

CHICAGO, OLD AND NEW

THE story of Chicago, from the day of her original settlement by trappers and pioneers to the present, when she stands the second city of the new world, reads like a romance, thrilling with details of disaster and triumph embraced in the progress from a frail frontier post to a great community holding within its limits nearly 3,000,000 souls. Passing from the destruction and rebuilding of Fort Dearborn to the stationing of a new garrison there after the evacuation in 1833, settlement was again resumed in the vicinity of the post, interrupted at intervals by the Black Hawk War. On the termination of hostilities, toward 1836, the troops were withdrawn permanently and the village of Chicago began to grow.

Leading Events During One Hundred Years of Chicago History.

- 1803. Fort Dearborn built by Capt. John Whistler and Lieut. James S. Swearingen of the United States Army, a company of infantry executing the work and afterward garrisoning it. Population, 25.
- 1804. John Kinzie and his family became the first settlers under the government of the United States. Ellen Marion Kinzie was born, the first white child of the settlement.
- 1805. The first lawyer came to Chicago. Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, sought to unite all the Indians into a confederacy against the whites.
- 1810. The first doctor came to Chicago.
- 1812. Massacre of the garrison of Fort Dearborn, together with a number of settlers on the south shore, Aug. 15; Fort Dearborn burned the next day. Population, 119.
- 1813. Philip Fouché appointed as the first United States Marshal.
- 1816. Fort Dearborn was rebuilt, the Indian agency and warehouse were re-established, and the Kinzie family returned to Chicago to live. Population, 150.
- 1817. Route between Chicago and Mackinac established by the schooners *Baltimore* and *Hercules*.
- 1818. Illinois admitted to the Union as a State.
- 1823. Illinois and Michigan canal bill passed by the Legislature.
- 1824. The route of the Illinois and Michigan canal was surveyed.
- 1825. The first Protestant sermon was preached in Chicago on Oct. 9 by the Rev. Isaac McCoy, a Baptist clergyman. Population, 200.
- 1826. Election for Congress and for the Governorship was held.
- 1827. First company of State militia was organized. Foreman of the packing industry of the city was the slaughter house built by Archibald Clybourn on the north branch of the river.
- 1828. Death of John Kinzie. Fort Dearborn was reorganized by troops.
- 1829. The first ferry was established near the present site of the Lake Street bridge.
- 1830. Chicago was surveyed and platted, and the first bridge was built over the river at Randolph street. Population, 500.
- 1831. Cook County was formed and Chicago designated as its seat of government. First street of boards was put up by Robert Kinzie on the west side of the river. First sawmill established and the first meat packed and shipped.
- 1833. Town of Chicago incorporated and the Democrat established by John Callahan as the first newspaper. The schooner *Napoleon* took the first shipment of merchandise from the port of Chicago. Population, 800.
- 1834. The first mail coach route was established between Chicago and Detroit. The first drawbridge was built over the river. The first piano was brought to the city. Population, 1,000.
- 1835. United States land office was opened with a rush. Organization of the volunteer fire department and of the

Board of Health. First courthouse and the first schoolhouse built. Ground broken for the Illinois and Michigan canal on July 4. Galena and Chicago Union railroad was chartered. The city of Chicago was incorporated and its first city election held. The first census of the city showed a population of 4,119. First theater was opened. Financial panic.
- 1838. First steam fire engine was purchased, and the first lake steamer was built. The first exportation of grain from the port was 75 bushels of wheat.
- 1839. Fire cost the city a loss of \$75,000.
- 1840. The public free schools were reorganized and made permanent. Population, 4,470.
- 1843. Lowest price at which corn and wheat ever sold freely was reached in February, when corn sold for 18 cents, and white winter wheat at 88 cents a bushel.
- 1844. Tornado swept over the city and into the lake, doing damage to city and to shipping.
- 1845. The first permanent school building, called the Dearborn, was built, and County Court was established. Recruiting for the Mexican war lent to the excitement of the year. Celebration of the victory of Buena Vista, in which a citizen had an arrow wound.
- 1848. The first telegram by the Morse code was received in Chicago from Milwaukee. The Illinois and Michigan canal was opened. The first session of the new United States Court was held. On Oct. 23 the first railway locomotive was coupled to two cars, and the train was run out about five miles over the track of the Galena road.
- 1849. Stern and flood damaged shipping to the extent of \$100,000. The old Tremont House was again burned, together with twenty other buildings. There was another epidemic of cholera. A panic among the banks.
- 1850. The United States census showed a population of 29,983. First gas was turned on the main.
- 1853. First labor strike.
- 1854. Illinois Central railroad, first railroad completed into Chicago.



