an impetuous wave of his head. In the imagery of the strings were palaces of delight and strange visions of wasted hopes and years. In the pleading voice of the violin one heard the voice of long ago, a mother's tone and a baby's cry. "That's all right," said he, as he laid it down and a silence fell upon all around, broken by the querulous voice of the tramp as he said, "Give me the price of a supper."—Lewiston (Mc) Journal.

Leicester Academy is fortunate in securing the services of Frank J. Metcalf as an instructor. Mr. Metcalf has been connected with LIGHT for nearly a year, but he has teaching ability of a high order.

Entertainments.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"Nobody's Claim," a border drama replete with interesting situation and hair-breadth escapes, has been drawing the usual large audiences at the Pleasant Street Theater this week. This is the drama in which J. J. Dawling and Haddon coined money for several years. Miss Ethel Tucker as Madge, the heroine, has an excellent opportunity to display her artistic powers and most charming personality. Her work is always of the best. Mr. Charles Baringer made his first appearance with the Tucker company, as Ward Deveraux, and was enthusiastically received. Miss Newhall is still a minor attraction.

The Katherine Rober company will occupy the theater next week and will produce that stellar attraction, "The Two Orphans." Miss Rober and her company are always sure of a hearty welcome.

The management are to be congratulated on the enormous business this house has done in the first six months of its existence, which shows conclusively that Worcester patrons of the drama are ready and willing to support good companies and a management which appreciates their necessities and does all in its power to give value for money received.

Dramatic Notes.

Scanlon, the actor, was making \$60,000 a year, and now he is hopelessly insane and an inmate of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum in New York. Success turned his brain.

George S. Knight, the genial and athletic comedian, who made considerable money and an extensive reputation as Otto, in "Over the Garden Wall," some years ago, has long been a victim of paresis. He is in perfect physical health. His wife recently declined the offer of a benefit for him in New York city, saying she was able to support him as long as he lived, from her salary as an actress. Such widely devotion is truly commendable.

In view of the generous newspaper puffing which the MacLean-Prescott Dramatic Company has been receiving in the leading papers throughout the country, the following opinion as expressed by an eminent New York dramatic critic will be of considerable interest to local theater-goers. The company is this week playing an engagement at the Worcester Theater, which ends this evening.

"In nothing that they have thus far done in New York have Mr. MacLean and Miss Prescott shown quite such a wealth of inadequateness as in 'The Merchant of Venice,' which was produced last night at the Union Square Theater.

"If Mr. MacLean had not been saturated with an infinite equipment of deadly and depressing dullness he might perhaps have risen at times to the point of burlesque, but he was not so bad as to be absolutely funny.

"He had not what might be called an intellectual grasp of Shylock at all. The fine qualities of Shakespeare's remarkable Jew were a dead letter to him, and there was a degree of coarseness and clumsiness about the reading of some of the speeches that seemed inconsistent with intelligent study.

"Indeed, what might be called the reading

of the text was woefully lax throughout, but there was no more brazen sinner than Mr. McLean himself.

"It is late in the day to call attention to the possibilities of paths which lie in Shylock's lines. Unquestionably, much of the deft and subtle meaning which the poet meant to convey was lost upon some of the earlier actors who essayed the character, but for many years the possibilities have been fully revealed by students and commentators on Shakespeare.

"Of late years Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving have brought out the human qualities of the money-lender with great power, and Mr. Irving triumphed so far over conventional aversion to the character that he easily carried the sympathies of the audience with him towards the end of the great drama. Indeed, he has given few finer exhibitions of his power of expressing paths than in this part.

"It is, of course, not intended to contrast Mr. McLean's mistaken and immature performance of the rôle with the work of these two scholarly actors, but it is permissible, perhaps, to wonder that he has profited so little by the work of the several famous Shylocks of the stage. He was obtuse, noisy and untaught.

"Miss Prescott evidently had no idea of her own concerning Portia, and the colorless performance which she gave indicated that she did not even possess the skill to portray the stereotyped features of the part. There was no personal charm in her work.

"The support was wretchedly ineffective."

Samuel A. Porter.

For a number of years Mr. Porter had enjoyed the distinction of being one of the oldest ex-city officers in Worcester. To many people he was a sort of treasure house of facts pertaining to Worcester in earlier days and he seldom appeared in the street without having referred to him some question in which the earlier history of our city was concerned. His mind was very clear up to the date of his final illness which began, Dec. 22d, while attending to certain business in the Central Bank. Since that date he gradually failed till his death which took place Saturday, the 9th inst.

Mr. Porter was born in this city in October 1808 and for the most part has been a resident here ever since. He has in his career, worked at carpentering and blacksmithing, and had accumulated a comfortable fortune. He has long resided in Ward Two, where he was a prominent figure on the Republican side of politics. He represented the ward in the legislature in 1882. Among the other public offices he occupied were those of chief engineer of the Worcester fire department in 1859, member of the common council for six years, 1875 to 1880 inclusive, alderman for four years, 1884, to 1887.

His wife who survives him was a daughter Thomas Paige of Hardwick. They had no children of their own, but an adopted daughter is the widow of the late M. M. Ward. His funeral was attended at Plymouth Church Tuesday at 3 p. m., Dr. McCullough officiating.

Mrs. Levi Lincoln, who has been confined by sickness to her home, 10; Elm Street, since last September, is now so far recovered that she is able to be out.

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Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.

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South End News.

Mr. Chas. C. Brown has accepted a position with Putnam & Fobes, grocers, 600 Main Street.

Prof. Charles Edwards read a paper or "Negro Melody," at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Kehew, before the members of the Folk Lore Society, at Boston, last evening. Mrs. Edwards accompanied him upon the piano.

Mr. John J. Whittier, for the past six years with Mr. F. M. Harris in the drug business at 814 Main Street, will open a drug store at 6 Main Street, Feb. 1st, where all his South End friends will be welcome.

Members of Piedmont Church who have lamented the departure of Miss Evangeline Houghton will be surprised to learn that Mr. Clarence Shirley has also resigned to accept a more lucrative position in Boston. Mr. Shirley has been the leading tenor there for the past year and has proved very satisfactory to the music loving members.

Mr. J. Everett Toombs' new residence on Queen Street is nearing completion and is destined to be an ornament to the neighborhood.

Rev. Mr. Conrad gave another of his practical discourses to young people last Sunday evening on the proper use of the eyes.

Mr. Harry P. Davis, W. P. I. '89, who has been with the No. 9 Hathorn Street, has returned to the West.

Mr. Arthur Kent leaves next week to take charge of an electrical department in a mill near Webster.

Mr. James L. Amsden, the South American explorer and fruit dealer, has in his possession some of the new 50c., 25c. and 10c. pieces, issued in 1892.

Rev. D. O. Mears exchanged pulpits with Rev. Archibald McCullagh last Sunday morning and the South End people listened to very pleasing discourse.

LEICESTER.

Mr. Fairbanks, a student from Andover, preached in the Congregational church Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Pendell, of Genesee, N. Y., preached at the Methodist Church. The people hope to secure him to serve them until conference in April.

Tuesday, the members of the Methodist church served a turkey dinner and supper and in the evening an entertainment was provided by friends from Laurel Street Church, Worcester. The program consisted of songs readings and solos on the zither and violin.

The Christian Endeavor Society held a social Thursday evening at the home of Miss Lelia Jordan.

Wedding Bells.

At the Church of the Sacred Heart, by the Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Wednesday, Patrick C. Comerford was married to Miss Minnie J. Dowd. The groom is of the firm of Comerford Burns and the bride has been employed for some time in Westby's Book Bindery. She is also the third recent departure from that place for the marriage altar.

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
Charles M. Rogers, Bakery, 166 Pleasant St.



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MRS. A. S. SMEDLEY,

At 25 1-2 DIX STREET,

Furnishes all kinds of baker's work. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4.30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

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A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of enclined estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States, descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

To make candy from honey, boil one cupful of honey, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of water and a large teaspoonful of butter. Test in water and pull while cooling.

Fried Apple Sauce

is easy to prepare, and perfectly delicious. Put a bit of butter in the saucepan, and let it brown without burning. Wash the apples and slice them without paring. Put them into the heated butter, and sprinkle on them a pinch of salt, also a tablespoonful of sugar. The latter, however, is to be added according to taste. Add half a cup of water, and cover closely. When the apples are tender, stir them gently about until they are well mixed, and serve hot. This makes one of the most convenient and easily prepared dishes for luncheon, and is relished by almost every one—many, indeed, preferring it to the ordinary popular apple sauce.

Date Pudding.

One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar or molasses, one spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of soda, spices to suit the taste, and one pound of dates with the stones removed. Stir quite stiff with Graham flour and steam two hours. Serve with cream and sugar. This is excellent.

Date Gems.

One cupful of dates cut fine, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one large spoonful of butter, a spoonful of baking powder, and three cupfuls of flour. A well beaten egg should be beaten in with the flour. Bake in gem pans twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Oyster Patties.

Linc ten patty pans with puff paste. Lay on each enough oysters to cover the bottom, season with butter, salt and pepper, put over this an egg batter and cover with a crust of paste pierced with a fork. Bake in a hot oven till nicely browned. Twenty cents will cover the cost.

Apple Fritters.

Put one cup of flour into a bowl. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light; add a half cup of cold water, a tablespoonful of olive oil, and now add this gradually to the flour; give a vigorous beating. If the batter is too thick, add just a little more water, and stand it away in a cold place for at least two hours; when ready to use add a pinch of salt and the well beaten whites of the eggs. Pare the apples, remove the cores, and cut the apples into rings; if you like they may be dusted with cinnamon. Dip each piece separately in this batter and drop in smoking hot fat; lift carefully, dish, dust with powdered sugar and serve.

Forgot What He Was Crying For.

A little boy sat on the floor, crying. After awhile he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, he said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?"
"Because I wouldn't let you go out to play."
"Oh, yes," and he set up another howl.—Birmingham Post.

Mighty Little Difference.

The goat eats tomato cans and such.
To the amusement of man;
But who can tickle man's palate so much,
As an oyster can?—Puck.

Py authority of the State of Ohio, all the leading baking powders were officially analyzed. Gen. Hurst, who had charge of the work, says:

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DR. W. B. GREENE,
A. Y. GREENE, D. D. S.

J. W. GREENE, PLUMBER.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection, 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.



Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 18.

Matinee Every Day at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

Lothrop's Stock Company,

in the great Emotional Melodrama in seven acts, entitled:

THE * TWO * ORPHANS

Louise | The Two | KATHERINE ROBER
Henriette | Orphans | FRANKIE BELL
Pierre Frouchard, the cripple, | MAX FREEMAN

With all the favorites in the cast, under the personal direction of Mr. H. Percy Meldon. A farce by the comedy company opens each performance.

Remember we have

Two Performances Daily Two

PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Now-a-days a bargain means some sort of a *lic*-generally, and very often a transparent one at that.

We add the word "bargain," to the word "cheap," and think them both rather antiquated—representing today much that is tricky in merchandizing.

We don't call this a *bargain* sale, although some cards may say so.

It isn't a "clearance" sale, although you may see that word also placarded.

It is a good deal more than our regular sale of standard stocks at a good deal better price than usual January low prices.

So it happens that we will sell you *Splendid Black Silks* at prices that you can believe in and that are really more in your favor than we have ever made before.

So it happens that, although our prices on *Linens* may not seem as low in *print* as you may have seen, you come here, as you tell us, because you "are sure that the reductions in prices are true."

So it happens that you come to our really important *Hamburg* sale absolutely sure of qualities, beauties and prices.

So it happens that you buy in one day so many pairs of our splendid blankets that we think there must be a mistake, and we go over the count again to find it all even as at first said.

So it happens that you are sure to give the same attention to the January sale of *Cotton Underwear*, just started, because your faith covers every department.

So it happens that if you want anything in an "Outside Garment" you come here for it because you know what you will get and that the price will be really as low as anywhere.

BARNARD, SUMNER & Co.

Fashion.

Many women who have a good black dress as a stand-by, not having many occasions for wearing gala gowns, may make a fashionable one by introducing revers and a waistcoat of some color: this is newer than only a waistcoat, and is much smarter.

On golden-haired women black gowns are the eccentric and fetching fancy of the moment. The material is wool, exquisitely fine and thin, or some of the silk crepe stuffs now so much in vogue. If the gown is simply for negligence, the material is black China silk, with turned-down pleatings of the same at the neck, and turned-back frills at the wrists. If the gown is supposed to appear at the afternoon tea, the high Medicis collar, the girdle, and turned-down cuffs which nearly cover the hand, all are solid with gold embroidery, flashing with many colored jewels. The effect of blonde beauty above this gown is striking and exquisite.

Broadcloth and beaver wraps have scattered over their surface large tufts of fur set in rings of passementerie, mink in rings of brown passementerie upon brown cloth, etc.

Dressy hats are often so extremely small as to be little more than the foundation for an upright aigrette, loops or tips at the back and toques or round hats have become almost equally diminished in size. Contrary extremes are reached by wide brimmed varieties and bonnets are well-nigh the only shapes in which moderation appears.

Miss Clara Burton says: "It is a good idea to give women a chance to be heard on topics outside of dress and fashion. It is humiliating to a woman of brains and opinions to arrive in a strange city, and after being interviewed find her dress and manners described at length, while her brain is not even mentioned. How do you suppose Chauncey Depew and men of his caliber would feel to go into a town and find the cut of their trousers, the shade and pattern or design minutely described, with the style of vest, coat and necktie, and the hair on their heads detailed at length, while not a word was said of his reputation as an orator or railroad man? What do you imagine Depew would say? It is just the same with women. It is belittling for women of wide experience to find their garb of more account than their opinions."

Hens in the Procession.

Col. William Olin told the following story at a little dinner party at Parker's the other day:

Two little children who had seen a Memorial day procession decided they would decorate the grave of a favorite pussy that had been buried under a pear tree in the back yard. So they marched toward the spot one behind the other. The first child, who carried a drum, was the band, and the second, with a tiny flag, was the Grand Army.

Before they reached the grave a lot of old hens ran in front of the procession.

"Shoo, shoo," cried the band.

"Don't do that sister," said the second division. "Don't scare them away. They're the Woman's Relief Corps!"—Boston Herald.

About Folks.

Alexander McGregor and family have gone to Huntington, West Virginia, for a six weeks' trip.

Mr. Alfred S. Roe gave his lecture on the "Passion Play," in Rutland, Friday night. He repeats the same next Tuesday night at Lake View. Sunday night he talks on "No License," in Clinton.

James Draper, of the local grange, was one of the speakers at the Connecticut state meeting of the grange in Rockville, Wednesday.

Rev. Austin Garver was present at the Brooks Herford Banquet, Tuesday, in Boston.

John Gilman has returned from a long trip to the West.

Off for California are J. F. Bicknell, wife and son, Asa Ross and wife, F. H. Pelton and wife, and Edwin Ames and wife. They left Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fay, Miss Litta Fay, Miss Flora Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Carpenter left Wednesday evening for California for the Winter.

Dr. and Mrs. George E. Francis, Miss Francis and Miss Fannie Clarke will sail from New York, Jan. 23, for a tour of several months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Webb left Thursday for a pleasure trip to California.

Mr. H. D. Magee of the business department of the Telegram, has been very ill during the past week with the most virulent type of la grippe. His wife and little boy are also battling with severe colds.

The small boy and the deadly cigarette are becoming intimate and lasting friends according to observation and current report. Parents cannot be too careful in watching their children. It does not seem possible that dealers in cigarettes would sell their wares to boys six and seven years old, but nevertheless it is a fact, else where do they obtain them. Shattered constitutions, defective eyesight and aimless lives will be the unhappy lot of those children who contract this pernicious habit in early years.

At the annual meeting of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire, held Tuesday evening, officers were elected as follows:—President, Dr. J. P. Rand; vice-presidents, Daniel Seagrave, John F. Marden, Mrs. George R. Leland; secretary, W. H. Andrews; treasurer, L. A. Ely; executive committee, H. C. Shepard, George N. Newhall, Mrs. J. F. Marden, Mrs. E. N. Goddard, Mrs. R. A. Abbott. It was decided that the annual reunion shall be held in Horticultural Hall, February 11 and committees were chosen to make the necessary arrangements.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them rapidly. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

The Home School.

Monday night, at this school, its fifth anniversary was observed in the presence of the pupils, teachers, patrons and friends who crowded the rooms to reception.

The exercises were held in the school room and they were opened by prayer by the Rev. W. G. Tuttle, himself a teacher of fifty years ago. Following, Miss E. A. Kimball, the Principal read the following history:

Five years ago tonight the evening was not unlike this. I remember it well. On that evening I made my way from the hospitable house of a warm hearted friend where I had been passing a few days, to untried scenes and untried work. It is one thing to teach in a school. It is quite another thing to make a school.

Varied were the thoughts that evening as I made my little pedestrian trip to Hammond Street. Numerous were the questions which arose. What would the morrow bring? Had I proceeded with wisdom? Would pupils come, even though they were expected?

But morning came, and with it came to that room a little group of young misses, gathering about me for instruction. I had little, if any, thought what the future might bring to us as a little company of students but, as it has proven, here was the nucleus of what we now call the Home School.

Nine girls were present on the morning of Jan. 10, 1887. It gives me pleasure to see some of their faces here tonight. They remember well that first morning, and trace the story of the school along with me. Later, three more were added to the number, so the school now seemed quite large, and we closed that fraction of our first school year with twelve pupils.

As viewed by the world outside, we passed an uneventful year. Few, a very few, knew of our existence as a school. Indeed we hardly gave ourselves that name. I hardly knew what we were. But perhaps few here have passed a year more full of thoughts and plans and interrogation points. But, the year went on, the questions were met and answered, one by one. But the great one remained "Should I go on with my school?" "Should I attempt to make it permanent?"

There on Hammond Street I was located only temporarily. If I continued I must secure a house where I could enlarge my school and make it a home. So I began to look about and to ask advice. I did not feel inclined to talk of the matter generally, but I did talk with some. From many, I received these encouraging words, "I don't know. Miss Kimball," "It's a great undertaking." I wonder how many times this was said to me? I hope I shall never be guilty of repeating these words to any one, looking hopefully toward a great work. "Everything follows the man or woman who goes ahead."

But, notwithstanding discouragements, I stepped forth. That summer I took the house at 58 Woodland Street, and proceeded to furnish it, and in all ways make ready to open a girl's boarding school. Here again, I received advice. In talking with one gentleman about school furniture, what quality I had better buy, etc., he advised me to buy pretty good

chamber sets, as they would sell better at auction than poorer goods. I read his mind, although he did not intend I should.

That first Summer as I sat in the window that opens so near to Oberlin Street it was often easy to hear the conversation of passers-by. These were some of the stimulating remarks I heard. "They say a woman has taken this house, the whole of it. Think she can have a school of girls. Never can heat it, in the first place." "Cold as a barn."

Another, "Who wants to send girls to a private school here in Worcester?"

Another, "Going to manage the whole thing herself."

Another, "Women, on the whole, can't run business."

During the Summer an old friend from Kansas City called. A brisk, prominent lawyer, there. He looked about, eyes most of the time upon the ceiling, and, having apparently, "taken in" the situation, ventured the timely inquiry, "Did you ever hear of a school conducted in this way?" I replied modestly that I had. "Well, in my opinion you can't do it." But I did "do it." For three years we enjoyed a pleasant little school, over in the old house, for which I shall always cherish a fondness. It was the scene of the experiences of the first years of the school, and, as in any work they were years full of interest and earnest work. Although the anxious times came, yet success attended the school from its start.

But soon we began to be aware that we must fly from the little nest. We had barely room to eat, to sleep, to study, and certainly not to recite. However, it was not so easy to find a suitable home for ourselves. While our desires were moderate, they could be satisfied easily; but now we must have a somewhat spacious house. Finally, this place was found, admirably adapted to our needs. One year ago last Summer we came here, and this house, with the annex added last Summer, furnishes us a delightful school home. While the school is constantly increasing in members and, we trust, in usefulness.

Such is the little sketch of our brief life. Time will fail us to tell of the many experiences these years have brought to us. The thought and planning and study. The working and waiting and patience, the joys and the sorrows, all have been wrought in to help to complete the fabric we have been weaving.

In a sense these scraps of warning advice given above were judiciously given, I took them always, I trust, for what they were worth. Those who gave them did so from honest hearts. When we were well fitted here with a house full of girls, one gentleman of most excellent judgment said to me one evening, "Well, Miss Kimball, I congratulate you, I thought you had made a mistake this time. I did not think you could carry this." His thought was a wise one. Standing here as I do now, could I have been given the vision to see what such a work would cost me in days and nights of labor, in anxiety for girls entrusted to my care, the task of performing aright the varied and manifold duties of such a position, the responsibility it brings, I would never have dared undertake it. But how wisely we are shown only a glimpse of what is before us! I have stepped along, oftentimes with faltering step; but something has seemed

to say to me "Step on, my child. You cannot see now, but you will see." Then there has come to me so often, and almost constantly this refrain: "He shall give his angels charge over thee." It has come to be a part of my life song. How can I go wrong, with such a host about me?

But other things deserve emphatic mention here. These words of discouragement so candidly given, and to which allusion has been made, had their weight. But they were out-balanced a thousand times, by words coming from practical men and women who actually bore me on in my plans. I never could have gone on without them. There are those here tonight, and many others who could not be reached nor hardly counted, who have helped me by their wise counsel, their words of commendation of the school, and their readiness to aid me in every possible way. Those first patrons of the school, some of whom I see before me, were tireless in their kindness to me. Good patrons, good neighbors, good friends have arisen about our steps, until now we feel that our school home is surrounded by an army of those who are ready to further our work, and in every possible way to help our good cause along.

Five years from tonight we hope to see you all here to celebrate the decennial of the school. We expect at that time to report, not so wonderful an increase in numbers, but we hope to report favorably along other lines. We want to show an advance in methods of study. We want to teach girls to study in a way which will give them the greatest possible mental development, with the least possible nervous pull and strain.

We want the school to be managed with more and more tact and skill and quiet.

We want it to bear more and more the atmosphere of home within its walls.

We want ever more and more confidence between teacher and pupils, and the repose which that confidence brings. We want to lead girls out into a broader and more useful womanhood. For these ends we shall labor and plant and watch, and we feel sure that God will give the increase.

The principal received a beautiful bouquet of roses from the young ladies of the school. In addition to her own instruction, Miss Kimball is ably aided by Misses Newcomb, Patten, Tregreilis, Habermyer and Laughton.

The Rev. Dr. Mears in his remarks evinced a hearty interest in the welfare of the school. He said the history of the school which had been read, was not new to him. He had watched its progress carefully, and was pleased with the success it had attained. He paid a high compliment to the school, pronouncing it a power for good in the city. Significant facts were given in regard to the founding of Mt. Holyoke Seminary and college, coming as it did from the earnestness and devotion of Mary Lyon. Then Wellesley following the same general plan, and lastly Smith College, all starting from schools like the Home School.

He then spoke in terms of praise of the appropriateness of the anniversary exercises in that they were of a character to be helpful to students, rather than merely pleasurable.

His words of advice and encouragement to the young ladies were such as to lead them to

Poultry Exhibition.

A GRAND EXHIBIT OF POULTRY WILL BE HELD IN

MECHANICS HALL, JAN. 26, 27 and 28, 1892.

Under the Auspices of the Central Massachusetts Poultry Club. There will be
the Largest and Finest Display of

POULTRY, OSTRICHES, WILD DEER, PIGEONS, PEACOCKS, WILD SWANS,
PET STOCK, PHEASANTS, INCUBATORS,

ever seen in New England.

Admission, 25 cents.

Children under 12, 15 cents.

more earnest work. No complaints that the work of the school was hard would lead him to feel a less, but a greater confidence in the school. We succeed by succeeding, we grow by growing, we attain by attaining. Lowering the standard of scholarship is the first stab to any school. He urged upon the young ladies that no one had a right to do, in any case, what she would not be willing all should do. Each one must act as she would wish the school as a whole to act. He closed by warm congratulations to Miss Kimball upon the success of the school for the past five years.

Dr. Almon Gunnison of the First Universalist Church followed Dr. Mears in warm words of praise, saying that he had heard of the Home School, even before coming to Worcester, while yet a resident of Brooklyn, showing that its fame is, by no means local. His words of praise and congratulations must have been very pleasing to all friends of the school.

Principal Joseph Jackson of the Woodland Street School also spoke in a congratulatory manner. Though in public school work, himself, he could yet see a place for the private institution and they should labor in harmony side by side. Mr. Jackson's presence and words fittingly evidenced the relations existing between the Home School and the nearest public school. Miss Kimball has every reason to be happy over the work done in her five years of Worcester teaching.

Hon. W. W. Rice presided at the Bowdoin College Alumni meeting in Boston, Wednesday night.

In Society.

Mr. Frank Roe Batchelder, formerly connected with this paper and now the private secretary of Hon. Joseph H. Walker, is announced as engaged to Mabel C. Streeter.

Dr. George D. Kelley, son of the late Mayor Frank H. Kelley is announced as engaged to Miss Manning of Boston, a daughter of the late pastor of the Old South Church in that city.

The second of the Light Infantry's series of socials was held at the Armory last week Friday evening and was more largely attended and more enjoyable than the first. The dancing took place on the floor of the big drill shed and lasted until midnight. The officers' and company's quarters of Battery B, loaned to the Infantry by the battery for the evening, were used for ladies' and gentlemen's rooms and were handsomely decorated with flowers and potted plants. Lieut. P. L. Rider was floor manager, Captain Harry B. Fairbanks was chairman of the reception committee. Bicknell's orchestra furnished the music and Rebboli the collation. The last of the series will take place Friday evening, February 19.

The first of the subscription assemblies was held last week Friday evening in Colonial Hall. The attendance was as large as the hall could comfortably accommodate and the beautiful and elaborate dresses of the ladies and the abundance of floral decoration made a brilliant scene. The patronesses of the eve-

ning were Mrs. Francis H. Dewey, Mrs. Hallock Bartlett, Mrs. Frank K. Macullar, Mrs. Waldo Lincoln and Mrs. J. Fred Mason and the ushers Dr. George D. D. Moore, Col. Rockwood Hoar, Charles M. Thayer, William B. Scofield, George F. Dewey and Charles Ranlet. Dancing began at nine o'clock and lasted until one, with an intermission at eleven, when Rebboli served a collation of oysters, salads, ices, etc. The orchestra consisted of four pieces from the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by J. J. Heron at the piano. The second of the assemblies will take place February 5.

Col. Aaron S. Taft and several officers and members of the Continentals will attend the reception and ball of the Old Guard in New York next Thursday evening.

The Lakeside Boat Club elected officers Monday evening as follows: President Lawrence G. Bigelow; vice-president, Wilbur W. Hobbs; secretary, William E. Fairbanks; treasurer, D. W. Carter; executive committee, the officers, ex-officio, Harry B. Fairbanks and John H. Sykes; captain, Albert H. Lange; 1st lieutenant, Charles E. Putnam.

The club is holding a handicap pool tournament and a whist tournament will be begun next week. The club's Winter social will be held in Continental Hall, next Thursday evening, and unless it is an exception to the rule, it will be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The first of the City Guards' series of socials will be held in the Armory next Friday evening.

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SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Princess Crab Blossom Dinnersets, 112 pcs., colors, Olive, Brown and Pencil,	9.00
Pencil Cranes-bill Din- nersets, 112 pcs.,	10.00
Brown Poppy Dinner- sets, 112 pcs.,	10.00
Pencil Spring Flowers Dinnersets, 112 pcs.,	10.00
Clarence Dinnersets, 112 pcs., colors, Neutral, Brown and Blue,	10.00
Brown Violet Dinner- sets, 130 pcs.,	12.50
Dore Kent Dinnersets, 112 pcs.,	12.00
St. Louis Dinnersets, 130 pcs., colors, Neutral, Brown, Pencil and Blue,	15.00
Oak Cosmopolite Din- nersets, 130 pcs., colors, Grey and Brown,	18.75
Decorated China Din- nersets, all prices, from	25.00 to 150.00
Decorated Toilet Sets, from	3.00 to 35.00

THE CLARK-SAWYER CO.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

A helping hand we all may give,
If but a pleasant word to say,
And something to find each day we live
To help another on the way.

Making Cake.

To make a good cake one must have good recipes: They must be closely followed, and other conditions favorable or that good "luck" will not appear. In the first place have everything you will need at hand. Clear the kitchen table and place every ingredient thereon. In warm weather let the eggs stand a few minutes in cold water; they will froth easier and finer. Always use fresh eggs in making cake, as no amount of beating will make a stiff froth if old.

Some cooks recommend greasing pans with fresh lard, preferring it to butter. Several thicknesses of paper should be placed in the bottom, the last thoroughly greased. In making cake, good butter should always be used, as heat develops bad qualities. In using milk, it is well to remember that sour milk makes a light, spongy cake: sweet milk, one that cuts like pound cake.

There is also some "knack" in beating cake, the true science of which is, don't stir, but beat thoroughly, bringing up from the bottom every time. The beating should be in the same direction and always from the bottom upward.

Attention should be given the oven, as too much heat or too little will ruin the cake, how ever much pains have been taking. Do not open the oven door too often, as steady heat, if not too hot, is best. Keep steady heat. If draft is checked, more regular heat is had; fuel must be added in small quantities, for if the fire grows slack the cake will be heavy or streaked. A "slow" oven is good to begin baking fruit cakes.—Housekeeper.

For severe cold on the lungs, use the following excellent remedy: A teaspoonful of strained honey, one-half teaspoonful of olive oil and the juice of one lemon, cook all together and take one teaspoonful every two hours.

For slight cuts take a piece of common brown paper wrapping-paper like that which butchers use for meat, and bind it on over the wound.

Clover tea is admirable for purifying the blood, for removing pimples and whitening the complexion, and has also good repute as a sleep inducing draught.

For cracking ice on the table are silver mallets and picks capable of giving a smart blow.

For dish rags buy white mosquito netting—a quarter of a yard is sufficient for one—which should be folded back and forth as many times as the width will allow and tuck as comfort. Some make them of a ball of candle-wick, knit on two wooden needles the size of lead pencil. Set up 20 stitches. Knit in plain garter knitting until the ball is used up. These are easily kept clean if washed in hot soapsuds after each meal; also wash the dish towels at the same time. A half-dozen are quite sufficient.

Success makes a fool seem wise.



Chamber Sets.

If you are looking for a low-priced CHAMBER SET, ours in Antique Finish, large Mirror, bevelled edge, size 32x24; large Bureau, large Commode, extra size Bedstead, and good substantial chairs, at the low price of

\$28.

You will wonder how it can be done, but, being a strictly ONE-PRICE HOUSE and in competition with others, our asking price is the lowest possible price.

Other CHAMBER SETS at less price, and if you want better ones we have them.

Crawford Ranges.

These Ranges have a world-wide reputation, and are the most perfect working Range of any in the market. Don't buy until you have examined the "Crawford."

Goods sold on 4 months' time at
Cash Prices.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.



NO. 545 MAIN STREET, FRANKLIN SQUARE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.
STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.
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TO THE
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9.50 A. M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
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LEAVE WORCESTER.	AR. NEW YORK.
10.13 A. M.	3.30 P. M.
12.12 A. M.	5.30 P. M.
5.06 P. M.	10.00 P. M.
12.29 A. M.*	6.45 A. M.
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For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Ticket Agent, Union Station.
A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Housecleaning and Poetry.

BY CORNELIA WELSON ROYDEN.

Oh! gentle Muse forsake me not,
Because, forsooth, it is my lot,
To wield the broom, the dust-pan too,
And many household duties do.

But while with dust-cap on my brow,
As wildly through the dirt I plough,
My thoughts shall weave fanciful say,
And glorious visions round me play.

And dreams of fame, and wealth, and power,
Their golden blessings on me shower,
Till every humble task is wrought,
And woven in with pleasant thought.

For though I've often heard folks tell,
Two things at once you can't do well.
In this I'm sure it is not true.
I'll make my verses, houseclean too.

But hark! the doorbell, I declare,
And here's my mop-pail on the stair,
I can't see callers in this plight,
Of stairs, I ne'er saw longer flight.

I'm sure I've worked hard all the day,
Yet scarce have made the least headway;
The dirt seems worse, the day's most gone,
I've swept and scrubbed from early morn.

Alas! fair Muse we beth must yield,
And give the mop and broom the field;
For while among the clouds I dwell,
I fear I cannot clean house well.

An Eye to Business.

Distracting Customer—Well, Shears, what did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday? I saw you in church.
Barber—Yes, sir, but to tell the truth there was a man sat in front of me whose hair wanted cutting so badly that I couldn't hear a word.—The Jester.

Mme. Giraldy Delsarte.

She is a tall, dark woman, rather slim, and of a thoroughly French cast of features. She appears to be about thirty-five years old. She wore a plain gown of black silk when she arrived, with a long cloak of the same color, trimmed with fur. Her hair, which is very abundant, is dark brown. Her face is remarkable as a study. In general outline and appearance it bears a marked resemblance to Sarah Bernhardt's. The eyes are dark brown, the lips thin, and the nose decidedly aquiline. The sympathy and range of expression that it possesses display themselves instantly on even casual observation. But there is no trace of consciousness or artificial cultivation in a single movement the face makes. It simply strikes one as being extremely sensitive and expressive. The same characteristics belong to her voice, which is low and sweet, and exquisitely modulated.—Boston Sunday Times.

Important Business.

"Oh, papa," she said with a blush, "young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening, and says he wants to see you on some important business."
"All right, my dear," responded the old man, chuckling her playfully under the chin. "I guess I know what the young man wants."
That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once.
"Mr. Hendricks," he said, boldly, "I want to ask you if you have laid in your Winter's stock of coal."

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectorates, and induces repose. T. P. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."
"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequalled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Call For

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; Price \$1; six bottles \$5.

Horace Kendall,

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Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

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Durable!
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It saves Time,
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TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mt. G. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO 21. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892. FIVE CENTS



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Worcester's Senior Congregational Pastor.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

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Take it altogether, you will be ever so much pleased with the pretty Cotton Underwear at our double January prices.

You are sure to look them all over, and then it will still be pleasant to hear you say again: "Here, just as I expected, and just as you said."

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LIGHT

Vol. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892.

No. 21

Ofit like a sudden pencil of rich light,
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood
Will shoot, amidst, our troubles infinite,
The Spirit's voice.
—Thomas Burridge.

The election of a superintendent of street lights might seem to be a subject coming properly in this column.

Anything savoring of light arouses a response immediately, but doesn't it seem a little queer that out of all the candidates (K)night should have been selected to look after light.

The amusing situations into which Shott and Knott fell, as set forth by James Russell Lowell, are at once suggested. If the light is not up to the mark it will be the fault of (K)night and when was it otherwise, but what a queer condition when the light is first class and all through the care of (K)night?

The reign of wonders never ends,
But over day and night extends,
Till now we smile at getting light
By favor of its obverse, (K)night.

It is a long time yet to street sprinkling, but the act of the Council in reporting adversely on the proposition to have the city take the matter in hand will discourage many people. There is no good reason why the city should not supervise the watering of the streets just as much as the keeping of them in repair.

The proposition for a new city hall seems to be resting at present. Perhaps it will break out again with new violence at some unexpected moment. So long as there has been room for a shoe store under one half of the present structure, in other words, so long as the city hall has had room to rent it would not appear that there was any crying need of new and larger quarters. The old hall, paid for, is a deal better than a big, new one with a mortgage on it.

The notion of Senator Manderson of Nebraska to have the bodies of all deceased Presidents of the United States removed to Washington is an absurd one. There are some Americans who can never get over the idea that this country should have a Westminster Abbey. They entirely forget that our nation is made up of a multitude of states, many of them much larger than all of Britain, and the idea that our noted dead must be buried in one great mausoleum may please Anglo-maniacs, but not the public at large.

Our people in their respective states are proud of their local interests. Can any one imagine Tennessee giving up her Jackson's remains, or Virginia those of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler, to say nothing of those of Washington. Fancy, if possible, a disinterment of the bodies of Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur and their removal from the Empire State. All over this broad land are halloved inclosures, objects of veneration to the

dwellers near and places visited by pilgrims, where sleep the dead once known to fame. Let them sleep where loving hands have placed them.

All this ado is over the fact that General Grant's body is in Riverside Park in New York. Both the General, himself, and his family have expressed themselves as favorable to that burial place. Why then disturb him? Who will be benefited? The distribution of remains of our great Rebellion Generals seems particularly happy. New York, Washington and St. Louis hold, Grant, Sheridan and Sherman or, at least, all that is mortal of them. There they should continue to rest and had Thomas been buried where he died on the Pacific coast, there would be nothing lacking to the propriety of their burial; new bonds to hold our great country together. Senator Manderson's proposition should not be encouraged.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Two young children of Arthur Hiserot of Roxbury secured a flask of whiskey from a closet, early Sunday morning, before their parents were up, and drank freely of its contents. When the mother arose she found her two children in a beastly state of intoxication. Every means was tried to resuscitate the children, but to no avail. One died Sunday forenoon and the other passed away in the evening. They were buried today.

Is not this a case where, if not the long named society, at least that which cares for children should act? Of course, life cannot be restored; but how long will people continue to consider alcohol, in its various guises, as anything else than rank poison. The feelings of these parents, in coming years, cannot be envied.

"A correspondent writes as follows:

What is your bias concerning clubs? Not the former, twenty years ago glittering sample room, whose various aspects of club sin have been depicted,—the prickly burr of domestic discontent, but the modern elegancies of life, where the "Chappie" may "cultivate not only the cornfields of the mind, but the pleasure-grounds also." I am writing "Selveges," and I lean towards less active ignorance, since the question has shifted and women may use their common sense and regulate "Sorosis," she feels and acts less an ultraist. I would not favor my family men going every night and all night to the club, but if other women's men cannot be happy at home, I would elevate their resorts to proper places where they could "invite their soul"—then advise making home a superior, attractive spot, stimulate the revival of the reclaimed, spin a web of unafected patience around about—and, therewith, I pause.

Perhaps no further word is necessary, but LIGHT has ever acted on the principle that "There is no place like home." It should rule in preference to any club or society. If men properly appreciate home they will have little need of clubs of any sort.

Keep Books.

The advice which Daniel Webster gave to a neighbor of his, in the following anecdote, might be followed with advantage by many people. Indeed, the reader will be likely to think that it might have been followed to very good advantage by Mr. Webster himself.

On one occasion a man presented to Mr. Webster a bill for payment.

"Why, Mr. N—," said the statesman, "it seems to me that I have paid that bill."

Mr. N— protested that it had not been paid, and Mr. Webster told him to call in a few days and he would attend to the matter. After the man had gone Mr. Webster asked his clerk to look over a quantity of bills and see if he could find a receipt for the amount. To his surprise two receipts were found, indicating that the bill had been paid twice.

In due time Mr. N— called, just at the dinner hour, as it chanced, and Mr. Webster invited him in to dine. After the meal was over they proceeded to the business in hand.

"Mr. N—, do you keep books?" Mr. Webster inquired.

"No," was the reply.
"I thought so," said Mr. Webster. "Now I advise you to keep books. If you had kept books you would have known that I had this receipted bill,"—showing him one.
Mr. N— was greatly surprised and mortified and apologized as best he could for his mistake.

"Yes, it is always a good plan to keep books," continued Mr. Webster, showing him a second receipt.

Then, knowing Mr. N— to be an honest man, and not wishing to annoy him, he suggested that perhaps receipted bills had been presented, but really left unpaid, and insisted that Mr. N— should take the money.—
Youth's Companion.

The Pretty Girl.

The pretty girl knows she is pretty, and because she knows it she is kindness personified to plain girls, for she knows her charms will never suffer from comparison with theirs, says a writer in Texas Siftings. All plain girls detest all pretty girls, and will never say a good word for them if they can help it, and when they ever do it is the "faint praise that damns." The pretty girl has the most beaux, goes to the most balls and idiotic society gatherings, and is the last girl to get married. She thinks because she is handsome she is entitled to a better grade of husband than falls to the lot of most women, and she defers making a choice until some fine morning she wakes up with a realization that her feet are slipping from the green shores of girlhood into the murky sea of old maidenhood, and then she goeth out and hustles for a husband, just as her plainer sisters do; and this is why so many handsome women marry so many ugly men. Pretty girls are never very true lovers or very good wives, but they are among the most desirable of the few good things the angry gods left upon the earth when they went in wrath to their abode upon Mt. Olympus.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND
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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1892.

Wesby, the bookbinder, has put out an elegant advertisement in the shape of what he calls an every day book. Running through it are notices of the work that Wesby does so well and the blank pages are for memoranda. It is neatly bound and just fits the side pocket.

Humanity and Health is a new claimant for public favor. It is devoted to the "physical, moral, mental and spiritual health of mankind." A monthly published in New York, 18 Clinton Place, by E. A. Jennings, M. D. There, certainly, is a field for such a periodical and this is filled with valuable material bearing on the well being of humanity.

"Baby." Isn't that a queer title for a paper? The word is common enough in well conducted homes but for a paper, it is something new. The paper, itself, is diminutive in form as it ought to be and has as an illustration the face of America's most famous infant, "Baby McKee" unless it be "Kath" Cleveland, but as she is only an heiress possible, her picture will naturally follow that of the one really in power. By the way, this picture reminds LIGHT of a quatrain, that was quite popular two years ago. It ran thus:

"Johnny Wanny runs the Post Office,
And Morton runs the bar,
Baby McKee runs the White House
And— it, there you are."

But the new Baby is a journal for mothers and it will be strange if mothers don't appreciate it. It is published fortnightly, at 907 Broadway, New York, at \$1 a year. It is filled with interesting and practical matter pertaining to the good of the bald headed ruler who is the generally obeyed despot in every household. Long life and success to Baby!

In Society.

The next of the series of house cottillions will be held at Mariemonte, the residence of Mrs. George Crompton, next Friday evening, January 29.

Miss Grace Whiting, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Whiting, was married at Emanuel Church on Thursday afternoon to Mr. George Francis Meyers of Pittsburg. Mr. Benjamin T. Hill was best man—Boston paper.

Miss Whiting was formerly a resident of Worcester, a graduate of the High School, Class of 1878 and a member of All Saints Church. Mr. Meyers is a graduate of the Polytechnic Institute, class of '88 and of the Cornell University School of Mines, class of

'90, and is now associated with George M. Irwin as electrical engineers and contractors in Pittsburg.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Harry V. Davis, W. P. L. '89, and Miss Agnes, daughter of Mr. R. C. Taylor.

The engagement is announced of Herbert A. Warren of the class of '91, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and Miss Maud S. Bosworth, a teacher at Dix Street School.

Cards had been issued for the marriage of Mr. Thomas Howard and Miss Rose Post of New York. They have a novel wording, to the effect that Miss Post's wedding "with," instead of "to" Mr. Howard, will be celebrated; but it is correct.

E. S. Nash of Boston spent last Sunday with Worcester friends.

The newly-elected young man now expects an engagement ring as well as his fiancée. Sapphires set low in plain gold bands are favorites with men.

The engagement of Miss Lillie M. Nichols of Rutland, a graduate of the Worcester High School, '89, and Geo. M. Glazier, Jr., of Cambridge is announced.

As an outgrowth of the social ties formed by those taking part in the game of Living Whist, an organization has been formed among the young people of the Church of the Unity for the purpose of holding a series of social assemblies. A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. E. D. Stoddard, Mr. Charles M. Thayer, Mr. J. H. Jewett, Col. T. S. Johnson and Mr. C. A. Waite, to arrange for the socials, the first of which will be held next week Wednesday or Thursday evening in Salisbury Hall. The officers of the Ladies' Charitable Society of the Church of the Unity, Mrs. O. F. Rawson, Mrs. W. A. Williams, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. C. S. Wood, Mrs. F. C. Thayer and Miss Linnie Allen will be the patronesses for that evening.

The Lakeside Boat Club's annual Winter Social was held in Continental Hall, Thursday evening. There were about forty couples present. George W. Eddy was the floor manager and his aids were Charles E. Putnam, Harry B. Fairbanks, S. Frank Gates and Wm. E. Fairbanks. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Linus Sibley, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Weixler, Miss Mollie Taft, Miss Anna Milliken, Miss Anna Howe, Miss Allen of Milne, Miss Minnie Fish, Miss Marie Fay, Miss Maud Knowlton, Miss Upton, Miss Brooks, Miss Carrie Goodwin, Miss Sibley, Miss Nellie Fairbanks, Miss Gertrude Whiting, Miss Edith Hagan, Miss Edith Curtis, Miss Cora Goodwin, Misses Whitney, J. H. Sykes, Miss Carrie Stevens, John Nelson, Stanley Brennan, David T. Jenkins, Harry H. Ames, Walter H. Fuller, W. E. Fairbanks, F. A. Richardson, F. H. Goodwin, Harry Mirick, Geo. H. Corbett, Harry H. Sibley, George Lacey, C. E. Putnam, G. W. Eddy, Arthur Knight, S. F. Gates, F. S. Whittemore, W. S. Lincoln, H. N. Tyler, H. H. Warren, Wm. Carter, G. B. Cutting, A. E. Cully, H. J. Kettell, D. W. Carter.

Declamation Contest.

Worcester never heard a better nor more evenly contested trial of declamatory skill than that which took place in Horticultural Hall, Thursday evening, under the direction of Messrs. W. E. Bowen and R. B. Simmonds. There were eleven contestants and, from first to last, there was not a slip in memory; scarcely one gesture or expression. There were few hackneyed selections; but newness abounded. Judges never had a harder task in deciding

than did the gentlemen who undertook to appportion the \$25, given to the winners. It would be a pleasure to mention in detail the names and to describe the efforts of every speaker but want of space prevents, suffice it to say that there was not a speaker who did not evidence most careful study and preparation and if their teachers were in the audience, they had every reason for pleasure at their pupils' success. The declaimers and their selections were as follows: Emma Hewitt, "Genevra;" Bessie M. Lawrence, "The Pilot's Story;" Lou M. Isaacs, "Lasca;" Ella Johnson, "Gone With a Handsome Man;" Althea Bigelow, "The Gypsy Flower Girl;" Anna F. Carberry, "The Ride of Collins' Graves;" Harry Hosley, "The First and Last Race;" J. J. Shea, "Swore Off;" Mabelle Jenkins, "Romeo and Juliet;" John W. Heffern, "The Uncle;" Amy Buck, "Little Crystal." The latter is a very little girl and though she did finely was hardly in the same category with the older contestants. The prizes were awarded in the following order 1st, \$10, to J. W. Heffern; two seconds, \$5, each to Misses Emma Hewitt and Anna F. Carberry; and two thirds, \$2.50 each to Misses Althea Bigelow and Lou F. Isaacs. The judges were Alfred S. Roe, Eben Francis Thompson and Francis P. McKeon.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in LIGHT, Jan. 23,
1892.

Signed

i.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?"

ii.

"Oh thou that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers,"

iii.

"From sheds never roofed with Carara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,"

iv.

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down,"

v.

"And coming events cast their shadows before,"

vi.

"First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts
of his Countrymen."

Answers to Quotations, Jan. 9.

1. Tennyson, "The Princess,"
2. Bulwer, "Richelieu,"
3. Knowles, "William Tell,"
4. Holmes, "The Last Leaf,"
5. Goldsmith, "Deserted Village,"
6. Lincoln, "Gettysburg Oration."

1. Lewis T. Reed, Amherst.

2. Chas. A. Gray, Cambridge.

Correct answers also from Miss T. G. Houghton, Washington, but later than the above.



BAPTIST.

FIRST BAPTIST.—At the annual parish meeting held last week, E. C. Gilman was elected clerk; Gilbert G. Davis, treasurer; Geo. C. Whitney, Wm. Knowles and Dr. Ray W. Greene, assessors; P. B. Towne, R. F. Upham and C. G. Stowell, music committee; James Jenkins and Wm. H. Cook, auditors. The report of the treasurer showed the parish to be in good condition financially, there being a balance of \$40 in the treasury after all bills had been paid.

Y. P. S. C. E.

At the meeting of the executive board of the Local Union, held Monday evening in the Young Men's Christian Association parlor, the Paxton Society was admitted to membership and the following resolutions, drawn up by a committee consisting of J. H. Child, D. B. Tucker and Mrs. R. W. Robinson, were adopted:

Whereas, It has seemed wise to some of the Societies of our Local Union to form a Junior Branch Society, in order that the work among the younger members of our Societies and Sunday Schools may be carried on more successfully and

Whereas, It has been thought best for the further forwarding of this most important work that a Local Union of Juniors Branch Societies be formed—

Resolved—1st, That we the Senior Local Union of Y. P. S. C. E. extend to the Junior Union the assurance of our sincere interest in their welfare.

2d, That we assure them of our readiness to give them any assistance in our power.

3d, That the Secretary be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Junior Union and to enter them on the record book of this Local Union.

A plan was adopted of having a distinguishing color for each of the committees so that, at the meetings, the members might recognize those in other societies doing the same kind of committee work, and Mr. Irving Bigelow, Miss Carrie L. Thompson were appointed a committee to choose the colors, and they selected as follows: Prayer meeting, lavender; lookout, peacock blue; temperance, white; social, red; visiting and flower, green; Sunday School, yellow; music, pink; missionary, light blue. Also, the amendments to be acted upon at the meeting of the Union the following evening were accepted.

There was to have been held a conference of the lookout committees of the Local Union in Piedmont Church this week, but on account of the illness of the mother of Miss Gates, who had the matter in charge, it was indefinitely postponed.

The January meeting of the Local Union was held in Pilgrim Church Tuesday evening and there was a large attendance in spite of the snow-storm. The program began with singing after which President D. B. Tucker

read from the Scriptures, Rev. C. M. Southgate led in prayer, the Pilgrim Ladies Quartet sang a selection and President Walter S. Davis of the Pilgrim Society welcomed the visitors with a brief speech. Then after the count of the members present from the various societies had been taken, Mr. Arthur E. Gray, the Union's delegate to the state convention gave an account of what he had heard there. After singing, Miss Lila Fletcher, superintendent of the Pilgrim Junior Endeavor Society, read a paper on Junior Work. After singing again the announcement of the result of the contest for the banner was made, Pilgrim Society winning, having 78.4 per cent of its members present. Dewey Street Baptist was second with 72.7 per cent; Belmont Society had 54.1 per cent; Church of Christ 51 per cent and the Park Society, which won the banner at the last two meetings, had 47 per cent. Amendments to the constitution were adopted, the substance of which are as follows: Hereafter the meetings of the Union shall be held in January, March, May, September, and November and the annual election of officers shall take place in September; the presidents of the individual societies shall be vice-presidents of the Local Union and members of the executive board for one year from the date of their election and the corresponding secretaries shall be permanent members of the board; the constitution may be amended by the executive board, provided notice has been given in writing at the previous meeting and a majority of those present wrote to so do.

The meeting closed with a consecration meeting of ten minutes, led by Mr. A. A. McLaughlin, in which sixty spoke, among them being a young colored man from Nashville, Tenn., who extended the greetings of the societies in that city.

After the meeting a social was held in the vestry, entertainment being furnished by Miss Lois Thompson and Mrs. Ada Harrington, vocalists and Miss Gertrude Witherby, reader.

METHODIST.

THOMAS STREET SWEDISH—Fourteen joined the church on probation and two by letter last Sunday. The revival work which has been done during the past few weeks has been very successful.

Sons and Daughters of Vermont.

The Sons and Daughters of Vermont held their 19th annual reunion in Horticultural Hall Tuesday evening. Owing to the storm and prevailing epidemic the attendance was not as large as usual, but to those present it was an enjoyable occasion. President Adams had Mayor Harrington and wife, Col. Albert Clark of Boston and Vice-President A. W. Edson upon his right; and Rev. Dr. Gunnison and the various officers of the Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine associations upon his left and on the opposite side of the table.

Grace was said by Dr. Gunnison, after which an hour was devoted to the discussion of the menu provided by C. S. Yeaw, which was very satisfactory.

The speaking in the main hall led by Mayor Harrington, followed by Judge Jilson, Dr. Gunnison and Col. Clark, was full of interest-

ing reminiscences of interest of the early history of the state. Col. Clark gave a sketch of the record of the 8th Vermont at the battle of Cedar Creek. Letters were read by Secretary Pritchard from Governor and Ex-Governor Page and Dillingham and telegrams from associations in Providence; after which a pleasant entertainment was given under the direction of Mr. Harry C. Robinson, with Ben S. Hammond, accompanist, closing with dancing. Osborne's orchestra officiated with C. P. G. Parker with his five aids.

Salmon Putnam.

Almost as old as the Century, for it was in 1800, Dec. 29, that Mr Putnam was born in Sutton, a member of a family, long resident there, but originally coming from Essex County, and thereby connected with that of the famous Israel Putnam of Revolutionary note. He was born and reared on a farm, which is still in the hands of the Putnam family. His father was Cyrus Putnam and his mother Lucinda Hathaway. In early life he was fond of military duty and was a member of the militia, training in the Washington Fusiliers, of which company, in the days of Governor Marcus Morton, he became captain. To his latest day, he retained lively memories of those stirring times. He once marched his company off the field when ordered to camp in an improper place, a course that secured for him and his men better usage. By trade he was a carpenter and worked at this business in Leicester, Worcester and Boston. As a contractor and builder he erected the Leicester bank, the residences of the Messrs. Denny in that town and many other fine buildings. In Worcester, he built Coes' Wrench factory in New Worcester, the Barnard & Sumner block, and the residence of G. L. Newton on Harvard Street, besides many more of the best structures in the city. In fact his friends have said that the work done by him should have made him a millionaire. It was during the Forties that he lived in Worcester. His first wife was Tryphena Bigelow of Spencer, and she was the mother of his children, Otis E. and Samuel H. merchants of this city, Mary L. a teacher in Leicester and Persis Jane widow of Frank L. Coes of New Worcester. Their oldest child, Henry died in childhood, more than sixty years ago, but as long as Mr. Putnam lived any reference to his first born produced a trembling voice and a tearful eye. All the children were born in Leicester.

His first wife died in 1865 and later he married Mrs. Hawes of Leicester and with her moved to a small farm in Holden just north of the Holden reservoir. Here his life has passed quietly, for the last few years, he being able to care for the needs of his home and farm till prostrated by a fall during the Autumn. His thigh bone was broken and since then he has been confined to his bed, though his mind was clear to the end. An object of loving care and tender affection, to his children he has been visited by some one of them nearly every day since his misfortune. He died Thursday at 4 o'clock in the morning. His funeral will be attended at 2 p. m. today. A former member of the Old South, its pastor, the Rev. A. Z. Conrad, will officiate.

Expression by Voice and Manners.

Abstract of Miss Annie Haydn Webster's Lecture.

The true theory of expression is little understood to-day and less practiced. The laws upon which all natural expression is based and which pertain to the development and expression of the soul, the divine within us, are so misunderstood and misapplied to-day that most of the expression (as it presents itself to our eyes and ears by the audible and visible modes of expression,) reminds us but slightly of that spark of the divine within us—the soul.

Why do we hear so little of true naturalness and elegance in the voices of our so-called educated people of this age of culture, may well be demanded, when the modern educational system claims such superiority over the education of the ancient Greeks. If to accumulate masses of knowledge and rich gems of thought for our own selfish benefit be the true motive of education, then we must admit that a setting as narrow and contracted may be consistent for the presentation of such a miserly acquisition of that which was designed to benefit humanity. Such voices and such manners we actually do observe in the every day speech and gesture of those who but slightly comprehend what a broad education means. If, on the other hand, a broad education implies that training of the voice and manner which shall fittingly present the valuable knowledge acquired, then we may well turn and ask why the Expression of Knowledge be so slighted in the educational system. Why must we listen to angular, rough, unmusical voices and unrhythmic motions of the physical agents, when God's laws of educational growth demand harmony of expression? When we see and hear in all the motions of nature about us such wonderful beauty and harmony of expression, why shall we, representatives of the highest type of nature—human nature—deem ourselves exempt from those same harmonious laws as God moves through us as we speak, sing, and use these physical agents?

Who can define or comprehend these marvelous laws by means of which the soul moves outward and touches other souls? Who that has ever given the matter a passing thought can be content to so misapply these laws of soul expression as to ill-dress and ill-present truth? The parent in the home, the professor in the college, the clergyman in the pulpit, all are often perplexed as they are compelled to recognize, again and again, that their words seem to have left no impression upon those whom they were designed to impress, convince and persuade. But if they conscientiously investigate the reasons, they will too frequently find the cause is subjective; they have failed to impress because they have not touched the souls of the hearers; they have failed to recognize that the most potent vehicle of thought transmission is the voice, and that the voice is the very "organ of the soul." They have combined their intellectual-physical forces and thought it possible to persuade thereby; they have failed and will continue to

fail in their efforts until they recognize that the human voice—rightly moved through—is the great instructor's direct means of swaying souls. Half the argument, half the labor in teaching might be avoided, if the pure, rich, musical speaking voice were deemed a first requisite in education, as it truly should be.

And what does such training involve? What did the ancient Greeks, whose speaking voices were music itself to the ear, place at the foundation of their educational system? Rhythm; and that is a comprehensive word and pertains equally to voice and manner. Therefore they argued that a well trained voice depends, first, upon a blended condition of the soul emotions, and implies a religious life, that there may be no disconnection between the fountain head and the outlet. Secondly, the cultivated voice depends upon the training of the intellectual and physical agents to express the soul. As a result of this careful training, the threefold nature was harmonized and the voice (which Plato declared would always reveal the soul as acted with or against by the intellectual and physical agents) could not be otherwise than harmonious. Such harmony of expression was in the Greek education considered an absolute necessity, not, as in our modern times, a mere accomplishment. Much of the modern vocal training even, leaves out of consideration the beautiful life within, as though the study of the beautiful, as applied to the soul development, were for Sunday as a special dress.

Now rhythm is the very essence of harmonious motion in the universe, and is not less necessary in voice and manner, but as soon as we begin to grow conscious that we are trying to speak or move by rule, rhythm is absent. It is a subtle soul principle; it permeates all nature, but just so surely as the teacher or student of expression tries to reduce it to mathematical rules or to define it by a logical arrangement of words, it immediately departs for broader spheres. There is the great and difficult problem in expression of modern times, and as a result, unconsciousness of the physical agents, "the art of concealing art," is rarely attained. The physical agents are in the way of the soul, instead of being under its control and at its service.

The intellectual faculties, with all their skillful devices, seem, to thwart the graceful soul motions and emotions, while the general effect is studied, stereotyped, and ungraceful in the extreme. True originality, individuality, and naturalness in voice or manner is rarely observed even among our most distinguished speakers and singers. Our modern artists in this department, which should rank first, reflect conventional rules and soul environments in too many cases, far more than their own souls. They shine by reflected light and frequently present others' soul reflections where we might expect their own. As a result of this contagion in expression, the stereotyped articulation, pronunciation, accent and, I might almost say, quality of vocal expression and gesture, have come to supplant the persuasive force and polished charm which characterized the expression of the ancients. Words lose their force, voice loses its charm and power, manner is graceless, and all because the soul, the divine spark that lights the body, is compelled to shine through all

kinds of obstacles, and oftentimes its brightest beams are so hindered that the world is unable to recognize them and be benefited thereby.

The three species of soul radiation observed in visible expression as we observe it in the human face may be compared to the three grades of light emanating from the sun. The average degree of light may be compared to the photosphere, which closely surrounds the solid man. It hugs the surface, and outlines it as we look at the average face. It suggests the physical face as acted upon by the external light, rather than the light from within shining through. Then there is another species of facial radiation that is more suggestive of the chromosphere, and is the result of a greater degree of intelligence and soul development; yet it is not a free radiation, for it is as though the intellectual faculties, more fully developed, were saying to the soul "it is not in accordance with conventional rules to be emotional." "You must not be very different from other souls for if you do, you will render me what the world calls eccentric." And so this species of soul radiation indicates a struggle between soul, intellectual faculties and the physical agents, and as a result the rays are held back. The third type is of a higher and more brilliant nature and seems to reflect a great variety of soul emotions through the intellectual and physical avenues. It corresponds to the beautiful corona, surrounding and emanating from the grand center. This species of facial radiation permits the beautiful soul within to shine out unrestricted.

The training and discipline that develop such soul illumination recognize that psychic law; namely, that the human soul knows no limits of power, and when it is rightly developed in its physical setting it completely possesses and sways the material body. It recognizes the great soul force whence it draws its light and power; it permits unlimited soul force to enter and ignite the individual soul and to pass out and ignite all souls with which it comes in contact. It is, like the beautiful corona of the sun that comes to light our otherwise dull, material world, travelling through millions of miles to meet our demands and to make us acquainted with each other and the wonderful law of light. What a wonderful law is this law of reflected light; and what a beautiful thought it is that all light, through how many soever bodies it has been reflected or from however many surfaces it may have been reflected is still light, and is still harmonious vibration, designed to aid humanity. Ah, there is the true secret of expression, audible or visible. If it is confined to narrow limits like the photosphere and chromosphere, it will never accomplish the greatest good for humanity; but if, like the radiant, far-reaching corona light we permit our souls to ferment and shine through our dust-bodies and illuminate those with whom we daily come in contact, we may truly be worthy students, to use all the power there is, for light is power and power is God and "in him is no darkness."

What then is the first step in the study of expression? Soul development. A harmonious inner life, a blending of the emotions.

Without this as a basis of all vocal and physical training, there can be no harmony of voice or manner; without this inner poise, there can be no outer poise. There must be friction, friction, friction in every tone and motion until the life within us be perfectly in harmony with God and his laws. The coronals—those the Christ face are no imaginary lines. His face was radiant with divine light. It shone through that body that was in perfect harmony with God. That "still small voice," that knew no limits to its power, expanded according to those same laws of radiation. Light and sound are sisters in expression, and must work together. Now this, then, that your power lies in a consecrated life, whether you speak, sing, or move. A thorough soul-technique would render unnecessary ninety per cent of the intellectual technique that that monopolizes the time and thought of the average student of expression, leaving him, after all, a poor cripple, bereft of real thought.

If then, you wish a sweet, gentle musical voice, attend carefully to the harmonizing of your threefold nature, for God never designed that it should secure other than a unit of expression. "Union is strength," and such strength will be yours when you make the conditions. The soul's nature is expansive; remove the debris and shine out audibly and visibly.

ANNIE HAYDN WEBSTER.

Nov. 21, 1891.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Lothrop's Opera House.

The attraction at the Pleasant Street Opera House this week is the well-known "Two Orphans," in which Kate Claxton is at present starring in the western part of the country. Miss Katherine Rober, in the character of Louise, the blind girl, has a part well-fitted to her peculiar talents, and is a pronounced success. Max Freeman, as Pierre Frochard, is seen to excellent advantage. The work of the entire company well merits the generous applause accorded at each performance.

The most severe test a play-house can be subjected to is the bad weather which has of late prevailed extensively throughout the New England states, and which has been detrimental to every line of business, except, perhaps, that of the undertaker, physician and druggist. Especially is this true directly after the holidays. Even with these serious conditions to contend against Lothrop's Opera House has felt no perceptible decrease in the box office receipts. The drama at popular prices is a phenomenal success in this city, and just as long as the management continues to furnish such excellent plays they will surely receive the hearty support of the people.

"The Doll's Hospital," which was to have formed a part of the program of the entertainment, December 7, of the School of English Speech, but which was postponed, will be given next Monday afternoon at four o'clock in Horticultural Hall. Those who have saved their tickets to the first entertainment will be admitted on them Monday. The entertainment is for the benefit of the Memorial Hospital.

Dramatic Notes.

Edwin Booth's physical condition is such as to cause his friends much anxiety, and it is doubtful if he ever makes his appearance again on the stage. He is undoubtedly the greatest and most popular actor of his time. Nothing has ever been said against his professional or private life. It is said that tobacco has been the primary cause in wrecking his health.

Maria Sheldon, the wife of Robert Mantell, the romantic actor, has compelled her husband to pay her \$100 per week for separate maintenance, and she also has the custody of their two children. There are many ladies in Mantell's audiences, but it is not generally known that his cranium is as destitute of hair as the smooth surface of a billiard ball. A wig in his case is not only artistic, but very useful.

Scanlan's appearance on the stage was very deceiving, owing to his make-up, which gave him the semblance of an athlete. He is a small man, very nervous in manner, with very dark hair. He always wore a light wig, which set off his laughing face in a becoming manner.

It is reported that J. Gordon Edwards is endeavoring to secure a divorce from his wife, Miss Edith Pollock, who was formerly a member of the Lowell Music Hall Company. Miss Pollock has two sisters in the theatrical profession. Her father was before his death, some years ago, a prominent New York newspaper man.

The management of the Lillian Russell "La Cigale" company in New York, have been forced by Commodore Gerry's society to dispense with the services of young children in connection with the production of the opera. Miss Russell is indignant, but public opinion is against her. Early impressions consequent upon the surroundings of the theater are not on a line with sound and wholesome education. Let the good work go on in the interests of humanity and the stage.

Schurtz on Franklin.

Monday, the 18th, was the 186th birthday of Benjamin Franklin and this is what Carl Schurtz said about him at a New York celebration.

"One may learn from Ben Franklin how to grow up from a very bad boy to a very good man. As a young man, Franklin was capable of embezzling money and of associating with very disgraceful people in shameful intimacy. But Franklin saved himself from any such fate by some very plain and simple methods of self-control." And again: "Franklin did not set out to do great things, but he did set out to do useful things, and by doing a great many useful things he became a very great man. The record of his public service is a delight. He continued an honest politician in spite of the fact that he started as an alderman. He never asked for public office, but he was continued in it because he won public regard by faithful service."

Worcester Academy.

Next Wednesday evening President Small of Colby University will lecture at the Academy on "The Ideals of Higher Education."

Next Week's Poultry Show.

"The hottest show of New England will be in Worcester, under the auspices of the Central Mass. Poultry Club. The organization of the proposed New England Poultry Club will take place during this show. The banquet will be a fine affair, and a good time can be anticipated. Everybody will be welcome."

The above paragraph is taken from one of the leading poultry journals of the country, and is an editorial expression of opinion. In fact, all the poultry journals unite in commending the Central Massachusetts show, and advising all fanciers to exhibit at it.

The Central Mass. Poultry Club held its last exhibition four years ago, but during the past year it has renewed its lease of life and comes to the fore prepared to give the finest show ever seen in the city. January 26, 27 and 28 are the days set for the show. Mechanics Hall is the place and the entries close today.

It is a well known fact that Worcester County is the very centre of the poultry industry. It is said that seven-tenths of the prize winners of the country are raised within twenty-five miles of this city. With such a reputation as this, there is no reason why Worcester should not become famous for its exhibitions, and it is the intention of the managers of the coming affair to lay the foundation of a national reputation.

There are numerous causes that go to ensure success in the exhibition. A meeting of the fanciers of New England will be held for the purpose of perfecting an organization. This is a scheme that interests hen men all over the Eastern States and will draw many well-known men that might not otherwise be present. The Buff Cochins Club will also hold their exhibition in connection with the large one, and probably 150 specimens of that variety will be shown.

There will be many special features that will add greatly to the attractiveness of the show. There will be large exhibits of pigeons, peacocks, pheasants, water birds, rabbits, etc., and on the platform will be a large cage containing either two or four ostriches. These birds came from Ohio where experiments are being made at ostrich farming and \$500 was paid to get an exhibit to New York last Winter. There will also be several incubators of large size in operation and an exhibit of poultry supplies. The hall will be scientifically disinfected during the exhibition.

LIGHT is not a poultry paper and this notice was not written for the poultry breeders, for they can get more from papers devoted especially to that subject than LIGHT can give. But it was written for the benefit of the thousands in Worcester who are not in the strict sense poultry fanciers, but who, nevertheless, enjoy seeing the exhibition, and for the purpose of letting these people know that they have never had an opportunity of seeing a finer exhibition.

Truant School.

Superintendent Frank L. Johnson of the Truant School in Oakdale has proclaimed the same to be ready for the reception of lads, properly designated. It is probable, however, that he would not like to have all of the Worcester boys in a lump. One at a time is better.

The Reform Club.

Sixteen full years of doing good. That is the record behind the Reform Club. Before it, the line stretches out interminably for, unfortunately, it seems as though there would always be need of reformation. The cosy quarters, at 570 Main Street, were well filled Monday night by members and friends who came together to review the past and to note the anniversary. It was in the Old South, the 16th of Jan. 1876 that the Club had its inception, under the direction of Dr. Reynolds and it has not faltered a moment since.

President Wm. H. Robinson opened the exercises with reading from the Bible and he was followed by Mrs. D. D. Tatman of the First W. C. T. U. in prayer. After reading several letters from absent friends, he introduced ex-president Major F. G. Stiles who also read two or three letters and then spoke most eloquently of what the Club had done and of its mission. After the Major, remarks were made by Alfred S. Roe, the Rev. J. D. Pickles of Trinity Church, Rev. H. J. White of the Pleasant Street Baptist; Mrs. D. D. Tatman of the First W. C. T. U.; Charles F. Rugg, President of the Y. M. C. A.; Rev. G. H. S. Bell, of the Zion A. M. E. Church; vice-president, J. A. Stowell; Carl T. Thomas, Col. E. J. Russell, Probation Officer, and H. E. Townsend. It was a pleasant evening within, though stormy without. Especial stress was laid by speakers, outside of the Club, on the work done by the Club in the recent No License campaign, while members spoke more especially of the good that had been accomplished for themselves and their home.

Here are passages from some of the letters read. From Dr. H. T. Cheever, "Only hold fast in this way, under the conviction that perpetual vigilance is the price of safety and you will be justified in the claim to be one of the chief motors of public opinion in our godly city."

Rev. George H. Gould wrote "I want to congratulate the Reform Club on their grand and effective leadership in carrying our city for No License in December. Now let us work to make our glorious victory permanent."

Mrs. Townsend, President of the W. C. T. U. said, "There are many things to discourage us in the work but God is on our side and one with him is a majority."

Rev. W. T. Sleeper, "I appreciate your noble work of taking the hand of the fallen and helping them to walk in a straight path."

Sarah B. Earle, "May the good God whom we serve, keep you all."

Rev. A. Z. Conrad, "I honor the men engaged in the work and any assistance a busy pastor can render will be cheerfully given."

Rev. J. O. Peck, formerly of this city wrote at some length of his appreciation of the Club's good work.

Judge P. Emory Aldrich, "I hope I may be permitted to express my sincere wishes for the success of your anniversary celebration and the continued prosperity of your club."

Letters of regrets over necessary absence

were also received from Deacon H. H. Merriam, Rev. Thomas Scully of Cambridge, Governor Wm. E. Russell, Rev. Francis G. Burgess, Rev. W. T. Worth, and S. M. Carpenter of Woonsocket.

The letter of the widow of the late Dr. Alonzo Hill, of the 1st Unitarian Church is especially good. She says, "Intemperance is the source of most of the poverty, ignorance and crime in the land, and Heaven's richest blessings must rest on those who perseveringly and earnestly labor for its suppression."

But perhaps nothing more interesting was submitted to the meeting than two letters from Mrs. Sarah R. Barnard, a lady ninety-two years old. Writing in her girlhood must have been taught better than it is to-day, for the result is like copperplate, wonderfully clear and beautiful. At Christmas she writes inclosing a gift, "Worcester has nobly, for one year pledged herself for the right and with GOD'S blessing I hope for many or forever." For the anniversary she writes, "It is my wish you may have a large and increasing number with you even before May first."

* * * I take a deep interest in your organization and every earnest effort to shut saloon doors for the benefit of individuals, the city and the state."

WORCESTER SOCIETY AGOG

Over a Unique and Free Exhibition.

A great many well known ladies and gentlemen were heard to say yesterday, "I never saw anything like it." "This is the most beautiful and magnificent sight I have ever seen." "Everything is so odd and handsome" "I never would have believed so many rare things could have been gotten together in one place, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

The above remarks are in reference to the most unusual exhibition and display of antique and oriental mats, rugs, carpets, portieres and embroideries at Denholm & McKay Co.'s Carpet Department, Main Street, Worcester. There never was a more GENUINE or thoroughly honest collection of REAL antique Persian, Cashmere, Daghestan, Bokhara, Circassian, Egyptian, Armenian, Gourgistan, Arzang, Moorish, Kouristan, Boulagistan, Damgaly, Afghan, Tifizi, Camel's hair Ashiret, and Kerebla rugs, carpets, mats, portieres, and embroideries. The goods are all the way from 50 to 2,000 years old, and have come from the palaces of the Khedive of Egypt, Sultan of Turkey, Shah of Persia, Amir of Afghanistan, Czar of Russia, Bey of Circassia, Dighanghirs of India, and from the temples, mosque, ruins, and other sacred places of the Old World.

The great number and beautiful blending of colors in all the goods is something marvelous. Why don't you go in this morning or this afternoon and see them. It is truly a rare treat and such an one as you may never see again. You might travel in the Orient for years and not see an equal display in any one place. There are 800 pieces. The exhibitors feel that every customer, every friend; in fact, every lady and gentleman in Worcester county should visit this free exhibition. It will close Saturday night, and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday there will begin at 10.30 a.m. and

2.30 p.m. an auction sale, when every one of these beautiful rugs will be sold at whatever price they will bring regardless of any value.

SOUTH END NEWS.

At the regular meeting of the Piedmont Choral Union held last Monday evening, Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul was rehearsed.

Miss Viola Wright has recently moved into the Brightside, having come from Rochester, N. Y., where she was held in high esteem for her musical attainments.

The members of the Woman's Suffrage League met with Mrs. Kabley, 7 Allen Street, Thursday afternoon, and a very enjoyable time was the result.

This part of the city is, after many years, fortunate in the possession of a skating pond, so long lacking. The ice on University Park the past week has been in excellent condition and crowds of merry skaters have enjoyed the sport.

LEICESTER.

It took just about one-half minute to remove the town of Leicester back to its old location, two hours away from Worcester. The Electric Road had placed the hill tops so near Worcester, that they began to look like the 11th Ward of this city, but whir, buzz, bang and the engine stopped and the town slipped back again. However, those interested claim that the damage can soon be repaired and that, within ten days, we shall again be near each other. A supplementary engine is needed so, as in the case of the Chinaman's watches "When one is sicked, the other will be able to goe."

Physical Culture.

Physical culture and everything pertaining to health of body and mind are numbered among the accomplishments of the educated young lady or gentleman of today. There are many schools and teachers and systems for the graceful development of the human body, but that teacher who is conscientious and painstaking, and the system which is the best, are invariably the cheapest in the end. The Worcester School of Elocution and Oratory, of which Miss Stella M. Haynes is the principal, has decided to give lessons in physical culture, embracing only those exercises from which permanent benefit will be received, to young ladies and gentlemen on Friday evenings at 7.30 o'clock. The classes will meet at the rooms of the school in Clark's Block, No. 492 Main Street.

Y. M. C. A. Course.

The second series of the Association course was opened Thursday evening with an exceedingly entertaining concert by the Temple Quartet, assisted by Professor Tripp, reader.

Mechanics Course.

The last entertainment in course B will be given next Monday evening by the Schubert Quartet of Chicago.

Temptations are necessary. A man can't even tell whether he is honest or not until he has been tempted.

The Ontario Mine.

Late one afternoon in June, I left Ogden for a visit to the largest mine in Utah. In the East a journey of forty miles is undertaken only after much preparation, but in the West, such a distance is thought little of. Indeed our next-door neighbor, Salt Lake City, is thirty miles away, and a trip there is not an uncommon occurrence. The sun was still an hour above the horizon, and it was two hours before the darkness would shut out the scenes along the road. For a few miles the railroad runs across the valley, and along the base of the mountain, as if looking for a place to get through. It has been raining, and after passing Uintah, we come to the opening in the mountain. Beside us is the Weber river, and before us the mountains. As we look ahead, a scented beauty is presented that we will not soon forget. The chæon with almost perpendicular walls seems to invite our entrance, while spanning the opening is the Bow of Promise, the rainbow, resting in the golden pots on either side, as if to dispel any fears that might arise. With such surroundings we enter, and are hurried along amid ever changing scenes, now on this side, now on that side of the river, till we reach a turn at right angles that would seem to bar our progress. But what can hinder the march of civilization? What can stop the inventive genius of man? The pioneer would be startled by the loud snort of the iron horse.

The cart road has been in sight all the way now it is below us, and it easily follows the bendings of the river, but the curve would be too sharp for the engine. What is to be done? Part of the mountain must come down. We are soon in a cut with walls high above cars but only for a minute, when we join the river again. More bridges, two tunnels, and the cañon begins to widen, and a fertile plain is reached. But let us go back for a moment. We have passed through the Devil's Gate, and one side we soon come to that strange formation of rocks known as the Devil's Slide. It is an outcrop of two parallel ridges of stone, extending from the top to the bottom of the mountain. Farther along and on the other side is the 1000 mile cañon, said to be 1000 miles from Omaha, but in vain do we look for the 1000 mile tree said to mark that place. For two miles we scan the track on both sides, and had nearly given up seeing it. But near the 998th mile post we spy the tree, still holding out the sign that has told so many of the early pioneers that they were almost to their new home.

It is dusk when we reach Echo, interesting for the peculiar rocks known as the Wittches, and the Pulpit Rock, from which Brigham Young preached his first sermon in Utah. Here we leave the main line of the Union Pacific, and taking a branch, begin to climb the mountain. Progress is slow. In many places the grade can be seen by looking from one end of the car to the other. There is often a rise of 200 feet to the mile.

Early the next morning we were up to see all that can be seen in the short time we remain. Park City is a curious little town, built on both sides of the cañon, all length and no width. The mines are a mile from the depot

and much higher than the town. On either side of the road are small houses of one room, or at most two rooms, and many of them are above the road on account of the nearness of the mountain slopes. A stream of clear cold water comes down beside the road, and in many places where the sun does not reach, large banks of snow still remain. Near the top I passed through a cut in a snow-drift that was six feet deep.

There are three shafts known as No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. No. 1 is the deepest, being at present 1300 feet deep. I had some difficulty in getting permission to go into the mines, for the Superintendent and all who could give permission were away. But having come forty miles for the purpose of seeing them, I was unwilling to go away without going down into them. Through the kindness of the foreman of No. 1, I was told to come back after dinner, and he would show me the process of mining. I was on hand at one o'clock, and preparatory to the descent was provided with a rubber suit, —bat, coat, and boots. They were all about three sizes too big for me, and I must have cut a fine figure in them, but they were a good protection from the water.

The sensation of going down a shaft is better experienced than described. We went so fast that it seemed as if we were falling, and I clung to the side of the cage for fear of tumbling off. It was total darkness save the glimmer of the smoky lantern. There are openings every 100 feet, but few of them are worked except the lower one. Below the 600 level the water began to drip, and when we reached the bottom there was a heavy fall of water. We then set out on a tour of exploration I saw the miners at their work, and climbed up into some of the—chambers they could hardly be called, for there was scarce room to turn around. Some specimens I also obtained. The pump that keeps out the water so that the work may go on raises it to the 600 feet level from which it flows through a tunnel to shaft No. 3. Here is the largest machinery and while waiting for the pump man to come up, I had plenty of time to examine it. There are three cages in the shaft, one of which is used for human freight, the other two bring up the ore. As the cars come up they are rolled away and emptied. A stick in the car indicates that it contains ore, the other cars are dumped on the waste heap. The most interesting piece of machinery here is the pump and the engine that runs it. The flywheel is very large and moves very slowly. The connecting rod, which runs from the engine to the pistons, is made of a square piece of timber 12 x 15 and extends to the lowest level 1000 ft. At two points along its length there are immense weights to balance it, each weighing 27 tons. Thus the weight of this connecting rod must be over 50 tons. At the 600 feet level there are two pistons or rather plungers, and there are the same at the bottom. From the former level a tunnel runs to the mill in the valley. Through this tunnel the water finds exit and also cars of ore may be run direct to the mill. The mine is worked day and night, each shift of men, as they are called, working eight hours.

My next visit was to the mill where the ore is converted into bullion. The ore first goes to the battery, where it is reduced to a pow-

der. The din of the hammers renders it almost impossible to hear conversation, and the dust compels the workmen to wear a sponge over their nose and mouth. Belt elevators then take it, after it has been mixed with salt, and carry it to the top of a large square chimney, several feet across, and a sieve causes the particles to fall at some distance from each other. During the drop from top to bottom the intense heat effects a union between the salt and ore and silver chloride is produced. This is drawn from the bottom red-hot, and after cooling for several days goes to the agitators. These are large tubs of water which is constantly being changed. A thin mud is formed and the lightest of it runs off as waste. Silver is heavy and so sinks. But the better to effect a separation, mercury is added. It attacks the chloride and forms an amalgam with the silver. This amalgam is still heavier than the silver, and is drawn off from the bottom. The mercury may be removed by a fine strainer. The silver, then nearly pure, is run into bricks. The mercury may be used over and over again. The mills run night and day, some of the machinery, I was told, had not stopped for sixteen years, except when necessary for repairs. The constant din of the mill is somewhat disturbing to the stranger, who sleeps for the first time in Park City. But one soon gets used to the noise, and sleeps as soundly as if in a quiet place. The day was a busy one, and late at night, I sought the retirement of my room. It was a day well spent.

FLACTIONS.

Newspaper Men.

The "typical newspaper man" of to-day is a young man. He is college bred; he comes from a good family, and is a gentleman by birth and breeding. He is brighter, quicker, has broad knowledge of men and affairs and he makes and spends more money than his brother who goes into "business." He is well dressed, well housed and well fed. He has learned that bohemianism, as exemplified by irregular hours, infrequent baths and incessant rum, does not pay, and he has left that sort of bohemianism to chronic bummers and greenhorns. The tone, the moral of the profession have changed within the last twenty years, and the public is only just beginning to find it out.

Educated people who keep their eyes open realize that their notions of the "typical newspaper man" are sadly out of joint, and they are revising their types. The profession is slowly moving toward its rightful place in public estimation, and the time is not very far off when it will stand, not on a par with, but ahead of the law, the pulpit, medicine and the other liberal professions. In the meantime we will be obliged to endure with what grace we may the would be brilliant sketches of playwrights and novelists and the unintentionally stupid conclusions of misinformed outsiders who see in every whiskey soreheaded scribbler a typical newspaper man.—*Printer's Ink.*

Old Men's Home.

At a recent meeting thanks were tendered to Albert Curtis for continued munificence and it was voted to petition the Legislature for the privilege of changing the name to "Home for Aged Men."

Books and Bookmen

"They do most by books who could do much without them."—Sir Thomas Browne

The next number of the Riverside Paper Series will be Mrs. Kirk's popular story, *Walford*.

A new long story by Bret Harte, *A First Family of Tasajara*, will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Bagg's Secretary is the name of a new story by Clara Louise Burnham, author of *Next Door*, and other popular novels. The sub-title describes it as a West Point Romance.

Under the title *The Early Renaissance and Other Essays*, Professor J. M. Hoppin, of Yale, will shortly bring out a volume which promises to be a valuable and agreeable addition to art literature.

Two or three winters ago Mr Lowell delivered at the Lowell Institute a course of lectures on the English Dramatists. These will be published under Professor Norton's editorial supervision, next Autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a season for printing final poems and papers by Mr. Lowell. Scribner's publishes his latest unpublished poem for the February number and Harper's announces several unpublished essays. The aftermath of so active a life will be considerable.

The February Atlantic will contain an article of great interest by Professor Shaler, of Harvard, a native Kentuckian, giving the reasons which led him to join the Union Army in the War of the Rebellion.

Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, author of *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, will contribute to the February Atlantic a very remarkable paper on "The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17, B. C.," giving the details of some inscriptions very recently discovered, commemorating the celebration of secular games under Augustus, for which Horace wrote his famous *Carmen Seculare*.

Everyone fond of hunting, fishing and canoeing, and those interested in natural history, fish culture, rifle and trap shooting, and owners of dogs, who like to read interesting, instructive and practical articles on these subjects, should read the *Amateur Sportsman*, a magazine published monthly at one dollar per year. Each number of the *Amateur Sportsman* contains numerous practical articles—many of them illustrated—that should be read by every lover of the gun, rod and dog. Send to The *Amateur Sportsman* Co., 6 College Place, New York, for a free specimen copy.

The Artist Printer for December reaches us somewhat delayed but none the less welcome on this account. The engravings and subject

matter are of a high order. Considerable space is given to the life and work of Mr. John Anderson, the head of the Publishing Company, bearing his name. This is the most considerable Scandinavian publishing establishment in the country. Mr. John Marder of Chicago one of the prominent type founders of that city. Margaret Mather as Medea is the most striking portrait in the number and the face and pose are beautiful. "Gathering Flowers" is a delightful realization of childhood. "The Tower of London" shows the wonderful result attainable by rule work. Published in Chicago and St. Louis by A. C. Cameron & Co. \$1 a year.

The following is of interest in connection with a question recently raised as to the late Adin Thayer's connection with the famous Anthony Burns affair. LIGHT has mailed to Colonel Higginson a paper containing an account of our late ex-Alderman Porter.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 14, 1892.

A. S. Roe, Esq.

DEAR SIR: In answer to Mr. Tainter's inquiry, in your last issue, I can only say that I never before heard of any such conversation as that which he describes as occurring between Adin Thayer and myself; nor do I think that Mr. Thayer was in Court Square on the evening of the Burns affair. I do not know who Samuel Porter is, whom Mr. Tainter mentions as his authority. Yours very truly,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

For the Old Sake's Sake by Alan St. Aubyn, from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

Any one who has read *A Fellow of Trinity* will take this book up eagerly as written by the same hand. It is a story of love and sacrifice with sadness which calls for our sincerest pity. Lettice Primrose prepares to marry a young student of her father's but just on the wedding day her step-mother dies and her father with the baby daughter are left to mourn alone. Lettice gives up her lover and stays behind to care for them while he goes to India. After twenty years absence he returns and, finding Lettice older and faded, falls in love with the beautiful girl whom he only remembers as a desolate baby. By a thorny pathway they all reach a place of peace. Lettice, whose whole life has been one of sacrifice, makes one more and goes her way with burdens a little heavier but knowing that her sister and her lover will be happy. The book may be had in paper covers for 50 cents.

A Reporter's Romance by "The Deacon," from Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago and New York.

This is a story of St. Louis and brings in much of the high life of that city. If begins with the reporter, Paul Terry, being sent in to report in the dress to be to worn by a famous belle at a coming ball. The story centers on this young girl, her love affairs and Paul and his art as a reporter and partial detective. A madman, a ring and locket, a French chateau, and in fact all the necessary items for a thrilling love story are in the book and made the most of. It is number 166 of the *Globe Library Series*.

Ingalls' Home and Art Magazine published by J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass.

The frontispiece is a lion's head by Rosa

Bonheur and directions as well as the palette for painting are given. This number has several pages devoted to needlework and also descriptions of odd entertainments with directions for carrying them out successfully. There is something of drawing and charcoal work and altogether the magazine is worth the price which is \$1 per year.

The February Pansy is a notable number. The article "About Boston," which concerns itself with the city's historical points of interest, and the article on "William Wordsworth" (*English Literature Papers*), which ably discusses this great man and his work, would be enough to recommend its worth, were there no stories by Pansy and Margaret Sidney, and the delightful *Baby's Corner* by Mrs. C. M. Livingstone. Taking into consideration all these, and the ably written papers pertaining to foreign life and ways, short biographical articles and timely sketches, Pansy, with its shorter stories, verses and illustrations, is a magazine no family can afford to do without. Price \$1 a year, 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

Little Men and Women for February gives a kindly greeting to all boys and girls so fortunate as to have this magazine for a monthly visitor. It contains "Another Voice from a Menagerie," a helpful *Natural History* story, "A Boy and a Girl," a real boy and girl story, "Joker and His Relations," a remarkable monkey who is clever and amusing, "The Studio Dolls," whose plot is full of extraordinary doings, "Uncle Roy's Story," "The Snow Man's Opinion," while "Willie in the Woods" and "Sussy's Dolls and Playhouse," as well as the jingles and verse make a bright, cheerful and entertaining number, well set off by its attractive pictures which charmingly illustrate the best magazine, made by the best writers for little men and women just beginning to read for themselves.

Price \$1 a year, 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

The February *Babyland*, with its bits of poetry, scraps of song, and pretty stories, is as charming and dainty as the babies for which it was made. "The Breakfast Song," to be sung and told to Baby, "The Tiptoe Twins," and the big kite, the "Baby's Story," and "Sweetheart's Bath," will entertain and amuse the nursery folks, and they will want to hear the story of the "Baby-Tenders" and "Our Carlo" told many times. *Babyland* is Baby's own magazine.

Price 50 cents a year, 5 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

A Study in Girls by Edmond Smith Middleton, New York, G. W. Dillingham, Publisher.

Mr. Middleton is well known to many dwellers in this city, having been, for a time, the Assistant Rector at All Saints' Church and there are many acquaintances who will hail a book from his pen with no little pleasure. His *Study in Girls* is well named. It bears, to the full story, just the relation that the artist's Summer sketch, quickly made, does to the finished product of his brush when Winter leisure enables him to put upon canvas his lasting impressions. Mr. Middleton writes with admirable ease and on every page gives

the impression of being thoroughly familiar with the terms and scenes introduced.

"Faith, A Not Unusual Girl," is extremely good and, after some tribulation, becomes the wife of her pastor. "Annette, A Literary Girl" becomes a novelist of note and in her case, the writer gives just a little touch of realism. "Suzanne, A Shop Girl" is a very sensible young woman and marries well. "Lora, A Stage Girl" is not to be envied. Let us hope that her kind is not legion. "Grace, A Summer Girl" is much more pleasing than many of her sort are said to be. "Nellie, A Wayward Girl" is treated very delicately, yet truly. "Myone, A Marriageable Girl" is one of the most interesting of the studies, showing some of the finest skill in treating characters.

Mr. Middleton's Worcester friends will find his book entertaining and, quite likely, many will read to find out whether any characters were drawn from acquaintances made here.

Manual-Plane Geometry on the Heuristic Plan, with numerous Extra Exercises, both theorems and problems, for advanced work by G. Irving Hopkins, Instructor in Mathematics and Physics in the High School, Manchester, N. H., Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1891.

A new geometry is not taken up with the expectation of finding new truths. Euclid pretty nearly exhausted the subject, but we may and do find, in later books, new ways of expressing long accepted principles and that is just what this book gives us. It is not divided into books nor chapters, as the most of our geometries are. This may or may not be an improvement. There are divisions, but those who used Davies Legendre and other similar treatises have little trouble in assigning a geometrical statement to its appropriate place in its chapter. Possibly, the emphasized headings in Mr. Hopkins' book will do as well. But the chief merit of the book lies in leaving something for the student to discover for himself. Prescott, the historian, who, as a boy, memorized his demonstrations would have failed with this book. There is no question as to the utility of a system that makes the pupil seek for reasons. The book contains all the essentials for College and Scientific School Examinations in Plane Geometry. The quadrature of a circle is treated in an especially entertaining manner.

The Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel Company that is rocking a tunnel five miles long through the Rocky Mountain mineral backbone of the continent, 60 miles west from Denver in Colorado, for railway and gold and silver mining purposes, closes the year 1891 without a dollar for floating debt or unpaid bills; with exceeding \$4,521,000 of fully paid for assets, and is on the direct road to success and profit for all investors. For particulars of this wonderful enterprise, the greatest of its kind, send four cents to Mark M. Pomeroy, President, Room 46, World Building, New York City, for a large illustrated 34-page pamphlet telling of the enterprise, and you will also receive free a sample copy of *Advantage Thought*, his red-hot monthly, if you will mention this paper.

The January Inland Printer is a joy to the eye. Seemingly, nothing could be finer than this number in every respect. As ever the en-

gravings are superb. The text is valuable, every word of it. The Development of Book-making is of interest to every printer and lover of books. Then come some very practical treatises on many departments of work in a printing office. It is a pity that every one in the office, little and big, could not read them. There is a good statement of the way half tone prints, those used in *LIGHT*, are made. The description of the palatial abode of the Chicago Herald makes eastern people long for the "Wild and Woolly West." For the practical printer the book is indispensable. Published in Chicago for \$2 per year.

Johnson's History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, edited with an introduction on methods of study by Fred N. Scott, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan. Leach, Shewell and Sanborn, Boston and New York.

Another volume in the Student's Series of English Classics. In the same familiar form, with the same colored covers as heretofore, this set of books will put the reading of these classics on a more useful basis than ever before. Of course, the main spring in their compilation is the preparing of young people for college examinations in English composition and reading. The editor gives an entertaining biographical sketch of the writer, good enough to prompt the reader to try "Boswell" at once. Methods of Study is crammed full of advice to the student. Then come "Aids to the Study of Rasselas," which the student will carefully heed. The Chronological outline is Johnson's life in brief. After the story are three appendices. In the first are notes sufficient to make clear the dark places in the text. The second illustrates Dr. Johnson's power as a poet by quotations from "The Vanity of Human Wishes" and in the third are given some selections from his best prose thoughts. The book may be had for 42 cts.

The publishers of *Outing* made the January number the holiday number, enclosing it in a white cover printed in blue and gold. No single article takes particular precedence, all being entertaining reading and sufficiently varied in subject to suit many tastes. The illustrations are fine and numerous, but as they are always so, it is almost superfluous to say it. The fiction includes "The Bear's Head Brooch," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Saddle and Sentiment" (continued) by Wenona Gilman and "Harry's Career at Yale" (continued) by John Seymour Wood. Walter Camp begins a series of articles on "Training," the first one being entitled, "Indoor Appliances for Outdoor Sport." Besides these there are stories of travel, of sport with rod and gun, of life among the cowboys of the West, of military life and of the present Canadian Militia, besides practical suggestions for photographers and the monthly record of all branches of recreation. Thousands of readers enjoy *Outing's* monthly visits.

Don't experiment with your health. You may be sure of the quality of your medicine, even if you have to take much of your food upon trust. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It is the standard blood purifier, the most effective and economical.

Curious Corner.

Told by the Nails.

Fortune-telling by means of the finger-nails, onychomancy, as it was called, was not uncommon in the ancient times, says Medical Classics. The practice was to rub the nails with oil and soot or wax and to hold up the nails thus prepared against the sun, and upon the transparent horny substance were supposed to appear figures or characters, which gave the answer required. In more recent times people have been found predicting by means of the nails of the hand and telling the dispositions of persons with certain descriptions of the nails. However absurd it may appear, we shall give examples of this superstition. A person of broad nails is of gentle nature, timid and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury. A white mark on the nail speaks misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Indolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit. Melancholy persons are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails, and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and stotted nails.

How Wasps Work.

F. H. Stauffer, in the Christian Union, says: Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy and each went away with a burden, replied the naturalist. 'The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. They then paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials.'

"You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply, look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll across the meadow, through the woods, or along the brook. There are ten thousand interesting things to be seen, noted, wondered at, and explained. Animals, birds, plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities, will command your admiration.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Aunt Kezia's Outing.

Yes, I was down to Worcester last Fall a visitin' Lizzie Jackson, she that was a Bullard. She was Mary Walker's daughter. Mary and I was cousins, and set a store by each other when we was girls. She married Judson Bullard for her second husband, and they went down Boston way to live.

He was smart and fore-handed and made a powerful lot of money and they had everything that heart could wish for, but it never made no difference with Mary, she wasn't a bit set up by it. When she used to come up home to Vermont a visitin', she was always just as pleased to see me as if we was rich folks too.

And Lizzie was just the same. Her mother brought her up sensible like. I hadn't seen her for nigh a dozen years, but when she come to be married, she sent me a card and a chunk of weddin' cake all done up nice in a little paper box, just to fit and tied up with narrer white satin ribbon.

And after a while she wrote me a nice letter, too, a tellin' me what a good husband she'd got, and sayin' I must come down to Worcester sometime and see them.

Well, I kept a thinkin' all along I would, but lands uz, there was always something to hinder. But I ain't one of the kind that gives up easy, and I meant to go sometime, just the same.

I wasn't very well last summer and Hiram he got kind of scared about me. The doctor said a change would do me a sight more good than medicine; and one way and another, I thought now was my chance to go down and see Lizzie.

It was a pretty good time, too, for me to get away, for the season was forward and hayin' was over early and the men got rid of, and Mahaly Grant was willin' to come and stay a spell and see to things. Hiram said I could go just as well as not.

Of course I had to get ready some. Mary Bullard was always real particular and Lizzie took after her mother, and I didn't want to shame her.

So I had Mahaly help me fix over my alpaca I had three winters ago, and put a new braid round the bottom and we turned and made over my grey wool dress, and I got me a new bonnet and felt as if I could go in pretty good shape.

Hiram, he got Israel Perkins to see me safe on board the cars when I left the stage, for I wasn't much used to travellin' on railroads.

I got dreadful tuckered out with the journey, and worried to death for fear somethin' would hinder Lizzie from meetin' me when I'd got to Worcester as she'd written she would.

But the very first person I set my eyes on after I'd got out of the cars and was a prospectin' round, was Lizzie. I recognized her from her picture she'd sent me when she graduated at the High School. But I should have known her anywhere, she favored her mother so.

She had her coop-a, as she called it, at the depot, and it wasn't long a takin' us to where she lived.

My! Wasn't it a grand house. I'd always thought her folks had things pretty nice, but Lizzie was way ahead of them.

The chairs and sofy in the parlor was covered with satin and plush—every one a different color, and there was the most beautiful pictures on the wall and in one room a marble image almost a big as Lizzie was herself the last time I'd seen her.

There was elegant lace curtains at the windows, and the blinds all open and the sun a pourin' right in onto the parlor carpet. I told Lizzie she needn't have opened the parlor and made company of me, I'd just as lief set somewhere else, but she said they always kept it open and they used it all they wanted to just like any room. There was lots of other rooms too—any one of them nice enough for the president's wife.

The cutest thing about was a couple of lamps. I didn't know what they was at first. There was a brass stand as shiny as gold, and pretty near as tall as I be, and on top of each was a satin parasol. One was pink with white all frilled round the edge and the other was just the color of a sunflower and had fringe round it.

They was real pretty when they was lighted, but it did seem the queerest notion to use parasols—and such fancy ones too—for lampshades.

They had chandyleers too. When she wanted it lighter than them lamps made it, Lizzie just took hold of a little chain that dangled and gave it the least mite of a pull, and I declare, if them chandyleers didn't just light themselves.

Lizzie explained that it was done by 'lectricity, but I couldn't get to understand it any more than I could what it was that made the 'lectric cars go, and I tried real hard to get it through my head how 'twas all done. Mr. Jackson, Lizzie's husband, was real good and explained it all out to me but it seemed to me that the more he explained, the less I knew about it.

Lizzie took me for a ride on one of the cars. We set on the very front seat. The driver—they called him somethin' else, but I can't remember what it was—just turned a little wheel and we started off. It seemed almost like flyin' for I couldn't see a thing that made the car go. It just followed along the track as easy, and the end of the pole a stickin' out of the top of the car slid along on a little clothesline that was stretched all the way over the track.

While I was to Lizzie's I went to a dreadful big concert. They was havin' "Festival week." I got to Lizzie's on a Thursday, and Lizzie and her husband went that night but I was too tired out from my journey to go anywhere but to bed, so Lizzie she took me the next afternoon.

She had told me that Mechanics Hall, where they had the concerts was a big place and I should see it pretty well filled; but it about took my breath away when I saw what a crowd there was. Lots of men, too. I wondered how they could leave their work. There was lots and lots of singers. It seemed as if all Podunk and East Hadwick and the Three Corners thrown in, wouldn't fill them chorus seats.

Then there was the band—such a big one—all a sittin' on the platform.

When everything was ready the leader waved his hand with a little stick in it and

they all started in, the little fiddles and the big ones and all the different kinds of flutes and horns and trumpets and drums and then the golden harp and the big organ.

It was a beautiful sound and real inspirin'; but I kept wishin' the tune would begin. But it didn't all the way along. I was real disappointed for they called it a Sympathy Concert and I expected I should hear "Come ye disconsolate" or "Cower" or "The Portuguese Hymn" which was all kind of cheering and soothing, and favorites of mine,—but they just played on, and on, and on; and, if you'll believe me, there wasn't a bit of tune from the beginning of that piece to the end!

I couldn't help thinkin' how grand "Coronation" would have sounded with all them instruments and the soloist's voices a soarin' above them all.

We went again in the evenin' and I enjoyed it better. The chorus was all there and when they all let them voices out it was like a sea of music.

It was worth considerable to see the fine clothes the women soloists had on. The stuff their dresses was made of was beautiful and must have cost a lot of money. I told Lizzie I didn't believe they could hire singers that dressed like that for less than five dollars a night, and Lizzie's husband he smiled and said he didn't think so either.

There was lots of beautiful dresses down in the hall, too; and more'n half the women had their bonnets off just as if they was at home. It beat all how every lady had their sleeves made—the tops of them puffed most up to their ears, and to think how Mahaly had been so careful to get the new ones to my grey dress to fit snug about the shoulders.

Then the skirts! They was so tight and skimpy that it looked as if the dressmaker had made the sleeves first and it took so much cloth that there wasn't any left to get the rest of the dress out of.

I had a nice time, but I couldn't stay in Worcester as long as I wanted to. When I come away, Lizzie was gettin' ready to have a butter-cup tea.

I thought it mighty queer when I first heard her talking about it. Of all things to make tea of, butter-cup herbs was about the last. I thought I'd heard of everything in the way of her drinks, but that beat me.

But I didn't say anything for I thought it wouldn't be polite to make any remarks about it, and it was lucky I held my tongue for after a while I found out that it didn't mean at all that Lizzie was goin' to give her company tea made out of buttercups, flowers or branches, but that she was goin' to wear a yellow dress and everything about the room and the table and the things to eat that she could think of, was to be yellow.

She was goin' to have yellowish jelly and honey and gold cake and other cake frosted with the yolks of the eggs, and lots of things to match.

I told her she'd ought to have some of Mrs. Deacon Simpson's biscuits. She always gets in so much saleratus that they come onto the table lookin' like saffron.

Lizzie was goin' to have candles too. City folks are the queerest. There she has got gas and them sunshade lamps already.

I couldn't help sayin' I thought there'd be

a plenty of light to show off the things without the candles. But she said they'd make the rooms look pretty and she would have a chance to have a little yellow paper shade over every one of them.

It all seemed sort of foolish and frivolous like—but there! Its like the things that grows. Some of them are good and nourishin' for man and beast, and some don't seem to have any mortal use only to look pretty. But yet 'tis the Lord who makes them all. May be its just as much our duty to give our minds some of the time to the things which are pleasing to the eye only as it is to be attendin' to what's useful. What do you think?

SIGMA.

Manners in Children.

If we desire children to be courteous we must treat them with respect. They will infallibly copy our manners; so we must take care that they are the best. Let us be careful of their feelings as we wish them to be of those of others. When it is necessary to administer reproof, let it be given in private. Many children are very sensitive on this point, and they feel acutely, although they cannot put their emotions into words. To tell a child in public that it has been rude, or lacking in good breeding, is as unwarrantable as it would be to tell a guest so. It is no excuse to say that we are trying to teach it to do better; we can do this with greater effect if we take it aside at the first convenient moment and gently point out where the error was, and what should be done the next time.—Elizabeth Scovill in Ladies' Home Journal.

Principal Abercrombie of the Academy attended a meeting of Brown University Academy boys in Providence last week. Such gatherings are particularly pleasant.

Samuel A. Pratt.

When a man can attain his seventieth birthday and look as hale and hearty, lively and vigorous as Mr. Pratt, Superintendent of the Protective Union does, it is a standing argument for Temperance and honest dealing. The 16th inst. was his birthday and his life record is one in which he must take no little satisfaction. At any rate, his friends praise him and even those who do not accept all his strict principles respect him.

Is Worcester Musical?

Judging from the success of the September Festival, one might deem the question an idle one, but when we find it impossible to insure the cost of Paderewski's coming to Worcester; when the balance sheet for such high order of music as that lately offered by Mr. Anderson at Central Church is not favorable; when symphony concerts never pay; in fine, when musical exercises of high order regularly go begging for audiences in Worcester, it would appear that the question, so often asked, is not so much out of place. If not musical, then why is the Festival a success? Is it a fad? Has it become the rage and do people expect, then and thereby, to perform all their musical duties? The Springfield Republican, lately, gives Worcester a hard rub for her neglect to call the Polish wonder.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The Price He Paid.

BY COUSIN CONSTANCE.

George Harding flung his hat in a despairing way on the rack and exclaimed,

"Oh, dear, what am I to do?"

His cousin, Sarah Hall, who for the past year had taken charge of his house and two motherless children, had just read him the letter that informed her that her mother had been stricken with paralysis, leaving her helpless. She had buried her father a year before coming to George's home, and as she was an only child her presence was desired at once at the home, a hundred miles away on the breezy hills of New Hampshire.

This news fell like a blow on her cousin George, a widower of a year, who at the death of his father had been left the entire estate, consisting of a fine house and grounds and well established business in the heart of the city of C.

At the death of his mother, when he was a lad of sixteen, his father had sent George to board with his sister, the mother of Sarah. There he staid while at school and they had grown up together, almost as brother and sister. She was five years his senior, and his life had been influenced more by her quiet Christian character than by any other person, so that when he lost his wife, he turned to her as the one best suited to train his children.

"I must go George, there is no one can do for mother as she needs. I know it will be hard for you, but try and bear it manfully"—"for the tears were actually in his eyes"—and at once advertise for a housekeeper and make all inquiries in the meantime, for I must go by Saturday. Mrs. Benson wrote that she would stay with mother until then. Abbie, who was here when the letter arrived, set at once to work to find a housekeeper for you; here she comes now, and a bright-faced rosy girl of eighteen dropped breathless into a chair, and in reply to Sarah's question as to her success, said, "I just caught her, in an hour she would have been engaged but I persuaded her to wait until I let you know. Hulda Dean, that nice, good tempered woman who has been nursing at the Longley's you know, Sarah. You saw her once as we passed and liked her face so much."

"Oh George, the very one for you, can we get her?"

"If you go at once. She left the Longley's yesterday and has partly engaged to go to another place, but as there is a larger family than yours, she gives you the preference."

George had his hat in hand, and a more hopeful face than a half hour ago.

"Engage her to come by Friday night, if possible George, and Abbie says she will take care of the children while I prepare for my journey."

He was gone. Abbie threw off her wraps and addressed herself to the care of the children while Sarah made haste to pack her trunk, see to the girl in the kitchen, persuade her she would get along nicely with Miss Dean and when, in an hour, George returned saying Miss Dean would report for duty Friday night, the atmosphere of the Harding house was decidedly clearer to George's view, helped no little by the efforts of Miss

Abbie May, the only child of a near neighbor who since Sarah's arrival, had been on intimate terms with her.

The next day she came over and with winning ways cared for the children, assisted Sarah in seeing that all was prepared for the new housekeeper who appeared promptly that night. Then kissing Sarah goodby, as she was to take the early train in the morning, she said to George, who opened the hall door for her, and warmly spoke his thanks for the part she had taken in furnishing the new housekeeper, "I'm very glad I have been of a little use to any one," flung one of her bewildering glances, said good night and ran across the street.

The children, Millie, a sweet sensitive girl of five, and Ned, a sturdy roo of two years, were asleep, Miss Dean, with the girl in the kitchen and George and Sarah sat down to talk over all necessary things before her departure.

With a heavy heart the young widower said, "I dread to have you go Sarah, such a help as you have been to me and the little ones, how they will miss you. What I shall do if they don't take to Hulda, I don't know."

"They will, I know; when I talked with Millie before she went to sleep the dear child was so thoughtful, so determined to do all 'dear cousin wished,' the pretty lips quivering all the time, because I was going to leave her. I assure you, George, I had hard work to keep calm myself, that child is very dear to me," and the fond cousin swallowed a sob.

"I believe you Sarah, I thank you for my heart for all your care of them. I am sorry your mother will need so much of your care and strength now, I fear you will overtax yourself."

"Yes, it's going to be a sad task I fear, for I believe she will eventually lose her mind and that will be worse than all to me. But I shall be carried through," and the calm, serene expression, George remembered so well, that always came into her face in times of trial when he was in their home, almost faded him.

"I wish I could feel as you do in view of cares, but somehow they seem to make me hopeless and almost helpless. You must rise as often as you can. I shall need your courageous words."

"Yes and I shall so much wish I could have a report of every day's happenings here, but that will be too much to expect."

"Oh, you'll hear as often as you will wish. I shall fly to you in all troubles."

It was rather a sorry smile he tried to give.

"There goes ten o'clock. Miss Dean said breakfast should be ready at five and the train leaves at thirty minutes past, so good night. I kissed the dear children good by so I would not disturb them in the morning."

"I shall be on hand to see you safe off," said George, "so good night," and soon all were asleep.

True to her word Miss Dean had breakfast all ready in season, but good as it was, little was eaten by George or Sarah in the anxieties before them. He sadly watched the train that bore her away, found his children waiting to kiss him before he left for his office, where he tried in the absorption of business to forget the sad change in his household.

Hulda assumed her duties with a steady

hand. Millie from the first was drawn to her, crept often to her side and if she did not meet with the caresses of Abbie, she knew the good woman pitied her motherless state and would do all her duty by her. Master Ned found little chance for mischief with that steady eye upon him, and the constant efforts of his thoughtful sister in trying to amuse him. Often when George came in to his tea he found the light hearted Abbie frolicing with Ned and quite willing to sit down to tea, spend the evening with him and join him in a game of chess or make her pretty white hands look whiter, as they flew in and out of the bright worsted she was working.

"Have you heard from Sarah yet?" she asked about a week after her departure.

"No, but I shall look for a letter certainly tomorrow. Of course her mother will be such a care she will find but little time to write."

The morrow brought the letter. Sarah was well, rested somewhat, was longing to hear from all, "Sent love to Abbie." He told her as he found her walking with Ned in the garden. She declined his invitation to come into tea, and giving him Ned went home. Ned, it was but confessed was a sore trial to poor Huldah and had not Abbie often taken him off with her to her home she would hardly have thought she could stay, so wearing was he becoming to her, who had never been used to children in the families where she had lived. She declared to Mr. Harding that he seemed to mind that gay good natured girl better than any one, and she could do anything with him.

Yes, George had seen it, he told her, was glad he could be brought under to any one, and as he said the words a thought came into his heart, "How I wish she could be here all the time. I wish Millie did not seem to fear her so, I wonder why it is, she will hardly let her kiss or caress her."

Poor little Millie with her keen intuition had seemed to divine all the dislike felt for her by Abbie and nothing could charm away the distrust and once when reproved for it by her father, she had burst into such an uncontrollable fit of weeping as to become ill from its effects, and he never tried it again, for dearer than life he held this child in his heart, and the knowledge that Abbie did not at all share this feeling in regard to her had gone far to keep him from the infatuation of her presence.

Day by day, he saw her and on every occasion her bright playfulness wore him out of his cares and loneliness at the loss of Sarah. Did she fail to see this too? Was she not even building upon it for the future? She had seen for weeks his manner grow tenderer, his desire to have her company stronger. Was it strange that this fine, gentlemanly widower, with his ample means, evident partiality for her should offer attractions to this idolized only child, whose father was so far advanced in consumption as to be unable longer to follow his business and whose death would leave her and her mother entirely without means?

She tried to overcome her dislike of Millie and succeeded so well as deceive the too willing father and it was not long before he, tired of his loneliness when she was absent, determined to try his fate, for Abbie had plenty of lovers and that fact with what he had learned

from a friend that she favored one, Charley Meyers, hurried him on in his determination. How could he find out in regard to Meyers? He thought of Sarah and the intimacy that had existed between the two girls the past year. She might in a confidential moment have told Sarah if engaged. He wrote to her at once asking if she had ever told her of an engagement?

Ominous question, thought his cousin as with a sigh she closed the letter and sat down to answer at once. She had always dreaded the thought of a second marriage for George, and remembering at once the very words of Abbie she wrote

"MY DEAR COUSIN: We were glad to hear from you and that all is going on so well at home. The important question you ask shall be answered at once. I well recollect Abbie's words when I asked her, after one of Charles' calls, if there was an engagement, as I knew she loved him. She did not deny it, but said 'there is no positive engagement. I suppose he thinks when his father's estate is settled and he gets his share that I shall marry him. He begged hard for an engagement but I was firm. I was young, so was he, we might change so he was obliged to be contented with that.' Those were her words. Oh George, your letter has made me so anxious. Do not, I beg, forget the dear children. Remember the duties laid upon you and do not be blinded by any inclination of your own. Had you no children I would not say this, but has any man or woman a right to peril their happiness?"

Faithfully,
SARAH."

George Harding was positively angry at Sarah's letter, angry that she had answered his question, had been able to recall Abbie's words, angry that she had seen intuitively his purpose in writing.

"Her not allowing the engagement is proof enough that she does not love him much; a girl is quite willing to engage herself to one she loves. Meyers is over there tonight. She will be here in the morning and I will chaff her a little. I think I shall be able to learn the truth, she's so ingenuous," said George to himself.

When her rosy face appeared at the door in the morning with a request for Nedlie to take a walk with her, George was just ready to start for his store and so Ned was made ready and each taking a hand of the happy boy they went down the street. "There's Meyers," said George, "I saw him go into your house last evening and rather envied him in my lonely study." She looked up brightly with a pleased smile.

"He's a fine fellow, a favorite with the girls, I believe."

"Yes, Charley is good company; will make some one a nice husband some time." This with a nonchalant air as though he were nothing to her in particular. How the widower's heart danced as he said,

"Why rumor makes him a favorite with you?" "Rumor is often mistaken, you know."

"I'm glad it is in this instance," he rejoined.

She looked suddenly up, the fine eyes of George were searching hers, but with a most adoring expression, not lost upon Abbie, who

with a bright blush caught at Ned's hand that he had loosed for a run.

"Here we are at the store and Ned and I must turn about, so goodbye."

"For awhile, only, I hope," he answered as he entered, flinging back a tender smile at her.

Life seemed so bright to him for that morning walk. He said to himself, that girl never could have dissembled so. In speaking of Charlie not a tremor in her voice. All right, I can hope now and I can speak, as I shall, after one more letter to Sarah.

Somehow in all his elation a strange sense of insecurity haunted him.

At night he dispatched this letter to his cousin.

"MY DEAR SARAH: Your letter was a surprise to me, as this may be to you. If, as you say, Abbie loved Charles Meyers it was a girlish attachment, now a thing of the past, for I have seen her since you wrote and spoken of him in a way to draw out her real feelings toward him and I assure you she is changed, without egotism. I may say that the look she bestows on your humble servant warrants the hope that he may win her for a wife as I wish to do. Life is so lonely for me since you left. You seemed to like Abbie, do you not think it best for me to marry and she is so fond of Ned, can do anything with the rogue?"

I must believe her not indifferent to me, also that she has ceased to love Meyers. She could not have dissembled so when we spoke of him. And you know how she can brighten a home, how sweet tempered she is. I want your advice and counsel in this critical stage of affairs. Please give it truly and charitably too.

As ever yours,
GEORGE."

The reply came at once.

"MY DEAR GEORGE: I must write soon. I could not postpone so plain a duty. And first let me assure you that I am not surprised that a lonely young widower, seeing every day a bewitching, sweet-tempered young lady should think he must win her for a mother to his children. So at the start do not believe that I think you 'a sinner above all others.'"

Ah, I could wish you were the only sinner, that the world was not full of just such blinded ones. I say blinded ones because, if otherwise, how could they help seeing that all women, however sweet tempered, after taking a step-mother's place become deceitful, soured, intriguing, a hard word to use, but knowing what I do, too true.

Blinded, that they should for a moment suppose that, much as they may like the father, they will love another woman's children, those children standing between them and the entire love of the man. It is truer, I believe, that the dearer the child to the father the more it is hated by the step-mother, a perfectly natural thing, too, if there can be one natural feeling in such an unnatural relation. I have sometimes thought of the colossal egotism of a man assuming that a woman is glad to take the place of nurse to children, not her own, and be faithful to her trust; that he should think it a favor in him to throw upon her a share of the burdens she is in no way accountable for. There, George, I have stated what will be an unwelcome truth to you, but it is the truth, in all cases, I believe.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND MOLES PERMANENTLY REMOVED

ELECTRIC BY THE NEEDLE.

NO PAIN, NO SCARRING, OR OTHER INJURY, AND NO RETURN OF THE HAIR OR MOLES AFTER REMOVAL.

It is the triumph of science.

Electricity is the scientific king of the day, the synonym of progress, and the solution of the wildest dreams of thinking men.

The ancient Greek philosopher declared that there was "one universal force in matter." Modern scholars know that force is to be all-permeating Electricity.

What will this prince of progress not accomplish for mankind?

For the woman whose feminine beauty is marred, and whose features are rendered masculine by a growth of hair or disfigured by moles upon her face, much to the mortification of her friends, and her own personal shame, it has brought release from the bane and curse of her life.

Thanks to Electricity, there need be no more sensitive dreading or public gaze, no more keen sorrowing in secret because she is not as other women, no more bitter shrinking from the pleasures of society, no more hateful using of the razor or tweezers.

I take this means of respectfully inviting the attention of ladies thus afflicted, and their friends, to the fact that I have opened quarters at room 17, Clark building, 492 Main St., Worcester, near the Boston store, where I am prepared with every modern convenience and comfort to do work in this line, assisted by experienced lady operators, on the most reasonable terms possible.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION offered below.

Do not fail to call upon me. A visit to my rooms will cost you nothing, and may prove a life-long blessing.

The success of this method of removing superfluous hair and moles permanently from any part of the body is so universally acknowledged by men of science, that it is only necessary for you to consult your family physician, if he is a well-read man, and up to the times in his profession, and he will unhesitatingly tell you not only that it is beyond all question a success, but also that it is positively the only method known for surely and permanently destroying these obnoxious growths.

But, better still, your own intelligence will tell you that all argument on the subject must close when I say that if you are at all doubtful, you will not be required to place a single dollar in my hands until the work is completed, and a sufficient length of time has elapsed to satisfactorily settle the question of permanency. In other words, it will not be necessary for you to pay for the work until you are perfectly satisfied with it. The method will be carefully, fully and convincingly explained to all who will call at my office.

I have scores of testimonials, but as I never

give publicity to the names of my patrons, I do not publish these testimonials here, but have adopted the better plan of placing those who are interested in direct correspondence with those for whom I have done such work, many of whom are easily accessible, personally, to people living in Worcester, and vicinity.

I am just completing work for one of my patrons, from whose face and neck I will have removed, when the work is finished, no less than sixteen thousand hairs. This lady is so grateful for the results accomplished in the permanent removal of this enormous growth of hair, which for years has been the bane of her life, that she has voluntarily consented to see and talk with any one interested, and afflicted as she has been. I have photographs of this lady, showing her as she was, and you can see her as she is. Notwithstanding the immense amount of work accomplished, not a scar can be seen upon her face, which presents precisely the natural appearance of one upon whose face no hair had ever grown. What has been accomplished for her and others, may surely be accomplished for you.

For ladies living out of town, pains will be taken to secure suitable board and lodging, at reasonable rates, when required unrequested. All correspondence carefully and promptly attended to.

The utmost privacy strictly maintained. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily.

DR. B. F. LONGSTREET, A. M., Physician and Surgeon,
CLARK BUILDING, 492 MAIN ST., ROOM 17. TAKE ELEVATOR.

If you knew all I suffer in view of what you are sure to bring upon your family, and upon Abbie too, for much as I like her, amiable as she appears, I foresee how all that will go down before the terrible realities of the situation unnatural and unsanctioned as I believe, by God, of step-motherdom.

Have you any security that what seems amiability in her is not merely the result of never being crossed in one desire of her heart? When it comes to self abnegation, a sharing of love with others, when she must of course covet it all, when sleepless nights and wearisome days may be her lot with the family, and she, never used to this, a petted, only child, the idol of her parents, should this happen to her would you not see all the truth that you could never believe before marriage?

I would spare Abbie all this dreadful transformation, spare you all the terrible awakening, your children,—here the tears will flow—the ruin it will be to them. Do you remember Aunt Carrie, whose suicide took place when you boarded with us, but the particulars of which you never knew? nor would you now could I withhold them, in my anxiety for your good. I was the confidant of all her sorrows, before she committed the deed, and I can never forget her anguished face as she told me she had no desire to live, she had utterly failed in trying to love and do her duty by another's children; of their father's treatment through their misrepresentations, that he never could have loved her as he professed to before marriage; that her own little Arthur was actually hated out of his life by them all, and here her eyes blazed with frenzy. Oh, I

have so often wished I had told my parents, she might have been saved perhaps taking her life, but she enjoined secrecy from me, said nothing could be done to lighten her lot, so I kept silence, and she perished a victim to an unnatural relative.

Never can I believe in it, never sanction it by word of mine. Evil and only evil can come of it.

You speak of Charles Meyers, believe she has never loved him as she can you. Do you, my dear George, forget that Abbie has nothing to depend upon in case of her father's death? I was told that their house was heavily mortgaged to enable them to eke out a living now, and at his death must be sold leaving them homeless. Do you forget that Charles will have but a pittance out of his father's estate, and that with Abbie's love of dress and social pleasures, with the most he can earn can never support her in the style she wishes. Is it strange that she should prefer your established position and ample means? Ask yourself is it love of you or herself that will prompt her to accede to your proposal?

Oh be wise if it is not too late, save yourself and her, and the dear little ones. Do be warned by your faithful cousin who will give you one more fact that has hitherto been hidden in her heart, her parents only sharing the secret. You will remember the wealthy Mr. H— of our town, a widower with a son and daughter about my own age at that time. This I tell you in confidence, I would spare him and his. That man proposed to me, urged me, young as I was to become a mother to his children, when by age I could but be a

companion to them. I at once refused, was deaf to all his protestations of love, etc., and had have never regretted it. I tell you this that you may see that I practice what I preach to others. By every means at my command I entreat you give up this thing. Make your children your all. Our duties are laid upon us by a wise Father. We may shirk them, controlling our own inclinations, but depend upon it, it is at our peril, for this life and the one beyond. Be the brave cousin I wish. Devote yourself to your family and business. What if lonely hours are yours now. Time passes so swiftly that ere you are aware dear Millie will be a young lady, capable of presiding at your home, better than any step-mother, and loving you oh, so much more truly. These are your darkest days. I truly believe. If only you take the advice of one who you have ever called your 'good angel.' Undeserving as I may be of the name, be assured I am your truest friend, and I shall remain so though my advice is not taken. You asked it, I have given it. God grant, not in vain.

Most faithfully,

SARAH.

P. S. Kisses may be for the dear children."

(Continued next week)

If by any means Major E. T. Raymond should be made U. S. Marshal for the new Circuit Court there will be much rejoicing among his many friends.

The third annual ball of the Young Men's Hebrew Association will be held next Thursday in Continental Hall. The proceeds will be in aid of the proposed free Hebrew school.

Rev. William True Sleeper.

It is given to some men to plant, to others to water and foster. Clearly, whoever has been the Apollus of Worcester Congregationalism, Mr. Sleeper is its Paul, and God has given a wonderful increase. It is said that names frequently go by contraries, and in this case the rule certainly applies, for in no other way could such a combination of nerve and activity have received his surname. If there ever were an ancestor, so allied to that legendary seven of Ephesus, as to merit the appellation of Sleeper, his Nineteenth Century descendant has completely erased any and all application.

Since his first coming to Worcester, a generation of "articulately speaking men" has departed from the stage of life. There is not another Congregationalist pastor in Worcester who was here then, save Dr. Ebenzer Cutler, then at Union Church, and quite likely his contemporaries there are not living now. In fact his denomination, then, had only the Old South, Central, Salem Square and Union Churches. Great strides have been taken since the early Fifties, and in this advance Mr. Sleeper has borne an important part.

The ancestry of those whom we respect is always interesting and it is pleasant to know that Mr. Sleeper came from one of the "Fat" streaks of New Hampshire. Danbury was his native town and there he was born, Feb 9, 1819, so he is not far away from his seventy third birthday. His parents were Jonathan and Mary (Parker) Sleeper and his early life knew the joys and hardships of New Hampshire rural life. The thirst for knowledge was early developed and his first acquisitions were had at Lebanon, Salisbury and Phillips Exeter Academies. Thence he entered Vermont University in Burlington and was graduated in 1850. Next we find him at the Andover Theological Seminary and he received his diploma in 1853. Ad interim, he had taught for two terms in Sanbornton, N. H. long enough to become acquainted with the lady who afterwards became his wife.

He came to this place in 1853, as City Missionary and here was ordained an evangelist in 1854, June 29. Worcester continued to be his home till 1856. He was the projector, as early as 1853 of the Summer Street Church with which so much of his life has been passed. From 1856 to 1860 he was chaplain at the State Reform School for Boys in Westboro and LIGHT takes pleasure in thinking of the good that those years must have done for the hundreds of unfortunate lads, thus early given to crime.

His next move was a long one, for he went away down to Maine where till 1875 he was a Home missionary in Aroostook County. The work was hard though congenial and there certainly was wilderness enough to be made to bud and blossom. His stations, till 1872, were in Patten, Island Falls and Sherman (Golden Ridge) and for the next three years in Caribou and Fort Fairfield. He built churches in Patten, Sherman and Fort Fairfield and in Sherman, he organized the Congregational Church. His record of church work in Maine is an unbroken one of devotion and

success, a glorious extension of the Master's vineyard. He was installed at Sherman, June 16, 1870 and ended his labors there, Jan. 1, 1872, and finished his work at Caribou and Fort Fairfield, April 25, 1875. During these years in Maine he received into the church on confession of faith 140 people and 83 by letter.

Nor was his work entirely spiritual. He was supervisor of schools in Aroostook County in 1868-'71 and he was the chief agent in securing a railroad, running from Caribou to New Brunswick, a distance of 14 miles. He projected the road, raised the funds and was the first president there in 1874. Also he established and edited, in conjunction with his older son, two papers, the Voice at Sherman and the North Star at Caribou. The latter is now published in Presque Isle. The younger Mr. Sleeper says the income from these papers helped to defray his college expenses.

In 1875, May 1, we find our active clergyman again in Worcester and here he has been since. The Summer Street Church and he seem inseparably united. His labors have furnished many members for other churches. He has seen its membership grow from 15 to 200 but the number is much less now, so many preferring other locations. He was instrumental in starting the City Missionary Society in 1878 and under its fostering care, the most of the Congregational advances in this city, since that date, have been made. The very latest venture in which our brother is interested is the Bethany Church in New Worcester. For a little more than a year, the movement has been afoot. In November last, a church was begun and in February, it is expected that the basement will be occupied. Whenever and wherever in Worcester any thing likely to accrue to the good of Congregationalism is projected, there Mr. Sleeper is sure to be found early.

Those terms of teaching in Sanbornton, N. H. introduced him to Miss Emily Elizabeth daughter of James and Eliza (Morrison) Taylor of that place, and Sept. 4, 1853, she became his wife. They have three children. The Rev. Wm. W. Sleeper, the oldest, is a graduate of Amherst and has been a missionary in Bulgaria. For a time he was assistant pastor of Salem Square Church, and is now settled in Stoneham. His wife is Mabel, a daughter of Mr. B. D. Allen of Worcester. Mr. Sleeper's only daughter, May is the wife of F. W. Ruggles of this city. She was graduated at our High School and went thence to Wellesley College. She has much local note as a singer, in fact music is a prominent characteristic in the whole family. The youngest child and second son, is Henry Dike, who went from the Worcester Academy to Harvard and thence to the Hartford Theological School. He was ordained in this city a few weeks since and is now Professor of Music in Beloit College, Wisconsin. While in Harvard he published a valuable collection of college music. Mr. Sleeper, himself, has the poetic faculty and has published several volumes of verses and prose. In 1866, he put out "Walks and Talks" and in 1883, "The Rejected King and Hymns of Jesus, a devotional Book of Poems." His life is one of activity in every respect. The mental, spiritual and

physical man are thoroughly in unison, but even the most active must rest. A trip to Florida is in contemplation and thousands of Worcester people wish Mr. and Mrs. Sleeper a deal of pleasure as they contrast semi tropical scenes with those of far away, almost Arctic Aroostook or even more tolerable Worcester.

At the meeting of the Worcester County Horticultural Society next Thursday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, the question for discussion will be "Hardy Grapes, their cultivation and variety." Mr. G. B. Andrews of Fitchburg will open the discussion with a paper on the subject.

There are many friends in this city who hailed with pleasure the coming of Miss Annie Athy in the play of Hazel Kirke. She has had a long and exacting trip in the South and her coming home is a common gratification to herself and friends. "There's no place like home."

"Funny thing at one of the hospitals last month," said an undertaker. "What was it?" "Oh, a doctor who loves to see his name in print had a long account of a delicate surgical operation he had performed—removing a tumor, I believe. The whole thing was minutely described, and the doctor was praised highly. But no mention was made of the fact that my services were required, for the patient died the next day. Any one reading the item would have supposed that the sufferer had been restored to perfect health.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure the lady said: "Pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones; I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady quickly; "they poured our dog yesterday."—Musical Courier,

Congress should pass a law that postage should be changed but once in twenty-five years; about every postmaster-general has a preference in designs, and before the people have become accustomed to one set, a change is made, and an entire new deal is the consequence. What is wanted is cheap and quick transportation of the mails. The color, or the design, of the stamp for transmission is of no consequence.—Lowell Sunday Critic.

Incog.

There is one noted man in Massachusetts who would have hard work to disguise himself. The birthmark, giving to one side of President Eliot's face a livid red, makes the head of Harvard College a marked man wherever he goes. Only a few days ago, he was on the train from Albany to Boston, and many questions were asked as to his name; even the omniscient conductor was at fault till one who knew volunteered the information that he was carrying the most distinguished college president in America. He will not forget him again, nor does any enquirer have to ask a second time. That face is never forgotten. He couldn't be incog. if he desired to be ever so much.

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Labor and Fuel,
and does the work
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Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

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161 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

Oh, Grippe! Grippe! Grippe!

You ruel old torment, creating more ill's
Than our doctors can fight night and day with their pills
You are dread, I've shunned and hated by all
As the cr. eel's cure that man's an ideal
Why tarry you here when we urge you to go
Where your father is calling to you from below
He says that your lurching has long since run out
And begs to know what on our earth you're about
He is weary with waiting and watching for you
For he can't give the t'ing as you used to do
He can keep his fires running that momentary snags,
But you're his "best night" is two's joints out of shape
Ah! yes, we all know from what warm 'ome you came
But I'll not spill my ink by penning its name
If you wish a diploma we'll give it to you
For causing more pain than we'er before knew
Our cars are electric, the best means I know
To take you with speed to regions below

D. Ughan

Worcester, Jan. 20

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

High School.

Disappointments will happen, the best we can do and one came to those who were looting upon the High School sleighride. Matters were nearly completed for one last week, but the weather is so changeable that they dare not appoint a given day until the weather will allow it.

In addition to the prize offered for the best debates by the Assembly Alumni, there is also another one being considered for the best paper and declaimer for the next two terms.

The Rhetorical Exercises, held in the hall last Tuesday evening were varied a little, in stead of Holmes works alone being read, there were some of Whittier's, Lowell's and Holmes poems on Agassiz read and declaimed by Miss Laird and Masters Colley and Ellinwood.

Mr. Muzzy, the book-keeping teacher, has been ill and unable to attend to school duties for several lessons. We wish him a speedy recovery that he may have ample time to do his 26 weeks' work.

Franz Boas is at work at the school. There seems to be a ready response among the pupils.

Brown.

On Wednesday evening Prin. D. W. Abercrombie was the guest of the Worcester Academy club. The club assembled in Tillingham's parlors and after the refreshments, speeches were made by Ex-Gov. R. C. Taft, Prin. Abercrombie and members of the club.

The Debating Union met and organized last Saturday evening. Constitution and by-laws were adopted and officers chosen. Regular meetings are to be held on alternate Monday evenings.

During the past week the officers have elected leaders for the exhibition drill. This drill is to be a feature of the indoor meet to occur in Infantry Hall sometime during the Winter.

The services of Hugh Duffly, Captain of the Boston Reds, have been secured to train the base ball team. Lovett of the Brooklyn's will have the handling of the pitchers.

On Friday afternoon a most interesting lecture was given by Walter Damosch on "Music." This is the second lecture by this famous musician given under the auspices of the Brown Lecture Association.

Hubert A. Whitman, '95, of this city is at home during a slight illness. "SMILAX."

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it. Charles M. Rogers, Bakery, 166 Pleasant St.



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Worcester
Rubber
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Storm Slippers.

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Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

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A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States. Descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating—
WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

Fig Rock.

For this take one cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of water, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil till the mixture becomes an amber color, but do not stir during the process; add the cream of tartar just before taking from the fire. Wash the figs, split them in half, and lay them flat on a dish, pour the mixture over them, and let it stand till cold.

Clam Chowder.

For ten people, allow one hundred soft-shell clams, two dozen small potatoes, four onions, one-half pound salt pork, a cupful of milk, about four tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper. Separate the soft part of the clam from the hard and chop the latter very fine; chop fine the pork and onions, peel the potatoes and cut them into slices, mix the flour and milk for thickening. Put a soup-kettle over a good fire, and when it is hot put in the chopped pork; put the onions on top and cover the pot, and let them cook together for a while; put in the potatoes, and then nearly fill the pot with hot water: when the potatoes are almost done, add the clams—the soft parts and the chopped ones; season; cook for a few moments; then add the thickening. If the chowder seems very thick, do not use all the flour and milk; if not thick enough, use more. Be sure and put in enough salt to make it tasty.

Butter Scotch.

Put into a very clean pan one pound and a half of soft sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of cold water. Let the whole boil for about ten minutes without stirring, then dip a spoon in cold water, pop it into the pan, and back again with its contents into cold water, when if the mixture hardens it will do. You may add, if you like, a little powdered ginger or vanilla essence just before pouring it out. Mark it into neat squares when it cools a little.

Date Sandwiches. (for School Lunches)

One scant cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one egg, and one cupful of thin sour cream; add one spoonful of soda and one of vanilla. Flour to roll very thin. Roll out one long sheet. spread with split dates, and cover with another thin sheet of paste. Cut in squares or circles, after pressing well together, and bake in a hot oven. These may be iced, and are very nice. Another way is to roll light bread dough out thin, butter well, spread with dates, and cover, and let them rise until night. Wash the tops with milk before baking.

Stuffed Eggs.

Halve ten hard-boiled eggs; take out the yolks and season, adding minced meat of any kind preferred; fill the eggs, join and put in a dish. Use bread crumbs and milk with the remainder of the mixture: pour over all and bake.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

Cake Keeps Moist and Fresh if made with Cleveland's Baking Powder.

The reason is Cleveland's is a pure cream of tartar powder free from alum and ammonia, which make cake dry and husky.

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Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 25.

Matinee Every Day at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

Lothrop's Stock Company,

Will appear in a magnificent production of the famous English Melodrama, in five acts, by Tom Craven, Esq., entitled:

THE FUGITIVE.

HESTER MALYON, MISS KATE GLASSFORD JOHN LEVETT, the FUGITIVE, J. FRANCIS KIRKE SQUIRE STOLLERIKI, J. GORDON EDWARDS With all the favorites in the cast, under the personal direction of Mr. H. Percy Melton. A large by the comedy company opens each performance. Matinees daily at 2 p. m., evenings at 7.30 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30 and 7 p. m.

PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

J. W. GREENE, PLUMBER.

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Of Thomas Arnold, Longfellow said,
"For him the teacher's chair became a throne."

Dr. Souther, Superintendent Marble, Dr. Duggan, Ex-Mayor Jillson, and Rev. Dr. Garver have been appointed a committee to look after a principal for the new English High School.

These gentlemen constitute a sub-committee on the part of the High School Committee, to look after the end named. The new English High School edifice figures in the latest report of the State Police, having in full the Spy's description of it. The place is given thus, on account of the subject of sanitation.

The most beautiful and desirable building mentioned in the book is the new High School building in Plymouth. This town has solved the problem of making a building with all the rooms, save the chemical and physical laboratories upon the first floor. The effect is fine. Plymouth will be a fine place for people with children to educate to live in. First floor elevators must be the rule some time.

Boston's University Club seems to have proved of success. As resident members include those residing within a radius of fifty miles, it looks as though Worcester college men could belong if they chose. Of course, next to being an Englishman, the next most desirable thing is to be from Boston, at least that is the way many feel. Now is their chance to attain their heart's desire and not change their abodes. Does Boston, by this act, annex all the included territory? Of the possible five hundred resident members, there are, already, more than four hundred. "Nothing succeeds like success."

Amherst.

The opening of the Winter term found nearly all the men back, only a few being detained by sickness. During the vacation, however, there was considerable sickness among the townspeople and the students who remained here. The college has settled down to the work of the winter term, which is proverbially the working term of the year. The catalogue for '91-'92 has not yet appeared, and probably will not for a month, owing to extensive changes in the curriculum. The distribution of electives is modified, and more science will probably be required in the Sophomore year.

Among the ten speakers announced for the Lester prize exhibition in oratory for May 11, is Lewis T. Reed, '93. Since the establishment of the prize six years ago Worcester has been represented by graduates of the High School in four of the yearly contests.

Wellsley.

College opened on Thursday, Jan. 7, '92, after a vacation of three weeks. Quite a number of the students, and several of the faculty were still at home, however, detained by their

own illness, or that of some of their family. President Shafer was detained by the severe illness of her sister, but she is expected to return this week.

The college has been saddened by the news of the death of Miss Angie Lacey Peck, president of the class of '90. Miss Peck was a woman of rare talents, one of the charter members of Phi Sigma, the founder of the Students' Association, and even in her absence very closely identified with the life of the college.

Prof. Lyon of Harvard has given two lectures before the students of Old Testament history. The first, on Jan. 8, was a most interesting account of the "Babylonian Stories of the Creation and Deluge." The second was a description of the instructive tablets which have been found during the past few years on the banks of the Nile, and which throw so much light upon the customs of the patriarchs.

Sunday, Jan. 10, was really spent in India, at least so it seemed, as we listened to the inspiring address of the Rev. Mr. E. S. Hume, of the Bombay High School, in which he graphically described the progress and condition of India. In the afternoon Mrs. Hume dressed her five year old girl in the costume of the child-brides of India, and in the evening she addressed us upon the condition of the women in India.

Monday evening, Jan. 11, Mr. N. J. Corey gave another of his interpretations of Wagner. He has become quite well known to Wellesley audiences by his lectures on the Niebelungenlied in former years. On this occasion he lectured upon the opera, "Parsifal," illustrating his remarks by stereopticon views and by musical selections.

Through the kindness of Major Pond, we enjoyed a special treat on Wednesday, Jan. 13, in listening to readings by Mr. T. Nelson Page and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, from their dialect stories. They also kindly sent complimentary tickets to the Seniors to attend the public reading in Boston, Friday evening.

Thursday evening about forty delegates from the four literary societies accepted an invitation to attend the Harvard-Yale debate at Cambridge.

Examinations began Saturday, Jan. 16, and will last ten days. As the time has come round again, the usual question is raised as to whether the energy spent in this way might not be more profitably spent in class room reviews.

One of the most interesting concerts of the season was given Monday evening, Jan. 18. The artists were Miss Emma S. Howe, soprano; Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor; Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist; and Dr. Louis Kelterborn, accompanist.

Boston University.

At a recent meeting of the finance committee of the trustees of Boston University it was voted to let the students in the Law School have the use of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium on the same terms as the Liberal Arts students; namely, the trustees pay five dollars and the students pay the remaining three dollars of the membership fee.

Prof. Thomas B. Lindsay delivered a lecture on Sanskrit Literature before the Philological Association last week.

At the recent meeting of the trustees of Boston University, Messrs. Melville M. Bigelow, Frank Goodwin, Arthur H. Wellman, and Homer Albers, were appointed full professors of the School of Law.

The Juniors held a class social last week Friday evening.

The College of Liberal Arts buildings are soon to be lighted by electricity. The trustees are making arrangements to have a dynamo placed in one of the buildings.

The Philomathean Society instituted a new feature at its meeting last week by having the annual prize contest in expression. The following students of the College of Liberal Arts were the contestants: Carl T. Taylor, '95; Miss Charlotte E. Joselyn, '92; Miss Myrtle M. Hurditt, '92; H. L. Shepherd, '93; Louis C. Strang, '92; Miss Eleanor Thomas, '93, and Clifford Gregg, '95. Mrs. Mary B. Claffin, the wife of ex-Gov. Claffin, Mrs. Sarah Haright Curry of the School of Expression, and Moses Trueman Brown of the Boston School of Oratory were the judges. The prizes were awarded by Mr. Brown to Miss Joselyn and Mr. Strang.

Public Library Additions.

Books recently added.

I indicates that the book is in the Intermediate department, and may be taken out if specially called for.

ARNOLD, SIR E. Seas and lands	34847
ATKINSON, J. C. The last of the great killers; Sir Jack of Danby Dale	34848
BOLLES, F. Land of the lingering snow; New England from January to June	34849
BOUCKE, J. G. On the border with Crook	34850
BRUCE, H. Life of Gen. Houston, 1793-1863 (Makers of America)	34851
BYNNER, E. L. The chase of the Meteor; and other stories	34852
CAMP, W. American football	34853
CATHERWOOD, M. H. The Lady of Fort St. John	34854
CHADWICK, F. E. and others. Ocean steamships; their construction, etc.	34855
CHAMPEY, E. W. Witch Winnie's mystery; story of a King's daughter	34856
CHANDLER, H. P. The lover's year book of poetry, vol. 1	34857
CHILDS, T. C. The Spanish-American republic	34859
CLARK, E. B. Twelve months in Peru	34860
COOKE, R. T. Huckleberries gathered from New England hills	34861
COSK, H. G. The ride to the lady; and other poems	34862
COFFIN, T. C. Two girls on a barge	34863
CRANE, T. F. Chansons populaires de la France	34864
DANTE ALIGHIERI. The Divine Comedy; tr. by C. E. Norton, pt. 1, Hell	34865
DAVIS, R. H. Stories for boys	34868
DOUGLASS, A. M. The heirs of Bradley House	34869
EVERETT, C. C. Ethics for young people	34870
FARRAR, F. W. Darkness and dawn, or Scenes in the days of Nero	34871
GRISWOLD, W. M. Descriptive list of British novels	1

Show a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

The Week.

CITY.

Jan. 15—The Dix Street Diphtheria scare makes a good sensation for the papers. Meanwhile children are dying.

Reception for the Junior members of the Y. M. C. A.

The African M. E. Church wants more money to carry on its work.

Carl Zerrahn meets the Festival Chorus and begins work for the next September week of music.

16—The City needs a Hospital for contagious diseases.

Capt. Peleg F. Murray made a member of the District police.

Disciples of Volapük have an evening of entertainment and instruction at the home of J. C. Pellett, President of the Local Club, 47 Wellington Street.

17—Dr. Almon Gunnison of the First Universalist Church preaches a notable sermon on Methodism.

Rev. I. J. Lansing discourses eloquently on Lines of Work outside of usual methods.

Dr. Henry T. Cheever gives a memorial address at Union Church on the life and services of his brothers, the late Dr. George B. Cheever.

18—H. A. Knight of Ward Two elected Superintendent of Street Lighting, a new office.

A large sum appropriated to raise the dam of the Holden Reservoir.

The Congregational Club holds Eighteenth Annual Meeting.

Reform Club holds 16th Anniversary.

High School rooms too cold for comfort.

19—Episcopal Club dines at the Bay State House. Remarks from Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and others.

Annual meeting of Piedmont Church. Everything prosperous with a cash balance on hand.

The natives of Vermont have a pleasant reunion in Horticultural Hall, 300 present.

Union Veteran Legion signifies willingness to fight against Chili. When the brush comes, younger soldiers will be needed.

20—Fourth Annual Banquet of the Catholic Young Men's Lyceum, connected with the parish of the Sacred Heart Church.

Salem Square Church adopts complimentary resolutions concerning the retiring pastor, Rev. I. J. Lansing.

Funeral of Elder John Couch of the Second Advent Church in Clark's Block. Addresses by Elders W. H. Mitchell of Boston, L. Boutelle of Chelsea.

Seventy-three candidates appear at the Polytechnic for entrance examinations.

21—James Draper addresses the Horticultural Society on Roadside Trees.

Union Church adopts resolutions on the life and services of the late Philip L. Moen.

Polytechnic Middlers eat "Half Way" dinner in Grange Hall.

Officers of Womens Relief Corps installed.

Prize Declamations in Horticultural Hall.

COUNTY.

15—The funeral of the late Newton Makepeace in West Brookfield, also that of his nephew, the infant son of R. K. Makepeace.

16—Rev. Geo. W. Stacy, a Veteran Abolitionist and Temperance man dies in Milford, 82 years.

17—Clinton holds a large No License meeting in the Town Hall.

Dr. Rice, who went to Seattle and about whom there was much talk in Grafton concerning the late Mrs. Faulkner's bank book writes an explanation.

18—Shrewsbury will have a railroad, if the Dumory road can get across the Lake. The Legislature is asked to grant the privilege.

Marlboro Street railway wishes to extend its tracks to Hudson and Westboro.

The town of Templeton would like to be divided.

18—Major Andrew White dies in Grafton, 71st year.

Mr. Small, principal of Grafton High School dangerously ill with pneumonia.

20—In lieu of fox hunts, Clinton is now trying to catch a heifer which ranges the woods wild and as fleet as a deer. Thus far, she evades all pursuers.

The breaking of machinery in the Leicester Power Works in a moment puts that town about ten miles away. The Electric Road will take a ten days' rest.

21—Salmon Putnam dies in Holden, 91 years.

COMMONWEALTH.

15—Scheme adopted to unite the three G. A. R. posts of Lowell.

Massachusetts gets something akin to a blizzard. Rain turned into snow and the mercury takes a drop

16—Charles D. Howard, editor of the Natick Citizen dies, 62 years.

17—It is stated that prominent Republicans have been negotiating for the purchase of the Herald. The plan has fallen through.

In Chicopee, a wordy contest takes place in a Catholic Church between a priest and a parishioner. Quite a commotion excited.

18—Uproar among inmates of House of Industry at Deer Island.

Boston organizes a University Club. Quite swell.

Prof. Joseph Lovering of Harvard dies, 78 years.

19—The Governor's proposition that a single mark shall suffice in voting for Presidential Electors, favorably acted upon by the Election laws committee

Rev. Leo P. Boland, Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross of Boston, dies at the Cathedral Rectory.

Disabled Cunarder, Pavonia, towed into Boston.

20—Secretary of State, Wm. M. Olin, recommends legislation which will facilitate the counting of votes at elections.

Winslow S. Lincoln of Worcester elected one of the Vice Presidents of the Bay State Agricultural Society.

Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, the famous "Womans' Bank founder, dies in Boston, 65 years.

21—Boston opens her new Chamber of Commerce.

The Legislature is doing only routine work.

Miss Burke of Worcester, whose petite and graceful figure was so daintily gowned in pink trimmed with Nile green, was said to be one of the prettiest women at the Fusilier's ball.—Fitchburg Town Talk.

The Misses Davenport gave a select tea party to their dancing school friends, last Wednesday, at their home on King Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Lincoln left this week for a trip through the southern states.

Polytechnic.

Last Thursday evening the Annual "Half Way Through" Supper of the Middle class was celebrated by Ninety-three. It was a decided departure from all previous affairs of its kind and must have exceeded them in elaborateness. Instead of having the supper served at a hotel, Grange Hall was hired and fitted up for the occasion. Rebboli was the caterer. At 8 p. m., the class to the number of fifty-seven together with Messrs. J. H. Childs, C. T. Tatman and R. H. Hammond, ex-members, gathered about the tables. Rumor had it that the Juniors had planned to kidnap some of the class officers, but every precaution was taken and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening. The menu cards were very elaborate, made by Geo. C. Whitney of this city. They had an oblong, ragged edge cover upon the front of which was a fancy cut in silver bronze with the title in yellow hand letters, and upon the back a picture of a goat's head, the class mascot. This was tied together on the longer edge by the class colors. Within were four pages, upon the first of which was a picture of an Indian scene, with warriors drawn up in double line and a student running the gauntlet. The student was '93 and the warriors had the faces of members of the Faculty. Other pages were the menu in German, the list of toasts and the list of the class members. The hall was decorated with blue and white bunting, the class mascot, etc.,

After the supper had been disposed of, President Flynn rapped the gathering to order and introduced the toastmaster of the evening. The speeches which followed were replete with witticisms upon school subjects. The respondents and their toasts were: Half Way 'Thro', Charles O. Rogers; The Class Goat, Gumpel Kuwada; Athletics, Leslie P. Strong; Our Fair Friends, Nathan Heald; Past Members, Chas. T. Tatman; The Faculty, William H. Parker. Mr. Kuwada's response was an humorous account of the search for the golden fleece, or the history of the mascot, and caused much laughter. Letters were read from ex-members unable to attend and a poem written for the occasion by a friend and replete with grinds upon the class, was read by Mr. Howe.

After the speaking was finished, chairs were drawn about the platform and for the next hour the members indulged in one continual roar over a minstrel show furnished by the entertainment committee. The line was as follows: Interlocutor, H. L. Phillips; Bones, E. W. Marshall, C. W. D. Dyer; Middle Men, Derby, Metcalf, Andrews, Higgins, Clark and Cleveland. The solos, Polytech Fair, Tarara-boom-dee, Tidings of Comfort and Joy by Dyer and Fly little Children, Fly and Hear dat Bell by Marshall were written for the occasion and were utterly ridiculous. Numerous hits upon the students and Faculty occupied the time between the songs.

After the entertainment, a business meeting was held at which the following officers for the next half-year were elected: President, Nathan Heald; vice president, W. N. Stark; secretary, E. W. Vaill, Jr.; treasurer, W. H. Larkin, Jr. Mr. C. O. Rogers was elected class historian, W. H. Denny, athletic director. At 2 a. m. Friday, amid cheer after cheer the gathering broke up and the members sought their rooms.

Poultry Exhibition.

A GRAND EXHIBIT OF POULTRY WILL BE HELD IN

MECHANICS HALL, JAN. 26, 27 and 28, 1892.

Under the Auspices of the Central Massachusetts Poultry Club. There will be
the Largest and Finest Display of

**POULTRY, OSTRICHES, WILD DEER, PIGEONS, PEACOCKS, WILD SWANS,
PET STOCK, PHEASANTS, INCUBATORS,**

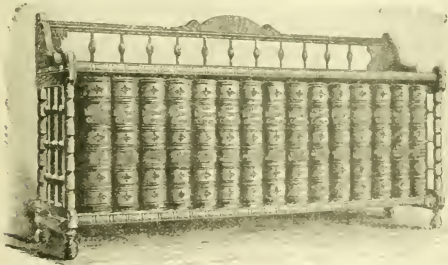
ever seen in New England.

Admission, 25 cents.

Children under 12, 15 cents.

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Mention this paper.

The engagement of William I. Thompson of the City Engineer's office and Miss Mary E. Browning of Rutland, is announced.

The committee of Post 10, G. A. R., who had charge of the management of the recent presentation of "The Drummer Boy" tendered a social, last week Friday evening, in Grand Army Hall, to the members of the cast. The

company numbered over two hundred, including besides those having "speaking" parts in the drama, the City Guards, the members of Battery B who gave the sabre drill, the High School Glee Club, who sang in the choruses, members of Post 10, Gen. A. A. Goodell Camp 2, Sons of Veterans, and Clara Barton Tent 3, Daughters of Veterans, besides the lady friends of the gentlemen present. Chairman

Charles H. Pinkham called the gathering to order and made a few remarks in which he thanked the members for their efforts toward making the play a success. Then, at once, the line for the grand march was formed, Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham leading and it was followed by an order of nearly twenty dances. Refreshments were served during an intermission. Mr. Pinkham was floor director and was assisted by members of the Post.

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Household.

A Song for Mothers.

O, weary mothers, mixing dough,
Don't you wish that food would grow?
You lips would smile, I know, to see
A cookie bush or a pancake tree.

No hurry, or worry, or boiling pot;
No waiting to get the oven hot;
But you could send your child to see
If the pies had baked on the cherry tree.

A beefsteak bush would be quite fine;
If you had plucked from its tender vine;
A sponge cake plant our pet would be,
We'd read and sew 'neath the muffin tree.

—The Household.

Old tablecloths and napkins make the very best glass cloths.

Cool the blood by drinking cold water in which a little pure cream of tartar has been dissolved.

Watery solutions are difficult to mix with vaseline, but this difficulty can be overcome by means of a little castor oil.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes, and also removes the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

For bread that has become chilled or is slow in rising, wring a towel out of water as hot as the hands can bear, and use it as a sub-cover to a dry, warm one, taking care to change it as often as it cools.

The quantity of water in making soup should be in proportion to the quantity of meat used. Allow a quart of water to a pound of meat. In making soup from fresh meat always put it on to cook in cold water. To keep the quantity full up from the teakettle, which should be boiling, so as not to stop your soup boiling.

It was not long ago the fancy of a young mother to mark each piece of the dainty wardrobe made for her first child with white violets. This pretty idea so delighted many mothers who heard of it that now hundreds of babies are born under the shadow of some flower, and women who are not skillful with their needles are delegating the delightful work to needlewomen.

Alabaster figures are cleaned with the following mixture: One ounce of borax and a quart of boiling water. When cool, wash the figures gently, and dry with a silk handkerchief. If badly stained, try a paste of quick lime and water, and let it remain on for a day; then wash off in soap and water. Olive oil occasionally applied with a soft woollen cloth keeps bulb cabinets and ormolu ornaments bright; first clean off all of the dust.

Kitchen Flooring.

In the modern kitchen, carpeting should have no place. It may be painted a light drab or amber, but linoleum is better than paint or oilcloths. Made out of ground cork and linseed oil, it can be had for one dollar per square yard, and its lasting qualities are immense. With an occasional coat of varnish, linoleum will outlast the house itself.



50 Chamber Sets,

XVI Century Finish, and very fine, Mirror in Bureau, 30x25; pieces all large, and an extraordinary bargain; price,

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Would be considered cheap at \$45. Samples on exhibition in our window.

Andes Ranges.

We are the sole agents for Worcester County for these Ranges, and we will sell you one, size 8-inch, for

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We guarantee them.

Goods sold on four months' time at cash prices.

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Our fitting and prescription department will be in charge of Dr. W. H. Draper, late professor of ophthalmology at Optical Institute, Boston, Mass., who is an optical specialist of long standing and wide reputation. He will make free examinations of the eye, and we will furnish the glasses at the following prices:—

GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.

GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.

STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

OPEN EVENINGS.

The Spring Sets Free.

The Spring sets free
So many birdlings for the lea
That I have wondered could there be
A note for me.

Yet in the field
No flower, tho' e'er so close concealed,
Would wealth abounding Summer yield,
From off her shield.
—Helen Worthington Rogers.

Dr. A. C. Hull attended this week a mass meeting of the First District Dental Society, at the Academy of Medicine, New York City.

The next meeting of the Chamberlain District Farmers' Club will be held next Thursday evening at the residence of F. S. Stowell, corner of Salisbury and Forest Streets. Subject, "What the Poets say about farming." Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Allen, leaders; Mrs. Charles R. Bryden, Mrs. E. W. Wheeler. There will also be a literary and musical program.

Next Friday the Tatnuck Farmers' Club will hold an all day meeting. This will be the annual meeting.

General Chamberlain.

General Daniel H. Chamberlain, W. H. S. '59, and later of Yale College and still later Governor of South Carolina, now practicing law in New York, is giving a course of lectures on "Constitutional Law," in Cornell University. They are very highly spoken of.

New York Fashions.

The popularity in evening dresses, of corsages cut low and round is doubtless due to the great partiality shown for berthas of lace, chiffon or tulle, chiefly the two first named which in their graceful fall are especially adapted to outlines where sharp angles do not occur. In square or pointed necks, fur trimmings take precedence and for these on evening dresses there is quite a rage. The hands used are invariably narrow and when they outline corsages, a garniture to match is placed on the bottom of the skirt, while in case of combination dresses, where perhaps the front breadths are of brocade, with satin or velvet train, a line of fur runs up the skirt where the two materials join. Lower edges of basques are trimmed to correspond; girdles of fur may give finish, or diagonal, or suspender like bands appear on corsages. Otter is very fashionable and this season, a good deal of ermine is used as an evening trimming, possibly because its black spots harmonize with the prevalent idea of black as a contrast.

Satin Bodices

with skirts of spangled tulle or chiffon are particularly fashionable for young girls and either of those fabrics are liked by matrons as a softening finish about the neck, when heavy costumes of brocade and plain material to match, are worn. Gimpes of the latter are often covered by chiffon or tulle, with very pretty effect and one of the most admired costumes of the season, is a dress furnished by Lord & Taylor, to a society leader, in which the pale yellow gimpes of *peau de soie* is covered with silver spangled chiffon. The combination is pale blue brocade outlined by silver on a white ground. Peasant waists or corsets are finished by gathered tulle or chiffon placed over silk or satin cut in a point about the neck; square necks are filled in with either of these lovely fabrics, in which case, they often compose puffed sleeves to match or again the sleeve may be of satin or some kindred fabric cut in slashed puffs to show the tulle or chiffon below. A lovely softening effect is also given by tulle or chiffon placed over front breadths or trains of heavy goods. Ribbon also plays quite an important part in finish on evening dresses and a new way, after various elaborations on fronts or skirts, is to bring it to the back, either at the waist, where it hangs in prolonged lengths almost reaching the floor, or to the top of the corsage where with long, floating ends, it forms a *survol-moi* (follow me) bow. Baby ribbon made into imitation chrysanthemums is also a new trimming placed as may be convenient.

ROSALIND MAY.

The Difference.

'Tis easy to be brave
When the world is on our side
When nothing is to fear,
Careless to hide.

'Tis easy to hope
When all goes well;
When the sky is clear,
Fine weather to foretell.

But to hope when all's despaired,
And be brave when we are scared
That's another thing, my dear!
And will do to tell.

—Anthony Morehead.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-restorer in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, keeps the troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. E. Pratt writes: "I have used it for some time, and it has cured my dandruff and falling hair, so that I have rapidly becoming bald, but since using the Vigor, my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can honestly testify to the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor being superior for curing from dandruff or loss of hair."

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Caleb A. Wall is to call a meeting of the Tippecanoe veterans of 1840, at an early date. He has been invited to give a review of the political affairs since that year, and to give his ideas of the true political policy for the present time.

When either side grows warm in argument, the wisest man gives over first.

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We are sure that it will be ever so much better for you to pay a few dollars more to us, and get a Suit that can be guaranteed excellent in all ways.

The weather has been very favorable to you. There is no reason why we should complain. If you have got along with your old Overcoat up to this time, it is all right.

If you buy a new one now it will look just like new next winter, after you have a month or two of good service from it this winter.

We can give you a splendid Suit for \$15, \$20 or higher. This price is less than the usual prices, and very low prices prevail.

ALL OUR OVERCOATS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

are at decidedly lower prices than ever.

ALL OUR WINTER SUITS,

THE BEST KINDS,

are also at the same favorably low prices.

There is a great difference in Clothing. Prices here have a meaning to you. Prices very often are meaningless because you have no fixed idea of quality to associate with the price.

A certain standard is at once in your thought when our house is named. Our prices, therefore—our very favorable January *bargain* prices—will give you good Clothing for the least expenditure of money.

Look them all over, and see it is not so.

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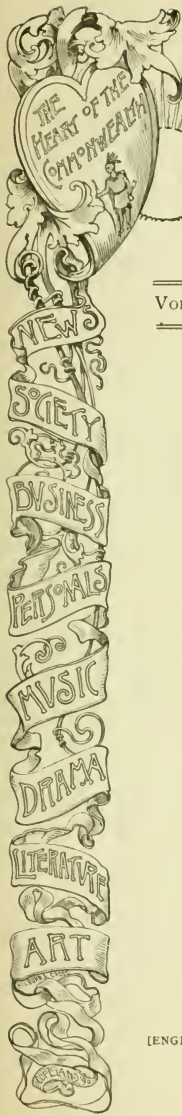
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LIGHT

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VOL. IV. NO. 22. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892. FIVE CENTS



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We have everything desirable in stock from Common to Fine Furniture.

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A great Huck Towel for 37 1-2c, *this week* Next week, 50c must be the price. Every towel is worth the 50c that will be paid then.

37 1/2c during the next three days. You had better be sure and get your share. This particular towel has a lovely figured damask border, hemstitched, size 22x44.

There's a damask towel, with knotted fringe-26x48 size, with borders of blue, red and buff. This week the price will be 25c. each

For tender feet, we have had made an excellent stocking, which, after months of use by many of our valued customers, we now offer with absolute confidence.

Probably no stocking can be more comfortable for you. 50c a pair.

You'll never forget "Our Special;" it is known in every Worcester county home as the best black stocking ever made, 3 pairs for one dollar.

Do you know where the prices of Cotton dress goods have dropped?

You must stoop very low down in order to catch sight of them.

Best Standard Prints are waiting for you at 4c a yard.

Indigo Prints hold up their heads at 6 1-4c
Indigo Percales come down from the 12 1-2 round and are content to perch on the 6 1-4c round.

Bedford Corsets used to be proud with the place they are held by the side of the Percale.

They followed their friend and are also 6 1-4c.
Armenian Serge and Camel's Hair Suitings at the same 6 1-4c.

Dress Style Gingham, 7c.
42c and 50c dress goods are now 33 1/2c.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892.

No. 22

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
But the heart but one,
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done."

The trouble with Chill has a decided bearing in impression, when we find our Light Infantry expressing itself ready to go at a moment's warning.

The Infantry of today did not even belong to the infant class, when the Infantry of '61 responded to the call of country, but the same spirit exists.

To the young, the call of War has ever an exciting interest. The blare of trumpets and the flaunting of banners are items to stir the blood not only in youth but in those of older growth. Is it patriotism or is it love of excitement?

At the first shrill bugle note, much of devotion to party disappears and adherence to country comes to the surface. It matters not at whose instance the war began, the flag floats over all and there never was a time when thousands were not ready to sacrifice their all for country, right or wrong.

Chill is a long way off; in another zone, even. While winter clasps us in icy bonds, Chill belies its name and revels in summer heats. Possibly some of the valorous volunteers fancy that the trip to below the Equator would be only a bright summer excursion, but in reality, it would be one along whose backward way only a few would come. Climatic changes would kill more than bullet and bayonet.

Yet no such consideration ever deterred valorous youth from what he considered the way of duty. "The Minstrel Boy to the War has gone," sang Tom Moore, years ago and long before his day and ever since the same was and has been true and thus it will be for ages to come. Not only the Minstrel Boy but all his associates gird on the father's sword and tie themselves away to the fight.

But what is it all about? The papers team with all sorts of matter pertaining to the affair, some that is apropos, more that is not. Chill had a war of her own. The victorious party fancied that the United States had not sufficiently sympathized with the rebellious portion and so wreaked their vengeance on certain American sailors who were at their mercy in a Chilian port. The neglect of the government to atone for this action seems to be the source of the present danger of war.

Our President has not rushed into the matter with unseemly haste, but after proper consideration sends to Congress a message which by its judicious and manly tone con-

mands the approbation of all parties and brings out the desirable fact that, if necessary, our representatives can, for the nonce, let the American feeling rise above the consideration that they are Democrats or Republicans. All unite in praises of the dignified yet patriotic bearing of the Nation's Executive.

From considerations of war, it is pleasant to turn to those of Peace and to note the fact that Worcester has, at last, her Board of Trade. The moving of Iver Johnson's factory to Fitchburg was, undoubtedly, the cause of the present interest in this organization. Now that it is organized, what can it do? Can it retain works already here? Can it bring new industries to this city? While it has been organizing, the great Washburn & Moen Company has been erecting immense works in Waukegan, Ill., and the very day of its first public meeting, the daily papers contain mention of the proposed moving of the Jerome Wheelock Engine Company to Chicago.

Accordingly, this Board of Trade has work before it, if it would keep it Worcester the first, already, is and if it would add to the city's industries anything new. Palatial quarters will not do all this. There must be a booming of the city's advantages. Such an announcement as southern and western cities are constantly making on much less foundation. The truth about Worcester, properly expressed and judiciously placed, ought to do for her far more than the lying, windy encomiums, so often found in descriptions of other places, have accomplished for them.

The 25th inst. was the birthday of Robert Burns. We are 133 years away from the year of his birth, but some of his words are as freely used today as when, in 1796, he died his early death. Nothing shows the universality of his genius as this constant application of his lines. Our Scotch citizens do well in annually coming together to recite the praises of the Bard of Ayr. From the day when the eloquent Parry charmed his listeners to the latest, when the equally eloquent McCullagh spoke of Scotland's most noted citizen to his sympathizing auditors there has been no year, when Burns' good qualities have not been recalled and his faults overlooked. The glory of Robert Burns extends far beyond the confines of Scotia. The world applauds him.

Reforming the Criminal.

If science teaches anything, it is that character and conduct are the product of heredity and environment. We cannot alter the inheritance of a man arrested on a criminal charge; but we can change his environment, from one of idleness to one of industry, from ignorance to knowledge, from bad to good sanitary surroundings, and we can surround him with a new moral and religious atmosphere. It is absurd to suppose that no change can be

effected in him, under right influences, intelligently brought to bear for a sufficient length of time. The question is one of methods and of the right man behind them, as it is in medicine. It would be equally rational to abandon the sick and the wounded to their fate and that in conditions known to be unfavorable to their recovery.—Rev. F. H. Wines.

A Young Man of Push.

The longer we live the stronger grows the conviction that despite the poopooers there is a great deal in "the art of putting things." I have just heard of an incident that illustrates this significant truth in a striking manner.

Twelve years ago a young man came to New York in search of employment and fortune. He carried his own trunk to a lodging house because he could not afford the expense of a hired carrier. His honest face and speech won for him his landlady's consent to a week's living on tick. So far so good. Now then, for the bold plunge. He went down to the offices of the Herald, Times and Tribune and invested his last shilling in an advertisement in these words:

"I want something to do and must have it in twenty-four hours. Address 'Push,' this office." In a little while he had received about three hundred answers to his unique demand for employment. One business man wrote: "Call at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning and I may give you a chance to show how vigorously you can 'push.'"

The tone of that reply pleased the young adventurer, and at the appointed hour he presented himself at the writer's office. The result was a trial engagement, which has continued until this time. Young 'Push' is now the confidential man of the house. His salary is ample, and he lives in one of the prettiest homes in New York, where pretty homes, in a poetic sense of the word, are, as we all know, lamentably scarce. "Push" is his dominant characteristic, and his employer has had ten thousand reasons to congratulate himself on the impulse that led him to reply to that little "ad."—Detroit Free Press.

Boys.

Only a few days ago nine boys in their early teens were before the Police Court for offenses more or less heinous. Is not this a pretty large crop for one day? Why were not these boys in school or learning a trade? Where is the fault? It certainly exists somewhere. There will be more of this before there is less if radical measures are not taken to keep boys busy. Satan and idle hands make a combination as dangerous now as when Watts wrote the couplet.

Mr. Alvah Metcalf of Ashland spent Tuesday in this city with his daughter, Mrs. A. S. Roe.

Miss Jennie M. Ramsdell of Warren was a guest at No. 5 Dix St. cet, Wednesday.



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1892.

LIGHT acknowledges the courtesy of a copy of county treasurer Edward A. Brown's annual report.

Every Worcester man, woman and child should read the Rev. C. M. Lamson's article in the current New England Magazine on Worcester churches. It is right at home.

Mr. Aella Greene, the author of that pleasant novel, John Peters, has recently visited Worcester and placed his book on sale at the store of Putnam, Davis & Co. Anyone who loves his New England, her language and traditions should read John Peters. It should be in all our libraries. Mr. Green is now preparing a sequel to the story. In fact it is in press. Look in at the store and take a glance at the book.

LIGHT is under obligation to Capt. Willard Glazier for a very graphic report on the late expedition to the sources of the Mississippi and regrets its inability to reproduce it in full; but it belongs rather in the pages of a geographical magazine. However the public receives the Captain's theories, there can be no doubt as to his industry and perseverance.

The young ladies of the Old South have organized a class in physical culture in connection with the church. Miss Laughton of Miss Kimball's Home school, is the teacher and from the number who have handed in their names for membership, the class is likely to have a prosperous future. The next meeting will be held Monday evening.

Mr. E. C. A. Becker and wife are rejoicing over the prospect of the indefinite continuance of the Business College, for Master E. C. A. Becker, Jr., is just one month old today.

Mrs. S. D. Davenport gave a card party in honor of her guest, Miss Manning of Boston, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Conrad's Father.

It is a sad error that calls Dr. A. Z. Con and wife to Lerrick, Me. Last Sunday, in the midst of Mr. Conrad's sermon, Mrs. Conrad received a dispatch announcing her father, Mr. Clark's sudden death, at the age of 75 years. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad left for Maine, Monday morning.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Jan. 30, 1892.

Signed

i.

"Slumber's heavy chain hath bound thee
Where is now thy fire?"

ii.

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black, I will sever my hair."

iii.

"The Earth is my mother, I will repose on her bosom."

iv.

"If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms."

v.

"I am accused of the atrocious crime of being a young man."

vi.

"Laurels and tears for thee, boy!
Laurels and tears for thee!"

Answers to Quotations, Jan. 16.

1. Webster, Supposed Speech of John Adams.
2. Sumner, Dying words to Judge Rockwood Hoar.
3. Pope, "Essay on Man."
4. Bryant, "The Death of the Flowers."
5. Burns, "Bannockburn."
6. Longfellow, "Psalm of Life."

Correct answers were received in the following order, Lewis T. Reed, Amherst; E. F. Woodberry, Worcester; Helen Lovell, Medfield; Charles E. Burbank, Amherst; Gertrude Gates, Worcester. On the principle of "First come, first served," the books go to the first two names.

The second social of Worcester Assembly, No. 1, Non-Secret Endowment Order, took place at Arcadium Hall, last week Thursday evening, in the form of a bon-bon party. About 50 couples were present. F. E. Williamson, E. H. Franklin and Miss Etta M. Stone were in charge of the floor. The next social will be a pink party, Friday evening, Feb. 12.

Y. M. C. A.

The second entertainment in the second series of the Association course was given by Eli Perkins (Melville D. Langdon) who, with a master's skill, lectured entertainingly on "Wit, Humor, Pathos, Ridicule and Satire." He gave clear definitions of each and then illustrated them with exceedingly amusing stories, making them still funnier by his peculiar mannerisms. The next entertainment in the course will be a concert by the Tufts College Glee and Banjo Clubs, assisted by John Burgess Weeks, reader. The date is February 11.



UNIVERSALIST.

ALL SOULS.—Rev. F. A. Gray, pastor, preaches at 10 30 a.m. to young people; at 7 p.m., introductory lecture to a course entitled, "God in American History." Sunday school at 12 m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PILGRIM.—The ladies of Pilgrim Church will serve a turkey supper in Pilgrim Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 2, and in the evening the annual bar opening will occur.

SALEM SQUARE.—The Congregational council to consider the resignation of Rev. I. J. Lansing as pastor of this church has been called to meet next Tuesday afternoon at the church.

A union mass meeting of the Congregational churches of Worcester was held in Union Church Thursday afternoon and evening to discuss the work of the American College and Educational Society.

The speakers and their subjects were as follows: Rev. Arthur Little, D. D. of Boston, "The Christian Academy and College;" Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Boston, "Christian Educator and Home Missions;" Rev. John E. Tuttle, of Jamaica Plain, on the need of more young men for the ministry; A. E. Dunning, editor of the Congregationalist, on the necessity of colleges to sustain the church; Secretary J. L. Maile of the Educational Society, "Heart and Hand of our Educational Work."

CENTRAL.—Rev. Dr. W. E. Merriman of Boston, brother of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman, officiated at Central Church last Sunday. Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning of Boston, editor of the Congregationalist, will preach tomorrow, after which the pulpit will be supplied for several weeks by Profs. C. F. Moore and W. J. Tucker of Andover Theological Seminary.

METHODIST.

CORAL STREET.—The Ladies' Circle of Coral Street Church held its annual meeting last week and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Mrs. E. A. Trask; Vice President, Mrs. C. L. Goodwin; Secretary, Miss A. P. Fuller; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Walker; Directors, Misses French, Rockwood, Lewis, Barber, Fuller, Bowers and Cudworth. The ladies intend to hold a bazar Feb. 18 and 19.

WEBSTER SQUARE.—The Ladies' Social Circle of Webster Square Church will hold a Conundrum Tea at the church Tuesday evening, Feb. 2d. All are invited to come and guess.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The Park Church Endeavor Society will observe the Christian Endeavor anniversary tomorrow evening at 5 o'clock with appropriate exercises which will take the place of both the young peoples' prayer meeting and of the evening church service. There will be addresses on temperance work, missionary

work, the prayer meeting and the society itself and its relation to the church. There will be recitations, responsive readings and music, besides a brief consecration service.

The Local Union will observe the eleventh anniversary of Christian Endeavor with a special meeting at the Church of Christ next Tuesday evening. There will be an unusually interesting program, but as it has not been completed at the time of writing, no announcement can be made. There will be the usual contest for the banner. The meetings arranged for future dates are at Piedmont Church in March, at Belmont Church in May, at Lake View Church in June.

Mrs. Kinnicut.

The funeral of the wife of Dr. Leonard P. Kinnicut was held, Monday last at her late residence, 77 Elm Street at 2 p.m. The services were conducted by Dr. A. H. Vinton of All Saints and Dr. Edward H. Hall, late of the 1st Unitarian Church. The burial was in Rural Cemetery. A large number of sympathizing friends attended.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond will give his 51st and 52d vocal recitals next Thursday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, at his studio, 452 Main Street. Those who will take part for the first evening are Miss Kate J. Mathews, Miss Julie M. Jones, Miss Marian L. Jenkins, Miss N. L. B. McGaffey, Miss Cordelle Quessy of Fitchburg, Mr. Wm. H. Arthur, Mr. Harry C. Robinson.

Friday evening the vocalists will be Mrs. Evelyn Johnson of Webster, Miss Jessie L. Pond, Miss Agnes Mannix, Miss Genevieve Burke, Miss Bertha L. Fletcher of West Boylston, Mr. Gustav Hall, Mr. Addison McGaffey. The 53d and 54th will take place February 18 and 19.

A Veteran.

Post 10 is again in mourning. William P. Hall, a veteran of Co. E. of the 21st, has gone home. He died at his residence, 23 Prospect Street, Monday. He was buried from his late home, Wednesday at 2 p.m. So the line proceeds to the final muster out.

Encampment 83, Union Veteran Legion, will hold a bazaar in Horticultural Hall next week Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The object is to raise money for the relief fund to assist old soldiers needing aid, or their widows or orphans. Post 10 band will play each evening and Gen. J. E. Palmer, the national commander, will be here at the opening of the fair.

An envelope social under the auspices of Ladies Benevolent Society was held at Plymouth vestry Tuesday evening. Supper was served, after which envelopes with pertinent mottoes were opened, the contents amounting to \$119, netting \$150 in all.

Kneisel—Nikisch.

The Woman's Club, as it always does, scored a big triumph in bringing this combination to Worcester. Association Hall was a bright scene, on Wednesday afternoon, with its array of people gathered to listen to an excellent music as ever greeted an audience in this city.

The Week.

CITY.

Jan. 22—All Souls' Universalist Church gives a very successful entertainment in Mechanics Hall. "Longfellow's Dream."

New Directory indicates Worcester's population to be 90,000.

Worcester City Guards give a social party to friends at the Army.

Loyal Women of American Liberty entertain friends from abroad and hold public meeting.

Mrs. Loise E., wife of Dr. Leonard P. Kinnicut or the Institute dies, 32 years.

Sixty candidates pass successful examinations for admission into the Institute.

23—Worcester Agricultural Society holds animated and interesting meeting.

Notices are out of High School Association Meeting, Feb. 9.

Joseph Pratt, whose picture was in LIGHT April 11, '91 has his 93d birthday. In excellent bodily health.

24—Appleton Walker dies, 92 Lincoln Street, 77 years.

Tilston H. Smith dies of pneumonia, Woodland Street, 77 years.

25—Scotch citizens celebrate Robert Burns birthday.

Schubert Quartet before the Mechanics Association.

"The Doll's Hospital" given by pupils of the School of English Speech.

Miss Laughton's pupils in elocution have recited in Colonial Hall.

Board of Trade throws open its new rooms.

Joshua E. Gates dies at 69 Piedmont Street, 62 years.

26—House of Theo. P. Brown on Richards Street burned. Cold time for firemen.

The coldest evening of the season.

Central Massachusetts Poultry Club begins exhibition in Mechanics Hall.

James H. Wall dies at the Lincoln House, 81 years.

First public meeting of New Board of Trade.

27—Rev. I. J. Lansing presents last annual report to his church.

Woman's Club supervises a very successful concert in Association Hall by Kneisel and Nikisch.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale preaches an eloquent sermon in First Unitarian Church.

Mrs. Samuel W. Foskett dies at 14 Norwood Street. Pneumonia.

28—The Poultry show ends successfully. John B. Bowker, secretary, entitled to much credit.

Herbert A. Cook of Shrewsbury talks about grape culture before the Horticultural Society.

Hon. Phineas Ball gives historical address before Unitarian Convention.

Dr. Wm. T. Souther gives fourth emergency lecture before the militia men at the Army.

Congregational church hold mass meeting at Union Church in behalf of educational interests.

Theodore P. Brown, whose house was destroyed by fire gives the Firemen's Relief Association \$100.

Thomas O. Frost, a veteran of the Civil War, dies at 233 Main Street.

COUNTY.

21—Westminster has recently lost several aged citizens. Monday, the 18th, Isaac Sea-

ver died, aged 83; the same day, Hollis Bolton, 92; Thursday, Joshua Cutler, 80 and Mrs. Gould, 91 years.

Clinton has one of the grandest halls in her history, under the direction of the Worcester East Agricultural Society.

22—Marshall S. Pike, late Drum Major of the 22d Regiment has his baton, lost in the Peninsular Campaign, restored to him.

23—Mrs. Abbie, wife of Nelson Whiting, dies in Uxbridge, 62 years.

25—Millbury again complaining about Worcester's sewage.

26—At special election for representative in 12th Worcester District Dr. D. C. Nichols of Southboro elected over Dr. Her of Westboro, 89 majority.

28—The name "Lady Board" of the Baldwinville cottages changed to "Woman's Board."

Carriage making firm of Henry M. Richardson & Co., Leominster, embarrassed.

COMMONWEALTH.

22—City of Worcester, through Mayor Harrington, petitions the Legislature for power to transfer trunks from the City Farm to the Oakland Truant School.

Scooner, H. P. Kirkham, wrecked off Nantucket. No lives lost.

23—Illicit distillery discovered in Natick. Western habits working eastward.

Athletic sports in Boston. Worcester athletes take first places.

Twenty-one milk dealers fined for selling unwholesome milk in Boston.

24—Boston Herald sued for libel by New Hampshire parties.

Springfield girls refuse to dress as showmen wives, even to play Ben Hur. They are the right kind of girls.

25—The whole state discusses the Chilian embargo.

26—Twenty-third annual meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association.

Portrait of the late Judge Chas. A. Dewey presented to Hampshire County.

Hon. Chas. F. Loring, councillor from the 6th District, dies at his home in Melrose, 40 years.

Town of Everett votes to apply for city charter.

27—James T. Furber, General Manager of the Boston & Maine R. R., dies in Lawrence, 63 years.

Democratic members of the Legislature hold caucus with reference to leadership.

Boston holds a large and enthusiastic meeting to protest against the Louisiana lottery.

Woman's Suffrage Convention in Park Street Church, Boston. Many the thoughts expressed the prevail.

28—As the war fever has subsided, Massachusetts patriotism will effervesce.

The Worcester County Mechanics Association will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary Friday, Feb. 5. Supper will be served at 630 in the west ante-room of Mechanics Hall. An historical address will be made by President Ellery B. Crane in Washburn Hall at 7.30. A social reunion will follow in Mechanics Hall. Members may procure tickets of Treasurer Wm. A. Smith at his office by personal application or written order from Jan. 26 till Feb. 4, day or evening, except Wednesday and Friday evenings. Besides being a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary, the gathering will also commemorate the paying of the last dollar on the \$50,000 mortgage.

"Christian Endeavor."

The whole name of this organization is a long one, viz., Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor but until its initials Y. P. S. C. E. become as easily used as Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A., it is probable that most people will refer to it as this article is headed. In fact in the slack ways of every day speech, it is not unusual now to hear it called the "Christian 'deavor' Society, but whatever the name it is addressed by it has become a mighty engine for good in this country of ours.

Next Tuesday it will be just eleven years years old and already it numbers more than 1,000,000 members. An average growth of about 100,000 a year is not, probably, equalled by any other like body in the world.

The Society had its origin "Away down in Maine." The Williston Church of Portland was the parent body and the Rev. Francis E. Clark was the pastor of that parish. Today, many people love to refer to him, now the Editor of the Golden Rule, as "Father Endeavor" Clarke, claiming that his middle letter is thus significant. In no other way could so venerable a term as "father" be applied to him for he is still on the uphill side of life.

Beginning Feb. 2, 1881, in Portland the applicability of the organization was so apparent that its growth was immediate and startling, and seemed to be by Geometrical Progression. The following figures for each successive year up to the July meeting of 1891 in Minneapolis are significant.

1882, 421.
1883, 2,870.
1884, 8,905.
1885, 10,964.
1886, 50,000.
1887, 140,000.
1888, 300,000.
1889, 500,000.
1890, 660,000.
1891, 1,008,980.

So far as members go, this list leaves very little to be desired. It is a remarkable showing. Societies exist in every state and territory, including Alaska. The Canadian Provinces have nearly a thousand and in foreign lands they are found in England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, China, Japan, Turkey, Africa, Australia, India, Samoa, Bermuda, Mexico, West Indies and the Micronesian Islands. In these foreign fields there are 284 societies.

And what is it all? Simply a massing and utilizing of youthful energy, long recognized but never before economized. Though it may be called Congregational in many respects, it is by no means, denominational. In fact, at the latest convention, the Presbyterians led with 4,019 societies. Then came the Congregationalists, with 3,545; the Baptists, 2,381; Methodists, 2,268; Christian Disciples, 801. Every evangelical church is represented. The prominence of the Methodists, here, is noteworthy, when it is remembered that they have, besides, their own Epworth League, a similar organization, with nearly half a million members.

For some time, Massachusetts led the nation in the number of societies, but she now

ranks fifth, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois leading her in the order named. The Empire State has 2,354 societies and the Old Bay State 918.

Membership is of three classes, Active, Associate and Affiliated. Active members must be professed Christians, Associate must hold religion in respect and, as a rule, they are those supposed to be walking in the right way, while Affiliated members are people rather beyond the years of active participation in young people's work. "Essential features are pledged and constant attendance by the members on the weekly prayer-meetings, participation in the exercises of those meetings by every active member."

They also have "Consecration meetings" with a roll call and a response from every member. It is no association of shirks and laggards but of bright active leagues and a brave warfare they are waging. Note the following from the constitution. It is devoted to the "training of young converts for the duties of church membership; to promote an earnest Christian life among their members, to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God."

Each society is in a measure independent, though, as in Worcester, there are several united in a union for common good. The general convention, held annually, is scarcely more than a grand mass meeting. The Golden Rule of Boston is the accepted organ of the Society.

The Local Union.

The Christian Endeavor spirit reached Worcester within a year or two after its inception by Rev. Mr. Clark and several experimental societies were formed. The first permanent organization was that of the young people of the Old South Church in 1884. Following closely, however, came organizations in Union and Salem Street Churches, during the same year, in the Pleasant Street Baptist and Dewey Street Baptist in 1885 and in the Pilgrim and Summer Street Churches in 1886.

In September, 1887, a call was issued for a meeting of representatives of each society, to consider the advisability of forming a Local Union. The meeting was held in the old Pleasant Street Baptist Church Sept. 13 and consisted of the following delegates: Pilgrim Church, May G. Covell, B. F. Joslin, Jr., F. H. Ball; Dewey Street Church, F. G. Estabrook, C. C. Moore, Mary E. Chamberlain; Summer Street Church, C. E. L. Briggs, H. W. Clifford, John Martin; Houghton Street Church, C. E. Slocumb, Jr., H. L. White, A. D. Stone; Old South Church, C. D. Nye, Geo. K. Bliss, Miss Emma Gates; Union Church, Rev. W. V. W. Davis, Etta A. Fogg, Warren W. Greene; Pleasant Street Baptist Church, C. H. Daland, J. H. Lingley, A. D. Flinn; Salem Street Church, Dwight Goddard, Mary O. Whittemore, Charles D. Parker. The result of this and the following meetings was an organization and adoption of a constitution and at the first regular meeting, held in Association Hall, October 10, officers were elected as follows: President, Rev. W. V. W. Davis; vice-presidents, the presidents of the individual societies; recording secretary, Mrs. S. H. Moulton; corresponding secretary, Warren W. Greene; treasurer, Miss May Sleeper. The object of

the Union, as stated in the constitution, "shall be to stimulate the enthusiasm of its members, to promote their efficiency in Christian life and church work and to bring them into closer relations with each other and with Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour," or in other words, the Union shall be to the societies what the societies are to their members. To accomplish the desired object, bi-monthly meetings are held at the different churches, at which methods of work are explained and discussed and devotional services and sociables are held. The Union has, however, no authority over the individual societies.

An idea of the growth of Christian Endeavor in Worcester and its neighboring towns may be gained from the following summary of each year's work.

At the end of the first year the number of societies had increased to sixteen, the new ones being in the Park, Shrewsbury Congregational, the First Baptist, the Plymouth, the Central, the Main Street Baptist and the Jeffersonville churches.

For the year ending in November, '89, the officers were: President, George F. Brooks; secretary, Miss Emily K. Mellen; corresponding secretary, Charles D. Parker; treasurer, Miss M. Sturtevant. During the year two societies, Piedmont and Church of Christ, were added and at the close the total membership of all the societies was 829 active members and 100 associate.

The officers during the year ending in November, 1890, were: President, C. L. Shaw of the Salem Street Society; recording secretary, Miss Grace R. Everett of the Pleasant Street Baptist Society; corresponding secretary, Horatio Miller of the Piedmont Society; treasurer, Miss Emma Plympton of the Pilgrim Society. Under the leadership of these officers the number of societies was increased to 21 and at the close of the year the total membership of the societies was 975 active members, 254 associate and 60 honorary.

The next year was one of great activity. Eight new societies joined the Union and the total membership was increased to 1745, a gain of 50 per cent during the year. The membership was divided as follows: Active, 1377; associate, 368. The officers for this year were Dennison B. Tucker of Pilgrim Church, president; Miss Carrie L. Thompson of the Pleasant Street Baptist, recording secretary; Charles D. Nye of the Old South, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Charles H. Burnham of the Church of Christ, treasurer.

The Union is now in its fifth year and the officers at present are D. B. Tucker, president; corresponding secretary, Charles D. Nye, to be a permanent officer; recording secretary, Mrs. F. H. Sampson; treasurer, H. H. Roach. The present standing of each society is shown by the following statistics collected January 15 by the corresponding secretary.

Old South.—Active members, 85; associate, 15; president, E. Roscoe McAlfee.

Union.—Active, 70; associate, 10; president, E. C. Whitney.

Salem Street Cong.—Active, 34; associate, 3; president, Frank J. Bryant.

Pleasant Street Baptist.—Active, 50; associate, 4; president, J. H. Lingley.

Dewey Street Baptist.—Active, 55; associate, 24; president, L. O. Cunningham.

Holden Baptist.—Active, 37; associate, 12; president, Amy J. Howe.

Pilgrim.—Active, 104; associate, 29; president, Walter S. Davis.

Summer Street.—Active, 47; associate, 9; president, C. H. Crover.

Central.—Active, 43; associate, 3; president, F. E. Hammond.

Houghton Street.—Active, 26; associate, 14; president, Cora A. Barnard.

Lake View.—Active, 26; associate, 22; president, Archie Goddard.

Main Street Baptist.—Active, 37; associate, 8; president, W. P. Goodwin.

Park.—Active, 42; associate, 25; president, Louis B. Osborne.

Shrewsbury Cong.—Active, 22; associate, 23; president, David B. Rice.

Plymouth.—Active, 93; associate, 11; president, Dr. J. K. Warren.

Church of Christ.—Active, 56; associate, 16; president, Arthur Nutt.

Piedmont.—Active, 119; associate, 27; president, Irving E. Bigelow.

Holden Cong.—No report.

Rutland Cong.—Active, 53; associate, 2; president, Miss Ella M. Skinner.

Hope.—Active, 40; associate, 16; president, Walter M. Hook.

Second Cong., Millbury.—Active, 29; associate, 13; president, C. F. Holman.

First Cong., Millbury.—Active, 24; associate, 10; president, Carroll Thayer.

First Cong., Boylston Center.—Active, 32; associate, 5; president, H. H. French.

First Baptist.—Active, 56; associate, 2; president, George C. Whitney.

Union society of Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist churches in West Boylston.—Active, 25; associate, 34; president, Miss Susie Kimball.

South Baptist.—Active, 31; associate, 5; president, Dr. C. P. Hall.

Bellmont.—Active, 25; president, Miss Ida Cobb.

Baptist, Millbury.—Active, 37; associate, 11; president, Mrs. L. M. Waterman.

Leicester Cong.—Active, 44; associate, 22; president, Miss Claribel Moulton.

Paxton.—No report.

Summarized, the above statistics are as follows: Number of societies, 30; number of active members, about 1,350; associate members nearly 400; total membership, over 1,700.

Besides the bi-monthly meetings of the Union, there have been held two other gatherings which are especially worthy of mention, the state convention, held in Plymouth Church during Rev. Dr. W. V. W. Davis' presidency and the county convention held in the Old South and Main Street Baptist Churches April 30 and May 1, 1891. While these were not exactly Union meetings, it was the work of the Union that made them the success that they were. The latter was the largest county convention ever held in New England, there being 951 registered delegates in attendance. The best previous record was 631, made by the Middlesex County convention. This convention was one of the leading factors in bringing about the great gains of last year. It also drew the attention of the United Society to the Worcester Union and the local Endeavorers were given the honor of naming a speaker for the national convention, held in

Minneapolis last July. Rev. I. J. Lansing was the choice of the Union and he very ably represented it.

Within the past year or two the Union has begun to exert an influence for good outside of strictly Endeavor work. Its representatives appeared before the board of aldermen last May, asking that the surroundings of Lake Quinsigamond might be kept free from the liquor traffic and their request was granted. Encouraged by this success, the idea was broached at one of the executive committee meetings of trying to carry the city for license in the approaching election. An organization was founded consisting of the members of the temperance committees of the Endeavor Societies and of the Epworth Leagues, which had been invited to join in the good work, and Mr. D. B. Tucker, the president of the Union, was elected president. The result, everybody knows, the city went "no."

The Union was never more alive than at the present moment and gives promise of continued and increased work "For Christ and the Church."

The Union's President.

Mr. Tucker is now serving his second term as president of the Union, being re-elected at the annual meeting held at Park Church in October. He has entered heartily into the work and, while it would be untrue to say that he is wholly responsible for the wonderful increase in numbers and in interest in the Union since he became its president, nor would he have it so said, it is certain that his energetic leadership has been a very powerful agent in bringing about the splendid results. Evidently the Union fully comprehends this for he was unanimously and enthusiastically re-elected at the expiration of his first term.

Mr. Tucker began life in Norwich, Conn., July 25, 1860, and his full name is Dennison Baldwin Tucker. He went through the grammar schools of Norwich and the four years' course of the Norwich Free Academy from which he was graduated in 1879, being valedictorian of his class at the graduation exercises. He entered Yale University the following September and graduated in June, '83. While in college he was interested in athletics, being coxswain of the Varsity crew one year and of his class crew during the entire four years. The crews which he steered were almost always winners, the record being nine victories out of eleven races.

In getting his education, Mr. Tucker's aim had been to become a physician, but he found, when he had completed his University course, that his financial resources were not sufficient to allow him to spend the necessary three years in study in the medical school, so he came to Worcester in 1883 and entered the employ of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company. Here he remained until January, 1885, when he went to Texas, where he spent the year on a sheep ranch. Returning to Worcester in December, '85, he went to work in the office of G. S. and A. J. Howe, paint and oil dealers on Foster Street. A year and a half later he went into the employ of the Hopville Manufacturing Company, of which his brother-in-law was a prominent member, where he remained a short time, when he was offered the superintendency of a mill in Sut-

ton and accepted the offer. Business becoming dull in 1890, he returned to Worcester and to the office of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company where he is now.

Mr. Tucker is married, his wife being Mrs. Lillian Lynde, whose maiden name was Lillian Ross. Maine was her native state. Their home is at 986 Main Street.

Mr. Tucker joined the church when he was sixteen years old, but he did not become actively interested in Christian Endeavor until he joined the Pilgrim society in 1887. He served that society as president for two terms and was elected president of the Local Union in October, 1890.

Such is, briefly, the history of the part Worcester's young people are taking in this great movement. The future would be difficult to foretell, but, from the nature of the organization, there certainly will be no less work done and the results will surely not diminished.

The Price of Postage Stamps.

A man went into the post office of a neighboring town recently and told the postmaster that he desired thirteen two cent stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster refused to give them to him, stating that the cost would be 26 cents. The man persisted in getting his order, claiming that he could get them at any office for that amount, and even threatened the government official if he continued to refuse him. Finally the postmaster ordered him out, but the man none daunted, took a cent and a 25 cent piece from his pocket, and laying them down on the counter he received his stamps for his cent and a quarter. The postmaster was a little discomfited for a while, but now enjoys the joke as well as anyone.—The Cause.

Pipers at Lucknow.

The discussion began many months ago in England about the Jessie Brown legend and the relief of Lucknow has not ended yet, and the defenders of the story have just scored a strong point. It was a cruel blow to them when some military man, high in authority, declared that Jessie Brown, if there ever was such a person, could not have heard the "pipes," as the Highlanders on that occasion did not have any to play, having left their instruments at Cawbore. This statement, at all events, is disproved by a letter from Pipe-Major McKellar, who led the six pipers of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders in that eventful march.

He says they played at every opportunity, "but after crossing the Char Bagh Bridge we could not play, as Deputy Inspector General Jee truly says 'owing to the fire of the enemy from loopholed houses,' field-guns all round us, roads cut up to impede our progress, and every house a fortification. Out of six pipers two were wounded that day—one died (Brown) in the residency, the other (Josh Hendry) had his leg amputated, and, when last heard of, was about Newcastle-on-Tyne. We played a few tunes to cheer our countrywomen and children the night we entered the garrison." That the pipes were played seems to be established beyond dispute. The only questions now are whether Jessie Brown ever existed, and, if so, whether she heard them.

Laughing Water Restored.

We cannot account for it. In fact, we have given up trying to account for it. Neither the dry air nor the rivalry with St. Paul is sufficient, and we know of no other explanation even worthy of consideration. We refer, of course, to the extraordinary display of genius by the people of Minneapolis, which is constantly being made. Only four short days ago we printed an account of how Mr. Thomas G. Weatherlow, the venerable capitalist and philanthropist, erected a bank building on the plan of a wire rat-trap, baited it with \$300,000 in cash, and caught every burglar in town; and now comes another story, which, though it may not exhibit the real depth of genius displayed by Mr. Weatherlow, implicates more persons, and shows that the same subtlety of mind extends everywhere in the city.

As the reader may very likely know, the Falls of Minnehaha have for some years been included in the geographical limits of Minneapolis. St. Paul tried to get them, but Minneapolis was too quick for her. Of course we need not refer to the fact that Mr. Longfellow, in his staccato poem of "Hiawatha," refers frequently to Minnehaha. The noble red man had much to do with the falls in an early day, though he never used them in the way which they would have doubtless been the most beneficial to him, namely, as a shower-bath. Formerly the romantic Falls of Minnehaha consisted of a twelve inch stream of water. Later it shrank to six inches, and finally to less than two inches, the stream being little bigger than that discharged by a garden hose. This robbed Minnehaha of much of its beauty. People took visitors there to see the falls, and frequently found no water at all. It was humiliating to be obliged to explain that a cow was probably drinking somewhere upstream.

Then, perhaps, a party of small boys would scare the cow away and plunge in for a swim in some deep pool and raise the torrent going over the falls to a four inch stream. A wide-awake hotel proprietor in the neighborhood hired a man to pump water from a well into the stream a few rods above the falls whenever he saw visitors coming, but a neighboring beer saloon had potent charms for the man, and his pumping was irregular and uncertain. Besides, the pump squeaked and only discharged water while the handle was being forced down, which made the falls appear to stop over again, and so on. A Boston young lady who tried to read "Hiawatha" at the foot of the falls found it most unsatisfactory. "The action of Minnehaha," she wrote to her friends, "is peculiar. Two quarts of water come over every ten seconds. I think that Longfellow must have got the hint of his metre from the falls themselves."

Finally last week the Minneapolis city council took up the matter. It was brought forward by Alderman O'Flynn of the second ward, who spoke feelingly of the decadence of the "noble Falls of Minnehaha, discovered by the early explorer Longfellow," and moved that some action be taken to restore them to their former beauty and grandeur. Remarks were made by Aldermen Rafferty, Oleson, Murphy, Bjorkson, O'Grady and Lindquistson,

and various plans will be presented. It was finally decided to turn a six inch stream from the city water mains into Minnehaha creek, one-half mile above the falls, the same to run between the hours of 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., and the city engineer was empowered to carry out the plans. The work was soon completed and there was a grand opening of Minnehaha Falls on the afternoon of the Fourth. There were two brass bands present, and Alderman Moriarty read the Declaration of Independence, after which Alderman Bogstieson recited portions of "Hiawatha" in a clear, sagalike voice.

The stream was strong and steady, and was pronounced very romantic. Visitors cannot now fail to be pleased. Tourists are requested to bear in mind that the Falls of Minnehaha are now in operation daily, and that they were not shut down for the Winter till Dec. 1. Copies of "Hiawatha" bound in birch-bark for sale on the grounds. By a skillful plan of the city engineer soap is also introduced along with the hydrant water, making the falls foam luxuriantly.

The idea that Americans are careless of natural scenery is not always justified by the facts. It is true that Niagara is defaced by hackmen, and so forth, but here is Minnehaha restored to more than its former beauty. The country owes a debt of gratitude to the intelligent city council of Minneapolis.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Poultry Show.

"'Twas not 'Chanticleer's Muffled Crow'" that saluted the ears of visitors in Mechanics' Hall, last Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, but the bird's voice in full tone and his name was legion. From the smallest Bantam to the largest Cochins their notes were loud and clear. What a sight! Every poultry fancier said repeatedly as he walked about, "This is grand." The management has every reason to congratulate itself on the character of the exhibition. There were pigeons of every color and kind; but for the genuine tumble over backward, there was nothing that approached Dr. Howland's exhibit. Only long care and culture could breed such birds as his. Then the incubators! A crowd constantly surrounded them, ever eager to witness the strange problem of the egg and the life producing. Many an Easter was witnessed and applauded.

The beautiful deers, pheasants and wonder-ful ostriches had their crowds of admirers. "What a neck for a drink" was the thought of many as they looked at the desert bird's long throat. Angora rabbits, Russian rats and Guinea pigs were seen with admiring eyes by many folks, little and big. But the chief items of the show, the fowls, were never equalled in this city. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandotts, Cochins, Bantam, Polands, Game and so on through the whole round, so well known to the initiated, the display was first class in every respect. A glorious sight!

The concert and ball of Iroquois Tribe of Red Men, in Mechanics Hall Tuesday evening, February 9, in honor of its ninth anniversary will be a big affair. Brigham's orchestra of Marlboro will furnish the music for both the concert and dance.

At the rooms of the School of Speech Thursday evening an entertainment was given for the benefit of Miss Angie Parker. The program was a long one and included readings by Miss Angie Parker, Miss Lulu Isaacs and Miss Gertrude Trinder; songs by Miss Nellie Lange and Mr. Hendrich; piano duet by Misses Sadie Parsons and Mabel Cleveland; dancing by Miss May Mellor and Miss Effie Adams; violin solo by Miss Minnie Crane; and cornet solo by Mr. McCauley.

The Emmet Guards have nearly completed all the arrangements for their ball which is to be held in Mechanics Hall, February 26. Battery B band and orchestra will supply the music, the French Syndicate will decorate the hall and W. J. Estey will serve the supper in Washburn Hall. There will be a concert from eight to nine o'clock and one half hour later the grand march will be formed. Then will follow an order of dance with 24 numbers.

Longfellow's Dream.

Considering that the whole affair was arranged in two weeks, "Longfellow's Dream," given last week Friday evening in Mechanics Hall under the auspices of the All Souls Universalist Church, was a very remarkable performance. Not the least of the difficulties to be overcome was the filling of the 175 parts, as the grip seized quite a number of those who were expecting to represent some of the characters. But the universal verdict of everybody after the production was one of praise. Nearly all the parts were satisfactorily taken and many of them were unusually good. The singing was at times very poor and on several occasions marred the effect of good tableaux.

The "Dream" is divided into four parts, in which the youth Longfellow sees pass before him his future creations. In dream one there are visions of childhood, fairies, earthly and celestial choirs, the poet being five years old. Dream two is weird, fantastic, romantic and classic, with glimpses of American brides and picturesque gypsies. The poet is ten years old. Dream three is sylvan, tragic and humorous and the poet is fifteen. Dream four is sublime, historical, allegorical, Biblical, national patriotic and the poet is twenty. Then follows an interlude, representing the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon and the grand finale in which Longfellow is surrounded by his ideal men and women.

Rev. F. A. Gray read the intervening descriptive parts, Miss Gertrude March was the pianist and Mr. C. F. Hanson, the musical director. The hall was well filled.

LIGHT announced last week that the members of the Church of the Unity would have a dance in Salisbury Hall, either Wednesday or Thursday evening and guests were the intention at the time, but later both the place and time were changed and the affair was held in Colonial Hall Tuesday evening. The patronesses were Mrs. Cyrus G. Wood, Mrs. Wm. A. Williams, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Oscar F. Rawson, Miss L. Allen and Mrs. Friedland C. Thayer. The guests were introduced by the following gentlemen, who acted as usher: Col. Rockwood Hoar, Mr. Waldo Simpson, Capt. H. B. Fairbanks, Mr. Charles M. Thayer and Mr. George S. Taft. The arrangements were in charge of the following committee: Mr. Edward D. Stoddard, chairman; Mr. John H. Jewett, Mr. Charles M. Thayer, Col. Theodore S. Johnson and Mr. Charles A. Waite.

The Christian Man.

In writing upon the Christian man, it is my intention to speak from the true meaning of the word Christian, and not from the corrupted use of the word as it is generally taken. It is generally understood that if a man is a member of some evangelical church, that he is a Christian. This is a false idea. A man may belong to a church and not be a Christian, and I have no doubt but what there are men outside of any church who are Christians; but all Christians ought to unite with the church.

A man comes into our city, joins a church, may be regular attendant at that church, and, on Sunday, if we should see him, we should find him praising God and worshipping in his regular place. Consequently we think that he is a good and pious man. During the week, we have occasion to transact business with him, and of every opportunity that presents itself, where he can take the advantage of you, whether it be by fair or foul means, he avails himself. He argues that it makes no difference how he gains his money, because in business all things are lawful. For instance, if he buys a quantity of cotton, and, on its arrival, finds that it is damaged, he at once covers up the injured part, and sells it as the best of cotton. I could name other instances that happen every day, where men who claim to be Christians, do things that are not Christ-like. Some, who have apples to sell, put the largest and best ones on the top and bottom of the barrel, and fill up the center with poor ones, so when a customer opens the top or the bottom of the barrel, he finds nothing but good fruit, but when, in course of time, he reaches the center, he finds a different state of things. The man, who sells the fruit, little thinks that the barrel of apples represents himself as he is, appearing honest and good on the outside, while within, his heart is filled with sin. The Scriptures say, "By their fruits ye shall know them." In many parts of the United States there are men who have never seen a banana nor an orange tree, but who are very familiar with their fruits. Suppose then, that these men should be placed where they could see the banana and the orange growing on their mother trees, would they not, at once, say, "This is an orange tree; or this is a banana tree?" Certainly, for they tell the tree by its fruit.

Likewise with man, if he is doing good things, if he helps his neighbor, or in other words, if he loves the Lord with all of his heart, and his neighbor as himself, people will at once put him down as a Christian. We could not take an intelligent man into an orchard and point to a tree that was covered with apples and make him believe that it was a pear tree. He would at once argue this way, "If this were a pear tree, it would have pears upon it, and as long as apples grow upon a tree it must be an apple tree."

So again, we cannot tell the people that a certain man is a Christian, and make them believe it, unless the man bears the fruits of a Christian. What does the name Christian mean? It means, one who is Christ-like, or one who patterns after the life and teachings

of Christ. Could a man be a Christian before Christ came to this earth and died for man? No more than a man could be a citizen of the United States before there was a United States. To be a member of an organization, we must have the organization and then when we have complied with its requirements for admission we become members, or if we desire to imitate a man's life, the man must first have had his existence, then we can pattern after. So Christ must first have had life, before men could become Christ-like or Christians.

If a man should come to you, and I say that he was an American, and you desired proof for his assertion, you would at once ask him, "Where were you born?" And if he said, "In England," you would then ask him, "Have you been naturalized?" If he said, "No," you would at once say that he was not an American. Why? Because he had not complied with the requirements of the law, which make him such and unless he becomes naturalized he remains a foreigner as long as he lives.

A man cannot be a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Red Man, or a member of any secret organization until he has taken the oath of allegiance to that society, and promise to stand by it as long as life exists.

Is it then unreasonable for Christ to demand that men should go through some form to join the greatest organization on earth? Certainly not. He has laid down the conditions of admission, and if we desire to be members we must submit to his authority and obey his commandments.

If we are Americans will we not stand up for our government? If we are true to our government, will we not do all in our power to keep it pure, and do nothing to bring a reproach upon it? Certainly, unless we are faithful to our government we are not true Americans.

Likewise if a man who has stepped out on the side of Christ be not true to his government, if he does contrary to the will of Christ, if he steals, if he cheats his neighbor, if he takes undue advantage of those around him, if, to sum it all up, he does not love his neighbor as himself, and does not bear the fruits of the spirit of Christ, he is not a Christian. He is not Christ-like.

But men say "There are men who belong to churches who are servants of God one day and the servants of Satan the rest of the week." This cannot be, for a man cannot serve two masters, he must be on one side or the other; and if he is constantly serving Satan he is not a Christian, for a man to be a Christian must be a constant server of Christ. Christians may make mistakes, but not intentionally. I draw this essay to a close by making the statement that I commenced with, "By their fruits, ye shall know them." If you would be known as a Christian, let your fruits be those of a Christian.

A. D. BURTRICK.

Wellesley girl's mental efforts are to be stimulated by ozone manufactured on the place. Fair Harvard depends on stimulants of another nature and ozone would evaporate in "innocuous desuetude" in Cambridge's classic shades.—Boston Post.

Curious Corner.

Australian Bushrangers

The bushrangers of Australia are now extinct. They were highwaymen, whom the love of adventure, quite as much as the desire for gold, allured to the life of outlaws. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* describes some of them as gifted with courage and invention worthy of a better calling.

A small and of bushrangers in Victoria manufactured for themselves out of scythes and ploughs and old iron complete suits of armor. Each suit was so heavy that Goliath himself might have fainted under its weight, but on the brilliant frame of the bushranger it seemed light, and it served its purpose. Several of these suits are in existence, bearing marks of inefficient pistol shots.

Two bushrangers once laid a whole town under contribution. They forced banks and shops to pay liberally for the privilege of resuming business. Some of them were as suspicious as Italian brigands, who kneel beside a wayside cross, and ask for much booty and little trouble.

Once a bushranger gave his victim the usual alternative of his money or his life. When the victim declined to "hand over," the robber knelt down and prayed that it might be put in the traveller's heart to give up all that he had, and to save the bushranger the necessity of shooting him.

Marvellous Gold Leaf.

The gold beaters of Berlin, at the Paris exposition, showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes as to be impervious by the strongest electric light. If these leaves were bound in book form it would take 15,000 to fill the space of ten common book leaves.

Elephant Remains.

"There are so many strange things in Alaska," said the discoverer of the Muir glacier, in a recent interview, "that have not come to the knowledge of the public, that one who has seen them hesitates where to begin. Elephant remains are found all over the great valley of the Yukon. As a matter of fact they are found everywhere throughout the great western slope of Alaska.

Dana and Sir Charles Lyell startled the world by announcing that hairy frozen elephants were found wedged among the Siberian icebergs, but scarcely anybody knows that throughout Alaska are the remains of countless thousands of mastodons. You can dig them out and find them on the surface everywhere. So thick are the elephant remains that the native Indians, on finding them buried partially in the ground, decided they were some kind of great moat that burrows in the soil.

The collecting of elephant tusks every Summer is a regular business in Siberia just over Behring Sea. They are just as many of them on the Alaska side as there ever was in Siberia. Ages ago great herds of elephants roamed over these shores. Perhaps they existed down to a comparatively recent date, too, for the hairy bodies and well-preserved bones were evidences of that."



Books and Bookmen

Every great book is an action, and every great action a book. LUTHER

Vick's Floral Guide, 1892. True and tried friends are always welcome, consequently "Vick's Floral Guide" is sure of a warm reception, especially when dressed as daintily as this year. The "Nellie Lewis" Carnation on the front cover, and "Brilliant Poppies" on the back, are unusually attractive, and the numerous colored plates of flowers and vegetables are certainly works of art and merit. The first twenty-four pages, printed in violet ink, describe Novelties and Specialties. Send ten cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., and procure a copy of this attractive and useful catalogue. It costs nothing, as the ten cents can be deducted from the first order.

Walford, a novel by Ellen Olney Kirk, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Ciphers," etc. Riverside Paper Series. 50 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The disappearance of a child, the search for her, a labor strike, and a clearing up of the mystery give Mrs. Kirk the materials for a story of great interest. She tells it admirably well, she brings before us characters of great variety and some of exquisite beauty, and the story is one to be read eagerly and long remembered.

Lippincott's Magazine for February, contents, frontispiece, (Portrait of Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood); Roy the Royalist, by William Westall; The Managing Editor, (The Journalist Series), by Julius Chambers; February, by Louise Chandler Moulton; The Hackney-Horse, (Interview with Dr. R. S. Huidekoper), by Louis N. Megargee; Across the Sea, by Philip Bourke Marston; Secretary Rusk's Crusade, by Julian Hawthorne; Sonnet, by Elizabeth Carpenter; The Board of Trade and the Farmer, by Henry Clews; The Ambassador, by Charles Converse Tyler; Jermyn's Portrait, by Clara Lanza; Days of My Youth, by St. George Tucker; Swimming, (Athletic Series), by Hermann Oelrichs; Prince Gallitain, Priest and Pioneer, by Hester Dorsey Richardson; Since the Beginning, by Kate Putnam Osgood; Recollections, by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood; Intangible, by Kate B. Lathrop; The English Sparrow, by Mary Isabella Forsyth; Names vs. Initials, by Jane de Forest Shelton; As it Seems; With the Wits, (illustrated by Artists.)

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for February, "Roy the Royalist," is by William Westall, and is a stirring tale of adventure in the wars of Napoleon. Though its events date back nearly a century, they are presented in the brisk and business like modern manner. The hero, a dashing young officer of the British navy, prompt and capable alike in friendship, love, and war, meets Bonaparte while a prisoner in France, distinguishes himself in the defence of Acre, recovers a treasure concealed in a château

of the Jura by its *ci-devant* owners, and finally settles in his native Virginia.

The Journalist Series is continued by Mr. Julius Chambers, of the New York World, in an interesting paper entitled "The Managing Editor." He duly magnifies the office of this potentate, discloses some of the secrets, and tells by what various means he attains his most striking and profitable successes, as in two famous cases,—the Tribune's list of the firms burned out in the great Boston fire of November 9, 1872, and the Herald's publication, in 1887, of the President's message before it reached the Senate.

Topics of national importance are handled by Julian Hawthorne, who has lately been interviewing the heads of departments at Washington, in "Secretary Rusk's Crusade," and by Henry Clews, who writes with authority of "The Board of Trade and the Farmer."

The poets are present in unusual numbers, and they are mostly women,—Louis Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Carpenter, Kate Putnam Osgood, Kate P. Lathrop, and Mary Isabella Forsyth. Besides these there are bits of verse from Charles Converse Tyler and the late Philip Bourke Marston, and a reproduction of the true text of St. George Tucker's song, once famous and now (it was thought) in danger of being forgotten. A short and highly imaginative story, "Jermyn's Portrait," by the Marquise Clara Lanza completes the number.

New England Magazine for February, 1892. Contents: Corot—His Life and Work, Camille Thurwanger; Tomorrow, F. W. Clarke; Stories of Salem Witchcraft, Winfield S. Nevins; Some Letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child; The Prairies and Coteaus of Dakota, Sam T. Clover; The Tribute of Gilbert James Buchanan; The Granite Industry in New England, George A. Rich; A Witch of Shawshine, A. E. Brown; The Churches of Worcester, C. M. Lamson; John Parmer's *Protégé*, Walter Blackburn Hart; Sixty Years Ago, Lucy E. A. Keble; A Tale of Narransett, Caroline Hazard; Fairies, Claude Napier; A Country Boy's Recollections of the War, Albert D. Smith; In a Corner at Dodsley's, Walter Blackburn Hart; Editor's Table; Omnibus.

The initial article in the New England Magazine for February is a beautifully illustrated one, dealing with the life and work of Corot, the great French painter. It is written by his godson, Camille Thurwanger, whose family was intimate with the artist and his family for a number of years. The article contains data and anecdotes of Corot never before made public. M. Lamont Brown furnishes a fine engraving of "Corot at work" for the frontispiece and other engravings in the body of the article. "Some Letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child" will recall many memories of the great orator. All interested in the material development of New England will turn to George A. Rich's article on "The Granite Industry in New England," which is illustrated by Louis A. Holman and J. H. Hatfield. Walter Blackburn Hart contributes a critical estimate of Walt Whitman's work and genius, and a short story of journalistic life called "John Parmer's *Protégé*." It has a very unexpected *denouement*, and

those who have found amusement in Mr. Hart's "In a Corner at Dodsley's" will read this story with some curiosity. Sam T. Clover writes a clever article on "The Prairies and Coteaus of Dakota." It is finely illustrated, and is sprinkled throughout with original verse descriptive of the prairies. Winfield S. Nevins's valuable series, "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," is continued, and the fine illustrations by Jo. H. Hatfield add greatly to its attractiveness. Caroline Hazard contributes a story, "A Tale of Narransett," which is well illustrated by H. Martin Beal, and A. E. Brown writes another worth story in which there is no witchcraft. C. M. Lamson writes on the "Churches of Worcester." Albert D. Smith gives a good idea of the war as viewed by those who stayed at home in "A Country Boy's Recollections of the War." The Omnibus department of light, humorous, and social verse is very entertaining in this number.

In the February number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine, besides its usual array of readable fiction, there are interesting accounts of the India Crew, some Texas experiences, one of M. Quid's remarkable war experiences, and a poem, "Unforgotten," written by Mrs. Cornelia Wasson Boyden of this city, well-known as a contributor to these columns. Boston, G. W. Studley. \$1.50 a year.

Rudyard Kipling has married Miss Ballister, an American girl. These are two unusual names. The gifted mother of Governor Russell was a Miss Ballister, daughter of Joseph Ballister, a leading Boston merchant half a century ago, and I think the only citizen of that name.—Budget.

"General Lew Wallace is overwhelmed with offers from the publishers for his new novel." This will atone in part for his trouble in getting his first one published.

The election of officers of the New England Methodist Historical Society on Monday resulted as follows: Hon. William Claflin, president; Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., of Newton, vice president; Rev. W. H. Meredith, corresponding secretary; Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, secretary; Mr. Willard S. Allen, librarian; Revs. J. W. Crowley, L. B. Bates, W. H. H. Bridge, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, W. H. Meredith, D. H. Ela, Charles I. Rogers and E. G. Dunn, directors.

The Atlantic monthly for February, 1892. Contents, the Pageant at Rome in the year 17 B. C., Rodolfo Lanciani; With the Night, Archibald Lampman; Don Orsino, IV, V., F. Marion Crawford; The Nearness of Animals to Men, E. M. E. Evans; A Venetian Printer-Publisher in the Sixteenth Century, Horatio F. Brown; Her Presence, Louise Chandler Moulton; The Descendant of the Doges, Harriet Lewis Bradley; What French Girls Study, Henrietta Channing Dana; Home-Trust, Charlotte Fiske Bates; An Echo of Battle, A. M. Ewell; A Journey on the Volga, Isabel F. Haggood; Studies in Macbeth, Albert H. Tolman; The Border State Men of the Civil War, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler; The League as a Political Instrument; The Short Story; Indian Warfare on the Frontier; Comment on New Books; The Contributors' Club.

Professor Lanciani's paper on the "Pageant at Rome in the year 17 B. C.," has the

foremost place in the Atlantic Monthly for February. It is devoted to an account of the public games held in Rome seventeen years before Christ, and instituted under the patronage of Augustus, the Senate, and the College of the Quindecimviri. Most important evidences of these games have been lately discovered in Rome; and these having come under Professor Laciani's eye, he has reconstructed an account of the games and also given a description of the important discoveries lately made, which is of the highest interest, not only to archeologists, but to the general reader. Writing of Rome reminds us of Mr. Crawford's second installment of "Don Orsino," which gives incidentally an idea of the mania for speculation and building lately rife in Rome, and contains a vivid description of the Pope assisting at a service at St. Peter's. Another subject, still Italian, is a "Venetian Printer-Publisher in the Sixteenth Century," the printer-publisher in question being Gabriele Giolito, the chief of a firm of printers and booksellers, who flourished in Venice during a large part of the sixteenth century. Venice is also the scene of a charming little sketch called "The Descendant of the Doges," by Harriet Lewis Bradley. Isabel F. Hapgood, who showed us "Count Tolstoi at Home" in a recent number of the Atlantic, has an article on "A Journey on the Volga," a graphic sketch of Russian life. Henrietta Channing Dana discusses "What French Girls Study," and gives a very sympathetic picture of the life of a French school, and the kind of training which French girls receive in it. Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, a Kentuckian by birth, writes with knowledge on "The Border State Men of the Civil War," an interesting pendant to the paper by Professor Gildersleeve in the last number of the Atlantic. Professor Gildersleeve, it will be remembered, decided for the Southern cause; Professor Shaler in this article, gives his reasons for unhesitating fidelity to the Northern side in the civil war. Professor E. P. Evans writes about "The Nearness of Animals to Men," and Mr. Albert H. Tolman devotes an able paper to "Studies in Macbeth." A discussion of "The League as a Political Instrument," and reviews of a dozen or more volumes of recent fiction, under the title of "The Short Story," complete a number well composed, and thoroughly worth reading. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Miss Sadie M. Wheeler.

Her funeral was held Sunday afternoon from her late home, No. 4 Forest Street, the Rev. H. J. White of the Pleasant Street Baptist, officiating. The burial was in Hope Cemetery. Music was rendered by Fred Simister, Albert Strong, Mrs. Webster Thayer and Mrs. Fred Simister. Many and beautiful floral tributes were presented.

Annapolis.

Representative Joseph H. Walker advertises a competitive examination for admission to the Naval School, said examination to be held at the office of the Superintendent of Schools, Feb. 13. The committee will consist of Principal John G. Wight, Dr. Geo. O. Ward and Chas. M. Thayer, Esq.

Change of Business.

Major F. G. Stiles has sold his stand on Foster Street to Louis E. Divoll of this city. Major Stiles bought this stand in March, 1896, of Mr. Henry Peabody. The place has been a paint shop for more than thirty years, Mr. Bradbury I. Peabody having the site before his brother, Henry The Building, No. 8 15, 17 and 19 Foster Street belongs to the Dwight Foster heirs. The lower part is used by Mr. H. M. Corbett as a blacksmith shop. Though out of business in the shop, Major Stiles will still do light lettering and such work, failing health being the reason for disposing of the larger business in the old place.

Mrs. Nell E. Bullard of Rockville has picked 140 pansies from her garden cut of doors. This is quite remarkable, as the last one was picked on Thursday, Jan. 14. The little plants seem to enjoy the snow and go on with their blooming as if Spring had come.—Boston paper.

A sign in a store on Tremont Street reads: "Fresh Eggs, 28 cents; Strictly Fresh Eggs, 35 cents."

Mr. Hammond.

Mr. Lewis W. Hammond, after more than twenty-five years of service, resigns his position as cashier in the Citizens National Bank. The directors have adopted the following complimentary resolution:

Resolved, That as directors of the Citizens National Bank, we desire to express our appreciation of the integrity and vigilant care which Mr. Lewis Hammond, as cashier, has for nearly a quarter of a century given the affairs of this bank. We recognize the faithfulness and discretion with which he has directed the clerical labor connected with the bank and the conservative policy that he has constantly manifested in the supervision of the funds intrusted to his management merits our hearty commendation.

It is probable that the accident last Summer may have hastened this action on Mr. Hammond's part. This takes effect Feb. 1st. His successor will be George A. Smith, long connected with the bank.

The subject for discussion at the weekly meeting of the Worcester County Horticultural Society, to be held next Thursday afternoon in Horticultural Hall at 2:30 o'clock, will be "Summer Flowering Bulbs; how, when and what to plant." Mr. H. B. Watts of Leicester will read the opening paper.

"Swear Not at All"

It is an offensive habit, not to mention its wickedness. Of the Russian archduke, Alexis, it was said that he could swear in a dozen languages. If so, it is to be hoped that he made out better than some who do their best in only one. Here is an illustration from the corner of Main and Elm Streets only a few nights ago. The young men were well dressed and without doubt would object, strenuously, if not considered gentlemen, yet one of them said, "There I was in my shirt sleeves and it was colder than H—ll." Cold is not one of the popular attributes of Hades. Is it possible that the party had gained his notions of Inferno from Dante?

The Song Of Old John Brown.

Pent up heart streams of a people, when at last they
 overflow
 Songs are mightier than sermons for a Nation's weal or
 woe
 Eloquence may thrill the Forum but the song a Nation
 sings
 May make armories of hovels and shake down the
 throne of kings
 And a century of oppression, and of silent, suffering
 wrong
 Falls a prostrate oblation stattered at the outbreak of a
 song
 Did John Brown at Harper's Ferry directed by a thous-
 and foes,
 When upon the yielding pateron fell the mad besiegers'
 blows,
 When his helpless, bleeding comrades to the future only
 saw
 Victims of a somber gibbet and a blood demanding law,
 Did he call, in this stern-eyed dramer, sounds from out
 the coming years,
 That wild war-song he inspired mingled with an army's
 cheers
 Did he hear that wondrous anthem from a thousand
 bearded throats,
 Merging with the peal of muskets and the cannon's
 thundered notes,
 Did he see the massed divisions rushing onward through
 the fight,
 With their colors, smoke-enveloped, like a meteor in the
 night,
 If he heard and if he saw this when in death they cut
 him down
 From the gallows, he had perished knowing that he
 wore a crown,
 Crown of glory enduring as the rhythm of that song,
 That in its inborn impetus, swept brigades of men
 along,
 For they sang it when the battle, scorching with his
 poisoned breath,
 Licked and withered writhing columns with the blasting
 tongue of death,
 Sang it when the plunging squadrons underneath their
 circling steel,
 Dashed tumultuous on the bayonets at the bugle's brazen
 peal,
 As the night breezes from the swamp lands kissed with
 pestilential damps
 All the worn and war-scar'd veterans bivouac'd in the
 guarded camps
 And they sang it when returning from the fields which
 they had won
 To exchange for desk and ploughshare sword and bayo-
 net and gun,
 For his spirit sought not heaven when he stood upright
 to die,
 In his grave he heard a people from their hopeless bond-
 age cry
 And it rose from out its sepulchre to overthrow the
 strong
 God-embodied in the music of John Brown's immortal
 song!

Petersham, Mass.

—Francis Zuri Stone.

"Chilian Rabbit."

This was the wording on a card above a lately slain Canada Lynx that for a day or two lay in the show window of a City Hall (Boston) restaurant. He was a fierce looking beast and, naturally, there were many travellers in that crowded artery from School to Court Streets, who stopped to gaze on the slain animal and to remark on the label. To the most of these folks the label was a libel. Says one, "Chilian rabbit! That's a Maine bob cat and if your Uncle Dudley knows himself, he don't want anything to do with that kind of varmint." Another, after a long look, went off remarking, "That's a H—ll of a Chilian rabbit." And so it went for hours. A good advertisement.

Miss Madge Huntington, daughter of Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robbins in Boston.

Public School Papers.

BY FRANCIS ZURI STONE.

II.

Miss Coffee and a Political Digression.

I am a lover of books and nothing gives me greater pleasure than rummaging through rows of them with the purpose of getting at some particular volume. But like good Dominic Sampson I usually find myself buried deep in the contents of a book which I had no intention of taking up at the beginning, before searching five minutes. So when I turn to the shelves of memory at which I officiate as librarian to the reader, I mean to hand down the proper volume, but not finding it readily, substitute what I can recommend as "just as good." Hence these papers will be disconnected, but what of that? Who recalls in regular sequence the innumerable incidents that make up the past?

Miss Coffee, that was her name, perhaps a misnomer, for I'm sure that another beverage cheered her lonely board, she was such a typical old maid; such a straight-laced, sharp-featured and sharper tongued caricature of spinsterhood. Unlimited chicanery must have entered into her composition, embittering her with its dregs. She had been so cruelly ground in the mill of life that even her voice suggested the rasping sound of an old fashioned coffee mill such as still cling rusty and aromatic like excrescences to the blackened walls of New England "back rooms." Her complexion, too, was that of an unroasted berry.

She was my teacher when I entered the primary department of our school and the awe that I felt upon first beholding her continues, curiously enough, to this day. She was the personification of perpendicularity in mind and physique. Victor Hugo might have changed her sex (I doubt if he had been compelled to alter her character) and from a living prototype created Inspector Javert, the rigidly inexorable police officer of Paris, whose final suicide, by the way, always suggested to me the descent of a crow bar from a balloon into the sea. When Miss Coffee sat down she exemplified the angular outline of an Eastlake chair, without upholstery. When she stood up a stretched chalk line held at her head and heels would have left a continuous and unbroken mark equal in length to her stature.

There are, I take it, two methods of teaching boys and wild animals. The first is a reasonable method based on persuasion rather than threats. The second relies for success upon the influence of terror over the mentality of the subject. As fear often quickens the intellect and as punishment is in itself penalty and reward (since to escape it is to be rewarded) those who have adopted the second system have some strong reasons to advance in support of their choice. Miss Coffee, without, I dare say, having given much thought to Herbert Spenser's theory that education should consist mainly of a toughening process for turning out stoics, was peculiarly adapted to become an exponent of the merits of terror as an adjunct to intellectual training. The room over which she presided had the atmosphere of a cage; the boys who occupied

it slunk habitually when they passed in or out. In their seats they cowered like brutes in constant dread of the lash; in front stood the keeper, who smiled sardonically whenever she swept with her eyes the rows of shrinking, subjugated and subdued cubs whose natural ferocity and inborn cunningness she had turned into the channel of unquestioning obedience.

Not that I ever saw her raise her hand to one of the lads; it must be understood that in New York no form of corporal punishment is permitted by the authorities. A very good and wise restriction it is too; any punishment which depends for its efficacy on physical suffering is degrading and savors of the whipping post, the branding iron, the stocks and the pillory, which, thank heaven, we have outgrown, as we shall outgrow the gallows and the electric chair when people are brought to a full and complete understanding of the enormity of a retributive code. If execution is justifiable as an example, why do we not haul the condemned wretch through crowded streets at the tail of a cart, and let out windows overlooking the gibbet to morbid sight-seers as they used to at Tyburn? An act which puts beyond the power of mankind the revocation of an edit wrongly issued cannot be justified on any grounds.

To resume: Miss Coffee never offered violence to any of us, but she lead us to expect it in some monstrous and unheard of form; some refinement of cruelty that would have commanded the admiration of the blacks who laid San Domingo waste about a century ago. When she spoke to a boy he started as if a powerful electric shock had gone through him, and turned so pale that the freckles on his face stood out in relief like the bosses on the shrine of St. Marichan at Boher. It was a fancy of mine that she had been disappointed in love and became a teacher that she might the more fully glut her vengeance upon the recreant sex. So plausible did this appear to me that I forgot, at length, that it was a mere surmise and came to regard it as a fact no more to be disputed than the fact of her existence. There was a little man, quite elderly and having the appearance of a supernannated bank clerk, whom I used to meet every morning on my way to school. He always had his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his ears so that only a part of his face was visible, like the retiring head of a persecuted turtle. He walked with a hurried step, yet his walk was indecisive as that of a man who hurries to catch a train without having made up his mind whether to take it or not when he gets to the depot. He jerked his head negatively from side to side as though he feared that he was being pursued yet did not possess the requisite courage to look behind lest he should discover that his apprehension was well founded, as a man who develops symptoms of a dreaded disease hesitates to consult his physician, preferring suspense to the chance of learning that his suspicions are correct. From this mannerism and a certain indefinable impression I had that he was hunted, I came to associate him with Miss Coffee's apocryphal love affair, until I had thrown about him the halo of a blighted romance. I have forgotten the exact details of the story, but I was sure that Miss Coffee had entrapped him into a proposal of marriage,

which was of course, accepted. He repented his rashness very soon afterward, but was so bullied and threatened by his fiancée that he was forced to submit and would have gone through the ceremony, had he not, at the last moment, while Miss Coffee waited in Ogre-like triumph at the hymeneal altar, sprung into a hack, dashed to the dock and boarded an outgoing steamer for Europe, where he remained twenty years, coming back only to live in constant terror of being seized by the jilted bride and married by main force. And I marvelled at his temerity in coming back at all.

Beyond tyrannizing over her class Miss Coffee had only one pleasure in life. But this she so ingeniously combined with the other that they might be called one, anyway. She read novels of the old fashioned kind in three volumes, and read them after school, invariably keeping from one to fifteen boys for company. That was her most dreaded punishment and when she said to a boy with her sinister smile, "I have got a very interesting book that I am going to conclude before I go home tonight and you may stay with me," that boy would become limp as a wet mop for he knew that it meant worse than solitary confinement from three o'clock until it grew too dark for the Griffin to read print.

It was religiously believed in the lower grades of our school that to detain a pupil later than half past three was an act in direct violation of the rules laid down by the city authorities. A well preserved tradition states that a particularly daring boy whose name is held in high honor there and will be as long as the school lasts, once possessed himself surreptitiously of a mysterious volume called the Teachers' Manual. Among other things, he learned from it that no boy could be legally detained longer than half an hour. The tradition says further, that this audacious seeker of hidden knowledge was discovered while penetrating more deeply into forbidden lore and would have met with some punishment dire as that meted out to those who pry'd into the secrets of the Westphalian Vehm, only, having gone thus far the authorities were afraid of him and permitted him to depart scot free.

In consequence of this article of faith, to be "kept in" for four or five hours was considered by the prisoner a flagrant usurpation of rights that caused him to froth at the mouth with impotent rage. But he never protested. I have no doubt that a large proportion of Russia's population believe the Czar's absolute power to be a stumbling block in the path of progress, but mighty few of them say so, for obvious reasons. Men are a good deal like boys in this respect. As long as some other fellow is suffering wrong they can't afford to mix themselves up in the affair, not being in immediate personal danger. They sit patiently under wrongs that afflict somebody else, but when their own turn comes there goes up a howl and a demand for justice that bursts the shirt collar on the suppliant's neck. Right here let me say that an ordinary citizen of this country is about as well protected by his passport abroad as he would be by the same document in the midst of a rabble of Soudanese. If the Czar of Russia seizes him and railroad him to Siberia (as was done in a case not long ago, the outcome of which has been carefully kept from the press) his wife may flood the diplo-

The Street Railway System of Denver.

One of the most potent factors in a city's development is its system of street car lines. These are its arteries, through which ever flows, back and forth, between heart and extremities, its life blood in the form of its citizens, active in the pursuit of their business, and adding, little by little, to the growth and wealth of the whole mass. To allow this circulation to become stagnant is to invite disease and ultimate decay. To keep it ever flowing freely, the arteries must be numerous and of sufficient capacity.

Frequent service and rapid transit for the citizens, from their homes to the business center, mean quick sales and, therefore, large profits to the merchants.

Denver has many features of which she may well be proud; palatial residences, stately public buildings, magnificent business blocks, and a superior fire department. These give a metropolitan aspect to the city.

But nothing has done more to conserve the rapid growth and business development of the "Pride of the Rockies," than her unsurpassed street railway system.

The business men of Denver do not live in the past, nor even in the present. With their backs firmly placed against the rock ribbed mountains, from whence come their sinews of war, they ever face the rising sun, looking for a new day. They have great faith in the future of their beautiful and beloved city, supported by the "Strength of the hills." Gold, silver and iron and coal strength are there; money to pay for the manufacture of machinery, iron from which to form it, and coal to set it in motion. Capital, therefore, is ever at hand, and new street car lines are springing into existence constantly. If a line will not pay today they know it will tomorrow, and it is built.

Two great companies conduct the business in Denver, The Tramway Company and the Denver City Cable Company, operating fifty-nine miles of double track cable and electric road.

In addition to this, there is one horse car line five miles in extent. This will be changed to cable or electric next Spring. Then the last, so called, horse in Denver street car service will hear his, "Well done good and faithful servant," and from present appearances, immediately become food for coyotes.

The Tramway Company uses electricity principally as a motive power. This company operates fifteen different lines of road, reaching out North, South, East and West from the heart of the city. With the 15th Street, Broadway and Colfax Avenue cable lines as a basis, electric roads extend to all the principal suburbs of Denver. While this article was in preparation, the daily papers announced that the cable, as a motive power, was to be done away with on the three lines above mentioned, and that the Spring of 1892 will see electricity in use on all lines of the Tramway system. On the Broadway line cars run every three minutes, from 6 a. m. to 12 p. m., and every one and a half minutes, from 3 to 8 p. m. The average time for running cars on twelve of this company's lines, is once in six minutes; on

the other three, once in from twenty to forty minutes.

In operating this great system, the Tramway Company uses 275 cars of various kinds. Some of these, notably the open electric cars running on two of the suburban lines to the Manhattan Beach Summer Resort, are very fine. They are furnished with two trucks of four wheels each. This does away with the rocking motion of single truck cars, and makes riding on them in the beautiful evenings of Colorado's Summer an exhilarating pleasure. In many of the cars the seats are upholstered in plush and arranged across the car with an aisle running through the center, like an ordinary railway coach.

The horse power used in operating the Tramway system aggregates 3,470. Two engines of 1,250 horse power run the cable lines, while the other ten, of 2,220 horse power are placed in two electric power houses. This vast amount of mechanical energy is directed and controlled by 832 employees.

The Denver City Cable Company's system consists of six lines of double track road, including the West End Electric. This line, although operated under a different name, is in reality, a part of the Cable Company's system.

The motive power on these lines, with the exception of the West End Electric, is the cable. This company prefers to wait until the storage battery is perfected before adopting electricity as a motive power.

The whole cable system is operated from one power house, probably the largest and best equipped cable power house in the world. The machinery consists of two Wright engines of 750 horse power each, and Babcock & Wilcox boilers aggregating 1,600 horse power. The driving machinery, manufactured by Robert Poole & Sons of Baltimore, drives six steel cables 150,000 feet in length, to which will be added 30,000 feet in the Spring of 1892. In order that the City Cable Company may run its cars without crossing steam railway lines at grade, it has constructed two immense viaducts, one 3,400 and the other 3,500 feet in length. These viaducts span the railway tracks contiguous to the Union Depot and the freight depots and yards of the numerous roads running into Denver, and also the Platte River. The 16th Street viaduct furnishes a safe passage for pedestrians and wheel traffic from Denver to North Denver, and is one of the most important public improvements in the city.

The Cable Company uses, in transporting its immense number of patrons, 150 cars, and has in its employ between 400 and 500 men.

The West End Electric is one of the finest equipped roads in the country. The track, 6 miles in length, laid with T rails weighing 50 pounds to the yard, placed upon 6x8 ties, 2½ feet apart. The power is supplied by 3 Hein boilers, 125 horse power each, 3 Armstrong & Symes engines, 125 horse power each, and 3 Edison dynamos of 80,000 volts each. The elegant cars, 13 in number, were built by the Laclade Car Company of St. Louis. They are 30 feet in length and finished in hard wood, carved in ornamental designs. They run upon 2 four wheeled trucks, each supplied with an Edison motor. The cars are furnished with electric bells for summoning the conductor and

with electric lamps for lighting. These magnificent cars run at great speed and with the solidity and smoothness of a railway train.

The cars used on the street railway lines of Denver, regardless of company or route, are well built, comfortable and well preserved. The service is rapid and frequent and the system of transfers excellent.

In fact, the only criticism, that in fairness can be made, is the universal use of the T rail, both in suburban and urban construction. This renders the crossing of tracks by vehicles a difficult and often dangerous operation. This is especially true where the pavement has become displaced or broken beside the rails and on streets where there is no pavement.

In addition to the two great companies operating in the city proper, three smaller ones run lines in the suburbs. These, however, make direct connection with the trunk lines, and help to make up the grand total. Undoubtedly Denver stands today without a peer in the excellence of her street railway system. Six millions of dollars are invested in her 25 lines of road, giving employment to nearly 1,300 men and requiring engines of 5,420 horse power to set in motion the 450 cars used in transporting her citizens.

Let it be borne in mind that this is not in a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants, but in one of over 150,000 including suburbs.

This magnificent system is the outgrowth, as well as the endowment of the enterprise of Denver's business men, and of Denver as a safe place for investment.

D. EDMUND MARCH.

The Worcester Oxygen Company, Dr. Gould and T. D. Bristol, M. D., proprietors, is very well pleased with the success it has met at the hands of the public. The demand for oxygen in home treatment is constantly increasing, and is at present used by several prominent physicians and at one of the leading hospitals in this city. In all cases of la grippe, rheumatism, all affections of the lungs and nervous system, the intelligent use of the treatment will surely prove beneficial. A physician who makes a thorough examination of each patient and adapts the strength of the oxygen to the requirements of the disease is always in attendance at the company's rooms, 10 and 11 Lincoln Block, No. 368½ Main Street. Physicians are invited to call and examine the preparation at the laboratory. House hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mr. N. T. Quevedo, formerly of this city, but now a student of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, is spending a few weeks vacation at the Lincoln House, renewing old acquaintances.

Pension Deserved.

It takes a long time, occasionally, for merit to get its deserts, but it comes sooner or later. Tyler Newton has waited a long time for his pension and, sometimes, it seemed as though the department had forgotten him, but, a few days ago, there came a missive saying that Washington was not oblivious of his long and valuable services in the Maine Battery. The award carries with it a year of arrears. No end of High School pupils will rejoice at this announcement.

The Price He Paid.

BY COUSIN CONSTANCE.

Every word of this letter fell like lead on the heart of George Harding. Unlike the previous one it did not anger him so. Its solemn protest seemed to stun him. Had he indeed been blinded? he would see now. There was, to be sure, a good deal in regard to the difference between Charles's property and his solid competence. He would be careful, he would be sure of this.

"Man proposes, God disposes."

That very night while George Harding pondered his cousin's letter, Abbie's father died suddenly. A neighbor, learning it, ran over and rung Harding's bell to ask him for assistance in ministering to the Mays. Locking the letter in his desk, George hastened with him to the house of mourning, and saw that all needed preparations were made, suggested that an intimate friend of the family, with his wife, remain all night, with the desolate household.

If Abbie May, in health and high spirits, had been attractive to Harding, how much more so in grief and sorrow. The fine eyes dim with tears, the appealing attitude were irresistible to the infatuated man. Naturally tender-hearted and charitable, he could see no fault in her, could do as he had purposed, watch her motives.

Long after he came home that night he pondered the situation, and asked himself can she be won? His children's interests were forgotten for the time, or if remembered 'ere he slept it was with the thought, "they will love her, how can they help it," and so the protest of Sarah suffered the same forgetfulness.

The funeral was over. All had left the home but George and one or two near neighbors. As George rose to take his hat and gave his hand to Abbie such an expression of appealing love and helplessness came into the eyes raised to his that he could no longer fail to read aright. The other friends were also leaving and as they passed into the hall he suddenly remarked, "Oh, by the way, Miss Abbie, I had nearly forgotten a little matter of business. If you can attend to it I will mention it now as I leave in the morning for Merton to be absent a day or two."

"Certainly I will attend to it," and she placed a chair. She bade the neighbor good night, her mother had excused herself and retired and George was alone with his enchantress, and his resolve. See had seated herself near him. He leaned forward and clasping both her hands in his said, looking her full in the face, "This is the business, dear Abbie, that cannot be deferred." The soft blush, the drooping figure emboldened him. "I must tell you here, this night, when perhaps to you it seems inappropriate, how much I love you, how much I desire you for a wife." Still lower dropped the head and the yielding form was clasped closer and then did George Harding yield himself to bonds that in after years he would feel insupportable. When the good nights were said, he was no longer a free man, he was promised to Abbie May for life. The wedding was to take place within six months. Mother and daughter were to go, in a few days,

to stay with a sister of Mrs. Mays' until the house was sold. Aunt Jane, as Abbie said to George, would be delighted with her choice. She would let him know by letter soon after they got there what mother and aunt said to it.

George left for Merton the next day. Abbie and her mother made hasty preparations for the sale of the cottage and were off by the end of the week. When George returned and found them gone he asked himself how he could have endured it were she not to return? How he could miss her bright presence always? He wondered how Cousin Sarah could suggest the lonely life of a widow, or expect him to do different from other men. And this sweet girl loved him. "Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity."

From Aunt Jane Abbie wrote:

"All is as I told you. No opposition from either. We are very busy. Aunt has bought me, oh such lovely things and is having them made up and although they must be mourning, they tell me I look better in it than in colors. I hope to be able to write you soon when you can come for me. I hope you do not forget me in the bosom of your family, and that Huldah and the children are getting on well. Ah, how I do shrink from the responsibility of the children, as I told you, but as you said Ned is managed better by me than any one, I will hope at least to make them love me, so good night."

Poor vain Abbie who had sacrificed a true lover in Charlie Meyers for pride and ease and station. Long before she had written Aunt Jane, a thoroughly selfish woman who had married a wealthy widower and managed to soon rid the house of his three children, how Harding could be had if looks were anything, but then there was Charlie, he expected to marry her sometime, and Aunt Jane's reply was, "Don't be a fool, Abbie May. Charles is not worth a cent and think of your position as Mrs. Harding. Think how soon your father will go, and what is to become of you? Your mother, I will help all I can, but you must not cast away such a chance as this. And poor Abbie had yielded. Truth and love went down before ease and station. And Harding thought she loved him. She did in a measure. No true woman is insensible to the deep love of any man especially so attractive one as Harding.

He wrote every day to her. Somehow he felt uncertain of her, and now that he had committed himself the time seemed long until he could claim her as his wife. He urged her to name an early day, and loath as she was to assume the duties of a stepmother she was not averse to taking her place in society as George Harding's wife.

The day, at last, was named. He hastened away after her, not even telling little Millie a word of the facts, only gave Huldah orders to have a nice dinner prepared the next Saturday as he should bring home as a wife the pleasant Miss May.

"Oh indeed sir, and I hope she may prove a blessing to you all."

"You will say nothing to Millie if you please, Miss Dean."

"Certain not, if you wish sir."

A quiet wedding at Aunt Jane's, a pleasant ride home, the carriage drew up to the door,

and George handed out tenderly the new Mama. Millie ran to kiss her father, but fell back a most in terror when he led her up to Abbie and said, "I've brought you a new mother, kiss her." Coldly, the new wife bent for Millie's kiss, finding it hard to smile, not so when boisterous laughing Ned clasped his chubby arms about her in delight and said "I glad you's my mudder."

"Good little boy," she said as she kissed him, and looked over to where Millie was in her father's arms.

Huldah showed her to the fine room (George had had fitted up for her) and soon after they gathered about the nicely appointed table.

As Millie slipped into her chair beside her father, Mrs. Harding from her place at the head of the table said sweetly,

"Ah Millie, here is your place by me."

"Do you object to her keeping her old place?" asked her husband.

"Yes, Master Ned must be there. Miss Dean will not be able to sit by him now, and he will need you, come Millie," and the child shrinkingly took the seat beside her.

Abbie Harding had seen that this child was all that stood between her and the entire love of her husband and, selfish to the last degree, she determined that this outward separation of father and daughter should be but the beginning of, as she hoped, an inward alienation. Could she have believed herself capable of this once? Ah, she had placed herself just where all the arts of the adversary of souls are brought to bear upon the inherent selfishness of poor human nature. But she was the wife, the mistress of this fine mansion, going to be as she believed a leader in society. She must have this comfort, for now that she had sacrificed Charlie, she needed something to keep her mind from him. George was kind and indulgent and Ned amusing and loving to his new mama. If only that disagreeable Millie was out of the way, it was a burden to think of her and the strong hold she had upon her father's heart. It became a constant study with Mrs. Harding how best to annoy and thwart the poor child who, not understanding the real cause of her dislike, sought in vain to please her but met no approval, none of the praise and caresses Master Ned had showered upon him. Of course it was in the father's absence, for when he was present she tried to appear impartial, although it was noticeable to Huldah that the slightest mistake or wrong in Millie was at once reported and exaggerated, while Ned's many acts of disobedience were passed over leniently. Altogether it was a muddle, as she told a friend, she could not make out, and she believed she should have to leave, for what with Mrs. Harding's parties and going out so much she was getting worn out and there's that delicate Millie, as good a child as I wish to see, pining away, going to be sick all the time I see, and to Mr. Harding's consternation, though he had feared it for sometime, Huldah gave notice that week, saying she would stay until a substitute could be found. The stepmother was nothing loth. She had seen that Millie was loved by the faithful woman and she feared her. She told George she had much rather have two young girls, one for the children and one for her maid. "You know we go a good deal and I must receive a good deal, and need a maid

sadly, can I have one?" with the bright arch look of old.

"Certainly if you wish but what we shall do when Millie has her ill turns without Huldah, who understands her perfectly, I don't know." "Never fear, I know of a bright girl, French, I believe, who will attend to her. She has been used to just such a child at the place where she is now and she has a sister, an accomplished maid, just over from France whom I can have. The expense will be greater I know, but I do not see how I can get along without some one to sew as she will do. Millie's clothes require a good deal of time, she is growing so fast."

"Do you think so?" he asked rather astonished, "I fancied she was looking quite poorly lately, and shall consult a doctor if she does not improve in looks at least."

"Why George, I see nothing the matter."

But George was not in a deceivable mood that day. The extravagances of the new wife were beginning to tell in the monthly bills. Paying no attention to the help, suffering the girl in the kitchen to give tradesmen orders, entertaining large parties, visiting, calling, riding, for Abbie had learned that her home was the last place she could be happy in, unless surrounded by company; her husband had begun to be slightly disillusioned. Always of a yielding disposition, disposed to ease mainly, he shut his eyes to much that his wife did. But toward Millie his eyes were opened and he had seen that the child was changed. Though sweet and obedient as ever, the great lustrous eyes sought his face when at home with such longing to throw herself into his arms, a thing not allowed if management could interfere to prevent by the mother, she was either sent out of the room on an errand or called to her side to arrange her dress or hair, all so sweetly done too that for the life of him George could not complain or see through it, could not see that the woman he had placed between him and his dear child was determined to fill the place, and exact all the love proffered her.

Was any mischief done by Ned, it was always reported to the father as Millie's fault. Often when he inquired for her, she was represented as sullen, would not come to the table. Once when he started to bring her, a grieved appealing voice said,

"George, it will only make it harder for me to keep up any discipline," and her face forced him against his will to take his chair again, and swallow not only a hasty dinner, but sundry doubts as to the discipline poor Millie was kept under.

Years were slipping by fast. The Harding home was one scene of deception, the easy going father, trying to believe his children well-managed, while Mildred, from continual faultfinding and misrepresentation and—yes—hated was actually pining away, being, as was the poor child of Aunt Carrie, "hated to death." Ned, copying his mother's example, became utterly untruthful.

Harding tried to believe that everything was going on as well as circumstances would admit, saying to himself when dragged unwillingly from his children and home to theater, ball or party, night after night,

"It's no wonder Abbie likes these things better than caring for another's children, she's

young, handsome, an idol in society, I must be patient, she tries to please me, I know."

Alas for the blindness of love for a woman that would not let him see that it too often was the desire to separate father and child, a grudging of even a single care to the daughter that led her to lure him abroad so often.

Cards had been received that week to a wedding reception. A costly robe had been prepared. Mrs. Harding, in a flutter of excitement, was being made ready by her maid, when her husband sent up word that a violent headache would compel him to stay at home, but Ames, one of his partners, and his wife would like her to go in their carriage. For a moment she was annoyed, then reflecting what good company the Ames were, and how she never lacked for attention in public, she sent back word that if he did not care she would finish dressing and look in upon him as she came down.

The last touch given the elegant costume, the lovely roses in hand, she swept into the library where he lay on a sofa and holding out her jeweled vinaigrette she said, "Too bad you have such a headache, here perhaps this will help it, does my dress suit you?"

"It always does," he wearily replied.

"Flatterer, thank you."

A sweeping courtesy, a good bye, and she went out to the carriage that waited. A heavy sigh as the door closed and pressing his hands over his eyes, as it rattled away, he lay a moment, then the door opened again and a swift soft step stopped at his side, a soft face laid to step and Millie's voice asked,

"Are you ill, papa?"

So glad, so glad was he to be once more alone with his darling, who drew a low seat by his side, wet a napkin and laid it over his brow with tenderness and loving words. He drew her down beside him, kissed her again and again, all the while saddened to see how tremblingly she clung to him, asking, "Is your head better now?"

"Oh yes dear. Where is Ned, I don't hear him?"

"Maggie has taken him over to play an hour with James. Mama said I could go too but when I heard her go away without you I came to sit with you."

"Good little girl," he said, holding her soft hand down on his eyes that she might not see the tears in them. His silence worried her and she said, "Do I trouble you, papa?"

"No indeed." So sweet was it to the world-weary, disappointed man to have near him this true, tender heart once more, so sweet was it to the defrauded daughter to be taken to his arms again that a long silence ensued, broken at last by the return of Ned, and his noisy run up stairs to bed, then Millie said, with a sigh, "I must go now, papa, I promised mama I would go to bed when Ned did. I wish I could stay with you longer."

"I wish you could too, dear, but if your mother wishes you to go with Ned, good night."

A long kiss and she was gone. Sadly was she to pay for this sweet hour. When Maggie reported that she did not go with them, but was with her father an hour, the soul of the stepmother planned revenge that was not slow in coming. How little the father could imagine that the next day when he asked her

and Ned to ride with him that she was not kept at home on account of a threatened shower but because she must be punished for an hour's happiness. Millie knew all; but child as she was, she had learned what sorrow it gave her father to know any of these things. She saw how it made trouble between the parents and so kept all these things in her suffering heart and made no sign.

Soon after she left that night, he went to his own room. As he passed the door of Millie's, he softly opened the door and went in. She lay there with wide open eyes, Ned fast asleep in his bed on the other side of the hall.

"Not asleep yet Millie, I'm afraid you will not feel well tomorrow," and sitting down by the bed he took up a book of stories she was very fond of and said, "I will read you to sleep, then; close your eyes," laying a kiss upon them.

She lay still, and for an hour he read to her until sure she was asleep, then with fast falling tears he stood and noted the quick breathing, the ominous scarlet spot in the cheek, and with sad foreboding went to his own room to lie awake until the late arrival of his wife, who flushed and happy from the adulation of the crowd, never thought to even look in the children's rooms. Long after she slept, George Harding lay thinking of his child, of Cousin Sarah to whom he had not written since his marriage for very shame, sending only a wedding card. In return came a brief note from Sarah saying,

"God be better to you than my fears."

Faithfully
SARAH."

(Continued next week.)

The Doll's Hospital.

If the children be allowed to tell the story, there never was anything so good as "The Dolls' Hospital" given in Worcester. At the same time, it must be remembered that the children's range of observation is not the widest. The little folks and their older friends comfortably filled Horticultural Hall, Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, where the younger members of the School of English Speech gave a play, rewritten for them by Mrs. Cutter, and put on the stage with the help of Misses Brooks and Sawyer and Master Walter Adams. The following little folks bore the parts Sadie Briggs, Harry F. Cutter, Alice Casey, May Mellor, Rosie Woodcock, Eva Mayo, Eddie Lawrence, Mammie Parsons and Zeita Parker. The dolls' entertainers were Miss Susie Sargent, Ralph Rebboli, Fannie Perkins, Annie Bigelow, Rosie Woodcock, Effie Adams, Grace Monahan, Arline Hall, Flossie Isaacs, Mammie Parsons. The whole affair was very pleasant and a source of infinite joy to the children.

Worcester Boy.

This is what a Brown University correspondent of a Boston paper says of the son of the late Judge H. B. Staples:—

"Staples, whose letters have been read with a great deal of interest, is a clever fellow. He comes from Worcester, and I believe after his graduation will enter the Harvard Law School."

Some men are born great; but the average weight is only about seven pounds.

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It saves Time,
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Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no
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 ing, No. 45 Main Street. For circulars, etc., apply at
 Rooms on Fridays, or address,
 F. J. ELLIS, Local Manager, P. O. Box 330.

Women's Club Life.

"What is an ideal Woman's Club? Is it a purely social organization, or is it one formed for the advancement of some special idea or reform? It is only within a comparatively short time that a club composed exclusively of women has been found practicable, but the past few years have been prolific of women's clubs of all kinds and descriptions, showing the inevitable trend of women toward club life, in one form or another. Sorosis is perhaps the oldest women's club in the country, and it is also one of the strongest and best supported. But are women content with the club of which Sorosis is an example? Is there not an unde- fined desire among women to form the purely social club,—the club of their fathers and hus- band,—and has the time come when such a club would be feasible?

"How would the domestic life be affected by it? Would it not mean the introduction of a disturbing element into the life of wife and mother wholly incompatible with our estab- lished ideas of duty, or would it tend toward a broadening of social ideas and a correspond- ing growth to meet the needs of the newer sit- uation? Are, or are not, the social conditions which hedge women about such as to obviate the necessity for the purely social club?"

"Would it find that active interest and healthy support so necessary to the moral and financial success of a club?"

"The Club earnestly solicits an expression of opinion from club women of the country on this subject, believing that a healthful agita- tion of the question would prove beneficial to all women."—From Advance Sheet of The Club. J. E. L.

Dr. George E. Francis, Mrs. Francis, Miss Elsie Francis and Miss Fanny Clarke, daughter of Josiah H. Clarke, sailed last Saturday for Havre on the French steamer La Gascogne. Their European trip is planned for about six months. Dr. Francis has not fully recovered from his severe prostration with la grippe, and the journey was prescribed as a necessary remedy.

The annual Winter meeting of the High School Alumni Association will be held at the school building Tuesday, February 9, when the members will be called upon to decide the advisability of having only one meeting a year, that to be held at graduation time.

Friday Populars.

In this popular course last evening Peter Von Finkelstein Mamreev gave an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem. He is a native of Pal- estine and showed himself thoroughly familiar with the customs and peculiarities of the peo- ple and the city.

Worcester in the Magazines.

Rev. Charles M. Lamson, formerly of Wor- cester, now of St. Johnsbury, Vt., contributes an excellent article on Worcester Churches to the February New England Magazine.

Prof. W. H. Burnham of Clark University, contributes to the Century an article on the "Illusions of Memory."

Miss Isabel F. Hagood, once of this city, in the January Atlantic, tells of a Journey on the Volga.

The February St. Nicholas has, "A Record of Harry's Ups and Downs" by L. N. Wilson of Clark University.

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
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A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States, descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

For an invalid a delicious dish, where meat is allowed, is rabbit, stewed in milk. Take a very young rabbit, one pint of milk, a small blade of mace, salt and pepper. Mix one dessert-spoonful of flour with a little of the milk. When smooth, add the remainder. Cut the rabbit into small pieces, put into a stew-pan with the milk and other ingredients, and simmer very gently until tender. Stir occasionally to prevent it from burning, as the milk will scorch very readily.

A very delicate dish is cream of rice soup. Boil a small fowl until tender. Take about two cupsful of the broth, two tablespoonfuls of rice, a tiny sprig of parsley, celery, salt and pepper. Be careful not to use too much salt. Boil for one hour, then strain, mashing the rice through the strainer. Add one-half a cup of cream or rich milk. Serve with delicate crackers.

Half the chicken can be jellied by removing all the bones and skin, cut into small pieces, salt and pepper well, and add a little grated nutmeg. Thicken one cupful of the broth with a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Place over the fire, add the chicken, give one boil, and pour into moulds. When cold, slice with a sharp knife.

Tapioca Pudding.

Four tablespoonful of tapioca, dissolved in water the night before if possible, one quart of sweet, fresh milk, flavoring to taste, four or five eggs, one cup of sugar. Put the milk on the stove in a galvanized pan. Let it come to a boil, add the tapioca, boil until it gets transparent, lift off the stove, and add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, stirring well into the milk. Put the tapioca back on the stove. Let it boil, stirring all the time; let it cook till a custard. Remove from the stove, add the sugar and flavoring. Pour into a baking dish or pan. Whip the whites of the eggs, and drop over the tapioca custard in spoonfuls (in spots), after adding to the whites about four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake a light brown, cool, then chill and serve.

M. BLANCHE HARKER.

Candied rose leaves for table-decoration—A mold of snow-white blanc-mange made of whipped cream stiffened with gelatine or isinglass is very ornamental served on a low crystal platter, wreathed with whipped cream, tinted a delicate rose color with a drop or two of cochineal, and scattered with candied rose leaves. Or the blanc-mange itself may be tinted rose color and wreathed with candied rose petals. It will be none the less wholesome and delicious because it seems almost too dainty to be eaten.

The old-fashioned rule for pumpkin pie is about two cups of pumpkin to five of milk or four of milk and one of cream, but five eggs, sweetening and spices to the taste. Do not forget to add half a teaspoonful of salt to every quart of milk used in the pies.

Creamed Walnuts.

The white of one egg and an equal amount of cold water, one teaspoon of lemon or vanilla. Beat until thoroughly mixed, then beat in confectioner's sugar, sifted, until the dough is stiff enough to mold. Break off pieces the size of a nutmeg, roll them till smooth and round. Press the halved walnut meats on each side, letting the cream show slightly between the meats. One egg will require about a pound and a quarter of sugar.

Absolutely the Best.

It is richest in pure cream of tartar;
It is strongest in wholesome leavening power;
It has the best keeping qualities and is the most economical;
It contains no alum, ammonia or other deleterious substance;
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Will appear in the thrilling and sensational Comedy-Drama, in four acts, by the well-known author-actor, WM. H. RICHMIRE, ESQ., entitled,

The Two Wanderers!

MISS ETHEL TUCKER as ROSALIE VERNON.
MR. CHARLES BARKINGER as CLARENCE BLOOMFIELD.

With all the favorites in the cast, under the personal direction of Mr. H. Percy Meldon. A farce by the comedy company opens each performance. Matinees daily at 2 p. m., evenings at 7.30 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30 and 7 p. m.

PRICES—Orchestra, 25c; Balcony, 20c; Gallery, 10c. You can secure seats for any performance, afternoon or evening one week in advance. Box Office open daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

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Entertainments.

In Pilgrim Hall, February 16, a tennis drill will be given by sixteen young ladies in costume, under the direction of Margaret Fezandere.

The pupils of Miss Sarah E. Laughton, teacher of elocution in the Home School, gave a recital before a large audience of friends, Monday evening in Colonial Hall. They were assisted by Miss Mary E. Convery, contralto, and Mr. Walter Scott Kennedy, pianist. The pupils taking part were Miss Lena L. Mellen, Mrs. W. H. Pierce, Miss Abbie M. Bridgman, Miss Fanny W. Sweet, Miss Mary A. Daniels, Miss Emma O. Patten, Miss Ellen F. Carpenter, Miss Fanny Damon, Miss Mignonette L. Rice and Edward W. Pierce. Of the readings, the best were those of Miss Rice and Mr. Pierce, who gave excellently two scenes from "The Hunchback." Miss Abbie M. Bridgman's pantomime of "The Rose Bush," with the song by Miss Convery, was one of the best numbers of the whole program, it would be almost impossible for any one else to give it better. She is apparently approaching the mastery of gesture. "The Minuet," Miss Carpenter's piece, is generally assigned to a child, but she gave it with such bewitching grace that she was obliged to repeat the last part. Miss Mellen's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and Miss Damon's reading were also very good, the latter, who is a little girl, being obliged to respond to an encore. The program was finished with posings by six of the pupils. Mrs. Jennie Abbott Matton and Miss Lottie M. Tafts were announced on the program to read, but illness kept them at home.

The recital was essentially artistic in its inception and the pupils fully maintained the possibilities of expressive art under the sympathetic training of their efficient and painstaking teacher, who is also a reader of fine attainments. In point of character achievement, and the subservience of the "stagnant" to the natural, the results manifested fairly entitle the class to rank among the best.

A unique and rich musical treat is in store for the general public in the auditorium of the new All Souls Church, next Tuesday, February 20, at 8 p.m., when a varied concert program will be rendered by the Lihlatansu Ladies Quartet of Milford. Wherever they have been heard, they have given satisfaction. They were booked for the Mechanics Course this year, but were unavoidably prevented from appearing.

The Salem Street Choral Society, will give Schumann's cantata "Pilgrimage of the Rose" on Tuesday evening February 2d, in Salem Street Church. The following soloist will assist: Mrs. J. A. Rice, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Mrs. Lottie L. Holden, sopranos; Mrs. F. W. Ruggles, Miss Alice Hammond, altos; Mr. Thomas B. Hamilton, tenor; Mr. C. J. Marshall and Daniel C. Turner, basses. There will be a chorus of fifty voices. Miss E. G. Whittemore will be pianist; Mr. C. H. Groat, organist and Mr. E. D. Allen, director. The public is invited. There will be a final rehearsal Monday evening February 1st.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"The Fugitive," a melodrama in which there are many realistic scenes and interesting situations, has attracted large and enthusiastic audiences at both afternoon and evening performances this week. Miss Kate Glassford as Hester Mabyan, looks and acts most charmingly. J. Francis Kirke, as John Levett, the fugitive and hero of the play is in possession of a character well suited to his talents, and is always the conventional, honorable and manly man. This afternoon and evening the last two performances will be given.

"The Two Wanderers," a comedy drama, will be presented next week, with Miss Ethel Tucker and Charles Barringer in the leading characters.

Dramatic Notes.

"The County Fair," in which Neil Burgess is at present appearing in a most successful engagement at the Park Theater in Boston, is advertised to appear in the principal cities in New England this season. Mr. Burgess states positively that he will not be seen outside of Boston. The travelling company is inferior in many respects to the original, especially in the character of "Aunt Abby," which is assumed by Mr. Burgess. "The County Fair," without this clever actor is a very poor production.

The Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire have good things in store for their annual reunion, Feb. 11th. Hon. Geo. A. Marden, editor of the Lowell Courier, is the chief speaker. Ex-Governor Goodell of New Hampshire will also attend. The supper will be provided in the good old-fashioned way, by contribution. Good vocal and instrumental music are engaged and the affair promises to be most enjoyable.

Why "The Modoc."

The most noted train on the Boston & Albany R. R. is The Modoc, but why has it so queer a name? In 1873, Capt. Jack's band of Modoc Indians were driven to the Lake beds of Oregon and there General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas were assassinated. Since that time this train starting from the extreme west and reaching Worcester at about 9:30 a.m. has borne the Indian name. Some say, its name arose from its coming from the far west, others because it killed so many tramps who had essayed an early walk on the railroad. Either reason is sufficient.

A London hostess has set an example which might with advantage be followed by hostesses in other parts of the world. Lady Constance Leslie recently gave a large entertainment on a very cold night, and it occurred to her that the coachmen and footmen who were in attendance on that occasion would be likely to be much exposed, and not at all looked after. With admirable thoughtfulness and charity she hired a coffee-stall to dispense free tea and coffee to these attendants. It is notorious that coachmen and footmen often contract lung and chest troubles from the exposures necessary in their calling, and it is well known also that it not infrequently happens that cold and exposure lead men to drink who would be sober under any other circumstances. Even if these things had nothing to do with the matter, although they of course should in

truth have a great deal to do with it, there is a certain heartlessness in allowing servants to suffer when the occasion is one of pleasure simply. It is not the wont of the fashionable world to trouble itself overmuch about the happiness of domestics, and it is a not unnatural consequence of this that they are so apt in that circle to have trouble with servants. It is pleasant to find a case in which a fashionable woman practically recognizes the fact that servants are as human as their masters.

Reasoning Power in Dogs.

Coming down the street I observed a medium-sized black dog sitting before a store door, head turned to one side, and bent down toward the ground in an unmistakable meditative position. So engrossed was he that not a muscle moved. His thoughts were so intently drawn within himself that my footsteps close to him did not disturb his meditation. Was he thinking where he could get his next bone? Or did he have some revenge to work out? It seemed to be a difficult problem from his deep study.

That dogs can and do work out a problem I have personal evidence, for I once witnessed a dog chase a cat into a barrel, and lie down at his leisure to meditate how to get her out, as he arose, evidently in fear of her paws. At last he pounced and hauled into the barrel, evidently not fearing to introduce himself that way, as he guardedly looked over his shoulder. The cat, however, was too chivalrous to strike him in the rear: she bounded over his back, and both had a race for the barn, the cat being the winner.

Another time I heard two little dogs barking viciously in the night, and next morning found a full-grown cat—a large one, too—lead in the yard. I could not believe they had killed her. A few nights afterward, at midnight, I again heard a great yelping in the yard, and got up to see what was the rumpus. It was a clear, moonlight night, and I saw at the foot of a small plum tree two quite small dogs, pets of our neighbors, watching a large cat perched in the forks of a tree, out of reach. Suddenly, she dropped, purposely, or fell. Instantly, as if by an understanding, one was at her head and the other at her tail. Keeping that position, despite her twisting and turning, the cat was killed before she could get to a fence some thirty feet off.

In these two instances we find the reasoning faculty pretty well developed. Nature.

The subject for the meeting of the Worcester Grange next Tuesday evening will be "Winter Evening Amusements." Mr. A. S. Lowell will read a paper on whist. There will also be a musical program, including a piano solo by Miss Theresa Lord and a vocal duet by Mr. Fred and Miss Sarah Midgley.

At the Lake.

To do a kindness for Robert French, his friends at Lake View have an amateur minstrel performance. Lincoln Hall was comfortably filled Wednesday evening by a responsive company while fun was made for them by J. C. Manning, (his friends call him "Jim") B. L. Long, Wm. O'Hara, C. H. Clavin, T. Long, T. H. Wilson, J. Koper, J. W. Mann, J. L. Riley, K and I. W. Dinkbrothers. 'Tis said that nothing better ever struck this part of the city.



The sacredness of all knowledge as a gift of God; the unity of all knowledge as the utterance of God; the purpose of all knowledge as the food of character in the knower and the helper of humanity through him—these are the great departments of that science. Sometimes we see a scholar who has learned them all, and what a new vision he gives us of the glory of scholarship! Men who know less than he do not begrudge or disparage his knowledge. The light that is in him is not darkness; it lightens all his world.—Bishop Brooks.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 14, President D. Delbit Hyde of Bowdoin College lectured to the Worcester academy students on "The Qualities of Leadership." He gave the following qualities: Physical development, good fellowship, education, clear vision of an ideal, sincerity, courage and faith in God. He said, combine these qualities in any man, and his power as a leader will be invincible. Let him lack one of these essentials, and though he rise ever so high he will fall at last.

The subject of better ventilation in our school-houses is to engage the attention of the Legislature this session, and it is to be hoped that the matter will be thoroughly considered. It is a well known fact, we believe, that the lack of a proper supply of pure air is the cause of the sickness of many teachers and pupils. When an attempt is made to purify the air in some of our school rooms it is done with danger to the health of those who are seated nearest the open windows. The cold air blows directly upon them, while others in more remote situations may be suffering from heat. It would seem that in this scientific age some plan might be devised which would clear the atmosphere without increasing throat and lung troubles and neuralgia among the children.—Saturday Gazette.

The annual award of the Bancroft Scholarship is pending. Any one desiring to receive its benefits should apply to Librarian S. S. Green at the Free Public Library. The income is at present enjoyed by a student in Johns Hopkins University. It is to be hoped that a Worcester representative will get it the next time.

Manual Training.

The introduction into many of our public schools of the elements of manual training, notably of joinery and plain sewing, as part of the regular course of instruction, calls for recognition on the part of this board, and raises the question whether some place ought not to be found for this branch in our system of normal training.

While it would probably be impracticable to put this work upon the normal schools, at least for the present, it is suggested that a special normal class might be established, perhaps in a building erected upon the grounds

of some one of our normal schools, and provided at no great cost with the means of furnishing such instruction and practice as are necessary to fit young persons of either sex to take charge of manual training classes of the sort that are organizing in various parts of the commonwealth.—Educational Report. State of Mass.

Brown.

Last Monday evening Prof. Royce delivered his 5th lecture in Manning Hall, subject "The Romantic School of Philosophy."

The advisability of joining a foot ball league with Bowdoin and Tufts or one with M. I. T. of Boston, Trinity, Rutgers and Stevens is still being discussed.

Brown will probably compete in the Boston Athletic Association's handicap meet on Saturday Feb. 13.

At the recent athletic conference it was unanimously voted that the college take immediate steps to procure a suitable athletic field. It is to be hoped that this matter will be pushed to a successful issue.

March 16 has been decided on as the date for the indoor meet in Infantry Hall.

The winter tournament is now in full sway and the finals will probably be played before the week closes.

In accordance with the time honored custom, Thursday last was observed as the day of prayer for colleges. All college exercises were suspended and three services were held during the day. Pres. Andrews preached at the morning service.

On February 9th will occur the annual winter concert in Sayles' Hall of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs and the Symphony Society.

The Senior Class at its regular meeting decided to wear caps and gowns on class day and commencement.

On Monday the candidates for the 'varsity nine will begin active practice.

Plans for the New Rhode Island State House have been in Sayles Hall during the past week.

Boston University.

The "Klatch," which is the social event of the year will be held Friday evening, Feb. 5th, at Jacob Sleeper Hall. This is a grand five o'clock tea given to their friends by the young women of the college. Last year about 1,500 invitations were issued, but this year the number will be much less. The committee in charge are Misses Symonds, Wendall, Childs and Hall.

Miss Elizabeth Deering Handscom, '87, read a very interesting paper on Charles Lamb before the Epsilon Chapter of the Convocation of Boston University Wednesday afternoon.

Prof. Olin A. Curtis, D. D., of the School of Theology, preached the sermon on the Day of Prayer for colleges, Thursday.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger, D. D., will deliver a lecture on the "Law of Victory in the Struggle of Men," before the students Friday afternoon.

BOSTON, Jan. 28.

Holy Cross.

The middle examinations will close tonight

and the respective standing of the classes announced early next week.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Schmitz, rector of the Scandinavian seminary at Rome, delivered a lecture in Fenwick Hall last Saturday evening on the "Catacombs."

The seniors were allowed Wednesday afternoon for a holiday and most of the class improved the opportunity to witness Mantell in "Hamlet."

The base ball team will soon commence training for the summer season under Capt. O'Neil.

The skating on the flooded campus in front of the college is grand and is thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

Preparations for St. Ann's Coffee Party to be held during the week of Washington's birthday are being rapidly completed and promise success as heretofore.

The Sacred Heart Lyceum will present "Arrab-n-Pogue," at their hall on St. Patrick's night.

Jan. 29.

Smith.

Mrs. E. Humphrey Allan, assisted by the Beethoven Club of Boston and Dr. Blodgett and Prof. Story, gave a chamber concert last Wednesday night.

Prof. Goodyear has continued his series of art lectures every Thursday and Friday night and this week will close them.

The Wallace House Dramatic Club gave a play in the old Gymnasium last night, "The portrait of a Lady."

Thursday was Day of Prayer for Colleges and there were no recitations. Chapel exercises were extended and short addresses were made by the President and some of the professors. Then the students held a general prayer-meeting directly after. In the afternoon Dr. Parkhurst of New York preached at the service.

High School.

This week finishes the 20th week of school and ends the first half of the school year. Next week commences a period of busy days for the teachers as well as for the pupils. The teachers must hand in their marks so that the reports may be handed out on time.

Then comes a change in the authors studied. The Senior class study Whittier and the second year and Junior classes study Bryant for the rest of the year.

The election of officers of the different societies occurs this week, causing more or less work and considerable talk that certain men may be unanimously elected.

It is reported too, that the athletic association will hold its first meeting early in the coming week.

The rhetorical exercises of Wednesday were a feast not soon to be forgotten by all pupils present. The declamation by Mr. Fogarty '93, upon Freedom by Lowell was the great feature of the exercises, showing signs of developing dramatic ability as well as declamation. The rest of the program was a piano solo by Miss Everett, '02 and a reading, Boat Race in Holmes, "Mortal Antipathy" by Miss Rice, '94.

It is a praiseworthy fact and one that does no little honor to Mr. Mellen that all the boys who took the examination for the Polytechnic

Institute from our school, about 30 in number, were admitted forming a large proportion of the entering class.

Polytechnic.

At a meeting of the Historical Club, held Friday of last week, the following officers were elected for the next half year: President, Andrews, '93; vice-president, Eastman, '94; secretary and treasurer, Butterfield, '93. Mr. Z. W. Coombs was elected a member of the executive committee on behalf of the faculty. The club has just finished reading King John and will now take up Macbeth.

The semi-annual election of officers of the Athletic Association was held Monday noon. E. H. Fish, '92, was unanimously elected president. The other officers are, vice-president, Dyer, '93; secretary, Harris, '94; treasurer, Rawson, '93. H. M. Southgate was chosen delegate from the Institute to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association convention which occurs in Boston, February 13th.

The Socialists of '62 still keep the ball rolling. A short time ago a banquet was held and last Tuesday the crowd attended the "Corsican Brothers" at the theater, furnishing the applause for the entire audience.

Prof. Kimball took a portion of the Tech Elect through the electric light works last Tuesday afternoon, and next Tuesday will take the remainder.

Everyone at the Institute was shocked by the news of the sudden death of Mrs. Dr. Kinnicut, last week Friday. She was one of the best known and liked of all the wives of members of the Faculty. Hers was a familiar face at all field days and athletic games of the students, and all feel that they have lost one of their best and most interested friends. The heartfelt sympathy of the entire school is with Dr. Kinnicut in his grief. He is one of the youngest members of the Faculty, and for that reason, if for no other, he and his wife seemed nearer to the students than the rest. The class of '93 gave expression to its sorrow by a letter of condolence, and also sent flowers to the funeral. All exercises of the Institute were suspended Monday afternoon, the time of the funeral.

The new engine in the Salisbury laboratories, designed by Professor Alden, after several unsuccessful attempts, has at last made its "trial trip." The first time it was started, a piece of packing got jammed into a valve and did considerable damage. After repairs it was started again, and this time it was found that the governor had been connected wrong, and the faster it went the more steam was let on. Now, however, with the exception of considerable noise, it works in quite a satisfactory manner.

The apprentice examinations are over, and now sixty-three embryo mechanics, arrayed in brand new overalls and jumpers, each with his little rule, may be seen wielding the mallet in the domain of Mr. Badger. This is a gain of nine over last year's class. Their general appearance is about as usual, some appearing quite like veterans, and others green even to their eyes. One has a pair of red, white and blue overalls and another wore his jumper to chapel. A party of about fifteen indulged in the George Washington war dance, Thursday evening, and as a result had their first inter-

view with President Fuller. The chapel is considerably crowded by the additional number.

The Seniors held a class meeting Thursday noon and elected officers for the last half year. F. W. Collier was chosen president, and will preside at the Class Day exercises. The other officers are, vice president, L. C. Smith; secretary, G. H. Day; treasurer, E. L. Smith (re-elected) and athletic director, J. F. Bartlett.

James H. Wall.

The death of this gentleman, last Tuesday, has removed a notable figure from our midst. Leicester born and reared, a mechanic by trade, he has been a resident of Worcester since 1837. He early embarked in real estate speculations and in this way acquired his large fortune, being esteemed one of the wealthiest citizens of Worcester at the time of his death. He was born Nov. 28, 1810, and was married in 1831 to Mary Ann Davis, who was the mother of his children. Of their seven children, four are living, viz., George F., in the employ of Macullar & Co.; Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Sumner W. Balcom of Boston; James H. Jr., of Chicago and Emma Isabella, wife of Charles S. Connell of Comfut, Conn. A grandson, James H., is employed on the Boston Record. His first wife died about two years since and in June last he was wedded to the widow of Charles P. Stevens of this city. His last appearance in public was at the Mayor's inaugural, and he was attacked by the grip immediately afterward. His brother, Caleb Wall, is well known in Worcester and his only surviving sister, Sarah Wall, lives in Providence. For some time his home has been in the Lincoln House. The funeral takes place today, Saturday, in the First Baptist Church. The Continentals will attend in a body.

About thirty members of the Tech prep, lately members of the High school, visited F. L. Mellen, teacher in the High School, Saturday evening at his residence, 119 High Street, and presented him with a handsome chair. C. A. Harrington made the presentation speech. After a social time Mr. Mellen took the party to Zahony's where refreshments were served. Mr. Mellen was the teacher of the Tech preparatory class and the boys took this way of telling of their appreciation of his instruction.

Mr. Theodore P. Brown is entitled to much sympathy in the loss of his new and pleasant house, so completely ruined by fire last Tuesday evening. Many people had said, "I hope there will be no fire alarm tonight"; but it came and at 9 o'clock, the house was a smoldering mass. Fortunately no lives were lost but the loss above the insurance seems to be heavy.

Miss M. Ethel Higgin.

Rev. H. J. White attended the funeral of this bright little girl Tuesday at 2 p.m. from her late home, 30 Chatham Street. In school, Wednesday the 20th, she came home ill with the grip and died Saturday. Many friends were present at the services and many had sent appreciative tokens in the shape of beautiful floral offerings.

GAS-LESS COAL

There's something in Kem-Kon—no matter what it is—
—it's harmless—makes the fire consume coal gas—
simply burns up gas—gives the heat of gas without smell and danger of it—25 cent package—grocers have it—result—
gas-less ton of coal worth in heat ton and quarter.

For sale in large quantities for manufacturers, railroads, hotels, The Standard Coal & Fuel Co., Equitable Building, Boston, Mass.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION. By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage by Philip J. Murphy, of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a Corporation duly established in Worcester in the County of Worcester, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated November 16, 1886, and recorded with Worcester District Registry of Deeds, Book 1212 Page 295, and for a breach of the conditions in said deed contained, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Tuesday, February 25, 1892, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said deed of mortgage as follows:

A parcel of land and the buildings on the same, in the said Worcester, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone post set at the corner of land now or late of W. H. Gage, on the westerly side of Orient Street, and lying, northerly from Clarence Street, so called, thence southerly, on Orient Street sixty (60) feet, thence westerly, by Lot 25, ninety (90) feet and six (6) inches to a stake on Lot 24, thence northerly sixty (60) feet to W. H. Gage's land. Thence, easterly, ninety (90) feet, to the place of beginning. Containing about 550 square feet. This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, liens, or assessments of whatever sort. Fifty (50) cents in money must be paid down at the time and place of sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on delivery of the deed within ten (10) days.

By THOMAS J. HANLON, Attorney.

E. B. GLASGOW, Attorney.
H. M. CLEMMENSE, Auctioneer.

Worcester County Mechanics' Association.

1842 1892

The Worcester County Mechanics Association will celebrate the

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

of its organization on Friday, Feb. 5, 1892

An historical address will be delivered by the President, Ellery B. Crane, in Washburn Hall, at 7:30 o'clock p.m., with music and a social reunion in Mechanics Hall after.

Supper will be served at half-past 6 o'clock and during the evening, in the west ante-room of Mechanics Hall.

Members may procure tickets of the treasurer at his office, by personal application or written order, from January 25 to February 4, day or evening, except Wednesday and Friday evenings.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

WM. A. SMITH,

Clerk and Treasurer.

Worcester, Jan. 23, 1892.

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Decorated China Oyster Plates.

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Extra large Art Flower Pots for

Palms.

New lot English Decorated Tea

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Household.

Inflammation of the Bowels.

Take a strip of coarse cotton cloth three yards long and cut it in two lengthwise. Wet about half the length in cold water and bind about the bowels, having the wet part next to the skin. When it becomes warm repeat. This has cured chronic dysentery and cholera in infants caused by cutting teeth. Caution! It might be dangerous used in connection with some mineral medicines.

Very comfortable skirts and petticoats for the children can be made out of the father's underclothing in the following way: Take the woolen undervest, cut off the bottom, put on a waistband, and trim the edge with wool lace; the effect is quite pretty. For the shirts take the woolen drawers, and of the best pieces cut out the sleeves and body, and make up the same as the large undervests, only smaller.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

An authority counsels us to wipe our faces upward after washing them, particularly when the evil days draw nigh that bring those first indicators of age—wrinkles—on the lower part of the face. By using invariably the upward motion in drying, these wrinkles will be removed, and with it the tendency to undue fullness about the chin.

Very thick cream should be beaten with a fork. As fast as the froth is beaten skim it off. To mold whipped cream add dissolved gelatine; one-third of a box to one pint of thin cream (before whipping) is a good proportion, to which other ingredients, as sugar and flavoring, are to be added.

Long bags, the full length of dress or cloak, with hanging loops at top, save from creasing as well as from dust and moths.

When making white cakes, use one half teaspoon more of cream of tartar than soda, as this extra quantity of cream of tartar makes the egg whites stiffer.

Castor oil may be comfortably taken in hot milk, in a half-wineglass of weak punch, in hot water sweetened and highly flavored with essence of peppermint or wintergreen.

Salt mackerel should be well washed in tepid water, the thin, black skin on the inside scraped out, the head and tail cut off, and the fish soaked skin side up over night in a large pan full of cold water.—Boston Budget.

A good remedy for the toothache, is a piece of cotton saturated with strong ammonia, and placed in the cavity of the tooth.

A good liniment for strains is made of one-half ounce of wormwood, one-half ounce of oil of origanum, or majoram and one-half pint of alcohol.

For burns make a paste of lard and flour, and bind on the burn with soft linen, or stir lime water and sweet oil to a cream and apply.—Washington Home Magazine.

Ex-Representative W. W. Rice was recently registered at the Buckingham in New York.

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GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.
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STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

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Sargent has come to stay.

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Sargent is only a few steps from Main Street.

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Sargent carries a full stock of everything to be found in a florists' store.

North End People

need no reminder, they will find SARGENT, THE COSMOPOLITAN FLORIST, at 25 Pleasant Street.

New York Fashions.

"Mrs. N." A handsome evening coiffure in Spanish style, showing puffs or loops of loosely twisted hair drawn high and having an ornament placed at the left. Another stylish mode of hair dressing, shows a figure 8, so placed that one half is on the top of the head and the other half at the back, where it forms a braided circlet. This is moreover, adapted to some popular shapes in hats and bonnets while at the same time, dressy for evening, in which case, ornamental pins can be added effectively.

"Laura S." Perfume sachets are in extraordinary favor, being tacked to portieres, placed inside of head rests, cushions, anywhere, indeed, that fancy may dictate and even hidden away under rugs, while closets for clothing and bureau drawers come in for special attention. Some ladies prefer atomizers, with which portieres, curtains, etc., are sprinkled and in view of free use, the perfume must be particularly pure and delicate. This doubtless accounts for the precedence given Maybells, both as a perfume proper and a toilet water suitable for atomizing or the bath.

Chrysanthemums for decorative purposes, are a rage. Pink comes first and next, yellow or white and sometimes the three colors are combined with charming result, as notably at a reception where the house was adorned in those hues. The *debutante* was dressed in pink, two friends in white and yellow respectively and they had bouquets of chrysanthemums to match. A pink chrysanthemum reception or party, is particularly pretty.

Silver teapots now consist of five pieces: coffee-pot, tea-pot, kettle, cream pitcher and sugar-bowl. In these, as in dishes or any other article for table use, the shapes are low and broad, and either in bright or oxidized finish, hammered and *repousse* work being fashionable for both styles. Butter is preferably made into little balls for which wooden spats come purposely and this mode in serving butter, has brought about the use of a butter pick instead of a knife. The caster being obsolete, fancy pitchers for oil or vinegar, with cups for mustard or other condiments, are in great vogue, to say nothing of individual pepper and salt bottles.

Gifts of a cup, saucer, and spoon to an engaged young lady, from her friends, is a fashionable idea and as may be imagined, the donations are sometimes so numerous as to require special accommodations. Antique specimens of ware with thin, battered surfaces of ante-revolutionary date, are particularly acceptable as being heirlooms and also in contrast with modern elegancies in the same line.

ROSALIND MAY.

By a very ingenious and original process, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., are enabled to extract the essential properties of the materials used in the preparation of their famous "Ayer's Sarsaparilla," thus securing a purity and strength that can be obtained in no other way.

The remarks of President G. Stanley Hall at the Board of Trade meeting, last Tuesday evening were particularly happy.

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N. E. Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held in Poughman Hall, 178 Devonshire Street, Boston, on Tuesday, Feb. 2d. at 10 o'clock a.m. President J. Lewis Ellsworth of the Worcester Agricultural Society has perfected arrangements with the management of the Boston Albany Railroad whereby round trip tickets from Worcester to Boston can be had on the day of the meeting, for \$1 35. The principal feature of the business to come before the meeting so far as local interest centers, is the location of the next exhibition of the New England Society.

It is said that Mrs. Warren, wife of the Wyoming senator, has voted for twenty years. She declares that it is no more trouble to go to the polls than to go to church, and makes the statement that women make fewer mistakes in using the Australian system in Wyoming than men do.

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We promise you the very best of either, at the very best prices you have had this year.

If you believe there is going to be lots of snow yet, and if you like sliding better than anything, then you'll be sure to want our splendid **HEAVY REEFERS**.

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We have put the prices of the REEFERS and ULSTERS down to very low figures, and you can have just what you want for very much less than usual. Ask any of your mates where they get their handsome REEFER or ULSTER. Nineteen times out of twenty they will tell you that they bought them from us. Ours are always in **The LATEST STYLES, The NOBBIEST CUT, The BEST MADE**, and you are never disappointed in what you get from us.

We know that you like to play hard at times, and you don't like your coat to go to pieces in a friendly tussle. Ours will stand right up to the best of service.

Good FOR SUNDAY, Good FOR WEEK DAY,
Good FOR DAYLIGHT, Good FOR EVENING.

Good all the time and anywhere. All our Winter OVERCOATS and SUITS AT GREAT PRICES FOR YOU.

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Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, State of the order Dec. 12, 1891; Membership, 6,163 Amount loaned for Relief, \$13,720; Reserve Fund, \$56,163; Balance of Relief Fund, \$4,531.88; Total, \$68,459.08 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 600.

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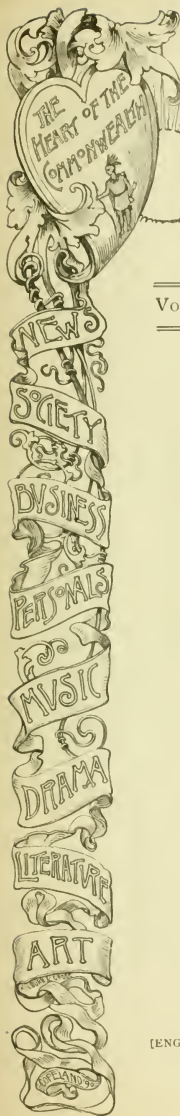
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO 23. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892. FIVE CENTS



ELLERY BICKNELL CRANE,

President of the Worcester County Mechanics' Association.

[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT.]

Lawrence, Photographer

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.

During the dull season we will sell Furniture at reduced prices. We have no unsalable goods; but a clean stock, rather large for the beginning of the year.

We must make room for goods in process of manufacture, and will make it an object for all buyers to make their purchases at our store.

We have everything desirable in stock from Common to Fine Furniture.

PUTNAM & SPRAGUE CO.,

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Scotch Ginghams.

They have a place in the dress world peculiarly their own.

It matters little whether there is a rage for Silks, Satins, Velvets or anything else—

Pretty fresh *Ginghams* are still in your favor and as necessary as spring sunshine to you.

It seems a little odd to talk about *Ginghams* while snow is on the ground, and yet it is pleasant to talk about them.

The sight of them and the talking of them bring Spring-time and all its mysteries the nearer to us.

So, then, we are glad to welcome the first arrivals from the *Gingham* realm.

You, too, will like to see what there may be new and dainty.

You'll be busy with your fancies for spring dress and these pretty *Scotch Ginghams* will be woven into all your plans.

You must come and see what they are.

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It seems almost incredible the number of hundred dozens we have sold of these *Napkins*.

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Of course we need only remind you of the *Printed India Silks*.

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In all their beauty,

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

No. 23

To Our Readers.

LIGHT is your paper; why don't you use it?

If you have visitors, send their names to LIGHT.

If you go away from the city, send word to LIGHT.

If you give a tea party or dinner, send particulars to LIGHT.

If you know of any thing, in a social way, that is pleasing to your let the public have it through LIGHT.

This paper will be your mouth-piece if you will give it an opportunity.

LIGHT does not want scandal, it will not deal in this, but it does wish all possible society data. Will you assist in furnishing? These columns are yours.

I'm no reformer, for I see more light
Than darkness in the world; mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give its thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night hawk's cry.
Even in this great thrope of pain called Life
I find a rapture linked with each despair,
Well worth the price of Anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Pope long since gave the world a rule as to the use of words, like this,

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Does not this couplet apply very well in the matter of so-called reforms? Many innovators and extremists would overthrow every theory to attain a desired end. On the other hand moss covered conservatives would molder before advancing a step.

Who shall tell as what the proper or golden mean is? To few is given the power to detect refracted truths from below our horizon, but we can at least, be awake to our situation and display a willingness to investigate.

It is no consolation to us that another thinks our fears groundless. The oft-repeated statement of the owner, that his dog will not bite, does not abate the stranger's apprehension, for he sees teeth and he hears a growl. We may chide a horse for being frightened at a bit of white paper, but the steed is scared all the same.

And this is just the situation in the diphtheria stricken neighborhood. Whether the disease emanates from the Dix Street School House or not, there are so many people who think it does that the school has been running, for some time, on almost or quite half numbers. The closing of the school and the fumigation of the premises with a proper connection of the closets with the sewers alone can restore confidence. The people in that part of Worcester are grateful to whatever agency that secured this consummation. The very least that can be done is to remove the grounds of offense. Let us hope that the diphtheria scare is effectually past.

People are not talking, now, so much as they will a few weeks hence about grade crossings. Of course, if elevated tracks must come and afford the only solution of the difficulty, the public has nothing to do but to yield as gracefully as possible. That the elevations will be a disfigurement goes without saying. In no way can they be made ornamental, but what cannot be cured must be endured. Rail roads must be had and the grades must be obtained; but the price for possession is a big one. The matter to Worcester people is much like Rapid Transit for Boston. An imperative necessity, but how? The problem before our City Government is a trying one. May it be solved for the good of all.

Causes of Crime.

If the examination of other sources of information than the census should result in showing that in some limited local area serious crime had increased out of proportion to the growth of the population, it would by no means follow that improved prison management is responsible for such increase. It is far more reasonable to attribute it to causes operating outside the prisons, to altered social conditions, to increasing wealth, the growth of great civic centers with their denser population, and the imperfect manner in which the laws assigned to suppress the causes of crime are enforced, particularly in cities. The increase of prison population, you will observe, is precisely in those prisons which prison reform has least influenced for good,—in the prisons where its precepts are most ignored, and where least effort is made to stem the rising tide of crime by the introduction of a reformatory discipline.—Rev. F. H. Winsp.

Books and Bookmen.

It is talked in Boston, among newspaper and book men that the author's corrections in the proof of General Butler's book cost more than the original composition. It looks as though the general didn't know his own mind when he was writing.

A modern Aladdin or the Wonderful Adventure of Oliver Munter. An Extravaganza in four acts by How and Pyle. Illustrated, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1892.

A dash of Arabian Nights with a suggestion

of Fairy Land enable Mr. Pyle to make an absorbingly interesting volume. Any one who has read of the Alchemists and their long search after transmuting power along with the elixir of life will recognize some old acquaintances in the names given here. Mr. Pyle is ingenious and he weaves his ancient names most deftly with the woof of his fabric. Though perfectly conscious of the improbability of the whole tale we follow Oliver in his underground wanderings, his findings and his longings with as much interest as we would, were he an actual existence. Such diamonds! We have not com' so near wealth since the day that we followed Aladdin the first with his wonderful lamp into the bowels of the earth and saw the treasures by it revealed. The pictures, grim and ghostly, add not a little to the interest in the story. Happy he who can thus bring fancy into his control and, untrammelled by fact or reason, make the impossible seem actual. The time is that of Louis XIV and the scene France, of course. The writer has done far better with his ancient theme than many who have essayed to introduce the Elixir into their stories. His lively imagination and his quick wit have made every situation attractive. The reader who takes the book in hand will not care to lay it down till he has followed the boy Oliver in his adventures with the Devil leagued magician to the end of the story and the wizard's life. For sale by Sanford, Sawtelle Company.

Beautiful Snow.

Really snow fell when we expected rain. It not only fell but it staid for a few hours and Eastern Massachusetts never presented a handsomer sight than it did Wednesday morn'g. The exquisite imagery of Lowell was fully reproduced.

"Every pine and fir and hemlock,
Wore ermine tog' for an earl
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ris'd i'ish deep with pearl."

It was a sight to remember. The firs were like enormous white plumes and the white birches were bent over to the ground as though they would make framework for innumerable wigwams.

Such was the country! White, white everywhere. Purity and cleanliness, the very personification of each, but Boston! Ah Boston! There's the rub! There is no beautiful snow in Boston. Snow there means slush and swear and no end of both. No one thinks of the much discussed poem there save to apply the "Trodden under foot" portion. The business portion of the city ought to have the rubber covering that Hellamy describes during the snow storm. There is, absolutely, no ray of relief in the whole business. The relief, however, comes when we turn our backs to the city, and travel homeward. The trees still retain their plumage, the fields are still white and life seems worth living. Thank God for the country and for the smaller cities where choicest blessings are not, at once, turned into curses.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1892.

The Report of Postmaster-General Wanamaker for the year ending June 30, 1891, is a very valuable book. Not only does it contain data, bearing on the postal system, but it has numerous engravings, making clear the intricacies of one of the most important departments of the Government. It is a good volume to have handy for reference. **LIGHT** is under obligations for a copy.

A Hundred Years is a long time, but that is just the record behind the Greenfield Gazette and to celebrate this fact that enterprising Journal has gotten out a Centennial Edition. First there is a fac-simile of No. 1, dated Feb. 1, 1892. This it obtains through the American Antiquarian Society, that wonderful storehouse of American papers. Then there is an illustrated supplement sent to all subscribers. Besides, to be had for a small price, there is "The Centennial Gazette," an illustrated book of more than 100 pages. Only the Worcester Spy and two or three other papers in Massachusetts can lay claim to equal age. Publisher E. A. Hall is entitled to much credit for the way he has utilized his opportunity. The Gazette is one of the very best papers in the Commonwealth.

The "Home Maker" is the official organ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and for the first three months of 1892 it will be sent to club members, only, for thirty cents. It is of exceeding interest to all those belonging to these organizations. Address (stating club) J. Martin Miller, manager, 44 East 14th Street, New York City.

J. A. McGaffey, a veteran of the Civil War, has laid on **LIGHT**'s desk a valuable souvenir of Rebellion days in the shape of an elegantly printed congratulatory order from General Custer, bearing date of April 9, 1865. It forcibly recalls the incidents of that long chase and immortal consummation at Appomattox Court House.

In "The American Trotter" it would seem that the trade journal had reached about its acme. Forty pages, including cover, devoted to the trotting horse and his interests. The horse lover should have this paper. Published at Independence, Iowa. \$2 a year.

LIGHT acknowledges from Mr. Fred

Knight, Secretary of Athelstan Lodge of A. F. and A. Masons, a roster of the lodge, prepared in most excellent shape. It contains a list of present officers, members, past masters and all necessary data as to communicant, committees, trustees and directors.

The Monthly Calendar of the Church of the Sacred Heart is at hand. It presents, as usual, the pertinent religious features of the month with a full account of the Fourth Annual Banquet of the Young Men's Lyceum, connected with the church. In addition, Fr. Conaty announces to appear Feb. 24, "The Catholic School and Home Magazine." This is to be 32 pages in extent. It will be, as its name implies, a magazine devoted to the ends and aims of the Catholic Church, with a strong local flavor. It will cost 50 cents a year. Many prizes are offered for the securing of subscriptions.

Dr. Arthur W. Eldred makes an important announcement in another column. Don't fail to read it. Dr. Eldred is prepared to do the very best of dental work.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at **LIGHT**'s discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from **LIGHT**, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in **LIGHT**, Feb. 6, 1892.

Signed

I.

"The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon, also, at London."

II.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And no sleeping when she died."

III.

"The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare."

IV.

"Whom do we dub as gentlemen?
The knave, the fool, the brat?"

V.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendeemer's stream."

VI.

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned doantry-seat."

Answers to Quotations, Jan. 20.

1. Coleridge, "Hymn to Mont Blanc."
 2. Ossian, "Ode to the Sun."
 3. Lowell, "First Snow Fall."
 4. Holmes, "Old Ironsides."
 5. Campbell, "Lochiel's Warning."
 6. Henry Lee, "Eclogy on Washington."
- 1st, C. A. Gray, Cambridge,
2d, Gertrude Gates, Worcester.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Presented.

Life is a mixture. Lights and shades are blended. There are amenities as well as calamities, of the former there was an interesting example, Friday the 29th ult. at 1 p. m.

At Becker's Business College, for some days, there had been mysterious interviews and confabs but as the vigilant principal could find nothing to take open exceptions to he let them pass, but at the hour in question he was prevailed upon to forsake his office and to visit the upper school room and on his return he found his pupils massed. They had stolen a march on him. They held him captive. They knew the joy that for four weeks had filled his soul over the advent of his infant boy and having a fellow feeling for him, they had determined to show their sentiments by something tangible. Accordingly Harry G. Stoddard stepped forward and in behalf of his associate pupils and the teachers, in well chosen words, gave a silver cup into Mr. Becker's hand. It was engraved

PRESENTED

TO
E. C. A. BECKER JR.
FROM
B. B. C. CLASS '92.

The recipient was not there. His mother wouldn't allow him to go out. His tender weeks suggesting colds and other calamities; but his next of kin did the best he could for him, but 'tis said that no rule of the college could be found to apply in this case. He had to fall back on native genius and this hardly saved him. There were forty or more young people, with pencils in hand, ready to record every word that he uttered; but he had never responded for E. C. A. Becker Jr., before, it will be strange though if he doesn't have some all night sessions with him) and his feelings quite overcame him. When he did get his breath and his tongue, all thoughts of taking down his words were lost in admiration of his eloquence, for who could not talk from such a text, "Unto me, this day, a son is born." The event will not, soon, be effaced from the memories of those who bore a part in it. Would that life had more of such waves of gladness.

Capt. A. V. Newton has returned from his trip to Erie, Penn., where he conducted one of his inimitable Mock Trials.

Col. Horace B. Verry of this city, representative of the Governor's Staff at the 30th annual ball of the Washington Guards in Fitchburg, Jan. 29th.

Mr. A. W. Edson, agent of the State Board of Education, spoke in Petersham last Wednesday evening on education.

Orin H. Weston.

The city has lost another excellent citizen in the person of Mr. Weston who, after a long illness, died at his residence, 13 Harrington Avenue, Sunday the 31 ult. He was nearly 70 years old. He was a native of Connecticut, a tanner by trade. He was a prominent member of the Baptist church. He leaves a son, Walter B. and a daughter, widow of the late Andrew Hair. Mr. Weston's funeral was attended from his late residence Wednesday at 2 p.m. Many friends and relatives were present.

Charles Spurgeon.

Ever since that stroke of illness, months since, a sympathetic public has hoped that the great preacher might again stand in Tabernacle pulpit, but it was not to be. Jan. 31 he died in Menton, France. He was born in 1834, so he was far from being old as is Gladstone and others, yet active in affairs, but measured by his work he was old beyond almost all his compeers. The following, written in 1890, tells how he talked to a Worcester traveller.

"A Sunday in London. It is the 6th day of October, and I am resolved to hear Spurgeon. Fortunately for me, I am located near the Strand, so a ride of half an hour takes me across the Waterloo Bridge, and to a point near the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Already people are assembling, though it is nearly an hour before the hour of beginning, viz: 11 a.m. To insure a seat, I take an envelope, handed to me, place therein a coin and drop it into a box at hand. I am then shown to an aisle seat and there I sit till a quarter of 11. The vast room, said to be the largest Protestant auditorium in the world, fills rapidly. There are many, like myself, who are shown to seats, and there are more waiting for the tinkle of the five minutes bell, when every one may sit where he can find a place. What a letting down of seats in the aisles! There seems to be a simultaneous swoop for positions. Just at 11 o'clock Spurgeon, followed by his deacons, comes into his pulpit, a structure built well out into the body of the hall, on a level with the first gallery. There is a second one also, so that he is well above his audience on the floor and not too far away from the upper loft. This pulpit reminds me of the deck of a vessel, with a stout railing around the same. He announces the hymns and, under leadership, the audience, without any musical accompaniment, sings; and how it sings! It has been reared to do just this thing. The leader, to prevent dragging, scarcely pauses from the beginning to the end of his verse. Mr. Spurgeon's reading of the Bible is accompanied by excursions explanatory and suggestive. Unless it be Mr. Moody, he has no rival in this particular form of work. Then the sermon. He tells the story of Jacob, who becomes Israel through conversion. My neighbor, on my right, is a stranger too, and I ask him if he has ever heard the preacher? "Once, twenty-five years ago," is the reply. "When the simple, earnest story is done, I ask, 'Is he all there, is the fervent answer. And why this popular hold? There certainly are more eloquent men in London, for he clings to the back of his chair, leans upon his table, and only at the end of his sermon, does he advance to the rail of his pulpit and cease to be almost awkward. Who can tell the secret of success? He touched the popular ear long since, and constantly, in all the intervening years, he has not ceased for an instant to please the ear and to reach the hearts of his hearers."

Grace Church people have missed Miss Flora Miner for their choir for two successive Sundays. It seems that she is singing in the Unitarian Church in Uxbridge.

SAVED BY A PROOF READER.

What Might Have Appeared in a Certain Newspaper.

In a certain western newspaper office the gentleman whose business it is to record the fluctuations of the live stock market sits across from the young man to whose lot it falls to report wedding ceremonies. Both are graphic writers and enjoy that latitude of expression characteristic of western journalism. Both use the same kind of paper, and their penmanship is not unlike. Not long ago the wedding reporter was suddenly called out of the office and left in the middle of the table several sheets of paper on which was a description of a fashionable wedding. These sheets were gathered up by the live stock writer when he finished his report, and the two stories became mixed. This is what the zealous care of a proof reader, later in the evening, saved from reaching the public eye:

"The church was elaborately decorated with holly and evergreen, and the altar was hidden in a wealth of flowers. Out of the recesses rose rare tropical plants, and from the ceiling hung fifteen western veals, which at this time of the year are scarce and correspondingly dear at six to eight and a half cents a pound. There was also an active demand for choice lambs, and farmers east of the Mississippi river can profitably turn to sheep raising and take the bride, who wore a gown of white corded silk, a creation of Worth's, with pearl ornaments.

"Then came the maid of honor, the cousin of the bride, Miss Henrietta Blower, of Chicago, wearing a dress of white tulle, with diamond ornaments, and she was followed by a small bunch of Montana sheep, which bleated most piteously as they were driven on board and shipped to the Winter hotels in Bermuda. They will there be cut en train and slightly decolette, and after the rest of the party had reached the rail the minister turned and said impressively: I cannot bid more than 6½ cents for state veals, but cablegrams from London quote refrigerated beef at a price that will enable me to pay \$4.90 for a car of choice Indiana beeves, and hearing this there was a rush for the young married couple, and the bride fell into the arms of her father, who is known to bear a striking resemblance to—a Connecticut ox weighing 1,875 pounds. The market here took an upward turn, and the guests, who numbered about 200, were served with a sumptuous dinner at the house of the bride.—New York Times.

Worcester Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will hold a social in Grange Hall next Tuesday evening.

Lawless.

The adage "Give a beggar a horse and he'll ride to the D—!" never had a better illustration than on the property near Green Hill Pond. Though private, the pond was free to those who chose to skate there, but in the spirit of this "Free" country, the rowdies broke into the boat house and destroyed all that was breakable. And yet the very parties thus offending are also crying loudest for government aid and support. "Be decent first."

Brave Deeds.

BY N. A. M. ROE.

They told of their lovers, all three,
And of the brave deeds they had done,
But Jessie with tears in her eyes,
Confessed she had never had one.

Her lover? he never had come,
And Cupid—she guessed he had missed her,
So I—well I couldn't stand that,
Cupid—her lover—kissed her!

And now when the girls talk to him
Of bravery noble and bold,
My lady love smiles as she says,
"The bravest deeds never are told."

The following from the Boston Saturday Gazette would indicate that Boston library venture had not succeeded so well as Worcester's.

"From all accounts it would seem that the interior of the New Public Library is a blunder; that all the faults of the old are repeated in it, and that it is miserably adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. Considering the amount of money that has been expended on the structure, this state of affairs is of far more consequence than is the heavy, tasteless and unimpressive architectural effect of the exterior. According to present appearances, the new Bates Hall is a vast and lofty room, difficult to heat and ventilate, poorly adapted to the proper care and storage of books; a room so ill-advisedly arranged that the delivery of books to visitors cannot be accomplished without expending delays and annoyances to the public. Under present conditions at the old library, the delivery of books in Bates Hall is none too prompt; and if this evil is to be intensified in the new building, there will be something very like a revolt on the part of the public. It is bad enough for the public to have paid so much money for a pile whose exterior disfigures the spacious square in which it rears its clumsy proportions; but it is worse if the interior should prove to be the unpardonable mistake it is said to be by those experts who have examined it carefully. Space appears to have been wasted with equal ignorance and ruthlessness, and utility to have been sacrificed to show. The whole business has been bungled from the outset, and there is every indication that the new Public Library building will prove a huge and irremediable failure."

Salem Witches.

Recently LIGHT referred to the desirableness of securing data as to the descendants of those falsely accused and executed in Salem 1692. Those descended from Mrs. Nourse alone, number many hundred. Add to those descending from the other victims and we should have many thousands. A small gift from each one would erect upon Gallows Hill a suitable memorial. Is not this attainable? A card is recently received from Mr. John D. Ames of Binghamton, New York, who was once a Worcester resident and who is connected with the Nourse family, expressing his interest in this project. It need not be a monument to America's shame, but a tardy recognition of the heroism of those people who died rather than confess a lie. The scheme should be started in this bi-centennial year.

The Boston Theaters.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.

There are some very interesting attractions in this week's dramatic menu. At the Hollis, Monday evening, Julia Marlowe opened her regular season here, appearing for the first time in Boston as Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," and received, as she always does, a most cordial greeting. It is perhaps as difficult a part as any she has yet assumed, and of course she would be apt to suffer some in criticism from comparison with such a Beatrice as Ellen Terry gave us a few years ago.

Miss Marlowe's beautiful face and graceful figure made her physically almost an ideal Beatrice, and she reads Shakespeare's lines as few actresses in this country do. Her voice is particularly charming, "a beautiful thing in a woman," and she is the coming actress in her line in our country. Later on she will appear as Juliet, Rosalind and Viola, parts in which she is very much admired here at the Hub.

A new comic opera at the Globe, "The Tar and Tartar," brings as principals several favorites. Marion Manola Mason, wife of the popular J. B. Mason, formerly leading man at the Museum, is playing the first part in a very pleasing manner and received quite an ovation. Digby Bell, that very funny, clever comedian, has a most laughable part and introduces several topical songs that go with great effect, particularly one that is becoming quite ripe, "But oh what a difference in the morning." Everything he does is always very comical. His wife, Laura Joyce Bell, is in the cast and does splendidly. Hubert Wilkie, a first-rate singer, and Josephine Knapp are in it too. Rather pretty music, no plot at all to speak of, considerable fun, and that's the story.

Boucicault's favorite piece, "The Shaughraun," in which he was imitable, has been put on at the Museum, with Wilson as Conn and is quite a success. If you had never seen Boucicault in this part you would like Wilson better, though he plays it very well indeed, makes a hit in fact, as he about always does, he is such a careful, intelligent actor, and his make up is admirable, but it is not the old Conn we used to know. Miriam O'Leary plays Moya, as spiritedly and well as ever. She has recently become Mrs. Collins, her husband being a physician in the city, and this is her last season at the old Museum. She is a great favorite and will be missed exceedingly.

E. L. Davenport, their leading man, is intending to leave after this season, so you see there will quite a tossing up amongst the ranks at this old play house. He has done some first-class work this past year and will have plenty of good wishes for any new venture he may undertake.

The Boston Theater is the scene of a war drama every night called "Shiloh," a play built on the common conventional lines, that reminds one very much of the "Drummer Boy" that the Grand Army gives in your city, only it did not strike me as being so good. Perhaps I was less impressive, but a great many seemed to enjoy it, judging from the applause.

"The Lost Paradise" still holds the fort at the Tremont, to as good business as ever.

That theater has been full ever since it started, a pretty good record, even for a theater.

Robert Downing, that bright young tragedian, is playing a good engagement at the Grand Opera House and in another week the new Bowdoin Square Theater is to be christened. One would think we are getting well filled up with theaters, but they all seem to prosper and do well, so let them come, "the more the merrier," naturally, and Boston is growing fast enough to stand the expense. The Bostonians are at the Tremont, in "Robin Hood," great business and good work as usual, but you know them in your city as well and favorably as we do here.

WATSON

The thirtieth anniversary of the Roanoke Island engagement will be celebrated by the Roanoke Association at the American House, Boston, Monday, Feb. 8. Chaplain G. S. Ball of the 21st Massachusetts regiment will contribute a paper on "Gen. Burnside and the Roanoke Engagement." The business meeting will be held at 1 o'clock, and dinner will be served at 2 p.m.

Barnard, Sumner & Co.

In a paper read before the Worcester Society of Antiquity, May 4, 1880, Mr. H. H. Chamberlin read as follows:

"Henry H. Chamberlin commenced business with L. C. Clark in 1834, in Paine's Block; the next year, he opened the little old store left vacant by the death of Capt. Asa Hamilton and relinquished his business to Barnard, Sumner & Co., in 1857. This house has for many years occupied a leading position among the dry goods establishments of this city. If their courtesy will allow me the claim of having been the founder of their business, it is only as the acorn is the germ of the spreading tree, and illustrates the adage that 'all oaks from little acorns grow.'"

In 1860, the population of the city was 24,060. Thirty-two years have more than trebled, have almost quadrupled the population of our city, but the business of this firm has more than kept pace with this increase.

By limitation, the old firm ended the last day of January and a new corporation came into existence. Of this Mr. Lewis Barnard is president, Mr. George Sumner, vice-president, and Mr. Otis E. Putnam, treasurer; James C. Allen, secretary; Wm. F. Freeman, manager; Edward P. Sumner and Arthur D. Putnam, directors.

The first three names are too well known in this city to need any statement save that they represent an aggregate of 135 years in this house, since 1855 established on the very site still occupied. Mr. Allen has an experience of twenty years and Mr. Freeman of eleven, while Messrs Sumner and Putnam, sons of the vice president and treasurer, respectively, have been five years employed. There is nothing sensational in the ways of this house. The visitor, today, will find many employees who were behind the same counters ten and even fifteen years ago. Napoleon's soldiers carried marshal's batons in their knapsacks. So in this business, from youngest to oldest, every one knows what it is to serve. The capital stock of the corporation is \$300,000, of which the first three names carry, by far, the greater part. The new name is, "Barnard, Sumner and Putnam Co."

Paderewski.

Next week's issue of LIGHT will contain a half-tone cut and sketch of the life of that great pianist, Paderewski, acknowledged by the critics as the musical wonder of the nineteenth century. Worcester patrons of the art should deem themselves fortunate in being favored with an opportunity to hear this great artist, when such a city as Portland, Me., offered him \$1,000 for two performances and was refused. On Monday evening, February 22, Washington's birthday, he will give one recital in Association Hall. This will be no ordinary event. Great credit is due the managers of the affair for the energetic manner in which they have done everything in their power to give this artist a reception worthy the reputation of Worcester as a music loving community. Subscribers are entitled to make a selection of seats on February 13th, three days in advance of the public.

Miss Clara P. Fitzgerald, a niece of Dr. Mary V. O'Callaghan, is to take a course in medicine in one of the leading colleges in New York City.

Dr. J. M. Stevens, the genial veterinary surgeon in the Burnside Building, is out after a six-weeks' siege with pneumonia. Good nature pulled him through.

Mr. Charles A. Hoppin, Jr., manager of the advertising department of the Boston Store, has been ill during the past week with a severe cold.

The Chamberlain District Farmers' Club will meet next Thursday evening at Chamberlain Farm, on Salisbury Street, the residence of S. A. Burgess, and Caleb A. Wall will read a paper on "Life and Early Records of Chamberlain District."

Mr. Frank N. Hair, son of the late Capt. Charles N. Hair, is meeting deserved success as teacher of music in Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas. Prof. Hair was once a High School boy in this city and has many friends here.

At Mr. B. D. Allen's studio, 173 Main Street, next Tuesday evening, a musicale will be given in which Mrs. Mary L. Adams, soprano; Mr. B. D. Allen pianist and Miss Nellie L. Ingraham, accompanist, will take part. The program consists of some of the very best of music and promises a rare musical treat.

Y. M. C. A. Course.

Next Thursday evening the Tufts College Glee and Banjo Clubs and John Burgess Weeks, reader, will give the third entertainment in the second series.

Boys' Club.

Superintendent Burgess reports commendable progress in this very meritorious organization. Not to mention other very pleasant features, this item seems most worthy of notice: 1,009 boys washed in the building during the month of January. If cleanliness be next to Godliness and who could dare to contradict it, this fact has done much for the heavenly way. Boys are now taking books out for home reading. Good again, and painstaking, self-sacrificing people are teaching classes. Success to the Boys' Club.

The Week.

CITY.

Jan. 29—Dr. Abbott, Secretary of the State Board of Health, visits the Dix Street School and recommends its closing on account of prevalence of diphtheria.

Empire State Society has a poorly attended meeting in Grange Hall.

Many men seek work in the new steel works to be opened soon.

Petitions extensively circulated in behalf of Woman Suffrage and the appointment of town agents when towns vote No License.

Taunuck farmers have an all day meeting. The electric railroad will be theirs some day.

30—Wade H. Hill envelope manufacturer, dies at 68 Woodland Street. 56 years.

It looks as though there would soon be an electric railroad to Clinton.

An interesting meeting of District Superintendent of Schools at the Normal School. Funeral of the late James H. Wall at the First Baptist Church.

Worcester will move to secure the New England Fair again.

Dix Street School ordered closed.

31—Dr. W. V. W. Davis of Union Church preaches a notable sermon, fully defining his position.

Rev. I. J. Lansing preaches farewell sermon at Salem Street Church.

Even far away Worcester regrets the death of London's most famous divine, Charles Spurgeon.

Burlingame's shop on Cypress Street ruined by fire.

Orrin H. Weston dies at 13 Harrington Ave. 70 years.

Feb. 1.—It is out that the Grade Crossings Commission decides on elevated tracks for the city.

City Council calls for information on the Diphtheria scare.

Dix Street School-house to be fumigated. Union Veteran Legion opens a fair in Horticultural Hall.

2—The School Committee discusses Dix Street Diphtheria Scare.

Worcester will have the New England Fair again.

Reeves' American Band of Providence in Mechanics' Hall in behalf of the Baldwinville Cottages.

3—Lottery advertising in Worcester will be suppressed.

Annual meeting of Board of Visitors of Home for Aged Women.

Dearborn and Mansfield's ice house on West Boylston Street, burned, loss \$5,000. Constant Shepard, 91 years old today.

4—Successful Mock Trial at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Dix Street Schoolhouse fumigated.

Eleventh annual reunion of Sons and Daughters of Maine in Horticultural Hall.

Two more deaths from diphtheria in the Dix Street vicinity, viz., William J. Mountain, rear of 18 Dix Street, and J. Norman Jackson, 8 Goulding.

COUNTY.

Jan. 28.—Westboro holds a very successful farmer's meeting. I. Lewis Ellsworth tells what Science has done for Agriculture.

29—Mrs. Sarah J. Boyd dies in Whitinsville, 55 years.

Angie Winchester of Sterling disappears

while on her way to school. Possibly she has gone to her father in Worcester.

31—Repaired Methodist Church in No. Brookfield rededicated. Prof. Benj. Gil of Wilbraham preaches in the morning.

Feb. 1.—Clinton wants to play "Living Whist." The same town demands increased school accommodations.

George E. Barnes of Clinton dies. 64 years.

2—Register of Deeds, Charles T. Lockwood of Fitchburg, dies suddenly. 62 years.

3—Funeral of the late Deacon Cyrus White from Baptist Church in Millbury.

Mrs. Anna B. Perry dies in Shrewsbury, 50 years.

COMMONWEALTH.

Jan. 29.—Boston bakers want less Sunday work. "So say we all of us."

Marblehead will have a Cruiser named after her. W'y not call the boat "Old Flud Ireson?"

General Butler's book is out. Now look out for fun.

30—Governor Russell expected at the Emmet ball in February.

Hinman's planing mill burned in Beverly.

Will of James H. Wall made public. Few public bequests and those very small.

31—High tide on Revere Beach does a deal of damage.

John W. Sanborn will succeed the late Manager Furber of the B. & M. R. R.

Feb. 1.—Governor Russell recommends a hospital for epileptics.

During the past year 37 towns 'have started libraries.

2—Legislature receives orders bearing on Endowment Orders.

Attorney General Pillsbury says the Constitutional majority of the House is 121 members.

If possible, Boston will abate the "Sweating" nuisance. Success to the effort.

3—It looks as though Legislative Passes might be abolished.

Williams College Alumni dine in Boston.

Boston's Art Museum receives a Column from an Egyptian Temple.

Colonel Higginson eulogizes Lowell at dinner of Loyal Legion.

4—Mayor Matthews of Boston is finding his second year of office by no means a sinecure. Deer Island is giving him no end of trouble.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly is commemorated by a bust in the Catholic University in Washington.

Mr. Parkhurst of Clinton wants all lobbyists in the State House confined to the basement thereof.

LEICESTER.

Again this town is connected with the world at large by electric cars. The welcome sound of the trolley was heard Monday morning after a rest of eleven days. One man was heard to say that it was the most lonesome week he had spent in Leicester, tho' an old resident, for only two or three times a day could he get to the city.

Invitations are out for a Leap Year party at Leicester Hotel next Tuesday evening.

The local Christian Endeavor Society took charge of the meeting Wednesday evening in celebration of the anniversary of the General Society.

To a New Born Son.

All hail, hale come to the Strawberrings!

Plump little cherub with the dimpled hand,

Are you, so young, one of the snow bringers?

It cannot be you come from Switzerland.

I see (in fancy) now, in infant grace

(The fairest picture limned by nature's art.)

Your warm, flushed cheek pressed to dear mamma's face,

Your rosy form against her loving heart.

Heaven smile on all, and make the mother glad

And strong, aright to lead her growing brood!

For Christ loves dearly every lass and lad

That's truthful, useful, diligent and good.

Worcester Mass. A. L.

An Evangelist at Fault.

When the American revivalists, Messrs Moody and Sankey, visited this country in 1875, special arrangements were made for holding services in the town of Derby; and accordingly a certain number of evangelists were selected to visit the various places in the district where the meetings were held.

One of those happened to arrive at an unsavory street called Walker-Jane Ward, which to him appeared not very inviting. The first house which received his evangelical attention was tenanted with a very sharp-eyed youth, who seemed to be the only occupant of the tumble-down dwelling.

This youth had attained the mature age of thirteen, and, according to his appearance, looked ready for anything in the shape of a "bit of fun," as he termed it.

The boy's mother was in gaol, but the whereabouts of the father could not be satisfactorily accounted for.

After the man of God had explained his mission, he commenced talking of heaven and hell to the bold bad boy, who grinned and showed his teeth as the evangelist proceeded.

He also told him of the great influence of Satan for evil, as well as of the omnipresence of his Satanic Majesty, and the youth stared at him as if he could hardly believe what the man of God was saying.

"Do you mean to say that the devil can enter this ere kitchen?"

"Yes!" authoritatively answered the surprised evangelist.

"Can he get into our bedroom?" was the next inquiry made by the bold bad boy.

"Yes," was again the response.

"Can he get into our back-yard?" was the next question given by the youth.

"Yes!" was once more the response of the man of God.

To this last answer the boy's eyes sparkled with delight, and, looking the minister full in the face, he said—

"That's a lie, becuz we ain't got no back-yard."

The effect can be better imagined than described.—London Paper.

Throwing Away Time.

It was on the rear platform of a street car, as a crowd was going home from the theater. "Let's see," mused a man who was jammed on the railing to the one on his left, "have we been introduced?" "I think not. My name is Taylor." "Ah! And mine is Porter. Mr. Taylor, you are throwing away time to get my watch. It is an old one, and out of repair, and won't bring you \$2."—Detroit Free Press.

Only a Dog.

BY GEO. MC ALFER.

And Fido is dead! Good Fido!

He was only a dog in the humble walks of life it is true, and could boast of no patrician lineage or bench show conquests—who lived his day and is not—and why should he occasion further thought or regret?

Ah! there are dogs and dogs, some of the most worthless of whom passed a fampered existence in the homes of luxury and who when dead are accorded marble mausoleums; some that never deserved the friendship of man and who cannot be too soon forgotten, and others whose intelligence an approximates the human that it would seem as if they must have crossed the border line of instinct and entered the domain of reason, who so endear themselves by ready adaptation to and earnest endeavor in their master's service that we part with keen regret and accord them a prominent and honorable place in our memory.

Fido, the subject of this sketch, first saw light on the sea-coast of Old Virginia, and his main ancestral line was clearly that of the Irish setter, although a cross was apparent that resembled the Chesapeake Bay dog.

He came into the possession of Captain Andrews of Little Island, when quite young and he never parted ownership with him. He was intelligent, affectionate, cool and level-headed beyond that of any dog it has ever been the writer's lot to know, and he would be glad to learn of, and would go many miles to see another such, if one exists, that would compass such a range of usefulness to the sportsman and perform his part as well.

Without attempting to enumerate all of his good qualities, let the writer indicate their variety, range and trend, by relating the varied experience of a day's outing with him in Southern game regions.

It is decided before retiring that the writer with McChesney as boatman and gunner, should attempt to outwit the canvass backs in the morning.

Leaving Captain Andrew's snugery on Little Island before daybreak for Shell Point some miles distant, Fido is exultant and runs before us unbidden to the landing and is down charged on top of the decoys in the bow of the Spray before we reach the shore. We encounter adverse wind and have to tack so often that progress is slow, so that grey streaks and faint rose tints betokening dawn are perceptible in the East before we reach our destination.

Fido's head is constantly describing a tangent and his keen and watchful eye is ever on the alert at his self-imposed task of lookout. He no sooner discovers a bunch of fowl in the distance than he gives three notes of warning—im, im, im, in quick succession, and down crouching, not another sound or movement from him until they are out of sight. This he many times repeats before we land at our blind, when he takes his place in the sedge grass and cane brake and does duty as before.

When the gun is fired, if no duck falls into the water he does not leave his place, but the instant one strikes the water he is in, and, if only wounded, he sets up a *yip, yip, yip*, and after him with such rapidity that the duck

does not dive below the surface and disappear, but half swimming, half flying, makes every effort to escape. Fido has been known to keep in pursuit and capture the fugitive after a chase of over three miles in ice-cold water.

And if so happened that some were killed outright and others only wounded, with rare discrimination he would single out and capture the wounded ones, before retrieving the others.

During the early morning hours we had very good shooting, but between nine and ten o'clock the wind died out, the day became warm and sunny, and duck shooting was over until their return to the feeding grounds toward evening. Mac proposed that we go over to Long Island and try for snipe and quail and perhaps we might get some black duck in the numerous lakelets on the Island which furnish fine feeding grounds for them, and where, being surrounded by rank growth of cane and flag which renders access to them extremely difficult, they remain in comparative security. We soon make landing near a hog wallow and are scarcely on land before we are greeted with *saipe, saipe* as hither and thither dart the cork-screwing snipe. We punish a number that Fido retrieves with the promptness of a master in the art, being steady at heel when not so engaged. We cross over a ridge of land that runs parallel with the island, and which is under cultivation, and no sooner do we cross a ditch on the opposite side than Fido is off into the brown grass and scrub pine.

"Oh my! but we will have some fun now," said Mac.

"Why, what's up?" said I.

"He's after a coon and—"

But before the words are ended the battle has begun. Razzle, dazzle, spit, yelp, howl, snarl, and dog and coon are whirling round and round, over and under, and finally emerging into a little open patch the coon lays firm hold of the dog's cheek and makes him howl with pain. I rush in to dispatch the animal, but am stopped by Mac, who says—

"Let them have it out! I'll bet on Fido every time."

Fido whirls round and round with such rapidity as to break the hold of the coon, landing him fully ten feet away. Before he could regain his feet Fido closed in and soon ended the contest. We continued on to the little lake at the end of the creek, and quietly and carefully making our way up to its margin, when up jumps a bunch of seven black ducks and we succeeded in dropping five of them. The lake is so boggy that we could not have recovered a single duck, but in sprung Fido and retrieved every one. We then turned our steps toward the upper end of the Island, some miles distant, where a crop of cereals had been harvested, to look for quail, or partridge as they are called in Virginia. Reaching a grove of scattering pine we sat down on a knoll to eat our lunch, Fido dropping down in front of us.

For some time we noticed that he seemed fidgety and restless, but thinking it might be owing to undue and excessive exertion during the forenoon we gave the matter little thought until he quietly got up and with cautious, stealthy step went quartering behind us a few feet and pounced upon a huge black snake fully six feet long that lay coiled up in the sunshine. He soon shook the life out of him, but was so loth to desist that Mac had to take

the snake on the end of a stick and carrying him away seventy five feet, or a hundred yards hung him on a knot that projected from a pine tree some feet above the ground.

He had not covered more than half the distance on his return before a buzzard bore down and seizing his snakeship made off with him to enjoy his noon-day meal.

Soon after we are in the stubble and ragweed, and right and left quarters, Fido attending strictly to business in hand, as alert and active as though he had hunted nothing but quail all his life. He challenges, he roasts them in winding and devious pathways, and finally straightens out as rigid as a statue. We close in and flush the birds and Mac's unerring gun scores three, while the writer is content with one. At command Fido retrieves them with as much care and pride as any sportsman could wish. We follow up and secure five more before returning home. The events of the day and the performance of Fido did not impress me at the time as bordering on the marvelous, but on our trip back to Little Island he so promptly took his place in the bow to watch for fowl as usual that the writer could not forbear to speak of his varied accomplishments, when Mac said to see him at his best he must be seen after the cotton tails, and proposed that we drop down to the lower end of the Island where there was some scrub growth, and give them a run. This we did, and taking our place on some little mounds of shell and sand we soon see bunny at full speed, closely followed by the dog.

He turns him to the left and heads him around by Mac whose old reliable ends the chase. Fido at once quarters around and soon jumps another who leads him a much longer run, but he too, true to his instinct, turns to the place of departure, where he is stopped in his tracks by the leaden messenger of death.

We capture several more and return to the house, having killed a larger variety of game in a single day than it has ever been my lot to do before or since, having had the benefit and pleasure of such a dog as I never again expect to see, and which, without exaggeration I may call a marvel of his species.

He has compassed the limit of his days and is gone.

He sleeps where the woo-oo-oo-oo of the swan and the varied notes of the sea fowl blend with the ceaseless murmur of the ocean as it sings a fitting requiem; while a friendly hand places this tribute upon his humble grave.—Amateur Sportsman for January.

Worcester, Mass.

Citizens Bank.

The resignation of Cashier Hammond necessitates a moving up and last Saturday the promotion of David R. Taber to be teller and of Walter A. March to be book-keeper was announced. Congratulations are extended.

Since some of the papers are calling our war men jingoes, it is well to revive the song that gave its name to that party in English politics. It began:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do,
We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money
too."



Beware of a man of one book.
Old Proverb.

Each of Prof. McMaster's two first volumes of his "History of the American People" has had a large sale—said to be 17,000 copies. Before finding a publisher, the author several times had his work rejected.

Lee and Shepard are about to bring out a most remarkable book under the title "Dreams of the Dead." The story is a most realistic one, yet Poe never wrote a more weird and gruesome tale. The most astonishing experiences are related in the most matter-of-fact way. The book deals with the occult, and treats of other than material things. The author holds that those whom a materialistic judgment calls dead, are only beginning to live, and in the form of these dreams, he has veiled the teaching of a great truth. The book is entirely original, and maintains a very high tone from beginning to end. No one can read it, especially if they read between the lines, without becoming a better man or woman. The author, who is well known and active in industrial reform, writes under a *nom de plume*, and a great deal of interest has been aroused among those who have read the advance sheets, as to his identity.

Rudyard Kipling, the story writer, was married in London Jan. 18 to Miss Balestier, sister of the young American novelist Wolcott Balestier, who died recently at Dresden from typhoid fever.

"Table Talk."

The February issue of this useful magazine is now ready for its many readers, who, doubtless, like ourselves, are quite ready to devour all the good things which Mrs. Rorer has spread out in its columns. In the contents this month, which are even more varied than usual, will be found a fresh department entitled "A New Bill of Fare," and it certainly promises to add another attractive feature to the many which the magazine already possesses. "A Plea for the Turnip," "In the Dining Room," "Fun for February Evenings," "Grapes," "Capricious Washington," and a paper on "Table Decorations," are all readable and help to bear up the reputation of Table Talk as a magazine for the home. Published by the Table Talk Publishing Company, 1,113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. \$1.00 a year.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

A most unique magazine is the February Ladies' Home Journal, entirely made up, as it is, in prose, verse and fiction by daughters of famous parentage, some of the "daughters" being famed themselves. Thirty "daughters" are represented, each by an article, story or poem, and a more curious and successful innovation in magazine literature has not been

made for years. The issue is in every respect a surprise, and is a powerful argument in behalf of hereditary genius. Hawthorne's daughter, Mrs. Lathrop, for example, has an excellent story; Mildred Howells, the novelist's daughter, writes a very sweet poem; the daughters of Charles Dickens, Thackeray and Horace Greeley all write of their famous fathers; President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, surprises by writing a very strong article on "The Training of Children"; Gladstone's daughter tells "How a Woman's College Begun" of which she is Vice-Principal; General Sherman's daughter tells a clever war story; Julia Ward Howe presents three literary daughters; Ed-Senator Ingall's clever daughter, Ethel, sketches Mrs. Leland Stanford; Jefferson Davis's favorite daughter, "Winnie" portrays "The American Girl Who Studies Abroad" from her own experience; and these are followed up by the daughters of Sir Morell Mackenzie, "Mrs. Alexander" and Richard Henry Dana; Miss Brandley, writes of the "Queens of Westminster Abbey," of which her father is Dean, and as a fitting complement to the fore-part of the issue, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and other famous mothers tell "How to Train a Daughter." This is, indeed, a curious number, and the most novel ever issued by a magazine. None of the Journal's departments are omitted, the "famous daughters" occupying the fore-part of the magazine, while Dr. Talmage, "Bob" Burdette, Margaret Bottoime and all the other Journal editors form the rear-guard. Such an issue is worth five times its modest price of ten cents. Published, at one dollar per year, by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia.

The Postmaster-General's annual report, just made public, shows that the usual annual deficit in the finances of the Department is gradually but surely disappearing. It amounted for the last year to only a little more than \$6,000,000, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the revenue suffered a loss of over \$1,000,000 owing to the passage of the antilobby bill; and the estimates for 1893, which have been prepared for the information of Congress, show that the service, which, as is clearly indicated by the report, has been made to improve, even at a lower cost, will reach a self-sustaining basis about July 1, 1893. The increase of the revenue last year, in spite of the loss on the transportation of lottery mail, is over \$5,000,000.

St. Nicholas for February. Contents.

Frontispiece, "A Perfect Gentleman" from a painting by J. H. Dolph; The Battle on Skates, Illustrated by W. Taber, Eva Hutchinson; The Admiral's Caravan, Chapters V, VI, Illustrated by R. B. Birch, Charles E. Carry; A Valentine, Verse, Head-piece by Laura C. Hills, Elizabeth L. Gould; Historic Dwarfs, I, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, Illustrated from an old engraving, Mary Shears Roberts; Jingles, I, A Puzzler, II, A Curious Discovery, John Kendrick Bangs; Picture, "The Smallest Favors Thankfully Received" Drawn by Otto Wolf; A South American Head-piece and Illustration by W. H. Drake, Herbert H. Smith; Tom Paulding, Chapters VII, VIII, Illustrations by W. A. Rogers, initials by George Wharton Edwards,

Brander Matthews; A Year with Dolly, February, Verse, Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch, Eudora S. Bumstead; Strange Corners of our Country, The Great American Desert, Illustrated by H. C. Fidler from photographs, Charles F. Lummis; The Little Man in the Orchestra, Verse, Head and tail-piece by R. B. Birch, Malcolm Douglas; The Winning of Vanella, Illustrated by E. B. Besselt, Tudor Jenks; The Elf and the Dornosse, Illustrated by the Author, Oliver Herford; Electric Lights at Sea, Illustrated by the Author, J. O. Davidson; What was Your Age, Chapter III, Illustrated by H. D. Nichols and Laura C. Hills, Laura E. Richards; Pictures, From Photographs; Pictures, Drawn by P. Newell; Two Girls and a Boy, Chapters III, IV, Illustrated by V. Perard, Lieut. R. H. Fletcher; Crooked Dick, Verse, Illustrated by C. T. Hill, Anna Robeson Brown; Picture, A Strike in the Nursery, Drawn by John Richards; For Very Little Folks, Shoe Play, Engrossed and illustrated by W. H. Drake; A Record of Master Harry's Ups and Downs, L. N. W.; Cuddle Down, Dolly, Head-piece by Laura C. Hills, Kate Douglas Wiggin; Jingles, Electric Light, bien Applique, Illustrated by the Eville Cain, Kate Kohler Cain; For Very Little Folks, A Letter From "Fido"; Toy Verses, I, The Card Castle, II, The New Toy and the Clock, III, The Music Box, Illustrated by the Author, Katharine Pyle; The Letter Box; Picture, The Evil Effects of a Circus Poster; The Riddle Box, (Illustrated).

As one looks over the pages of the February St. Nicholas, at every moment the eye is attracted by some bright thought in text or drawing. At the very front door comes J. H. Dolph's clever dog and cat picture, showing a plump puppy evidently fed to repletion graciously consenting to the disposal of his dinner by his friends the kittens. Whoever gives away what he does not want may read the parable with the thought "*de te fabula narratur.*"

Then there is the picture of Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of eighteen inches stature, who figures so prominently in the history of the times of Henrietta Maria of England. How he was vanquished by a turkey-cock, and how in turn he overcame an opponent in a serious duel; how he was teased by the King's giant, and how he was captured by pirates—is told in the text of the first of these articles on "Historic Dwarfs" so carefully prepared by Mary Shears Roberts. Turning over more pages, we see a scientific looking diagram that seems more fitted to the columns of a grave treatise than to those of a child's magazine. But we discover that it is "A Record of Master Harry's Ups and Downs," his variations in cheerfulness during the absence of his mother from home; and then we wonder why a set of similar charts would not serve as a record of deportment, scholarship or what not, to spur to diligence or reprove from sloth a family of children. It is another idea for which we have to thank the good St. Nicholas. Our minds are diverted from these thoughts by Mr. Taber's spirited drawing showing a company of Dutch soldiers charging over the ice on skates, and we eagerly read of "The Battle on Skates," and therein learn how the Duke of Alva commanded his Spanish warriors to skate in order that they might meet the Dutch upon more equal terms. What a fortnight of bruises and of pigeon's wings that must have been for the unhappy Spaniards!

But what is this? Here is, of all things, "A Strike in the Nursery!" The children are drawn as in revolt, with banners, declaring their ultimatum. It is a procession calculated to strike terror to a home tyrant, for even the goat—and a toy goat at that—bears upon his back the legend "Brown paper for me!"

How the children of a quarter of a century ago would have reveled in such a magazine. No doubt they enjoy it today, but their palates must be somewhat cloyed, for, like the princes and princesses of the fairy-tales, children are now fed on sweet-meats daily.

The Century for February. Contents.

"La Bella," by Titian, Frontispiece; The New National Guard, Pictures by R. F. Zogbaum, Francis V. Greene; Characteristics, III, S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.; The Jews in New York, II, Pictures by Irving R. Wiles, Gilbert Gaul, A. Casaigne, Harry Fenn, and H. D. Nichols, Richard Wheatley; Recent Discoveries Concerning the Gulf Stream, Pictures by W. Taber after photographs, John Elliott Pillsbury; Richard Henry Dana, Darwin E. Ware; Pioneer Days in San Francisco, Drawings by W. Taber, Gilbert Gaul, A. Casaigne, John Williamson Palmer; Keuff, Wolcott Balestier; Encladus, Charles J. O'Malley; Titian, (Italian Old Masters) W. J. Stillman, Engravings by T. Cole; De Hauter Buzzard's Nest, Pictures by E. W. Kemble, Virginia Fraser Boyle; The Australian Registry of Land Titles, Edward Atkinson; Song and Singer, Richard E. Burton; Original Portraits of Washington, with unpublished portraits of General and Mrs. Washington and Nelly Cassin; Charles Henry Hart; Heart of Hearts, Katharine Lee Bates; Killing the Moose, Painted by George De Forest Brush; Monsieur Alcibiade, Mrs. Burton Harrison; A Tired Hart, Bessie Chandler; The Naulahka, A Story of West and East, IV, Rudyard Kipling, Wolcott Balestier; The Degradation of a State; or, the Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery, Clarence Clough Buel.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Will an American State be Guilty of Suicide? A "Cheap-Money" Hand-Book, The Metropolitan Museum.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Regular Army and the National Defense, General August V. Kautz; A National Militia, Lieut. Robert Kennon Evans; George De Forest Brush, (See Picture on page 600.)

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Valentine Villanelle to Kate, Mary C. Hungerford; Yo te Amo, Rosalie M. Jonas; A Contrast, Frank Dempster Sherman; Consistency, Doane Robinson; Something Forgotten, J. A. Macon; Who lives as well as Truth? S. R. Elliott; A Little Troy, Clinton Scollard.

The most timely article in the February Century is the one written by Mr. C. C. Buel, assistant editor of the magazine, which records the results of a personal investigation by him, in behalf of the readers of The Century, into the history, methods, and designs of a just now notorious institution. The title of the paper is "The Degradation of a State; or the Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery." Mr. Buel goes back to the time when the lottery interests of the country were centered in New York City, and shows that the Louisiana Lottery was established for the benefit of New York gamblers and lottery dealers. The article describes the people who have been the chief beneficiaries of this extensive gambling institution, and exposes the methods of bribery

and political corruption by which the franchise was obtained, is maintained, and, as is now feared, is to be extended.

This number is also made notable by the posthumous story of Wolcott Balestier, who is the co-author with Mr. Kipling of "The Naulahka." "Rebely" is novel in plot and situation, the principal characters being a conductor on a far Western railroad, and two young women, one the manager of an eating house, and the other a telegraph operator. Mr. Balestier's friends consider this story a justification of the high hopes that were entertained for the future of this brilliant writer.

Apropos of Washington's Birthday, Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, has an illustrated paper giving hitherto unpublished portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, and Nelly Custis.

A most notable paper, by Edward Atkinson, on "The Australian Registry of Land Titles," will doubtless help forward a needed reform which seems to have made a start in this country. "Recent Discoveries concerning the Gulf Stream," by J. E. Pillsbury, is a very fresh, curious, and valuable contribution to an old subject.

In a profusely illustrated article on "Pioneer Days in San Francisco," Dr. John Williamson Palmer, the well known writer, describes, from personal knowledge, the adventurous life and diverse types that lent romantic color to the origin and growth of the metropolis of the West.

Dr. Wheatley's concluding paper on "The Jews in New York" is strikingly illustrated by a group of five artists, and contains information on this very timely and interesting subject never before gathered together.

Love and Marriage in Japan.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who has been enjoying an interesting trip through the United States, has made a careful study of the conditions which govern the family in Japan and embodies his ideas in a paper called "Love and Marriage in Japan" in the February number of The Cosmopolitan. The article is illustrated by the quaintest possible Japanese sketches running down the sides and across the bottom of each page. An excellent photograph of W. D. Howells, serves as a frontispiece, and his work as a writer of fiction is reviewed in the same number by H. H. Boyesen. The President of John's Hopkins University gives a most practical paper for parents on "Boys and Boys' Schools," illustrated by cartoons of the famous Attwood. Murray Halstead turns back lovingly to his early farm days, and tells of the "Pets and Sports of a Farmer Boy." The petroleum industry fully illustrated; An Afghan Story by Archibald Forbes; The Story of the Brazilian Republic by Adams, late minister to that country; and The Leading Amateurs of the United States in photography, are other leading articles of the month.

The Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record, for January 1892 is at hand. There is not as much as we might expect, considering the year and place, of matter pertaining to the Witchcraft Delusion. A fine portrait of Governor Bradstreet forms the frontispiece, and there is a long article by Robert Rantoul concerning his tomb. Perley Derby

gives an abstract of Essex County Town Records 1636-1692. The ancestry of General Ethan Allen is set forth very clearly. Mary Lindcott's Diary is given. There is a general account of the Humphry family of Harlington, R. I. Perhaps the most notable item in the pamphlet, is the call for the formation of an American Genealogical Society. There is certainly a place for such an organization in this country.

After the April number, which rounds out vol. 11, of the Record, it will be issued as a monthly. It should meet a cordial reception. Let us have more facts and less fiction.

The Hyde Park Historical Register for January completes the first volume. A quarterly, the four numbers are highly creditable to the town and clearly indicates what other towns should do in the way of trying to preserve their local history. There are fine portraits of Gen. Franklin Radford and John Kellery Paper. "Reminiscences of Twenty Years Ago" introduces the name of H. M. Cable, who was once an active citizen, but now in Chicago. The interval is not a long one, but it has wrought great changes in Hyde Park even.

Dams Care by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Bertha Oelweck. New York Harper and Brothers, 1891.

The translator has done her work well with just two exceptions. Thus on page 3, "I should have liked to have driven, etc.," clearly, not good English and again in several places characters "give in" instead of yielding, but all this is a move aside, nothing to do with the merits of a fascinating story. There is just enough of German Fairy Lore running through the book to keep Germany in mind. The chief character is Paul Meyerhofer and obviously the writer intends to depict in him, much of the Christ-like nature, so long revered, but so little emulated. He succeeds. We have to love Paul, though we wish he would awake and pitch into some one. He does, at last, and our hearts throb exultingly at the eventual triumph which crowns all the sacrifices and trials of his life. This is a book from which the reader should arise with renewed courage and revived determination to fight the battles of life and to win if possible. For sale by Sanford, Sawtelle Company.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce on February 3 in the Riverside Literature Series, as double number (No. 13), W. J. Rolfe's Edition of Scott's Lady of the Lake, the same in every respect as in the Students' Series, except that it will be bound in stiff paper covers.

This edition is very fully illustrated with sketches taken from the actual scenes of the poem; it contains an excellent map, and many critical explanatory notes by Mr. Rolfe and the whole book is printed from clear and tasteful type.

The publishers will send the book to any one, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents, this being the lowest price at which an American edition of the "Lady of the Lake" in a complete form has ever been offered to the public.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

The Price He Paid.

BY COUSIN CONSTANCE.

(Concluded from last week.)

If only Sarah could have Millie with her in the nice country air. He remembered she had sent him a paper announcing the death of her mother a year ago. He had not attended the funeral. Mrs. Harding had always objected to going there if he spoke of it. But Millie, oh she must go. He asked in the morning what she thought of it, if it would not be a good thing.

"Why should she go, pray?"

"She doesn't seem well."

"Has she been complaining to you?"

"Millie never complains to me, Abbie."

"Why should she. I'm sure I do all I can for her comfort." Words that should have choked the false woman.

"How can she go? There are her music, her other lessons, and then, Ned would be such a bother. Millie grows so fast she has a great deal of sewing done for her and really I think she must begin to help sew, herself. I did, long before I was as old as she is."

"But then you, my dear woman were an unusually healthy girl, you know don't you? Not like Millie a delicate." Miserable man, he dare not plead for his child without throwing a sop to her vanity. He had seen a cloud on her face from the first. She had just heard from Maggie of the hour with her father the night before, when she thought her out of the house, and so George Harding had to be wary.

"No Abbie, I would not give Millie sewing to do, I will get another seamstress, and as to her music, I think I will have her give it up for the present at least. I shall consult the doctor in the evening and see what he thinks."

"Yes," thought Mrs. George, there goes another large bill for this child. I'll save it by letting the music go at least." She only said, "I suppose you had Millie complaining to you last night, but I do not see that she is so delicate myself," and she went out of the room in a huff.

That afternoon Harding took Millie to the doctor's for a thorough examination and told him he wished her to go into the country if he advised it.

"I do certainly and at once too," with a grave look in the child's face. Alarmed, George asked "Do you think that will help her?" "We must wait and see," was the reply. "Medicine is not needed. She wants loving care and watchfulness more."

"Alas," thought conscience smitten George, "those she has had no little of." He sadly placed her in the carriage and the doctor said to his wife, "Poor little girl."

"Doctor Gray says Millie must go at once into the country. Are you not alarmed for her?"

"Certainly not. I've watched her carefully and I'm sure I don't see anything alarming yet. She is such a strange child, so unlike all others, so reticent, I can get nothing out of her as to her ailment." "Yes and I see this reticence has gained upon her greatly. She never used to be shy, but with those she loved, always open and confiding."

"Which means, of course, you think she does not like me. She does not and so you see

how hard it is for me to deal with her." George saw a storm threatening so only answered "Yes, it must of course be more difficult, cannot you win her love as you do other's?" Another sop to vanity. "I never try to win anyone's love it must be spontaneous, to gain any of mine in return." "Of course. But we must consult now about her going away. I've thought, as she is so fond of cousin Sarah, of writing to her to know if she can take her for awhile. It is a nice breezy location where she can have good air and sunshine."

"And be happy too," thought this cruel step-mother, and that was what she determined she should not be. She had long seen, as well as the father, how her malevolence was sapping the springs of this young life. "Oh, if it would only go out forever," she thought, only saying, "But why there? It is just as healthy at Aunt Jane's and nearer home too, so that if she grows worse she can be brought home sooner." He thought a moment. "Yes there is something in that to be sure," but he was reluctant to have his child with the mother and aunt of Abbie, of whom she had always seemed to be afraid and from whom she shrank, and so, saying he would ask her which place she preferred, he called Millie. She came at once and at his question as to her preference, asked which he preferred. "That is no matter, you shall go to the one you wish." "But I wish the one you and mama think best."

Little diviner, she had glanced at the cold face and at once saw that there would be trouble should she choose, as she so longed to, cousin Sarah's."

"Well then Mildred, I think it best you should go to grandma's, and as you are to go at once you must come now with me and have Maggie prepare your clothes." She would not leave her for a word with her father, and though he saw the fright, the actual terror on the child's face at the decision, his selfish love of ease and freedom from all collision with his wife's will kept him silent. Trembling, Millie was made ready. Remonstrance she had learned long ago was unavailing. A strange new dread seemed to hold the child in its grasp. Was she indeed able to read the wicked thoughts of her, who was burying her away where she hoped and knew that the life fast waning would go out the sooner, for so it was. She calculated on it. She, the Abbie May of old, so bright and smiling, who, at that time would not have believed herself capable of such terrible designs, yet had through selfishness and long harboring of evil thoughts, come to be able to put them in execution.

Here was her opportunity, the preparations were completed, the journey was to be taken on the morrow. Hardly had Harding seen Millie all that week. At meal-times she was often absent on some pretext of the mother, so he should not see the terrible state the child's nerves were in. Only the night before, a gay party of callers had detained him with her, when he longed to sit with Millie. Tonight more callers, and when he filled with a dread he could not name, begged her to excuse him to the company, he must see Millie, she frowned and said, "She was asleep long ago, do not go and wake her." So he staid, saw the last visitor off and then hurrying up stairs, stopped at her room, where the gas still burn-

ed, stooped over the bed, gave one look at his child, touched the cold hands and brow, searched the wide frightened, fixed eyes and sank beside her, calling wildly "Abbie, come." She was there at once, she had followed him closely, determined he should not be alone a moment this last night with his dear Millie. "What is it?" she asked, running to the bell that summoned the maid.

"Where is John? telephone for the doctor, she is dead, oh, she is dead?" he cried, as the alarmed servant did his bidding.

"Maggie, here, rub her, get the wine" and he vainly tried to get some between her lips, holding her in his arms, calling on her to speak once more to papa. All in vain.

The doctor at last. "What is it, doctor," said the frenzied father. A keen look in the eyes, a touch of the hand and laying it gently down he said, "The child must have died an hour ago." "No, no, my God, I cannot have it so, will you not do something?"

Nothing can be done. Some terrible fear or dread acting upon a most sensitive organization caused death. Did she seem happy in the thought of going away? he asked the father. "I have seen very little of her since it was decided where she should go, her mother thought it best she should be kept quiet in her room."

"Did she seem at all anxious when you left her that night, Mrs. Harding?"

"Not at all as I observed. I gave Maggie a charge to sit with her until she slept."

"What time was that?" he asked the girl.

"Nine o'clock, sir."

"And you found her at ten, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes."

"She must have died soon after the servant left her, then."

Faithless Maggie, she had stolen down to meet her lover soon after her mistress left, and was then out walking with him! Can we wonder at her deception, when for years she had seen it practiced by the mistress every day in the family?

The end was gained. Patient, frail Millie had died of terror at the thought of being taken to the mother of her, she had learned to fear so much and who had refused her almost agonized cry to see papa that night. Calling the maid, she bade her cease crying and go to sleep, and ran down the stairs to meet with smiles the company of callers, the maid, only waiting to know the coast clear, had left the little heart to its sorrow and terror, so eager as to send the young soul forth on the returnless journey.

Nothing of course could be proved, yet was Abbie Harding as really the murderer of that child as though she had stabbed her to the heart with a knife, instead of loveless looks and hatred. A slower, yet as sure process had rid her of the poor hated step-daughter.

Faithful cousin Sarah was summoned and she came at once, she must have one last look at her lost darling, give if possible some help and comfort to the distracted father. Mrs. Harding's grief was quite swallowed up in ordering expensive mourning. Looking on the emaciated form of the once lovely child and learning from the father the seclusion she was kept in, how the fond heart had yearned in vain for his love and caresses, scanned closely the shrinking step-mother, for some-

how this strong, far-seeing cousin inspired her with a dread nothing else had been able to impart, she guessed a little of the sad truth.

The funeral was over, Mrs. Harding had answered the inquiries of friends according to rule. "Yes, she had been a strange child as you say. It has been a hard task for me, but I tried to do my duty by her," with a sigh as deep as her mourning. To another who expressed surprise at so sudden a death, she replied, "Yes and so strange a death. The doctor can give no cause for it, of course we shall never know," with another sigh.

George Harding stoned with sorrow, seemed hardly cognizant of what was transpiring, as Millie was laid beside her mother. A faithful friend assisted him into his house, stood by the chair he sank into, and mourned with him as his yearning eyes sought in vain the beloved form.

A changed man from that day was George Harding. The happy, trustful spirit was gone forever and in its stead a dark, cold suspicion took possession of his nature. Millie's death seemed to open his eyes to all he had so carelessly allowed her to suffer. Outwardly, he was the same loyal husband of

Abbie Harding, but to her sorrow and at last anger, she never again could call up the trustful look of old. She had hoped that the share of love he had given to Millie would now revert to her. Bitterly was she to be disappointed. All that money could do for her happiness was hers. More than ever was she seen in public. Home became unsupportable to her. Go where she might through her elegant rooms a pair of wild, haunting eyes seemed to follow her. Did she feel remorse? No a more bitter hatred of the dead because of the change in the father, fills her fast hardening heart. She but tolerates Ned. Poor Ned, her unwise indulgence has spoiled him. He is wilful, passionate and, following her example, untruthful. Old enough now to see what he could not do when she came a pretty bride to the home. Old enough to see that she cuts short his allowance from his father, that she may lavish it upon herself, he determined to thwart her and have what he believes his dues.

To Millie, she grudged love; to Ned, she grudges money. Alas, poor human nature. They are not her own, why should she make any sacrifices for them, when their father sacrificed so much for her. He sees, too late now, the sacrifice was his children's. Sees that Ned is to be anything but what he wishes.

He takes his punishment patiently, almost hopelessly, replies to Abbie's taunt that he never cared for her with a sad smile and the answer, "Too much, Abbie, too much."

And so goes on the unhappy husband. The light of his eyes gone, confidence in his wife gone and with the continual sense that it was his own folly too that marred his home.

Ned, by the time he was eighteen, was so rebellious, so determined to have all the money he wished, as to take a large sum which his father had given to Mrs. Harding to use. A maid saw him through the nearly closed door and informed her mistress. Finding he must give up the money, he attacked the maid with fury, and had the man servant not been at hand, might have become a murderer. His father was at once summoned and succeeded

in quieting him and yielded to his oft expressed wish to go to sea. There he went and was put under the severest discipline. In his library the day after, might be seen a worn, wretched man, with fast whitening hair, arranging his desk. Suddenly he comes upon a letter, Sarah Hall's in answer to the one he wrote her, asking advice as to his second marriage. Opening it the first words that met his eyes were, "the ruin of his children."

What a groan rent his heart, as the sorrowful words fell from his lips, "true, all too true. Faithful Sarah, you would have saved me this." A long time he sits there with head dropped upon the desk, thinking of his wife at the sea shore, of the beautiful, proud girl, her daughter, born the year Millie died and just "coming out," of the torture she could have inflicted with her dominant will and deception on his sensitive darling had she lived, and thanking God she lies beside her mother, he yet murmurs as he folds the letter, "Oh, the price I paid for my folly and sin."

VOLAPÜK

„Din Gletikin Vol“

(P'efovöl.)

P'ebeginöl Babul 21 id, 1891.

Olenlogösöd blodi bäledikum, südik, levobik, sufädik, lobedik, ogudopenösöd omi demü tugs omik onoetölsid mani at, mani cilik, kel stanom muröl senedo, len yan fata omik. „Ebinom zunik “ iladöbs, „e no evilom golön ino.“ Lenlogösöd sukoti sü fat, su dunans, su beat lotas. Cedölsöd sukoti su luxamans e luxamans limödik pesekipoms se regan Göda kodu kalad nelöfik utas, kels lesgoms golön ino? Dilimamölsöd, as stud dö tempäl, logimi glunük dü plifom su ilom bloda baledikum. De kis pemekom. De glöt, zun, plid, nekemenalöl lezekök, itarelöd, luzonöf gömik, neyöföf ats binoms kosietadils lana at glüdik e nelöfik. Io dinamafs cenöl, i, ats binoms kosietadils menga badik valik.

Cedölsöd, if sins somik menga, no binoms badikum binön, 'oo, e plo votiks, binön ko, ka sins koapa.

Kristus ito no li danotom saki ven esagom „Sagob öles, das dinamels e jimejaldels gomols vifo öls in kinän sula.“ Vo plad nonik sibinom in sul plo meng sümik. Man ko tikäd somik kanom meköns suli binön misalik plo pov valik in om. Pläsf, plös, man somik pamotom denu, no kanom, balikö no kanom, nitidön in kinä sula. Bi binos lezelädik, e no omikapälöls öbi, das al nitidön in sul man mitom sumön omi ko om. Atosuo semöls kikodö tempäl binom. Din fefik no binos balikö ut, kel binom, ab ut, kel manifanom. Demu kod at no sumob libi pikön dö om ko kläif nekösömik. Binös bluf ladala, sinif, manifam nata nelöfik len stab.

John Chinaman has been having a merry time over his New Year which began January 29th.

„Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more.“—Charles F. Dumperville, Plymouth, England.

That Mare's a Kitten.

In for a hunt one Autumn day
Myself and Billy,
We hired a horse that made us pay,
A sorrel Billy,
With chuck a start ere davigit broke,
For time was precious,
We left the town with every spoke
Though nare was fractious
At eight we reached the hunter's farm,
Our man was waiting
He put the mare away from barn
And gave her lusting
We took the cart road through the brush,
The dogs were ready,
And dropped our birds with every fluch
And kept as steady
As eve advanced we'd game enough
And left the woodward
We filled the wagon with our st. fl,
And started homeward,
Our pleasant chat the hours beguile
The mare a juggling
She kept her way, mile after mile,
Not needed logging.
At dusk a wagon came in sight
The mare tilted boiling
And from the carriage we took flight
With such a jolting
We found ourselves in mud and fright
Upon the highway
We saw the horse wheel out of sight
And through a by way
Too lone to run, afraid to ride
To our regret
We worked our way where wrens oft chide
Since morn neglected,
We met the honest stableman,
"That mare's a kitten
She'll feed the flies, when e'er she can,
Yet here's what's written
For beasts like men are easy known,
And by their capers
She'd kicked to death a woman grown
I was in the papers
Yet hear the honest stableman—
In him I glory,
"She'll feed the flies, when e'er she can,"
And let us glory.

The longest road will have its bend,
When least expected,
This mare she came to her bad end
And was respected,
He let the mare, without a care,
She cost me 'leven
She broke his rest and a lined respect
He now 's in heaven.
Herr Cherrytree.

A Minister and His Children.

"The Rev. B. F. Bronson, a distinguished minister of the Baptist denomination for twenty-five years, who died recently, was one of the most prominent preachers and educators of Massachusetts, and was well known to hundreds of ministers and college professors of all denominations. Dr. Bronson had just reached three-score years and ten. The cause of his death was paralysis, from the effects of which he had suffered for two years. He leaves a daughter and four sons. One son is a professor of Greek at Cornell, another a professor of English Literature at De Pauw; one is a minister in Minnesota, and the other engaged in journalism in this city.

Most ministers' sons turn out well. Once in a while one turns out an infidel, or a rake, or a criminal, and such cases are published throughout the world. But for every such case there are many, like the sons of Dr. Bronson, who honor their ancestry and deserve well of their country."—Christian Advocate.

Ellery Bicknell Crane.

The President of the Worcester County Mechanics Association, at the end of its first half century, is a native of New Hampshire; Colebrook, Coos County, a country that is laden with Colonial and Revolutionary memories. He was born Nov. 12, 1836, but before he can remember his parents migrated to the West. His father, Robert Pruden Crane, was born in the Granite State; his grandfather was a pioneer from Bethlehem, Conn. His mother, Almira Paine Bicknell, was from Rhode Island and it is quite likely that this fact accounts for Mr. Crane's bearing, for his first name, that of one of Little Rhody's signers of the Declaration of Independence. Her father followed the sea for more than thirty years.

In the Winter following Mr. Crane's birth, his father went to Wisconsin and became one of the first settlers in Beloit. The mother and babe followed in the next Spring and the trip was so hard and exacting that she never recovered from its effects. It was before the days of railroads. Beloit was settled by the New England Emigrating Company and its agent was Dr. Horace White, father of the subsequently famous journalist of the same name. The elder Crane died in 1882, at his residence in Florida. Mrs. Crane died when her son was fifteen years old.

Though the early home was in the then extreme west, Mr. Crane had the advantages of good schools. One of the first public buildings of the village was a school house, these New Englanders appreciating its value and here Mr. Crane began, finishing in the Seminary which was the forerunner of Beloit College. Mr. Crane here took the preparation for college but did not enter.

In 1860, he accompanied an expedition to California. It was fitted out to take a drove of horses to El Dorado and the parties were five months in making the distance. They halted five weeks in Salt Lake City to recruit their numbers so as to better withstand the Indians who were exceedingly hostile. When the advance was made and they were some distance on their route, Mr. Crane and some others, impatient at the delay, went ahead, and, as it proved, without any harm. He spent two years on the Pacific Coast, pretty thoroughly exploring the same from Oregon southward. Very likely, at some future time, Mr. Crane will favor his friends with an account of these rambles which must have been fraught with interest.

He returned to the states by way of the Isthmus and landed in New York, January 1, 1862.

The way this New Hampshire, Wisconsin, California man came to reside in Massachusetts is as follows. Miss Salona A. Rawson, a native of Mendon, visited Beloit. She was a niece of the wife of Dr. Bicknell, Mr. Crane's mother's brother and before this trans-continental excursion, she had become Mr. Crane's wife. So when he came back to the East he visited her old home and no one can blame him for preferring The Old Bay to the Wolverine State. In 1863, he went to Boston in the employ of Wm. S. Perry and he came to Worcester, April 14, 1867 and opened a lumber

yard, in company with Jonathan C. French on Madison Street. Later, he bought out his partner and continued the business alone. In 1871, he located on the corner of Madison and Southbridge Streets where now is situated the Norwich and Worcester Freight Depot, and here he remained till the taking up of the tracks across the Common compelled his removal to his present location in Washington Square, where he maintains one of the largest and best equipped lumber yards in this portion of the Commonwealth. Having tried business in the different portions of this land, Mr. Crane declares that the East is just as good a section as any for the attainment of success.

Whatever his occupation, Mr. Crane has always found time to cultivate his love for the ancient and curious. One of his first literary ventures was a preparation of the genealogy of the Rawson Family which is recognized as an authority in its special line. He is also interested in the preparation of a similar record of his mother's people, the Bicknells, and he now holds ready for the press an extensive compilation on the Crane family. Besides he has been one of the most prolific of writers in the Society of Antiquity, his annual addresses being regarded as models of research and thoroughness.

Mr. Crane has been a member of the City Government, serving in both the Common Council and Board of Aldermen. In both places, he proved himself a valuable officer.

Very soon after the organization of the Society of Antiquity, he became a member and since 1881 he has been its president. Probably no one member has attended more meetings and certainly, no one has done more for the organization. From the very inception of the idea of building a hall to the day of its opening, he was unremitting in his efforts to secure its successful completion.

He joined the Mechanics Association in 1850; was made a director in 1884 and has been in office ever since, serving as Vice President in 1887-'88 to 1889-'90 and is now serving his second term as president.

Mr. Crane is a Republican in politics and, as he attained his majority just after the formation of that party, he was never anything else. His first vote for president was cast for Abraham Lincoln. His party was descending the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada and in a place, called Strawberry Hill, they were invited to vote for president, a privilege accorded to any one on very short residence, in fact none at all.

The home life of our president is very pleasant. He has constructed at 25 Richards Street as comfortable and convenient a home as this city contains. Not to mention the living rooms, let us stand a moment at the east window of the library and look out over Crystal Street to University Park, a view that cannot be shut off and then beyond that, away over factories and houses to the hills whereon sit the Academy and the residences of the Crompions and Perrys. Should we turn our attention to the books behind the glass doors we should find one of the largest and best collections on genealogical matters to be found in the state either in private or public libraries. The bent of the owner is well illustrated in his book possessions. A day off from his

business is never lost for in this workshop he finds material for infinite work and pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Crane have but one son, Morton Rawson, just past his majority, though their home is, in her school days, a home also for a cousin, Miss Mary Bicknell of the High School, Class of '78, now married and living in the West.

THE MECHANICS ASSOCIATION.

This is another instance where the whole name is quite too long for general use if it should be prefixed by "Worcester County," but nobody uses the whole term and, comparatively, few avail themselves of the possibility of belonging. It is really a Worcester City rather than County institution. April 4, 1891, this paper had an extended history of the Association along with a sketch and picture of the architect of the Hall, Mr. Elbridge Boyden. April 11th, LIGHT had a description of the paintings in the Hall, their painters and donors. To repeat the story, now, though the 5th is the 50th anniversary of the dating of the charter would not be quite the thing for these columns. It may be stated, though, that the last day of the year 1891, saw the payment of the last dollar of debt and Association and building are free.

The body is fortunate in having as its president at this time a gentleman who has given so much time to historical matters and to whom the preparation of a history of the Association has proved more a pleasure than a labor. That it is a clear and authoritative statement of facts goes without saying.

Of those who belonged at the beginning, the following are living today,

Samuel Davis, 55 Kendall,
Warren Williams, 8 Ashland,
Nathan A. Lombard, 62 West,
Elbridge G. Partridge, 67 Chatham,
James S. Woodworth, 14 Vine,
George W. Russell, 11 Harvard,
Perrigine B. Gilbert, 45 Chatham,
Edward L. Brigham, 28 Portland,
Wm. T. Merrifield, 76 Highland,
Albert Curtis, 38 Webster,
Loring Coes, 1049 Main,
James L. Estey, 27 William.

The following list includes the presidents from the beginning,

William Wheeler, 1842, 43, 44;
Ichabod Washburn, 1845, 46;
Freeman Upham, 1847, 48;
Samuel Davis, 1849;
Ezra D. Dunbar, 1850;
William T. Merrifield, 1851;
Albert Tolman, 1852, 53;
Henry S. Washburn, 1854, 55, 56, 57;
George M. Rice, 1858, 59;
Timothy K. Earle, 1859;
Richard Ball, 1861, 62, 63;
William B. Taber, 1864;
James A. Whipple, 1865;
Edwin Morse, 1866;
Jos. H. Walker, 1867, 68;
Philip L. Moen, 1868, 69;
Alzirus Brown, 1870;
Pinehas Ball, 1871;
Dorrance S. Goddard, 1872, 73;
Charles H. Fitch, 1874, 75;
George S. Barton, 1876, 77;
Edwin T. Marble, 1878, 79;
Samuel D. Nye, 1880, 81;
Charles G. Rice, 1882;
William J. D'Algo, 1883, 84;
Samuel E. Hildreth, 1885, 86;
Samuel Winslow, 1886, 87;
Robert H. Chamberlain, 1888, 89, 90;
Ellery B. Crane, 1891, 92.

These lists are worthy of more than a passing glance. Samuel Davis is one of the two

surviving selectmen of the town of Worcester, Albert Curtis the other. N. A. Lombard, George W. Russell, Wm. T. Merrifield, Albert Curtis and Loring Coes are, today, as they have been for many years, prominent in Worcester industries. Elbridge G. Partridge holds some of the best real estate in the city while James L. Estey still stands at his case and sets type.

Samuel Davis is the senior ex-president living and as for the others, were the average citizen to be asked to name twenty men who in an industrial way had set their seal on the city, he would include three-fourths of those named in the list. Here are four ex-mayors, and there are ex-members of the city government in great numbers. Many have died, but the majority are still active in affairs.

Elbridge Hoyden, the architect of the Association's magnificent hall still lives and daily looks upon the product of his taste and skill. Elbridge G. Partridge, the first treasurer, is still active and able to look after funds, while several members of the building committee are yet active business men.

Our city has many and excellent institutions, some that are known further away from home than the Mechanics Association, but there is no one that has done so much to enable labor as this one whose half century we celebrate. Were Worcester to change her seal and to substitute any thing for the heart, so long emblazoned, that something should be the bared arm of the mechanic with hammer in hand. Charles Martel was the "Hammer" of France and the Arm and Hammer have made our Heart of the Commonwealth. They have beaten down poverty and want and have pounded out fortunes and fame. All else in Worcester is a result, mechanical industry is the direct and only cause. Far better than the drawn and uplifted sword of our Commonwealth are the insignia of industry that the Association and hall have dignified. When Worcester nobility in the future, seeks pedigree, let it be proud to find the names of ancestors on the rolls of the Association and machinery, emblazoned, should form as proud an escutcheon as implements of war, argent.

The Busts and Pictures.

Ye who frequently ascend the stairs and spend hours in Mechanics Hall, do you know by whose faces and figures you are surrounded?

When you push open the storm doors at the head of the first flight of stairs you see at the left the bust of Ichabod Washburn, made by Benj. H. Kinney, and at the right that of Wm. A. Wheeler, by the same artist.

Go into Secretary Smith's office and see Kinney's bust of John Goodnow and his medallion of Col. Alex. De Witt, late of Oxford, and also the excellent copy of Stuart's Washington made by Emma M. Judkins of Cambridge.

But the chief glories are in the main or upper hall. At the right of the organ is Thomas Badger's copy of Stuart's Faneuil Hall picture of Washington, presented by Ichabod Washburn and Stephen Salisbury.

At the left is Billing's life size picture of Abraham Lincoln, given by the Bay State Shoe and Leather Company.

From the east end of the hall, north side, the faces are as follows:

Ichabod Washburn, by Wight, bought by the Association, 1870.

Henry W. Miller, Billings, given by Mr. Miller in 1891.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Billings, Bay State Shoe and Leather Company, 1868.

Henry Wilson, Edgar Parker, presented by E. A. Goodnow.

James B. Blake, Willard, fellow citizens. Reading from the west end of the south side, we find:

Col. George H. Ward, Billings, Fifteenth Regiment.

James A. Garfield, Parker, given by E. A. Goodnow.

John A. Andrew, Billings, Bay State Shoe and Leather Company.

Benjamin Walker, Billings, presented by his daughter, Mrs. L. G. White.

Wm. A. Wheeler, Harris, ordered by the Association, 1876.

All these works of art, so pertinent to Worcester history are described, at length, in LIGHT for April 11, 1891. Copies can be had at the office.

THE LABORER.

WM. D. CALLAGHER

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God—who more
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm!
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What thou art—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among
As such a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee!
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No,—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus check'd.

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
Their chain thee to thy lowly lot
Thy labor and thy life accursed,
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great?—what better thee than thou
As thine, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
N glected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not 'tis but dust
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust,
And water, may despite the lust
Of both, a noble mind.

With this, and passions unduly ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man
Look up, then, that thy little span
(Of life may be well trod!

—Selected.

Mr. Francis B. Winter, who died recently in Boston, nearly ninety three years old, was a "Pilgrim of the Pilgrims," his grandmother being the granddaughter of John and Priscilla Alden. He was the oldest member of the Charitable Mechanic Association.

William A. Smith.

Much good comes from continued and earnest effort and this the Association has had in the person of its efficient secretary and treasurer, who rounds out twenty-one consecutive years of service in this position. Twenty-one years is a significant number among English speaking people and not a few persons remark with pleasure that Mr. Smith, as secretary and treasurer, attains his majority while the Association is half a century old. Unless prevented by illness, he is as regularly and as constantly in his place as any bank officer in the country. His care and judicious management have had no little to do with the financial success that attends the present celebration.

Mr. Smith is a native of Leicester, one of the many people who have forsaken the hills for the lower regions of the city. His father, John A. Smith, was from Rutland but early settled in Leicester where he was a card clothing maker. His mother was a Sargent, a member of that time honored family so long connected with Leicester, his great grandmother being the lady, noted by Washburn, who melted her clock weights to make bullets for the Revolutionary Army.

He fitted for college at the Leicester Academy and at Derby Academy in Hingham, though in the latter institution, he spent only a few months. He was graduated from Harvard in 1843 and, at once, began the study of law with Ex-Governor Emory Washburn and Judge Francis H. Dewey, both now deceased. Later, he was in practice with Mr. Dewey till he was made Assistant Clerk of Courts, a place which he held for eighteen years, being the first occupant of that office. Too close attention to business resulted in ill health and to improve the same he took a trip to Europe.

On his return, he became agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, a place that he held for seventeen years. He began his duties in this direction in 1869 and two years afterward added to them those of secretary of the Mechanics Association. Besides these two offices he was for five years secretary of the Masonic Mutual Relief Association, but for some time the duties of his Mechanics Association work have absorbed all his time and strength.

Mr. Smith is a member of the American Antiquarian Society and in Masonry has taken the 33d degree. He belongs to Montecute Lodge, Worcester Royal Arch Chapter, Hiram Council Royal and Select Masters, Worcester County Encampment of Knights Templar, Worcester Grand Lodge of Perfection and Lawrence Chapter of Rose Croix. He took his 33, Dec. 20, 1864.

In his church relations he is a member of Grace M. E. Church and a class leader there, in one of the most responsible and exacting positions that a layman can hold. In politics, he is a Republican and has been a very valuable member of the School Board and was the clerk of the Common Council thirteen years, being the first ward officer sworn in after the taking of a city charter.

His home is on Harvard Street, No. 5, where he passes such time as duty will permit, surrounded by books, representing many years of collecting. His collection of envel-

opes, bearing on the War of Rebellion, is one of the largest in the city. With his excellent wife, who was Miss Eliza H. Howe of this city, life at 5 Harvard Street is filled with pleasure. They have two sons, William S. and Charles E., both engaged in business in Worcester.

In the management of every detail of Association work, Mr. Smith is very vigilant. Works of Art, Library, Reading Room, Halls, all are special objects of care. The Library has increased largely under his direction and now numbers more than 10,000 volumes. The Reading Room, with its well supplied files is a resort for many. The hall, itself, is a mighty monument of enterprise and industry and in all the jubilation incidents thereto, LIGHT wants some recollection to be had of the work done in all these years by the secretary and treasurer.

"To Raise Ned."

Some stories are almost too good to be true but this one is both true and good for the writer has known from childhood one of its heroines, a young married lady of Lowell. The Rev. Chandler Robbins was renowned for his wit and his readiness in using it on all occasions; he also entertained pronouncedly adverse views on second marriages and therefore when a young widow in his congregation thought of trying married life a second time, she dreaded telling him. However, she sent for him, and after some preliminaries she began: "Mr. Robbins, I think of changing my condition." "H'm," grunted Mr. Robbins, "Isn't your condition good enough for you?" "Well," said the lady, "as my little Edward grows older, I feel he needs a father's hand—" "Oh," interrupted the divine, "so you're going to get married to raise Ned!" The story was widely repeated and laughed over in more towns than the little town of Framingham, where it occurred. Many years later, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the novelist, was a guest at a small dinner, and, apropos of something, exclaimed: "That reminds me of a story of Mr. Robbins," and she proceeded to relate the "raising Ned" story, concluding, "I don't know that there is any truth in it, but I tell it as I heard it." Her vis-a-vis at table laughed. "It's not only true Mrs. Whitney, she said," but the daughter of that very lady is before you. It was my mother who married 't to raise Ned.'"—Boston Gazette.

Arbutus.

Frederic A. Tupper, once a teacher in the High School of this city, now principal of Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, has, in the *Greenfield Gazette*, for Jan. 30, a very fine metrical version of "The Origin of the Arbutus" read before the last meeting of the American Folk Lore Society by the Hon. C. E. Belknap of Michigan. It trips along, merrily, to the meter of Hiawatha. Seemingly, Mr. Tupper never did a better piece of poetic work.

Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: "Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

Entertainments.

Lothrop's Opera House.

"The Two Wanderers," a stirring melodrama, has been played to large audiences at the Pleasant Street Opera House this week. Miss Ethel Tucker as Rosalie Vernon, was well received, as was also Charles Barringer in the character of Clarence Bloomfield. The last performance will be given this afternoon and evening.

The Katherine Rober Company will make its appearance next week in Duncan B. Harrison's "Paymaster," which met with an enthusiastic reception in the large cities of the country some time ago. Tickets can be obtained for any performance one week in advance.

Dramatic Notes.

Ethel Tucker will be seen in the leading character in "Leah, the Forsaken," the week commencing February 21st.

Miss Katherine Rober is still ill. She has had a protracted attack of influenza.

Leland T. Powers is having great success in impersonating the characters of Boucicault's "Shaughraun."

Richard Mansfield is credited with making the following remark recently to a prominent Chicago newspaper man: "The papers make or break a theatrical enterprise. A line of any sort in them is worth many square feet of lettering on the wall." Right you are, Richard.

So Smith Russell is coining money in "Peaceful Valley."

George Hanlon, of the famous Hanlon Brothers, has left the stage and become a member of the Presbyterian Church. He may enter the ministry.

Manager Lothrop has secured the New England rights for producing Roland Reed's "Cheek" and "Humbag." The Boston Theater successes "Mankind" and "Silver Falls," and Bobby Gaylor's comedy, "An Irish Arab," will also be seen at the Pleasant Street Opera House the coming month.

Eugenie Blair, the wife of Robert Downing, is a charming woman, and one of the most talented leading ladies on the stage. She is tall, willowy and graceful, with large, expressive eyes, a wealthy profusion of beautiful brown hair, and a manner that is delightfully engaging. She is withal a thoroughly practical woman, mapping out her husband's engagements and attending to the minor details of the business of their company with the carefulness and shrewdness of an expert manager.

A pretty face, an extremely bad divorce court record, and lack of intelligence, have placed a number of actresses in the profession during the past ten years. But it is a hard life. Mrs. Leslie Carter is at present endeavoring to pay a four months' hack bill of over \$1,000 and live in style at a first-class hotel on the small salary of \$50 a week.

Arthur Moulton of the "Hoss and Hoss" Company, is to star next season. "Dombey and Son" will be produced at the Boston Museum in magnificent style in the near future.

Julia Marlowe is filling a most successful engagement, both artistically and financially, in Shakespearean comedy at the Hollis Street Theater in Boston this week.

The Convalescent Gripster.

FROM THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

The gods let slip that fendish grip
Upon me last week Sunday—
No fiercer storm than racked my form
Ere swept the Bay of Fundy;
But, now, goodby
To drugs, say I—
Goody to gnawing sorrow;
I'm up today,
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out tomorrow!

What aches and pain in bones and brain
I had, I need not mention;
It seemed to me a such pangs must be
Old Satan's own invention;
Albeit I
Was sure I'd die,

The doctor reassured me—
And, true enough,
With his vile stuff,
He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,
How fair outside looked to me I
A smile so mild old Nature smiled
It seemed to warm clean through me.

In chaste-od mood
The scene I viewed,
Inventing, sadly solus,
Fantastic rhymes
Between the times
I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs

I guess I took a million—
Such drugs as seem to set each nerve
To dancing a cotillon;

The doctors say
The only way
To rout the grip-Instanter

Is to pour in
All kinds of sin—
Similibus curantur!

'Twas hard; and yet I'll soon forget
Those ills and cures distressing;
One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies
When one is convalescing!

So, now, goodby
To drugs say I—
Goody, thou phantom Sorrow!
I'm up today,
And, whoop, hooray!
I'm going out tomorrow.

Mr. Gorman.

"Mr. Gorman of Maryland is said to be one of the most temperate of senators," notes Harper's Weekly, "as he is one of the most domestic. He finds his keenest enjoyment in his home life, and does not often leave his family circle in the evening. It is reputed to be the senator's practice to read aloud to his family, and after they have retired to bed to continue his reading into the night, for he likes the companionship of books, and felt most severely the loss he suffered by the burning of his fine library at Laurel."

Somehow or other, this description fits pretty accurately a famous Democrat of Worcester. He has filled all sorts of offices, but he loves his books best of all. Can you guess who it is?

Chili is the woman's Utopia. It is one of the few countries in the world in which women are possessed of full political rights. Every woman over twenty-one can vote on all questions. The street cars are all conducted by women, too. The native women have not good opportunities for education, but they are said to be possessed of fair mental ability and boast of one woman doctor. In manner they are modest and dignified, in person small and delicate.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS SOAP.



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Durable!
Odorless!
Clean!

It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel.
Use - 100 lbs. at
per hr. for fuel.

Manufactured
in France.

TRY ONE.

With this iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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on commission.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE permanently eradicated by the ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no
excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain
upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make
her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently re-
moved. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

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- Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
- Hair Cutting, 15c.
- Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all
the latest styles. Wig making a speciality.

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Classes in Physical Culture now forming, only \$3.00
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ing at 7:30. Children's Class Saturday afternoon at 4.

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societies, etc.

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Mr. J. E. Comerford, of Boston, Director.

Branch of Tremont School of Boston. Meets every
Friday at Art Students' Club, Rooms Nos. 201-203
Walker Bldg., No. 41 Mall St. For booklets, etc., apply
at Rooms on Friday addresses.
J. J. KELLS, Local Manager, P. O. Box 1300.

DR. ARTHUR W. ELDRON,

a graduate of the Dental Department of Har-
vard University and now an instructor in the
same institution, announces in his friends and
the public the opening of an office in Room
28, Clark's Block.

Office Hours: A. M., 9:12 - P. M., 1:30 - 5.
except Mondays. Worcester, Feb. 3, 1892.

About Folks.

Hon. T. C. Bates may now add to his other
titles that of member of the New England
Historic Genealogical Society.

At the Williams College Alumni meeting in
Boston, Wednesday night, Colonel W. S. B.
Hopkins of this city was elected president for
the ensuing year.

Mr. R. C. Taylor has added to his already
extensive real estate possessions the Hotel
Warwick property in Springfield.

Miss Orrie A. Robinson has gone to West
boro to enter the employ of the C. Barnard
Company.

The second of the series of subscription as-
semblies was held in Colonial Hall last eve-
ning.

General J. W. Kimball, state auditor, and
during the war Colonel of the 53d Infantry,
was elected a member of the Loyal Legion
last Wednesday evening.

Senator Hoar.

The recent extremely hard work of the Sen-
ator in connection with the trial of Washburn
& Moen Company against the city has result-
ed in trouble with his eyes and now he must
give them a rest for a season.

A Curious Coincidence.

At the meeting of the Local Union of Chris-
tian Endeavor Societies, held at the Church
of Christ Tuesday evening, in observance of
the eleventh anniversary of Christian Endeavor,
a pocketbook was found, having two com-
partments, in each of which were eleven cents.

The Legislature.

This body convened Jan. 6, but not till Feb.
4 were its numbers complete. Two members-
elect, Mr. Almy of Cambridge and Ambrose of
Southboro had resigned their respective posi-
tions. New elections were ordered and, Wed-
nesday, Dr. Nichols of Westboro and Mr. Mc
Lean appeared in the House and were qual-
ified. But even now, the body is not full for
several parties are absent on sick leave. How-
ever, so long as a quorum is present business
will progress. Thus far there has been very
little talk.

The Electric Road.

The people along this road had never known
how valuable the electric connection was till
it stopped one day. For more than ten days
they managed to drag along in the old barge-
s and coaches, finding fault with such ways of
"getting there." Then, on Monday last, the
road resumed and "Richard was himself
again." If there is one prayer along the Leis-
ter and Spencer Railroad, more fervent than
another, it is that there may be no more break
downs.

Willie "What makes you come to our
house so often, Mr. Hankinson?" Do you want
to marry our Irene?" Miss Irene (taken by
surprise, but realizing with rare presence of
mind that Mr. Hankinson has got to say some-
thing now) Willie, you impertinent boy,
leave the room!"

ROGERS' BREAD

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Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass

A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States, descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

Through the halls there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, marshal of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guests and meats whenever in they came
And knew them how to order without blame,
—Spenser.

A good consommé soup is made as follows: Take two pounds of lean beef and two pounds of veal, and cut it into pieces about an inch square. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the soup kettle and let it brown, then put in the meat and stir until the meat is nicely browned; next add two quarts of water, bring slowly to boiling heat, and then simmer for four hours. Now add a few such vegetables as you prefer, a piece of bay leaf, salt, and pepper, and simmer one hour longer. Strain through a sieve, let cool, remove the fat, and when wanted for the table heat it up for use.
E. G.

A Delayed Luncheon.

The Old Hadley Landlord—"Jimmy, run upstairs, quick, an' ask your mother for the 'Home Book on Etiketty.'" Jimmy—"Whatcher want to find?" The Landlord—"That gent has just asked for some connysum-an', an' I want ter find whether its bird, beast, 'r jest napkin."
Cocoa Cake.

One large cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, a spoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of breakfast cocoa, and one spoonful of vanilla extract; flour to make a batter as for pound cake. As this is stirred in, two cups of English currants must be added. These should be well washed and looked over. Bake in two deep tins, and cover with the following frosting: One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, and a spoonful of butter. Boil five minutes, and pour it over a spoonful of cocoa, in a deep bowl. Stir until creamy and almost cold, and quickly cover the cake. It takes the place of fruit cake very acceptably, and is not expensive. Two eggs may be added, but are not necessary.

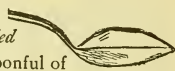
Cocoanut Tablets.

Crean one cup sugar and one-half of butter, add two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, add two cups of flour sifted with two spoonfuls of baking powder. Stir until this is smooth and fine-grained. Lastly add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth and a teaspoonful of either lemon or rose. Fill three bright, one pound, tin baking-powder cans each nearly half full of the cake mixture and bake slowly. When baked, remove the cakes carefully from the cans. Each should present a white cylindrical appearance unless the oven proved too hot. Cover each cake with frosting, either boiled or uncooked, and then roll in cocoanut. When used cut in slices or rounds one-half inch thick. MRS. CORA BLACKMAN.

Date Cake.

One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the yolks of four eggs, one cup of milk, two large cups of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, a spoonful of almond flavoring, and one-half pound of dates, chopped fine. Bake in long sheets about two inches thick. Ice thickly, and place the dates, (with the stones removed) at equal distances upon it. Cut it in squares when ready to serve.

One rounded teaspoonful of



Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does better work

than a heaping teaspoonful of any other. Cleveland's is wholesome, leavens best and leavens most.



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Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 8.

Matinee Every Day at 2. Evenings at 7.30.

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Will appear in a magnificent production of the famous military melodrama, in 5 acts, by the eminent author-actor, Duncan B. Harrison, Esq., entitled:

THE * PAYMASTER.

Ethel Milley, the heiress. Miss Katherine Robert Robert Emmet O'Connor, the Paymaster, Max Freeman
With all the favorites in the cast, under the personal direction of Mr. H. Percy Meldon. A farce by the comedy company opens each performance.

Two--Performances Daily--Two

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Fashions.

Dame Fashion, From February "Table Talk."

Fashion, like people, refuses to let well enough alone. The low table decorations were so beautiful, with their graceful baskets, swans, bowls, etc., resting upon mirrors or lovely embroidery provided for them. With their freight of blossoms, they needed no improvement. How welcome they were, leaving face as well as voice to add to the charm of conversation. But a new edict has commanded a change, and every cierge, high vase, standard, etc., has been taken from closet shelves and relieved of dust, and restored to favor for decorative purposes. Fruit and flowers will be arranged in high forms, and we shall lose the pleasant smile and changing expression of our opposite, and have only glimpses now and then through sprays of maiden-hair fern, flowers, etc., exalted in position, while they were just as sweet in a lowly one, and we are the sufferers thereby.

Various kinds of ribbon are imitated in enamel, ottoman, gros-grain, moire and even gauze, and an artistic belt buckle in shaded enamel imitates a width of surah twisted into a sailor knot. A great advantage of these enameled trinkets is that they can be procured to match the color of any costume.

The Russian boot is a veritable boon for women who suffer with chilled feet indoors. It is fashioned of red felt ther, flannel-lined and edged at the top with narrow black fur. An odd nickel chain fastens across the instep.

Hand made aprons are the fancy of the hour. Hem stitching is applied to hems and above the tucks, three tucks being usually allowed. Perpendicular tucks adorn many dainty aprons, and lace edged ruffles are favorite decorations.

Small bodice squares of silk muslin, beautifully embroidered in dainty-colored silks, will be "tucked in" at the waist fastening, and will lend a pretty dash of color to a sombre street costume.

Smocking is still a popular mode of adding style to children's dresses, but it should not be overdone. Instead of making use of this effect on waist and sleeves both, merely content yourself with four or five rows at the throat, and resort to other modes of garniture to complete the scheme of trimming.

House dresses for girls of six or eight years to wear in the morning are two and a half breadths of cashmere,—brown, violet or green, falling free in wrapper fashion from a round yoke so shallow that it is entirely concealed by a deep, round collar of white nainsook, doubled and edged with a two-inch frill. Velvet ribbon two inches wide starts in a point in the middle of the back at the end of the yoke, and comes down the sides to point in front below the waist, where a rosette is set. This confines the front, and leaves the back flowing. The full low-topped sleeves have deep white cuffs matching the collar.

At the weekly meeting of the Worcester County Horticultural Society, next Thursday afternoon at 2 30 o'clock, B. W. Potter will read a paper on "Our Dwellings and their Environs." The usual discussion will follow.

MR. DANIEL F. GAY

has the honor to announce that

PADEREWSKI

will play one recital in

ASSOCIATION * HALL,

ELM STREET,

Monday Eve., Feb. 22, '92.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Music Store of

C. L. Gorham & CO., 454 Main St.,

on and after Tuesday, February 16, 1892.
Subscribers can choose seats February 13th, at 9 a. m.

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"Seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are taught the languages of those people who have been the most industrious after wisdom."—Milton.

From the Report to the legislature of the Lyman School for Boys. If such work as described here be good for bad boys, why should it not be an excellent thing for good boys?

"If the reform school fail to awaken an interest in some better mode of life it can do the boy little service; but if his restless ingenuity can be engaged in legitimate work, he may be set to devising legitimate ways to achieve success such as his fascinating newspaper heroes have achieved by crooked ways, and there is some hope for a true reformation. If, for instance, instead of being punished for whittling his desk he can be taught to apply a jack-knife and then other tools to make out of a rough board a well formed and complete article, one motive for misconduct is removed; he is set to work upon what he thoroughly enjoys, and, to his surprise, he no longer feels himself an outlaw. The "Educational Sloyd," which has for two years been employed in the school, differs from the instruction that can be obtained in an ordinary carpenter's shop in providing a systematic series of lessons which require of the pupil practical exercises in multiplication, division and fractions. He must discover for himself how many inches make an inch and how many sixteenths there are in a foot; by a carefully planned progression which he is able to comprehend, he is taught a new process with each tool. Any imperfection in measurement or in execution brings its own penalty in results which he can see and which he cannot evade, and according to his faithfulness, or his heedlessness the completed work, whether a simple wedge or a dove-tail joint, becomes a source of satisfaction or of regret. He is now prepared to apply his skill to common carpentering, cabinet making or other trades.

At each step the work of the school-room is related to that of manual training. Preliminary work in clay modelling and drawing prepares the pupil to understand the principles familiarly recognized in the workshop. Besides learning what any country-bred boy would be ashamed not to know about the grain of the wood and other practical matters, his eye is trained to a nicer perception and his hand to a nicer skill. His observation lessons now become interesting as he studies the bean-plant in embryo and at various stages of growth, sketching it as well as he can, and describing it in his written exercise. The habit of thus recording what he has himself observed prepares him to reproduce what he gathers from reading upon any subject in which he is interested. The importance to this class of boys of forming a taste for good reading can hardly be overstated. Biographical sketches compiled from

various sources and read at the close of the Summer term, showed that many of the Lyman School boys had been reading and studying intelligently and with a purpose."

Chicago University calls Prof. John W. White, professor of Greek in Harvard, and offers him \$7,000 per year. Money will make the Professor as well as the mare go.

Amherst.

The Junior promenade, one of the pleasantest features of social life in Amherst, took place last Wednesday in the gymnasium and was preeminently successful. The gymnasium was very prettily decorated by the florists and upholsterers, and was gay with music and dancing until the early morning. Many familiar Worcester faces were seen among the dancers, both of ladies and gentlemen. The affair was a great success, socially and financially. In the afternoon preceding the promenade, an afternoon tea was given at the Alpha Delta Phi, which was attended by about one hundred people.

The dormitories at Amherst have so long been a standing joke among all acquainted with the college that it seems almost strange to think that Amherst does really have a dormitory now which can compare favorably with those of other colleges. "South College," under the direction of Mr. G. Henry Whitcomb, has been entirely remodeled in the interior: at an expense not far from \$15000. During the Summer a cellar was dug beneath the building and new foundations, practically, laid. Large boilers were then put in to supply steam heat to the entire building. The interior plan of the dormitory has been extensively changed, the old single rooms now constituting suites of two and three rooms with the best conveniences in the way of closets and light. Each chamber is provided also with set bowls, and, in fact, the plumbing and heating have been done throughout with great care. New floors of birch have been laid throughout and the stairways have been rebuilt; while in each study a cheery looking fireplace makes the room seem bright and homelike. No rooms are occupied, as yet, owing to the delay in finishing the building but it is expected that next year the rooms will be taken, mostly by members of the Freshman class.

Professor Anson D. Morse, for several years professor of history, has resigned on account of ill health and his position is filled by Professor Grosvenor, for many years a teacher in Robert College, Constantinople.

Harvard.

Having met Yale in joint debate at Cambridge, and having on that occasion won an overwhelming victory on home soil, Harvard is now preparing to enter the enemy's country. The second debate will occur March 25, at New Haven, and the question will be,

"RESOLVED, That immigration to the United States should be restricted."

Yale prefers the negative and is allowed that side. The Harvard debaters fear that Yale has reserved her best speakers for the New Haven contest.

Twelve Harvard students are entered for the Worcester Athletic Club games at the Rink this evening.

C. A. Gray is singing first bass on the Freshman Glee Club.

Candidates for the base ball nine are practicing out-of-doors, when there is not too much snow on the ground.

The mid-year examinations are now in full blast.

Chicago University offers Prof. John Williams White of Harvard \$7,000 annual salary if he will take charge of the Greek department in the new college.

Polytechnic.

The past week has been one of suspended animation. Boys exercising their feet with the George Washington war dance, have furnished the animation, and President Fuller the suspension. The five Preps, who in railroad parlance "walked the carpet" last week Thursday were suspended until Tuesday. It has become a regular thing for students to give the G. W. at the head of the chapel stairs, and a Senior also was suspended a day or two ago for indulging there. As usual his exile was short and the next day he triumphantly walked into the chapel amid the applause of his classmates.

Four Tech men, Smith, '92, Gallagher, Whipple and Harris '94, are entered for the bean-pot race at the rink tonight. Derby, '93, is also entered in the pole vault. It seems rather queer that despite the fact '93 won the Cross Country Run Championship last Spring, it should not have a single representative in tonight's running contests.

The Athletic Association held a meeting Tuesday noon and elected J. H. Wallace, '92, baseball manager, and F. A. Morse, '92, manager of the Institute Inter-collegiate team. A committee consisting of E. W. Marshall, '93, H. W. Bracken, '92, E. L. Burdick, '94, and G. Denny, '95, was appointed to look up and report upon the feasibility of an entertainment sometime in March, to be given by members of the Institute for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The idea is to repeat with some necessary modifications, the entertainment at ninety-three's half way supper, which made such a hit, and add to it quartet, banjo-music and other features. Perhaps follow the whole with dancing. There is no doubt the Institute has lots of good material from which to pick, and the affair if held will undoubtedly be a great success.

The class of ninety-five has elected the following officers: President, C. A. Harrington; vice-president, F. W. Parks; secretary, H. J. Fuller; treasurer, A. H. Warren; athletic director, H. S. Davis. The Preps evidently intend to stand in well with the authorities, at least the mayor's son for president and the principal's son for secretary, looks that way.

It is very likely that Dadmun, who failed to graduate last June, will return this Spring, and make up his conditions, and there is also a chance of Taylor's doing the same. If these two men do return, the Institute will have the same Inter-collegiate team as a year ago with the exception of Dunbar, '91, who did nothing, in addition to a large number of crack new men. This fact and the early enthusiasm over the sports already displayed, seem to promise Worcester a fine showing in May.

The Tech Elect has chosen the following officers for the next half year all from '93:

President, N. M. Paull; vice-president, E. W. Vaill; secretary, T. S. Perkins; member of executive committee, Nathan Rice. Dr. Kimball began last Tuesday night a series of ten minute talks upon the dynamo.

Mt. Holyoke.

The evening of February 2d, the Amherst Glee and Banjo Clubs were given a reception by the Sophomores. The concert by the young men was not much of a variation from that given a year ago, but was a success.

Mademoiselle Vilzthum von Eckstadt will conduct a party limited to fourteen through France, Italy, Spain and Switzerland next Summer. The itinerary is an attractive one and Mademoiselle's acquaintance with Europe insures a successful and enjoyable trip.

A diamond shaped pin in black enamel with gold letters Xi Phi Deltamarks the members of a new literary society.

Miss Anna L. Gould of Portland has pronounced valedictorian of the Senior class.

High School.

Numerous changes have been made in the course of study for the rest of the year.

Mr. Perry has changed his astronomy classes for those in geology.

Miss Trumble has taken charge of the botany classes while Mr. Jenkins of Dix Street School is taking charge of her geometry classes for the present.

Mr. Gardner has exchanged the study of political economy for that of civil government for the rest of the year.

A class in English Literature has been formed to make an advanced study of it, proceeding in something the same manner as hitherto.

Classes assembled in the hall Monday morning as usual again this week. Owing to the temperature of the hall and to the illness of Mr. Richards, the classes had not met for three consecutive Mondays.

Wesleyan.

A committee has been appointed to arrange for a college banquet on Washington's birthday. The one held last year was a marked success and it is hoped that this one will be all that the committee expect.

A wave of religious interest has swept over the college of late and half hour meetings have been held every night for the past three weeks with good results. On Thursday, Jan. 28, Rev. Mr. Frost of Brooklyn preached in the college chapel and a meeting was held in the evening in the Y. M. C. A. room, it being the day of prayer for colleges.

Rev. Wallace MacMullen of Springfield, Mass., delivered a very able and effective address in the college chapel on Wednesday, Jan. 20. It is not often we have a visit from a man who among young men is so popular, and who is also an earnest and thoughtful speaker.

The regular Senior oratoricals were held on Tuesday last when many of the city people availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the orations.

On Monday, Jan. 18, the Gamma Phi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet at the

chapter house and appropriate ceremonies.

The Middletown Chapter of Alpha Delta is planning to give an afternoon tea on the Saturday before Washington's birthday.

Jeremiah D. Burns.

The class of 1882 at the High School had a large number of very bright and capable young people and among them the clear cut, earnest features of "Jerry" Burns stand out brightly. His teachers cannot forget his manly behavior nor the honest way he had with everything that pertained to his school life. Though he may not have had the robust bearing of some of his associates, certainly no one suspected that Death would claim him at so early an age. From the High School he went to Holy Cross College, whence he was graduated in 1885. He has, since, taught in the evening schools. He died Thursday at the age of 28 years, 6 mos and 20 days. A good boy gone home. His mother preceded him to the Spirit land. His father and sister survive him. The funeral takes place today, Saturday at his late residence, 91 Green, with requiem High Mass at St. John's Church at 9 a.m. A wide circle of friends lament his early death.

Mr. William Hunt.

This former Worcester resident died suddenly, Saturday, last, in Providence. Mr. Hunt was a native of Manchester, England, where he was born in December, 1823. He came to this country in 1859, settling first in Providence. He came to this city in 1866 and continued to reside here till 1872. Since then he has resided in Baltimore and Wilmington, Delaware, but for the last two years his home has been in Providence.

His business was that of a thread manufacturer though for two years past he has been connected with the Mannville Covering Company.

Seven children survive him, all of whom save James W. Hunt, Worcester's assistant postmaster, reside in Providence. Robert H., now connected with the Standard Oil Company, and Emily were formerly pupils in our High School. The church affiliations of the family were with the Baptist denomination.

Mr. Hunt had been, to some extent, a sufferer from kidney difficulties for the last two years and was just recovering from an attack of La Grippe; but he and his family had no apprehensions of danger. He awoke, Saturday and went about his usual duties, but dropped to the floor of the kitchen, dying instantly, presumably of heart disease, effected doubtless by his late ailment. The funeral was held at his late home, Wednesday at 1 p.m.

Society of Antiquity.

The regular meeting of this organization was held last Tuesday night at the new hall in Salisbury Street. Mr. F. L. Hutchins of this city furnished the principal item of the evening's entertainment in an account of the rise and growth of Volapuk. Thomas T. Kent and Herbert E. Chandler were elected to full membership. George L. Sanford and William E. Sawtelle were proposed.

Levi H. Turner of Maine addressed the Single Tax League last Thursday evening.

KEM-KOM
KEM-KOM
KEM-KOM
KEM-KOM
KEM-KOM

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION. By the virtue of a decree of sale made and a deed of mortgage of Philip T. Marple, of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a Corporation, duly established in Worcester in the County of Worcester and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated November 15, 1894, and recorded with the State Register of Deeds, Book 219, Page 29, and for a portion of the contents in said deed continued, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Tuesday, February 28, 1900, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the property conveyed by said deed of mortgage as follows:

A parcel of land and the buildings on the same, in the said Worcester and bounded and described as follows: Situated in a street just west of the corner of land now or late of W. B. Case, on the westerly side of Orient Street, and lying easterly from the Clarence Street car rail. The same easterly to Court Street, sixty six feet; thence westerly to a line, one hundred feet and six inches; to a stake on lot 24; thence northerly, sixty six feet; to W. C. Gage's land; thence easterly sixty six feet to the line of the beginning. Containing about one square foot. This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, liens, or assessments of whatsoever sort. Fifty dollars in money must be paid down at the time and place of sale, and the rest of the purchase money in delivery of the deed within ten days.

The Home Co-operative Bank,
By F. J. DUGAN, its Attorney,
H. A. CARRIGAN, Auctioneer,
117 State Street, Worcester, Mass.

F. P. Douglas of the Bay State House has been threatened with the pneumonia. He is now better.

Miss Mary E. Whipple of the High School has been granted leave of absence for the remainder of the year. Miss Trumbull is now hearing Miss Whipple's classes while Principal Jenkins of the Dix Street School takes Miss Trumbull's place.

The Friday Morning Club gave a musicale at Mrs. Jerome Marlle's residence, Harvard Street, last week Friday evening.

Superintendent of Buildings, Charles H. Peck, and several other gentlemen of Worcester have been made honorary members of the Kansas City Veterans.

Miss Mary O'Connor.

As Marie Laurens, this young lady is maintaining her excellent reputation in Baker's Opera Company. Worcester is proud of her sons and daughters who win fame and renown.

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Household.

The fire is burning gayly,
The kettle sings its best;
All things are bright and cheerful
Here in our sweet home nest.
There's nothing now, my baby,
To do for you and me,
But just to watch for someone
Coming home to tea.

But there are those, my darling—
Aye, in this very street—
Whose ears have lost the music
Of homeward hast'ning feet,
Oh pity, and remember
How happy we should be
To have Someone to watch for,
Coming home to tea.

—Exchange.

Lunch napkins are frequently fringed or edged with narrow drawn-work and little quotations outlined upon them which, of course, afford amusement to the guests, and call for pleasant chat. A few simple ones are these:

"Fruit, flowers and joyful welcome."
"Welcome and good appetite."
"The kettle sings, we'll all have tea."
"The cup that makes good cheer."
"Two lovely berries on one stem."

—Table Talk.

The nicest fire to broil with is made of charcoal.

Water in which rice has been boiled is a very suitable and nourishing addition to soups, gravies, or sauces in which milk is used.

As most persons enjoy a hot drink when taken from a glass rather than a cup, it is well to bear in mind that the former will not crack from heat if a spoon is placed in it before pouring in the liquid or fluid.

A nice way to take care of apples that will soon decay is the following: Prepare them as for cooking, stew until soft, and spread on plates. Put enough for a pie on each plate. Dry at once by putting in the stove oven, leaving the door ajar, or by setting on the top of the stove when there is not much fire. When dry, so that it looks shiny, slip it from the plate. Pack as you do griddle cakes, and keep in a dry place. When wanted for use, put the apple in a dish, pour on hot water sufficient to make it like the sauce it was, stir it, and soon it will be like nice, fresh apple sauce, the taste being preferred by many to apples dried the old way. Sweeten before drying or after, as you prefer.

Vermont.

P. A. CLARK.

—Housekeeper's Weekly.

A Sand Bag.

Cold weather is the season for earache, and mothers with young children who are subject to this affliction will find a sand bag almost invaluable, as it will hold the heat a long time, and its composition is such as to render it easily adjustable to the affected part.

Make a flannel bag ten inches square, and fill it with fine, clean sand that has been thoroughly dried in the oven.

Make a cotton bag to draw on over the flannel, as this will prevent the sand from sifting out.

This sand bag will also be found useful in cases of toothache and facial neuralgia. Place it in a hot oven on a plate when you wish to heat it.—Boston Household.



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The balance to be closed out
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GOLD SPECTACLES, \$4 to \$6.

GOLD EYE-GLASSES, \$3 to \$5.

STEEL SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES, \$1 to \$2.50.

Compound cylindrical lenses proportionately low.

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Sargent is only a few steps from Main Street.

East Siders,

Sargent carries a full stock of everything to be found in a florists' store.

North End People

need no reminder, they will find SARGENT, THE COSMOPOLITAN FLORIST, at 25 Pleasant Street.

Boys—"Where is the Blame?"

Editor of Light:

DEAR SIR.—In the current number of LIGHT is the somewhat startling statement that "nine boys in their early teens were before the police court for offences more or less heinous," followed by the significant question "where is the fault?"

One answer to this question is implied in another column of the same paper, where it is said of the criminal (meaning the criminal class) "we can change his environment from one of idleness to one of industry, from ignorance to knowledge, from bad to good sanitary conditions." * * * * "The question is one of methods and of the right man behind them." Of course there at once occurs the inquiry where shall we begin and what particular method of improvement shall be introduced?"

The readers of LIGHT cannot be unmindful of the necessity of a radical change in the administration of our school system, so zealously insisted on by a large proportion of the school committee but so successfully thwarted by vigilant and persistent politics. By the hue and cry, raised in one district in consequence of the invasion of death-dealing disease, our city authorities have been compelled to order a reconstruction of the sanitary system which has been the special hobby of the superintendent of schools, and the advertising of which has been his principal literary success. Should the final effect of this outcry, wrung from the hearts of agonized parents and their friends be to place our schools in healthy conditions, a great gain will be made, however it may conflict with anybody's private greed. But the question "where is the fault?" And whose the blame for that moral miasm which fills judge Utley's court with the fetid breath of youthful crime? This question still remains unanswered; and it is perhaps not easy wholly to fix the blame for this state of affairs; but in the meantime come cheering reports of better things from all but our own schools, which see no glimmer of progress; and as well to give an instance of what is doing in places where people are alive to their duty and willing to do it without stopping to inquire "where is the fault," I copy a few lines from an article in the "Home-maker" for January, giving some account of the Kindergartens of San Francisco. I do not make any extended quotations, but give without comments, some facts of experience these, as bearing upon the statements and queries of LIGHT; these facts are given in reply to some questions addressed to Mrs. Cooper, president of "the Golden State Kindergarten Association," asking her for a brief summary of results, to which she replies:

1.—"An evident moral uplift, slow but sure in the localities where the kindergartens are located."
2.—"An increasing self-respect among parents; more affection in the household, etc."
3.—"A slow and steady growth in moral quality and the substantial virtues of practical daily living, etc., etc."

All of which claims are confirmed by the statement in the report that "during these twelve years nearly nine thousand children have re-

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes may be attacked and the delicate lining of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so promptly effective in relief and cure, especially in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough, soothe the inflamed, bronchitic, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough, and restore vitality in the most distressing cases. It soothes the inflamed membrane, loosens the phlegm, and restores the system. Don't be waiting out in the hills. Send for Stone, Hart & Stone, Va., where "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physician. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anna A. Lewis, Board, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle.

Horace Kendall,

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Goods sold on instalments if desired. Prices as low as any house in New England.

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Mechanics Hall Building.

ceived kindergarten training. Of these *only one* is known to have been arrested by the police! And this too in face of the fact that these children have come from the localities that make the criminal element!"

If instead of such a report Worcester has only to record juvenile crimes in the police court, "where is the blame?" H. H. C.

The Dix Street School.

The closing of the building for a week or more on account of the diphtheria scare has caused the children to say all sorts of queer things.

One little girl says, "They're going to purify the school house."

"A little miss from Sycamore Street says, "I don't think its fair." One wonders what she would like. Would a few cases of disease near by please her better?

In the meantime, while sulphurous fumes are purifying the germ laden air of the school rooms, the late occupants are having the best of times skating, but occasional quails seize them as they wonder if they will have to lose the regular February vacation on account of this week off. That is the question that troubles them now.

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Clothing really at better prices for you.

What you don't know is that you miss a great opportunity when you pass by our splendid goods because you think that they'll cost you more money.

A few are interested in telling you that our prices are higher, but if you'll ask the men who deal with us year after year, you will see that what we tell you is exactly so.

IT'S BETTER ECONOMY,

IT WILL COST YOU LESS,

YOU'LL BE BETTER DRESSED,

By buying your Clothing from us than through who you went from house to house in search of bargains you never really get.

We make a large portion of the goods we

sell. We know all about what we sell you. Our reputation for the *most reliable Clothing* goes with every garment you buy of us.

That costs you nothing.

Interested parties may tell you that the reputation costs you money.

That we put a larger price on our good Clothing because of it.

Don't believe it. When you buy and wear one suit of our Clothing, nobody can make you believe anything different from what thousands in this county know:—

THAT OUR CLOTHING IS PERFECT,

THAT OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT,

AND ALWAYS BEST FOR YOU.

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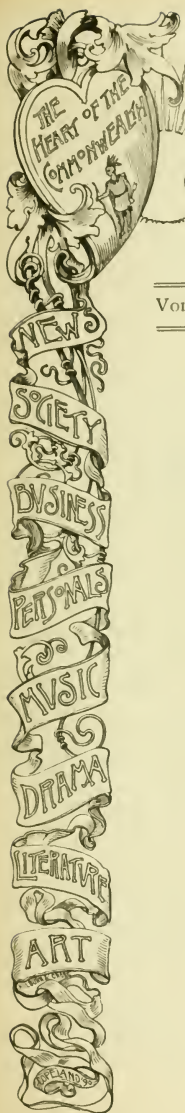
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LIGHT

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND COUNTRY.

VOL. IV. NO 24. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892. FIVE CENTS



PADEREWSKI.

The Eminent Pianist. Mechanics Hall, February 22d.

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During the dull season we will sell Furniture at reduced prices. We have no unsalable goods; but a clean stock, rather large for the beginning of the year.

We must make room for goods in process of manufacture, and will make it an object for all buyers to make their purchases at our store.

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Boys' Shirts.

There are a good many dozen less of them this morning.

There are a good many dozen yet, though, and you can have just the same chance with them today.

They are good shirts.

Linen bosoms, linen cuffs, linen neck bands, lined fronts, continuous back stays.

Yes, they are good, they are worth so.

If they were not a little soiled they would sell for 50c.

Being a little soiled,

Twenty-nine cents is the price.

Very handsome Toilet Sets have come to the Linen section.

Three pieces in the set:

Table Scarfs,

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The designs are wrought out in Mexican work, in diamonds, circles and cross bands.

We won't name the price for we want you to see them first.

Another lot of 12 1-c. Tray Cloths is here to help satisfy the incessant demand for them.

The *Hamburg Edgings* will surprise you today.

Don't think you won't have a good selection.

You will and you'll get some very pretty pieces for so low a price that the price won't count with you.

The *White Skirts* you must not forget. They are so well made up, and so good that it is good economy to buy them at the low price.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

No. 24

St. Valentine.

February came at night,
Wrapped in cloud and drifting snow,
But her saint brought love and light,
So the days in sunshine go.

Then did Cupid deign to smile
On a February drear,
And we wish the little God
Of Love, would bless us all the year.

St. Valentine's Day tomorrow.

But today the gentle missives will go on their way and tomorrow many a heart will beat more quickly on account of tokens received.

It is a harmless, and to youth, a pleasant practice. In our hurly-burly of life, we have few enough of such diversions. Let us not frown upon them, but rather encourage as much as possible.

Many hands in this city have been employed for many a week in preparing the choicest of pictures and sentiments, calculated to please the gentle lover. Worcester furnishes the best and most artistic valentines in the market. We have then a business as well as a sentimental interest in the matter. Send valentines by all means.

LIGHT does not deal in scandal; will not refer to it, by name, but when a reputable citizen is assailed as one of our most respected dwellers was recently, all good people must rejoice at the stand that he took. Blackmailers will never make anything out of Mr. Curtis. It takes nerve to proceed as Mr. Curtis has done, but all haters of wrong doing will rejoice that he met the assault as he did.

For some time, our papers have teemed with accounts of the progress of the Anti-Lottery war in Louisiana. Before Massachusetts becomes too eloquent in the matter, had she not better stop and find out whether her skirts are entirely clear. For instance, how about church and other fairs, where the element of chance is constantly uppermost. How much better than a lottery is any scheme of guessing as to the number of peas, beans or shot in a bottle? There is not a week, in which we are not sought to take a chance in some sort of guessing scheme which differs from the Louisiana Lottery in degree, only. Should not the Anti-Lottery laws of our Commonwealth be enforced?

To the Greeks all other people were Barbarians. Today, this word is not so much employed as the term "Foreigners." Who are they? Afloat in the Bay of Biscay, Samuel Lover makes his hero proclaim himself "As good a furriner as any of them frog eating Freachmen." To the Southern people, the Northern army was wholly "Yankee" while many men in it had the most thorough indications of a birthright beyond the seas. Lately in New York city a German resident in that

place for eighteen years proclaimed it impossible for herself and husband to get along on account of "The competition ob tem wretched foreigners." Only a few weeks since, a Worcester barber of German birth said in the most earnest yet broken manner, "If I had my way there should not come to this country any Chinese, Hungarians nor Russian Jews." Who is the foreigner?

Coming back to the Lottery subject, it is consoling to find that the advertisement of lottery schemes have had to come out of our theater programs. Now let the City Government go a step forward and demand that play bills and posters shall not be so glaringly immoral as many of them are. Public sentiment should be toned up, not down.

A favorite song of the Germans is "What is the German Fatherland." In this city, one might say "Who are the citizens of Worcester." Away from the city, all are Worcesterites to the fullest extent, but at home what a conglomeration exists. This is the season for reunions of all sorts of associations. Just read the names of a few of them. We have "Sons and Daughters of Maine," "Natives of New Hampshire and Vermont," "Empire State Association," "Natives of the Provinces," all sorts of Irish societies, English bodies that hold St. George sacred in some shape, Scotchmen who worship the Thistle, St. Andrew and Robert Burns, far away admirers of Gustavus Adolphus, Armenians enough to organize a church, Chinamen in such numbers that they no longer excite attention, Canadians sonnumerous that St. John's day is one of the notable occasions of the year, Germans who have a Froshinn Gesaug Verein, colored people with half a dozen churches, and so on with many other races and peoples. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a society of the real old Simon pure Worcester people, those to the manor born, whose fathers were born here and who do not have any place nor part in any body nor organization outside of Worcester. It would be a party worth seeing. Is such a society possible? It certainly could not be a very large one.

Even Homer nods. In the Congressionalist for Feb. 4, commenting on the latest Report of the State Board of Education, the editor says, "There is no Catholic member of the Board nor has there been since E. C. Carrigan who was an appointee of Governor Butler." Mr. Carrigan was of an Irish family, but he was reared by Methodists, his affiliations were with that denomination and when he died his funeral was held in a Methodist Church and the sermon was preached by a Methodist minister. The Congressionalist lapsed badly there.

Again a recent number of the New York Christian Advocate, the leading Methodist paper in America, had a long letter from a recent

visitor to London. The traveller who was from the "Boundless West" had looked up, as he thought, the burial place of John Wesley and had grown lacrymose over the low grave in Ilunhill Fields. Yet the Advocate put it all in without comment. Very likely there are twenty writers in about that paper who have seen Wesley's grave, back of City Road Chapel, which, by the way, is just over the way from Ilunhill. Possibly, the visitor in semi-darkness had found the last resting place of Susannah Wesley, the mother, and "*Hine heae lacrymae.*"

More Fun.

"Mamma, you ought to have seen it!"

"Sassa what?"

"Why the dogs, the pug came down to visit the brown dog over the way an' when he got to the corner he was barking and his head was up, and his tail smiled right over his back, an' he was running an' when he was turning the corner he just sat right down and slid clear round an' he was so 'stonished that he forgot to bark an' the brown dog saw him disappear an' I guess he thought it was funny where he went to, an' so he went to see 'bout it an' when he got to the corner he couldn't get any nearer and he tried an' tried an' the more he tried the worse it was an' he kept going down on his knees an' then he went off a ways an' sat down an' barked at it an' then he'd try again. I tell you mamma it was fine fun!"

"An' mamma, there were ever so many High School girls tried to get 'round that corner an' Jack he said they'd be Jack Horners if they sat down on the corner, but folks that know how to skate can most always stand up. When can I have some skates mamma?"

"Oh dear, there comes the sand man, now we can't have any more fun!"

To Our Readers.

LIGHT is your paper; why don't you use it?

If you have visitors, send their names to LIGHT.

If you go away from the city, send word to LIGHT.

If you give a tea party or dinner, send particulars to LIGHT.

If you know of any thing, in a social way, that is pleasing to you let the public have it through LIGHT.

This paper will be your mouth-piece if you will give it an opportunity.

LIGHT does not want scandal, it will not deal in this, but it does wish all possible society data. Will you assist in furnishing? These columns are yours.



A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL WORCESTER AND HER NEIGHBORS.

Published every Saturday. Price \$3.00 per annum, 5 cents a copy.

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ALFRED S. ROE, Editor and Proprietor.
Offices, 339 Main Street, Burnside Building.

Entered at the Post-Office, at Worcester, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1892.

Readers will note with pleasure a literary letter from Boston. The writer occupies an exceptional position whence to glean the items given. Don't fail to read "Middlesex's" communication.

Another new magazine of first class character is Art Words published by A. H. Griffith, Detroit Museum and School of Art. Somewhat local in its bearings, it yet has enough on Art in general to be a very readable monthly.

The Boston Home Journal, one of the best of the papers published in Boston, holding a position peculiarly its own and, hitherto, making Saturday night something for its readers to look forward to, has recently taken upon itself a new garb and form, rendering it more attractive than ever. While the Journal is Bostonian enough to satisfy the veriest son of Harvard or a descendant of the Pilgrims, it is sufficiently general to be read with interest in New York and London. Its departments are well arranged and from first to last the paper is crisp, pointed and entertaining. There is nothing too good for the Home Journal.

Mrs. Wright E. Burnham, of Albany, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cutting, on West Street.

A delightful musicale was given at Mr. B. D. Allen's studio, 173 Main Street, Tuesday evening in which the participants were Mrs. Mary L. Adams, soprano; Mr. B. D. Allen, pianist and Miss Nellie L. Inhabram, accompanist. A glance at the program will give an idea of the quality of the music rendered. Mrs. Adams sang a Recitativo e Romanza by Rossini; Rosemond by Charminade; In a Garden by Margaret Lang; Down by a Brook by Jules Jordan; At the Convent Gate by Tosti. Mr. Allen played the Cat's Fugue by Scarlatti; Gigue in G major by Mozart; Improvvisi in E flat by Schubert; three movements of Sonata in G major by Beethoven; Liebeslied, Op. 5, by Henselt; Intermezzo, Op. 27, Sigambati; Consolation, No. 5, by Liszt; Novallette by Rimsky-Korsakow and Papillons, Op. 2, (Carnival Ball) by Schumann.

Elliott H. Peabody, Esq., has opened an office for the practice of law and for special attention to cases of deeds, mortgages, wills, etc., at 37 Main street.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Feb. 13, 1892.

Signed

I.
"The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat, it Sir.—Let it come."

II.
"I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American."

III.
"O sacred forms! how proud you look!
How high you lift your head into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!"

IV.
"We must hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in War, in peace, friends."

V.
"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

VI.
"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the war up with our English dead."

Answers to Quotations, Jan. 30.

1. Percival, "Genius Waking."
2. Schoolcraft, "The Indian's Lament."
3. Red Jacket, "To the U. S. Commissioners."
4. Lord Chatham, "On American Affairs."
5. " " "Reply to Walpole."
6. Wilson, "Boy Britton."
1st. T. G. Houghton, Washington.
2nd. Mary S. Green, Worcester.

Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire.

Of all the State associations in this city perhaps there is no one more alive than the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire, which held its 13th annual reunion in Horticultural Hall Thursday evening. The after-dinner speeches which followed the excellent supper served at 7:30 o'clock were particularly happy, such men as ex-Governor Goodell of New Hampshire, Mayor Harrington, Dr. Homer T. Fuller, ex-Mayor Tinker of New London and State Treasurer George A. Marden responding to toasts proposed by President J. P. Rand. Also, Rev. Charles M. Palmer read an original poem written for the occasion. Dancing, which lasted into the morning hours, concluded the evening's exercises.

Entertainments.

Mr. Ben. T. Hammond's 53d and 54th recitals will be given next Thursday and Friday evenings.

Boston Store.

Established 1870.
{ Foster Kid Gloves.
{ Filene Gloves.
{ Contemeri Gloves.
{ Gloves altered and repaired.
{ Butterick's Paper Patterns.
{ E. C. Burt's Shoes.

Sole Agency

Today, in the carpet hall (third floor), we shall reveal to the public our complete showing of

SPRING DRESS GOODS

NOVELTIES

IN SILK AND WOOL.

Every lady is invited, and it may be considered as a point of duty that each woman should be present and add to her intelligence and pleasure the story of

SPRING DRESS

that will have no repetition and no equal elsewhere.

To-day and next week.

DENHOLM & MCKAY COMPANY.

English High School.

There are few people who know him who will not be ready to extend congratulations to Principal Jenkins of the Dix Street School on account of his promotion to the headship of the New English High School.

A number of young ladies living at the north end gave a very pretty leap year party at Colonial Hall last Saturday evening. The matrons were Mrs. George A. Barnard, Mrs. Charles H. Davis, Mrs. J. Edgar Davis and Mrs. J. F. Hastings. Miss Annie Davis, with Sumner Brooks of Boston, led the cotillion.

The comedy drama, "Nevada," recently successfully presented at the First Universalist Church for the benefit of the Sunday School of the XIV. club, will be repeated in Horticultural Hall, Friday evening, March 18, 1892, under the auspices of Industry council, Junior Order of American Mechanics.

Private Theatricals.

Monday and Tuesday evenings at the residence of Mrs. Charles W. Smith, 30 Elm street, two plays were given for the object of raising money to establish a fund for a district nurse at the Memorial Hospital. The two pieces given were Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, "The Way to His Pocket." The cast for the former was as follows: Barbara, Miss Sarah Hopkins; Lily, Miss Mary Eaton; Cecil, Charles Ranlet; Dr. Finnicum, Edwin Brown. For the latter: Burton, Col. W. S. B. Hopkins; Mr. Gray, Dr. George D. Kelley; Prudence, Miss Josephine Smith; Patience, Miss Elizabeth Hopkins; Addie, Miss George Stone. Col. Hopkins managed the presentation and Halleck Bartlett had charge of the stage settings. Quite a sum of money was realized.

The Week.

CITY.

Feb. 5—Semi-centennial of the Worcester County Mechanics Association. Historical address by President E. B. Crane.

Amherst Alumni dine at the Bay State House.

Twenty-eight new pupils admitted to the Normal School.

Ashley Moore, one of the oldest residents in Tatnuck, dies, 84 years.

6—House of Prof. H. H. Donaldson, at 873 Main Street, ruined by fire.

Exciting athletic contest at the Rink. A. W. Picken and Co., Grove Street grocers, financially involved.

Boston Store has two shop lifters arrested.

7—Dr. Almon Gunnison discourses on the Universalist faith, pays eloquent tributes to Murray and Ball.

Dr. W. V. W. Davis continues his doctrinal discourses.

Henshaw Dana remembered in a musical way at the First Unitarian Church.

Salem Square pulpit occupied by Dr. George Bushnell, the first pastor of the church.

8—Legislative committees on Education and Public Charities visit Worcester. One goes to the Normal School, the other to the Insane Hospitals.

Worcester's Polytechnic to have a new course in Electrical Engineering.

Meeting of Methodist Social Union at Trinity Church.

9—City started at the assignment of Darling Brothers, Contractors and Builders.

Annual meeting of High School Association.

Local Board of Trade joins the State Board.

Free Public Library to receive the benefit of addition to the Green Fund.

10—The widow of the late General Custer addresses the Woman's Club.

Very successful concert given in Father Matthew Hall under auspices of the ladies of St. John's Church.

Quarterly meeting of Worcester Homeopathic Medical Society at Bay State House.

11—Annual Meeting of Worcester County Musical Association. Hon. Edward L. Davis re-elected president.

James Jenkins of the Dix Street Grammar School selected as principal of the new English High.

Thirteenth reunion of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire.

The biggest snow storm of the season.

COUNTY.

5—Mad dog in Webster, killed in Southbridge.

6—F. L. Sargent dies in East Templeton. He was postmaster and a much respected citizen.

7—Henry A. Fairbanks dies suddenly in Clinton, 35 years.

8—Legislative Committee on Education visits the Oakdale Truant School.

Clinton thoroughly alive over the proposed electric railway to Worcester.

9—The most of the towns in Worcester County are getting ready for the vote on the License question the first of March.

10—Interesting farmers meeting in Shrewsbury. S. A. Burgess of Worcester reads a valuable paper on free delivery of mails.

11—Blackstone boasts of a blacksmith stand 200 years old, always in the hands of the Taft Family.

COMMONWEALTH.

5—Mayor Matthews of Boston trying to straighten out the Deer Island troubles.

6—Boston is to have a monument to the memory of Columbus. She erects it however on the Island of St. Domingo.

7—Six story building burned in Springfield, loss \$70,000.

Dr. Lyman Abbott stirs up a hornets nest in Boston. His Lowell Institute lectures went too far for the Orthodox and not far enough for the Heterodox.

8—The ashes of the late Emma Abbott are deposited beneath her monument in Gloucester.

The Legislature quarrels over the Congressional redistricting bill of last year.

9—Both branches of the State Legislature hold conferences as to a successor to the late Councillor Loring of the Sixth District.

10—Legislature discusses Legislative and judicial passes.

Annual encampment of Department of Massachusetts G. A. R., Tremont Temple, Boston.

11—Boston entertains General Nelson A. Miles.

At the G. A. R. encampment, James K. Churchill of Worcester elected commander of the Department.

The snow storm renders Boston indiscreetly disagreeable.

Comrade Chas. H. Pinkham, after a severe attack of the grip, is out again.

Past Department Commander, General A. B. R. Sprague was present at the late encampment in Boston.

The last of the series of socials of the Light Infantry will be held at the Armory next Friday evening.

Secretary Monroe.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting of the Worcester Co. Music Association, Thursday, was the report of the Secretary. Under numerous well-defined heads he sets forth the merits and prospects of the Association. LIGHT regrets its inability to report the same in full.

Paderewski.

The program for the concert by Paderewski, which by the way is to take place in Mechanics instead of Association Hall on account of the demand for tickets, is as follows: Sonata appassionata, Beethoven; Papillons, Schumann; Serenade, Erl-King, Schubert-Liszt; Nocturne, Etude, Berceuse, Mazurka, Valse, Chopin; Melodie, Cracovienne, Paderewski; Rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt.

The World's Fair.

There lies on the table of the Young Mens Christian Association, at Elm Street, a petition to the legislature from Worcester, paying reference to the world's fair at Chicago. It is headed by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, Rev. W. T. Worth and the secretary of the Young Mens Christian Association, and will be forwarded to Boston when a complement of signers has been obtained. Ministers of the

gospel and others interested are asked to append their names without delay. Following is a copy of the petition. To the general court of Massachusetts—

The undersigned citizens of Worcester, on behalf of the patriotic churches of Puritan Massachusetts, hereby respectfully petition the legislature of the state that their appropriation to the world's fair at Chicago be made to include a request from the legislature that the exhibition be not kept open on the national rest day of the Christian Sabbath.

This a practical matter in which thousands of Worcester people should be interested.

CHURCH NOTES.

SOUTH UNITARIAN.—Rev. G. W. Kent of Boston has accepted a call to become pastor of this church.

METHODIST.

The regular meeting of the Methodist ministers of Worcester and vicinity took place at Grace Church, Monday. There was a good attendance and an animated discussion of the subjects presented.

In the evening came the meeting of the Social Union at Trinity Church, the president, P. Foster White, in the chair. The Rev. C. D. Hills, a former pastor of Grace Church, was present as a guest and read a paper on class meetings. Many participated in the resulting discussion. Dr. Hills was accompanied by his daughter who was a very small girl when a resident of Worcester. In the absence of Secretary Chas. H. Carpenter, now in California, John Legg filled the position of scribe.

SWEDISH.—The Rev. A. G. Anderson of Brooklyn, N. Y., is aiding the Rev. Mr. Eklund in revival services at the Thomas Street Church.

Y. M. C. A. Course.

The Tufts College Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs, W. S. Hawkins, leader, John Burgess Weeks, reader, Edwin J. Randall, manager, gave the third entertainment in the second series of the Young Men's Christian Association course. A very excellent program was rendered, nearly all the numbers possessing the merit of being new. Encores were very frequent and the clubs were very kind in responding. The next entertainment will be given by Mr. Iceland T. Powers, impersonator, in "The Shaugraun."

The junior department is to have a course of entertainments, and the boys are out selling tickets to win the prize of one year's free use of the gymnasium, offered to the boy selling the most tickets. The entertainments and dates are as follows: February 18, Rev. J. J. Lewis of Boston, illustrated lecture on "Through the Canadian Rockies"; 29, W. D. Leroy, illusionist; March 14, George Irving Pettigill, boy soprano, and Miss Gertrude A. Lovering of Somerville, reader; March 28, R. H. Mohr, sleight of hand; April 11, Kidder Tripp; 18, war lecture.

Don't eat candy immediately before dinner if you are hungry, or the first thing in the morning; in such cases it takes away the appetite and gives a headache.

Eli.

BY C. F. MATTHEWS.

It was an afternoon of a hot day in August, as a lonely tramp came into the village of Castleton. He was ragged and uncouth looking, and the few who saw him, took no further thought than that it was somebody who was beneath their notice. As he came he moved along with the air of one who did not know or expect the sympathy of others. Presently he entered the little store of Mr. Owen, a dusty, peniless traveller and took a seat, laying a little bundle that he carried with him on the floor at his side.

Mr. Owen took kindly to him at once, for he seemed like one who was deserving of friends and he also thought he could discover beneath this unkempt, neglected surface, a man who was truthful, one to be relied on. Mr. Owen learned from him that he was an entire stranger to the community and also that he was able to labor and much desired to obtain work of some kind, so he took him into his family for a day or two, telling him he thought he might help him to place among some of the neighboring farmers.

In a short time, Mr. Farnum, a well-to-do farmer who employed a considerable number of men, happened in, and Mr. Owen laid the case before him, telling him the circumstances as they appeared to him.

"Well Owen, I should like another man," said the farmer, "but these tramps who come along from nobody knows where, are to my mind risky men to hire. You never know what is behind them, nor what they will do." Nevertheless, influenced by the good opinion of Mr. Owen, Farnum at length consented to give the stranger a trial and he was accordingly set to work.

For a year, Eli labored faithfully for the farmer, and Mr. Farnum would have been glad to hire him for another year, but Eli, who had been very saving of his wages, and had laid by enough to buy a little place there was in the neighborhood, wished "to do for himself" as he expressed it, and so he left Mr. Farnum, much to that gentleman's dislike, for the tramp had proved himself a faithful, honest laborer. He was very reticent about himself, however. He claimed that his life had been intentionally good, but that he had been unfortunate. One day he was ploughing on his place, when a neighbor rode up, just as Eli came out with his furrow and he drew up his horse for a word.

"Good morning, Eli, ploughing a little?"

"Yes," replied the farmer absent-mindedly.

"What's the news," said the visitor, putting one foot on the wheel of his carriage.

"Nothin's I know of," replied Eli, who was never inclined to talk much. There was something about him, that kept one wondering what he was thinking about so steadily.

"I've sold the Holmes place, I suppose you know," said the other settling back.

"No I don't," replied Eli, kicking the dirt from his plough and not seeming to take much interest in the news being conveyed by the other.

"Yes, sold it to a man from Lynxville."

"Lynxville!" said Eli with a tone of surprise, "Who!"

"Hanson, I think he calls himself."

At this information, Eli turned his head and looked at the woods standing out so beautifully against the moving sun, in their new coat of green. Something attracted his attention there or else a new theme had been aroused at the news of the visitor.

After a few other remarks the neighbor passed along, leaving Eli to himself and his work.

Eli ploughed and thought. The old horse went lazily enough, more so than ever before it seemed, but his master did not appear to notice it. His mind was busy with the past. Scenes, enacted years before, passed through his memory as fresh as if they had been only yesterday. When Eli went to his dinner that noon, which by reason of his bachelor life, he was forced to prepare for himself, he had not settled in his mind what he should do in case the family of Hanson moved into the place. However, after being refreshed by the meal and looking at the matter from every side, he said at last, "Well, I am not wholly to blame for that, though I suffered the penalty alone. If they come, they will know me of course and Hanson will not be slow in speaking it as far as he can, and so the good name I have tried to establish here will be destroyed. Shall I go, or shall I stay?" he inquired mentally, as he cast his thoughts over the situation before him. After thinking it over awhile, he came to the conclusion that the best way would be to stay and live it down. He might not live many years now. There did not seem to be much use of running away from it, and he had lived so long with it, that even if the people of the village should give him up after hearing it, he would still get along in some manner. He had hoped to live somewhere, where the one mishap of his life would not face him at every turn he made.

In the course of a few days, the Hansons arrived at Castleton.

Eli knew early of their arrival, for he had kept himself informed in regard to the time that they were expected to come, and then followed a time of anxious, prolonged waiting. Many times he found himself, in the meanwhile, addressing his invocations to the One above to help him in the time of trouble, when all might stand against him. One day Eli, who had kept himself pretty closely at home since the Hansons moved into the place, was working in his garden, when he was addressed by a stranger, who said he understood he was accustomed to go out with his team to do a little work for people, and as he had just come to the neighborhood, he wished to employ a good man, and a horse to help him a day or two.

Eli turned his face to that of the visitor; he felt sure that now the dreaded moment had come and he braced himself for the conflict. Instantly, there was mutual recognition, visible on both the faces. The long lapse of time since the two had last met, was quickly gone over, until they seemed to stand in the very presence of that long ago.

"Eli Horton, is it you that I have come to see," said Hanson in deep bitterness.

"It is," replied Eli calmly.

"How came you here in this far off place, and what can you be doing," asked the other in a contemptuous voice.

"I am trying to live an upright life," said Eli trying to be composed in spite of the insulting way of Hanson.

"Don't you find it uphill business?" he interrogated in derision.

"Why should I. Does one crime, done in thoughtlessness, entirely unfit one for usefulness?" asked Eli.

"It does, when it is known. But I suppose, you crept in here in an innocent way, after you left the prison, and no doubt have kept the whole affair to yourself, so that now you may be like a saint to some of the people here."

"O Hanson!" exclaimed Eli sadly. "Must I pursue a downward course forever, simply because once I went wrong. Why will you not help me? Nothing can tempt me now to do an illegal act. Help me Hanson, I implore you."

"There you are pious now!" observed Hanson, with biting sarcasm.

"No, not that, but I mean to do right."

"If you had thought of that before."

"Yes, but will you be my friend now!" asked Eli earnestly.

"How?"

"Stand by me. I did you no wrong."

"No, its not wrong to pass counterfeit money, unless you get found out, I suppose."

"Will you help me?" asked Eli in an imploring voice.

"Yes, when we have snow in Summer," answered Hanson, with a sneer, "I'll see you put in your right position Eli Horton, good morning."

Eli had reason to believe that Hanson would do as he said. He was pained at the thoughts of again meeting the averted eye and disdainful look of the believer in his wrong doing, for he had spent so many years in prison, that he felt an earnest desire, at the expiration of his sentence, to go into some nook, where quiet might be had, and try in his best way, to live the remainder of his life as an upright citizen.

After Hanson left Eli, he was anxious to acquaint his wife with the fact of Eli's being in the neighborhood, and then, as he was a man who was inclined to be meddlesome, even with that which did not so much concern him, he intended to put his character in its right light before the people of the place. But when Mrs. Hanson heard her husband's story she said firmly:—

"No Fred, you shall do no such thing. If Eli is trying to live an upright life, you shall not hinder him."

"I don't believe in a man living like a hypocrite," answered Hanson.

"Neither do I. Nor is he, I think," she answered thoughtfully.

Although somewhat chagrined, Fred Hanson listened to the words of his wife and kept still, but it went very much against his will. He never, really, liked Horton anyway and when, years ago, at the school graduation, they spoke for the grand prize, offered to the one who should best deserve it, Hanson really thought he was going to receive it and made his brag that no one else stood any kind of a chance of getting it. However, Eli had stepped in and carried it off, almost without a struggle, and then what little regard he had for Eli turned to hate.

He despised him and he vowed he would never overlook it in him to the longest day he lived and when that false step was taken that proved so severe a matter for Eli, no person gloried in his downfall like Fred Hanson. No pains were spared by him to make the most he could out of it, against Eli.

The fact that Eli Horton lived in Castleton aroused old memories in Mrs. Hanson's thoughts. "Can it be," she said to herself, "that Alice is coming to him now." As she went about doing her work in an absent sort of a way, she would say "Here is Eli and there is dear Alice, both alone." She remembered when Eli went to prison, how her sister, Alice, had changed from a bright, laughing girl, almost in a day, to a quiet, matronly lady, with no inclinations for outside company. She had lived all these years in singleness, although more than one chance had been offered to her of a home and husband, yet she had refused them all and lived alone. As Mrs. Hanson swept and dusted and arranged the furniture of her rooms, her mind gradually sought out the action she would take for these two lonely people.

A day or two after, she arranged herself in her hat and shawl and going out walked briskly along toward Mr. Oweo's store which, on reaching, she entered. She was glad to find the merchant alone and asked to look at some particular kind of cloth. Mr. Owen handed it down from the shelf and while she was looking at it, she engaged the merchant's attention in a line of conversation, that would lead around as to what the general feeling of the people was toward Eli Horton.

"O yes, Eli is a good sort of a person as there is living," he remarked innocently. "The poor man needs some one to help him in his efforts to get along, I think, but I don't know as he thinks so."

This was enough for Mrs. Hanson and after giving the store-keeper an order for goods to be sent to her house, she started in the direction of Eli's humble abode. Arriving at the house, she rapped gently on the door. Eli opened it and with surprise pictured upon his calm face, he instantly recognized his visitor.

"Why Emma,—Ah, excuse me, I should say Mrs. Hanson," he managed to say with difficulty.

"No," she replied, pleasantly extending her hand to him, "I'm Emma just the same."

"And do you deign to call on a convict? If so, will you please to come in?" he remarked thoughtfully.

"I am pleased to call on you," she answered, entering, paying no attention to his self-applied epithet.

"Are you getting along comfortably?" she asked in a sympathetic voice.

"O yes, in a way," replied Eli with little spirit.

Mrs. Hanson took a seat and looked about upon the simple furnishings of the room. The unwashed wood-work, the cobweb mantled ceiling, in fact everything in it denoted absence of a woman's care. She looked at Eli and her thoughts wandered back more than twenty years. Was this patient, sorrowful man before her the bright, active, energetic person she knew then?

"Why didn't you come back to Lynxville, Eli, instead of coming here," she asked.

"To Lynxville?" he replied in astonishment.

"Yes."

"I could not," he answered sorrowfully, "for all my high hopes were blasted. I came here where no one knew me and where I truly hoped when I came, that no one I knew would ever find me out: to live out what portion of life I may have remaining. But my best days are gone." He bowed his head in his hands, the very picture of a discouraged man.

"And yet you would have found friends there, for many have overlooked the one offense of your life, even were it an offense."

"That might be, Emma," he replied raising his head and looking at his visitor with earnest inquiring eyes. "But to one I could ever be the same, O no, no," he said, sadly.

"To us you would, at least. I know my husband is a little against you in regard to a personal matter but I have prevailed on him to take another view of the case for your sake and ours," she replied with true and womanly grace.

"Thank you, Emma."

Eli looked anxiously at her while she was speaking, as if to read her very thoughts. There was pictured on his face an intense interest as if he dreaded yet desired to know the true intent of her remarks.

"Where is Alice," he asked at length with bated breath.

"At her old home alone," answered Mrs. Hanson.

"Alone?" replied Eli quickly. "How is that?" he asked as a strange look of expectant joy flitted across his face, but which instantly gave way to the old anxious one as if a smile of gladness was a forbidden thing for him to enjoy.

"Yes Eli, she has never married."

"And why, Emma, if you still allow a convict to address you so familiarly, why has she chosen a life of solitude?"

"You a man and yet cannot guess," she observed, seriously, "and still you know what the prospects were once."

"O Mrs. Hanson! Emma! you can't mean that she has done it out of any regard for me. No, no. It cannot be! I, a convict, a state prison bird, a law breaker! No, she is too pure to give one thought to a vagabond like me. I was right to come here at first," he said dejectedly.

"And yet, Eli, she did, for she never blamed you for that. You were young, you know, then, and was led into the crime by the thoughtlessness of yourself and companions. She wanted to tell you so but you never gave her the chance, you know."

"For the reason I did not think she would want to be considered my friend after that," he replied in a sad manner.

"Do you still desire her friendship as of old?"

"O Emma," he answered eagerly, "that is more than I ever dreamed could fall to my lot."

"Well then," said Mrs. Hanson in a business like way, "I see no reason why you should not be friends as of old. Next week I am going have her come to my house and you must come and see her. Yet you must not tell her a word I've said or a thing I've done to bring you together. I do it for I think you both

will be happier, but she needn't know about my taking up the part of a self-constituted missionary."

After Mrs. Hanson went away, Eli sat down to think like one in a maze. His mind turned back more vividly than it had for a long while to the time, twenty-two years before, when he had in a joke written a man's name on a paper to carry out a little fun with his companions. At the time and to make the sport more complete the paper was allowed to go out from the group wherein it had originated and by some chance it soon turned up in the hands of the man whose name it bore.

Then what had been done in thoughtlessness by Eli, now proved to be a very serious matter for the man, enraged at the thought of his name having been illegally used, did not rest until he had brought Eli to judgment and at the conclusion of the trial he was sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison for uttering false paper.

Friends did not avail to ease the long sentence on account of Eli's former good character and so he was forced to go and serve his time in the penitentiary.

One of the chief anxieties of his mind as he went was of Alice Holton whom he had learned to love and he had reason to believe she returned it with her own, still they had not been engaged. He could not bring himself to think, after his crime done in jest, that she would care to further consider him as a suitor, so he had tried to forget her. It was not until several months had gone by of sleepless nights tossing on his bunk with fierce contending conflicts going on within his breast, between love and shame, that will had at last gained the supremacy. Yet love was not vanquished entirely, nor would it ever be, for there remained an aching void and would, to the end of life. In all these years he had never seen Alice, nor heard from her. Still she had chosen a life of singleness as her sister had told him out of her regard for him. This to Eli seemed a very great blessing indeed. He began to feel some of the old vigor he had when he knew her. He tried to think how she would look after twenty-two years separation. The fascinating eyes, the child's laugh, the pure rich hue of her complexion, how had they stood the ravages of time? No doubt but they were all greatly changed.

With these thoughts came also those of how his own person had altered in the time. He arose slowly and went to the glass. Several silver threads appeared in his hair. His form was a little stooping. There was a settled look of anxious care on his face. This was in the main the most he noted, but it was evident that he was not the same in personal appearance that he was twenty-two years ago. "Ah well," he sighed as he turned away with a strange smile, "I may be happy yet."

In a few days Mrs. Hanson sent word to Eli that Alice was at her house and invited him to call, so fixing himself up as best he could, in his rather seedy clothing he went to her house. With a tumultuous feeling within his breast that seemed to greatly disturb his usually calm thoughts he knocked timidly at the door. Mrs. Hanson ushered him in, leading him to the sitting room. As they entered, Eli saw at the opposite side of the room the figure of a neatly dressed lady, who on turn-

ing to him gave a start of recognition. He advanced eagerly and grasping her hand said, with great emotion, "Alice." "Eli, where did you come from?" "exclaimed Alice looking in amazement at her sister who stood enjoying the scene between the two glad hearts before her.

"O, I am one of the poor citizens of the place," he replied truthfully.

"And you never told me," she said, trying to look reproachfully at her sister standing meekly by.

Mrs. Hanson soon had urgent business in the kitchen and thither took her way. When her husband came in she took him to herself and gave a history of the love of Eli Horton and her sister Alice.

Mr. Hanson was surprised to learn of this and asked why she had never told him before of it.

"Because Alice did not wish to have me tell anyone," she replied.

"And yet you did, to him," said her husband.

"Yes, Fred ; to bring the two together."

"Well, all right," replied Mr. Hanson good naturedly. "I will help him as much as I've tried to abuse him. I had an equal chance with him and he beat me. I would have done the same. It's always been strange to me that Alice chose to live single, but we have the key at last."

When Eli and Alice appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, they were happy faces, and as the four embraced each other old feuds were forgotten, and good resolutions formed in their places.

Eli found his life of loneliness changed and with a true and faithful wife he prospered. They considered it best to give it out to the world the true story of his prison life and its cause. All freely forgave him and he lived an honored man among them.

The Causeway.

Why wouldn't it be a practical matter for our new Board of Trade to consider the proposed crossing of the Lake at the causeway by the Dummy Rail Road? Isn't the consideration of such questions one of the reasons for the Board's existence? Shrewsbury people say they have to cross the bridge more than Worcester folks and they are willing to run the risk of fright. Is there not a good chance for the Board to distinguish itself here and to do something towards bringing Shrewsbury, Northboro and Marlboro nearer Worcester.

The Duke of Kent.

The death of the oldest son of the Prince of Wales promotes his next son, Prince George. The latter, like his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, has had experience on the sea, and should he succeed to the throne may be called "The Sailor King." He resembles his father in face and form and, on being raised to the Peerage will assume the title of Duke of Kent, that of his great grandfather, that son of George the Third who never saw his daughter, now Queen Victoria. Should he become king he would be George the Fifth, a time honored Hanoverian name. His father will be Edward VII., a name not known to the throne since the days of the gentle son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour.

Ex-Mayor Charles B. Pratt is reported somewhat better.

Col. and Mrs. W. A. Williams have gone to Washington, D. C., for the remainder of the Winter.

Senator Pinkerton is in request in Odd Fellow circles. Wednesday night he opened a Daughters of Rebecca Fair in Abington.

Principal Jenkins of the Dix Street School lectured in Sterling Tuesday night on the physical features of the moon. This was in the Conant Course.

Miss Anna G. Brown entertained a few of her friends at her home No. 31 Harvard Street last Friday evening, it being her birthday anniversary.

Miss Alice Davis, Miss Ethel A. Tillinghast and Miss Hattie Kingsbury, all in the class of '92 at the High School, successfully passed the entrance examination to the Bridgewater State Normal School this week but will not enter until next Fall.

Worcester was well represented at the Brown University dinner in Boston Thursday night. Col. E. B. Stoddard was one of the speakers and Dr. Ray W. Green was elected secretary.

Miss Annabel C. Roe is improving the recess in the Dix Street School to visit her grandparents in Ashland.

Mr. James H. Mellen of Ward Four led the opposition to the proposed abolition of legis-

lative passes last Wednesday. Things were lively for a little while.

Mrs. John Wheeler of Highland Street has been a sufferer from the grip, being kept closely at home for four weeks, but she is now out again.

Mrs. Frederic Smith of Middletown, Conn., has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Metcalf on Belmont Street. She returned to her home, last Monday.

Walter R. Forbush, formerly an architect in this city, now in Boston, was recently in Worcester, and he made a negative of the Downing Street School house of which he is the architect.

The second of the subscription assemblies was held in Colonial Hall last week Friday evening. The ushers were Colonel Rockwood Hoar, George T. Dewey, William B. Scofield and Dr. George D. Moore. The patronesses were Mrs. Halleck Bartlett, Mrs. Frank R. Macullar and Mrs. F. H. Dewey. A delegation of musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra furnished music and Rebboll was the caterer. There was a large attendance. The last of the assemblies will be held Friday evening, Feb. 26.

The first social dance of the Highland Bicycle and Athletic Club was held in Unity hall last week Friday evening. The floor was in charge of the following: Floor director, Herbert Jones; Assistants, C. G. Gilman, L. H. Fairbanks, William Carr and H. L. Lemoine; reception committee, A. H. Wainwright, M. E. Taylor and D. Roche.

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The Classical and English High School of Worcester began in 1845. At the end of the present school year, it will be divided. Having the data prepared, I purpose, if sufficient interest is shown in the project, to issue a history of the School. The book, a square octavo, nicely bound in cloth, will contain:

FIRST—An account of the beginning of the institution and a running comment on teachers and pupils to the present year.

SECOND—Statements as to the growth and progress of the school apparatus, library and other features, so essential to the success of the same.

THIRD—The names of all pupils in the school down to 1861, the first graduating exercises, and the names of all graduates since.

FOURTH—The graduating exercises in full from 1861 to the end.

FIFTH—Pictures of the school buildings and of teachers with miscellaneous matter pertinent to the subject.

The coöperation of every one ever connected with the school is besought. To show your interest in the work, please fill out and return the accompanying coupon.

February 13, 1892.

ALFRED S. ROE.

I hereby agree to purchase, when issued, a History of the Worcester High School at a price not exceeding \$1.50 per copy,

Copies.

Signed _____

1892.

Art and Literature in Boston.

"A Summer in Venice" is the attractive sign which catches the eye of the wayfarer who passes Doll and Richard's this week; and to step into their little gallery is to forget for half an hour our wet sidewalks, chilly winds and crossings inches deep in slush. A beautiful little collection of water-colors is on exhibition, by Mr. Hopkinson Smith, whose delightful readings from his inimitable "Colonel Cyster" are still fresh in our minds. Most of them, as the title indicates, are Venetian, but one of the prettiest is "The Paris Flower Market," and one of "An Old Dutch Tower" is very beautiful. Better judges than I am say that the atmospheric effects are very fine; in "A Hot Afternoon" you can almost see the air vibrate over the heated pavement, and in "A Passing Storm" you can feel the hot air under the dark cloud. In the water pictures, of which there are naturally a good many, the water has a wonderful translucence, and the reflections in it seem to quiver before one's eyes. I walked over to study this more closely, and,—the picture was on blue paper, and only the reflection was painted across the blue surface. I speak as an ignorant observer, and do not know if other artists use this same device; but it seems to show great cleverness. A large share of the pictures, I am told, are sold already, though they have been exhibited but a few days. Artist, author, traveller, reader,—could any one be more versatile than Mr. Hopkinson Smith?

The annual show of the Art Club is no longer a novelty, for it has been going on some three weeks, but the gallery is still filled every afternoon. There are a great many charming things this year and, it seems to me, fewer than usual of the monstrosities that have sometimes been seen there. I notice one Worcester artist on the list,—Mr. Joseph Greenwood, whose little study of "A New England Haystack" is very attractive.

The interest in Dr. Lyman Abbott's lectures at the Lowell Institute rose higher with each week that he was here;—indeed, it was only the bitter weather of last week, which made it possible for the audience to get into Huntington Hall at all. And now from all directions come replies and criticisms. Rev. Minot J. Savage has begun a series of three sermons on Dr. Abbott's statement of Christian Evolution; others are reproaching him as too "advanced"; one Unitarian minister last Sunday, in preaching on the subject, virtually welcomed Dr. Abbott into that communion,—a welcome which Dr. Abbott would be slow to accept. One cannot help thinking that these lectures will mark what the newspapers call an epoch, and that they will be a point to reckon from in the religious history of our day,—and this whether the tide of opinion follows Dr. Abbott or not.

Speaking of sermons, what a flood of them poured out at poor "Robert Elsmere." One cannot but wonder if the new "History of David Grieve" will call out a similar outburst. I have not seen the book yet, but the *Lounger* of the *New York Critic* says "there is not a note of happiness in it, from the beginning to the end." In that case, it will not be very dangerous.

Another rather new book has given at least one Boston clergyman occasion for a sermon, and yet is one which I have hardly seen noticed in any of the reviews. I know the Worcester library is in the fore front of progress, and yet perhaps there is some reader of LIGHT who has not heard of "Cecilia de Noel." Of course everybody read "Mademoiselle Ixe," so when one has said that this is another work of the same clever pen, that is enough to recommend it. I do not see any statement which seems authoritative as to who "Lanoe Falconer" is; she is said to be Gladstone's daughter-in-law, or niece, or something; but it is quite clear that she doesn't need to depend on any great connections to float her literary bark. "Cecilia de Noel" is worthy of a finished literary workman.

It is a ghost story in which the ghost is not of the least importance. That is, it is the story of the way in which some people, having different training and habits of thought, deal with the fact that there seems to be a ghost in the house. It might just as well have been anything else which shocks people out of their comfortable ruts,—say a railway accident, or a bankruptcy; which is why I say the ghost is of no importance. It is not even explained whether there really was or was not a ghost. The satire is keen to the last degree, there is a great deal of humor all through, and anything more beautiful than the concluding chapter, in which Cecilia meets the ghost I have never read. MIDDLESEX.

Feb. 3d.

The Pilgrimage of the Rose.

"The Pilgrimage of the Rose," a cantata by Robert Schumann, the words of which are founded on a poem by Moritz Horn, was given at Salem Street Church last week Tuesday evening by the special chorus of the church, assisted by outside soloists. The chorus has been studying the work for some time under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen, and its successful presentation showed that the preparatory work had been carefully and thoroughly done. The story of the cantata is as follows: All nature is rejoicing in the return of Spring and the fairies are dancing with joy, when the festivities are interrupted by the mournful plaining of the rose, who has heard a maiden tell of the joys of true love and bewails that Spring for her no love-joy brings. The queen of the fairies endeavors to convince her of her folly, but, failing, changes her into a maiden, giving her a rose which shall keep her from harm, but with the warning that if it leaves her hand she shall become a rose again. Then the story tells of her wanderings, of her adoption by the miller and his wife, whose daughter had died a short time before, of the wooing by Max, the forester's son, of the wedding and closes when Rosa places the magic rose in the hand of her child and fades away, going back to her former state.

The characters were taken Tuesday evening as follows: The Rose, afterwards Rosa, Mrs. J. A. Rice; Fairy Queen, Martha and the miller's wife, Miss Alice Hammond; grave digger, C. J. Marshall; the miller, D. C. Turner; Max, T. B. Hamilton. The narrators were Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, first soprano; Mrs. L. G. Holden, second soprano; Mrs. F.

W. Ruggles, contralto; T. B. Hamilton, tenor. Mr. C. H. Groot was organist; Miss E. L. Whittemore, pianist and Mr. B. D. Allen, conductor. There was a large audience, which thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

Ashley Moore.

A whole section of Worcester history disappears in the death of this estimable gentleman. He died at his residence, Pleasant Street, opposite Moreland, Friday the 5th aged 84 years, or near that, since he was born February 19, 1808. He was of Tatnuck, from his birth, that taking place on the farm owned by his father and grandfather before him; yes, another generation is needed to get back to the original Moore. He was the last survivor of a family of ten children. On both sides, he was qualified to belong to a Worcester Society, did such ever exist, for his pedigree was of the most exclusive Worcester stock. He was married April 1, 1832 to Lucy Gates, of Tatnuck, daughter of Levi Gates and, thereby, a descendant of the earliest settlers. Their golden wedding was celebrated in Tatnuck Hall in 1882. The membership of the family in the Old South Church dates back to the beginning of the town and church. His wife, in feeble health, with sons J. Arthur and Charles A. and a daughter, Mrs. George A. Fuller of West Newton survive him. His health has been poor for some months. His funeral took place at Tatnuck Hall, Monday last at 2 p. m., the Rev. Mr. Conrad officiating.

For an Emergency.

After listening to Dr. Wm. T. Souther's emergency lectures 95 men of Worcester's militia took the examinations and the following passed—

Light Infantry—Capt. H. B. Fairbanks, Lieut. P. L. Rider, Lieut. W. F. Gilman, Sergt. W. E. Hassam, Corp. A. C. King, Corp. H. H. Warren, William E. Fairbanks, William S. Lincoln, Harry W. Marsh, Fred W. Wesson, Walter E. Briggs, E. E. Johnson, Frank A. Hatch, Tom Walters, Jr.

Emmet Guards—Sergt. M. E. Hines, Sergt. J. J. Monihan, Corp. J. F. Hurley, Corp. P. H. Moran, W. F. Keenan, J. J. Dolan, J. F. McGrath, F. M. Flanley, J. J. Corliss.

Battery B—Corp. W. T. Hunt, Corp. J. P. Lee, Corp. H. B. Lee, Harry Clarkson, Milton Freeman, Charles E. Chase, F. J. Clarkson, W. E. Sayles, John H. Hartwell, C. E. Gould.

City Guards—Cap. W. A. Condy, Lieut. M. H. Tisdell, Lieut. E. G. Barrett, Corp. G. F. Warren, Mus. H. R. Behrew, J. T. Cruikshank, G. W. Stebbins, E. A. Price, E. R. Reide, F. W. Lawrence, H. R. Gibbs, A. C. N. Peterson, W. J. Moore, A. C. Lary, J. A. Harriott, G. E. Allison.

Staff 2d regiment, Sergt. Lucias W. White.

Barbed Wire.

It is announced that the Barbed Wire Trust is at an end. One can't help wondering how this will affect Worcester's greatest industry.

Horticultural.

The next semi-centennial will be that of the Horticultural Society. This will come Thursday, the 3d day of March.

Books and Bookmen

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Lord Lytton, *Richelieu*.

Jan Ingelow, who is a native of Lincolnshire, is the daughter of a banker. There were eleven children, and she was not esteemed the cleverest by any means. "My favorite retreat," said the poetess, "was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved."

The Story of Massachusetts. By Edward Everett Hale. 8 vo., \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Massachusetts has had her story told in many forms and by many pens, but never in just so unique or interesting a manner as in the volume which under the title, "The Story of Massachusetts," Dr. Edward Everett Hale has contributed to the series, the Story of the States, which D. Lothrop Company are issuing under the editorial supervision of Elbridge S. Brooks.

Dr. Hale could not write dull history if he tried; he is therefore certain to write an entertaining story. A story, he holds, is not a book of annals, but a graphic narrative based on dramatic events. He therefore selects from the three centuries of Massachusetts' history, twenty-one occasions of critical interest, crystallizing each into a chapter and showing, whenever necessary, the connection that exists between these selected events, and thus leading the reader from beginnings to results.

A prefatory chapter on "the Bay State" puts into interesting chronological order the history of the State's two hundred and seventy years, so that one may study its record in brief before turning to a perusal of the story in detail as given in the twenty-one selected epochs that follow. These epochs or "occasions," as will be seen by the Table of Contents, deal with the Pilgrims and the Puritans who at Plymouth and Boston laid the firm foundations of the old Bay Colony and the great Bay State; with the environs of Boston as the State's "hub" and center; with such disturbing and yet developing elements as Mistress Anne Hutchinson and "the people called Quakers"; with the Salem Witchcraft, the old Indian troubles, the French and Indian Wars and the tyrannical Sir Edmund Andros, whose stupidity was really Massachusetts' opportunity; with the capture of Louisiana and the fall of Canada; with the mutterings of revolution in the Boston Massacre, its outbreak at Lexington and Concord and its inherent strength as shown at Bunker's Hill; with the record of Massachusetts' old-time industries and commerce; with her record on

the sea in peace and war; with the discontent that showed itself in Shay's Rebellion; with her stand in 1812 and in the Civil War, and with her steady development in material prosperity as a great producing and manufacturing State. It will thus be seen that Dr. Hale has at once recognized and seized the salient points in Massachusetts' story. That he has treated these matters well, dressed them in entertaining narrative and pressed them upon his readers with force and vigor, no one who knows and admires the graphic story of "The Man without a Country" or the noble utterances of "In His Name" needs to be assured.

The book is a gracious contribution to American history and to Massachusetts' history. It is a fitting and notable addition to the entertaining series, *The Story of the States*, in which it takes its place as the eighth volume, and it is one that every son and every lover of the Old Bay State may read with interest and own with pride as a most practical and withal most entertaining and picturesque presentation of the Bay State's story.

"Harry's Career at Yale," as described by John Seymour Wood in *Outing* for February, proves that either Harry himself, the author, or somebody the author knows right well, had a grand old time when at Alma Mater, Yale.

The continuation in *Outing* for February of "Saddle and Sentiment," by Wenona Gilman's great story of the American turf, presents one of the most powerful situations of a strangely forceful creation. Miss Gilman has produced something which American literature sees too seldom.

The Transactions of the Worcester County Horticultural Society for 1890-91 are out in the shape of a pamphlet of 125 pages and having considerably more than the usual Secretary's Report and the items incident thereto. Besides the address of the President Hor. Henry L. Parker, there are the ten essays given before the society by as many invited readers. While all the contents of the book are of exceptionally good character, the reader who has regularly perused the report will turn to the Secretary's words to find what he has to say. No matter what the theme, Mr. Lincoln is sure to set it forth in such a manner that, once begun, it is read to the finish without a stop. In fact, there is no stopping place. Every thought is securely dovetailed with that which precedes and follows. There is no describing Secretary's Lincoln's style. You must read it for yourself. As well might Bo-bo try to describe the taste of roast pig to his father as for any critic to seek to tell, in mere words, its charm, but as Bo-bo said to Ho-ti, "Eat, eat eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; O Lord!" so LIGHT is to Worcester people. "Read, read the Secretary's Report and get new notions of the scope of the English Language with, now and then, a Latin word thrown in." The juveniles of Worcester who steal fruit and flowers come in for a thorough scourging and they deserve it all. The deterioration in agricultural fairs is set forth in telling colors while the possibilities of such an organization as our Horticultural Society are dwelt upon. There is no file of Worcester reports of any

kind more deserving of praise and reference than that of this society which is about to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

A National Family Paper.

The announcements of The Youth's Companion for 1892, which we have received, seem to touch about all healthy tastes. Its fiction embraces folk-lore, serial, sea, adventure and holiday stories. Frank Stockton, Clark Russell, Will Allen Dromgoole, Mary Catherine Lee are a few of the distinguished story writers.

Its general articles cover a wide range. Self Education, Business Success, College Success, Girls Who Think They Can Write, Natural History, Railway Life, Boys and Girls at the World's Fair, Glimpses of Royalty, How To See Great Cities, Practical Advice are some of the lines to be written on by eminent special-ists.

Gladstone, De Lesseps, Vasili Verestchagin, Cyrus W. Field, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley are among the contributors. The Companion readers thus come into personal touch with the people whose greatness makes our age famous. Its 500,000 subscribers show how it is appreciated. \$1.75 a year. Address The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Uncle Tom's Cabin still retains its phenomenal popularity. Indeed it would seem to be on the eve of the most remarkable epoch in its wonderful career. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., having arranged to bring it out in what they call a Universal Edition (in paper at 25 cents, and cloth at 50), began printing 100,000 copies, but the orders for it have poured in at such a rate that they are obliged to make the first issue 160,000. As at the same time with this edition will appear another in larger type in the regular issue of the Riverside Paper Series, and a new issue of the Popular Edition with some illustrations, the public will obviously have ample opportunity to read or re-read this world famous story.

A prominent feature of Good Housekeeping is the publication of series of articles relating to diverse interests of the household, each article complete in itself, yet combined in the series to secure thoroughness of treatment. The February number gives in this department the following titles, each of which is treated by a writer thoroughly competent to deal with the subject matter: "Many Meals for Many Millions," by Miss Parloa; "The Expert Waitress," by Frances Spalding; "The Household Mending Basket," by Ada Marie Peck; "The Food of the People," "The Household Laundry," "Family Fashions and Fancies," the stories, poetry, selections and compilations of this magazine are always of a high standard, fresh and inviting. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Shepp's Photographs of the world. From negatives made by James W. Shepp and David B. Shepp. Sold by subscription only. Globe Bible Publishing Company. No. 705 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

In this collection are 258 photogravures of scenery from all parts of the world. It is the most valuable companion to the study of geography that ever came under our notice. Europe, Asia and Africa, are represented by

characteristic objects, making a magnificent book, to whose charms the adult as well as the child yields at once. With this at hand, dry, hard names in geography lose all their terrors and the learner gets an ineffaceable picture. Books of travel have an added zest through these beautiful reproductions. Where parents care to make home attractive, this book will become an indispensable adjunct. Worcester Agent. E. H. Chamberlain, 3 Clarence St.

The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe. Adventures of Two Youths, in a journey through Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, with visits to Heligoland and the Land of the Midnight Sun, by Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1892, \$3.00. For sale by Sanford, Sawtelle Company.

Here are more than 500 pages of text and nearly as many pictures, for its seems as though there were an illustration for every page. Profusely illustrated is, none too strong a term to indicate the wealth of pictorial representation that accompanies this beautiful book. The boys and girls of to-day, as well as older folks, have become used to Mr. Knox's "Boy Traveller" series, but no one of the number ever gave more pleasure than this one will and does afford. If, instead of furnishing free text-books to thousands of people who do not need them, the city or town could be induced to place in all school-rooms, where children have learned to read, such books as this, what an advance would be made in teaching them about the earth and its inhabitants. In the gentle guise of companions, going through the countries, described, the writer succeeds in introducing his readers to the people, shows them the habits and appearance of the inhabitants, teaches the history of the lands, and when the book is closed, the reader has gained a more accurate idea of the country and its people, than he could have obtained in any other way, save by actual visit and observation. The sections mentioned in this volume are out of the usual line of travel, but they are none the less interesting for that. The student of to-day has means of study and learning that were not dreamed of in our grandfather's days. If we and our children are not well informed as to this *terra firma* of ours it will not be the fault of the traveller, writer nor publisher. These have united to make this an age of knowledge. In this line Colonel Knox had performed an invaluable part. America has thousands of boys and girls who rate him far above Mungo Park, Livingstone and Stanley. Maps accompany the books, so that every step of travel is perfectly clear.

February Education is filled brim full of excellent matter. Principal Larkin Dunton discusses on School Discipline. University Extension is treated in a fair manner by President Chas. W. Super. Dr. A. D. Mayo's "The Support of the Secondary and Higher Education by the State" is the best article in the number, for Dr. Mayo brings to his words the experience and observation of many years. He never writes on such themes but to instruct. Happy he who learns. The Duty of Parents to Teachers is an article that every teacher will thank Alice Hamilton Rich for writing. There are few instructors who have not chafed at the indifference, not to say open hostility of those who should bend every

energy to uphold the teacher. There are twenty pages of editorial and other miscellaneous matter that no careful reader will omit. Published in Boston, 50 Bromfield, by Frank H. Kasson at \$3 a year.

The Report of the Sixth Annual Meeting of The New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools is sent out to members by the Secretary, Ray Greene Huling of New Bedford. It is reprinted from the Academy and contains the addresses and proceedings at the meeting, Oct. 16-17, 1891, in Cambridge, Mass. The contents are, "The Practicability of Abridging the Course Preparatory for College" by Frank A. Hill of Cambridge. "Natural Science as a Requisite for Admission to College" by Prof. S. F. Clarke of Williams College, with "The Outlook on Higher Education" by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. To educators the pamphlet is of much interest and value.

The "Educational Review" for February is as usual replete with facts bearing on the problems of the day. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins gives "The Idea of Liberal Education" in a way that prompts one to wish to reproduce the entire article. Arthur M. Comey of Tuft's College, in well arranged tables, proves conclusively, that the colleges of the land are more than holding their own as compared with the growth of population. The utility of such a compilation is never exhausted. Henry S. Pancoast presents some strictures on "College Entrance Requirements in English." This is specially commended to the New England Commission of Colleges. James P. Munroe discusses "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in Education," and LIGHT for one wishes to thank him for his fearless utterances on subjects that many people have grown afraid to mention. He handles, without gloves, the idea that the state stands in *loco parentis* in all things. The individual should act and should pay also. Free text books are treated as they deserve. The four articles afford ample reason for the existence of the magazine, not to mention the valuable Discussions, Education in Foreign Periodicals, Reviews and Editorials. The latter are particularly lively and vigorous. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

The Chautauquan.

The frontispiece of the February number is W. C. Wilkinson and those who have read his delightful books on the classics will be glad to see his portrait. Two pages give us the faces of eight contributors to the magazine. Dr. J. M. Buckley begins a series of articles on Physical Culture. Articles on German Politics, The Balkan States and Greece, Spain, Cuba and the United States, give us an idea of the doings of some of the governments of the world. English social life in the 18th century at Strawberry Hill is described by E. L. Didier. The C. L. S. C. department is arranged so as to supplement the readings in the books and by additional notes, word studies, questions on the required work and current topics, must be of great help to circles or individual readers. Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

The publishers of The Century Magazine have issued a pamphlet entitled Cheap Money, containing the articles on Cheap-Money Experiments which have been appearing in "Topics of the Time" of The Century during the past year or more. Single copies cost 10 cents each, postage paid. The pamphlet will be supplied in packages by the hundred, at 5 cents each, for distribution.

In sending out this valuable matter at this nominal price the publishers have done the public a genuine service. This pamphlet would be an excellent campaign document, for no man after reading it, unless demented, could continue his belief that the country wants anything but the "best" money.

Inglis' Home and Art Magazine, published by J. F. Inglis, Lynn, Mass.

With all the notes and good reading this month there is a colored plate showing a scene in a hay field, which no doubt many of the readers of the magazine will copy. Such full directions are given for all the work in the book that any one may be sure of success in her ventures. The price is one of the good features, it being only \$1 per year.

Liabylund, from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

This dainty magazine is full from cover to cover with the pictures and stories that will so delight all its baby readers. In any home where the little ones see this pretty book there will be several hours of quiet at least when little heads will be bent over its pages in deep earnest. Price 50 cents per year.

Of Carlyle's personal appearance and conversation Sir Gavan Duffy gives the following sketch—

"Carlyle was at this time past fifty years of age, had a strong, well-knit frame, a dark, ruddy complexion, piercing blue eyes, close drawn lips, and an air of silent composure and authority. He was commonly dressed in a dark suit, a black stock, and a wide-brimmed hat, sometimes changed for one of soft felt. A close observer would have recognized him as a Scotchman, and probably concluded that he was a Scotchman who had filled some important employment. There was not a shade of discontent or impatience discernible in his countenance; if these feelings arose they were kept in check by a disciplined will.

In a *tit-tat-tat* he did not declaim but conversed. His talk was a clear rippling stream that flowed on without interruption, except when he acted the scene he was describing, or mimicked the person he was citing. With the play of hands and head he was not a bad mimic, but his countenance and voice, which expressed wrath or authority with singular power, were clumsy instruments for *badinage*. But his attempts were more enjoyable than skillful acting, he entered so frankly into the farce himself, laughing cordially, and manifestly not unmindful of the contrast his levity presented to his ordinary mood. Though he commonly spoke the ordinary tongue of educated Englishmen, if he was moved, especially if he was moved by indignation or contempt, he was apt to fall into what Mrs. Carlyle calls "very decided Annandale."

He that has little is the less dirty.

treating a Yankee that I never lain eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

Amherst Alumni.

No features in the "all the year round" of our lives are more interesting than the annual gatherings of the resident graduates of the different colleges. Worcester, this year has had assemblages of "Boys" from Yale, Dartmouth and Amherst, and there are alumni enough in the city to afford enthusiastic reunions of Harvard, Williams, Brown and Wesleyan graduates. The Amherst men were out in force, Friday the 5th, at the Bay State. The meeting was early. The banquet was served in Room 3, where the following ate one of Messrs. Douglas's & Brown's best dinners:

Daniel Kent, '75, who presided; Dr. E. Hitchcock, '43, physical instructor at the college; G. Henry Whitcomb, '64, of the board of trustees; Judge W. T. Forbes of Westboro, '71; Rev. A. E. P. Perkins, D. D., '40; Rev. Calvin Stebbins, '62; Rev. W. V. W. Davis, '73; Rev. Francis G. Burgess, '78; Charles T. Haynes, '62; Profs. E. P. Smith, '68, and A. S. Kimball, '66, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Dr. C. A. Peabody, '66; Dr. E. B. Flagg, '61; G. W. Foskett, '78; Frank G. Blair, '80; E. E. Aldrich, '81; O. P. Hunt, '82; A. P. Rugg, '83; Allen Hastings, St. Louis, Mo., '84; George P. Eastman of Millbury, '84; Clarence H. White, '86; George N. Goddard, '87; and G. B. Churchill, '89.

The college representative, in the absence of President Gates, was Prof. Hitchcock, the renowned director of the Gymnasium. Other speakers were G. Henry Whitcomb, Rev. Francis G. Burgess, Judge W. T. Forbes, Rev. W. V. W. Davis, Rev. Calvin Stebbins, Clarence H. White and George B. Churchill.

The officers for next year are: President, Rev. A. E. P. Perkins, D. D., '40; secretary, L. E. Enfield of Westboro, '78; treasurer, Dr. C. A. Peabody, '67; executive committee, the above and Prof. A. S. Kimball of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, '66.

The Mechanics.

The golden anniversary of the Association, so long expected and so enthusiastically prepared for, was observed in a most successful manner on the evening of the Fifth. With debts all paid, with a magnificent property, with a just feeling that about all there is of Worcester, is owed to the mechanics, there is no wonder that the Mechanics Association is proud. The aged members were present, and their white locks silvered well the brown and black of the younger portion.

Caterer Rebboli served an excellent supper in the west ante-room. At 7.30 President Crane, gave his address in Washburn Hall. It was none too long for the subject for, really, such an account tells much of Worcester's history for fifty years. He was followed with interest from first to last. Seated with Mr. Crane upon the platform were Henry S. Washburn and Mr. Stephen Salisbury. Mr. Washburn was president in 1857. His remarks were especially happy. Mr. E. A.

Goodnow, one of the Society's honorary members, was present having with him as an invited guest, the Rev. Archibald McCullagh, of Plymouth Church. A letter of regret over necessary absence was read from the Hon. Joseph H. Walker, a former president.

Adjourning to the main hall, dancing followed till a late hour. The apprentice members of today will participate in the centennial in 1942. They are even now, beginning to look forward to it.

Mr. Gladstone's Habits.

"Directly after breakfast a selection of his letters is brought to him. The enormous mass of papers of all kinds that arrives each morning takes so much time in merely opening, and contains so large a proportion of rubbish, that the sorting and selecting is done for him by the son or daughter living most at home. Applications for signatures go remorselessly into the waste-paper basket. Autograph and birthday books, manuscripts, novels, poetry, essays on every conceivable subject, schemes for the government of the universe, inventions, medicines, testimonials, are all placed in a box for future return when demanded. About one-tenth only of the postal arrivals are laid before him, and of these he answers on the average one-half. Excepting before breakfast, he does not go out in the morning. At 2 p.m. he comes to luncheon, and at the present time he usually spends the afternoon arranging the books at his new library. To this spot he has already transported nearly 20,000 books, and every volume he puts into its place with his own hand. To him books are almost as sacred as human beings."

VOLAPÜK

„Din Gletikün Vola“

(Pelövol.)

l'ebeginöl Babul 21 id, 1891.

kel jonom ün maladi neperopik ; dilil sotimik sufonom seneod, kel tlafom disapuod ; sam vobädas klänöfikün lifa pemofalöl neviliko ven binom nekautik ; blefo, lom letik sinas tum shanik e nekritik. Ibo def sufada, def benoda, def givofa, def plifata, def vitimofa, valikas pamaloms timilikö dub slid bal tempala. Sikodo no binos satik sölon tempäl. Mutöb gölon al fon, e ceinön meugi debälkin e ladilöds zunik odelöms. Lans pamekoms binon klänalik, no desumön lezidikosi, ab dub pladon linedo bossi—lelöfi, tikali nulik, tikali Kristusa. Kristus, tikal kristusa, nidlanöl obsike, klänalöf nifalöm, ceinöm valkosi. Atos soalik kanos savölun kelosi binos vadik, kodön ceinik kiemiik, nulön, gejañon e gefağon tikali mana. Vilänöm no ceinöm manis. Tin no ceinöm manis. Kristus dunom atos. Klu „Sibinomöd tikal in o kel i esibinom in Kristus.“ Obas anik no labobs timi modik spalön. Memolsod, denu, das at binom din lifa e deila. No kanob vitön pikön ledlano, dem ob it, dem ois it. „Kim onofom bal smalikas at, kel klidöms in ob, ebinos gudikum plo om, das mulaston pelagom zi nökeb omik e das pevateidöim dibu mel. „Obos binas säğön, binom ödät, nevifiko pemölöd, das binom gudikum no lifon ka no ladälön. Binom gudikum no lifon ka no ladälön.

The Old Grenadier's Story.

WALTER THURNBURY

(The story is told on a bench outside the Invash's, Paris.)

"I was a day beside the Pyramids, It seems but an hour ago, That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares, Returning blow for blow. The Mamelukes were tossing Their standards to the sky, When I heard a child's voice say, "My men Teach me the way to die."

There was a little drummer, with his side Tom terribly with a t, But still he feebly beat his drum, As though the sound were not And when the Mamelukes' wild hor-e burst with a scream and cry, He said, "O men of the Forty Third, Teach me the way to die."

"My mother has got other sons, With stoutest hearts than mine, But none more ready blood for France To pour out free as wine. Yet still life's sweet, the brave lad moaned, "To fair to this earth and sky, Theo, comrades of the Forty Third, Teach me the way to die."

I saw Salenche, of the granite heap, Wiping his burning eyes It was by far more pitiful Than mere loud sobbs and cries. One bit his cartridge till his lip Grew black as winter sky, But still the boy moaned, "Forty third, Teach me the way to die."

Oh, never saw I sight like that ! The sergeant flung down flag, Even the fiercest bound his brow With a wet and bloody rag. Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel, But never made reply, 'till he sobbed out once again, "Teach me the way to die."

Then, with a shout that flew to God, They strode into the fray ; I saw their red plumes join and wave, But slowly melt away. The last who went—a wounded man—Hade the poor boy good-bye, And said, "We men of the Forty-third, Teach you the way to die."

I never saw so sad a look At the poor youngster cast, When the hot smoke of cannon In cloud and whirlwind passed. Earth shook, and heaven answered I watched his eagle eye, As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third, Teach me the way to die."

Theo, with a musket for a crutch, He limped into the fight, I, with a bullet in my hip, Had neither strength nor might But, proudly beating on his drum, A fever in his eye, I heard him moan, "The Forty-third Taught me the way to die."

They found him on the morrow, Stretched on a heap of dead, His hand was in the grenadier's Who at his bidding led. They hung a medal round his neck, And closed his dauntless eye. In the stone they cry out, "The Forty-third Taught him the way to die."

"Tis forty years from then till now— The grave gaze at my feet— Yet when I think of such a boy, I feel my old heart beat. And from my sleep I sometimes wake, Hearing a feeble cry, And at a voice that say, "Now, Forty-third, Teach me the way to die."

—Argonaut.

Dix Street and its School-house.

Some men and neighborhoods have greatness and notoriety thrust upon them and that is just the case with this, one of the most quiet portions of Worcester. The prevalence, during the last few months of cases of diphtheria in this section has turned the eyes and thoughts of our citizens in this direction as never before. For obvious reasons, that part of Worcester which lies west of Harvard Street, north of Bowdoin and as far out as the Agricultural Grounds comes into the classification. The school house on Dix Street is the largest and the most important edifice in the neighborhood. Thousands of children, first and last, have been gathered there for instruction. As is natural in English speaking lands, the school house dominates and, in this case, has given a name to the section.

Since the excitement concerning the disease has arisen, we have heard all sorts of stories as to the peculiar character of the soil, but the soil is not sufficiently variant from other portions of Worcester to account for the present situation. As a rule, there is, probably, as good a health average from the Dix Street vicinity as from any other equal area in Worcester. Just at present there is an epidemic and reasons are sought.

The whole section was pasture ground and meadow land in summer and coasting slopes in winter, within the memory of men and women who are, by no means, the oldest in our city. It is not so long since the boys played ball where Harvard Street is and when Elm Street terminated where West Street is, then Governor Lincoln's meadow. Then came Chestnut Street, terminating as it does now, and its real continuation, Harvard, came much later. Sudbury Street was only a lane for cattle leading back to the pastures from the Flagg barns, near Main Street. It is only a trifle better than a lane now, but its crookedness, like that of some of Boston thoroughfares, is accounted for through its bovine origin. Between the Lincoln possessions on the south and those of Mr. Salisbury on the north, much of the land was owned by the late Dr. John Green. In time, came the streets that we now know, one of them, Dix, named for Dr. Elijah Dix of Revolutionary memory and who was, in those days an owner in this part of Worcester.

It was not till 1867 that a school house was demanded in these parts and when the foundations were laid in the Summer of that year, they were actually lonesome, having a very scattering constituency. In March, 1868, the new building was ready for occupancy, it having cost \$32,564.22 a very moderate outlay when compared with later structures, especially considering the amount of land purchased the size of the building and the then war prices of labor and building material. Our Dix Street house is just two months older than that on Lamartine Street, which it resembles, though its cost is somewhat greater. Even then the Superintendent of Schools complained of the want of architectural effect in these structures. The Dix Street house was made to accommodate 375 pupils.

The first principal of this school was Sam-

uel E. Fitz beginning in May, 1868, and he continued to hold this position till 1871 when he was transferred to Woodland Street. It should be stated that in this edifice was located the Teachers' Training School which preceded our present State Normal School.

Principal Fitz's successor was Addison A. Hunt, so long at the head of the Sycamore Street School and whose recent decease in Barre has called up many memories of long ago. He remained to the end of the school year of 1874 when Joseph W. Fairbanks came to the place from Connecticut, though he was a native of Worcester County and a graduate of Amherst. He continued in the school only one year, going thence to the principalship of the High School. Then came for a single year Mr. George R. Chase, now living in Medfield. He bore away with him, as his wife, one of his teachers.

In 1876, Mr. Wm. H. Bartlett came hither from Weymouth, and his stay in the school was prolonged till the completion of the new Chandler Street edifice in 1885 when he was transferred to that post and the present principal, James Jenkins, took his place, and has held it to date.

As at first constructed, the necessary closets for the school were wholly disconnected from the main building, but in 1887 a large outlay of something like \$7,500 was made to put in a new system of heating, ventilating and "other repairs." Instead of putting in a system of water closets such as people generally use, where it is possible, a plan was substituted whereby heat and a drying current of air were to effectually do away with all possible odors and to thoroughly ventilate the building. Like many other plans, it may work very well while it does work, but when it takes a rest, what then? Of course, there is a possibility of a set back and just that back draft happens when the heat is low and it is against this possible infliction of closet filth laden air that the patrons of this school protest. With an abundance of water at our command, as yet, the citizens of this part of Worcester have a right to ask for what they get in their own homes. The question of diphtheria is not in this for the moment. It is purely one of sanitation, and if water cannot be had, let us return to the out of doors privy with covered ways leading thereto. Nor is this an unreasonable request. The people of the Dix Street School vicinity ask for their children the same safety that was accorded, after much protesting, to the Belmont Street pupils. At present the building and its neighborhood are under a cloud.

Raising Ned.

"The writer of the story about 'Raising Ned,' in last week's Gazette, wishes to correct a slip of the pen which made the hero of the story the Rev. Chandler Robbins, when it should have been his brother, the Rev. Samuel Robbins. There is another story of Mr. Robbins current. He had officiated several times at funerals in a certain family, but at a wedding in the same family an Episcopal clergyman was requested to read the service. Some one mentioned the wedding to Mr. Robbins, adding, "I suppose you officiated, of course?" "Oh, no," said the minister dryly, "I'm reserved for funerals!"—Boston Gazette.

A Big Story.

A century plant in the garden of the Earl of Rene, England, blossomed a few weeks ago. The flower spike was twenty-three feet high. As usual with this species of aloe, as soon as the flowers faded the entire plant died, young offshoots taking their place.

Worcester and Oakdale.

The Committee on Education from the Legislature visited Worcester and Oakdale last Monday. Leaving Boston at 9 a.m., the committee reached Worcester at 10 a.m., where it was met by Col. E. B. Stoddard of the State Board and under his escort the gentlemen proceeded at once to Normal Hill. The visitors, in the care of Messenger Brown of Fall River, included Senators Stevens, Chairman, of Worcester County and Nutter of Plymouth. The Representatives were Messrs. Gardner of Nantucket, Roe of Worcester, Howard of West Bridgewater and Bourne of Savoy. Accompanying them was Secretary John W. Dickinson of the State Board of Education. The visit to the Normal School was confined to inspecting the new principal's residence and the dormitory. As these have been constructed largely under Colonel Stoddard's direction he was able to set forth very nicely their many admirable points. A small appropriation is needed to complete the dormitory and to furnish it. Obviously, the committee were very favorably impressed by all that they saw. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock in Principal Russell's dining room.

Again taking takes, the gentlemen proceeded to Lincoln Square Station where Messrs. Rice, Taft and Stone, County Commissioners, were met and, at 11:30 cars were taken for Oakdale. In addition to the gentlemen, already named, there went Messrs. Armstrong of Boston, Hammond and Major Harlow of Worcester. At Oakdale, Superintendent Johnson of the Truant School was in waiting and here another member of the committee, Mr. Parkhurst of Clinton, appeared. A large barge was ready and soon the eighteen visitors were transported to the new and elegant structure provided for Worcester County boys. Unfortunately the dense haze prevented a sight of the glorious prospect that the hill usually affords. Indoors, however, the excellent provisions for making bad boys good became apparent. All over the large and commodious edifice the visitors went and, finally, sat down to an excellent repast, served in the large dining room. Following this, there were remarks by Secretary Dickinson, Col. Stoddard and Messrs. Stevens and Roe. Commissioner Rice was anxious that the visitors should remain till 4 o'clock but previous arrangements seemed to demand their going at 1:44 p.m., so speech making ended then. Pending the decision as to the removal of the boys from our City Farm, the Truant School is not over crowded. In fact, there is now only one boy there and he is from Worcester. There was only one opinion expressed by each and every visitor and that was of unqualified approval of the building, and the provisions that the Commissioners and Superintendent have made for the good of erring boyhood. It seems as though a long step were being taken in advance. The committee returned to Boston from Worcester at 2:20 p.m.

About Folks.

Miss Mary Connell returns from the employ of Dunton & Winter, Millbury, to become the book-keeper for C. Baker & Co. One of Mr. Becker's pupils, Miss Doscher, from Jamesville, takes the vacated place.

Worcester looked lovingly at the two planets, Venus and Jupiter as they neared each other, last Friday night. "So near and yet so far." Apparently without speaking distance, yet millions of miles away from each other. If modest, they must have grown tired of being looked at. Yet who could gaze at the spectacle without feelings of awe and veneration. Truly, "the undevout astronomer is mad."

Dr. D. O. Mears is to conduct a union class of Bible students at the Y. M. C. A. building. His first class was the 5th inst.

At a recent social at Coral Street Church, the entertainment consisted of singing by Miss Mabel Lawton, piano music by Misses Chloë Batchelder, Amy Fuller,—Emerson, readings by Mrs. H. C. Graton and remarks by the pastor, Dr. J. O. Knowles.

Mr. Thomas J. Hastings has again been elected president of the Single Tax League. The other officers are: Vice-president, Rev. John Gregson; treasurer, H. L. Dunnell; financial secretary, J. H. Cooney; recording secretary, E. K. Paige; executive committee, Thomas J. Hastings, Dr. Eugene Ellinwood, Thomas Roach, E. K. Paige, John H. Cooney.

Those who remember the immense audience which gathered to hear Major McKimley on the tariff will hope that the Governor will accept the invitation to be present at the October Epworth League Convention in this city.

Miss Maud Sherwood, who has been visiting for the past six weeks at the home of her friend, Miss Mary A. Greene, on May Street, has returned to her home in Englewood, New Jersey.

The love of a miser for his gold is secret, mean, selfish and unholly. The love of a collector of paintings or works of art, his treasures, is exactly reverse; it is broad, reverential, sympathetic and expansive. He sincerely desires to share with others the enjoyment of his pictures. And this is perhaps the one way in which 'tis hard to tell who receives the most pleasure from wealth, the owner or his friends.—Art Words.

Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," is said to own the largest collection of fans in the world. If all that is said about her be true, she needs them.

Hiram Powers, the sculptor, whose famous "Greek Slave" is one of the attractions of the Corcoran Art Gallery, has left a son worthy to wear the father's mantle; he is the director of the Denver Art School.

Messrs. E. D. and Ernest L. Thayer, father and son, have gone to California, via Hot Springs.

A. R. Barrett of this city has been appointed

superintendent of motive power B. & M. R. R., in place of Mr. Smith, deceased.

Mrs. A. J. Harrington, late of Pilgrim choir, will sing next year in the Central Church.

Robert S. Baldwin has reached home from his European trip.

Many people must remember with pleasure Dr. Gottfried Lundberg, who was quite a lion in local society, some years since, especially in musical circles. A highly educated Swede with a remarkable tenor voice, his popularity was not, at all, strange. He is now reported dangerously ill at Mott Haven, New York.

Sergeant Wm. Hickey, of Worcester Police Force, was laid up for a while last week. He was soon out again, however.

The Continentals will keep open house Monday, Feb. 22, from 7 to 10 p.m.

Prof. Walter S. Perry, so long the efficient teacher of drawing in our public schools, but now of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, was in the city last week.

Fitchburg receives Iver Johnson and his workmen with open arms. Thursday the 4th, inst., the Y. M. C. A. gave them a big reception. Apparently these Fitchburgers know a good thing when they see it. "May all concerned live long and prosper."

E. B. Clapp is a Raymond excursionist to Washington and Old Point Comfort.

E. M. Low has resigned the presidency of the Low & Barber Envelope Manufacturing Company. He still retains his stock however.

Mr. A. W. Fdson of the State Board of Education spoke at Barre last Thursday night.

Senator Hoar and Representative Rice were recently elected vice presidents of the Massachusetts Society in Boston.

Dr. D. O. Mears of Piedmont Church preached last Wednesday night in Newington, Conn., at the installation of Rev. Herbert Macy, once in our local Y. M. C. A.

Principal James Jenkins of the Dix Street School is the principal pro tem of the new Downing Street School. It is to be hoped that his stay there will be short, for Dix Street needs him.

Alderman Chas. H. Pinkham has had to yield to illness for a few days.

Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, the indefatigable pastor of Laurel Street M. E. Church has had a touch of the grip.

Roger T. Upham and George C. Whitney of Worcester spoke at the meeting of the Baptist Social Union last Monday.

In Becker's Business College, Miss Ella E. Roche has won a silver medal in a penmanship contest.

Mr. H. Harvey B. Wilder, Register of Deeds, has, recently, entertained a distinguished guest in the person of Carlton A. Rice, of Peterboro, New York. He had not seen this

city for fifty years. The changes that he noted were many. He was the life long friend of Garrett Smith, the noted philanthropist

Mr. R. C. Taylor, who recently purchased the Hotel Warwick in Springfield, proposes to close the hotel and turn the building into an office block.

The members of the Pilgrim Y. P. S. C. E. are actively preparing for the "Tennis Drill," an interesting novelty by Margaret Fezandie, consisting of military marches, tennis ball and racquet exercises in tennis courts, animated wind mills, double arch formations, etc. The author designs this attraction to occupy the room of the worn out fan drills, dumb drills, etc., considering it quite as effective and much more graceful. It will be executed by sixteen young ladies in costume to the music of an inspiring march, a waltz and a La Varsovinne. It will be presented for the first time in this city, Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th, in Pilgrim Hall.

People who use arsenical preparations for their complexion, do so at the risk of their lives. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is guaranteed free from any injurious drug, and is, therefore, the safest as well as the most powerful blood medicine in the world.

Invitations have been sent out for a leap year dance which will be held in Colonial Hall, on the evening of February 29. The patrons are Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, Col. A. G. Bullock, Charles H. Davis and Charles H. Doe. Miss Elizabeth Hopkins will lead the cotillon.

Rev. J. R. Pendell of Western New York is helping the Rev. Alonzo Sanderson in extra meetings at Leicester, Lake View and the West Side.

The Natural History Society is keeping up its interest and excellent work at its rooms, corner of Harvard and State Streets.

At the weekly meeting of the Worcester County Horticultural Society in Horticultural Hall next Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, J. Chauncey Lyford, principal of the Winslow Street grammar school will read a paper on "The Flora of Worcester County." The usual discussion will follow.

The Worcester Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will discuss, at its meeting in Grange Hall next Tuesday evening, the question "Bringing up the farm." George L. Clemence, master of the Southbridge Grange, will open the discussion with a paper on the subject. There will also be an entertainment including readings by Mrs. D. L. Fiske of Grafton and a violin solo by W. I. Allen. February 23d, the Grange will have a leap year party.

M. D. Gilman has had enough of sweets and so disposes of his candy business to F. E. Young of Boston.

The Swelles of the city are looking forward with interest to a concert to be held in Horticultural hall in March. Sorlin & Johnson orchestra will have charge, aided by the Swedish quartet. Mrs. H. W. Eklund is the soprano.

About Folks.

The third of the series of smoke talks on whist at the Commonwealth Club, will be held next Wednesday evening.

Miss Louisa S. Cheever, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry T. Cheever, is teaching in the Brierly School, New York City. Her special work is in Latin and Greek. Miss Cheever was graduated in '86 at the High School and in '90 from Smith College.

A recital was given by the pupils of the School of English Speech in the school hall, Monday evening. The pupils taking part were Miss Lulu Isaacs, Miss Nellie York, Miss Nellie Delaney, Miss Sadie Parsons, Miss Gerry, Miss Eva Townsend, Miss Mc Tieran, Miss Mabelle King, Miss Bessie Lawrence, Miss Sybil Flagg and Miss Ella Johnson. Also Miss Inez Buss sang two selections.

For the restoration of faded and gray hair to its original color and freshness, Ayer's Hair Vigor remains unrivaled. This is the most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world; all who use it are perfectly satisfied that it is the best.

Athletics.

Worcester hopes to get the meeting of the Intercollegiate Association in this city. The matter is to be decided in Boston to-day.

It Didn't Pay!

The Luray Inn, Luray, Va., which was recently destroyed by fire, will not be rebuilt. It is strange what accidents befall non-paying buildings.

President Hayes.

The bare announcement that this distinguished American will be present at the next Lake View Assembly should be sufficient to crowd the grounds to their utmost.

Worcester and Boston.

Miss Christine Rice, of Worcester, has taken apartments at the Vendome for February and March.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Worcester, has taken apartments at the Huntington for the season.

Arundel Plates.

The valuable plates, 175 in number, belonging to the Free Public Library, will be exhibited to the public in the Art rooms, beginning today, Saturday. An excellent opportunity to see these works, many of them representing some of the best of the Italian masters.

City Guards.

The City Guards are arranging to give a three nights' production of "Held by the Enemy" at the Worcester Theater on the nights of April 11, 12 and 13. The piece is to be produced by professionals, the company taking no part except perhaps as soldiers.

Lincoln's Birthday.

A general order from the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., has been issued, calling all camps to observe Feb. 12 with appropriate ceremonies,

it being the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln and "Union Defenders' Day."

Alexandria.

The old tavern called the Braddock House, in which Gen. Braddock was quartered before setting out on his ill fated expedition to Fort Duquesne, against Major George Washington's advice, still stands in Alexandria, Va., though in a state of decay. The old Marshall House, in which Col. Ellsworth was killed early in the Rebellion, still stands, but is no longer used as a hotel.

A Medallion.

One of the finest pieces of work from the hand of Worcester's local artist, Mr. Andrew O'Connor, is his medallion of Mrs. Helen C. Knowles which was placed Saturday last, in the City Hospital, of which Mrs. Knowles had been a very generous benefactor. This piece of work is a deserved tribute to one of the City's honored dead and an excellent instance of what home talent is capable of.

The Historian Corrected.

In his very interesting remarks at the Mechaos Association semi-centennial, Mr. Henry S. Washburn said he had often heard the bell in the cupola of the first station. It appears that there was no cupola on the first station and that the bell was hung on a tree. The building that was taken away in the "Seventies" had a cupola and, very likely, Mr. Washburn got the two confounded. It is said that a part of the old first station is now the paint store of Geo. L. Clark, on Norwich Street.

For Writers.

Writers who use fountain or stylographic pens are occasionally troubled by the slæath's becoming so loose that it will not stay on the pen. It is, however, very easy to remedy the trouble. Hold the open end of the sheath for a few seconds near a gas light or any other warmth-giving source, then, when warm, roll between the thumb and fingers until the diameter is so diminished that it fits the pen closely. Care should be taken not to get the sheath too near the light, as the rubber will melt easily, and to not overdo it and make the sheath too small for the pen.

An Egyptian Curiosity.

In July, 1881, there were discovered in the ancient city of Thebes, the mummies of Egypt's mightiest Pharaoh's, among them that of Ramese the Great. There were also found seals, coins, statuettes, preserved food, and a few rolls of papyrus, some of the latter being of great value, curiously bound together, and, notwithstanding the mould and mildew of ages upon them, as easily read as if written yesterday. A queer little book entitled, "A Night with Ramese II.," has been executed so cleverly, that the oxidized seal, suggestion of mould, antique coloring, and partially decayed and ragged edged papyrus carry at once to the mind the possession of a veritable relic from the dawn of civilization. Mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps, by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

His Hair.

"Paderewski's hair can never be done jus-

tice to by picture or pen, says a correspondent. It is long and as soft as silk and never a comb goes through it. When he awakes from sleep (and he awakes seldom, for he seldom or never sleeps) he runs his hands three or four times through the mass of indescribable hue and lo! the colors scintillate brightly and that part of his toilet is perfected. His favorite flower is the violet and he greatly admires the American roses. Among his favorite dishes is omelette with fresh mushrooms and lobster, but he does not care for olives. When he is going to play in the afternoon, he takes some tea and lemon in the morning and when he is to play in the evening he likes an egg. This simple repast is his main diet, with the exception of a dainty little collation after the concert. It is twenty years since he left his native town in Poland. Since then he has lived most of the time in Paris. He has not consented to any photographs being taken in this country, and all those that are seen here have been imported. He dreads being lionized, but submits to it with very good grace, and, far from being eccentric, he is extremely natural and pleasing. He practices all hours of the day and night. Dining and sleeping are secondary considerations. He is music—all music—and one having seen him can readily understand the mainspring of that singing touch of his: he has a soul!"—Sunday Courier.

Historic Scrap.

Anent the recent formation of a new business house, under the name of Barnard, Sumner & Co., it is not amiss to recite the following account of the edifice in which the firm is domiciled. "Formerly known as the Union Building it was built in 1854, unitedly by Chamberlain, Barnard & Co. C. W. Freeland, and L. D. Goddard & Co., and was occupied by the owners for business purposes for several years. Worcester Illustrated, 1881. It is owned now by Lewis Barnard, and two-thirds of the building is occupied by the extensive Dry Goods and Carpet Establishment of Barnard, Sumner & Company. A passenger elevator connects the different stories. As a business house it stands deservedly high, and is the largest of the kind in Massachusetts, outside of Boston. On pleasant days their store is thronged with customers from all parts of the county. On the site of the Union Building was originally a wooden dwelling, built by Stephen Goddard about 1806, and occupied by him until 1810, when he sold the property to Deacon James Wilson. Deacon Wilson was Postmaster from 1801 to 1833, and the post-office was located in a small building adjoining his house on the south side. Previous to the erection of the Union Building the Wilson residence was removed to the north side of Mechanic Street, where it has been known for several years as the Farmers' Hotel. The old post-office building was moved to the corner of Madison and Portland Streets."

Mendicant: "Please help a poor blind man!" Kind old lady: "Blind? Why, bless me, there's a dime for you." Mendicant: "I thank ye heartily ma'am. I knowed the minit I see you comin' you was a kind hearted old woman."

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BRUSSELS SOAP.



Simple!
Durable!
Odorless!
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It saves Time,
Labor and Fuel,
two-thirds less
per hr. for fuel.

Manufacturers
Guarantee every
Iron.

TRY ONE.

With this Iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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Room 1, Burnside Building, 339 Main St.,
Mexican Work, Embroidery, Fine Needlework,
Done to Order.
Instruction given and material furnished. Goods sold
on commission.

MRS. S. M. KEYES.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE permanently eradicated by the ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no
excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain
upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make
her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently re-
moved. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

Miss H. M. PROCTOR,
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MISS C. KENNAKD, Ladies' and Children's HAIR * DRESSING * PARLORS, 387 Main Street, Groul's Block.

Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.
Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.
Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
Hair Cutting, 15c.
Hair Switches, Frizes and Bangs, in all
the latest styles. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays un-
til 10 p. m.

STARIE'S DYE HOUSE,

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Ladies and Gents' Garments

DYED * AND * CLEANSED in a Superior Manner.

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Best of references. Moderate Prices. Satisfaction
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Terms reasonable. Refers by permission
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Burnside Building, 339 Main St., Room 35

George M. Bancroft, TEACHER * OF * VIOLIN.

Pupil of PROF. BERNARD LISTEMANN of
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Elocution, Voice and Physical Culture, Greek, Poe,
Ge. ture, Etc. Thorough work in every department.

Classes in Physical Culture now forming—only \$3.00
per term. Cls. 5 for ladies and gentlemen. Friday Eve-
ning at 7.30. Children's Class Saturday afternoon at 4.

MISS STELLA M. HAYNES, Price paid.
Entertainment furnished for churches, lodges, G. A. R.
societies, etc.

WORCESTER SCHOOL OF ACTING.

Mr. J. E. Comerford, of Boston, Director.

Branch of Tremont School of Boston. Meets every
Friday at Art Students' Club, Rooms Nos. 201, 203
Walker Bldg., No. 415 Main St. For circulars, etc., ap-
ply at Rooms on Fridays or addresses.

F. J. ELLIS, Local Manager, P. O. Box 330.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Jackson, 5 Goulding St.,
desire to return their sincere thanks to the Bar-
nard, Sumner & Putnam Co., their employe-
es and others, also to friends and neighbors in
vicinity of Dix and Goulding Sts., for many
kindnesses received during our recent double
affliction and bereavement in the loss by
death of our sons Harry and Norman.

LEICESTER.

F. M. Bond is filling his ice house with clear
ice from twelve to fifteen inches thick.

The cars on the electric road are running to
Worcester every fifteen minutes.

Several of the conductors and motormen
will remove to Spencer, as the early cars will
start from that place.

A new dynamo was started at the power
station Wednesday afternoon. It is of a dif-
ferent pattern from the other four, though
made by the same firm—the Thompson Hous-
ton Co., of Lynn.

Last Sunday evening Rev. A. H. Coolidge
spoke on the life and work of the late Charles
H. Spurgeon.

William P. Johnson, at one time warden at
the town farm, died Monday in Framingham,
aged 70 years.

The young men of Leicester Academy gave
a Valentine party to their friends last night.

The electric road was not much delayed by
the storm of Thursday. Cars were run nearly
on time all day.

Mrs. Lillie Wilkinson has arranged for the
appearance of the New York Symphony Or-
chestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, at Me-
chanic's Hall, March 15.

Dix Street.

Repairs are in progress at the Dix Street
School house so that the same will not be
opened before March First.

Pierce—Morse.

Mr. Edwin W. Pierce, once a member of
the Class of '86, W. H. S., now with his uncle,
C. W. Clafin in the coal business, was mar-
ried in Hopkinton, his old home, Thursday, to
Miss Emma Morse, daughter of Mr. C. H.
Morse of that town. They will reside at No.
30, Chatham Street.

The Green Bequest.

James Green, Esq., nephew of the testator
and since 1867, trustee of a certain fund, left
by the late Dr. John Green has, during the last
week, made over to the city, for Library pur-
poses, in accordance with the terms of the will
thirty shares of Central Bank stock. The in-
come thereof, after the fund has reached \$20,
000, will be devoted to defraying in part the
salary of the librarian.

The students in the north and south wings
and cottage at the Worcester Academy gave a
reception last Saturday evening to the stu-
dents in the main building and to the young
ladies of the Home School and Miss Williams'
School. The reception was held in the chapel,
which was very tastily decorated for the oc-
casion. After a social good time there was
a musical program by the members of the Ac-
cademy. To close the evening's pleasures a col-
lation was served.

Commander Churchill.

Next week LIGHT will have a portrait and
sketch of the new commander of the Depart-
ment of Massachusetts, Comrade James K.
Blanchard, and some items pertaining to the
encampment. Worcester has no reason to
complain over the usage she received at this
gathering.

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.

Charles M. Rogers, Bakery, 166 Pleasant St.



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DEALER IN
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CLOCKS, JEWELRY
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Storm Slippers. Aaron S. Taft, Propr.,
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C. REBOLI,

Confectioner * and * Caterer,

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Dix Street Bakery.

MRS. A. S. SMEDLEY,

At 25 1-2 DIX STREET,

Furnishes all kinds of baker's wares. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4.30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

ALWAYS ON HAND!

The freshest and best vegetables to be found anywhere, with all kinds of fowls and game in their seasons.

GEORGE C. BLANCHARD,

DEALER IN

Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

No. 218 Main Street, Worcester, Mass

A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States. Descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are earnestly requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Ingersoll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

"We may live without love—that is passion but pluing. But where is the man who can live without dining."

Date Jam—Take two pounds of dates, removing the stones, and put over the fire with two cupsful of water; add one pound of sugar, a grated nutmeg, and a small piece of butter. Cook and stir until thick, and place in deep glasses, covering with buttered paper.

Custard—One-half cup rich milk, yolk of one egg, three teaspoons sugar. Heat until it thickens, and put between the cakes as soon as baked. Then use the white of the egg for soft frosting, flavored with lemon or vanilla. Sometimes I put in the oven until the frosting is delicately browned, and then place drops of jelly in any fanciful design over it.

Ann's Cookies—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, four tablespoons sour milk, or one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoons dried caraway-seeds, season with nutmeg. Make as soft as they will roll out, sprinkle with sugar on top when they are done. If sweet milk is used, two teaspoons cream of tartar and one of soda are needed; if sour milk, one teaspoon soda, only. These cookies are a little hard to make, but when just right are the best we ever ate anywhere.

KLARA KOOKE.

Cream Pie—One pint milk, one egg, two tablespoons cornstarch, one-half cup sugar, a little salt, flavor with lemon, vanilla, orange or bitter almond. Stir the yolk of the egg, flour and sugar together and add to the milk when it is near boiling. Bake the crust and pour the cream into it. Beat the white of the egg to stiff froth, put it on the top of the pie and set into the oven to brown *very* delicately.

The greatest glutton of antiquity was Albinus the Roman, who at one breakfast ate 500 figs, 100 peaches, ten melons, 100 small birds and 400 oysters.

Snaw Balls—Cook rice the usual way, taking care to have it very white and well done; season with a little cream, butter, and salt, keeping it, however, thick and dry as possible. Cool some tea-cups, all of the same size, leaving them damp inside. Pour the rice in them and allow it to cool. Turn it out then, on a fruit dish or meat dish, heaping on the top of each mould a teaspoonful of sparkling jelly. Serve with rich cream, or use sauce of sugar and butter.

Suet Fruit Pudding—One cup each of molasses, sweet milk, suet (chopped fine) raisins, one-half cup each of chopped figs and currants, two and one-half cups of flour with which sift one-half teaspoonful saleratus. Mix well, spice and salt to taste. Steam two hours. Serve hot, with whipped cream flavored with lemon or rose.

Potato Salad—Small potatoes not suitable to cook with larger ones should be laid aside and used for salads. Boil them and while warm peel and slice thin; chop some parsley, an onion, and add to the sliced potatoes; sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over two or three dessertspoonsful of oil, or melted butter can be used, and moisten the whole with vinegar. Sliced beet and cucumber can be added to the salad, but it must be done before the oil and vinegar are mixed with the potatoes.

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REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage by Philip J. Murphy, of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a Corporation duly established in Worcester in the County of Worcester, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated November 15, 1889, and recorded with Worcester District Registry of Deeds, Book 1312 Page 296, and for a breach of the conditions in said deed contained, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Tuesday, February 25, 1892, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, the prty conveyed by said deed of mortgage as follows:

"A parcel of land and the buildings on the same, in the said Worcester, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone post set at the corner of land now or late of W. B. Gage, on the westerly side of Orient Street, and lying northerly from Clemece Street, so called; Thence southerly, on Orient Street sixty (60) feet; Thence westerly, by Lot 25, ninety (90) feet and six (6) inches to a stake, on Lot 24, Thence northerly, sixty (60) feet, to W. B. Gage's land; Thence easterly, ninety (90) feet, to the place of beginning. Containing about 500 square feet." This land will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, liens or assessments of whatever sort. Fifty dollars in money must be paid down at the time and place of sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on delivery of the deed within ten (10) days.

The Home Co-operative Bank.
By THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary.
E. B. GLASGOW, Attorney.
H. M. CLEMENCE, Auctioneer.

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Darling Brothers.

There is only one voice in Worcester concerning the assignment made last Tuesday by this firm of builders. Every one hopes that some means may be found of compromising the difficulty and that their great enterprises may advance to their profit and the good of their small army of employees.

MR. DANIEL F. GAY

has the honor to announce that

PADEREWSKI

will play one recital in

MECHANICS HALL,

Monday Eve., Feb. 22, '92.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Music Store of

C. L. Gorham & CO., 454 Main St.,

on and after Tuesday, February 16, 1892.

Subscribers can choose seats February 13th, at 9 a. m.

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South Siders,

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Sargent carries a full stock of everything to be found in a florist's store.

North End People

need no reminder, they will find SARGENT, THE COSMOPOLITAN FLORIST, at 25 Pleasant Street.

Fashions.

The wearing of flowers has never been more fashionable than it is during the present season. Immense corsage bouquets worn at the waist and wreaths draped about the neck are considered good form for evening receptions. It is predicted that the wearing of flowers with street costumes will also be considered allowable, this pretty fashion having fallen into disfavor during the last few years.

There is a great preponderance of divers shades of brown in this season's materials,—tan, russet, coffee, almond, chocolate, bronze, terra-cotta, maroon, copper, mordore, and tabac all being greatly used, as are also a series of browns with a dash of crimson, such as *boire de rose girofle*. Light and dull shades of green are in favor for smarter gowns, while maize and various shades of yellow are very popular.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

In the matter of evening coiffure there are three distinct styles—one for the debutante, another for the young married lady, and the third for the matron. The first coils her tresses low and loose in the nape of her slender neck, and waves her bangs lightly over her forehead; the second braids her hair in the popular form of the figure eight, and holds it in position with unique tortoise-shell or gold pins; and the last follows the Josephine coiffure, which is a coil wound high on the crown over which stray lightly curled locks. —Table Talk.

Henrietta cloth continues to be chosen for the deepest mourning; it wears so well, and can be gotten in such a perfect black, that it has ousted every other material. It is usually trimmed with crape, for which it affords a good background. Next to Henrietta cloth, the chosen material for street wear is dead-black camel's hair; then, of course, there is the large array of plain wool suitings, such as cashmere, broadcloth, tamise and the many black stuffs that have special names given to them by the manufacturers, but are all called suitings. Heavily-corded materials are not mourning; and she who chooses a ribbed fabric, and trims it with crape, simply announces her ignorance of the proper combinations. The very materials themselves show that they are not in harmony.

Neither velvet nor plush are mourning.

A white handkerchief without a border is counted in rather better taste than those having the black outline; but when a border is used it should not be over half an inch wide, and no embroidery is allowable on the linen square.

The gloves should be black undressed kid ones, the glacé kid not harmonizing with crape.

Buttons should be of the simplest, the dull black silk ones, flat, being given the preference. Where a garment can be closed without the buttons being visible it is deemed most desirable.

No jewelry should be worn, even that of jet being counted rather bad form. A widow continues to wear her wedding ring, but this is the only glint of gold about her.

The mourning fur is really the black Persian lamb, but custom seems to have permitted the use of black bear and black fox, and of seal that is dyed very black.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"Knowledge for its own pure sake. God for His own sake. Truth for the sake of truth. This was the reason for which, in earliest days, men read the aspect of the heavens."—F. W. Robertson.

Samuel Colgate has presented to Colgate University a collection of 32,000 pamphlets, documents and books relating to the history of the Baptist Church.

The law students in Michigan University, 600 in number, are in rebellion because the faculty forbade the presence of one who was taking shorthand reports of the lectures and distributing copies among his classmates, who are required to take their own notes.

Concerning the foregoing or a similar habit in the East, Dean Bennett of the Boston University Law School has the following:

"The practice, then, of taking notes in the way named is unwise for the student who takes them. It is harmful to the student who uses them instead of making his own. It is unfair treatment of the lecturer, and an injury for which he has a remedy at law. Such practices may exist in leading institutions of learning in the East, but it may be doubted whether they exist with the knowledge and approval of the lecturers."

It is said that President Low, of Columbia College, has already received subscriptions amounting to \$315,000 for the removal of the college to the proposed site at Bloomingdale. Three separate pledges of \$100,000 have been received, and there is a man who promises to give \$5,000 for every \$100,000 subscribed. These gifts were made known last week, and it is confidently expected that the necessary sum will be raised in a short time. About a million and a quarter will be needed before the college can take the important step. These gifts are noteworthy as the largest amounts that have ever been made to Columbia College.

Dedham, Feb. 3.—The will of Mrs. Sarah W. Glover of Boston was filed this noon for probate. She left an estate valued at 1,000,000, and bequeaths all the rest and residue, after certain private bequests, for the erection, equipment and care of a substantial building to be known as the White gymnasium, for the use and benefit of students of both sexes at Thayer Academy, Braintree. The surplus left after the bequest is fulfilled is left for the establishment of a permanent fund for the care and support of a laboratory to be known as Glover Laboratory at said academy.

The Boston school teachers are after President Eliot for his strictures on American schools. The following is from the Advertiser of Thursday, Feb. 4.

"President Eliot of Harvard may not be aware that the schoolmasters of the state are rather laughing at him for his recent speech on grammar school reform.

"The Schoolmasters' Club at their regular meeting Tuesday night discussed briefly his address at Winchester last Friday, when he directed much of his talk against the methods pursued in the Boston public schools. The masters of the schools in this city propose to take this matter up and show how far Mr. Eliot is away from the truth of the matter, and this they will do later on when they have fully perfected their plans and arranged the material. Meanwhile the Advertiser proposes to throw a little light on the same topic by showing the work of the typical grammar school of the city."

The paper proceeds to describe a visit to the Prince School and claims to find the President "way off" and that the school is fully up to any reasonable standard.

Already college boys are wondering what effect on college life and college athletics the removal of Columbia College to Morning-side Park will have. If the only good ground out of the removal is to boom athletics and to give the young men a taste of dormitory life, the college had better stay where it is.

Of the twenty-eight pupils admitted to the Normal School at the recent examinations, eighteen, all girls, were from this city. Very few boys undertake the course here. It is not so at Westfield, Salem and Bridgewater.

Boston Store Notes.

Miss Teresa Brosnahan is rapidly recovering from a very severe attack of that disease which has had such a "grip" on humanity this Winter.

Miss Nellie Mack is visiting friends in Providence.

Mart Howard leaves the store after several years service, to go with Mark Cosgrove in the shoe business on Front Street.

E. F. Blake leaves the first of March to accept a position in Bridgeport, Conn., his former home.

Miss Flossie Cushing has returned from a week's visit to Boston.

Billy Latz writes from his new home, Minneapolis, Minn., that he is getting along finely.

S. K. Akamatsu, the genial Japanese who has had charge of the Japanese department for the past six months, has left for Atlantic City, N. J., where in connection with another gentleman, he will conduct a store devoted to Japanese ware.

Brown.

On Tuesday evening occurred the annual Winter concert of the musical organizations. The brass band, Symphony Society, mandolin club, glee and banjo clubs and their quartettes all did excellent work and gave substantial evidence of their ability. The band was especially worthy of mention as it has come up from a mere name to a creditable organization. Its numbers were exceedingly well rendered and appreciated by the large audience which filled Sayles' Memorial. The concert was a success in every way. The proceeds are to be used in fitting up the music room in the Lyman gymnasium. The following are the leaders of the several organizations: E. B. Munger, '92, Symphony Society; E. N. Corliss, '95, banjo club; B. S. Webb, '92, glee

club; G. N. Norton, '92, mandolin club; A. B. Johnson, '92, brass band.

A comic opera has been written by Langdon, '92, which is to be presented about the middle of the Spring term. Rehearsals are to be given within a week.

The third lecture by Prof. Smith on the Njal Saga was delivered in Manning Hall, Monday night.

Traford of Harvard was the guest of Lindsey, Brown's foot ball captain, Tuesday evening.

Pres. Andrews will address the members of the Drexel Institute on Washington's birth day and also be present at the Philadelphia Brown University Club's dinner on the following day.

At a recent faculty meeting it was voted that attendance upon recitations for the Seniors be voluntary for the remainder of the year. So far the plan has worked very successfully. No marks are used and the standing is determined by frequent written exercises.

The engagement is announced of C. E. Ide, '93, and Miss Edith White of Providence.

Today Prof. Bailey begins a course of lectures on "Botany" which will be open to all in any way interested.

F. W. Taft, '94, recently gave a small supper to a very select circle of friends. The occasion was the 21st birthday of the host. "SMILAX."

Mt. Holyoke.

When faculty and students alike pronounce an entertainment "a complete success," '92 may well feel proud of itself. Nothing like a Circulating Library has been given at the college before. When the doors were opened the Seniors, each dressed to represent the title of some book, and conspicuously numbered, stood with their backs towards the spectators. The public was presented with library cards, and upon drawing the works began to guess their names. The "works" circulated freely. Here a group of Freshmen looked in despair—as well they might—upon Locke's "S. A. upon the Human Understanding" or the "Descent of Man," but their little faces brightened as "Mother Goose" hobbled up to them. Miss Berry's Representation of "Views Afoot," and Miss Von Schrader's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," created much laughter, as did also "Fisher's Outlines." "I've an hoe" was one of the many bright ideas. "Old Fashioned Girl" and "From Jest to Earnest" acted their parts very well. "Vanity Fair" with her countless mirrors, "Red Gauntlet," "Over the Teacups," and its relative "Songs in Many Keys" were all very good. "White Wings," in spite of her remarks upon her "never growing weary," was often taken for "Guardian Angel." Black's Novels seemed to be favorites here as well as in the world outside, for "Three Feathers" danced on the top of one maiden's little head, and "Madcap Violet" laughed at the wrong guesses of her would-be readers. Our valedictorian had a characteristic title, "Among My Books." The "Egyptian Princess" was one of the very pretty costumes. "Monroe's Sixth Reader," "Snow Bound" and "Twice Told Tales" remained sealed volumes to the greater number. A dainty "Bow of Orange Ribbon" assisted Miss Cowles and Miss Beckie in receiving. When the "works"

were called in and explained, it was found Miss Ella L. Osborne had guessed thirty correctly and she was awarded the prize. There was only one drawback to the evening's pleasure and that was that our President, Mrs. Mead, was unable to be present.

Boston University.

Gamma Delta, the open society which includes all the young women of the College of Liberal Arts gave its annual high tea last Friday evening, in Jacob Sleeper Hall from six to nine o'clock. This was the social event of the year and is known as the "Klatsch Collegium." Music was furnished during the evening by a ladies orchestra. Fully 1200 people were present, including students from Harvard, Tech, Tufts, The Annex and Wellesley. Conspicuous among the guest were, President and Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, of Boston University, President E. H. Capen of Tufts, President Helen A. Shafer of Wellesley, Prof. E. F. Bradbury of Cambridge, Prof. Moses True Brown of Boston School of Oratory, Prof. B. G. Brown of Tufts, Miss Annie Hayden Webster and all the college faculty. It was a grand success which was largely due to the efficient management of Miss A. Louise Symonds, the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

There is to be an intercollegiate tennis tournament between Boston, Amherst, and Williams in Williamstown next May. E. R. Speare, the tennis champion of the college, will represent Boston University.

At the last meeting of the Faculty of the College of Liberal Arts, it was voted that the present course in the curriculum for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy be abolished, and that no students be allowed to matriculate except for the degree of Bachelor of Arts or as a special student. This rule will not go into effect until next September, and will in no way affect those who are at present taking this course, as they will be given their degree when the required studies are completed.

Polytechnic.

The Juniors and Preps have been amusing themselves the last few days by an interchange of courtesies through the medium of snow-ball fights. The first time the Preps won, but Wednesday night the entire Junior class fell upon them and they were driven off the field. It is said that the Dean of the Faculty attempted to remonstrate, but the Dean himself became a target and rapidly retreated. The victorious Juniors hired expensive wagons and paraded the streets in celebration.

J. A. Derby, '93, vaulted 9 feet 8 inches last Saturday night at the Worcester Athletic Club games. This is 2 inches higher than the inter-collegiate record up to last year, and but 1.35 behind last year's. Unfortunately he sprained his right wrist; if this gets well in time it probably means a first prize for Worcester in the spring field-day. The new class is also said to contain some promising athletes. One man, six feet three inches in height weighs two hundred and ten—material for the rush line. Another man has run his hundred yards in 10½. The class also contains a crack pitcher from the Boston Tech.

The Annual Convention of the New England Inter-collegiate Athletic Association occurs this morning at the Quincy House, Boston. The Worcester Athletic Club will send two or three representatives to try and persuade the delegates to hold the annual field sports at Worcester instead of Springfield. They will make the same offer as a year ago, the free use of the grounds, the full care of the advertising and arrangements, and two thirds of the receipts. The chance of their success seems very good this year.

President Fuller holds a reception for the Junior class at his house, Boynton street, next Tuesday evening.

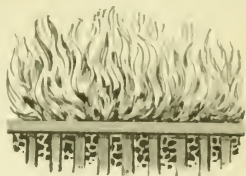
The proposed changes in the mechanical and electrical courses have caused much discussion on the part of the middle-ers. A great many evidently intend to take both, being allowed to graduate however from but one. This means about six weeks extra practice test hours a day during the summer vacation.

A recent letter from ex-Professor Eaton now at Redlands, Cal., says, "I am happy to say that I am much better than when I left Worcester, having gained 20 lbs. in weight. I am working very hard on my new house and have bought four ranches since coming here and sold three, so you see that when LIGHT said that I was going to live a lazy life, it was a little off."

The High School Alumni.

About two hundred people attended the sixth annual meeting of the Worcester High School Association, held Tuesday evening in High School hall, but very little interest was shown in the proceedings. The business meeting was called to order at 8.15 o'clock by President Francis I. McKeon. The minutes of the June meeting were read by Secretary John G. Wight and Maj. F. G. Stiles moved that the constitution be so amended that hereafter there be only one meeting each year, that at graduation time in June. The amendment was adopted. A committee consisting of Edmund M. Bartoo, Dr. Edward D. Fitch and Miss Annie Morse were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year and reported the following who were elected: President, Frederick G. Stiles; vice-presidents, Stephen Salisbury, Charles M. Thayer, Mrs. J. Russell Marble and Mrs. Kate G. Taft; secretary, J. G. Wight; Assistant secretary, Miss Mary Jilison; treasurer, Joseph H. Perry; board of directors, Edmund M. Bartoo, Miss Alice G. Arnold and George B. Churchill. A motion by Mr. Bartoo that hereafter all the money received for life membership fees be funded was carried. This has always been done save during the past two years.

Following the business meeting was a miscellaneous program as follows: Overture, orchestra; song, "The New Kingdom," by Tolors, Miss Alice B. Hammond, '86; violin solo, "Lantasia," by Singlee, Miss Lucy M. Day, '93; recitation, "The wonderful one-hoss shay," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Miss Alice L. Gates, '92; piano solo, "Etude in D flat," by Liszt, Arthur J. Bassett, '87; music, orchestra. Miss Fannie L. Day, '91, and Arthur J. Bassett, '87, were accompanists. Mr. Bassett bore off the greatest honors, being very heartily applauded.



KEM-KOM

One 25-cent package of Kem-Kom—your grocer has it—a few gallons of water—an old tub or barrel (it won't hurt a new one)—a stick or a poker—a minute's stirring—a water pot—three minutes of sprinkling—your ton of coal is worth a ton and a quarter.

In large quantities for railroads, manufacturing and homes. For sale by the Standard Coal and Fuel Co., Equitable Building, Boston.

There were three class reunions, '91 in room 6; '90 in room 21; '84 in room 22. There was dancing in the lower corridor until after eleven o'clock, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the younger graduates present. The collation which was one of the features of the past reunions, was dispensed with this year on account of lack of funds.

In Memoriam.

Grace Church will miss another of its former members in the death of Mrs. Laroey A. Daniels, formerly Miss Mattie S. Coller. Until her marriage, less than three years ago, she was for several years a member of the choir at this church. Acute Bright's disease gave no hope that she could recover.

Her last conscious hours gave abundant testimony to the apostle's words that "His death shall be glorious." Out of the fullness of her heart she asked the watchers to sing, but they were utterly unable to command their voices. Then she began herself the sweet lines, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and sustained it through two stanzas.

Mrs. Daniels was the only child of Mr. Asa R. Coller, whose death occurred in June last. It is not often that an entire family is so soon reunited on the other shore, after the first member departs. In the present instance there were not four years and three months from the first to the last. She leaves a husband to mourn her loss.

Dastardly.

Thursday night, a lad, a grandson of one of the most prominent dwellers on Chestnut Street, while peacefully pursuing his way, was assailed by a sidewalk shoveller and beaten. It is to be hoped that the appearance of the assailant in the Police Court, Friday morning may prove a valuable lesson and possibly prevent his becoming a worse criminal.

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130 piece Decorated Dinnersets, \$12.50, 15.00, 16.00, 17.50, 17.75, 18.75, 19.00, 20.00 and upwards.

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472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house, it must appear in other ways than words; Therefore I scan this breathing courtesy.
—Shakespeare.

"Young Housekeeper," if you have a cool, dry cellar, put your fruit cake into a stone jar and set the jar on the ground or floor of the cellar. Be careful to have your jar covered tightly. I have kept cake three months in this way. M.
Massachusetts.

In preparing stale bread, dried in the oven, then pounded and sifted for crumbs to be used for fishballs, croquettes, etc., the process will be found much easier if the bits of bread are pounded before they cool.

For invalids, orange cream is a change, a relish sometimes when nothing else seems to satisfy the callings of a disturbed and unnatural taste. Grate three oranges into two cups of cold water, and beat up with two eggs. Sweeten, strain, simmer slowly till it thickens, and cool in glasses.

In hanging pictures it is often impossible to get at a beam or wood work, and there is difficulty in getting the nail or screw to hold. But this may be done by making a hole with a gimlet, then filling the hole with wet plaster of Paris, then insert the nail or screw, and smooth it all around neatly, and when it is thoroughly dry it will be a firm as possible. D.

Salt is generally supposed to be one of the articles, that cannot well be adulterated, but it is a mistake for it is often mixed with other things. If you doubt whether your fine table salt is pure, test it. Take one ounce of salt and four ounces of cold rain water, added to it. If the salt does not dissolve perfectly, you may know that your salt contains plaster of Paris, and the coarser brand of salt often contains fine white sand. We should not care to eat either of these articles in a separate state, and, although salt is absolutely indispensable in cooking, and for other uses, if it is used in too large quantities it is often unhealthy. Too much salt in one's food will often cause constipation, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and skin diseases. Persons, so afflicted, try various remedies, and wonder why they do not feel better, and all the time they keep on with the same diet. That feeds the disease. Salt has the best effect on the system when it is cooked in with the food. D.

Patients, recovering from a fever and only allowed the most simple kinds of nutriment, will find the following food very pleasant to take.

Drink made from pure cold water mixed with the syrup of raspberry, strawberry, or quince, or apple jelly to which add a little powdered sugar.

Toast should be made of stale bread, but should contain neither alum, potash, nor soda. Pour boiling water on the toast and let it stand a short time, then add a pinch of salt and a little sugar. D.

If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.



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355 MAIN STREET.

Ignace J. Paderewski.

Even in the present days of juvenile prodigies and phenomenal exhibitions of pianistic power, Paderewski has appeared to astonish the general public, and to charm music-lovers by the marvellous dexterity he displays upon the key-board, and by the manifestation of much rarer qualities—lifting him above the heads of all his contemporaries—he has acquired in an unusually short time, the highest position in the artistic world. The more frequently the opportunity has been afforded of hearing Paderewski, the greater admiration his performances have excited.

In purely mechanical skill it seems impossible to exceed the limits of his amazing achievements. He has his light and delicate moods as well as his dreamy and romantic humours which find expression in the performance of the beautiful piano-forte works of his fellow-countryman, Frederic Chopin, interest in whose works increases year by year; for fire and fineness of execution nothing can surpass his playing of this master's Scherzos and Fantasies; for breadth of style and forcible delivery his performance of his own concerto in A minor, together with the concertos of Rubinstein and Beethoven is superb; while for sweep of hand, extraordinary rapidity of finger and mastery over Liszt's Rhapsodies and Fantasias he is practically unrivalled in the world; there is yet to be considered the surpassing beauty of those momentary fancies and graceful touches, which, when the music admits of it, can only be imparted by the most gifted of artists, but which adds so much charm to the composition itself. In this delightful quality, Paderewski excels any pianist, in point of fact his playing never gives one the idea of a studied performance, but seems to be rather the outcome of inherent and spontaneous musical feeling. Of all living pianists he reminds the hearer most of Anton Rubinstein, but his manipulation is more delicate, far surer and clearer than that of the great Moldavian. He never plays a false note, and the fire and musical impulse which animate Paderewski never interfere upon the borderland which divides enthusiasm from extravagance.

Ignace Jan Paderewski first saw the light at Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, on the 6th of November, 1860, and at the early age of three began to play the piano. At seven his father placed him under the care of a local teacher, Pierre Sowinski, and with this master the young Ignace remained for four years. In 1872 he went to Warsaw where the foundation of his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was acquired from Roguski, but he subsequently pursued this branch of his studies under the late Frederick Kiel, the eminent teacher and theorist of Berlin.

Shortly after this date Paderewski undertook his first *tournee*, which extended throughout Russia, Siberia, Servia and Roumania, during the course of which he performed nothing but his own compositions. At eighteen years of age he was nominated Professor of Music to the Warsaw Conservatory, and it is no secret that the money earned in this capacity was devoted to the acquisition of general knowledge after the hours when his musical duties had ceased. In 1884 he held a profes-

orship at the Conservatory of Music in Strasburg, but during that year he abandoned teaching and resolved upon the more fascinating career of a pianistic virtuoso. Paderewski accordingly removed to Vienna, and placed himself under his fellow-countryman, Theodor Leschetzky, the well known successful trainer of pianists, and husband of the no less famous pianist, Annette Essipoff, and at the expiration of three years' hard study he made his *début* before the critical Viennese public in 1887, and was at once proclaimed to be one of the most remarkable pianists of the day.

From this date he paid several visits to the principal towns throughout Germany, always with increasing success, and in the Autumn of 1889 he made his first appearance before a Parisian audience, and as my readers are aware, became the "lion" of the Paris season.

The first performance in England was given at the instigation of Mr. Daniel Mayer at St. James's Hall, on the 9th of May, 1890, since which date he has appeared at a large number of concerts and recitals in London and the provinces, his performances being uniformly marked by a crescendo of success and enthusiasm by the increasing audiences.

Paderewski has composed a large number of piano-forte pieces, many of which have attained great popularity; a concerto in A minor, for piano and orchestra, conceived in a broad and lofty style, and evincing great originality of subject and treatment; a Suite for orchestra in G; a Concerto for violin and orchestra in G minor, and over eighty vocal pieces in the German, French and Polish languages.

Paderewski married at the early age of nineteen, although he lost his wife by illness, he has a son living. Paderewski is exceedingly natural in his manners, kind-hearted and unaffected in the last degree, and possesses one of the rarest qualifications among great players, that of being a wonderfully good and patient listener. I may add that his memory is so vast and comprehensive that he is enabled to perform without a book a repertoire which covers a range of compositions of the ancient and modern writers practically without limit.

Since Franz Liszt and Anton Rubenstein, admittedly the pianistic giants of their time, no artist has appeared to create the same stir in the artistic world as Ignace Jan Paderewski, and it is highly gratifying to know that his transcendent ability is meeting with that recognition and reward which only the most highly gifted can command.

FREDERICK F. BUFFEN.

Paderewski is to appear at one recital in Worcester on Monday evening, Feb. 22d. Lovers of piano music cannot afford to miss this opportunity to hear him, as undoubtedly he will be the greatest and most talked of piano virtuoso of the decade. The public is indebted to the enterprise of Daniel F. Gay for this rare musical treat. It is understood that Paderewski declined to appear in Portland, Me., although \$1,500 was offered him for two recitals, afternoon and evening. Subscribers will do well to remember that they can purchase seats Feb. 13th, two days in advance of the public.

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State Agent A. W. Edson of this city and Secretary of the State Board of Education spoke at Athol, last Wednesday evening.

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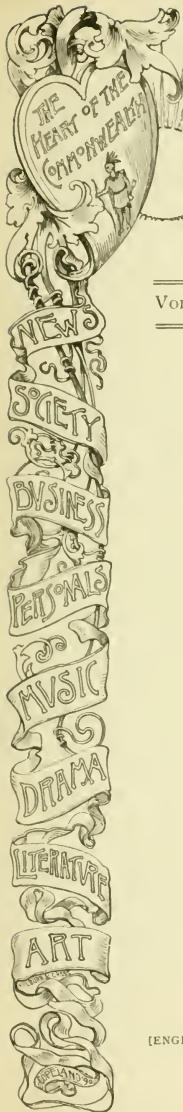
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LIGHT

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VOL. IV. No 25. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892. FIVE CENTS



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Massachusetts Department, Grand Army of the Republic.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

No. 25

Alls of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.
—The Two Angels.

"Look both ways" has long been a valuable motto and never was it more applicable than when a Worcester policeman, in front of City Hall kicked a man who had excited his ire.

Two new Aldermen were looking on and Mr. Policeman had to eat humble pie and a big piece of it. And here comes in the thought that our protective force ought to be made up of men who won't kick offenders, but, if they be law breakers, will arrest and carry before the courts. The timely presence of superior officers is a good thing.

A policeman acts impersonally or should. It should be nothing to him, whom he arrests. He is a sworn conservator of public peace and morality. He should discharge his duties with as little show of force as possible and with the very least personal rancor possible. This is one of the reasons why mental characteristics as well as physical should be considered in selecting our protectors.

The theater programs now appear, minus the lottery advertisements, and show-bills, some of them, have been covered with blank paper. Is it any wonder that the young people of the rural districts, in some respects, have a better chance than those of the cities. Parents there are not afraid to give their children full run of the farm and neighborhood. The pitfalls there are dangerous only for the body. In the city, they endanger both soul and body; and all for greed. Cut out the desire to rake in the dollars and nine-tenths of our necessary protective laws might be annulled. Is it any wonder, that poets have written of human wolves?

Our City Marshal, Mr. Washburn, has written a very keen criticism on recent drunk laws in the shape of a letter to certain Boston parties, in which he sets forth that apparently the time is near when policemen will go to their rounds with pillows on their backs, that they may on occasion, minister the better to the ease and comfort of the men discovered drunk in the streets. It would seem that our Marshal believes in a little less sympathy for the inebriate. No state in the Union has legislated so much as Massachusetts concerning drink and drunkards and how much better off are we than when a Prohibitory Law was on our Statute Book?

One can't eat his cake and have it. There are thousands of people in the state who very much wish to have drinking free and yet have no drunkards. Half of our legislation has looked towards this utopian end. Much of the legislation has been effected by men who were not themselves abstainers and what bet-

ter could we expect than what we have gained. Then there is a wide circle of people who wish to have their particular plan tried. To go the rounds of all these plans would exhaust time and lay hold on eternity. There is no plan so short, so effective as No License and then back the vote up by strict attention to the enforcement of the law.

To pass or not to pass, that is the question. This slight alteration of Hamlet's well remembered soliloquy will well express the matter that engaged the attention of Boston Legislators last week. It is one thing to make laws, quite another to enforce them. Very likely no more Legislative passes, as such, will be issued, but if roads wish to give and men care to receive, there is no earthly reason nor law that can prevent corporation or individuals giving what they choose. There are limitations in law applications if not in law making. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We shall see what will come of this.

The era of anniversaries is upon us. Worcester alone in church and societies will keep the local historian busy for many a month to come. The semi-centennial of the Mechanics Association is no sooner past than we look forward to the same event in the career of the Horticultural Society. What with quadracentennials, as in the discovery of this country, centennials and other multiples and divisions of the hundred years we and our children are to have history objectively presented indefinitely. After all, it is the very best way in which to impress historic truths. Much that we remember is in mind by way of associations, hence the more we can make of anniversaries the better we shall fix the events they commemorate.

Postal Depositories for Small Savings.

The Postmaster-General argues strenuously for chances to make deposits for people beyond the reach of savings banks. He reiterates his plan of last year, and adds:

Another plan, quite simple and thoroughly practical, would be to issue at the post-offices non-negotiable certificates of postal deposit in sums of \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100, bearing interest at the rate of half a cent a day on the dollar (\$1.82 1/2 per year) after the first of the month following the date of deposit, and the principal and interest payable on demand at any money-order office by proper indorsement and identification under regulations of the Postmaster-General. The money deposited in each state to be reinvested, so far as possible, in the same state in school or municipal bonds by the Postmaster-General, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury. In establishing these depositories due care should be taken to provide first for the states without savings banks, and for communities with but few facilities. The reports of 36,598 postmasters state that the distance of savings banks from post-offices varies from a few feet to hun-

dreds of miles, and the actual average of distance in 1,876 out of 2,891 counties of the United States is 48 miles.

Many People are Saying

That any attempt to force upon America the European Sunday, in the way of keeping open the Chicago Fair on that day, is deserving of the severest condemnation, that when in Rome we should conform to Roman ways and that it would not hurt our foreign guests to see the inside of some of Chicago's churches on Sunday and that all talk about the laboring man wanting the day for his visits to the Fair is the purest gammon, only a part of the scheme to break down our present Sunday laws.

That the parties who propose to run Joseph Cook for the presidency have undertaken a very large task, that the February talks in Tremont Temple, Boston, fully consume all of the Reverend gentleman's excess of energy and that "Our Joseph" is not, at all, in the presidential way.

That Mayor Matthew's project of a new City Hall in Boston, reminds them of some of the recent eloquence in this city over a similar proposal, that the proposition to take a part of the Public Gardens for the site was similarly like the plan to plant a City Hall on our own Common and that both schemes deserve condemnation.

That the indications warrant the belief that the Dix Street School house will be put in proper shape for school purposes, and that children may again go to school to be instructed without danger of contagion.

That many people hiring houses in the Dix Street neighborhood, unless the school has been properly cared for will move to some other part of the city, leaving tenements to rest.

To Our Readers.

LIGHT is your paper; why don't you use it?

If you have visitors send their names to LIGHT.

If you go away from the city, send word to LIGHT.

If you give a tea party or dinner, send particulars to LIGHT.

If you know of any thing, in a social way, that is pleasing to you let the public have it through LIGHT.

This paper will be your mouth-piece if you will give it an opportunity.

LIGHT does not want scandal, it will not deal in this, but it does wish all possible society data. Will you assist in furnishing? These columns are yours.



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WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1892.

The Fitchburg Evening Mail for Feb. 13
has a very interesting historical sketch of the
town of Lunenburg.

A new magazine on a strictly American
basis, called "The American Patriot," to be
edited by General Lew Wallace and published by
G. S. Benson & Co., of New York is pro-
jected.

It would be a queer part of the year in which
William Cruikshank could not find something
pretty in the floral line. This time, LIGHT is
under obligations for a bunch of hyacinths and
pinks, beautiful and fragrant. Thanks
and many of them.

The March number of the Catholic School
and Home Magazine to be issued Feb. 24 will
contain 32 pages with the following titles.
Poem, Francis P. McKeon, A. M.; Roman
Catacombs, Very Rev. Mgr. E. Schmitz, D.
D., Rome, Italy; History, I. Rev. M. M.
Sheedy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Columbus, From His
Letters, Rev. Bernard S. Conaty; Talks to
Catholic Young Men, Major John Bryne, New
York; School Topics, Richard H. Mooney,
A. M.; Education, Total Abstinence; Current
Literature, Sunday-School Dept., Children's
Dept., Chats in the School Room, etc.

The Continentals will keep open house at
the Army, Continental Hall, next Monday
evening, Washington's birthday, from 7 to 10
o'clock.

Dr. William J. Rolfe of Cambridge, the dis-
tinguished Shakespearean scholar, lectured on
"Hamlet" Monday afternoon, before the pu-
pils of the Home School and their friends.
He spoke first of the historical dates concern-
ing the leading characters, speaking at consid-
erable length concerning Hamlet and Ophelia
and concluded by presenting the moral of the
play. After the lecture Dr. Rolfe received his
listeners in the parlor below.

GRACE.—The Ladies Social Circle of
Grace M. E., Church will give an ancient and
modern supper with a musical and literary
entertainment to correspond, in the vestry
Tuesday, Feb. 23. There will also be a cir-
culating library with many unique and inter-
esting features. The admission will be ten
cents and twenty-five cents for supper.



BAPTIST.

PLEASANT STREET.—Rev. H. J. White is
preaching a special course of sermons to ex-
tend through the month. The subject of the
morning sermons is Lessons from the Tempta-
tion of Jesus: Feb. 7, The character of Satan
as seen in the temptation of Jesus. Feb. 14,
The source, strength and sin of temptation.
Feb. 21, The weapon of defence and how to
use it. Feb. 28, The blessedness of victory
over temptation. The evening sermons are
lessons from the Prodigal Son: Feb. 7, The
universal fatherhood of God. Feb. 14, The
universal brotherhood of man. Feb. 21, The
possibilities and responsibilities of human free-
dom. Feb. 28, Self-recognition. Continued
in March: March 6, Reconciliation and resto-
ration. March 13, The elder brother; or, the
uncharitableness of self righteousness.

FREE BAPTIST.—Rev. F. D. George, Dea-
cons P. P. Davis and George W. Vinton were
delegates from the Free Baptist Church at the
meeting of the Massachusetts Association of
Free Baptist Churches, which met in Lynn,
Wednesday and Thursday.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PILGRIM—This enterprising church is try-
ing, with very bright prospects of success, to
reduce its debt of \$63,875. An attempt is be-
ing made to raise \$25,000 and about \$13,500
has already been paid, while enough more is
promised to make more than \$15,000.

Y. M. C. A.

The program to be tend-er'd by the Asso-
ciation next Tuesday evening to the young
peoples societies of the Worcester churches is
as follows: 7 to 8, reception in parlor; 8 to 8.15,
wand drill by the Juniors in Association Hall;
8.15 to 10, addresses by State Secretary Arm-
strong of Boston, D. B. Tucker, president of
the Y. P. S. C. E. Local Union and J. L. Gor-
don of Boston. Musical selections will be in-
terspersed.

METHODIST.

CORAL STREET.—The Ladies Aid Society
held a very successful Bazar and entertain-
ment in their vestry Thursday night. There
were excellent readings by Miss Angie Parker
and singing by Miss and Mrs. Bullen. The
tables were in charge of the following ladies:
Fancy table, Miss Nettie Knowles, Miss
Mabel Lawton, Mrs. Cate; kitchen table,
Mrs. Melvin G. Fuller, Mrs. T. O. Knowles,
Mrs. Calvin L. Goodwin; candy table,
Miss Lottie Cate, Miss Nellie Benson,
Miss Frankie Knight, Miss Clara
Wood; fancy and mystery table, Mrs. James
C. Barber, Miss Willow Gates, Miss Edith
Pierce, Miss Amy Fuller.

Y. P. S. C. E.

At the monthly meeting of the executive
board, held at the Y. M. C. A. building Mon-
day evening, it was decided that the date of
the March meeting of the Local Union
at Piedmont Church be the 15th. Mr.

Lingley of the Pleasant Street Baptist, Miss
Harding of the Salem Street and Harry King
of the South Baptist were appointed a com-
mittee to secure information from the United
Society in regard to the next national conven-
tion to be held in New York City in July. It
is proposed that if enough from this city ex-
press an intention of going to the convention,
an entire hotel will be engaged for the week.
A proposition to hold the Union meetings at
fixed dates was tabled until the next meeting.

Sunday, Feb. 7, the eleventh anniversary of
the Y. P. S. C. E. was observed at Piedmont
Church. The morning sermon was on the text
"Not to be Ministered Unto but to Minister."
The evening service, led by the Endeavor So-
ciety, consisted of Christian Endeavor music,
a paper on the "Model Committee," by J. H.
Child, recitations by Misses Alice W. Laid
and Alice Davis and addresses by President
Irving E. Bigelow and the pastor, Rev. D. O.
Mears, D. D. The society was presented with
three scrapbooks for use of the committees.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and
literary research; also to promote the sale of
papers. To this end, six quotations from well
known British and American writers are given
here. To that one who first names correctly
author and location or comes nearest, a fifty
cent book, publisher's price, will be sent.
Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be
given to the one doing second best. Every
ten weeks, a book of increased value will be
given to that party who has taken most first
prizes in that time. The following condition
must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this
coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers
to quotations in LIGHT, Feb. 20,
1892.

Signed _____

I.

"They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three,—yet each alone."

II.

"Up with my banner on the wall
The banquet board prepare."

III.

"Oh why does the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the tiger's track."

IV.

"You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors."

V.

"Hail to the planting; Liberty's tree!
Hail to the charter declaring us free!"

VI.

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche."

Answers to Quotations, Feb. 6.

1. Beecher, "The Loss of the Arctic."
2. Hood, "The Death Bed."
3. Lowell, "The Heritage."
4. Eliza Cook, "Nature's Gentleman."
5. Moore, "Lalla Rookh."
6. Longfellow, "The Old Clock on the
Stairs."

1st, Gertrude Gates, Worcester.
2nd, T. G. Houghton, Washington.

The St. Ann's coffee party will open in the
basement of the church on Monday evening
and continue through the week.



Long live the good school! giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear,
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth!

WHITTIER,
The Quaker Alumnus.

"It is said that President Albion W. Small of Colby University, Waterville, Me., has been elected professor of social science in the University of Chicago, and is likely to accept, but will not leave Waterville until a year from next Autumn."

Money makes not only the mare but the college professor and president, even, go. In this case, it would seem there was something small in it.

"Among those who are mentioned in connection with the presidency of Dartmouth, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Bartlett, are Prof. A. S. Hardy, Dr. Little, '61, of Boston, Dr. William J. Tucker, '61, of the Andover Theological Seminary, and Dr. Francis Brown, '79, of Union Theological Seminary."

President Bartlett is the father of the wife of the Rev. Mr. Stimson, who was pastor of the Union Church in this city some years ago. He was always noted for his arbitrary ways and "Hot Water" is not too forcible an expression for the condition he has been in, during nearly all his presidency. Prof. Hardy is noted as a novelist and is a graduate of West Point. When the possibility of Prof. Tucker's succeeding was mentioned in Boston recently, one who is "up" on the Andover embroglio at once intimated that the Professor was not "Orthodox." Be this at it may Worcester remembers he bore away a Worcester girl, Miss Charlotte, eldest daughter of Dr. Henry T. Cheever, for his wife and many would like to chronicle the promotion.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is reported as saying: "The fate of co-education in this country is not yet quite apparent. It is more popular in the West than in the East, where colleges especially for women seem to be preferred." The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: "The president's memory should be jogged with a bit of history. When the demand was made for higher educational opportunities for women, the established colleges in the West, one after another, opened their doors to women. In the East, most of the established colleges selfishly and stubbornly refused to admit women; so that the matter of preference would not seem to be a matter of choice."

"Miss Mary A. Jordan, teacher of rhetoric in Smith College, and said to be one of the most discerning instructors in that or any other college, has organized the girls into a legislature, where various practical public questions are discussed. At the first session, the subject of grade-crossings in the city was taken up, the report of the special commissioners furnishing the basis of the discussion.

The members of the class were limited to five minute speeches, and the discussion showed that they were thoroughly informed on all phases of the subject."—Woman's Column.

Wellesley.

One of the events which stands out with the greatest prominence in the past few weeks is the day which Dr. Cuthbert Hall of New York spent with us. We are much pleased to hear that the sermon which he delivered upon the "All-round Life" is to be published.

Dr. Philip Moxom of Iloston and Mr. H. A. Bridgman of the Congregationalist have supplied the pulpit.

Feb. 1 a concert was given by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, assisted by the Bethoven Club of Iloston.

Feb. 15, the students of the School of Music gave a recital.

Feb. 8, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford delivered an interesting lecture on the "Defects in our State Government."

This week a course of lectures in Political Economy is being given by Dr. Shaw of the "Review of Reviews" upon the "Cities of Europe."

One of the social events of the season was an entertainment given to the Freshman by the Juniors, Feb. 13. The president of the class as Queen of Hearts, surrounded by her guards and court, received. The entertainment was a play representing the introduction of '95 to the mysteries of college life, and was followed by dancing and refreshments. The costumes were very effective and the entertainment was voted a great success by the Freshmen.

Through the kindness of Professor Whiting we were invited to the Physical lecture room, last Monday afternoon, to see the size of the sun spot in proportion to that of the sun, as shown by the projection of the sun on the wall by a telescope at the window. In a short talk she explained to us the wonderful connection between sun spots, electrical disturbances and northern lights.

The college was much pained to hear of the death of Miss Mabel Stone, who was such a general favorite during her three years here. Resolutions were passed by the special organization and by the society of Phi Sigma, of which she was a member. The following are the resolutions passed by Phi Sigma:—

Whereas, The Society of Phi Sigma has sustained a deep loss in the death of Mabel J. Stone, we, in behalf of the society, desire to express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss of one so loyal and devoted to its interests. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to her sorrowing family and friends.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the Prelude.

NETTIE G. PELLEN, '92,

MARY E. DILLINGHAM, '93,

EDITH WHITE, '93,

For the Society.

Smith.

Preparations for the annual reception on Washington's birthday are going rapidly forward. In addition to the usual Glee Club con-

cert in the afternoon and to the evening reception, there will be an informal dance in the gymnasium in the morning. Also, besides the teas given at the Campus Houses, almost every outside house: with any number of girls, is issuing invitations for teas, so that Monday will be a very gay and festive day for the college and its friends.

There have been two very interesting recitals of the Music School, one last Tuesday, the other the preceding week. The last was held in Assembly Hall, as it was partly an organ program, three pupils playing finely on the new organ.

Prof. Tucker, President of Andover Theological Seminary, spoke at vesper, Sunday.

Holy Cross.

The President gave a short address to the members of the St John's Guild at their last literary meeting. A rising vote of thanks was tendered the reverend speaker at the close of his talk for the able manner in which he imparted his instructions.

The second term is now commenced and the change of studies has begun to continue until June.

The class of philosophy had their second "Paper," on general metaphysics last Wednesday morning. A holiday was enjoyed in the afternoon.

The B. J. debating society will begin the meetings of the second term, tomorrow evening with the election of officers.

On Monday, Washington's birthday, a whole holiday will be given to the students.

The preparations are nearly all completed for the presentation of "The I'devated Case" at the theater on March 2d. All the orchestra has been sold and but few seats are left in any part of the house. The tickets that have been given out may be transferred at the box office for seats on and after February 27.

The new billiard rooms were opened with a tournament during the week.

The coming baseball season promises to eclipse all previous successes of the team on the diamond. The baseball association has organized by the re-election of J. W. Larkin as manager and Dennis O'Neil, Jr., as captain of the team. This makes O'Neil's fifth year on the team and the second as captain. Last year, under his captaincy, the team administered defeat to Brown and Harvard, who were especially strong last year. This year the club hopes to make its success even wider and games have been arranged with teams far and near. The opening game will be played here on Fast Day, April 7. The opposing team has not yet been chosen. During the Easter holidays, the team will take a trip to New York state playing Fordham. A game has also been arranged with Georgetown play a game with us. Murphy is an intimate friend of many of the students of the college. The following is a partial list of the games as arranged

April 28—Quincy Market Club of Boston.

May 2d—Harvard at Cambridge

May 7—Yale at Worcester.

May 10—Yale vs New Haven.

May 10—Fordham at New York.

May 14—Brown at Worcester.

May 21—Harvard at Worcester.

May 30—Memorial Day Brown at Worcester

June 4—Brown at Providence.

Games will be probably be arranged with Amherst, Williams, Trinity and Dartmouth.

James K. Churchill.

Only once before, has Worcester been honored with being the home of the Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In 1868, the 2d year of the Department, the commander was General A. B. R. Sprague and he sat as one of the delegates as Past Commander at the recent encampment. So then, nearly twenty-five years have elapsed since Worcester last held the gavel.

Our commander in this, the first year in the second quarter of a century of the Department and the one who, if he live will lead the Massachusetts veterans in the Washington parade next September is a native of Boston where he was born in November, 1836. He early learned the upholsterers' trade and in his younger days was a fellow workman of the famous Patrick A. Collins of Boston. In fact at one time, he was president and "Pat" Collins was secretary of the Upholsterers' Union. In Boston and Charlestown, he formed intimacies that have been life long in duration.

When young he joined the militia and he takes no little pleasure in his memories of the Charlestown City Guards, in whose ranks he served. This was composed of men who were Democrats in politics and was the only military representative from New England at the Inauguration of President Buchanan in 1857.

This was Company K of the Fifth Regiment and when President Lincoln called for troops the men of this company were among the first to respond. They rendezvoused at Faneuil Hall and it was brought out, when Comrade Churchill was nominated for the post of Junior Vice Commander, two years ago that his mother was unwilling that he should go. She thought that her son had home duties to attend to as he surely had for his baby boy was only a few weeks old, but her son was not to be balked of his war journey, and when, being at the remote end of the Hall, he saw his mother enter the door, he quickly went out of a window and slid down a water spout to the ground. It was not a case of going *up* the spout. He kept the hall in sight, till he saw his mother, weary of searching for him, depart and then he ventured back and went on the famous expedition which so much redounded to the credit of the Bay State militia.

The Fifth Regiment went out three times, during the Rebellion. In this, its first enlistment, it sailed from New York the 21st of April and landed in Annapolis three days after. The regiment was accompanied on shipboard by our First Battalion of Rifles under Major Charles Devens. For the most part the Fifth was near Washington during the first service, but it saw severe fighting at Bull Run.

It went out again for nine months in 1862, serving in North Carolina. During its 100 days' enlistment in 1864, Comrade Churchill was first sergeant of Co. H.

At the recent banquet in Faneuil Hall, which followed the encampment, it was Commander Churchill's lot to sit near the window where he made his unusual descent, nearly thirty-one years ago. General Miles of the U. S. Army was one of his nearest neighbors and who could not find them for conversation

in that place, especially when one of the party had taken such pains to conceal from his mother the fact that he was out.

In 1862 he volunteered to serve in a Charlestown Company, the Warren Guards which became a part of the 36th Regt., but the examining surgeon, who was also his family physician, knowing that his two children were sick with typhoid fever, refused to pass him, saying, "You are needed at home with your family."

Commander Churchill came to Worcester in 1866 and this city has been his home since. At his trade he worked for J. B. Lawrence, John D. Chollar and others. Though never devoted to politics he has held office being four years in the Common Council and School Board. In War times and since, comrade Churchill has never flinched from the Democracy in which he was reared.

Mayor Kelley, in 1886, made our Commander Assistant City Marshall and for six years he was in the Police Department, serving as night captain in 1883, under Mayor Hildreth. For several years past he has been in the employ of Pinkham & Willis in their house furnishing business.

Commander Churchill joined the G. A. R. in 1873, and passed through the several grades of the Post to that of Commander, which position he held in 1878 and '79. For two years, he commanded the Worcester County Division of the Grand Army. At the Department Encampment of 1890, he was elected Junior Vice Commander and, one year afterward, he was advanced to the Senior Vice Command. During these years, he was indefatigable in visiting all portions of the Department and doing all he could to advance the interests of the veterans. When he came home from his election to his first office, his Worcester friends joined in presenting him a sword and a complimentary banquet at the Lincoln House. His recent advancement to the highest position in the gift of his comrades is appreciated by the city of Worcester as well as by his many personal friends.

Mr. Churchill is a member of Worcester Lodge of Odd Fellows and in 1876, he was in command of the Wachusett Encampment, for a week, during its visit to the Centennial Exhibition. This was the only Massachusetts Encampment of the order that went to Philadelphia in a body. He is also prominent in the Royal Arcanum order.

In 1857, he was married to a Charlestown lady and they have two sons, Edward J., a Worcester druggist and James H., who is a chemical expert in Boston. The latter passed through the Worcester Schools, graduating from the High School in 1881 and three years later from the Worcester Polytechnic. Their only daughter, Katie, also a promising pupil in the High School, and a great favorite in a wide circle of friends died several years ago at an early age.

The past we have. The year before the G. A. R. is one to be filled with interest. It is a Presidential year. It is the Quadri-Centennial of America's discovery and above all, it is the year in which the Grand Army is to move on Washington Massachusetts veterans by the thousands will visit Washington during the National Encampment. Post 10 will lead as a guard-

of honor to a member who will command the Department of Massachusetts.

The Encampment.

No Post in the Commonwealth takes more interest in department affairs than George H. Ward Post of this city. Only one command in the state, that of Lynn, exceeds ours in numbers, so the number of delegates who, annually, go down to the Hub, forms no inconsiderable portion of the Encampment. There, too, the delegates have acquired the reputation of staying and of attending to duties to the end. Those who went down this year were Past Department Commander, General A. B. R. Sprague, Commander John B. Lepire, A. S. Roe, William H. Bartlett, James Crosby, C. N. Walker, William L. Robinson, E. T. Raymond, George Mirick, Charles E. Grant, S. F. Babbitt, C. S. Gratton, A. M. Parker, Charles E. Simmons, C. W. Gasset, M. A. Boyden and W. W. Scott. While interested in all that pertains to the good of the order, these delegates may be pardoned for having a paramount interest in the promotion of their comrade and when success crowned their efforts, they were naturally pretty happy. It will be many years before Post 10 sets out again in a similar venture. Two commanders in twenty-five years is not an excessive asking for a Post as large as ours. Once and once only has our city had the Commander-in-Chief, General Charles Devens, and that was many years ago.

In addition to securing the head of the Department, to Post 10 were accredited a delegate to the National Encampment, Alfred S. Roe and an alternate, David Boyden. Post 18, of Ashland has delegate Granville C. Fiske and Post 22 alternate, C. W. Wilcox. Post 48 of Ayer, also, has an alternate in A. J. Lovejoy.

The success attending the encampment prompted the flying of the flag at Post headquarters, Thursday, on the announcement of the vote. Worcester veterans are very happy.

Old Mens' Home.

This very beneficent institution has lately received a check for \$100 from Mr. S. R. Heywood. Many more such could be used to advantage.

The Summer Camp.

Col. Chas. E. Burbank is already arranging for the Natural History Camp at the Lake. Amherst will furnish the following officers and teachers. W. J. Fisher, '92, to teach ornithology; H. L. Clark, '92, and E. L. Morton, '91, botany. Alfred Turner, '93, will have the direction of swimming and general athletics. C. E. Burbank, '92, will be commandant, and E. D. Pierce, '92, Adjutant of the camp.

He and She.

For years he'd tried to see her home,
For years had she declined.
Each time he brought some good excuse,
But she in ways that maidens use
Would some quick answer find.
This night he came as usual.
Without a thought of failing,
And said: "I think it is my privilege,
For there's a man on down the bridge
A leaning 'gainst the railing."
She listened quite attentively,
Then spoke in accents rare:
"O thank you, John, for telling me—
He said he'd meet me there."

—Boston Gazette.

About Folks.

Rev. F. A. Gray of All Souls Church is rejoicing in the birth of a third son.

The mother of the Rev. E. H. Hill, now of Cambridge, formerly of Worcester, has passed her ninetyeth birthday.

E. C. Newcomb is out again after a severe illness.

H. H. Bigelow has reorganized the Quinsigamond Electric Power and Light Company under Massachusetts laws. Capital, \$10,000. Directors are H. H. Bigelow, president; I. E. Bigelow, treasurer; and E. F. Thompson, clerk.

Mr. Alfred Chaffin, a prominent member of Post 10, G. A. R., has turned up smiling after a six weeks' attack of La Grippe.

Miss Jeanie Lea Southwick, teacher of drawing in the public schools, has three pictures in the twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society, at the Academy of Design in New York. The subjects are: "In the forest," "A gray day on the downs," and "A street at Rocky Neck."

Rev. I. J. Lansing preached last Sunday evening in the Park Street Church.

Rev. Philip M. Washburn of Northampton preached at St. Marks Church last Sunday evening. Mr. Washburn is always assured a glad hearing in the city of his early home.

The boys at the Y. M. C. A. do not often have a chance to hear a general speak, but last Sunday, they had that privilege, when General C. M. Carrington, who prepared The Patriotic Reader, spoke to them.

Mr. B. A. Lemont, for some years secretary and treasurer of the Bay State Bicycle Club, and at present senior member of the firm of Lemont & Whittemore, has perfected an invention in the form of a spring lock and ring, for securing bicycles, which is considered by practical men throughout the bicycle world as the most useful article of the kind that has as yet been placed on the market. Although the season for the sale of such goods is some months away, the demand for the lock is greatly on the increase, each mail bringing in orders from all parts of the continent.

Very Rev. J. J. Power, D. D., V. G., has promised those members of the boys' Sunday School class who will stand 75 per cent. in deportment a substantial present in the shape of a bank book, hoping thereby to engender a spirit of economy which will be the foundation of a successful life. He most earnestly requests that parents will do their utmost to imbue and foster the principles of saving in the youth of the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Richardson have had a trip to Richmond and Old Point Comfort, Va.

The High School girls, some of them, had a sleigh ride to Millbury, last Saturday night. They didn't make the welkin ring for their music was made with horns.

"It is plainly to be seen that no pianist in this country can get ahead like Paderewski.—Ex.

On account of repairs being made upon the elevator in the building, Mr. Ben T. Hammond's recitals, announced for this week, will take place next week, Thursday and Friday evenings.

The meeting of the Chamberlain District Farmer's Club, postponed from last week Thursday evening, was held last evening at "Chamberlain Farm", the home of S. A. Burgess. Caleb A. Wall read a paper on "Life and Early Records of Chamberlain District." Next Thursday evening the club will meet at "Intervale Farm," the residence of J. L. Ellsworth. The host will read a paper on the subject, "Is Science Aiding the Practical Farmer?" There will also be a musical and literary program.

Worcester Grange, Patrons of Husbandry will have a leap year party at Grange Hall next Tuesday evening.

At the weekly meeting of the Worcester County Horticultural Society, next Thursday afternoon, Miss Sarah J. Smith, of Hartford, Conn., will read a paper on "A Need to be Supplied; How?" Thursday, March 3, the society will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

Our fellow townsman, Will A. Howland, is steadily forging ahead in his chosen profession, that of music. He recently sang with Campanini and was congratulated by him on his execution.

Arthur J. Marble, engineer, has surveyed, under direction of a committee, the town of Brookfield for a system of sewers.

Mrs. Susan A. Gifford, the well known temperance worker, has been seriously ill for some time, a combination of ailments. There are many people in Worcester whose hearts go out to her in her trouble and all wish her well.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Heywood, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Norcross sail from New York today on a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lowell are in Florida. They purpose to visit all the most interesting parts of the state.

Rev. J. D. Pickles of Trinity Church has presented the Epworth League of that church with a beautiful banner.

President M. A. O'Keane, S. J., of Holy Cross College, addressed The St. John's Guild, one week ago last night on man.

James G. Ford and wife of Enfield have moved to this city.

Mrs. F. C. Huidepoper, of Worcester is passing a week or two at the Huntington, Boston.

At the Ebbett House in Washington, W. W. Johnson of Worcester.

William B. Sprout, Esq., formerly of this city, now counsel for the West End railroad company of Boston has purchased an estate in South Natick, to which he will remove from Melrose.

Patrick J. Burke of 179 Summer Street, once a coachman for General A. B. R. Sprague, died Sunday at 179 Summer Street. He had been a fireman for several years past.

Miss Jessie Cleveland has been visiting her grandfather, Mr. Henry Cleveland of Leicester.

The Worcester Letter Carriers' Relief Association will hold its first social next Wednesday evening in Horticultural Hall.

There will be a rush of business at Miller's barber shop, now, for everybody will wish to know all about that long expected trip to the Professor's old home in Germany. It wouldn't be strange if he were to give a lecture on his sights and experiences.

The Prince of Wales is coming to America. Already many Worcester people are wondering if he will stop here. It would please our English lovers, you know.

Mrs. Osgood Bradley sails from New York today, the 20th, for a four months' Raymond trip through Europe.

Col. A. George Bullock, one of the commissioners of the World's Fair, was present at the dinner of the Merchants' Club in Boston, last week.

Hon. Henry L. Parker will deliver the Historical address at the semi centennial of the Horticultural society, March 3d.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and am satisfied I should not be alive today if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.

A sleigh ride, given by the pastor is not a common thing in this city, but that is just what the choir of the church of the Sacred Heart had from the Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Friday evening, the 12th.

Walter H. Hadley, with O. B. Wood, will spend the 22d in Holyoke.

Deacon A. A. White and Alfred S. Roe will talk on No License in Millford, Feb. 28. On the same date they will also address a meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

Ex Mayor Winslow has sold out his stock in the Electric Light Company.

The engagement of Miss Agnes J. Palmer, formerly of this city and now of New York city, to Alfred Forman of Brooklyn, is announced. Miss Palmer, who is the sister of Mrs. W. B. Cage of this city, was a prominent member of the Art Students' Club.

A. Smith, of All Souls Church choir, is engaged to sing the coming season at Pleasant Street Baptist.

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

The Week.

CITY.

Feb. 12.—Miss Mabel J., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stone, dies at her home, corner of May and Main Streets. 21 years.
Dr. W. V. W. Davis talked of as trustee for Amhurst.

Horticultural Hall the scene of annual concert and ball of Veteran firemen.

Fifth annual banquet of the Bay State Bicycle Club at the Lincoln House.

William Wayland, a veteran of the Civil War dies at 45 Park Street 56 years.

13—An unusually beautiful aural display in the north west.

Ralph Earle gets the Naval Academy appointment, Walter Clark is the alternate.

The retirement of Judge Nelson from the Circuit Court is intimated.

14—Union meeting in behalf of Hampton School at Plymouth Church. Unitarian, Orthodox and Universalist bodies gather.

15—Funeral of Miss Mabel J. Stone at the home of her father, Arthur M. Stone.

A petition presented to the City Council to have the Dix Street School House set in order.

Assessor Thomas Talbot re-elected.

French Fair at Mechanics Hall.

Alphose Vercoutren shoots his brother-in-law, Felix Cote.

Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe lectures before Miss Kimball's Home School.

16—H. H. Ames dies at 14 Oak Avenue, 69 years.

Darling Brothers, builders and contractors, settle with creditors for 30c on a dollar.

Committee of the City Council visits the Dix Street School House.

Leicester Electric railroad employees want more pay.

Mr. George E. Miller, the popular barber of Main Street is home again from his trip to Germany.

17—Col. Samuel E. Winslow sells out his interest in the Screw Company of Winslow and Curtis. He is succeeded by Mr. F. E. Reed.

Worcester utilizes the excellent sleighing.

Worcester Police do not like to take examination, at least some of them.

18—Principal J. Chauncey Lyford addresses the Horticultural Society on flowers that may be found near Worcester.

Friends come in upon Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Curtis and give them a genuine surprise. Mr. Curtis' birthday.

The Order of American Mechanics contemplates a big exhibition in the Rink some time in March.

Natives of the Maratime Provinces hold a reunion in Horticultural Hall.

COUNTY.

Jan. 28—In West Sutton died, Mrs. Fanny Whitmore Putnam, mother of Charles V. Putnam of the firm of Putnam Sprague & Co. of this city, aged 95 years, 5 months and 18 days.

Feb. 13—It looks as though many of Clinton German residents would oppose No License.

14—The town hall crowded at a No License meeting. Ex Mayor Fosdick of Fitchburg talks.

15—Typhus fever afflicting the Russian Jews, lately settled in Oakdale.

16—Clinton politics beginning to boil and bubble. Republicans will nominate their own town officers.

17—Westboro will, probably, employ a superintendent of schools.

General Draper entertained a party of gentlemen from Boston last night. Lots of politics now-a-days.

18—It is claimed that the Oakdale typhus fever cases are progressing favorably.

B. W. Potter, Esq., of this city talks to the Farmer's Institute of Spencer.

COMMONWEALTH.

12—Legislative House passes Abolition of Free Press Bill.

Wm. Gray, a classmate of Dr. O. W. Holmes dies in Boston. Only six of the famous class of '29 now left.

13—At a meeting of college representatives in Boston it was voted to hold the next College Athletic games in Springfield.

In Boston, Worcester's Athletic team is beaten.

14—Shawmut Congregational and Bromfield Street Methodist Churches in Boston wish to sell their edifices.

15—Capt. Edgell, Senate Doorkeeper in Boston, missing.

The Legislature will probably enact the Anti Rail Road Pass Bill.

16—Haverd College gets \$50,000 from the estate of the late Mrs. W. S. Appleton.

Efforts are making to buy a cotton mill in New Bedford for the exclusive employment of refugee Jews.

17—Very important hearing of the Shrewsbury Railroad question. An excellent impression made.

Charlestown Prison full.

Salaries to be increased all along the line.

18—The House of Representatives elects Mr. Evans of Everett. Councilor in the Sixth District, thus concurring with the Senate.

Typhus fever appears in Haverhill.

Boston University.

Some of the students of the Law School have been furnishing students with type written notes on the lectures. The Faculty has taken the matter in hand and passed the following vote: "That hereafter notes taken by the student himself will alone be deemed satisfactory; and whereas the production of satisfactory note-books in all the required studies of the course is the requirement for a degree, it is voted that no note-books purchased, copied, or borrowed from another will be deemed satisfactory within this rule. Every student for the degree may be required to submit to the examiner notes taken by such a candidate, together with an affidavit that they were taken by himself in the class."

A petition is being circulated among the young men asking the faculty to give them Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday.

The Faculty of the Theological School has appointed Edward H. Hughes of Grinnell, Iowa, and F. E. E. Hamilton of East Boston, commencement speakers, and W. B. Geoghegan of Baltimore and K. H. Walker of Delaware, Ohio, as alternates.

The Boston University Glee Club gave its annual concert in Jacob Sleeper Hall, Friday evening.

President Warren's seventeenth annual report will be published in a few days.

The Washington Social Club will observe Washington's birthday with an entertainment and dance in the rooms of the club, beginning at 8 o'clock.

The hasty man never waits woe.

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The Classical and English High School of Worcester began in 1845. At the end of the present school year, it will be divided. Having the data prepared, I purpose, if sufficient interest is shown in the project, to issue a history of the School. The book, a square octavo, nicely bound in cloth, will contain:

FIRST—An account of the beginning of the institution and a running comment on teachers and pupils to the present year.

SECOND—Statements as to the growth and progress of the school apparatus, library and other features, so essential to the success of the same.

THIRD—The names of all pupils in the school down to 1861, the first graduating exercises, and the names of all graduates since.

FOURTH—The graduating exercises in full from 1861 to the end.

FIFTH—Pictures of the school buildings and of teachers with miscellaneous matter pertinent to the subject.

The cooperation of every one ever connected with the school is besought.

To show your interest in the work, please fill out and return the accompanying coupon.

February 13, 1892.

ALFRED S. ROE.

I hereby agree to purchase, when issued, a History of the Worcester High School at a price not exceeding \$1.50 per copy,

..... Copies.

Signed _____

1892.

The Peak Family.

HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS SWISS BELL RINGERS.

Some of its Notable Members Living in the Northwest.

F. W. COOK.

William H. Peak, of Niles, Michigan, is the man who has been longest before the amusement-loving public of America. His name is associated with Swiss bell ringing for as long as the memory of any one of this generation runneth back, probably. He is about 60 years old.

As he made his appearance before the public when he was seven years old, he antedates even Dan Rice, of jolly fame. He was born in Boston, but his first public appearance was in Dr. Chapin's church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, as the alto of a quartet, the other members of which were his father, mother and uncle. Even then he was a member of the Handel and Haydn Musical Society, of Boston, and in time the leading alto of the Seguin Opera Company's chorus. The Peak Quartet were engaged by temperance societies of Boston in those days, and, with John B. Gough, travelled through New England in the interests of the temperance cause for two years. After this they travelled under their own auspices, year by year widening their circuit, venturing further and further from home, till the whole United States was their home, fairly, and all lovers of music their friends.

As I have said, at first the Peak family were mere vocalists, their only accompaniments being a melodian, the best portable instrument available in that day, when guitars were added for William and Julia, till William arrived at the dignity of a harp, in which he was quickly followed by Miss Julia, who soon built up an enviable reputation as a harpist which she still retains. She is now Mrs. Blaisdell, and receives pupils for that instrument in New York, and with her is her father, William A. Peak, Sr., who is in active health and spirits still, at the age of 87.

Soon after introducing the harp in their concerts, the Peak family brought before the public staff bells. The very first player of these was a young English boy, who died of consumption before he had been over many weeks. To secure a set of staff bells required the ingenuity of William, and some weeks of experimenting. Very different from those in vogue now was the arrangement he concocted, of swinging bells, which his little sister, Fannie Peak, sat under, on the floor, and touched with very long sticks. These were discarded early for a set of glass bells, some of which were fastened on a frame, with mouth up and the right tone secured by filling with water. These giving much trouble by breaking, in transit, a set of genuine staff bells was secured, the style of which was not materially altered since. This was about 1847, and at that time they came into possession of a set of regular table bells, the property of a Swiss company of bell ringers, who becoming financially embarrassed were obliged to pledge their bells and never redeemed them. The Peak family soon mastered the use of these bells and from that time

were known as "The Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers."

Some account of the bells themselves will not be devoid of interest, I feel sure. They are manufactured at Mears, England, and forty-two comprise a set, ranging in weight from four pounds to half an ounce, and in pitch from F in the bass to F in the soprano—four octaves—of bell metal, the tongue being cylindrical, the tips covered with chamois skin, like the hammers of a piano, the strength of the tone depending on the amount of force used by the player, and there is a spring which prevents it giving out more than one sound when struck. Contrary to the general impression there is no set rule for placing the bells, as the strings of a harp or piano are arranged, but different pieces require a different setting, just as a guitar is tuned differently for "The Spanish Fandango," etc, and this placing of bells is a matter of experience governed by finding out the most convenient places for those most frequently used while learning the piece.

It will be recognized by this that success in bell playing depends for expression as much, if not more, on the taste and judgment of the performers, as in the case with any other instruments. The Peaks adopted in playing the style known as English bell playing, wherein they produced a peculiar effect, by waving or swinging the bells as they were struck, such as no other troupe in this country accomplished, and is almost indescribable. There was a prolonged sound, like harmonies on a violin "as sweet and clear as horns from Elf-land, faintly blowing."

The family continued giving concerts together till about 1853. They came to Niles in the course of a tour, and one member of the family, it is understood, was taken seriously ill so that it was a month before the tour could be resumed. Meanwhile they had made a large circle of acquaintances, and William had lost his heart to Miss Lydia P. Harris, a handsome girl of sterling worth and much more than ordinary force of character. From thenceforth the original Peak family gave their concerts without William, who organized a company of his own, which included his wife, her three brothers, who were very gifted, musically, and two little girls whom they had adopted, with phenomenal voices and remarkable dramatic instincts, and one or two others.

With few changes this organization continued concertizing up to 1875, when it was made to include the exceedingly talented Berger family. In 1862 the company included Sol Smith Russell, then a lad of 16. He was also in the company with the Bergers, and eventually married Miss Louisa, soprano and 'cellist of the family. If a program could be seen of the concerts given by this troupe during the next three years they would be pronounced unapproachable now for novelty and brilliancy. Later the Bergers took the road under their own management and in their places were the noted Vescellius sister and Jeppe Delano, the comedian, who married Fannie Peak, who for years had been a very strong member of the company and is still known as a fine soprano.

All through these years the sun of prosperity seemed to shine steadily, but there came a time when bell-ringing was no novelty, and the

public taste had shifted, and perhaps shifted faster than a manager, who was now considered "an old timer," could keep pace with. Any way there were losses for a year or two, and a retirement from the road and losses from unfortunate speculations, as might be anticipated would be made by one of an artist's "in" and not at all speculative turn of mind. Added to this, the fatigue of travel had engendered the use of stimulants, of late years, and everything seemed to conduce to augment the temptations. The regard and admiration men felt for him too often sought to express itself in invitations to drink, and there came years when the reins of business were laid down, in permitted with admirable brave struggles to resume them, with varying but never brilliant success.

I do not think I should ever have the heart to tell this story if the end had had to be a sad one, but the Keeley cure at Dwight, Ill., has changed it to one of rejoicing. From it has come the man who in sunshine or shade made no enemies, who when life was the hardest, never forgot to be kind and gentlemanly, come with steady nerves and eyes that look straight into yours, now, and a face with the same kind look upon it, now that the clouds are drifted away. You should see the hearty handshakes he encounters, and know how sincere is the frequent "Thank God," he hears. You would be glad with us, his fellow citizens, that he has come back to us freed from the worst bondage in this world, a free, fearless man, to whom life once more seems worth living. The brave wife, by her own unaided exertions, had a good home awaiting him; his sons had hung to him through all the clouded years, and he once more has taken a place among the world's workers.

His oldest son, Frank H. Peak, has won for himself a name, and a very strong following in Chicago, by the aid of a very gifted wife, in the teaching of dancing, and the youngest son is almost equally successful in the same line, and the subject of my sketch is engaged with him furnishing music for flourishing classes, every night of six days in the week, and I, who write, am glad to tell the story, believing it will come to thousands who will rejoice with him and for him, and be glad of his emancipation and prosperity, and that from far, as from near, will come to him heart warming, stimulating words of sympathy and congratulation, and because I believe, with Mrs. Whitney, that "there is some spiritual alchemy that may transmute good wishes into something a life we are interested in may be the richer and better for."—Minneapolis Spectator

Our Children

There is nothing like sleep to restore a tired brain, and nothing like the lack of it to expose it to harm. A child should be allowed to waken of itself, it is sure to do so when it has had sleep enough. To this end it should always retire early.

The growth and the special development of the young girl involve a special demand for food. Moreover, the brain is not only growing, but is being specially worked, and must be correspondingly nourished, if it is to retain its vigor. The girl must not be allowed to go off to the exhausting work of the day with a stomach half or wholly empty. Harm is sure to come of it, particularly to the brain.



Books and Bookmen

Don't go too far in your books and overgrasp yourself.
MARCUS AURELIUS

A portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson will be placed in the new public library building in Boston. It is to be by D. C. French, an artist in Boston.

Lovers of poetry will welcome the volume of Maurice Thompson's poems which will shortly come from the Riverside Press. It will include the "Songs of Fair Weather," and poems written since that excellent little volume appeared.

The next volume in the series of American Men of Letters will be devoted to William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished Southern novelist. It is written by Professor Wm. P. Trent, of the University of the South.

"A Yard of Roses."

One of the popular paintings at the New York Academy of Design was a yard-long panel of Roses. A crowd was always before it. One art critic exclaimed, "Such a bit of nature should belong to all the people, it is too beautiful for one man to hide away."

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars to reproduce the painting. The result has been a triumph of artistic delicacy and color.

The Companion makes an Autumn gift of this copy of the painting to each of the five hundred thousand subscribers. Any others who may subscribe now for the first time, and request it, will receive "The Yard of Roses" without extra charge while the edition lasts.

Besides the gift of this beautiful picture all new subscribers will receive the Five Double Numbers and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. The price of the Companion is \$1.75 a year.

Every family should take this brightest and best of illustrated literary papers.

President Carter of Williams College has written for the series of American Religious Leaders a biography of Mark Hopkins, former president of that college, and one of the wisest, noblest and most influential leaders America has ever produced.

Miss Cornelia Warren, daughter of the great paper manufacturer of Boston, Samuel D. Warren, has written a very bright and readable novel entitled "Miss Wilton," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately.

M. M. Ballou, who is widely known as one of the most observant of travellers, has just ready a new volume on "Equatorial America," describing several of the Antilles Islands and whatever is most interesting to readers concerning Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili and Peru.

Miss Jean Ingelow and her Work.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who lives with her brother at Kensington, has recently given a Woman's Herald interviewer some particulars of her career and work. In Summer she sits in a beautiful conservatory, from the garden behind which a view is obtained of the grand old trees in Holland Park. When the Winter comes Miss Ingelow retreats to the dining-room, where her writing occupies her some two or three hours in the morning, for "she only writes when the spirit moves her."

"Training," by the well-known athlete, Malcolm W. Ford, in *Outing* for February, contains many valuable hints for the aspirant to athletic fame, as Mr. Ford makes plain the methods by which he obtained great reputation.

Some of the finest reproductions of instantaneous photos ever published appear in an article on "Photography and Athletics," by W. I. Lincoln Adams, in *Outing* for February. They are marvelously sharp and typical and were produced from negatives by the expert, Mr. John C. Hemment.

The February *Inland Printer* has a magnificent engraving of the Columbian Fair grounds and waters as they will appear when completed. It is by far the very best representation yet put forth. From the World's Fair to dogs is a long way in one sense, but in this book it is only to turn over a leaf or two and we see a likeness of a Scotch Collie that would excite the envy of any fancier. While the other cuts are excellent, these are the gems. No reader can close this book without having an exalted sense of the dignity and value of the art of printing. To the printer it is invaluable. Chicago.

Number Lessons. A book for second and third year pupils by Charles E. White, Principal, Franklin School, Syracuse, N. Y. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1892: 45 cents.

Mr. White has made a very good book. The very cover will please a child. As the book is a compilation of work done in the lower grades of the Syracuse Schools, and is thus the result of observations, it must be valuable. While no book can take the place of an old Warren Colburn there is a place for this. It comes very early in the child's life, and will make a good foundation for later work.

Dreams of the Dead by Edward Stanton, Boston. Lee & Shepard, 1892. Good Company Series, 50 cents.

Not since the departure of Edgar Allen Poe has there been gathered into one volume so much of the occult as this volume of 268 pages possesses. Readers of *The Banner of Light* and frequenters of Spiritual Seances will hail it as a new revelation. For those who love to dwell on the improbable, not to say impossible, this book will have a special charm, but to those who relish hearty meals three times a day and believe only what they can hear, see and feel, who find in terrestrial matters pleasures enough, the volume will be foolishness. Many a reviewer, of the earth, earthy, will say, "I can make nothing of this." It is Hypnotism, extenuated. It is a summation of Col. Orcott's and Madame Blavatsky's peculiar

teachings. Just a little of the Fox Girl's rappings is introduced. Like Lumen in Flammara's books, the disembodied spirit can move as rapidly as thought. If readers ever give themselves an hour of thorough verbal dissipation, this is the book to indulge in. Begin its reading at 10.30 p.m. on a cold Winter's night. It will be read with zest to the end, and, ten to one, the reader will fancy himself out of the flesh before he finishes. His sensations may not be those which he had when he read Mr. Oldebe, or when he sat up, too late, to read Hugo's Haurs of Iceland, but it is safe to say he will find himself very sensitive to spiritual impressions, and if he doesn't see ghosts it will not be any fault of his. As to the theories advanced, they are to be taken just as the reader likes. Doubtless, it will have many readers, some of whom will find wisdom, others only an excellent example of mental and literary gymnastics.

"The Real Carlyle."

"It is not only in connection with his attitude to Ireland that the real Carlyle differed from some representations of him which have recently been current:

It has been a personal pain to me in recent times to find among honourable and cultivated people a conviction that Carlyle was hard, selfish, and arrogant. I knew him intimately for more than an entire generation, as intimately as one who was twenty years his junior, and who regarded him with unfeigned reverence as the man of most undoubted genius of his age, probably ever did. I saw him in all his moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and I found him habitually serene and considerate, never, as so many have come to believe of his ordinary mood, arrogant or impatient of contradiction.—Duffy.

Four articles in the March Atlantic can hardly fail to attract attention,—a story by Kate Douglas Wiggin entitled "A Village Watch-Tower;" a very bright essay on "The Children's Poets," by Agnes Repplier; "Doubts About University Extension," by Professor Geo. H. Palmer of Harvard; and "An Old English Township," by Rev. Brooke Herford.

The lectures on "The Evolution of Christianity," recently delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, which has caused such a whirlwind of discussion, will be carefully revised by Dr. Abbott and then published in a volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, famous for the price she gets for her writings, lost just \$13,000 in attempting to make a success of her latest play, "The Showman's Daughter."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward may well be supposed "the prey of mingled emotions" when she reads the hot-pressed criticism of a famous London authority that her new book, "David Grieve," produces the effect of "a series of praiseworthy and laborious shadows."

Hidden away in Galesburg, Ill., lives Mrs. Julia A. Carney, who, according to the writer in the Epoch, is the author of a little jingle

perhaps as famous as was ever written. It is the one beginning "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," etc. She wrote the lines some fifty years ago, when she was Miss Julia A. Fletcher of Boston.

Wide Awake from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

Something about Indians, something about horses, a page or two about Fulton and his steamboat, a shipwreck graphically told, a story of olden days, an old legend, and then the continued stories which all are following with so much interest, make one of the most entertaining magazines that comes to our table. Its price is \$2.40 per year.

January's Artist Printer is just at hand. "A Journal for the Progressive," it fully sustains its title.

The need of an Apprenticeship System is set forth by A. C. Cameron. There is no doubt about the necessity. Wood Engraving is the subject of several pages of text and illustrations. The Chicago Daily News is set forth in an entertaining manner, filling six pages. The miscellaneous matter, with engraving, are fully up to the high standard at first raised by the publication. "How do you do" is too funny for anything. A pug puppy has been seated in a big goblet. Whether happy or miserable his face does not indicate, but it is funny to the beholder. Chicago, \$1 a year.

Blaine's First Speech.

"There are but two statesmen in the world," says an old Californian, who admires the Plumed Knight, "and they are Gladstone and Blaine. I heard Blaine make his first speech over 55 years ago! Long time, isn't it? So it seems to me, but it was nearly 50 years ago, 'way back yonder in a little old log school house when we were both awkward, barefooted boys, that we were elected to speak our pieces one Friday afternoon. Scared? We were scared to death, and 'Jimmy' Blaine shook worse than I did. I can see him as though 'were yesterday; there he stood, barefooted, patched trousers and a linsey woolsey wamuses' buttoned tight around him; he dug the toes of his right boot into the ankle of his left, working and swinging his heel in a kind of semi-circle, while his hands twitched and hung like pounds of lead at his side. This is the way he bowed" (here the storyteller arose and bent himself as the big blade of a jackknife shuts), "and this is what he said as he gazed steadfastly at the ceiling:

"R-im, rim; p-i-n, pin;
L-f-p, lip; f-a-h, hat;
B-i-t, bit; s-t, sit;
J-o-b, job; s-o-d, sod; G-o-d, God."

"Another bow, and 'Jimmy' Blaine took his seat, stumbling as he did so against the old daub chimney made of sticks!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Thought Heaven out of Place.

Little Mary (who lives on the third floor of the Excelsior flats)—"Mamma, is heaven higher than this?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary."

"And when we die are we going to heaven?"

"I hope so, darling."

"Mamma, if we are real good maybe we can get to move down on the second floor when we die."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Curious Corner.

The Monarchs of England Since the Conquest.

A POEM BY H. B. SWAN

First of his line—Norman William re-ign,
Then William Rufus, by Walt Tyrrill slain,
Next Beauclerk—Harry is the nation's choice,
Then deep I-lephen of the line of Hoel,
Next Hal the Saxon, tall, in his own island,
First Edward next, as fourth—Lain for
Then Eadland John, who Magna Charta signed,
Then Hal the Third, of just but feeble mind,
Edward the first, renowned for power and piety,
Next Edward, who, in his life by castle died,
A Third King Edward wears the English crown,
Then second Edward soon by friends put down,
Then reigns fourth Henry, alias Bohingbroke,
Next madcap Hal, who forced on France his
Sixth Henry sings through a troublous reign,
Fourth Edward next, incognito and vain,
Fifth Edward next, vanquished before his time,
Then crook-back Edward reigns his reign of crime,
Seventh Henry rules, for plodding avarice famed,
Then bluff King Harry—blame be to her name,
Sixth Edward reigns, crowned with too early days,
Then Mary next, alike of flora and praise,
Then Virgin Beas—high paragon of dames,
Then "high and mighty" Caledonian James,
Then Baby Charles the martyr's crown attains,
When cowles Oliveron more than reigns,
Next Charles the Second, "Merry Monarch" styled,
Then Second James, by friends and fate beguiled,
Dutch William claims his matrimonial winnings,
Next Anne reigns, half ruled by Sarah Jennings,
Four Georges reign—then Will, the sailor prince,
Last, good Victoria, monarch ever since.

S. C.

The Wooden Indian.

I used to live in Spain, and afterward in the West Indies, before I came to the States. I met the wooden Indian long before I came to this country. I have been asked before where the wooden Indian got his start. I only know what I have heard about him in the Old World. There was an adventurer named Rutz, who left his old city, Barcelona, and came to Virginia 300 years ago. When he returned he executed the wooden Indian in a rude way as a type of the sort of animal he had met in the New World, and the figure was set up in front of a shop where wine was sold. Finally it became a sort of trademark. There were smokers in those days and they assembled around the Indian. And the wooden Indian is now seen in front of nearly every cigar store.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Some Synonyms.

The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said: "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of

blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of wear-shippers is called a congregation and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.—Boston Commercial.

A Business Woman's Lesson.

A business woman often takes letters and packages to the general postoffice to be weighed. As often as she has done that she has been impressed anew with the weak and trivial curiosity of the male mind. For every time she handed in something to be weighed the busy men in charge stopped to turn it over and read the address.

"It certainly beats anything," she said to herself, "to think of anything being as curious as that."

A few days ago she repeated this experience up to a certain point. The variation began when the examining magnate said cheerfully "He a good idea, wouldn't it, far you to put on here the state those papers is goin' to? Yes, certainly, I'll write it for you—Guess I've saved 500 bundles from being lost in the last three weeks, lookin' to see if they was directed all right. I don't bother about the men, don't care so much about their bundles, and then they've got more head for lookin' to such things, but I always look at the ladies' bundles. Ten cents." And the crushed business woman walked away with all the sad dignity she could master.—New York Sun.

Lay College.

A meeting is in prospect at the Y. M. C. A. in behalf of the Lay College at Revere. Further announcement will be made later.

Howard Brothers.

It is good news all around. Good that the business of card clothing has outgrown its present quarters and good that increased accommodations are to be found in this city. That brothers should dwell together in unity has been well illustrated in the case of this firm. It seems probable that their new location will be on a part of the Trumbull estate, bounded by Vine and Foundry Streets and the railroad. Every one rejoices that they have not yielded to the blandishments of other places, and that Worcester is good enough for them.

Burnside Building.

The fifth story of the structure is now ready for occupancy. There are fifteen excellent rooms for offices. All well lighted and heated, but the problem that is troubling the old tenants of the building is what is to be done of the old Burnside desk that has been so prominent a feature of the loft for the last few years. It has been moved from room to room, there is no upper loft for it now and there are too many associations connected with it to destroy it. Truly its future is uncertain. With the elevator handy, there are no better rooms in this city.

Miss Katie Smith of the W. H. S., class of '91, is taking a musical course in the New England Conservatory of Music.

A Crazy Scrap.

A Story.

An honest confession, we have been told, is good for the soul. It may be, since all suffering is supposed to elevate humanity, and the confession I am about to make to my good sisters is far from enjoyable to the narrator. I am one of you—have, indeed, been one of you since the halcyon days of Tambourine Zingara, E. C. I., Emory and I others—when Aunt Patty still lived and Jean Earnest was among us, but who I am—where my name and what's my name, I dinna choose to tell. Enough that I tell you all this little story of a certain far away New Year's day, when I, a young wife and mother, heard words that are still ringing in my ears.

Do you see this crazy scrap? This rich, blue ribbon square caught into place with threads of shining gold—real bullion covered thread that will not tarnish for all Time's handling of this precious quilt—this is the one I mean—blue as the sky and shining and beautiful. Faded? Well, it may seem to you, dear friends, but to me it is new and ever will be—yes, time without end, perhaps—as bright and blue and radiant as it was when first my mortal eyes rested upon it, for I see now with my lesser material organs of vision, and nothing, to the spiritual sight, can change the color of that crazy scrap.

I had been brought up by my stepmother, a fussy, energetic, thorough-going woman, good enough to me in her own unsympathetic way. I now know: but it was a negative sort of kindness that allowed itself no positive proof of its existence. I grew very much to be like my good second mother as I advanced in years, assuming her virtues, if I had them not, until I was as careful of all mundane matters as if they were "the all of life to live," and the dusting of this speck, the polishing of that surface were of intense importance. Then I married. I was nineteen, a good-looking enough lassie, I remember the old clock mirror telling me, as I peeped into its depths to see if the parted hair were smooth and trim before Ned came knocking at the sitting-room door. The parlor was too fine to use. My own, dear, beautiful mother had been buried from that room, brother Jo had soon followed, and then sister Hattie had, years afterward, stood, blushing and sweet as a rose, before the immaculate, tall, white mantel, herself in robes as white and pure and snowy, and given her hand and heart to a stammering, incoherent young farmer, who lived through the trying ordeal—that was all. Dear, old John—when I go out to the farm nowadays and catch him trotting his three-year-old grandson on his knee, and note how his fine eyes light up with pleasure at my appearance and his hand reached out with a cordiality that is as sincere as it is delightful, I look at the good face, set now in its frame of soft white, and wonder if it is possible this grand old gentleman could ever have metamorphosed, butterfly like, from the stuttering young worm of the earth, who claimed our Hattie that far-away Summer's day.

I was left alone with my father's second wife, and, as I have said, grew, as children will, into a pretty fair imitation of herself;

baking and brewing and scrubbing and hewing—until, when I had reached the age of nineteen, Ned came, and—well, there was another occasion to throw open the grand apartment that faced the road—and telling the people and place about an indifferent good-bye, I went away with Ned to the home he had made ready for me in the town.

I went on in the same old way, knowing no other or better mode of living, and devoted myself to the keeping of that small house, as if it were the only thing on earth to do. I saw that Ned—dear, amiable, old Ned, who never had a criticism to offer, and who was as amiable always as an angel, had comfortable surroundings, and his meals on time though the skies fell, and had no occasion to find fault with my housekeeping. That there was anything that he might not like never occurred to me. I was too busy to notice any signs of discontent—my eyes were blinded by the dust of my own raising, and I saw nothing clearly. I was a splendid servant for my husband those days, and that was all. He tried, at first, to get me to go with him to some lecture or concert, but I was not willing to go. I was too weary by evening to care to make the effort to dress and go the distance to the hall.

The years rolled on. Our son came to us one day in beautiful May, and grew and thrived and gladdened our hearts with his baby brightness, his infantile cleverness, his childish wisdom. I lost my indifference and grew absorbed in my precious youngling. There was nothing too nice for my Tom, and I spent days over his wardrobe, until with little outlet compared to that of others, my son was as well dressed as any boy in town. Time passed, and Tom started to school. This was to me both a joy and a sadness. I missed him, but I now had more time to devote to household affairs. Of myself I took no thought. I knew nothing but work, and drudgery never seemed drudgery to me, but just the only thing with which to occupy myself. I went nowhere, received few calls, for those who came at first had so often rung the door bell in vain, that they had ceased to try to enter the house, and left me in solitary possession. Ned grew to burying his face in the paper during the evenings, reading aloud if I cared to hear the news, which was seldom indeed. And so a few years more went by until Tom was eleven years old. Then, one memorable New Year's eve, the day dawned to which I have called your attention. Christmas had brought with it added work. The tree I had arranged for Tom had made me much trouble—popcorn would be dropped upon the floor, bits of paper from candies, lengths of string, and nut shells, and I found myself cleaning, cleaning, cleaning until I was ready to drop. On the day preceding that of the first of the year, I had managed to obliterate all traces of the confusion consequent upon Christmas, and was congratulating myself that so much bother would not ensue for another year, when, broom and feather-duster in hand, I, advancing toward the back stairs, caught the sound of childish voices. I recognized them instantly as belonging to my son and his playmate, a dear little fellow living with his widowed mother just across the street from us.

I smiled at the sound of the children's earn-

est voices—something evidently of quite a serious nature was occupying them. I smiled—and then, as the first distinct words greeted my ears—I—I leave you to imagine what I did.

"My mamma"—it was my Tom speaking—"my mamma don't ever comb her hair!"

"Honest?" quoth Tom's playmate.

"Well, it ain't smooth and shiny like your mamma's. And your mamma's dress is so tight and purty—I wish my mamma had a tight dress."

"Hain't she got any?"

"She's got some; but she never wears 'em only to go to the stores in. Your mamma wears 'em in the house, don't she, Bob?"

"Yes, you bet."

"I think (with a sigh that hurts me) your mamma is lovely."

"So do I."

"And if I could choose a mamma I'd have her justly exactly like youn. I'd have her wear a purty tight dress, and a white collar and white cuffs and a big bow 'o ribbon under her chin—just like youn. And comb her hair."

"And read to you—like mine does?"

"Yes and take me in her lap and talk to me; but I'd like the collar and ribbon the most. Say, Bob, what do you s'pose they cost—much?"

"Spect so. We could ask mamma. She knows everything."

"And when we know, I'll ask papa to give me just that much money to buy mamma a New Year's present with. He never loses me nothin'. And then we'll get your mamma to go with us to buy 'em, don't we, Bob?"

"You bet."

"But say, Bob, let's don't let your mamma know who we're buyin' 'em for. I'd rather not."

"All right. She'll never guess, 'cause o' course she thinks all mammas dresses up, she does. And your mamma'll be as purty as mine, all fixed up with her hair combed."

"D'you think so, Bob? And won't papa be s'prised? And if your mamma'd only come and see her and be good acquainted—"

"She will. She never come before 'cause some one told her 'at your mamma never come to the door when anybody rung, 'cause she's never fit to be seen, and don't want company around to bother her nohow. But I'll fetch her."

"Sh! Listen!" and Tom whispered something that I couldn't catch as I, my blood boiling in my veins, my heart cold and aching, my whole soul aghast at the blinding, sudden light of comprehension turned full upon me by the hands of my little child, reeled into the kitchen and fell heavily upon a hard wooden chair.

"If he could choose—if he could choose he would not choose me! I am not pretty—I—I! but my sobs choked me, and all at once I began to despise myself and the poor, impoverished, well-meaning, but almost useless life I had led. I had always had so much to do, that I had allowed my personal appearance to grow to be a thing of nothing to me. So the house was tidy, Tom and Ned decently clothed, what mattered aught else? I had grown to believe that my husband and my son had accepted the situation as one for which there

was no help, and had loved me as I was, blouse-waist, tumbled hair, mopstick and all! But here was Tom choosing another style of mother—one who did not wait until after supper to brush up a bit—and Ned—Ned—no, no, no—Ned was my own dear Ned still—faithful, honest and my own! I fought the awful feeling at my heart, but the demons of doubt would assail me again and again. I sat and stared into the kitchen fire, seeing it go out under my own eyes, yet, for once in my whole life, caring nothing. A thousand hideous fancies darted through my brain, and I waged war with them, and called out to them, and when Ned came home I was hot with a terrible fever, and crawling into bed, allowed my husband to get what supper he could for Tom and himself.

Next morning—New Year's day—the fever was all gone. As I felt a bit languid, however, Ned insisted upon doing as he'd be done by and himself proposed getting breakfast. So he arose in his good natured might and left me snug among the pillows, with time in which to reflect and make the new resolves that he was pouring in upon me from some blessed source, things of reality. As each resolve came forward and stood before me awaiting commendation and acceptance, I felt my heart grow lighter and happier, my life seemed suddenly to expand, future possibilities grew alluringly beautiful, and I seemed, as it were, new born into a new and glorious world! I had just taken a mental view of my new self, when the pattering of small feet aroused me from my most delicious reverie, and there by my bedside, staid Tom, a paper parcel in his hand—a parcel which he placed upon my pillow—the contents of which parcel I knew—by heart!

"New Year's gift, mamma! And here's yours!" cried Tom, and, kissing my boy and cuddling him close within my arms, I felt that, for me, a new year was indeed beginning. "Yes, mamma's better, Tom, thank God, and is going to get up now and help you enjoy papa's breakfast. Just smell that coffee, Tom, isn't it fragrant? And, oh, I almost forgot—I want you to run across the street and ask Bob and his mamma to eat dinner with us—tell her that our turkey is a monster and that it won't be safe for less than five to attack him—"

"Oh, mamma!"
 "And say that we dine at two, dear—"
 "A real company dinner, mamma? hooray!" Down stairs dashes Tom full of glee, and I, feeling strong, now, and ready for the day's work, spring from bed and fall to brushing my soft, thick hair, until it consents to lie in smooth shining masses about my head. I then do a gown that fits snugly about me, and turning to my son's parcel, open it and—lo, there is a dainty linen collar and a pair of cuffs to match, as white as snow, two pretty cut buttons of mother of pearl, and a yard of blue silk ribbon, fresh and bright and crisp as the blue, unclouded Winter sky itself!

Some minutes later, and just as I enter one door, Tom bounds in at the other. Catching sight of me his face changes as must the face of mortal change when he puts on the glory of immortality—yes, even so much as that; for a radiance shines from his glad, gray eyes, his face grows transfigured with an unnamable

emotion, and, with a cry of delight, he rushes toward me, and clasping me in his young arms, holds me in a long, silent embrace.

Then does Ned appear upon the scene—poor, patient, long suffering Ned—and I beg your forgiveness—but some things are beyond the telling!

And now do you wonder that, for me, this crazy scrap can never, never fade?

—Detroit Free Press.

VOLAPUK

„Din Gletikun Volak“

(Pefovol)

Pefevol Babul 21. di, 1891.

Nedelal e kanid kanons palisomus ti kon vod. Nedelal binom leben plo mens badatla ludik. E labam oma linom klano gletik fluna posodik. Otuvol if otokol minato, das mens kel flunoms oli binoms uts kel kloms in oi. In zum badaniluda mens nesetenoms i ab in zum et setonoms e tuvoms lavomi e kam idugi dadugik. Binos din milagik das is e us in vol at nemieladik, nemisaladik silinoms nogro las selekid nemoluk kels tikoms badinonik. Atos binos nevolalik. Ladal „tikom ludi nonik“ lucodatom dunakodi nonik, logom flani niodik pladom sinifi gudukon tefu duns valik. Stad lio leplidik tikala in kel lifo! Lio spolol e lio labadol sa go kokomon ko om du del bal“ Pakonidion bins palebeatikon. E if stei fobs flunon u gu likuina votniks, olgolosuno das plon binom leigamalik klale oms koda obisk in oms. Ito stum votika binom denum akam balid itastuma keli man epifilonom.

Spel obisk utosa, kel binom, velom one mone e lesam utosa, kel mogom vedoa. „Ladal no galom in sin, ab galom in velat.“ Ene-moh atosi kanidi demu volds pevolopol in lovepolot pegitol me „rejoiceth in the truth“ (galom in velat) E, zelado, if at elinom-la lovepolot jenik, nos ekanosov binom cokukon. Ibo ut, kel ladalom oladalom velati no luomo ka mens. Ogalom in velat—no ogalom in ugosa, keli petidom klodon; ni in klodlavet lutos, at, ni in et; ni in lugodav at ni in lugodav et, ab in velat.

Olenusom te uti kel binos velatik. (jenik i) Osteifom nonon jnis, osukom velati ko tikal miegik e nepaletik, e odivom aikelosi, keli otuvom nesu vitim aikelik. Ab lovepolot vodikum lovepolota perevifid demanom vitims somik demu velati. Ibo Paul esiamom kelosi eliladidos us „Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness but rejoiceth with the truth“ (no galom in sin, ab galom ko velat) Iki, kel lio vod hal nonik nelipajuka, e zelado no „sincerity“ (kanud, Non Weljkon. Ninofom, la vokumo, okaneli kel denesimom mekon leporidisi se netugs votikas; misala i kel no galom setopon deds votikas, ab „tegom dinis valik“ kanid dinisa kel steifom logon dinis as binoms, e galom tuvom osni gudikum ka badatlad lile-dom u slan inotodom.

Concerning Candy.

Don't, if you eat candy at night, go to bed without brushing your teeth; the neglect of this causes the teeth to decay.

Don't eat cheap candy; insist upon this, and prefer one-half pound of good pure (and by five pounds of poor, chemically colored, glucose sweetened stuff.

Georgie's Question.

What is the best way to get a girl? Write me a letter, and I will tell you. Every one has a papa. Some a little, but not too.

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A "Tech" Boy.

An esteemed correspondent from Madison, Wis., calls from a Chicago paper an item which he very kindly forwards to LIGHT, as it has a bearing on a young man who spent a part of his school days here.

The Inter Ocean of Jan. 28th has a picture and sketch of Charles F. White, who is the consulting engineer of the Society for the Prevention of Smoke. Mr. White when in the Polytechnic, catalogued under Brookline and was graduated in 1875. In the last Catalogue of the last institute, he was put down as a member of the Dunkirk Engineering Company of Dunkirk, N. Y. From that position he has gone to the City of Smoke, i. e., Chicago, to see what he can do towards making that same city presentable at the Columbian Fair.

It seems that Mr. White is an expert in the problem of smoke consumption. He was for six years superintendent of the Manual Training School in St. Louis, and there began the study of this subject. He is not a theorist but he adapts his remedies to the particular case in hand. If our former "Tech" man can do anything to make Chicago less smoky and sooty, he will certainly merit a deal of praise from his old friends in this city.

Company C. of the 36th.

Ninth of prettier has come to LIGHT in many a day, than the invitation to the third annual family reunion which is to take place Friday afternoon and evening Feb. 2. The reception committee consists of Mrs. Fred W. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Hottomly, Mr. and Mrs. I. dwin Scaries, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Rice. The reunion will be held in A. R. Hall, the scene of so many delightful army reunions. The program has the name and residences of all our living members of the Company, including some of the least known details in Worcester. The committee of arrangements includes Maj. E. T. Raymond, Fred W. Briggs, A. B. Whipple, Charles W. Wood, Luke K. Davis, F. dwin Scaries, John A. Rice is Secretary of the Association.

A Picnic in Cuba.

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

"What shall be done on the 22d, we must celebrate the day in some way, or we shall disgrace our country?" There was a long pause, no one cared to propose anything, unless it was something interesting. We were a party of Americans stopping at a sugar plantation, in Itabo, Cuba, and fifty miles from Havana. Our nearest neighbors were on the next plantation, twelve miles distant. Thus we found our means of making a spread rather limited. Suddenly Jack gave a loud whistle and exclaimed, "Why not go on a picnic down to the Lema." "Jack you are a jewel," we said, "that is just the thing." When some of the party inquired what the Lema was, young Don Promone thought we were very stupid not to know that it was a splendid river and was named Lema because of the wild lime trees that grow on its banks.

It was about fifteen miles distant, narrow and shallow in the dry season, but in the Summer when the rains come it turned into a rushing torrent. The young Don volunteered to invite all the nearest white neighbors. Our next question was, what shall we carry for dinner, for we knew to our sorrow, that there was no bread, no cake, no pie, as they are unknown articles of food almost, outside of the large hotels, as flour and yeast will not keep in that climate and they have no stoves and no butter. Although there were plenty of cows on the plantation, the cream would turn to oil in the attempt to churn it. No cheese, no sandwiches, no pickles, no cold tongue, no oysters and no roast clams! We were in despair, but our hostess only laughed and said, "never mind we will take our cook along, she can fix up something." We said no more, but we had our doubts all the same.

On the morning of the 22d, we were awakened about five o'clock by the chamber-maid bringing in coffee, for it is the Cuban custom to take a cup of coffee before getting up in the morning, as nine or ten o'clock is the breakfast hour. We started about six o'clock, as the heat is so intense in the middle of the day that the travelling is all done in the cool of the morning or evening. We wished our friends in New York might have had a peep at our procession as we started; first, was a team or rather a yoke of oxen hitched to a large cart, one used in drawing sugar-cane to the mill. In this were seated the cook—a fat black woman, weighing about two hundred pounds—and a table girl, young and pretty. This fancy-team was driven by Pontleon, who was a slave and a character in his way. He was the very blackest black man we had ever seen. He wore an old red Tam O' Shanter on his head, an old pair of cotton pants, an old shirt left entirely unconfined at the waist which we called Pontleon's flag of truce for whenever he was scolded, he would stand still and twist and roll it in every shape he could with one hand, while with the other he would pull at a long loop of wool that hung over his eyes. Next to the cart was the volante, a large two-wheeled carriage drawn by two horses attached to the pole that was about fifteen feet long. The driver was seat-

ed astride the left horse; he was dressed in dark-blue and red livery with brass buttons.

Those of the party that did not care to go in the volante went on horse back. Some of the party could not speak a word of Spanish, some others did not know a bit of English, others again were at home in both languages. Such a laughing, chattering time as we had! The scenery was new to the most of us; the pure morning air was full of the fragrance of the orange blossoms hanging in deep contrast with the dark green leaves, among which were flocks of the orange-birds getting their breakfast from the ripest of the fruit. They were a pretty sight, being a shining black with a bright yellow spot on each wing, but they are a great pest to the orange grower as they will eat all the finest fruit on a tree in a few minutes. On we went past cane fields, where the field hands were already at work, then through avenues of tall palm trees, then past some overseers' cabin, surrounded by its plantation patch and close to the bohies or cabins of the negroes; then through fields of stumpy palms, then past fragrant coffee plantations, how we did enjoy it. It was all so new and strange to our Yankee eyes.

Sometimes we (I mean we Americans) would find our horses going directly opposite from the way we wished to go, then the shouts of laughter from our friends would make us remember that we ought to have pulled the left rein of our horse's bridle if we wished him to turn to the right (they told me that was the way the Cuban horse is trained). They had many a hearty laugh at my expense before I could remember that my left hand meant my right to my Cuban steed.

When we reached the Lema we found it a narrow cool river, with high banks, plenty of shade and abundance of bright-colored flowers, but we missed the green grass, rocks and stones of our own country. The grass there was dry and parched as it is at home in August after droughts. We soon had our hammocks hung up, and prepared to enjoy ourselves. The large laurel and mahogany trees gave a dense shade that was very refreshing as the sun was getting very hot. Many of the tall trees were festooned with long gray moss that hung down to the ground and took root; the oleander tree grows wild and sometimes attains a great height and its blossoms mingle with those of the pride of India, which next to the palm, I thought the most beautiful tree in Cuba. Its leaves are light green and the flowers lavender-colored. The wild lime trees were in full blossom and mingled their colors with those of the cinnamon tree. Excepting in California, we had never seen nature in such profuseness and, not even there had we seen such gorgeous colors. The screaming parrots, the bright plumed birds, made us think the old Spanish saying true, in Cuba the birds have no song, the flowers no perfume. Aside from the coffee-plant, the orange-blossom and the blooming cereus, the flowers had but little fragrance. Right glad we were to hear the summons to dinner, and we Northerners opened our eyes in surprise, such a feast as we saw before us. The hostess pleasantly inquired if we thought we could make out to eat some lunch. In the center of the table was a large vase filled with orange blossoms, this was surrounded by oranges,

bananas, pine-apples, dulcies and olives. Then came roast chickens, roast duck, sweet potatoes baked in hot ashes, fried fish, boiled rice, fried plantains, guava jelly, tamarinds, the most delicious coffee we ever tasted, lemonade, Spanish wines and other dishes, the names of which were all unknown to us. To simply say that the food tasted good is too mild a term. Mammy Nana, as the cook was called, stood by with a broad smile on her fat face, as she and her attendant helped the hungry crowd to the tempting food. "I know what you white folks like," she said. "I see ben Norff myself. Here Senora, take mo dis chicken, I want all dis here food dun eat up, I don't take none of dis here truck back in dat cart."

Could the shade of the great Washington have stood by and have seen our efforts to eat in his honor, he would have covered his face and whispered, "Rash mortals." After dinner, we asked Mammy Nana how she cooked her nice dinner without a fire. "You Senoras come, I shows you where I cook." She led the way to a low place in the bank of the river, there we saw several glowing heaps of charcoal. "Dere chillins, I cooked all dem victuals right dere. Pontleon, he pulls the feathers, skin and all right off dem chickens, then he roasts them right dere over that fire on dem sticks you see. Dem air charcoal-fires air heap better dan your Noaff stoves. I have ben Norff honey I knows." We rode home by the loveliest moon-light, so bright we could see to read as we rode along. We thought of our friends in America, on five days' journey away, wrapped in Winter clothing and furs, and we in thin garments, straw hats and slippers. There seemed to us no such thing as snow and ice; we felt then as if life could be one long bright dream, in that beautiful island, the Gem of the Sea; and as we parted for the night, we all said it would be long before we should forget our picnic in Cuba, on Washington's birthday. D.

Oxford.

Probably there is not in the state of Massachusetts a prettier village than this. Such a broad, level, main street! Had Goldsmith seen this, he had forborne his praises of a certain hamlet further north. LIGHT took a brief run down to Oxford last Saturday, just to see certain C. A. R. friends, but the village afforded so much more pleasure than was expected that this much mention must be made of the place in Winter. Its Summer outlook has long been lauded but nothing could be lovelier than the white outspread of one week ago.

Then there are some of the very best of people there. L. C. Thayer keeps the typical village store and a good one. Unfortunately, Comrade Thayer has had a full run of La Grippe in all its nefarious phases. He is better now, however. Quartermaster Leary doesn't like the snow because it impedes navigation. Comrade Yeomans and others are rejoicing over the election of J. K. Churchill to the command of the Department. Albert Tyler is still "sticking" type and getting out his Oxford Mid-Weekly. If one could only live in Oxford what more could he desire?

Knowledge is no burthen.

Forty Years Ago.

There have been 22d of February celebrations for many a year and away down the coming years, the line extends, but there was an event on that day in Worcester in 1842 which was of far more than ordinary interest. The Worcester City Guards, then young and known as the Worcester Guards, issued the following invitation.

"Military Ball. The managers solicit the favor of your company at Brinley Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 22d, 1842.

Capt. George Hobbs	Managers	Sergt. C. Blanchard
Lieut. E. Pool		L. Lincoln Newton
Lieut. S. B. Conklin		Luther Slater
Sergt. H. Gould		Samuel Hathaway
Sergt. E. G. Pratt	gers.	Edwin Eaton
Sergt. J. S. Coes		Samuel Lees.

A carriage will call at 6 o'clock.

An early answer is recorded, addressed to S. Hathaway, Worcester, Feb. 1, 1842."

In a volume owned by a prominent citizen of Worcester, are preserved the answers to these invitations. They include both declinations and acceptances. What a breath from the past they bring to us! Many, nay the most of those who danced on that festive eve, have long slept the sleep that knows no waking. Many a gallant Guard who led the march in 1842 was the brave leader of equally brave followers in 1861-5. Death, the great leveler has been at work, and rich and poor, old and young, men and women, the most of the merry throng on that festal night have gone to the hereafter.

Today, we are not interested as to whether Miss — accepted or not but the list gives us a good notion of how our mothers wrote and just who the dancers were, fifty years ago. To the Worcester of 1842, these names are many of them complete enigmas save when we sit down by some one whose memory is filled with accurate pictures of the long ago. He may tell us whether these folks are alive or dead. The names are

Miss E. Flagg,	Mrs. T. Raymond,
Miss J. H. Moore,	Miss Jane Waters,
Misses Tenney,	Miss E. Burnett,
Misses Wheeler,	Misses Perry,
Miss Fenno,	Miss Kettell,
Miss C. Hazpood,	Mrs. B. F. Heywood,
Misses Head,	Miss Prescott,
Mrs. H. Gould,	Miss Kendall,
Miss D. A. Whittemore,	Misses Jenckes,
Miss Phelps,	Mrs. Wyman,
Miss Lavinia Brigham,	Mrs. C. Foster,
Mrs. and Mrs. Seymour,	Miss D. Burnett,
Miss Eaton,	Mrs. G. Bowen,
S. J. Bowles,	Miss G. Blake,
Miss Miller,	Mrs. Spooner,
Miss Mary Bigelow,	Miss S. Wheeler,
Misses Bigelow,	Mrs. A. Downs,
Miss Newton,	Miss C. M. Wood,
Mrs. W. Hatch,	Miss C. Ward,
Misses Bradley,	A. Louisa Croon,
Mrs. Hamilton,	Miss Clapp,
Miss Rogers,	Mrs. E. Conant,
Misses Pratt,	Misses S. A. and L. M. Stowell,
Miss D. Elder,	Mrs. A. W. Congdon,
Miss Coe,	Mrs. Lombard,
Miss A. Chamberlain,	Misses Burnside,
Miss M. B. Palmer,	Miss Felton,
Miss M. A. Eager,	N. and S. Garfield,
Catharine Lazell,	Miss Ann Nason,
Miss Calter,	Mrs. E. Perry,
Misses Ruggles,	Mrs. James Green,
Miss Lane,	Mrs. D. W. Lincoln,
Miss Lucy Lewis,	Mrs. O. Rawson,
Miss S. O. Hastings,	Miss C. Mower,
R. K. Fuller,	A. F. and M. A. E. Howe,
Miss Leach,	Miss Charlotte Lincoln,
Miss Brigham,	

S. A. and E. F. Vose,	Mrs. Geo. T. Rice,
Miss Mary A. Butterfield,	Mrs. Claffin,
Miss Snow,	Mrs. Lesmie,
Miss Thompson,	Mrs. Burnside,
Miss J. Elgiate,	Miss S. I. Butman,
Mrs. Trumbull,	Mrs. Piny Merrick,
Mrs. Dowley,	Miss Kibbura,
Mrs. and Miss Hart,	Misses Trumbull,
Miss H. W. Jennison,	S. E. Nichols,
Miss Collier,	Miss H. M. Barton,
Miss E. B. Bangs,	Miss St. Lee,
Mrs. P. S. Aldrich,	Misses Fuller,
Mrs. W. Leggale,	Miss Woodward,
Miss F. Allen,	Mrs. Davis,
Miss Parker,	Lydia M. Wilburth,
Mrs. E. L. Barnard,	Miss Lamb,
Mrs. F. W. Faine,	Miss Phillip,
Mrs. C. Allen,	Mrs. T. L. Butt,
Mrs. M. Bigelow, Jr.,	Miss S. A. Bancroft,
Miss M. E. Bigelow,	Miss Ripley,
Miss Joyce,	Miss Barard,
Mrs. Charles Paine,	Miss Blood,
Mrs. Newton,	Mrs. Bliss,
Miss Thowet,	Miss Holt,
Mrs. Stockwell,	Mrs. Wm. S. Lincoln,
Mrs. Wm. Brown,	Mrs. Park,
D. Whitcomb,	Misses Denney,
H. Allen,	Miss C. A. Allen,
Miss S. Blake,	Mrs. Joseph Sargent,
Miss M. Allen,	Miss Clark,
Miss H. Stevens,	Mrs. Wm. Barker,
Misses Jones,	Maria M. Childs,
Mrs. C. Paine,	Mrs. J. Green,
Mrs. S. Jennison,	Mrs. Messenger,
Mrs. Tyler,	Miss Paine,
Mrs. F. T. Merrick,	Miss Lincoln,
Miss Curtis,	Mrs. Dixie,
Mrs. Ripley,	Miss C. A. Jennison,
Misses Jennison,	

When this ball took place, the Guards were only two years old. Formed for political reasons, much rancor still existed between them and the Light Infantry. Very likely, many of the regrets from foregoing names were induced by fealty to members of the town's other company.

Of the twelve Guards who made up the managers, seven at least have passed on, viz., George Hobbs, who was the Second Captain, Livetts. Pool and Conklin, Sergt. Blanchard, Privates Newton, Slater and Eaton.

There are 150 names of fair ladies who responded favorably or unfavorably. Many of them will be recognized, at once, as those of people still living in Worcester or recently deceased. Others, however, whose names were changed in marriage have quite disappeared from the Directory of the day. Of the Town of Worcester, seven years before becoming a city, they were representative names. They included a large share of the old families and very clearly indicate the social standing of the Guards. Some represented girls in their early teens; others were those of mature matrons, all were those of the best city afforded. There is hardly an old family name omitted.

The book into which these letters were bound, by the way, a most valuable notion on Samuel Hathaway's part, is marked on the back, in gilt letters "Billet Doux." On all sorts of paper, in all kinds of ink, in penmanship from bad to elegant the collection is a treasured memory of years ago. It should be treated with the veneration that is always due to age.

It is in place to state who some of the ladies were and what is under obligations to a gentleman whose mind retains most clearly the names and faces of that period. The Misses Tenney were daughters of Jos. A. Tenney, who was a wholesale liquor dealer.

One of the Misses Wheeler became Mrs.

Henry H. Gird and so mother of Capt. Jos. W. Gird, killed at the Wilderness. These sisters in the same year, 1842, made a beautiful flag and presented it to the Light Infantry. The company marched over to Summer Street where Mrs. Gird still lives, and Captain Conk lin received it with an appropriate speech. It is in keeping today, as bright as ever.

Miss Fenno became Mrs. N. G. Tucker. The Misses Ilead were sisters of a young lawyer then in the city.

Mrs. Seymour and Miss Eaton were daughters of Nathaniel Eaton, who lived in the old mansion at the foot of George Street, now the oldest house on Main Street.

Sarah J. Bowers was the daughter of a hat ter who had been a British soldier. She was, first, Mrs. Henry Eaton and afterwards Mrs. Moneypenny of New York.

Miss Miller was a sister of the late Henry W. Miller.

Mary and the Misses Higelow were daughters of Alajah Higelow, Judge of Probate.

Osgood Bradley was the father of the Misses Bradley, of whom one, Elizabeth, married George Hamilton, the other John B. Wyman, who was killed during the war, while in command of a Western regiment.

Miss E. Burnett became Mrs. Marshall Flagg.

The Misses Perry were daughters of Emory Perry a famous singing master.

Miss Kettell was the daughter of John Kettell, the hatter.

Mrs. Howen was the wife of the first captain of the Guards.

Miss Wheeler was a daughter of Wm. A. Wheeler, the noted manufacturer.

Caroline Ward, a daughter of Colonel Artemas Ward.

Miss Rogers, a daughter of the long time editor of Aegis.

The Misses Pratt lived in the old Bancroft mansion on Salisbury Street.

Miss M. A. Eager, a teacher, married and went west.

Catharine Lazell, one of the city's most honored teachers.

Miss Brigham lived in Northville.

The Misses Vose resided just opposite Rural Cemetery on Grove Street.

Mrs. Trumbull, wife of George A. Trumbull, cashier of the Citizens' Bank.

The Burts lived on the corner of Elm and Chestnut Streets.

Mrs. E. Conant, wife of the late Edwin Conant, Esq.

The Stowells lived on Park Street.

Miss Charlotte Lincoln was a relative of the Governor. She was an excellent singer.

Mrs. Claffin, wife of the subsequently noted New York merchant, Horace B. Claffin.

Miss S. Butman, daughter of Deacon Benjamin, after whom the Butman Block is named.

Miss E. H. Bangs lived on Main Street, opposite the Court House.

Mrs. C. Allen, wife of the famous Judge Charles Allen.

Mrs. M. Bigelow, Jr., was a sister of Samuel Hathaway.

Mrs. Thomas was the wife of Judge B. F. Thomas.

Miss Stiles, a sister of the late Charles Stiles.

There were three Misses Puffer, daughters of Seth Puffer.

Milmarth was a teacher.

Mrs. Phillips, wife of Ivers Phillips, now in Colorado.

Miss S. A. B. Bancroft was a sister of the late Professor of Brown University.

Mrs. Bliss, wife of the late Harrison Bliss.

The book gives no token of the party itself when

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"

but the care taken of the replies is convincing proof of the success of the Guard's undertaking and, as in Belgium's Capital, no doubt

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Over that evening there was no cloud of death dealing war, but it came later and, men and women, they learned that, all of military life does not consist in wearing uniforms and dancing to delicious music. But when the storm came none could be braver, bolder, truer than the hearts which, on Washington's birthday, 1842, exulted,

"When music arose with its voluptuous swell."

They were happy then. If living, let us hope that they are happy now; if dead, that their lives won for them restful, peaceful immortality.

"Leaves Have Their Time to Fall."

"In this city, 12th, Mabel Jones Stone, eldest daughter of Arthur M. and Mary L. Stone, 21 years, 5 months and 20 days."

Every day our papers contain announcements of death. The most of the names are those of strangers and we read the items with something akin to indifference. Again we see a name which excites in us the utmost attention and we greedily read every word concerning the same for we knew the one who bore it and a flood of recollection comes over us as we realize that, for this life, all is over.

Thus it was, one week since, when our community was startled by the knowledge that the daughter of one of Worcester's most respected citizens had suddenly died. Herself, one of a wide circle of friends and acquaintance, no similar announcements for many a day had carried with it more of sorrow or grief. To many the news was doubly surprising, for they not only had not heard of her illness, they did not know that she had returned from her western visit.

Many friends are saying, "How well I remember Mabel. She was always so bright and cheerful. I shall always recall her face wreathed in smiles." In home, school and church, she was ever cheerfulness itself. Passing through the lower grades, she was a High School graduate, Class of '88, Classical Course, going thence to Wellesley College. In her High School days she made many friends among teachers and pupils. In these days, she was considered one of the best musicians in the class and she wrote the music for the Class Poem. The air was unusually good and doubtless many a classmate, since her death, has sung over the opening lines of the poem,

"As the sunset's golden splendor,
Casts long shadows on the day,
And the landscape fading, dying,
Into darkness far away."

and has thought of the close of day that came so early to this young life, "fading" not into darkness but into the endless light of immortality.

Her life in Wellesley, so far as pleasant associations and impressions were concerned, was a repetition of that in the High School. Music was there her specialty and when she left the college in 1891, it was with the expectation of pursuing the art under the instruction of Boston teachers.

Then came the long and pleasant journey to the West, her father's meeting her in Chicago, and her return to Worcester. She reached here Wednesday, the 3d inst. and her apparent health was the frequent remark of her friends. Friday she became ill and the doctor was summoned. The way was steadily downward to the end, her case completely baffling the medical attendants.

Monday at 2 p.m. her father's house was crowded with sympathizing friends, schoolmates and teachers; those whom she had known in her church relations and others came to look upon her face once more and to hear her pastor, Dr. Mears, speak words of comfort.

The Piedmont Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Shirley and Hyde, Misses Flagg and Houghton sang, "Lead Kindly Light" "Father, we come to Thee" and "Home Land." The Rev. W. G. Tuttle, father of one of the Wellesley teachers, read the Scripture lessons. After which Dr. Mears spoke very feelingly concerning the life and thoughts of the deceased. She had expressed to her father a determination to be more devoted to church work. In the blissful hereafter very likely there's work for her to do. A very touching memory of Mabel was a volume of Thomas Kempis' Imitation of Christ. A Christmas present, it appears that she had read it diligently and had marked many passages thus making it almost a message from her to her friends. The company that filed by her remains of her, known so well in life, was a fearful one, bearing witness to the love and esteem in which she was held. Clad in white, surrounded by many floral tributes, it did not seem that she was arrayed for the tomb.

The bearers were E. H. Warren, William Manns, Alfred Kirke, Lewis W. Dunton, Everett S. Jones and A. J. Bassett and the burial in Hope Cemetery.

From the bunch of twenty-one white rose buds, at the entrance, to the white dove that hung above the casket, white predominated. From school and college mates, from neighbors and friends the floral offerings were beautiful and profuse.

"This is the end of earth," but her life, though brief, in its unselfishness, has left lessons that must tell in time and eternity.

A large portion of this bustling city has been hushed in sympathy with the stricken household. This one touch of Nature has made us all kin.

What to do.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it,
Let their comfort hide from view,
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to mean,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

A Living Spring.

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN.

Lo! In the heart of forest's tangled shade,
And hid where glint of sunshine never strayed,
So hushed by wild bird's song and plaintive cry,
And a murmuring voice winds swiftly passing by,
A captive barred from all that made life bright,
A tiny spring lay buried from the light.

No human soul knew aught of where it slept,
No human eye a guard o'er it had kept;
Nor truer had feverish lip its thirst allayed,
Or on the ear its crystal music played;
None dream'd of it, or gave it thought or care,
But yet God knew that spring so pure was there.

And when the hour had come, the spring, grown strong,
Burst forth and through the forest rushed along,
And heeded naught that crossed or marred its way,
But strengthened in its progress day by day,
Till broader, deeper, purer, swift and grand,
It spread a blessing through the verdant land.

So if within a soul lies buried deep
A living spring, that long in quiet sleep
Had only dreamed of power, if God should say,
"Awake! burst forth! dost know 'tis break of day,
And thou hast much to do ere 't is night shall fall?"
Shall not that soul make answer to that call?

And with its human strength strive long and well
To do its work and break the coward spell
That kept it back, afraid to do or dare!
Ah! He who holds us all within his care,
Who placed that spring within that human soul,
Will guide it: safe and sure unto its goal.

Monuments.

The committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which has in charge the collection of a fund for the erection in Washington of a statue to the memory of General William Tecumseh Sherman, has issued an appeal which is promulgated by Commander-in-Chief Palmer of the Grand Army.

An equestrian statue of Gen. G. B. McClellan is to be placed in front of the government building in Philadelphia. It is to be of bronze, H. J. Ellicott being the sculptor.

At the late G. A. R. Encampment in Boston, the matter of a monument to the memory of General Grant in Washington was broached. It will be brought up before the National Encampment in Washington. His old soldiers ought to build it.

Naval School.

If Ralph Earle passes his examinations for admission to the Naval School and he undoubtedly will, he will be one of the happiest middies who ever entered that institution. He is a son of Stephen C. Earle, the architect, and is now in the High School, but he has ever had a longing for these. One year ago, he took a midwinter trip to Cuba on a sailing vessel. This Annapolis course will place him on the pinnacle of happiness.

If by any means, he should fail to get in, a very bright second stands ready to try in the person of Walter Clark of Chestnut Street.

An Example From History.

Freddy (studying American History) — "Papa, is there anything in what people say about thirteen being an unlucky number?"
Old Suggs (English by birth)—"Yes, it seems so."

Freddy—"Well, how was it the Union was so lucky? It commenced with thirteen colonies."
Old Suggs—"Oh—er—that was unlucky for King George."

FOR THE LAUNDRY.
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 SOAP.



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 Clean!
 It saves Time,
 Labor and Fuel,
 and therefore
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 F. J. KELLY, Local Manager, P. O. Box 330.

Marie.

Marie was born in the city of Worcester, Mass., on the 10th of June, 1855. She was educated in the common schools of her native city. She was married to Mr. H. H. Ames, on the 10th of June, 1875. They have three children, two sons and one daughter. She is a member of the Worcester Female Society, and of the Worcester Female Aid Society. She is also a member of the Worcester Female Musical Society. She is a devoted wife and mother, and is well known in her native city for her many good deeds.

Mr. H. H. Ames

After an illness of five weeks Mr. H. H. Ames died at his home on Oak Avenue, Tuesday evening. He was born in Holland, Miss., and was nearly seventy years of age at the time of his death. He had long been one of the city's most active business men, having come here in 1837. For some time he was foreman in the Court Mills, and, after various occupations, in 1859 undertook the furniture business at 223 Main Street which he sold out in 1881 to Mr. Henry Walker. Since then, he has followed real estate brokerage at 85 Main Street.

He leaves a widow and four children. Two daughters of his first wife are Mrs. L. C. Leathers and Mrs. George Paige. His city and two sons by his second wife, Of these, H. H. Ames, Jr., was graduated from the High School last year.

He was a Past Grand Master of (Worcester) Lodge, I. O. O. F., was a member of the Worcester Encampment of Working Men's Lodge, F. & A. M., of Worcester Royal Arch Chapter; of the Iron Hall of Worcester Lodge Knights of Honor of Pearl Lodge, Knights and Ladies of Honor; and was Supreme Grand Trustee of the Non-Secret Fraternity Order.

The funeral, under the direction of the Odd Fellows takes place, today, at the Church of the Unity.

Mr. Ames will be missed from our community as a reliable progressive citizen.

G A R

At the meeting of Post 11, Thursday night, it was decided to give Comrade James K. Churchill, recently elected commander of the Department, a reception.

April 13th comes the twenty fifth anniversary of the Post and plans are already forming for an adequate observance of so important an event.

Yesterday afternoon Naam's Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, held a fair in Odd Fellows Hall 11 Pleasant Street. In the evening there was a leap year party, supper was served and there was dancing. The committee of arrangements were Mrs. H. H. Ames, Mrs. A. P. Lagg, Mrs. J. H. Martin, Mrs. C. I. Ongley and Mrs. O. M. Savels.

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars." - Young.

"I get's you not merely to have utterance but to have something worthy of utterance." - W. Robertson.

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looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
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Poultry, Sausages, Lard, Butter, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.,

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A BILLION AND A HALF.

The above is estimated to be the amount due to heirs of unclaimed estates in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Germany. The heirs are supposed to be chiefly in the United States, descendants of people who crossed the ocean years ago. You who read this are sanely requested to correspond with the undersigned, if your people came from across the sea. Remember that a letter to this country requires a five cent stamp. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Also send 25 cents to pay for postage and correspondence. We charge nothing for investigating.—WILLIAM LORD MOORE, 5, Inger-oll Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, England.

Good to Eat.

So let us nurse our health with temperance,
And keep our appetite a nimble servant,
Ready to our call.

—Anon.

Broiled oysters are dipped in melted butter, seasoned lightly with salt and pepper and broiled on an oyster-broiler over a clear fire for two minutes on each side. They are especially delicious with maitre d'hotel sauce; or, if you prefer a simpler dish, serve them with fresh, sweet butter and slices of lemon.

Undoubtedly the best method of cooking rice is to cover it well with water and set it in a moderate oven, stirring it occasionally. When nearly done and the water mostly absorbed, milk may be added if desired, making a very good dish. Or the water may be omitted and it may be cooked entirely in milk, using the same proportions of milk and rice as for a pudding, but omitting the sugar.

The lower part of the leg of veal, called the knuckle, is especially good for white soup. The leg itself can be roasted whole for a large family, but affords several pieces, the fillet being the nicest. This fillet is simply a piece of solid meat from the upper part of the leg, and can be larded and stuffed or merely roasted plain. The neck and breast are used chiefly for stewing.

A potato will possibly always be a potato, but fried potatoes may be several different things, varying with the intelligence of the cook. If, as some doctors declare, "Mischief lurks in the frying pan," they probably mean in homes where the definition of the verb "to fry" is to "soak in grease." The vegetable we present suffers heavily in the general condemnation. Given the conditions of pure lard, and a hot fire to insure a quick browning, the capabilities for harm are somewhat lessened; but it is a pity that in so many kitchens the sphere of the potato is narrowed, vibrating only from boiled to fried with monotonous regularity. The same potatoes, thinly sliced and placed in an earthen dish, each layer covered with a slight sprinkling of flour, together with bits of butter, a seasoning of onion, salt and pepper, and the whole nearly covered with milk, will, after two hours' baking in a hot oven, come forth a tempting-looking, wholesome dish.—Good Housekeeping.

Panned Oysters.

Drain the oysters free from all liquor, put them in a colander, and allow one or two quarts of cold water to simply run through them. Have ready a sheet-iron pan hissing hot. Throw in the oysters, shake for a moment, and to each fifty add two ounces of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a palatable seasoning of pepper. With a wooden spoon stir until they boil, and serve immediately.

I always prefer water to milk in cakes that are not rich in butter. It, to my mind, makes a more delicate cake. Milk is liable to toughen in cooking, especially the crust, while water being neutral makes the crust soft and delicate. When I say add water gradually I do mean, of course, so gradually the butter will not break. This takes a long time; but if beating is done rapidly, it makes a better cake.
MRS. RORER.

They Differ

In make up: Most baking powders contain ammonia or alum. Cleveland's does not; not a particle.

In strength: A rounded spoonful of Cleveland's does better work than a heaping spoonful of any other.

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Subscribers can choose seats February 13th, at 9 a. m.

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Sargent carries a full stock of everything to be found in a florists' store.

North End People

need no reminder, they will find SARGENT, THE COSMOPOLITAN FLORIST, at 25 Pleasant Street.

Fashions.

Baby girls wear bonnet hoods which usually match the pelisse in color, and are very pretty in plush linen and cream, white or soft pink and fitted with full white border. Charming little white woolen bonnets of the Granny shape, the front relieved with silk and the usual border, are sold at a much less cost than they could be made at home, and finished in a superior manner. Fashion naturally dictates in infants' clothing, and outfitters are bound to show novelties, even for such tiny customers, but the mother who studies her child will select only the most simple shapes and gain the smart effect by the materials and trimmings which she selects.

Anybody buying a muff will show great wisdom in getting one as large as is consistent with one's size. Just remember that it is much easier to have a large muff made smaller than to have a small one made larger. This is repeated for the benefit of the woman who is buying her muff late in the season.

The ring that is chosen as a present from a young girl to her betrothed is a chain one of platinum and gold, with a true lover's knot just on top. It must not be a stiff chain, but one that when taken off the finger falls in a little heap, if she doesn't wish to impress him with the fact that her chains are hard ones.

Shaded or changeable silk continues to be liked for blouse waists to be worn in the house. They are made quite simple, and have as their only decoration collar, cuffs and belt of velvet. A very pretty one showing green and scarlet in the silk has these adjuncts of moss-green velvet.

Mrs. Ward McAllister is an exceedingly brilliant, well-versed woman. In a pleasant chat in her own house she said: "So much is said about dress, and style, and form galore, which a true lady should possess, that the ultimate and foundation qualities of a true lady are entirely ignored. My idea of a true lady is one whose reigning characteristic is thoughtfulness for others. Who does not annoy anyone with whom she is on good terms. Who is discreet, as well as personally honorable. Who refrains from the unconventional things which cause her friends uneasiness, and her enemies food for scandal."

Bengaline has quite taken the place of faille. The newest has a thick and decided cord, and has been brought out under the name of Tyrolienne. Satin remains the most fashionable fabric for wedding gowns.

An authority in matters of feminine adornment insists that it always pays to give more for a becoming dress. Hasty choice usually results in a gown that one grows tired of in a few weeks, whereas a really becoming dress is not thrown aside until it falls to pieces.

Dressing-gowns are more shapely than they used to be. The favorite material is colored flannel,—old rose, pink, blue, heliotrope, gray or terra cotta, patterned with flowers or stripes in contrasting shades. Some of the newest flannels are made in Paisley shawl patterns.

"For nothing a school boy can read Hamlet, and can detect secrets of highest discernment yet unpolished therein."—Emerson.

One 25-cent package of Kem-Kom—your grocer has it—a few gallons of water—an old tub or barrel (it won't hurt a new one)—a stick or a poker

KEM-KOM



KEM-KOM

—a minute's stirring—a water pot—three minutes of sprinkling—your ton of coal is worth a ton and a quarter.

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355 MAIN STREET.

Household.

What is good housekeeping, pray?

To do with a quiet grace

To do what seemeth best each day,

To brighten love's dwelling-place

To keep it clean, but not too precise,

To make it so cheerful that none may roam

Beyond a healthful and happy home.

Gargles for Sore Throats.

An excellent gargle is made of one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, half a cup of boiling vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together, and when settled strain. Gargle the throat every half hour. Any one subject to sore throat of any kind will find a certain cure and preventive in the daily use of salt and water as a gargle.

Burnt Camphor.

The fumes of burnt camphor will instantly relieve a cold in the head. Put a piece of camphor the size of an egg in an old saucer. Set it on fire, and after burning a few moments blow out the flames, and inhale the fumes.

To keep a griddle in good order, so that cakes baked thereon may always present a clear brown surface, scour it occasionally with a thick stale crust of bread and a little dry salt, and never neglect to wipe it clean around the edges before putting it away.

Flavoring butter with the odor of fresh flowers is an art of the French peasantry. The process consists of putting the little prints, wrapped in thin cloth, into a tight porcelain dish on a bed of roses, or whatever blossoms are chosen. Among the flowers which give the most desirable results are clover and nasturtiums.

A solution for replating knives, forks and spoons with silver may be made by dissolving a quarter dollar in three ounces nitric acid, then adding three ounces quicksilver, and when the latter is quite dissolved, adding a quart of rain water. Dip the article to be replated in the solution and let it remain there a short time. Then rub with a sponge wet in the solution and polish with a chamois skin.

The best way of ridding a house of rats is to fill all the holes that can be found with pounded glass, and seal them up with plaster of Paris and tin, if you wish. Then thoroughly clean the premises and see that there are no garbage pails left about to attract rats, and secure the service of a good cat.

Iron or steel immersed warm in a solution of carbonate of soda (washing soda) for a few minutes will not rust.

To remove a rusty screw, apply a red-hot iron to the head for a short time, the screw-driver being applied immediately while the screw is hot.

Gilt frames may be restored by rubbing with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water, and then bathing it with very cold water, is a simple method of giving it a Russian bath, and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother, and the flesh firmer.

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New Art Pottery Teapots, warranted fireproof, from

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School and College.

Polytechnic.

The Athletic Directors have appointed a committee including Fish, '95, Strong, '93, Southgate, '92, to see about holding a series of Cross Country runs the same as a year ago. It is probable that none will be held, however, as the Intercollegiate Sports come May 26th, and the Institute Sports about three weeks earlier, so that to arrange for a series of runs between the two would be difficult. The Directors were authorized at a meeting of the Athletic Association this week, to decide whether base-ball should be managed by a separate association or not. They have come to a decision and have called for a meeting this noon of all interested to organize a base-ball association. A committee has been chosen by the Athletic Association to redraft the constitution.

Tech boys seem just now to be in clover with the young ladies. About a week ago the misses of the Home School gave a reception to the Socialists of '92, and last Wednesday evening the latter returned the compliment by taking the former on a sleighride to Leicester. The same evening quite a number of other Techs were guests of a party of Normal School girls on a similar ride to Westboro. And all this thanks to Leap year.

Chapel exercises are a little more orderly now than usual. After a considerable lack of discipline for a long time, the authorities suddenly came down and suspended a Middler until September for applauding in Chapel. About ten others were guilty, but as this was the only man caught, he had to take the consequences. His class ('93) appointed a committee to petition the Faculty for leniency in this case inasmuch as it was his first offence; he received no warning and men from other classes had been suspended and immediately taken back. The only outcome was a hearing which did not seem to effect the opinions of the Faculty committee. Various threats of other petitions to Faculty and Trustees are now in the air.

The entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association is to take place at Horticultural Hall, March 25th. The committee in charge is Marshall and Rawson, '93, Brackner, '92, Burdick, '94 and Denny, '95.

Dartmouth Alumni Association.

The Dartmouth Alumni Association of Central and Western Massachusetts, which was recently formed in this city, will hold its first annual reunion and banquet at the Bay State House, Friday evening, February 26. There will be a reception at 6.30 o'clock and dinner at 7.30 o'clock. Several prominent graduates have been invited and among those who have accepted are President Samuel C. Bartlett, Hon. J. W. Patterson of Hanover, N. H., Hon. George A. Marden of Lowell, state treasurer, Hon. E. E. Maynard of Springfield, judge of the Superior court, City Solicitor F. P. Goulding and others. The president of the association, Lieut.-Gov. William H. Haile of Springfield, is expected to preside and the vice-president, Judge John Hopkins of Millbury, also expects to be present. The reunion will bring together about 100 graduates and a pleasant time is anticipated.

High School.

Some little talk has been made about the Senior boys and their sleigh ride. Most of the boys are in favor of a banquet in its stead and consequently did nothing about one. Meanwhile the girls had banded together and had arranged for a sleigh ride to Millbury which occurred last Saturday night. No little talk was made last Monday by the girls but the boys can meet them on equal footing after their banquet, to take place at Lincoln House Feb. 23.

The rhetorical exercises in the hall last Tuesday were of great interest. The principal made a few very interesting and practical remarks on Washington's birthday. He said that this day was not so much a day of celebration as it was intended to be. Of the six holidays that we have this is the only one for an individual man. Attempts have been made for one in honor of Grant, Lincoln and others but they have all been unsuccessful and Washington alone remains. He stated that he thought it rather peculiar that Washington should be so greatly honored by his people when he gained no great victories of himself and some of these were not much better than defeats. He was continually retreating. No poet has ever yet written his masterpiece on Washington but in fiction and oratory he has not been forgotten. He advised the pupils to read Bancroft's treatise on Washington then if they had time repeat it and then read Daniel Webster's oration delivered in New York in 1838. At the close of the exercise, Dr. Souther spoke a few words in commendation of the exercises and was pleased to have a chance to address the whole school assembled in one body.

The lower corridor and adjoining rooms have been the center of attraction and enthusiasm for the last week. Class meetings were held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday noons and all the officers are now elected and the excitement will gradually die away. The office most evenly and fiercely contested for was that of president. The candidates were Messrs. Witherby and Tower. The vote stood 51 to 40 in favor of Mr. Tower. Miss Gates was easily chosen as vice-president. Miss Kingsbury was elected as the secretary and Mr. Sprague was unanimously chosen treasurer, no opposing party was nominated for the treasurership. Mr. Field was chosen chairman of the executive committee after two votings. Mr. Burrage is the class historian and Mr. Belisle is class pianist.

Mr. Perry is making air tests in the various rooms of the building.

At the Shoreham.

Hon. Jos. H. Walker gave a reception, Thursday night, at his hotel in Washington to the delegation from the Massachusetts Legislature. To meet the delegation, one of which was Mr. Jas. H. Mellen of this city were present the most of the Massachusetts Representatives in Congress. The Legislative people are in Washington to look after certain railroad interests.

President Hall.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University addressed the superintendents in their National Association in Brooklyn, Thursday, on "The Health of School Children as Affected by School Buildings."

Mechanics Hall, Worcester.

MARY HOWE- RUMMELL.

ONE CONCERT

by the following

Distinguished Artists:

Miss Mary Howe-Lavin, Soprano;
Miss Maud Powell, Violinist,
Mr. William Lavin, Tenor, and
Mr. Franz Rummel, Pianist.

MR. LEACHS HOBBS, ACCOMPANIST

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 3d, 1892.

Tickets, with reserved seats, 50c, 75c, and 1.00 according to location.

The sale of tickets will begin at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Feb. 27th at Mechanics Hall of C. L. Gorham & Co.

The Mary Howe Concert.

Worcester people who are usually acquainted are very greatly pleased that they are to have an opportunity to hear Mary Howe once more before her departure for Europe where she is to spend considerable time in study. She has always pleased Worcester audiences and as it was at the Worcester Festival that she began to make her reputation, Worcester has always taken a peculiar pleasure in honoring her rise to her profession. Besides herself, many wish with us for her husband, Mr. William J. Lavin who was once with her. He is a tenor of considerable repute and has during this winter, together with his wife, added to his fame by very successfully filling a large number of engagements in oratorio and concert work. He is not well known in Worcester except by reputation and there will be considerable anxiety to hear him not only from an artistic standpoint but also because he is Miss Howe's husband.

But these two are not the only ones who are to take part in the concert. There are also Mr. Franz Rummel, one of our world renowned pianist, and Miss Maud Powell, the hardly less renowned violinist. The date of the concert is Tuesday, March 3rd, at the place, Mechanics Hall and the sale of tickets will begin at Gorham's next Saturday. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance.

Dr. Higgs T. Cheever will address the Boston Ministers meeting at Pilgrim Hall, Washington's birthday on the 22nd and the services of this distinguished brother, the late Dr. Geo. E. Chawner of the Church of the Puritans, New York, an exceedingly fit way to spend the day.

Entertainments.

The Tennis Drill given at Pilgrim Hall Tuesday evening by sixteen young ladies was pronounced by those who attended to be "the finest thing of the kind ever given in Worcester. It went way ahead of fan drills, parasol drills, etc." The young ladies have been drilling very steadily for three months and their marching was almost perfect. They were dressed in tennis costumes decked with flying ribbons and carried tennis racquets. Description could give no idea of the beauty of the drill, it must be seen to be appreciated. The young ladies who took part were Misses Jessie Duckworth, Grace Larkin, Mabel Chamberlain, Nellie Brown, Julia Robbins, Sadie Dewhurst, Grace Cook, Edith Sherman, Mary Towne, Maude Copeland, Hattie Dunn, Ella Larkin, Maud Picco, Alice Chute, Lila Fletcher and Eva Robbins. The drill was conducted by Fred Knight and the piano accompaniment was played by Miss Lavinia Knight. Also, during an intermission there were tenor solos by George L. Moore, readings by Miss Ella Johnson and selections by the Tech quartet consisting of Howard W. Bracken, Charles A. Needham, Hugh M. Southgate and George D. Ball. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society and for its benefit. About \$50 was realized.

In the Friday Populars came The Kellogg Concert Company. One of the troop was ill and Miss Dorothy Renfrew, a reader, took her place. She was encored several times thus showing that her audience did not fret over the change of program. The whistling solos evidently pleased, and Mr. Kellogg gave the different methods of the art and illustrated each one. He seems to have fully mastered all that he has undertaken. Miss Devine sang ballads and the Perry Brothers gave several combinations which were well received.

The tableau class and some of the pupils in elocution of the Worcester School of Elocution and Oratory gave an entertainment at the Lake View Church Tuesday evening under the auspices of Class 10 of the Sunday School. The program included readings by Miss Gertrude Tuller, Miss Edith Gould, Miss Mary L. Howard, Miss Nellie M. Hatch, Miss Emma Hewitt and Miss Olive Hewitt; piano solo by Miss Eva M. Coughlan; songs by Mrs. E. H. Plaisted and Japanese fantasies, marchings, tableaux and pantomime by the class. There was a large audience, which thoroughly enjoyed the program.

Charles S. Stoughton, for several years tenor at the First Universalist Church, has been engaged at the Salem Street Church in the new quartet.

Mr. William B. Sprout, Esq., formerly of Worcester, now attorney for the West End Street Railway Company, Boston, has recently purchased an estate in South Natick which is to be his Summer residence. Mr. Frank W. Clapp, paperer and house decorator of this city, has been in Natick for the past week or ten days, superintending the interior decorations.

At the Home School last week Friday evening the young lady students received the Seniors of the Polytechnic Institute. There was dancing and singing and the young men were invited to try their hand at making bouquets, for which Mr. Smith received first prize and Mr. Needham the booby prize. To close the evening's pleasures cake and ice cream were served. Miss Swett and Miss Houghton received and Misses Carpenter, Harlow and Mellen had charge of the entertainment.

A movement is afoot to elect Rev. Dr. W. V. Davis of this city, a trustee of Amherst College to fill the vacancy caused by expiration of the term of E. W. Peet, of St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Lavinia is still known as Mary Howe and she evidently intends to retain that as her professional name for some time longer. She is now taking a concert tour through New England. She will sing in Fitchburg next Friday evening.

Miss Lulu Isaacs, R. R. Simmonds and Miss Hendricks took part, last week Friday evening, in an entertainment given in Grand Army Hall, Gardner, by the Charles Summer Camp, S. of V., of that town. Miss Isaacs read and gave whistling solos, Mr. Simmonds sang and Miss Hendricks was the accompanist. The Gardner papers spoke very highly of the work of each one.

The Stone Club, composed of young people of All Souls Church, met by invitation with Edward F. Britton and wife, 17 Wyman Street, Tuesday evening. There were literary and musical exercises in addition to a valentine party. The committee in charge included Misses Sadie Sparrell and Bertha Cady and Ernest Houghton.

Commander Churchill finds his hands full with the duties of his new position. Washington's birthday he will attend a meeting of the Grand Army Club in Boston and in the evening will be present at a G. A. R. Fair in Newton.

The Loyal Women of American Liberty will have a social in Franklin Hall next Tuesday evening.

The Light Infantry's social last evening at the Armory promised to be a big affair. It was too late, however, for LIGHT to get a report.

Grace E. Gabriel, the young girl who has won quite a reputation as a reader, met with an accident Tuesday while coasting, breaking her collar bone.

The meeting of the Second Parish Club Tuesday evening was devoted to the study of the life and works of Rubinstein. The program included a sketch of the composer's life by Mrs. H. W. Johnson; a duet, "Polonaise et Polonaise" from Bal Costume and selections from Feramors by Miss Mary F. Tucker and Miss Mary B. Adams; solos, Barcarolle, Polka Boheme and Romance by Miss Tucker; songs, solos, "The Dream," "Spring Fancies," "Thou art like unto a flower," and "The Lark," by Mrs. Johnson; solos, "Good Night" and "Good Morning" by Mrs. G. M. Bassett; duets, "Song of the

Birds" and "Wanderer's Night Song," by Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Bassett.

The replacing of some of the gas and gasolene street lamps by incandescent lamps is a very welcome and much needed change. The new circuit of 40 lamps, the location of which is not yet decided, will be accepted by the city about March 1.

A High Priced Stamp.

The highest priced postage stamp in existence is the famous Dundee stamp, worth \$2,500, and not purchasable at that price. James Chalmers, of Dundee, was the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp in 1834. The stamp is in the possession of Sigmund Friedl, an extensive postage stamp merchant of Unter Dolberg, Vienna. It was exhibited at the Vienna Jubilee Stamp exhibition. The postage stamp museum, held on May 25, 1891, at Vienna, displayed this gem as the greatest attraction among 3,000,000 stamps and other objects exhibited there.—Yankee Blade.

Typhus Fever.

The far reaching effect of wrong doing is painfully evident in the driving from Russia of the Jews and, through their coming to America, in the breaking out almost in our very midst of this dreaded disease. Oakdale is very near us when we think of a pestilence that has, within the present century, carried off more men than war its. It is similar to typhoid fever, it is considered more contagious and fatal. It has been called jail, hospital, putrid, spotted and camp fever. From May, 1812, to the following February, the Bavarian army serving with Napoleon, lost over 25,000 men by typhus fever. In Mayence, in six months, 1813-14, out of 60,000 men, the French lost 25,000 by this scourge. In 1856, the French in the Crimea lost 17,000 men. It has been stated that in the British army this fever has been the fourth most important item in destroying life. The outcome of the cases in Oakdale will be watched anxiously. By all means let us have immigrants carefully inspected.

Tippecanoe.

What Caleb Wall doesn't remember of the famous Hard Cider Campaign of 1840 isn't worth remembering. Not that Caleb drank any of the cider, but he saw others imbibe.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

yet rings in his ears and he purposes to address a meeting of Veterans from those days at Republican Headquarters, on the afternoon of the 22d, on Congressional Legislation for the last fifty years, especially as bearing on the tariff and slavery causes.

Equity Bank.

The stockholders of the Equity Co-operative Bank met at room No 6, Mechanics Hall building, Friday evening, the 12th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Charles L. Gates; vice-president, Ellery B. Crane; secretary and treasurer, T. J. Hastings; directors for three years, Henry G. Crane, E. J. Bardwell, Urgel Jacques, C. J. Nourse; for one year, Lewis N. Smith; auditors, Wm. Lancaster, J. B. Ratigan and H. L. Keys.

Mary Had a Plot of Land.

Mary had a little land
The soil was very poor;
But still she kept it on her hand,
And struggled to get more.

She held her land until the day
The people settled down;
Till where a wilderness had been
Grew up a thriving town.

Then Mary rented out her plot,
(She would not sell, you know),
And waited patiently about,
For prices still to grow.

They grew as population came,
And Mary raised the rent;
With common food and raiment now
She would not be content.

She built herself a mansion fine,
Had luxuries galore;
But every time that prices rose,
She raised the rent some more.

"What makes the land keep Mary so?"
The common people cry;
Why, Mary owns the land, you know,"
The knowing ones reply.

And so each one of you might be—
Wealthy, refined and wise—
If you had only owned some land,
And "waited for the rise."

—Brighton Single Tax Review.

A Time to Dance.

Possibly the gathering with incidental festivities would have been had just the same, but some how or other, the advent of the infant Becker has set the pupils, past and present, of that flourishing institution into a ferment of activity and generosity. First it was a silver cup for the young man and now it is a souvenir silver spoon to put in it. Some are said to have been born with such utensils in their mouths, but in this case the argentine insertion was simply postponed a few weeks.

It appears that the young people who have passed through the college entertain a merited affection for the same and, each year, they are accustomed to meet, eat and dance in memory of pleasant hours spent in and under Mr. Becker's care. This time, the reunion came Monday evening at the college rooms, with an attendance of fifty graduates and at 8 o'clock there were business meetings of the different classes. Then at 9 p.m. they sat down to an excellent supper served by Estey. Finally the light, fantastic toe was tripped from 10 o'clock to 1 of the next morning.

The 8th order of the dance was announced. It was in honor of the lad who has Junior written at the end of his name, but who is quite too juvenile for such hours as these. His father was proud to act for him and being called to the front he received in behalf of the future college principal the souvenir spoon already alluded to, the gift of the class of '89, thus forming another bond between the school and those who profited by its teachings.

At the table Walter H. Hadley was toastmaster and the following toasts and responses were had. "Some of the faults of the pupils from a teacher's standpoint," C. L. Mahoney; "Some of the good points of the pupils from a teacher's standpoint," E. C. A. Becker; "A few words in behalf of the teachers," Miss Minnie Bigelow; "Extemporaneous toast," Robert T. Bowen; "The class of '91," W. C. Stevens. The welcoming address was made

by H. E. Hosley, the president of the association.

The dancing was under the direction of floor manager C. L. Mahoney, with aids, W. C. Stevens, '91; Ada Whitney, '89; H. C. Young, '92; Minnie Schofield, '88.

The officers of the association are: President, H. E. Hosley; first vice-president, Miss Ada Whitney; second vice-president, Miss Minnie Scofield; secretary and treasurer, H. C. Young; executive committee, H. E. Hosley, Miss Ada Whitney, Miss Eugenia Wood, W. H. Hadley, W. C. Stevens, Miss Minnie Scofield, H. C. Young, Miss Jennie Adams, George Adams, Miss Georgie Sutton, Miss Grace L. Hale, Miss Grace Griffith; past presidents, Walter H. Hadley, James V. Colles.

The college has this element of success in a marked manner; its pupils love it. This speaks volumes for all concerned.

The "Sacred" Codfish.

At any rate, that is what many people call the figure of the fish that hangs in the Representative Chamber of the State House. The question is frequently asked as to why it is there and few can answer.

There was a time when our state set more store by its cod fisheries than in any other one industry of her people. This first has been productive of more wealth than all the monies of California and in the days of Governor Shirley the cod figured on a two cent stamp. Mr. Drake in his "Old Landmarks of Boston" alludes to this figure as though it hung in the Old State House before the Revolution. At any rate, after the return of peace, March 17, 1784, on the motion of John Rowe, it was again hung up in the old Representative Chamber. So when in 1798, the House moved to its present quarters, the fish came also. How queer it is that two important Boston events, the evacuation and the suspension of the fish should have taken place on St. Patrick's Day. No wonder, that Irishmen love Boston. Quite likely, the foregoing is all there is to be found descriptive of the effigy so frequently referred to by strangers who visit the Hub and the State House.

Boys' Club.

Mr. Geo. Johnson is teaching U. S. History to the boys in the way of a story. It seems to take the youngsters in excellent shape. They love stories.

Worcester Abroad.

Miss Nellie Saunders of Mapewood is entertaining her cousin, Miss Alice C. Knowles of Worcester.

A wise man said: "to each of you, my poor friends, I can give little for you, too many but I can give much to all of you, and I will," this is the foundation which will substantially benefit the world. It is all very well to feed the hungry body, that is easily done, but when the mind is fed, when the intelligence is advanced, when the man or woman who feels an instinct for better than mere drugs for bread, is shown the way, a greater work is accomplished than if the city's streets were strewn with gold, easily picked up and as readily spent.

"Reason is the test of ridicule, not ridicule the test of truth."—Bishop Warburton.

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is to purify
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Wanted, Canvassers everywhere

for business men, also side line for drummers. Big pay. Send for samples at once.

Wright Mfg. Co., 34 Park Row, N. Y.

Mention this paper.

Terrible Punishment.

Jimmy looks: Was your moral when she found out you want woman Saturday? Did she ask yet?

Johnny Straddle (celebrity): Was Jimmy sent you up your room, did a?

Jimmy: Wasn't that?

Jimmy (groans): What did she do, that was wuss?

Johnny: I'm not to tell if I show you?

Jimmy: Cross my foot.

Johnny (yanking his hat): Look at that! His mother had given him a handsome hair cut—

In the morning, when thou comest unwilling, let this thing be thy prayer:—I am rising to the work of a human being. —Missus Aurelius.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

NEW * ULSTERS.

HIGH GRADE ULSTERS, FRESH FROM THE WORKSHOP. The remarkable sale of OUR ULSTERS during the month of January compelled us to re-stock our counters for February buyers. It is an unusual experience with any Clothing house. ULSTERS are NOT often brought out so late in the season. Especially such a season as this. It is evident that our splendid ULSTERS won the approval of our friends. It is evident that they spread the good news abroad. For in no other way can we account for the remarkable January sale. **YOU CAN HAVE THEM, THE SAME ULSTERS, THE SAME LOW PRICE.** All through this month the bargain race will be maintained. **HEAVY WINTER SUITS, HEAVY WINTER COATS, HEAVY WINTER PANTS,** all are in the offer that we make you. OUR QUALITY CLOTHING at the fairest price for you. Come and see if it is not all so.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

SOMEBODY IS GETTING LEFT.—We know of twenty Worcester people that did not visit our Bankrupt Sale of Shoes last week. The few from the rural districts that were missed are excused on account of the storm, but now that the sleighing is good, and first-class Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Arctics, just the goods needed for present use, are going at less than wholesale prices, there will be no excuse if you do get left. Our counters are loaded with the \$10,000 worth of Bankrupt Shoes of the Sample Shoe Co., with our regular stock of over \$20,000 worth, all of which we are slaughtering. See a few of our bargains, at 16 Front Street.

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Ladies' Rubbers,	19c
Ladies' Storm Rubbers,	25c
Ladies' Storm Rubbers,	35c
Ladies' Storm Rubbers,	50c
Ladies' 50c Felt Slippers,	25c
Ladies' \$1 Pe'l Slippers,	59c
Ladies' Kid Boots,	99c
Ladies' Goat Boots,	99c
Ladies' Grain Boots,	99c
Ladies' Felt But'ton Boots,	99c
Ladies' Felt Lace Boots,	99c
Ladies' Felt Congress Boots,	99c
Ladies' Button Overshoes,	40c
Ladies' House Slippers,	50c
Ladies' Burt Boots, made by E. C. Burt.	
New York. \$5 and \$6 Boots for \$3.00	
Misses' and Childs' Rubbers,	12c
Children's Grain Boots,	59c
Children's Tan Boots,	59c
Child's Kid Boots,	25c
Child's Kid Boots—fine,	50c
Child's Button Overshoes,	40c
Men's Rubbers,	35c
Men's Rubbers,	50c

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Men's Arctics,	\$1.00
Men's Alaska Arctics,	62c
Men's Dress Shoes,	\$1.19
Men's Work Shoes,	\$1.19
Men's Work Shoes,	\$1.50
Men's Fine Kangaroo,	\$2.50
Men's Fine Kangaroo,	\$3.00
Men's Extra Fine Kangaroo,	\$3.50
Men's Velvet Slippers,	50c
Men's Velvet Slippers,	69c
Boys' Rubbers,	33c
Boys' Rubbers,	40c
Boys' Dress Shoes,	98c
Boys' Button Boots,	\$1.19
Boys' Fine Shoes,	\$1.50
Boys' Arctics,	69c
Boys' Slippers,	50c
Boys' Rubber Boots,	\$1.35
Boys' Rubber Boots,	\$1.75
Men's Rubber Boots,	\$1.98

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Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. State of the order Dec. 12, 1891: Membership, 6,163 Amount loaned for Relief, \$43,281; Reserve Fund, \$50,118.71; Balance of Relief Fund, \$1,511.88; Total, \$95,492.08 Men and women admitted upon the same terms. Four local assemblies in the city with a membership of over 100.

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Organizers wanted. Address NON-SECRET ENDOWMENT ORDER, 339 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Rooms to suit and 11.

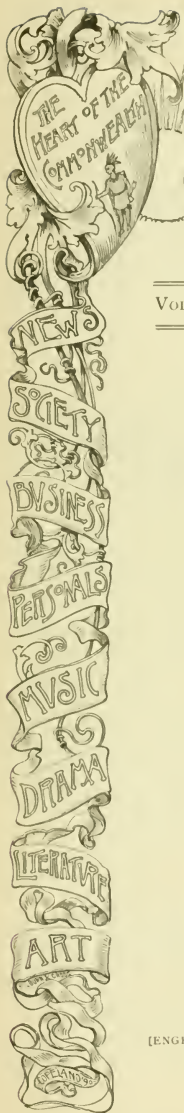
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LIGHT

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VOL. IV. No. 26. WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892. FIVE CENTS



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"Imperial Crown" black stockings, with double heels and toes. A great stocking, even at 50c a pair.

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25 dozen black stockings, BOAT PATTERNS, with plain toes, tan shades, very pretty stripes,

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Cylinders of Oxygen and various mixtures constantly on hand.

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LIGHT

VOL. IV.

WORCESTER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1892.

No. 27

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times.

—Southey.

February 22d.

This date, 160 years ago, made Westmoreland, Va., famous for all time.

Today, only a slight depression in the surface of the land indicates the site of Washington's birth-place.

Fredericksburg has far more to mark the early life of the Father of his Country. Here, the visitor may see the old home of his mother, where she died and near by may see her grave,

Standing by the side of the Rappahannock, which rolls along in muddy, sluggish power, the patriot may look across the stream, to the old Washington possessions on the Stafford Heights beyond, and may try to emulate the youthful Washington who, 'tis said, could throw a silver dollar across. If he does try, the chances are, he will lose his money.

Who knows but what, on this date, ghosts of the mighty dead awake and through the halls of Mount Vernon stalk to note what changes time hath wrought, since they from earth were set free. There is no home in America to which so many people turn with loving gaze as that in which Washington lived and died.

But all this is of the past. That we cannot recall. What of the present and future? What are the patriots of 1892 doing to keep alive the fires of affection for country? The Governor of Massachusetts gave a reception at the State House and then hurried away to participate in the festivities, in New York city, of an organization whose only reason for existing is the fact that its members once did their best to destroy the Union. It is such laxity as this that endangers America. "The penalty of treason is death," looks well on paper but who knows of an instance of its enforcement save in General Butler's hanging case in New Orleans?

Such carelessness, not to use a stronger word, reminds us all the more of the necessity of teaching and practicing the very strictest national integrity. That teacher does best who most zealously inculcates the love of country, of this country, not Massachusetts, nor New England, but the whole United States. Possibly other exercises in this city were not reported, but certainly there has not come to the attention of LIGHT another case so meritorious as that of Principal Mooney of Quinsigamond, to whom reference is made in another column. Here is a teacher of Irish extraction, filing into line of duty a legion of young people whose names indicate the country of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. While the memories of the Northland are

yet fresh upon them, they join in singing America and Hail Columbia. Possibly in imperfect English they read the words of the fathers concerning Lincoln and Washington. This course maintained throughout their school life and they will be welded to country.

This is as it should be. Country is of far greater consequence than grammar. It is impossible to make this idea too prominent. Nothing else need be neglected, but children must be impressed with the fact that they are to be American citizens first, school afterward. To this end, the glorious past should be as an open book. Every page should be indelibly impressed upon the childish mind. Teachers who fail to do this are remiss. All that the school can teach should go along with love of country with the latter in the lead. Hooks contain much but not everything. Precept and example have their places.

The recent attempt at train robbery, west of Syracuse, New York, reminds us that the details of crime have altered much since the days of Dick Turpin and "Sixteen Stringed Jack." Imagine the gentlemen of the road of a century ago, swinging themselves over the side of an express car to enter the same by a window. Even their intrepidity would pale under such a requirement. One of those gentry could hold up a coach on Hampstead Heath but how would he look stopping a train in Missouri or Arkansas? He would feel that his vocation was gone. He would have to learn all over again. After all the robber who climbs into the car and rifles a safe or who holds up a train full of passengers is only the merest tyro compared with the man or body of men who try to steal the road itself and yet maintain a nominal respectability. They have even been sent to Congress. *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Palmer.

Not the flourishing town up Springfield way, nor yet that party, who years ago, in the days of the Crusades, paraded his patron branch and came very near being a beggar, but a good, honest, ruddy cheeked apple of that name which our friend, Mr. O. B. Hadwen, raises in perfection. He is very likely to have a specimen in his pocket about these times, for February is the month in which this delicious fruit reaches its prime. It is sweet with just the slightest suspicion of sourness. Apple fanciers cannot help thinking it the best late fruit in existence. It has a bright yellow face as befits a sweet apple while the blush that deepens in places indicates the trace of tart that it possesses. LIGHT will answer for the merits of the fruit and if any reader has doubts or curiosity just speak to Mr. Hadwen, himself. He will gladly tell you the history of the specimen and quite likely give you a taste.

Society of Antiquity.

The library of the society has lately received

several valuable gifts among which were several early books and pamphlets from Charles E. Stevens, Esq., viz, his "Anthony Burns," "New Biographies of Illustrous Men," "Worcester Churches," "The Company of the Moselle," "Church and Parish," "Henry Chapin" and "Noah Tenney of Feter."

Samuel H. Putnam has also donated a copy of "Historic Storms of New England."

"Our Paper."

There is, at least, one paper in Massachusetts that has no use for advertisements. It is the one whose title is seen above, published by and for the inmates of the Concord Reformatory. The reason for no "ads" is at once apparent. It is a singularly well filled paper and must afford the young men, confined there, a deal of pleasure.

Augustus W. Weeks.

Though for many years a resident of Lowell, where he died last Sunday, Mr. Weeks was born in Worcester, Feb. 5, 1833. He prepared for college in the Lowell High School and entered Wesleyan University, Class of '64. He did not graduate, leaving college, during the Fall term of his sophomore year. He served in the Massachusetts Sixth regiment and was, for some time, in the services of the Freedmen's Bureau. For a number of years, he has been in business in Lowell. He has ever been a conspicuous member of the Methodist Church. A sister of the deceased is the wife of Rev. E. P. Tenny of Manchester-by-the-Sea, formerly president of Colorado College.

To Our Readers.

LIGHT is your paper; why don't you use it?

If you have visitors, send their names to LIGHT.

If you go away from the city, send word to LIGHT.

If you give a tea party or dinner, send particulars to LIGHT.

If you know of any thing, in a social way, that is pleasing to you let the public have it through LIGHT.

This paper will be your mouth-piece if you will give it an opportunity.

LIGHT does not want scandal, it will not deal in this, but it does wish all possible society data. Will you assist in furnishing? These columns are yours.



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second-class mail matter.

WORCESTER, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1892.

Mr. Thomas C. Orndorff of this city has prepared a "Method of Playing Twenty-four Whist Hands in Duplicate by Two Teams of Four Players Each." This is an outcome of the interest excited in the game by recent events at the Commonwealth Club. Charles Lamb should be alive to give us another chapter of Susan Brattle's opinions of this ancient game. The pamphlet may be had of the writer by addressing him, Box 501, Worcester.

The second number of Baby, one of New York's most recent contributions to Journalism, is an improvement even on the first. The picture is that of the Duchess of Fif, holding her baby girl in her arms with the underscript, "A Possible Queen of England." One thing is certain, this publication need never lack for interesting babies to picture. Every well regulated family has one, at least.

LIGHT acknowledges the favor of No. 1 Vol. IV of the American Bandsman, a Worcester publication devoted to bands and orchestral music. Apparently, it is an excellent journal. Harry Prendiville, 98 Front Street.

"Voices of the Night."

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;"

The trouble is that LIGHT did not awake. The voices were there and they were loud enough, we are told, but "The cares that infest the day" had so locked the soul, better or otherwise, in slumber, that nothing was heard. However, LIGHT is very grateful to former pupils for the "Hurrah" of Tuesday night. Come again boys! Possibly, we may be awake, next time.

Mock Trial at Pilgrim Hall.

That most exciting and interesting breach of promise case, Ann Maria Jones vs. Peleg Doodittle, will again come to trial, before Judge Woodenhead, in Pilgrim Hall, Tuesday evening, March 1st. New evidence will be brought forward and a new jury impelled. The learned counsel are "Know it all" for plaintiff, "Whatacallum" for defendant. Owing to the extensive acquaintance and popularity of the parties it is expected that a large number will be present to witness the trial.

The Week.

CITY.

Feb. 19.—The Light Infantry has a very successful school, the last of a series.

Dix Street school house to have dry closets replaced by latrines.

Caleb Wall reads a valuable paper before the Chamberlain District Club, at the home of S. A. Burgess, Esq.

20.—It is probable that two officers will resign from Battery B. They don't like the situation.

Local policemen object to proposed physical examination.

St. Joseph's (French) Fair ends at Mechanics Hall.

Funeral of H. H. Ames at Church of the Unity.

21.—Dr. Chas. M. Lamson occupies his former pulpit at Salem Street.

Rev. F. A. Gray preaches a sermon of Columbus at All Souls Church.

22.—The city makes no formal recognition of Washington's birthday.

Certain clubs, as the Washington, and Continentals and churches, as Trinity and Pleasant Street Baptist, take notice of the day.

Paderewski scores a great triumph in Mechanics Hall.

W. B. Taber dies at 8 Silver Street, 77 years.

Rev. J. W. Coombs of England reads an excellent paper on the late Charles H. Spurgeon before the Union preachers meeting at the Y. M. C. A.

23.—Friends of Dr. D. O. Mears surprise him on his fiftieth birthday.

Golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Pike.

St. Paul's Lyceum entertains lady friends with a literary program.

Deputy Sheriff Edward A. Harris resigns.

Grace Church has an old folks concert.

Y. M. C. A. gives a reception to the young peoples societies of the city.

24.—Womans Club listens to Mrs. Florence Howe Hall on the "Art of Conversation."

25.—Mrs. T. C. Bates gives an afternoon tea at 29 Harvard Street.

Foreign Missionary rally at Piedmont Church.

Commander Churchill, G. A. R., announces his staff.

COUNTY.

19.—Mrs. Joel D. Wilson dies in Spencer, 83 years.

Clinton grants right of way to electric railroad.

Oxford has a case of typhus fever. Russian Jew.

20.—John Sheehan dies in Fitchburg. Above 100 years old.

21.—A very serious fire in Millbury, loss of \$8,000 at Buck Brothers' machine shops.

Nathan Richardson dies in Warren, 85 years.

Typhus fever patients in Oxford reported as doing well.

22.—Worcester Central County Grange holds a meeting in Oxford. Well attended and much interest.

24.—Oakdale and Oxford typhus fever cases doing well.

25.—Fire in Webster destroys sash and blind factory and grist mill of Joel Goddard.

COMMONWEALTH.

19.—Boston orders people out of certain tum-

ble down tenements, but where can they go?

Ninth Regiment can't elect a major.

Legislature discusses fish again. Lawyers against the lone Gloucester fisherman and he beats them.

20.—Massachusetts Reform Club dines at Yonng's, Boston, and denounces Hill of New York. Approves Cleveland.

Boston schoolmasters dine.

Charles F. Hudson of Brockton starves himself to death. No food for forty-two days.

21.—Quincy reaches its centennial.

Tenement house question an important one in Boston pulpits.

22.—Governor Russell holds a reception at the State House.

23.—Senate advances the Pass Abolition bill

24.—General F. A. Walker discusses the Immigration evil before the St. Bodoph's Club.

25.—Thomas Halley dies in Boston. Prominent politician and formerly teacher in Holy Cross College, 41 years.

In the Legislature, the house changes its mind again and votes to send resolutions to Congress in reference to proposed fish legislation.

A Literary Contest.

LIGHT is anxious to stimulate reading and literary research; also to promote the sale of papers. To this end, six quotations from well known British and American writers are given here. To that one who first names correctly author and location or comes nearest, a fifty cent book, publisher's price, will be sent. Another book, at LIGHT's discretion, will be given to the one doing second best. Every ten weeks, a book of increased value will be given to that party who has taken most first prizes in that time. The following condition must be observed.

Every solution must be accompanied by this coupon, cut from LIGHT, and signed.

I forward the within as answers to quotations in LIGHT, Feb. 27, 1892.

Signed

I.

"It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well."

II.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said, etc."

III.

"And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

IV.

"Flag of the free hearts hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given."

V.

"To every man upon this earth,
Death comes soon or late."

VI.

"In the God of battles trust!
Die we may and die we must."

Answers to Quotations, Feb. 13.

- Patrick Henry, "Speech in Richmond."
 - Daniel Webster, "July 17, 1850."
 - Sheridan Knowles, "William Tell."
 - Thomas Jefferson, "Declaration of Independence."
 - Fitzgreen Halleck, "Marco Bozzaris."
 - Shakespeare, "Henry V."
 - Helen Lovell, Medfield.
 - Charles K. Smith, city.
- For the greatest number of correct answers in the first ten weeks. S. E. Rice, Worcester.

Incident of the 25th Mass. Vols. at Cold Harbor.

Of the fighting qualities of the 25th as shown in this battle, we shall quote from a narrative of the battle published in one of the Philadelphia papers, Jan. 31, 1865, by Gen. P. D. Bowles of the Confederate army, who commanded immediately in our front and who was an eye-witness to the gallant charge made by the 25th in that engagement, he says

"We were not long waiting. Soon the woods in our front resounded with the cold mechanical huzzas as if from a myriad of voices, and a general advance was made along the whole line. They came out of the woods directly in my front and their lines extended as far to the right and left as the eye could reach; first one, then two, three, four, five, on they came until the eleventh line was in full view. I ordered my men to hold their fire until they came within seventy yards of our works. This command was so well executed that the first, second and third lines of the enemy looked like one. The Federals were advancing all this time without any caps on their guns, and not a shot had come from the Union lines save those from the six gun battery in my front, which was bursting shells high over our heads and in our rear. Our artillery was not idle, but firing double-shotted canister from the two rifled guns, and at the distance of one hundred yards was cutting wide swaths through their lines at every fire, literally mowing them down by the dozen, while heads, arms, legs and muskets were seen flying high in the air at every discharge.

"We were not long in discovering that there was no child's play awaiting us. We were opposing a determined and gallant foe. The wide lanes made in their columns were quickly closed, while on, on they came, swaying first to the right, then to left, like great waves of the sea, until one upheaval from the rear would follow another, hurrying them nearer and nearer each moment to the murderous fire from our works. There was a ravine with a marsh in General Anderson's front and just at the edge of the woods. Here the enemy would surge to the right to obtain shelter from my men, only to be raked by the artillery and the leaden hail from Anderson's Brigade. At this point the dead were piled upon each other five or six deep, and the blood ran down the branch or gully until it flowed past our line. At times the smoke was so dense that nothing could be seen, but as the wind carried it away the solid blue mass could be observed r-forming in the old orchard in our front.

"About this time the excitement ran so high with my men that the surgeon of the regiment quit his litter corps and was in line firing before I discovered him. Some of the officers, with hats in their hands, went up and down the line, feeling so much elated that they would strike the men over the heads and faces and shout with all the joy ever expressed at a camp-meeting by a new convert.

"Here for one hour and a half a solid mass of humanity had charged and charged again like a flock of sheep against a stone wall. Such invincible resolution I never saw before or since. They would advance to the charge again and again, only to be shot down with

out any shadow of resistance, until the ground was blue with the dead and wounded. Finally the Federal columns passed out of sight in the deep smoke. I then had a good supply of ammunition brought into the line and everything made ready for the third attack. After waiting some twenty or thirty minutes we again heard the old huzza, but in such a feeble manner and from so few that it caused surprise. Then it was that the videttes called out: "They are coming again!"

"On looking over the works I discovered what I supposed to be one regiment with a single flag and an officer in front with sword raised high in the air, calling on his men to charge. I ordered my command to place their guns on the works and wait for orders. When the advancing line reached within seventy yards I ordered my line to fire, when the whole of the Federal regiment fell to the ground save one man, who ran back to the edge of the woods and attempted to hide behind a white oak tree, but was completely riddled by fifty balls in less time than it takes to write it.

"The regiment that made this gallant charge was the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, which was the only regiment that obeyed orders to advance. This we learned from the twenty odd officers and men who fell down among the dead and wounded at the first fire. The balance of the brigade had refused to go forward, and not since the charge of the three hundred at Balaklava has a more heroic act been performed.

"Up to this time not a man in my command had been scratched, and no one in our brigade except our Brigadier General, E. M. Law, who was struck by a fragment of a shell early in the engagement. It was the most sanguinary charge of our civil war, and no more heroic act was performed by either side during that unhappy struggle than that on the part of the Federals which I have just described."

From A. A. Parker, Esq.

This venerable gentleman from his home in Fitzwilliam, N. H., sends LIGHT a pleasant letter recounting his troubles with La Grippe and the following lines of poetry which all readers will greet with pleasure.

"I feel my time is short but mean to die with the harness on, or rather

I shall try to die game

And humbly aim

To enter my name

On the "Roll of Fame;"

Yet still, if I find

I have become blind,

I shall hope to find

A friend true and kind

Who will supply all

Needful things at my call.

Well, I've done my best,

And now stop and rest

And die in my nest.

—Amos A. Parker.

Now aged five score

And a few months more,

And cannot ignore

A plain simple fact

I shall cannot act

As in days of yore,

When I was three score,

Although I deplore

I cannot work more.

Yet I am content

With a life "well spent"

A. A. P.

Aged 100 years, 4 months, 16 days.



BAPTIST.

FROM BALAKLAVA. The members of this church will soon move into their new residence on Wellington Street. The next meeting of the Mass. Vestry Association will be held in this city June 1st. Last week, as delegates from the local churches to the Mass. Vestry Association met at the residence of Mrs. W. F. D. George, Rev. G. W. Foster, Mass. First Warden and Charles Smith.

UNIVERSALIST.

ALL SOUTHERN.—Rev. F. A. Gray, pastor, will preach at 10 a. m. Sabbath, "Is the Church Progressive?" Temperance Convention by the Sunday School at 6 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

There was an all-day missionary rally of the Congregational churches in Piedmont Church Thursday. In the forenoon there were addresses by Rev. C. M. Southgate, Rev. Dr. N. G. Clark of Boston and Rev. G. H. Gutterston of India. The afternoon speakers were Rev. Dan I. March, D. D., of Woburn, Rev. E. S. Hume of India, Rev. Dr. N. G. Clark, Rev. G. O. Allen of Japan and Rev. C. C. Choong, D. D., of Boston. In the evening Rev. Arthur L. L. D. D. of Boston, Rev. G. H. Gutterston of India and Rev. Dr. E. K. Alder of Boston made addresses.

A Leap year dance will be held in Colonial Hall next Monday evening. The patrons are Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, Col. A. G. Hullock, Mr. Charles H. Davis and Mr. Charles H. Doe. Miss Elizabeth Hopkins will lead the cotillon which will begin at 11 o'clock.

A pupils' recital was given at the School of English Speech last evening.

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Ladies' Home Journal, St. Nicholas, and Harper's for March. DENTON & MCKAY COMPANY.

Entertainments.

Paderewski.

The biggest surprise in the musical line this season was the enormous audience which turned out to hear Ignace J. Paderewski, Monday evening in Mechanics Hall. It was a surprise because, when his coming was first talked of there was so little interest shown that four hundred subscribers could not be obtained. The managers decided, however, to bring him here and, without a doubt, they are not in the least sorry now, for they must have netted a very handsome sum.

To many people piano solos, as they are played, are not interesting. There is too much noise and too little melody and it is melody and rhythm that please the popular taste. There are, to be sure, many in Worcester who are educated up to the appreciation of this class of music, but they are not so numerous that they could fill Mechanics Hall at one dollar a seat. It was this lack of fondness for this class of music which prevented the public from enthusing at first over his appearance. But when it was settled that he should come, the managers set about informing the people concerning the Polish wonder and caught their attention by accounts of his wonderful playing, his eccentricities and of his enormous audiences in other cities. Paderewski became the leading theme of conversation and everybody vied to tell the latest story about him. Then, of course, everybody who could spare the dollar must see and hear him for to many the former was about as much to be desired as the latter. It was curiosity which caused the large audience.

Paderewski stepped upon the platform promptly at eight and was greeted with a burst of applause. Sitting at the piano he rambled over the keys while the late comers were finding their seats. Then he began the program which was as follows: Sonata appassionata, Beethoven; Papillons, Schumann; Serenade, Erl-King, Schubert-Liszt; Nocturne, Etude, Berceuse, Mazurka, Waltz, Chopin; Melodie, Gavotte, Paderewski; Rhapsodie Hongroise. Such playing has never been heard before in Worcester and those who came out of curiosity became enthusiastic over the music for it was real music and not a display of digital agility. In fact it was very noticeable that he had no mannerisms whatever, there was no striving for effect. It was a revelation to the audience and those who had never cared before for the piano came to the conclusion that there was music in it when played by the right person. The secret of his power lies in the facts that he has mastered the technical difficulties so that he never has to give them a thought and he possesses the qualities of soul which enable him to fully comprehend the music and interpret it to others. His playing has been described as possessing a "rarely beautiful singing tone" and it was just this quality which won the great audience Monday evening. It is doubtful if any other pianist can hold the interest of so large an audience for so long a time, by his own playing alone. Furthermore, should Paderewski come to Worcester again next year, he would undoubtedly be greeted by nearly as large an audience as that of Monday evening.

While all of the pieces were greatly enjoyed, his own compositions elicited the heartiest applause, he being obliged to repeat the Gavotte. At the close the audience seemed very loath to leave and Paderewski was called out and bowed his acknowledgments.

In every respect it was a notable performance and will be remembered as one of the leading events in Worcester during this season.

Ben Hammond's Recitals.

Mr. Ben T. Hammond's 53d and 54th recitals were given at his studio, 452 Main Street, Thursday and Friday evenings. The pupils who sang Thursday evening were Mr. Walter H. Barber, Mr. Peter Culbert, Mrs. G. W. Shattuck of Boylston, Miss Fannie E. Schofield of Webster, Mr. Frank F. McMurray, Mr. Henry C. Grimwade of Charlton and Miss Georgie M. Corser of Spencer. It was the first public appearance of the first five.

Friday evening the pupils taking part were Mr. Fred W. Hoppin, Miss Eliza V. Kittredge of Fitchburg, M. J. Alfred Tougas, Mr. John Hendrick, Miss Nellie T. Foley and Miss Nettie B. McGaffey. This was the first public appearance of the first four. In the recitals Mr. Hammond has had the assistance of Miss Emily G. Whittemore, Miss Mary L. Starr, Miss C. M. Milliken, Miss C. L. Lowell, Miss Mabel Cowie, Miss Florence Putnam and Mr. F. E. Muzzy, pianists and pupils of Mr. B. D. Allen.

At the 55th recital next Monday evening the following pupils will sing: Miss Natalie Traique of Westboro, Miss Lillian W. Rusack of Webster, Miss Marian L. Jenkins, Miss Allen Kennedy, C. Clarkson Kenyon and Mr. Harry C. Robinson. The assisting pianists will be Misses Starr and Whittemore.

Retrospective.

ENFIELD, CONN., FEB. 21, 1892.

DEAR LIGHT, I was surprised and interested in your article in No. 25, on the old invitation book of the Guard's ball in 1842, entitled "Fifty Years Ago," and while it recalls sweet memories of the past, it also reminds me that a very large majority of those mentioned have rallied on the reserves, and that those of us who remain are now silver top veterans, living in the memory of the past, and holding dear the names of all of those who were our comrades then. But I find so many errors in the history given of some of them that I write in correction, as history is valuable only as it is truthful!

1st. You say "of the twelve Guards who make up the managers at least seven have passed on." As I read the list I believe eleven instead of seven have struck their flag, and gone down before the scepter of death, the writer alone, of them all, remains. Sarah J. Bowles, not Bowers, was the daughter of the latter, probably an error of the printer. Mrs. Seymour and Miss Eaton did not live in the old house, foot of George Street, but in a one-story house, a few rods south, where now stands "Chadwick Block." Miss Eaton became Mrs. Tucker, and is now well known in connection with the public library. Wm. Eaton, a man of public affairs, selectman, sheriff, county commissioner, etc., built and lived in the house men-

tioned, where his daughter—dear old Aunt Sarah—lived until a few years ago, when she passed on beloved and honored by all who knew her. Mrs. M. Bigelow was not the sister of Samuel Hathaway, his sister married Joshua R. Bigelow, who was a prime mover in getting up the Guards and one of its first sergeants. She still survives him. Miss Rogers was not the daughter of Henry Rogers, a long time connected with the Aegis, and father of Henry and Charles O., who were founders and owners of the Boston Journal. Miss Coe became Mrs. C. O. Rogers and still retains a large interest in that valuable paper, and so I might go on, through the long list of names, that to the present generation are but names, save only a few who still keep alive in loving hearts, in honored age, the sweet memories of their youths and, who though scattered wide, oft come back on wings of thought to that dear old shrine—Brinley Hall.

S. H.

"The Hub."

Don't forget that the familiar term, as above, owes its origin to Dr. O. W. Holmes who, in the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, used the following:

"Boston State House is the hub of the Solar system. You can't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened for a crow-bar."

Bostonians have gradually grown to apply it to the whole city. They are very proud of the words.

Monuments.

A statue is to be erected at Pontcharre, in the department of Isere, France, to the Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," who died near Ravenna, Italy, in the great battle between the French and the Spaniards. The statue, which is to be equestrian, represents Bayard in armor, with the casque on the head and the vizor up. It was designed by the French sculptor Rambaud, and is much praised by the French critics.

The Monument Commission of the state of Indiana has sent circulars to all the American ministers and consuls in Europe calling the attention of foreign sculptors to the competition, as they will not probably care to devote their time to such uncertain work at their own expense.

Nothing has been heard, lately, of the project to erect a statue to the memory of General Charles Devens in this city. Perhaps the projectors are working silently. The figure of the scholar, soldier and jurist would be a fine addition to the surroundings of our court house. Then too the Boston matter seems to be in abeyance, at least, nothing is heard of it. Massachusetts anxiously awaits the memorial to her distinguished son.

There are thousands of people in Worcester and elsewhere who would like to see a befitting monument to the memory of John B. Gough. Worcester is pre-eminently the place for such a memorial, but the temperance world should have a part in its erection. The world moves rapidly and unless something is done in this direction soon, the time will have passed in which the means for a monument can be collected.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

About Folks.

A leap year party was held Tuesday evening in Grange Hall by the Worcester Grange, Patrons of Husbandry. About thirty couples attended and danced until midnight. During an intermission a basket supper was served, for which each young lady had brought enough for herself and some young gentleman who should be invited to share it with her. The party was under the direction of Misses Sara Mingley, Susie Haynes and E. M. Flagg.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dutton of Boston spent the 22d at the home of Mr. Luther M. Lovell, No. 3 Dix Street. Mr. Dutton is the principal of the Hancock School.

Mrs. J. C. Pellett, Mrs. Davids and Miss Culbert gave a cobweb party to about fifty of their friends at their residence, 47 Wellington Street, last week Thursday evening.

The last of the Light Infantry's series of three socials was held at the Armory last week Friday evening and was a more elaborate affair than the first two. There was a very large attendance, including a large number of city officials and of the local militia. Until nearly two o'clock the long floor was covered with merry dancers. Rebboli served refreshments at midnight.

Mrs. Mary F. Tucker, pianist, gave a recital to her friends last week Friday evening at her home, 35 Chestnut Street.

Reform Club.

The good work goes on. Last Sunday night was, emphatically, anniversary night. James L. Scott and Alexander M. Comrie had kept in the right way fifteen years. H. E. Walker twelve, and L. L. Whitley, Timothy Comrie, William Wells and John McClelland one, each. No wonder that the members were enthusiastic. President Robinson presided and congratulatory addresses were made by the President and by James H. Laying, J. A. Stowell, James McCullough, John H. Hession and Major F. G. Stiles. The latter was particularly happy in his words of thanks that so many years of sobriety could be represented there that evening. Remarks were also made by Messrs. Comrie, Whitley and Walker. Badges of membership were presented to those who had completed their first years.

Police Matron.

The retirement of Mrs. Mary B. Lane from her position as Police Matron, one held by her for nearly five years, is a matter of more than passing moment. She is the first occupant of the office, it having been created during the time of Mayor Winslow. She has been earnest in her efforts to improve the condition of those unfortunate women who have been taken to the station under arrest. She has had to do with 1,400 women, an almost incredible number for five years in a city no larger than Worcester. She will leave her post April 1st, going to Concord Junction, where her husband is employed and where they will again begin housekeeping. It is possible that her successor will be Mrs. Mary D. Ware, in which case there would be no lessening in the character of the work.

The Horticultural Society.

One year ago, LIGHT gave a comprehensive sketch of the origin and history of this excellent organization. Its semi-centennial is to be observed next week Thursday. But this week we take great pleasure in presenting the face and sketch of one of the society's noteworthy members. We have already given the accomplished secretary, E. W. Lincoln, and the present president, the Hon. Henry L. Parker. There will be no opposing voice to our selecting O. B. Hadwen for this week, ending the first half century of the society's history. Horticulturalists are not necessarily agriculturalists, but LIGHT takes particular pleasure in depicting the face and career of a Horticultural Society's president who was first and last a farmer, the only one in the long and honorable list.

The story is told that some time ago the atmosphere in one of the rooms in the Dix Street School became so foul that the teacher concluded that there must be a dead rat under the platform. So a carpenter was called in to tear it up and remove the offensive body. But when the boards had all been removed no rat was found. Subsequent developments proved the trouble to be one not so easy of removal as the rat would have been. But what some people are wondering is why it took the authorities so long to find the true cause.

The St. Anne's Total Abstinence Society will hold its ninth annual social at Horticultural Hall on Monday evening, February 29th. It promises to be one of the most successful the society has ever held. The good influence of this organization is far-reaching and is felt in many homes in this city.

Business College.

The following list of names of young people, all placed in situations within the last few weeks, speaks volumes for the success of Mr. E. C. A. Becker's Business College. It is evident that the public likes the quality of work done by him. It should be stated that the demand for his pupils is greater than he can supply. Within the last week he has had to say "no" to parties desirous of obtaining clerks and bookkeepers. This situation of affairs should commend itself to the many young people who are wondering what they can do in life. Apparently, the best thing would be to call on Mr. Becker and see if he can't teach them something that can be used to their advantage.

Miss Alberta Wakefield, bookkeeper, Washburn & Moen; Miss Nellie Sanderson, bookkeeper, Arnold & Maize; Miss Margie Spencer, stenographer, Washburn & Moen; Miss Emma Doeschler, bookkeeper, Dunton & Winter, Millbury; Miss Lola Hunt, bookkeeper, Flint & Barker; Miss Althea Jigelow, stenographer, First National Fire Insurance Co.; Miss Paulina Warden, stenographer, Denholm & McKay; Mr. Harry Bridgman, bookkeeper, Washburn & Moen, Quinsigamond; Mr. Herbert B. Bond, bookkeeper, Washburn & Moen, Quinsigamond; Miss Mamie Connell, bookkeeper, Baker & Co.; Mr. Frances Burns, bookkeeper, Standard Oil Co.; Miss Mabel Goddard, bookkeeper, W. P. Rowell; Miss Etta Doran, bookkeeper, Edward L. Smith; Mr. Joseph L. Marsh,

book-keeper, Conant & Co., Cherry Valley; Mr. Geo. A. Robbins, book-keeper, Washburn & Moen; Mr. Howard J. Hobbs, book-keeper, G. C. & A. J. Warren - Mr. T. P. Carr, local manager, Cheshire Improvement Co., East Rindge, N. H.; Miss Maude Pierce, stenographer, Edwin Eldred & Co.; Miss Katie Ryan, stenographer, Kent & Dewey.

How some Americans "Do" Rome.

E.—"You say you saw everything in Rome in three days? That's impossible!"

F.—"But you must remember that there were three of us. My wife took all the churches, I visited all the picture galleries and my son went to the restaurants and cafes. Then we met in the evening and swapped experiences."

Works Both Ways.

"You say you are in love with your chum's sister?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear boy, you have something to learn yet. I never knew a girl to marry her brother's friend or her friend's brother. They know too much."—New York Life.

Greek Wit and Wisdom.

John Randolph stole one of his best witticisms from Aristippus, the cynic and pupil of Socrates.

When a pedantic singer was boasting of his voice, Aristippus said:

"It takes no brain to have a good voice."

"How is that?" asked the singer.

"Why, a tin-horn with an idiot behind it can produce better music than any singer in Greece!"

This made the singer mad, and he twitted Aristippus with having no children.

"The gods will not permit any more such cynics to be born, while I have many children," said the singer.

"Yes, you ignoramus," said Aristippus, "you boast of a quality in which all slaves are our equal and every jackass your superior."—Translated from the Greek by Eli Perkins.

Old Postmaster.

Roswell Beardley, of North Lansing, Tomkins county, N. Y., who received his commission as postmaster from President John Quincy Adams in 1828, still lives and conducts the post-office in person. In answer to an inquiry last year, Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen stated that Mr. Beardley was the oldest post-master. He was appointed at the age of 19 years, and will celebrate his 83d birthday and also the 94th anniversary of his appointment in June next. Mr. Beardley has his commission hanging on his wall, and was some years ago offered a handsome sum for it by the New York Historical Society.

The Human Race.

Life is a sign, so people say.

And marriage is a double beam.

Youth and old age a tandem, they.

While longhair's quite sulky when.

And he will work a monster mill.

Who talks from down the end of sun,

Will wish a stone ball on him rilled—

He'll have to twirl a waggon tongue.

—Chicago Herald.

A Challenge.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

My soul will make obeisance to truth in whatever form it may appear. The mind shadowed by an ignorance of facts, is unable to judge fairly of what an unfettered mind may appropriate as a divine truth, and because of this fact I am prone to exonerate the "Critic" of "Dreams of the Dead." Our "Critic" has spoken according to the "Light" which he possessed, or, possibly, with his fingers upon the public pulse he has deemed it wise not to admit a truth, but he is not a skilled physician or he would have noted that in this age of progress some of our greatest minds are becoming earnest investigators of the occult sciences, and the time has come for independent thought and action and the man who is a slave to an ignorance of facts is frowned upon by the livelier minds who dare to enter the avenues of progressive thought which must ultimate in spiritual unfoldment. I claim no special interest in the book, "Dreams of the Dead," for I have not looked between its covers, but I do claim an interest in the great tide of love, of hope, of aspiration, of incentives to labor for higher, nobler spiritual conditions that are engendered by the study and acceptance of these hidden truths. When the "Critic" says "Not since the departure of Edgar Allen Poe has there been gathered into one volume so much of the occult as this volume of 268 pages possesses." it might be wise to give this statement a small margin as the "Critic" may never have read the works of some of the boldest, grandest thinkers of the nineteenth century, and accordingly may not be quite equal to weighing the quality, or quantity of matter relative to the occult, furthermore, our "Critic" avers that "For those who love to dwell on the improbable, not to say impossible, this book will have a special charm, etc." When he is reminded that the telephone, phonograph, photophone, and cinematograph were the impossibilities of yesterday but the realities of today he may be led to recant his past statements, and thus be placed in a condition wherein he may be enabled to more thoroughly appreciate divine prerogatives and privileges. I trust my words will not be construed into dagger-thrusts, aimed toward a personality, for I am simply assuming to deal with that portion of the unthinking public that has squared itself intentionally or unintentionally against truth. Our "Critic" continues, "Many a reviewer, of the earth earthy, will say, 'I can make nothing of this.' 'It is Hypnotism extenuated, etc.'" I cannot treat questions, styled Hypnotic, lightly when I consider that Liebalnt, Bernheim, and Charcot of Paris, the critical observers, Paul Richer, P. David, Professor Luys, and Reginald of Paris, also many leading physicians and other scientific investigators of France and other Continental nations have given the subject their time and attention. When I know that the Belgian Parliament has passed a bill making Hypnotism a legal offense, and a progressive thinker writes, "If this kind of sporadic legislation against Hypnotism is attempted with a view to confound all exercise of mental power over others with

fraudulent and criminal design, then a struggle is coming in which it will be worth while to live to witness and share in." When matters come to this we have to deal with public questions, and it is our duty to think seriously of humanity's interests. Our "Critic" speaks lightly of Flammarion, but perhaps I have not seen the same side of this author that our "Critic" has. As to Camille Flammarion's lofty flights, am I to despise them, or account them empty dreams because my wings are too closely clipped to allow me to breathe the same atmosphere? It is no narrow mind that says, "Every gigantic step in modern science changes our perspective, and immediately enlarges the sphere of our knowledge," and so Flammarion addresses us. Am I to sneer because Madam Guzman bequeathed to France one hundred thousand francs to be awarded to the person who should, within ten years, establish a means of communication with any star (planetary or otherwise), and am I to continue to sneer because Flammarion approves, and admits the possibility? I do not consider a rash conceit, conclusions fixed upon a basis I cannot fathom, so I join him in saying, "We have but entered the vestibule of our acquaintance with the universe. Let us not complain too much! It is glorious to already have our eyes opened toward immensity, and to be able to throw a glance along the avenues of space and time. We are beginning to spell out the first pages of the grand volume of the universe." Am I to scoff at the ancient Hebrews, who believed that the soul lay in the blood and also at Henry Wood who, in the "Solidarity of the race," says, "Evil being negative and having

no God-like basis in the real loses its vitality by the third or fourth generation, while good goes on even to the thousandth," and again Beecher frankly asserted that one properly generated man was worth a dozen or more regenerated ones? Let us broaden through each evolutionary step until, if we cannot behold truth in its varied forms we can at least acknowledge the possibility of its existence even if we are forced to confess our inability to comprehend it. All times should have allowed free speech, but man in the past has made it otherwise, today however in this nineteenth century, although there are fagots piled high above the heads of martyrs, there is not, thank God, the wherewithal to light them.—Mrs. A. H. Hinman.

Harvard Street.

The afternoon tea given by Mrs. T. C. Bates at her home, No. 29 Harvard Street, Thursday, from 5 to 6 p.m., was one of the most successful events of the society world during this season. More than 200 guests were present and did honor to the occasion. Mrs. Bates had the assistance of the following ladies: Mrs. Dr. Sprague, Mrs. Francis N. Dewey, Mrs. John S. Baldwin, Mrs. Jared Whitman, Mrs. Nellie Rogers, Mrs. E. D. Buffington, Mrs. Nathaniel Paine, Mrs. Alexander De Witt, Mrs. Charles C. Baldwin, Mrs. Lewis G. White, Miss White, Miss Whitcomb, Misses Marsh, Misses Wyman, Miss Hopkins, Miss Peckham of Providence, Miss Eaton, Miss Adams, Miss Clarissa Smith, Miss Wood, Miss Whitman and Miss Throop.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The Classical and English High School of Worcester began in 1845. At the end of the present school year, it will be divided. Having the data prepared, I purpose, if sufficient interest is shown in the project, to issue a history of the School. The book, a square octavo, nicely bound in cloth, will contain:

FIRST—An account of the beginning of the institution and a running comment on teachers and pupils to the present year.

SECOND—Statements as to the growth and progress of the school apparatus, library and other features, so essential to the success of the same.

THIRD—The names of all pupils in the school down to 1861, the first graduating exercises, and the names of all graduates since.

FOURTH—The graduating exercises in full from 1861 to the end.

FIFTH—Pictures of the school buildings and of teachers with miscellaneous matter pertinent to the subject.

The cooperation of every one ever connected with the school is besought.

To show your interest in the work, please fill out and return the accompanying coupon.

February 13, 1892.

ALFRED S. ROE.

I hereby agree to purchase, when issued, a History of the Worcester High School at a price not exceeding \$1.50 per copy,

..... Copies.

Signed _____

1892.



The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

—Lord Brougham.

Vassar's share of the Fayerweather bequest—\$50,000—is to be used in building the new dormitory made necessary by the increase in the number of students.

Richard T. Ely, associate professor of Political Economy in Johns Hopkins University, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Board of Trustees, to take effect June 1. Prof. Ely has accepted a professorship in a Western University.

Lassell Seminary, Auburn, Mass., agrees to be one of the ten schools to contribute \$5,000 towards building a home in the suburbs of New York City for poor working girls in time of illness or fatigue.

A \$2,000 scholarship has just been established at Mount Holyoke College by Mrs. Mary L. D. Hall, of New York. Miss Annie A. Gould, of Portland, Me., is made valedictorian for '92. The highest rank during the course obtains this honor.

Dr. H. E. Von Holst, author of a "Constitutional History of the United States," has accepted a chair in History in the University of Chicago. He was in this country in 1869-71, and married a graduate of Vassar. He has since been professor in History in Strassburg University.

Progress in our Worcester school system may be reported when we find that three members of the School Committee, Messrs. Balcom, Garver and Ware, have visited Boston to look over and through the kindergartens of that city. They are, also, to visit Springfield on a like errand. Let us hope that the outcome of their investigations will be the instituting of that form of instruction in the city.

Dix Street School.

The subject of diphtheria in this neighborhood is not so frequently referred to now as it was a few weeks ago. Since the close of the school, no new cases have been reported from this part of the city. The practical ending of the dry closet system, has reassured many people who, otherwise, would have felt compelled to move to a part of the city where better accommodations were afforded.

Principal Mooney of Quinsigamond has a happy faculty of blending the useful and the pleasant. His schools properly observed the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington by a program of patriotic selections. The Principal gave the pupils some happy thoughts as to the men whose lives were thus commemorated and then, while the school interspersed the exercises with the songs, "Hail Colum-

bia," "Mt. Vernon Bells," "Star Spangled Banner," and "America," the following pupils read or declaimed appropriate selections.

Hilda Carlberg, Benjamin Nystrom, Alice Joyce, Oscar Hammerstrom, Selma Hagberg, Gustave Bjork, Mabel G. Matthews, Joseph Burt, Annie G. Burgess, Annie L. Carlberg, Harvey Watkins, Annie Lavin, Clara Pierson, Peter Lavin and Fritloff Ekstrom. These names are worth studying. At least seven of them are those of children whose parents have come to America within the last fifteen years. There is no way like this to teach patriotism and the significance of country.

A Quaker Story.

Ex-Governor Van Zandt of Rhode Island is a prince of story tellers. Once, when visiting Worcester for the purpose of making an address, he was introduced to a gentleman of Rhode Island extraction. "Ah indeed," said the Governor, "are you descended from _____?" "Yes," is the reply, he was my great grandfather. "They say that in the days when Newport owed much of her wealth to the African trade in Negroes and the West India business in rum, your ancestor was owed a large sum by a man who indulged in both these objectionable traffics. He would not settle, till at last your forefather of the strictest Quaker principles, managed to get a hold on him, which obliged him to pony up the amount due. Then, reckoning on your ancestor's Quaker doctrines, he professed the money saying, 'Here is the money, Mr. _____, but it was made in the slave trade.' He had mistaken his man, for the old gentleman was equal to the occasion. He reached for the lucre saying, 'Ah well, any man who would buy and sell slaves would lie, so I think I'll take the cash.' That possible doubt as to the origin of the money was sufficient to cover a whole volume of principles."

Those Dreadful Societies.

An old negro preacher in Thomasville thus expressed himself to the editor of the Thomasville Times, being asked how his church was getting along:

"Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder."

"What is the trouble?"

"De 'cieties. Dey is jist drawin' all de fatness an' marrow out en de body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin' widout de 'ciety. Dar is de Lincum 'Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus' march in front ob de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dare is de Dorcas, de Martha, de Daughters of Ham, and de Liberian Ladies."

"Well, you have the brethren to help in the church," we suggested.

"No, sah, dar de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons of Ham, and Oklahoma and Promise Pilgrims. Why, brudder, hy de time de bruders and sisters pays all de dues an' tends all de meetings dere is nuffin' left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob; de corn has all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chicks."

"We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill." Cicero.

Lines

written on the Old Blandford Church. Built in 1735. Petersburg, Va.

Thou art crumbling to the dust old pile
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And round thee in thy loneliness,
Comes the ivy to thy wall.
The windows are scattered now,
Who kneel before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

And sadly sleets the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The highest of the high
The transfere of many a busy foot,
That sought thy aisles, is o'er,
And move a weary heart around,
Is still forever more.

How dost ambition's hope take wing,
How droops the spirit now,
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below
The sun that shone upon their paths,
Now glides their lonely grave,
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above their waves.
Oh could we call the many back,
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again,
He would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze,
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

Copied by E. L. Titton. Kindly given to LIGHT by A. A. Buskell.

An Evergreen Tree.

THE
Bible contains 3,566,480
letters, 810,697
words, 311,175 verses,
1,189 chapters, and 66
books. The longest chap-
ter is the 119th Psalm; the
shortest and middle chapter
the 117th Psalm. The middle
verse is the 3th of the 118th Psalm.
The longest name is in the 8th chap-
ter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs
46,627 times; the word "Lord" 1,855
times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and
19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings are
alike. The longest verse is the 9th
of the 8th chapter of Esther. The
shortest verse is the 35th of
the 11th chapter of
John. 10
the 21st
verse
of the 7th
chapter of Ezra
is all the alphabet but
"j." The name of our God
is not mentioned once in the
book of ESTHER. It contains
Knowledge, Wisdom, Holiness and Love.
—New York Ledger.

Employer—Dennis, I hear that you have been drinking again; if you can't do better I shall have to let you go.

Butler—Sure, sir, it was against me that I got off this time, sir.

Employer—Nonsense! no man can do things against his will!

Dennis (grasping at a straw)—Faith, I had a brother who went to prison against his will.



Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

As a natural and necessary complement to Professor Gildersleeve's paper on "The Creed of the Old South" in the January Atlantic, and Professor Shaler's statement regarding "The Border State Men of the Civil War" in the February number, General J. D. Cox of Ohio, an officer in the Union army, will have a strong article in the March Atlantic showing clearly and unmistakably "Why the Men of '61 Fought for the Union."

"If you want to know a man, make a solitary journey with him. Sir Gavan Duffy did so with Carlyle for six weeks, and this is his verdict:

"I ask those who have come to regard Carlyle as exacting and domineering among associates to accept as the simple truth the fact that during those weeks of close and constant intercourse there was not one word or act of his to the young man who accompanied him unworthy of an indulgent father. Of arrogance or impatience not a shade. In debating the arrangements of the journey, and all the questions in which fellow-travellers have a joint interest, instead of exercising the authority to which his age and character entitled him, he gave and took with complaisance and good-fellowship."

A new neighborhood story entitled "A Golden Gossip," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, will be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Retailers of gossip not "golden" would do well to read this.

The March Babyland is a picture, a story and a song, all in one. The dainty frontispiece of Mother, and Baby in the new cradle, "The Tiptoe Twins," "The Neighbor Babies," "Sweetheart in her Day Night Dress," "The Nursery Blacksmith," and the illustrated "Mouse Story," with other pretty pictures and merry jingles, will captivate Baby and receive hearty praise than ever from Mamma.

Price 50 cents a year; 5 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

It was Miss Ingelow's brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems. "He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of a thousand each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."

The March Pansy opens with "A Happy Little Girl," which, upon examining the entire contents, we find suggestive of many other happy girls and boys who will read this admirable number. The stories by Pansy and Margaret Sidney move along in that masterly

fashion which marks the writings of these authors, and its shorter stories, articles, sketches and verse, well sustain the opinion always expressed whenever The Pansy magazine is spoken of.

Price \$1 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

Mrs. Celia P. Wooley, author of "Robert Armstrong?" and "A Girl Graduate," will very soon publish through the Riverside Press a new story, "Roger Hunt," in which she depicts forcibly the evils resulting from inconsiderate marriage, aggravated by selfishness.

Lippincott's Magazine for March, 1892. Contents: A Soldier's Secret, Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.; The Newspaper-Man as a Confidant, (The Journalist Series) A. E. Watrous; Horsemanship and Polo, (Athletic Series) Foxhall Keene; "One Hundred Miles an Hour," Charles R. Deacon; Days and Nights, (a poem) Anne Reeve Aldrich; Pomphero, Lillian A. North; Ibsen's Earlier Work, C. H. Herford; Rebuilding the Navy, (Illustrated) Harry P. Mawson; The Balance, (A Poem) S. Decatur Smith, Jr.; Touch and Go, M. G. McClelland; Defeat, (A Quatrain) Clinton Scollard; An Independent Theater, Edward Fuller; The Independent or Free Theater of New York, James L. Ford; Sleep, (a poem) Ruth Johnston; After Life's Storm, (a Quatrain) Nora C. Franklin; Getting There, Robert Tinsol; As it Seems; With the Wits, (illustrated by leading artists.)

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for March, "A Soldier's Secret," is by Captain Charles King, who alone among living Americans has the secret of the military tale. What he does not know about army life in the West is not worth knowing, and what he knows he can impart with unsurpassed and unflinching charm. The post, the bivouac, the battle-field,—whenever goes on at these he makes to live—gain before us; for he has been a part of it all, and his heart is with the cavalry still. His last story has a very recent theme,—the Sioux war of 1890,—and will be found equal to any of his previous work.

In the Journalistic Series, Mr. E. Watrous handles "The Newspaper Man as a Confidant" ably and but too briefly. His contention, that editors and reporters have a singular gift of keeping secrets which it would be money in their pockets to publish, will surprise readers not of the profession, and he supports it by some curious and striking incidents.

In the Athletic Series, the mysteries of "Horsemanship and Polo" are revealed by an accredited authority, Mr. Foxhall Keene.

Under the heading "One Hundred Miles an Hour," Mr. Charles R. Deacon, of the Reading Railroad, discusses the facts and possibilities of railway speed, and rejects the popular notion that a faster rate necessarily means increased danger.

Certain facts ancient "Rebuilding the Navy" are set forth by Mr. Harry P. Mawson. This article is liberally illustrated.

Mr. C. H. Herford, an English scholar who has given special attention to the Sagas and their reproduction in modern literature, gives an account of "Ibsen's Earlier Work," and especially his "grand and lurid drama," "The Vikings in Helgeland."

The projected "Independent Theater" is explained in two papers by Edward Fuller and James L. Ford, the latter having special bear-

ing on the plan now incubating in New York.

Mr. Robert Tinsol delivers a modicum of wisdom about "Getting There," mingled with certain humors of the editorial den. The department "As It Seems" considers Mr. Thomas Hardy's last novel, Mrs. Terhune's Virginia tale, and sundry other matters.

There is a short story by Miss M. G. McClelland, and a brief sketch by Lillian A. North. The poetry of the number is by Anne Reeve Aldrich, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Prof. Clinton Scollard, Ruth Johnston, and Nora C. Franklin.

Into Morocco by Pierre Loti. Translated by E. P. Robbins, illustrated by Benj. Constant and Aime Marot. Rand, McNally & Co. Chicago and New York, 1892. Paper 50 cts.

This firm seldom puts forth a book of greater interest than this. It is not a book of statistics nor of history, but a keen-eyed, quick-witted Frenchman improved his opportunity to describe most graphically the ways and habits of a people, dwelling in the northwest part of Africa. An attaché of the French minister, he had exceptional opportunities to see the Arab at his best and his worst. He landed at Tangiers and with Arab escort made the trip to Fez. His sights and insights among the dwellers of that ancient city are as interesting as any bit of description that has ever come to our notice. He evidently loves Africa. In fact, he concludes his book with the declaration that he would rather be a holy caliph than president of the most parliamentary, most literary, most industrious of republics. Seeing Africa with such eyes, what wonder that he imparts to his book a charm that binds us to it, till it is finished.

Our Little Men and Women for March is an unusually readable number. "Boots and Bonnet" is a capital story; "Playing School" tells more about "The Doings of the Studio Dolls," and "Like a Fairy Princess" is a true incident, told as a charming story, about the Princess of Wales. "A Seal's Sayings," "A Boy and a Girl," "Joker and his Relations," are all worthy of special mention, while, "Mamma Trusted Us," "Five Little Servants," "A Star Story," each embellished with fitting and beautiful pictures, show a knowledge and appreciation of child-life which enables the publishers of Our Little Men and Women to send out an exceedingly helpful as well as beautiful little magazine.

For youngest readers. Price \$1 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

Editor A. E. Winship of the New England Journal of Education lately spoke before the Department of Superintendence in Brooklyn, N. Y., and gave this high praise to the work of a Worcester lady.

"All the books ever written upon New England history prior to 1891 may be learned word for word, and yet we cannot 'speak by the book' upon New England character unless we have read Alice Morse Earle's 'The Sabbath in Puritan New England.'"

Col. T. W. Higginson has issued a pamphlet entitled "List of Battles and Casualties of Massachusetts during the War of the Rebellion." In this work he has been aided by Mrs.

Florence Wyman Jaques. In a clear way, these losses are tabulated from April 19th, '61, in Baltimore to April 19th, '65, at Swift Creek, S. C. While the pamphlet has been sent to every C. A. R. Post in the state, it may be had by comrades and others interested by addressing Mrs. Jaques at 114 Charles Street. This publication is sent out with the hope and expectation that many corrections may be made. It is a noteworthy fact that the first and last Massachusetts blood was shed on the 19th of April, a date, by some remarkable fate or line of coincidences, inseparably linked with the fortunes of the Bay State.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, whose Occult World and Esoteric Buddhism have had a wide reading, has written a book on "The Rationale of Mesmerism," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish shortly.

Equatorial America is the title of Mr. M. M. Ballou's forthcoming book of travel, describing a visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes, and the principal capitals of South America.

In his exceedingly meritorious purpose to place the Records of Worcester beyond the reach of decay and fire, Mr. Franklin P. Rice has reached the interval between 1806 and 1810 or pages 105 and 216 inclusive, this being the middle number in what will be the Tenth Volume of the Society's published proceedings. Every issue of his carefully prepared and superbly printed volumes demonstrates the value of his undertaking. It is rare that a man is willing to give so much time to the preservation of the ancient and curious. Certainly, Worcester owes much to his patience and perseverance. Undoubtedly another result to follow in the time to come will be the efforts on the part of other cities and towns to follow Worcester's example. They cannot begin too soon. The number bears the imprint of the Worcester Society of Antiquity.

William Gilmore Simms, by William P. Trent Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892.

This is the latest volume in the American Men of Letters Series, edited by Charles Dudley Warner, a series that deserves a place in every good library in the land. Unless Edgar Allen Poe be thus classified, Mr. Simms is the first Southerner included by the publishers in their list. In fact, it would be difficult to name many conspicuous writers, before the war, who were known as residents of the South. Mr. Simms was easily first. He was a very prolific writer. He was poet and prose writer, both a novelist and historian. There are some libraries, even in New England, that contain complete sets of his fiction and they are thrilling stories, in the main, of Colonial and Revolutionary days. Still comparatively few people of today recall him as more than a name that takes up a deal of room in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors. His biographer is a Tennessee and he has done his work well and impartially, even from a Northern standpoint for it must be remembered that Mr. Simms was one of the most rabid of the South Carolina Fire Eaters. Born of Irish extraction in 1806, he was reared in Charleston. His childhood was a combat with poverty, but native genius triumphed and he became one of the most noted men in his native city. He survived till

June 11, 1870. In the famous picture of a Literary Reception at Sunnyside, Simms sits at the extreme left. He was fully depicted in that group on account of his many contributions to Northern publications, particularly the Knickerbocker Magazine. Mr. Trent, in his Simms bibliography, enumerates no less than eighty titles of books that he produced, along with nearly fifty titles of contributions to magazines. Some idea can thus be had of his amazing industry. He was buried in a corner of the lot in Magnolia Cemetery that had been reserved for a monument to John C. Calhoun.

The reader of the Series and let us hope that they are many will place this book alongside the lives of Irving, Noah Webster, Cooper, Emerson, Willis, Franklin, Bryant and others of the list with the feeling that it is a worthy companion. For sale by the Denholm and McKay Company.

New England Magazine for March, 1892. Contents.

Recollections of Louisa May Alcott, * Mrs. Maria S. Porter; America in Early English Literature, Isaac Bassett Choate; A Providential Leading, Mira Clarke Parsons; Schuman and Schubert, * Zitella Cocke; Stories of Salem Witchcraft, Winfield S. Nevins; Sixty Years Ago, Lucy E. A. Kebler; Negro Camp Melodies, Henry Cleveland Wood; Bryant's New England Home, * Henrietta S. Nahmer; Harvard Clubs and Club Life, William Dana Orcutt; Aunt Marthy's Secretary, Mary J. Garland; Milwaukeee, Captain Charles King; "In a Corner at Dodsley's," Walter Blackburn Hart; Editor's Table.

* Illustrated.

The most interesting articles in the New England Magazine in March are Recollections of Louisa May Alcott, by Mrs. Maria S. Porter; Harvard Clubs and Club Life, by William Dana Orcutt, and Milwaukeee, by Captain Charles King, the military novelist.

The New England Magazine for March is a very bright number. The article on Harvard Club Life, by William Dana Orcutt, will attract a great deal of attention just now, when the newspapers are discussing the barbarities of the "fast set" at Harvard. It is beautifully illustrated, and gives a detailed description of the peculiar customs of the different college societies.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead discusses the Chilian trouble in the March New England Magazine and takes the view that the United States has been made ridiculous by the recent explosion of war brag. Walter Blackburn Hart devotes his "In a Corner at Dodsley's," to exposing the quackery of professional literary advisers.

Captain Charles King, the famous military novelist, contributes a splendid description of his western home, Milwaukeee, to the March New England Magazine. It is finely illustrated.

Everybody will read the article on Louisa May Alcott, by Mrs. Maria S. Porter, in the March New England Magazine with interest. It reveals the home life of this noble woman as it has never been revealed before.

"Why learn the language of many portions of mankind, and leave the universal language of the feelings unlearned?"—Friends in Council.

Memory.

BY MARY WOODWARD WETHERSDEE.

Sweet as a Summer's bloom,
Laden with rare perfume,

Is memory, queen enthroned among her treasures:
Her garments smell of myth.

And all the air is sweet,
With voices, soft as twilight's slumber measures.

(It, as an avenging foe,

Is memory's obsession.

This swollen river, black with turbid waters
It wrecks life's fairest hopes.

And all its rocky slopes,
Are strewn with corpses, to the hearts' high altars.

(Oh memory, be thou sweet,

As lilies of our love!

And all our hearts, as roses' full of beauty
Fertile, sweet and rare;

Blooming in native air,
And Love presiding with a queenly duty

February, 1892.

VOLAPÜK

„Din Gletikon Vola“

(P'efovla)

P'ebeginöñ Halul arid, 1893.

At satom plo diljam ladala. Nu jat lifa obisk binom lanon dinis at papotifon in kalada obisk. Et binom vob legetik kele mutobis duton, al lenadon ladali. Litup no li binom gulik potas lenadon ladali? Man e vom alk ladali vado mlatis oma. Vol no binom p'ledop; binom tidip. Lif no binom zal, alk laduk. E sugiv hal tenipik plo ovs valik binom liko kanobis ladalon gudikumo. Kis binos ke mekos mani binom p'ledagolup gudik? Kis Kis mekos mani binon kanal gudik, ködel gudik, musigan gudik? Plag. Kis mekos mani binon pikavan gudik, stenogavan gudik? Plag. Kis mekos mani binon man d gudik? Plag. No votikos. Nos vimik sibonos tefu rel. No dagetobis lanü dub möd diñk, me löns diñk, de uts me keles dagetobis koapi e tikali. If man no plagom lani, setenom midi nonik lama; e if man no plagom lani omik lepodifom stenuidi nonik in lan, nämi nonik kalada, fimöñ nonik sudlofa, jon nonik gudumala bikaliko. Ladali no binom din mulafa betikalik binom sejon lefuluk, manik, manik stenudik kalada liko krit—oat kristumik in setenan lefuluk. E kosietadulis kalada at sikik kanoms pejañon te me plag nezidik. Kristus kisi dunon in bemelop? Plagom. Do lefuluk, liladobis das elenadom lobedi, e das eglofom in sap, e gönu God.

Sikodo no zanolosko ko fat du f'isp. No plonolodis kudus nezidiki oma zum pilik oma, vexadamas mutobis sufom, lanas samlik e monalik ko kel mutobis f'ifon e vobñ. Hufu Konalidams votik, no zanolos ten'di, no pokofu dilos bil jinos vedon amo e amo, nekletik bil zanos, e zedos ni demu stef, ni demu tonu ni demu plek. Etos binos plag olak ni demu pilik. Kelos God buedom etos plo ol e dunom volü omik dud mekon olak sufadik e miegik, e gifovik, e vitimik e benodik e plutik. No zanolosid nami kel fomom lemaji nog tufnekim in ol. Glofom amo jönik, do no logol ois, e teneudilik mögom mekon lefuluk.

Habits are formed, not at one stroke, but gradually and insensibly.—[Whately.]

Phil's Tenth.

BY ADELAIDE SKEEL.

If it be true that one can read a woman's story by looking at her clothes, Cathy Ann's biography, as shown in her drab and black dresses, was a dull one, and she might well have posed as a lay figure for any of the dreary, plotless magazine titles now so much in fashion, since, from the crown of her bangless head to the sole of her French-heeled shoe, she was that nearly obsolete household phenomenon, the single woman who loses her life that the married may find it. Free lances and female bachelors were scarcely known twenty years ago, so our Cathy was not the anachronism in her village that she would be in this present year of grace; and by all odds the queerest thing about her was the simple fact that she was not an old maid at all, but a wife deserted by a dissipated husband! Everybody in One Tree knew this; it had been a nine days' wonder, and lived down as only bad things can be lived down by good people in a good community; and now here she was innocently imposing on the world as small as a spinster!

"An old maid like myself," she would say, not only to Summer boarders, newcomers, and such novelties, but to neighbors who had tasted her wedding cake; and nobody resented the fiction. At the time of this story the scandal was stale, and Cathy settled down in her father's house to take care of her brothers' and sisters' children as if she had remained an unplucked blossom on the family tree for this special reason. She was a handy thing to have in the house, particularly when a wife or husband died and the relic wished to remarry, in which case Cathy came to the fore and took the undesirable left-over boy or girl till a school was found for the waif. The verdict was ever the same, that Tom or Lizzie was spoiled at Grandpa's, yet it was never Grandpa who overfed them on hot gingerbread or showed a culpable indifference on the subject of bed hours. Of course Cathy had no discipline, but this the children never knew, nor did they know that this sort of enforced maternity was draining their Aunt's life-blood. I think she did not know herself that she would have been a person of more consequence in One Tree if she had joined clubs and classes and church guilds instead of spending her time spoiling other people's children; but however that may be, she jogged in her rut, as we all do; and one thing gained beyond question was the love of Tommy and Susie and Lily and Lizzie and Jamie and Phil; especially Phil, who was the most confirmed gingerbread fiend and late sitter of the whole tribe. His mother and stepfather never actually abandoned him to Cathy, yet he was so much with her that his times with his parents became visits, and it was on one of these in town that he joined her when she came in from One Tree to do some shopping.

"I know you hate going into the stores," she said to him when he presented himself at the big station and offered his boyish escort—not without the ulterior motive of getting soda-water out of her later—"so I will hurry all I can, that we may get a peep at the

Wax-Works, if you like. I really have nothing to do for myself, only a list of patterns to match for the folks at home. They heard I was coming, and they brought me in these bits here"—poor Cathy pulled some frayed pieces of dry goods from her pocket (for this was before the blessed relief of sample by mail came to us). "We will get to sight-seeing before you know it."

Quickly enough the time slipped away, and then, with a last taking account of samples and goods purchased, the oddly assorted pair made their way to all the places of amusement that a large city offers to a grasping nephew and liberal-minded aunt. Truth to tell, Aunt had not a great many quarters nor dimes to spare, but Phil was her favorite, as she was his, and money, be it scarce or plenty, is not to be kept like bric-a-brac when one of a company is altruistically inclined and the other a school-boy of a receptive turn of mind. Phil had been to a bird-store to price white mice, to a gunsmith's to look at fishing tackle, to a stamp depot to get the latest in philately, and, finally, after a lunch eaten at Cathy's expense, to the new Museum, when the clock struck three.

"The train leaves in ten minutes," she said to him in sudden alarm, and then, after a hurried race, learned at the bureau of information that there had been a change in the time-table, and here was a whole hour left to wait.

"I wish we could eat another dinner, Aunt," sighed the boy, as he realized the impossibility and regretted it.

"I believe I will go buy a bonnet," said Cathy Ann, with all the solemnity of making a confession of faith. She fairly blushed as she spoke, and seemed half afraid the masculine element in her nephew would raise some insurmountable objection. His reply surprised her. "Well, Aunt Cathy, do get a good one, for I don't remember that you ever got one before. Come along." Manlike, he took the lead as they trotted together through the bright dazzling streets which are almost as bewildering in their glare to country eyes as the shop windows themselves, till they reached a French milliner far famed in the rural solitudes of One Tree.

"You will get a real city bonnet, won't you please, Aunt?" asked Phil, with enthusiasm born for the occasion. "How much will it cost?"

"That depends," answered Cathy, discreetly, adding, half in self-defence to herself for her unusual extravagance, "but I shall give no foolish city price."

"But you will get a city bonnet, Aunt?"

"Yes, yes, come along—"

"I am coming, Aunt, but do get a city bonnet, and pay a city price,—please do. I want to see how you would look. Grandpa is rich—"

"Come along, Phil."

So they went on together, he a big, clumsy school-boy of the most pronounced hobble-de-hoy type, dear only to mothers and partial relatives, and she a slim little figure, in colorless attire not exactly in mourning, yet in grays and browns of hopeless shades, in contrast to which a widow's smart new crape is gay.

"Recent grief, Miss?" asked the sparkling,

jetted milliner, as she turned to answer Cathy's request for "something not too bright."

"Oh, no,"—Cathy Ann could not fool the great city woman as she did the One Tree people—"no, indeed; but I have always been quiet in my tastes."

"Here is one, Aunt," cried Phil; "is it quiet?" and as he spoke he pulled from its wooden post a wonderful creation of black lace and roses, and set it upon Cathy Ann's head. Madame the milliner forgave his boldness when she saw how well the red roses became her customer, who heretofore had appeared to be a shabby, insignificant little woman, and was now transformed into a glowing creature. The blush of the flowers brought out a long lost blush on her cheek, and the filmy lace softened the fine wrinkles which the cares of yesterday had written on a delicate skin. She looked as she felt, like some one else, and that was the charm of it, as it is the charm of all new creations.

"But it is too much for me," she faltered, still keeping it on, however, and dallying with its dazzling beauty.

"Only fifteen dollars, Miss."

"Oh!" said Cathy Ann.

"Is it a city price, Aunt?" whispered Phil.

"Reduced from twenty-five, Miss."

"Oh!" said Cathy again.

"You look sweet in it, Aunt—better than I ever saw you."

"Hush, Phil!"

"Twelve dollars, Miss, as you look so well in it."

"Buy it, Aunt."

"No, it is not only the price," stammered tempted Cathy; "it does not suit me."

The obliging milliner, now put on her mettle, exhibited her whole stock, blue, black, green, gray, yellow, and pink, finally coming back to the red roses and lace, offering it, as a last bait, at the sacrifice of ten dollars, "as just to clear the shelves to make room for the Fall trade."

"Buy it, do buy it!" pleaded Phil, who dearly loved a bargain, all untrained in Henry George's doctrines concerning the moral necessity of paying a good price for a good thing.

"Out of the question," Aunt said, firmly, and in less time than it takes to tell it she was out of the store and in a second-rate emporium, where she bought, in a spiritless way, some dull-colored materials to construct a home headgear which should match the whole tone of her life better than the other would.

"Horrid looking things!" said her nephew, whose taste had been suddenly developed in this new direction. "It looks for all the world like the bonnets you have always worn. I do believe you are in mourning, as the milliner said." It was foolish in poor Cathy Ann, but the half truth of the words made her drop some tears on the change left of her five dollar bill when it came back to her in the croquet-ball from the cashier's desk. She was tired, the holiday was over, and train-time had come. Phil was to go to his father's office, so, when he had gallantly put his aunt and all her belongings in the car, he made haste to finish up the day's fun with a try at the office typewriter and a brush with the elevator boy. He found a long-haired, low-voiced lady-

like gentleman with his father, asking for money as eloquently as ever Phil asked for it. He was saying, over and over again, something that sounded like "A tenth—a tenth—a tenth to the Lord."

"Was he a beggar, papa?" asked the boy when the solemn stranger was finally shown the open door.

"An altruistic one," was the equivocal reply. "I say, boy, if I must give away money—which I can't afford to do—I will give it to you. I meant to have put a hundred dollars to your credit at the bank on your tenth birthday, but the home expenses are so confoundingly heavy lately! Here is ten dollars; throw it to a beggar or put it in a hole in the ground—go be happy; I will give you the rest when I get it."

Phil stared with delight, and then, with a hurried goodbye, without daring to calculate how many ice-cream sodas this newly acquired fortune would bring, hastened to the Fashion House of French Bonnets, at which he and his aunt had lingered so long, and where he now surprised the milliner by buying and paying cash for the red roses and black lace. An hour later he surprised Cathy Ann by bouncing out of the rear car, when the train stopped at One Tree, and handing her a wooden hat-box.

"Something you forgot to buy," he whispered, roguishly, as he hugged her around the waist. "I want you to look as pretty on the outside as you really are inside." He had meant to say something about giving a "tenth" but it was not Sunday, and a boy is always more bashful than one guesses. I think the Lord understood; and Cathy Ann wore the bonnet three Summers.—Christian Union.

Seward and Foote.

People unaccustomed to the ways of public life are often surprised to find men who abuse each other in courts of law, in public assemblies and legislative bodies, the best of personal friends after it is all over. Ex-Collector "Tom" Murphy of New York in some reminiscences of Senator Seward, with whom he was intimate, relates an experience which was a help to him in his own career. "My first visit to the Senate," says Murphy "was for the purpose of hearing him (Seward) speak. He made a great speech. He was replied to, as I felt, in the most bitter and insulting language by Senator Foote of Mississippi, and the language that he used was so offensive, in my judgement, that I could hardly restrain myself from jumping from the gallery and choking him.

"I dined at Senator Seward's house that evening, and to my utter amazement the gentleman sitting next to me was General Foote. When the ladies retired from the table I left my seat and went around to Seward and said: 'I heard that man sitting next to me at your table abuse you in such a gross manner that I was indignant. I can't understand it.' Senator Seward laughed heartily, and called out: 'Foote, I want this young man to go around and tell you what he has just told me.' Senator Foote also laughed heartily and said to me: 'Young man, I want to give you a lesson in politics. Seward lives in New York, and when he makes a speech in opposition to slavery and I reply to him and denounce him that helps me at home, and Seward tells me it does not hurt him a bit.'

A Glimpse of the Old Dominion.

BY W. A. ROBINSON, D. D.

R. T. M.—was the son of a Methodist preacher of Kentucky known for his unflinching fidelity to his convictions and his independent habit of doing his own thinking. R. T. was like his father. At the age of nineteen he was teaching school. One evening a slave, owned by their nearest neighbor, a warm friend of his father came to him and said: "Massa Robert, I want to learn to read and write, and I want you to help me."

"But, Adam," said Robert, "you know it is contrary to law, and liable to be visited by a heavy penalty to teach a slave to read."

"I know dat, but wha's de harm? I just wants to learn to read de Bible."

"Yes, but the law makes no exceptions; but, Adam, I don't believe the law is right, I have no respect for it, and on one condition I'll agree to teach you to read and write, if you have the patience to learn."

"What's dat condition, Massa Robert?"

"It is that you will never write a pass for yourself or anyone else to be out after nine o'clock at night."

"All right, sah; I'll never do it."

Accordingly, night after night, the slave followed the directions of the young school teacher, fashioning pot-hooks after his copy, and laboring through his ab, als, until, as a reward of his patient toil, he could write fairly well and read the Bible. But such a flagrant crime could not go unpunished. The alert Prosecuting Attorney got hold of the facts, and the case of Robert was presented to the grand jury and witnesses summoned. Robert, learning of what was brewing, mounted his horse and rode to the county-seat, and went to the hotel and put up his horse and got his dinner, and there met the foreman of the jury, who was a warm friend of his father and the owner of Adam. As he came up to him he said:

"Hello, Bob, what are you doing here?"

"I came to Court."

"Who are you courting?"

"Nobody."

"But what are you here for," he continued, uneasily.

"Well, sir, I understand that I'm indicted before the grand jury for teaching your slave, Adam, to read and write, and I propose to go before them and give all the facts. If this state will send a man to jail for such a thing as that, I'm their man."

"See here, Bob, get on your horse; and go home."

"No, sir; I shall do nothing of the kind. I propose to see the bottom of this business."

The foreman turned away, greatly perplexed, for he had no idea of allowing the son of his friend and neighbor to be subjected to any penalty for what he had done. The first case jury convened after dinner, the first case brought forward by the Prosecutor was Robert's, and a witness was put on the stand who told all he knew. At this juncture the foreman, though it was wholly irregular, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury and Mr. Prosecutor, I know all about this case. This young

man is the son of my friend and neighbor and he is here and proposes to come before you, and plead guilty to all that is charged in this indictment. This slave is mine, and the facts connected with it pertain to nobody's business but my own. Now I want this case nolléd or withdrawn right here."

Such was his influence that the Prosecutor promptly did as he was requested to do, and Robert quietly returned home the same evening.

Years and years afterward, when slavery had long become a thing of the past, Robert met a slave of long ago on the street in the city where he was residing. The man recognized the benefactor of his boyhood at once, and made himself known by calling up the facts we have given.

"What are you doing here?" said Robert.

"I am here to preach," said Adam.

"You a preacher? I should like to hear you."

"I would like to have you hear me tonight at the little brick church on—Street."

"I'll be there," said Robert.

At the time appointed a large congregation, Robert among them, listened to the melting story of the cross. In concluding his sermon the preacher gave the facts about his learning to read and write, and said: "But for this I probably never would have become a minister of the Gospel. And now," he continued, "friends, the man is here who taught me, and I want you to know him."

At the close of the service the congregation gave an ovation to this modest man, who as a boy dared to do right because it was right. And so he does yet. What a delightful commentary upon the promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—Christian Advocate.

Same Girl, Same Play.

Gas Mortimer, the theatrical manager, re-lates this incident. He was standing in front of the theater one evening where Marie Wainwright was billed to play in "Twelfth Night," when a countryman came along and looked long and admiringly at the lithographs of the star. "And that's a gal, is it?" asked the countryman.

"Yes that's a girl."

"Purty, ain't she."

"Oh yes; quite pretty."

The countryman studied the name and the face awhile and then said:

"I wonder if that ain't the same gal I saw once in a play called 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room'?"

"Same girl."

"Well, that was a mighty good play, stranger. If she was playin' that tonight it would catch me, sure."

"Same girl and same play."

The countryman spelled out the name on the bill a few times and asked:

"Wall, now, if it's 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room', what do they call it 'Twelfth Night, for?'"

"I knew the countryman ought to see the play," said Mr. Mortimer, "and so I told him it was called 'Twelfth Night' because this was two nights more."

The countryman bought a ticket and went lo.—Chicago Journal.

Mr. O. B. Hadwen.

This gentleman, a leading member and former president of the Horticultural Society, is one of those who are better known by their initials than by their full names, yet Obadiah Brown, for which the well known initials stand, recall the name so prominently connected with the planting of the cotton spinning industry in this country. His wife was an aunt of O. B. Hadwen's father, so his name went to the son and Dorcas, that of his wife, to a daughter.

Our well known farmer and nurseryman was born in Providence, Aug. 2, 1824. His father's people were of Quaker stock and had been settled in Rhode Island for many years. The first comer, John Hadwen, settled in Newport and was an extensive merchant there. The family came from Rochdale, England, and a descendant of the English branch became the wife of the famous John Bright. The descent from John, the first comer, to our respected Horticulturalist was through James and Charles who was a Providence merchant and manufacturer. His boy, however, did not like closely built houses and had sidewalks so well as the green and grassy country. Mr. Charles Hadwen married Amy Sherman Brownell of Portsmouth, R. I. One of his brothers was William Hadwen who made a fortune in oil in Nantucket, one of the firm of Hadwen & Barney. Of him, the good story is told, that when a fair was progressing in favor of the Athenaeum of that Island, Mr. Hadwen came in late and without a ticket. He was told that he could not enter, without the necessary ticket and that they were not selling them then. "Come to think of it," said the merchant, "I don't know but I have a pass," and he produced a check for \$100, which he had prepared before leaving his office. It passed him right in.

Charles Hadwen moved to this city in 1835 and his farm was the old Wing Kelly place, back of Newton hill. H. B. Witter's Summer home is a part of it now. His children were our O. B. Hadwen, Mrs. Dorcas B. Lee of West Street and Mrs. Sarah A. Kimball.

Mr. O. B. Hadwen's school advantages consisted in four years in the Friends Academy in Providence and, after coming to this city, he went four Winters to the Clinton Grove Institute in Ware, N. H., under the excellent instruction of Moses A. Cartland, a friend of Whittier and whom the latter refers to in "A Memorial," M. A. C.

"In love surpassing that of brother
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty Summers,
Our footprints track a common way."

His school life ended with a single Winter in the Worcester County Manual Labor School.

Mr. Hadwen was so fortunate as to find his wife in Vermont, that state of sterling patriotism and historic memories. As a maiden, she was Harriet Page of Westminster, a daughter of Major Page and a niece of Judge Closson of Springfield, Mass. Their children are Amy, wife of John H. Coes of New Worcester; Charles, a wholesale dealer in produce in Chicago and William E., a grocer on Chandler Street in this city.

It was in 1843, that the young farmer, less than twenty years of age, took his present

farm or a part of it. It was a part of the original Lovell estate, but the present possessor erected all the buildings and set out the trees. He had had some experience in the nursery business at Kendrick's in Newton so it was to be expected that he should devote a part of his farm to young trees. While these were growing, he followed market gardening to some extent and in 1848, he began selling milk and for forty years he ran a milk and vegetable wagon.

The nearly fifty years of his living on May Street have wrought many changes in his surroundings. Then he was in the country. Now the city stretches out and bids fair to surround him; but his immediate home and farm are still rural enough even for a man who preferred the farm to trade. It seems that his sons prefer the occupations of their ancestors.

Many people are unhappy through their following uncongenial callings, but this can hardly apply to Mr. H. He loves the country, the farm and everything that pertains to the good and development of the latter. He joined the Worcester County Horticultural Society in 1847-8 and has been trustee, vice-president and was president in 1875. He also belongs to the Worcester County Agricultural Society, of which he is a vice-president and trustee. He is a member of the American Pomological Society, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and he does not miss many of the Boston meetings. Of the latter, he is chairman of the committee on publication and discussions.

Mr. Hadwen's devotion to agriculture has been recognized by the state authorities in that he was for many years a trustee of the Amherst Agricultural College and, for a long time chairman of the executive committee of the Board. Under his direction, were erected the drill hall, president's house and chapel. He was also one of the first members of the Board of Control of the Experiment Station and its first secretary, holding this position four years. Though not quite in the line of the former organizations, he is a member of the N. E. Historical Genealogical Society.

While never actively a politician, he was first a Whig, next a Free Soiler and then a Republican to date. Once, without his knowledge or consent his fellow citizens made him a member of the Common Council for the years 1868 and '69, but he has served the city well in a far more useful capacity. Since 1867, he has had to do with the appearance of this city, for in that year, he was made one of the commission on Shade Trees and Public Grounds, and so continued till the Parks' Commission was organized and he naturally was included in its make up. As his special charge, he has The University Park in hand and in coming years thousands will bless the taste and wisdom which have directed the work of embellishment there.

Personally, Mr. Hadwen is a delightful man to meet. He abounds in reminiscence of the past sixty years and his extensive travels over this country have stored his mind with facts and figures that render him an authority on all matters in which he is interested. A co-laborer with Marshall P. Wilder and other notable contemporaries in Horticultural Pomology he has many very pleasant incidents to tell of their lives. When he rides to and from Boston, which he does often, he never lacks for

friends with whom to converse. At the semi-social and agricultural gatherings in which the suburbs of the city abound, he is ever listened to with interest as he talks about fruit or flowers.

He clings to the Quaker principles in which he was reared. In a word, he is a man who inspires respect and esteem everywhere. Would there were more like him.

A Worcester Girl in Memphis.

The Memphis, (Tenn.) Commercial of Feb. 7, has nearly a column of matter descriptive of gymnastic or physical training work accomplished in the Clara Conway Institute of that city and in private classes. The whole is highly laudatory. Here are extracts from the descriptions which will be a source of pleasure to many friends and associates in Worcester.

"A decided novelty in the way of entertaining was the gymnasium exhibition given by the Clara Conway pupils Friday afternoon at the school gymnasium. Nothing has more entertained the large throng of ladies present, and they expressed their pleasure by enthusiastic applause. * * * * *

"The exhibition lasted two hours and a half. * * * * *

"The Fizickatt dumb bell course, a very scientific, pleasing drill to music from opera of Silvia, the teacher, Miss Murray, of Worcester, Mass., said she never saw a class do better. In it there is much striking of bells and the precision with which it was done as one huge bell, the ease with which the attitudes were taken, was remarked upon. This and the fine execution of the fancy hoop drill was largely due to the exceptionally fine music by Miss Sallie Sale.

Miss Murray introduced a little of the artistic work in hoops, clubs and fancy steps that she taught the advanced Normal classes at Chautauqua University last Summer, a compliment to the ability of the C. C. I. girls, of whose progress she is quite proud. *

"Miss Murray received hosts of compliments and congratulations from the children's friends and parents, and congratulatory messages from parents unable to be present; as to the benefit the work has been to their children."

"In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a thinker in the world?"—Carlyle.

Dr. Jacoby, the celebrated physician, appears to be fond of a practical joke. It is related that he was walking along Broadway one day when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Jacoby without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Jacoby had in the meantime disappeared.

Letter From China.

BY S. CRUIKSHANK.

In answer to an official enquiry, I signified my readiness to proceed with the expedition to China. I received a letter from Horse Guards, furnishing information as to the particulars of my voyage, and after taking a few hasty farewells in London and Portsmouth, I embarked at Greenhithe for Hong Kong, and next evening lost sight of Dover Cliffs and the French coast. The Bay of Biscay was soon passed, and its rough billows forgotten amid fairer scenes. Going ashore, however, at Cape-De Verde, we saw some things not very pleasing, such as females building houses and carrying stones and mortar up ladders. Most of the poor children were quite naked, and most of the grown people nearly so; the men did nothing but smoke. The soldiers, who were Portuguese, evidently mistook the rank of my companion and myself, for they turned out the guard, and, I think, presented arms. Of drill or cleanliness they seemed to know little. Oranges and such like fruit at Cape-De-Verde are much superior to any I ever saw in England. The popular feeling, so far as I could discover, was very good towards our people. One old man told us that the English were "best of all." "For," said he, "Francy no give money; Spaniola no give money; but Inglezs give money; Inglezs give shoe; Inglezs give shirt. Now me a Portugee, and me love Inglezs,—if Portugee here say Inglezs no good, me shut fist and strike Portugee."

The whole of the African promontory, particularly at the Cape of Good Hope, and more especially from Cape Town to Simon's Bay, looked wonderfully fine! Mountains of enormous dimensions, covered with luxuriant jungle met the eye in all directions. One of our vessels, here, captured a slave trader, giving three hundred men their liberty. Poor slaves; they had been chained up like cattle. Do not some of our "Patriots!" save the mark! write for this diabolical traffic? We coasted Borneo, Sumatra, and some Australasian islands. At Singapore, I thought it strange to see thousands of families living in boats. The country is fertile and magnificent beyond comparison. It was, then a novel sight to see gravestones, envelops of letters, etc., nearly all inscribed in the Chinese character: four-fifths of the inhabitants are Chinese, the rest are Malays, with a sprinkling of Europeans—less perhaps than five hundred. Pine apples sell at a cent each. Lions and tigers are said to practice ravages unmolested in the neighboring islands; indeed they often visit the very suburbs of Singapore by night, taking away cattle and even children—of the latter, some hundreds in the year—and often while the lazy adults are in the theaters or Pagodas. Verily, as the book of Mormon remarks so graphically and piously, "on another topic": "These things had not ought to be." The hero of a book entitled "The Irish Dragon," in the thirteenth chapter of that book, utters an exclamation about the tediousness of an eight day voyage—which entitles me to state that a voyage of one hundred and eighty days seemed tedious to me, and that I felt relieved when we dropped anchor in the harbor of Kong

Kong. No matter,—we are ball proof while God bids us live: yea, invulnerable to every baneful influence from without and within! Really, in a world of uncertainty—and so much uncertainty—it is well to have something like this to be sure of. I proceed. Hong Kong then seemed as the portal of a new world! But what am I to say of its varied outlandish sights, its motley population, its gangs of chained convicts, its sable-faced constables and watchmen, its curiously worded door signs, its market stalls of sweet cakes and sugar cane and a thousand other things? Sir, your imagination must come to my aid, in the little that the limits of this rambling epistle will allow me to say, and which has nothing to recommend it but truth. This, however, depend on, if I go wrong it will be by mistake.

The Chinese luxury is a sort of curry, made principally from rice and fish. "Chow-chow" is their word for food. One species of Chinese wheat is round, like sparrow-shot or Peppercorns; the stalks are nearly as thick as bamboo, or say the barrel of an Enfield rifle. The Chinese manners and customs differ from ours in many respects.

One of them kills a Mandarin, and not only himself but all the aged members of the family suffer. Again, a Chinaman becomes meritorious, and deserving of his country, in which case he is ennobled, and also his father, grandfather, and so forth, if so be they live. When a Chinaman or a Chinawoman dies, the coffin is filled with clay, to decompose the body; in a few years the bones are dug up and cleaned, to go in a jar, which is placed behind a tree or ditch, agreeable, I believe, to some religious ceremony. I have seen many such disgusting exhibitions since coming out here. The sails of a China ship are a kind of mat made from bamboo. The resemblance of a China ship or Junk (at a distance) to a Nautilus is more striking than I could have thought. Thus China is a fossil nation, older than the empires of Babylon and Persia; some say older than the dynasty of the Pharaohs. I have no idea of the number of Pagan temples in China, but if told that they numbered a million I should not disbelieve it. By all this you will see that Chinese customs have little in common with European. Nor does the contrast end here. The Chinese have a peculiar talent for doing things the wrong way. Their badges of mourning are white, they read perpendicularly, not horizontally, they compress the feet instead of the waist; they give the place of honour to the left side, they will have it that the magnetic needle points to the south, they will shake their own hand in salutation instead of their friends, they locate the intellect in the belly not in the brain, they mark the title of a book on the margin instead of on the back of the binding, they lay their books down flat instead of setting them up, they erect temples (I fear) to the devil instead of to Almighty God.

But let us take the beam out of our own eye before bringing a railing accusation against any creature, Michael would not against Satan.

Perhaps also Chinamen have virtues; they have at least the absence of one vice, I have not yet seen one of them inebriated. And sir, is not this very handsome? Is not drink the

earthly damnation of all who have anything to do with it? Is a license to sell spirits more or less than a license to ruin men, women and children? Do not judges on the bench gravely tell us that but for this curse of society, their offices would be sinecures?

Young men often say that they would not give a fig for a miser who would deny himself a pint of beer. To such I herely affectionately say—listen, my son, I respect your noble young spirit, but the Palmers and Doves will sell poison to fill gaols, workhouses, and graves—these, I guess, will not leave you many figs to eat, much less to bestow.

A Confidence.

One night, not many months ago, two men met at the door of a metropolitan newspaper office. One was coming out, the other was going in. They recognized each other with some difficulty so slight was their acquaintance, exchanged salutations, and then, up on the icomier's informing the outgoer that the purpose of his call was a visit to him, passed up the street in earnest conversation. One might not have known that one of the pair was an editor, but he never would have missed naming the other as an ecclesiastic. For two squares they strolled, the churchman doing most of the talking, the newsmen listening and throwing in an occasional word. Then, when their ways parted, they stopped, and the listener took the part of the orator. "I will tell you frankly, doctor," he said, "that there is not a newspaper in this country that would not gladly print every word that you propose to say, and not a single one of them would give you the slightest editorial support. You would be just as much liable to church discipline as if you had said it to your bishop in convocation."

"I will think it over," said the divine, and the two parted.

This was, I think, the most remarkable case of confidence in my observation. The ecclesiastic was rector of one of the largest and oldest parishes in the East. He had seen the newspaperman but twice before, yet he put before him a most tempting morsel in the way of a "religious sensation," and parted from him on a street-corner without even the perfunctory enjoiner to secrecy which men lay in imparting the most trivial bit of gossip whose paternity they do not care to own. Of course the question of conscience entered largely into this case. The newspaperman knew by reputation and admired the clergyman, and did not care to see his useful future sacrificed for a newspaper "scoop."—From "The Newspaper-Man as a Confidant," by A. E. Watrous, in March Lippincott's.

Woman.

"Thy" woman in our days is
Uncertain, ever and hard to please,
And varying as the breeze,
By the light quivering aspen made,
When a new hat is blink near head
You want, of salvation seek
Attentive to our wants art thou?

A project has been started for restoring the castle of Heidelberg to the condition in which it was prior to its ruin in 1689 by the troops of France.

About Folks.

Mr. C. C. Kenyon of this city was baritone soloist at Whitman, Feb. 24, with Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

Last Thursday evening came the Commencement Exercises of the Philadelphia Dental College. Worcester is interested in the event, since one of our former High School boys, James A. Lynch was graduated and at the same time was chairman of the Executive Committee. Somehow or other our Worcester boys forge ahead.

The estate of the late James H. Wall fouts up \$367,056.

Judge Thomas Mulholland of Syracuse has been elected again to the office of police justice in that city. He was once a resident of Worcester and is a life long friend of Mr. Andrew Athy.

Editors have to rest occasionally. A. P. Crisly of the Telegram has been to Atlanta, Georgia.

Herbert F. Blood of New York has had a brief visit home, 19 Madison Street.

State Agent, A. W. Edson, spoke on education, in Westboro, last Wednesday evening.

Mr. M. Frank Casey, the Summer Street druggist, but for some years residing at 9 Dix Street, has removed his family to Summer Street. While this will be handier for his business, the family will be missed from the neighborhood in which its members have dwelt so long.

Mr. J. Walter Flagg and wife have gone to the Bermudas, which according to Mark Twain is only another name for onions and early potatoes.

Our ever able and faithful City Treasurer, Mr. Wm. S. Barton, gets away from his place of labor occasionally. Last Monday he met the other treasurers and collectors of the state at Young's Hotel in Boston. Business cares were forgotten for a brief time.

Mrs. Jennie Abbott-Matton is to drill the characters in Clinton's living whist performance, soon to come off.

Miss Annie Parker's class of young ladies of Park Church Sunday School held a high tea and reception in the church Monday evening. Tea, cocoa and lemonade were served at the tables by Misses Hattie Peacock, Florence Eastman, Florence Adams, Edith Chase, Eva Burr, Alice Spaulding, Nellie Truchon, Mabel Hennessey and Carrie Brooks. There was also a short entertainment consisting of violin solos by Miss Winnie Crane and readings by Miss Edith Hardy. Quite a sum of money was realized, which will be given to the Sunday School.

The Telegram has a new member on its staff in the person of George A. Chapin, '87 at Tufts.

Mr. Edward Randall Knowles is receiving merited praise from critical reviewers for his recent volume, "Songs of Eternal Life." Mr.

and Mrs. Knowles have recently removed to Worcester, Mass., where they have a delightful home.—Boston Budget.

Mrs. Henry W. Badger and daughter, Anna, were in Boston a few days last week.

Mr. Judson B. Witherby, W. H. S., class of '90, and now learning the wholesale lumber business in Boston ran up home for a call, last Friday. In Boston, he and C. C. Milton of the same High School class came together. Milton is in the Boston University Law School.

Miss Helen L. Tew, a High School graduate of a recent year, is now teacher of drawing in the State Normal School of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Worcester is often at the State House lately. Last week a large representation was there to help and to resist the plan of Mr. H. H. Bigelow to cross the Lake with his railroad. Again, Friday, Mayor Harrington and Treasurer Barton were there to see about the proposed loan of \$300,000, for Worcester's water supply.

Captain Thomas McGourty is suffering from a fractured ankle acquired while stepping off a horse car. You should wait, Captain, till the car stops.

The obliging Postman on the route, including the Burnside Building, Deacon Andrew S. Merritt, has a new title but it will not be used till that baby can say "Papa."

Mrs. John Magee of Chelsea, daughter of Mrs. Minna F. Fitch of this city, and family are going to California for an extended tour through that interesting country.

Eleventh Birthday.

Next Monday our city of Worcester has its quadrennial birthday. It was a queer circumstance, whatever it was, that placed our incorporation on a day that comes only once in four years. Just one day more like the coming one and then midway between that and the next, Worcester's Semi-Centennial will come. It must be observed Feb. 28th or March 1st. Which?

Cake.

A certain gentleman in this city says his boy, a recent comer by the way, is great on cake. He says, "Some folks prefer fruit cake, others lay great stress on sponge cake, but that boy of mine,—well his forte is stom-ach ache."

Mustered Out.

John A. Thompson, Co. C, 36th Mass., and a member of Post 10, died at his home, 20 North Ashland Street, Sunday, aged 68 years. He was a machinist by trade and worked up to Tuesday, when he was stricken with pneumonia. He was a veteran fireman also. He leaves a widow, four sons and three daughters. Two sons, Frank J. and Jesse F., are postmen.

Mr. H. H. Ames.

The funeral of Mr. Ames was held at the Church of the Unity, last Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, conducting the services. Dele-

gations were present from the Quinsigamond and Wachusett lodges of Odd Fellows, Order of the Eastern Star, Knights and Ladies of Honor, and the Royal Arch Chapter of Masons.

The pall bearers were P. C. G., D. N. Pratt, P. C. G., T. H. Day from Wachusett Encampment; P. G., Gilbert Hadley, P. G., John Martin, P. G., E. S. Everett and P. G., John Merrill from Quinsigamond Lodge. The Odd Fellows' service was conducted by Chaplain A. S. Smedley, with Noble Grand John W. Champlin and C. E. Slocum, Jr., as Marshal.

Many and very beautiful floral tributes were presented by friends and the numerous bodies of which he was a member. Mr. Stebbins in his remarks extolled the high character of the deceased giving him a reputation that this whole city fully agrees with. The burial was in Hope Cemetery.

"My Goodness."

The shortest temperance talk on record was condensed into the above words one week ago Friday night, while Dr. D. O. Mears was conducting his Sunday School teacher's class in the Y. M. C. A. building. It seems that some question drew from the leader, the remark, "I think it would be as inconsistent as for a temperance man to use brandy in mince-pies." At this some man in the class said, "I don't think brandy in mince-pies has anything to do with temperance." Immediately an astonished lady ejaculated, "My Goodness." Her lecture was received with loud applause, showing where the feelings of the people were.

Frank M. Wilkinson.

"The old must and the young may die." This adage is pertinent as we read of the death of Mr. Wilkinson, an event which took place last Saturday. He was a High School boy of the class of 1876 and was, at his death, 33 years, 11 months and 20 days old. His father was the late Charles Wilkinson, manager, and well known in theatrical circles. A teacher of many years of experience must have a memory gallery well filled with youthful faces and in, at least, one memory there rises the figure of a young man, in his Senior year, who was conspicuous among his fellows for his uniform disposition to oblige. In that teacher's mind, that picture will ever remain, a pleasing recollection of Frank Wilkinson whom friends followed to his grave last Monday. After graduating, he studied medicine with the late Dr. Joseph Bates, a relative, but did not complete a course, opening, instead, a drug store in New Worcester, where he continued till his death. He had been ill from pneumonia for some time, this disease being the cause of his death. He attended strictly to his business, though he had belonged to the Light Infantry. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. F. A. Gray of All Souls Church at 3 p. m. Monday.

The singing was by the Schubert Club. The floral offerings were profuse and elegant from numerous friends. The bearers were W. H. Willard, Charles R. Kirby, Charles L. Wright and George E. Fairbanks. The interment was at Hope cemetery.

He that is warm thinks all are so.

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Odorless!
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It saves Time, Labor and Heat. The difference is per lb. for fact.

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TRY ONE.

With this iron, no fire is needed in the stove. Don't suffer from heat. It can be used anywhere. Agents wanted. Also on sale at retail by SQUIER & BEALS, Mfg. Ag'ts, 311 Main St., Room 13, Worcester.

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ELECTRIC NEEDLE

Process. No scarring or other injury. There is now no excuse for any lady to allow a growth of hair to remain upon her face to mar her personal beauty and to make her friends unhappy. Moles are also permanently removed. Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

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- Hair Cutting and Curling, 50c.
- Singeing and Shampooing, 75c.
- Bangs Cut and Curled, 25c.
- Hair Cutting, 15c.

Hair Switches, Frizzes and Bangs, in all the latest style. Wig making a specialty.

Open evenings until 8 p. m.; Saturdays until 10 p. m.

MRS. KIRBY, 66 SALEM STREET,

Treats hair, scalp and skin scientifically. Itching hair prevented, its growth promoted, eczema, dandruff, all scalp and skin diseases cured, moles and warts removed, the skin bleached and beautified, superfluous hair removed; the face made symmetrical; all unsightly offensive odors from breath or body removed; bunions cured, ingrowing nails cured; all these processes taught to ladies who want profitable employment. The art of manucuring is given special attention.

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Mr. J. E. Comerford, of Boston, Director.
112 1/2 of Tremont Street, Boston. Meetings every Friday at 8 P. M. Students' Club, Rooms New-England Walker Bldg., No. 405 Main St. For particulars, etc., apply at Rooms on Fridays at address.
E. J. KELLEN, Local Manager, P. O. Box 330.

Many years have elapsed since Mr. Charles H. Carpenter took a real outing, one that would count. With his wife he is proceeding to California by easy stages. Taking the Southern Pacific route, at last accounts, he was in Texas. Doubtless, by this time he is among the orange groves of Southern California.

About Folks.

George F. Metcalf of 34 Belmont Street is having trouble with his hand as the result of a cut received while opening a tin can.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Wood return soon from their trip to Florida. The journey was taken for health and rest as well as for pleasure.

Miss Catherine Lincoln of Oak Avenue gave a very pleasant card party Wednesday evening. Kings and Queens occupied the time until refreshments were served and afterward the company amused themselves with Menagerie.

Miss Fannie Reed, one of the used-to-be residents of our street, spent the day with her old playmate at 5 Dix Street Wednesday.

Dr. Hull of 22 Holly wood Street, had a little gathering of young people for his niece Maud Hull on Wednesday afternoon. She is here on a visit but returns to her home in New Hampshire on Monday next. The hours were from two till six with supper at half past five.

Mr. Geo. H. Clemente, Architect, has opened an office in Walker's Building, Room 211. He is ready and competent to fill all requirements that may be made of him.

The resignation of the Rev. J. I. Miller from the pastorate of the Lincoln Square Baptist Church will remove from our midst one of the most successful ministers known in Worcester for many a day. He leaves his pulpit that he may gain needed rest.

Number one of Rev. Thomas J. Conaty's new magazine, The Catholic School and Home Magazine is received. It contains twenty-six pages of reading matter, of interest to all readers, particularly to those who belong to the Catholic Church. There are contributors from abroad but LIGHT turns with special interest to local writers as Francis P. McKeon, who furnishes "The Mission Soldiers of Faith" and Richard H. Mooney who gives sundry items on educational matters.

The selection of E. H. Warren, a Harvard Freshman, as one of the representatives in the coming debate with Yale is a high tribute to the merits of the young man, another refutation of the criticisms that, from certain sources, have come upon the debating societies of the High School of this city. Mr. Warren is one of many who have gone from these societies to the highest places in college. A very interesting list might be prepared in this line.

Mr. Luther D. Goodland can tell you all about the group, but by care and excellent nursing, he is out again as good as new.

Fifty Years

It was an exceedingly happy thought for the many friends of Dr. D. O. Means to remember the half-century anniversary of his birth to present him with a set of the Century Directory. There is, generally, a pleasant recognition of the interest of things in President Church and when it comes to appreciation of their pastor, who has held his position for fifteen years, the church is a unit.

ROGERS' BREAD

looks like home made, tastes like home made, eats like home made and most people like it as well as home made bread. Call for "Milk" or "Little Gem" bread; name on bottom. Take no substitute. Grocers keep it.
Charles M. Rogers, Bakery, 166 Pleasant St.



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Furnishes all kinds of baker's wares. Tea rolls and warm bread at 4:30 p. m. Baked beans and brown bread, Sundays, 7 to 9 a. m.

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PHOTOGRAPHER.

492 Main Street.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

Good to Eat.

"If wishes were horses, a beggar might ride; If wishes were turnips, they would hang at his side."

Turnip Salad.

Three sliced cold boiled turnips, three sliced cold boiled beets, one sliced cold hard boiled egg, one sliced cold raw onion, p'aced in layers; serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Extremet.—One and one-half cup cold boiled mashed turnip, one and one-half cup cold boiled mashed Irish potatoes, one cup cream, tablespoonful of butter (melted), beaten yolks two eggs, salt, pepper; pour into earthenware baking-dish; cover crumbs of toasted bread flecked with butter; bake about twenty minutes.—Table Talk.

Fruit Sago.

Draw the juice from a pound of any kind of fruit—red currants, raspberries, blackberries, plums and grapes are especially nice for the purpose—strain it off and add water to make the quantity one quart; put this in an agate saucepan, and when it boils add four heaping tablespoonfuls of small sago which has been well washed; stir this over the fire until it thickens and all the grains are clear, which will be in from ten to fifteen minutes; then sweeten to taste and fill into jelly glasses.

Scotch Tarts.

One pound of oatmeal, one-half pound of flour, quarter pound of lard or drippings, quarter pound granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of baking powder, a small teaspoonful of salt. Mix the oatmeal and the flour with the baking powder and salt sifted in it, and the sugar together. Melt the lard and pour a beaten egg in it; then add this to the dry ingredients, using sufficient cold water to make the whole into a stiff paste. Now roll a piece of the paste to about the thickness of a dollar, cut it into rounds with a small cutter, and bake on a large tin in a moderately quick oven until nicely browned. When quite cold put away in a tin box until needed for use.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Golden Quail.

This method of cooking quail produces a dish which is as good as it is sightly—and that is saying a great deal in its favor. Have ready a kettle of hot lard, or nice dripping. It must be just the heat necessary for frying fritters, that is to say, commencing to smoke. Prepare your birds as for roasting. Dip in flour, in which you have mixed pepper and salt in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper, to each cup of flour. Gently drop the quail in the hot fat. They will be cooked through in five minutes. Repeat, till your quail are cooked. Put them where they will keep hot Dip large, diamond-shaped pieces of stale bread in a batter made of three eggs, two teacupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Fry these a rich buff color in the fat in which you cooked the quail. Remove, drain, place on platter. On each slice place a bird, which will be of a uniform golden tint. Surround with green hedge of crisp, fresh parsley. Serve with currant jelly.—Good House-keeping.

The four Official Reports,

U. S. Govern't, Bulletin No. 10;
Canadian Gov't, Bulletin No. 13;
Ohio Food Commission, and
N. J. Food Commission, show

Cleveland's Baking Powder strongest of all

pure cream of tartar powders, yielding (average) 12.87 per cent. carbonic acid gas.

See summary of official reports, *Scientific American*, Nov. 8, 1890.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION. By virtue of power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage given by Owen Finnegan, of Worcester, to the Home Co-operative Bank, a corporation legally established, and located in said Worcester, dated December 12th, 1881, and recorded with Worcester District Registry of Deeds, book 1185 page 72, and because of a breach of the conditions in said deed of mortgage contained, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Friday March 25, 1892, at 4 o'clock, p. m., the property conveyed by said deed of mortgage as follows:—A tract of land situated on the southerly side of Burnett Street, in said Worcester, with the buildings on the same, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake, set by Benjamin James, in the southerly line of Burnett Street; thence, southerly at right angles with said Street, one hundred (100) feet; said line passes the oak on the westerly side thereof and three feet distant therefrom; thence, westerly, parallel with Burnett Street, seventy (70) feet; thence, northerly, parallel with the first described line, one hundred (100) feet; to the southerly line of Burnett Street; thence, southerly on Burnett Street seventy (70) feet to the place of beginning; being the same land conveyed to me by deed of D. H. Eames, dated October 24, 1884. See Worcester District Registry, book 1184, page 28. The stake set by Benjamin James, above referred to, is about two hundred forty-two (242) feet distant, westerly, from the northwesterly corner of the brick mill in Jamesville.

This property will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, assessments, or liens, of whatever nature. Fifty dollars in money must be paid down at the time of the sale, and the rest of the purchase money provided on delivery of the deed, within ten days.

The Home Co-operative bank,
By THOMAS J. HASTINGS, Secretary.
E. B. Glasgow, Attorney,
H. M. Clemente, Auctioneer.

A Stern Reality.

"You will notice," said the manager of the company, as he stepped in front of the curtain, "that the program says that seven years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In this case there will be no supposition about it. The Sheriff of this county has just taken possession of the stage, and I think it will be about seven years before we can get the matter settled. The audience is now dismissed."

Special Prayer.

An old lady who lives on the Missouri River above St. Jo, lost her little boy. He had been skating along the river bank. The good old lady bore her loss patiently and silently for a week and finally she took the burden of her grief to the Maryville Prayer-Meeting.

When she asked for prayers for her little boy's recovery, the clergyman asked her where she thought her Willie was lost.

"I dun know, Elder," she said, "I dun know, but the brothers and sisters needn't pray below St. Jo!"—Eli Perkins.

School and College.

Harvard.

The Worcester friends of Mr. E. H. Warren, '95, will be pleased to learn that he has been chosen one of the three Harvard representatives in the next debate with Yale. The question at the trial was the same which will be debated at New Haven, March 25: "Resolved, that immigration to the United States should be restricted." Mr. Warren spoke on the negative side, although Harvard will contend for the other view in the joint debate. Twenty-seven students spoke in competition before the Harvard Union. The other two successful speakers were J. S. Brown, '92, of Newport, R. I., and F. W. Dalling, '92, of Cambridge, Mass., both of whom spoke on the negative side—a rather singular fact in view of Harvard's position. The Judges, Prof. Briggs, Prof. Taussig, and Dr. Curry chose four speakers, from whom the three mentioned were elected, Mr. Warren being the favorite.

H. H. Chamberlain, '95, has been elected Secretary of the Freshman Banjo Club.

Lewis I. Prouty, '84, of Spencer, has been elected to the editorial board of the Daily Crimson, from a field of many applicants.

Yale has finally acceded to Harvard's terms in regard to baseball, and two games have been arranged—one at Cambridge and one at New Haven.

High School.

"A signal success" said the thirty-three members of the Class of '92, W. H. S., after their first banquet last Tuesday evening at the Lincoln House. The boys sat down to land-lord Tower's best supper at 8 p.m. and were not prepared to hear the toasts until nearly 10 p.m. Harry H. Hill was toastmaster and the manner in which he acquitted himself showed that he was not a new hand in the position. Mr. Hill chose men to speak who could amply fill the position among whom were Wm. B. Tower, the newly elected president of the class, who spoke of his acquaintance with the same. He was followed by Mr. Walter L. Sprague, E. C. Witherby and E. W. Goodell and D. G. Burrage, who kept the members present in a merry mood until nearly 11.30 when the party broke up with the singing of college songs. After the supper the boys repaired to the homes of Principal Wight, Mrs. Brigham, Mr. Wm. Abbott and ex-principal Roe, where the usual class yell was given. The party dispersed at "Mellor's" much pleased with the evening's pleasures.

Smith.

Our great gala day is over and the town and college are resuming their normal appearance again. For three years Washington's Birthday has been celebrated on Monday at Smith and so the festivities have really lasted three days, the hotels being crowded by Saturday night. The weather did not favor us, storming hard Saturday, and being very dubious Sunday and Monday, so that few sleighing parties were seen, yet there was so much to do indoors that few found the time heavy on their hands.

There were more men to stay over Sunday

than ever before, and Saturday night there were several large private parties in town. Sunday vespers was crowded and it was a delightful service, closing with "America," which would have sounded feeble indeed with the girls' voices alone, but which made the chapel ring, as it was.

Monday was filled to overflowing every moment. In the morning there was an informal dance in the Gymnasium, which was almost more enjoyable than the evening reception. This is a new feature of the "22d," and every one seemed to think it one of the most pleasant events of the day. There was a private German also at the Burnham School Gymnasium.

At half past two the Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert in Assembly Hall to a large and enthusiastic audience, which thoroughly appreciated every number, especially "The Fair Transgressor" peculiarly a "22d" song.

After the concert there were numerous teas. Besides those at the Campus House, among the largest were those at Mrs. Snow's, Mrs. Southwick's, Dr. Brady's, Miss Cable's and Miss Putnam's.

The evening reception began at half past seven. There were ten numbers on the program and the lights were put out promptly at quarter before ten. President and Mr. Seelye received, assisted by the presidents of the four classes, Miss Steele, Miss Bradford, Miss Hammond and Miss Hyde, and the long line of guests moved slowly up and shook hands. It was the gayest scene Smith has ever seen, though the crush was so great sometimes as to be very unpleasant. There were over four hundred people in the rooms. Each class had a room, decorated prettily in the class colors, where the meeting-places for partners were assigned, and connections were thus made more easily. The Sophomore room, the German room, was more crowded than any other for the frappe stand was set up there, and a wall of black coats was constantly around it.

More elegant gowns on more fair maidens could not be often seen and the gentlemen all seemed to be appreciating their privileges in being invited to a "Smith 22d."

There were several dances even after the reception, the largest being at Mr. George W. Cable's home.

All college exercises went on as usual, Tuesday, outwardly, though between the number of guests yet in town and the weariness of the girls, work has only just really begun. Among the Worcester men here were Messrs. Warren of Harvard, Reed of Amherst, Higgins and Fuller of the Polytechnic, Nelson Keyes and Edward Whitney.

Tuesday evening Miss Mary A. Scott read a very interesting paper in Music Hall on Dr. Quincy.

Thursday Fraulein Von Mitzlaff gave a song recital assisted by Mr. Victor Herbert, cellist, and by Dr. Blodgett, pianist.

Polytechnic.

Last Tuesday evening the members of the Camera Club with their friends gathered at the Salisbury Laboratories to the number of a hundred or more to see an exhibit of lantern slides by Dr. Bemis of this city. It was a private affair, all the tickets being complimen-

tary. Those who were fortunate enough to be the guests of the club, upon that occasion, spent a very enjoyable evening. There were about a hundred and fifty pictures in all, most of them taken near Worcester, besides many reproductions of paintings, statuary, etc. Of course a very large number of the visitors present were young lady "cousins" of the members, and helped to make the entertainment the success which always characterizes anything the Camera Club undertakes.

The committee appointed from the Tennis Association last Fall to arrange for repairing the courts, has obtained permission from the Trustees and is planning to lay out on the lawn in front of the shop, four first class dirt courts. This of course is only planning because the expense of such improvements would not be less than seventy-five dollars, but if this sum can be raised, the work will be pushed to completion. The present membership fee to the Association is one dollar, and an attempt is to be made to raise the funds required by subscription, thus leaving this fee the same. If this be done the members of the Association can have the use of grounds second to none in the city at an expense of about a fifth of that in the other local clubs. The situation of the courts is in a pretty spot and almost wholly in the shade during the afternoon, making them especially attractive.

Last week Saturday a large number of students interested in base ball met in the Chapel and formed a base ball Association with the following officers: President A. E. Culley, '92 Vice President, H. L. Cobb, '94; Secretary and Manager, J. H. Wallace, '92; Treasurer, N. M. Paull, '93; Directors—Southgate, '92, Stone, '93, Gordon, '94, A. H. Warren '95. Heretofore, base ball at the Institute has been managed by the Athletic Association but Saturday's meeting leaves the latter to look after track athletics alone. As a result both classes of sport ought to receive better attention. Last Fall a separate organization for Foot ball was formed.

As things look now, the average Tech will have to write home for an extra check before Spring is over. Subscription papers if not already started may be expected from the Athletic Association to pay for training the Intercollegiate team; the Base Ball Association for the support of a nine; the Tennis Association. The entertainment to be given in March will call for some cash, a trip to Springfield in May and the ever present Laboratory fee for more. This too is the season for wind up suppers of the various clubs, senior graduations and the like.

The Socialists of '92 are arranging to publish a souvenir booklet. It will contain a history of the various suppers, dances and wakes with which the dreariness of the past Winter has been whiled away by these defiers of incessant work, besides other matters of general interest and amusement, and promises to "fill a long felt want."

The regular meeting of the Art Students' Club this evening at 405 Main Street will take the form of a social tea. There will be an exhibition of water colors by Miss Harriett Thayer Durgin, Mrs. W. L. Chzalner and others. Next week the exhibition will be open to the public.



MISS MARY HOWE.

Mr. Wall and the 22d.

Mr. Wall's effort to recall the former days, last Monday, met a very hearty and appreciative response from the veterans of the hard fought campaign of 1840. A community is fortunate that possesses a man of Mr. Wall's memory and disposition to impart his treasurer. Naturally, the supporters of W. H. Harrison in 1840, will rally to the defence of his grandson in 1892.

Dr. Price.

The president of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., talked entertainingly to a large audience in Plymouth vestry last Wednesday evening. President Price is a living refutation of the statement frequently made by Negro haters that he cannot excel. Dr. Price is the peer of any man, irrespective of color and he is doing a great work in his college, situated near the old prison pens. Several Worcester people have given liberally towards the college. It is doing a grand work for the colored people.

Miss Jean M. Finlay.

The Thompsonville (Conn.) Press of Feb. 18, contains an appreciative obituary of Miss Jean Marwick Finlay who was born, in this city, Nov. 26, 1870, the daughter of William and Mary McRae Finlay. Her father, a native of Scotland, was a dry goods merchant, well remembered here. Miss Finlay was educated in the public schools of Hartford, Conn., graduating from the High School in 1889, receiving the salutatorian's position. Her parents died several years ago and since then her home has been with J. P. Davis in Thompsonville, in which place she was a teacher up to a recent period. She was the principal's assistant in the High School, after one year's teaching. She had rare musical ability and was organist at the Presbyterian Church of which she was a member and whence she was buried Friday the 19th, her death having taken place, the Wednesday preceding. Her illness was consumption, against which she had fought courageously since last April. Her remains were brought to Medford, in this state for burial.

The Howe-Lavin Concert.

The lady and gentleman who are to be heard here next Wednesday night are no strangers in Worcester. Here they first met each other, beginning an acquaintance which has terminated in marriage. The fourth number of LIGHT bore a fine portrait of the charming singer and now we present her again, with her husband by her side. From that date, March 22, 1890, to the present LIGHT has repeatedly sounded her praises. If Mechanics Hall is filled as her merits deserve, there will be standing room only and not much of that. She sang here first in the festival of 1888 and her song inspired a local muse to the following flight.

"O sweet New England girl,
Thy native hills have heard
No voice so pure, so sweet, burst forth
From any native bird
It breaths the music of the rills
That in thy mountains purrl,
To welcome to her native hills,
A sweet New England girl!"

She is a Vermont woman, born in Brattleboro of long settled New England stock. She has been a faithful student and aims to study long and arduously in the future. She is now on the high road to the fame that surely awaits her. It was long said of one of America's prima donnas, Clara Louise Kellogg, that her voice lacked a something that Anna Louise Cary possessed. No one could tell what that something was till the latter's name was announced, then there was a general acclaim of "Its love that Clara Louise lacked."

Our coming singer has that element and the public will be charmed to see and hear her and her husband, wedded in so quiet and sensible a manner in Cleveland, last Fall. The following is an extract from a Washington letter of a year ago in LIGHT. In the light of subsequent events is not the juxtaposition of names peculiar.

"The soloists of the evening were Miss



MR. WM. J. LAVIN.

Mary Howe and Mr. William J. Lavin. Mr. Lavin will not be as well remembered as Miss Howe, but he sang at the Festival two years ago last Fall, when Miss Howe appeared there for the first time. I was amazed when I heard him sing here, although I should have remembered the possibilities that come with years. When Mr. Lavin sang at the Festival, he had just come from Europe (I believe Mr. Ben Hammond discovered him over there), and was raw from his studies. Now he is an artist. His voice is a fine strong tenor, and he sang with the nicest discrimination, first, the aria of Braga, *Beffa del tuo Sorriso* from Reginella, and, afterward, some similar songs. He deserved the recall which he got, and gave evidence of great power to please a critical audience. I, for one, would like to hear Mr. Lavin sing at our Festival again some time.

"As for Miss Howe, it is an immense satisfaction to those who recognize her wonderful ability to hear her sing outside of Worcester. She sang magnificently, her numbers being the aria of Bizea, "O Brama, Gran Dieu" from "Le Pecheurs de Braga, *Beffa del tuo Sorriso*," and, with the chorus, Nevin's music for Eugene Field's pretty poem, "Wynken, Hylken and Nod." She sang, too, in response to calls repeated several times, the Eckert "John Song" and "The Last Rose of Summer," whereat that frosty well audience fairly went wild. It is pleasant to see a New England girl meeting with success as Miss Howe is having everywhere—at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, for instance, a week or two ago. I talked with her the morning after the concert, and she is as enthusiastic, and as modest and as charming as ever—a womanly woman, whom to know well is necessarily to admire."

The future seems very bright for these young musical people and when they return from their residence abroad, wherein they will fit themselves for loftier heights in song, Worcester will gladly welcome them to her midst again.

THE CLARK-

SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Decorated Dinner-sets!

Why the great stir in Decorated Dinner-sets at this time of the year? And why not now as well as any other season. It is not necessary to wait until house-cleaning time to get your set. Get it when you can buy the cheapest. They are cheap now—cheaper than ever before. That is the reason of our large sales now—just betwixt hay and grass. A large stock and almost an endless variety of shapes and patterns one cannot but help find something to suit. And the prices? Within the reach of all.

DINNERSETS for NEW HOUSEKEEPERS.
DINNERSETS for OLD HOUSEKEEPERS.
DINNERSETS for PEOPLE of SMALL MEANS.
DINNERSETS for PEOPLE of AMPLE MEANS.
DINNERSETS for WEDDING PRESENTS.
DINNERSETS for BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
DINNERSETS for SMALL FAMILIES.
DINNERSETS for LARGE FAMILIES.

We have enough for all. A large stock at almost any price.

THE CLARK-SAWYER Co.

472 to 482 Main Street.

Household.

The highest duties oft are found
Living upon the lowest ground,
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works on common days.

Many a roast is made dry and tasteless from being put in an oven that was not hot enough to sear over the surface and prevent the escape of juices.

Moist bread and pies that do not stew out around the edge are due in great part to being placed in a hot oven at first, and the temperature lowered after a short time.

With a modern range the heat of the oven is easily regulated, but a great many good cooks use poor stoves. A sad-iron or tea-pot stand kept in the oven or other warm place, is excellent for placing under any dish that is liable to bake too fast. A dish of cold water will lower the temperature nicely for cake.

Fruit cake which requires to be kept in the oven four or five hours should have a thin paste of flour and water rolled out, and placed over the bottom or whole of the bake tin.

A fluid useful for removing stains of long standing and for whitening linen is made as follows: Dissolve one-quarter of a pound each of chloride of lime and common washing soda in three quarts of boiling water in an earthenware basin, strain and bottle for use. Put half a pint of this bleaching fluid in a basin and have some boiling suds ready in another. Dip the stains, for a few seconds only, in the bleach, then rinse them in the soapy water. Should the stains not have disappeared repeat the process. Afterwards wash the linen as usual. This bleach should be managed carefully, and linen must not be left to soak in it.

A very simple and efficacious cream for the hands may be prepared as follows: Take two ounces of lanoline and two ounces of glycerine, place in a small jelly can and stand in a warm oven until the lanoline is entirely melted. Then add a few drops of attar of roses, lavender or rose water, and stir the whole briskly while cooling, otherwise the lanoline and glycerine will separate.

One of your readers asks for "a good receipt for a simple spring medicine." The following is so good that I have taken time to write it out for her.

Take six or eight lemons, wash, cut up, put into a farina kettle with three pints of water; also put cold water into the outer kettle. Let it stand on a hot stove until it boils, then set it back and let it simmer all day, or, say, ten hours. Then, set away to cool, strain off the syrup into a bottle, keep it corked tight; take a tablespoonful before each meal. Use the whole of the lemons, as the seeds and skins contain a bitter medicinal quality which is essential. Put in no sugar or spirits. This is one of the best spring medicines, if not the very best, known to mankind.

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.



The Greatest Bargains ever offered in

Rugs, Rugs, Rugs.

Two hundred best quality 5-frame Body Brussels Rugs, size 6 feet by 3 feet 9 inches, for only

\$3.00

The regular price of these Rugs is \$6 each. They have heavy knotted fringe on each end, and are a bargain it will be well for you to examine.

PINKHAM & WILLIS,

355 MAIN STREET.

After Life's Storm.

Forgot the old sad pain of breath,—
With broken oar,
By a silent shore,
Became in the peace of Death.
—Nora C. Franklin, in March Lippincott's.

What They Do.

When it is vacation they play, and the variety they have in said play would lead any older one to think we were rearing a colony of inventors on our street.

During the cold spell they tried sliding, and as they were forbidden to slide on the street they made a slide in the yard, and there they had hours of solid fun. But they soon tired of ordinary sliding, and then genius came to their aid and old pieces of carpeting were substituted for the sled. But even that made lost its charm after a while, and then mamma's new tin pans were used. One child brought out her mother's dripping pan and was so lucky as to carry it home with only one bad dent on one side. The tin pans didn't fare so well, but I think they can be used to mold blanc mange and no doubt every one who sees will wonder where the hostess obtained such a unique pattern.

Before the snow came, the rage for skating was on the children of the neighborhood, and as nobody dared to trust them on the pond Mr. B. hit upon the plan of flooding his yard at night and beheld in the morning there was a pond all ready for the fun. I don't think any of the housekeepers in that vicinity were troubled that day by any questions that all the reference libraries in the world could not answer. One small boy who had no skates got his mother's broom and running hobble horse fashion to get headway, suddenly sat down and finished with a fine slide. Then, all the twenty-second, what a time was there. Made the red flannel in the neighborhood was all in sashes, and paper hats, and toy guns, and drums were brought out and a fine parade went by that made more noise than any parade of older people could. It had this advantage, namely, that it went by on an average every half hour all day, whereas bigger parades only come once a year.

In the evening Mrs. B. opened her house and the children gave a concert of their own preparation. That it was a full dress affair need not be told those who witnessed it. Madame Paderewski wore a pink cashmere of bygone age, and Madame Rubenstein, a long trained wrapper, said dresses being brought to light after years of retirement from private life. A Chinaman took his part in perfect English, and G. Washington himself, not the father of his country, but the son of the same country, was persuaded to be present. Did the children enjoy it? So much so that they want to do it again. Don't you wish you lived on our street? Why even the High School Seniors come down our street and cheer, thus showing it to be one of the best places in the world for "A racket."

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

New York Fashions.

Cotton goods woven in Bedford cords have special style for Spring and Summer and no better evidence can be given of their continued popularity. In view of this, numerous light wools show corded surfaces and as alterations in color are a feature, much gaiety is given by the rapid transition from one hue to another. Crinkled surfaces are, however, yet more in vogue and sometimes the inequalities become quite furrow like, even to the depth of a quarter of an inch and in lengths of more than an inch they are repeated in gradations so as to form regular designs, while contrasts or shadings in color afford much that is attractively unique. From such

Pronounced Examples

the idea is repeated until the crinkles become very small and lessen into crepon and crape surfaces that from time to time are groundworks for a display of floral and other designs. Plisse fabrics again likewise appear with renewed prestige: the tiny tucks often contrast in color and running both ways, produce plaids that are nevertheless inconspicuous and constitute no barrier to large floral patterns placed upon them. Silken embroidered dots or small sprays on light wools are another feature in dress goods and they likewise are seen in union with stripes, burs or flowers. Plaids are no longer, however, a special feature, the few seen being of no marked character, in medium size and oftener as a foundation to other patterns, than as the sole attraction. Stripes on the other hand are of constant recurrence and very great variety in width and placing, since they run from alternate codings in the class of goods first mentioned, to those of more than an inch in width. Diagonal stripes crossing perpendicular ones, are noticeable and akin to them are chevron weavings. Tan in many shades is again the leading color, with a medium of gray, but single colors are subordinate to changeable effects, which are extremely prominent, especially in silks.

Single Tax.

Mrs. Eliza Stowe Twitchell of Wallston Heights will lecture in the Single Tax course at Reform Club Hall, No. 566 Main Street, Thursday evening, March 3, her subject being "Wealth and its Factors."

Post 10's Library.

This part of the possessions of the Post was made larger last week by the following books from Mr. Charles H. Davis of 43 Cedar Street: two volumes of "Battles of the United States," two volumes of "The Southern Rebellion," and one volume each of "Our Country" and the Art Journal for 1876. Comrade James E. Dennis was the happy medium of conveyance. Mr. Davis is not a member of the Post but he was a soldier during the Rebellion and has always had a deep interest in the welfare of the organization, having always been a liberal giver to its benevolent fund. The library has become a valuable collection of matter pertaining to the war.

He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's cry, are abstracted to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. A dose of this medicine affords quick and speedy relief. It cures coughs, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It cures the following

Call For

It cures the following ailments: Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all the various disorders of the breathing apparatus. It is a most valuable remedy for all these ailments.

I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequalled as a remedy for coughs and croup. —J. H. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle.

E. W. COFFIN,

Store Fixtures

310 Main Street, Worcester.
Name this Paper.

J. W. GREENE,

P L U M B E R.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. Steam and Gas Fitting. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. Telephone Connection. 51 Main Street, Cumming's block.

CALL ON

CHAS. E. GRANT,

Successor to Allen & Greene,

FOR YOUR

FIRE INSURANCE,

352 Main St., Worcester.

Col. Henry E. Smith, Col. Fred. W. Wellington and Capt. George L. Allen spent their annual five days' outing at the Commodore Club house, on the shore of Moose Lake, Maine, this week.

Rev. I. J. Lansing in his pursuit of evangelical methods has been away to New York and beyond. He is giving his time wholly to study and examination.

THE WARE-PRATT COMPANY.

The BOYS All Say So.

It's a Great Suit

For a LITTLE MONEY.

"KNOCKABOUT" SUITS, \$5,

Are what knocks the enthusiasm out of "Our Boys," and it is fun to hear the way in which they express themselves.

The Boys Are All Right.

What They Say is Right.

The Way They Say It, Too.

The "KNOCKABOUTS" are great in every way.

Made in the best possible way, in the second place.

Grand good cloth, in the first place.

Made TO STAY MADE, in the third place, and what more does a boy want, anyway?

Of course, we know that you like some style, even in a KNOCKABOUT Suit.

WELL, THE STYLE IS HERE,

GOOD STYLE, TOO. OUR STYLE.

All this—good fabric, well made—made to stay put, with good style, tells the story of our

\$5 "KNOCKABOUT" SUITS.

These nobby little Suits are for Spring; they are in the nice Spring mixes, and are just splendid.

Don't let the MEN forget that they still can have grand good bargains in new ULSTERS, THIS WEEK.

Excellent bargains in all Winter Suits.

The prices are ever so much lower and the quality is our quality—the very same that you get here every month in the year.

"KNOCKABOUTS" FOR THE BOYS.

ULSTERS FOR THE MEN.

It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

THE WARE-PRATT CO.

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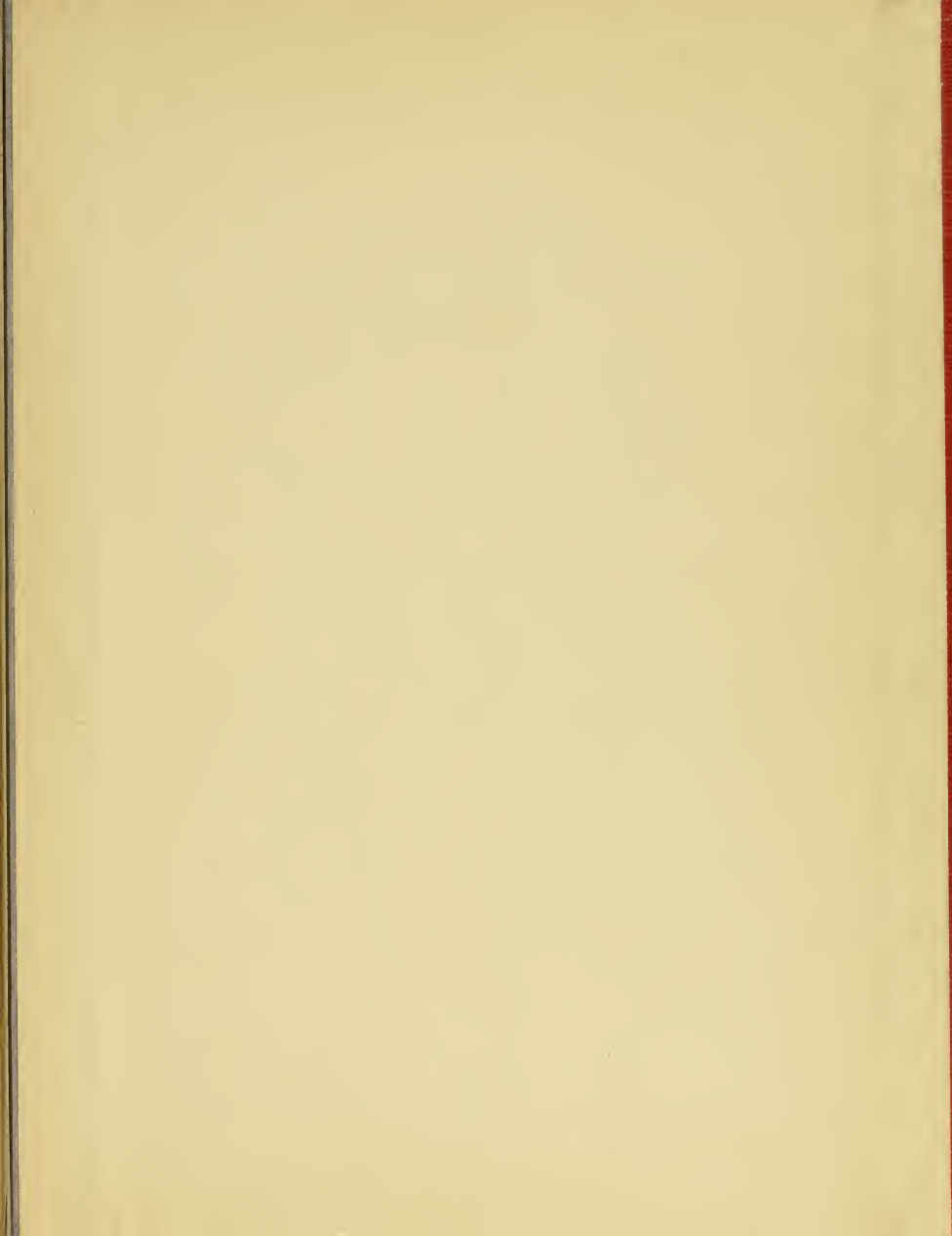
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