OLD FORT DEARBORN—ERECTED 1803.

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- 1855. Nearly 1,500 deaths occurred from the epidemic of cholera.
- 1856. Kansas aid meeting on the court-house square subscribed \$15,000 for the free state settlers. First steam tug on the river. First suburban trolley was run, and the first iron bridge over the river was swung at Rush street. First high school opened.
- 1857. Chicago banks were in panic. At the close of the year Chicago was acknowledged as the metropolis of the West with a population of 81,000.
- 1858. The first street car was run in State street. Fire department was organized on a paid basis.
- 1860. Camp Douglas was opened for 293 deaths was the catastrophe of the year. Population, 100,200.
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- 1862. First internal revenue collector was appointed.
- 1863. Four hundred miles of streets had been improved in various ways, and twenty-two miles had been graveled.
- 1864. Work was begun on the first water tunnel.
- 1865. The first water crib was opened. The United stockyards were opened for business, and the first fire alarm telegraph service was established.
- 1866. Washington street tunnel, the first under the river, was opened. The park act was passed.
- 1870. The great fire on Oct. 7, 8 and 9, with a loss of \$200,000,000. City reorganized under the new general law. La Salle street tunnel opened. Serious financial panic, which affected the whole country.
- 1880. Population, 300,180.
- 1882. Cable trains first opened by the Chicago City Railway Company.
- 1883. Present City Hall and County Building were completed.
- 1886. Anarchist riot broke out in Haymarket square.
- 1890. Population, 1,105,540, making Chicago the second city in the United States.
- 1892. First elevated railroad put into operation. Ground broken for the great drainage canal.
- 1893. Holding of the World's Fair.
- 1894. Failure of Moore Brothers' Diamond Match and New York Street Companies, with liabilities of \$5,000,000. Financial panic and temporary closing of Pullman, Ill., by American Railroad Union, led by its President, Eugene V. Debs, many riots in Chicago quelled by police, State militia, and United States troops sent by President Cleveland.
- 1896. Small money parade of 100,000 men. Greatest political parade that ever took place in the continent.
- 1897. Joseph Leiter forces a corner in wheat, the price going to \$1.87 a bushel.
- 1899. Opening of the drainage canal through the gates at Lockport. Cornerstone of the Federal building laid by President McKinley on Oct. 9.
- 1900. Population, 1,608,375.
- 1903. The celebration of the centennial anniversary.

FAMOUS CHOCTAW CHIEF.

His Portrait Added to the Collection of the State of Mississippi.

The Mississippi department of archives and history has received a valuable contribution to the gallery of portraits of distinguished historical personages of the State. It is an elaborate oil painting of Greenwood Leflore, the Choctaw chieftain, says the New Orleans Picayune. The painting was done by a granddaughter of the old chief, Miss Florence Ray. Leflore was the last of the great chiefs of his tribe who ruled the tribe of the Choctaws before they migrated to the western reservations. Leflore was the son of Louis Le Fleur, a French Canadian who came to the Mississippi territory in the early days and settled and married an Indian maiden, daughter of the then chief of the Choctaws. He was born in 1800.

As soon as he was old enough Leflore's father sent him to Nashville to school, where he remained until he was 17 years of age. He returned to Mississippi in 1817. At the age of 21 he was chosen chief of his tribe. One of his most important acts as chief was his advocacy of the celebrated treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. In return for his valuable services in peaceably adjusting the differences between the Indian tribes and the government Leflore was granted several large tracts of land by treaty with the government. These lands were located in what is now Leflore county, which takes its name from the old chief. At one time he represented Carroll county in the legislature of the State.

He decided not to follow his tribes in their migration from Mississippi and settled down on his lands in Leflore county, where he built a home nine miles from the present town of Greenwood, "Malmalson," a historic old landmark that is pointed out with pride by the citizens of that community to this day.

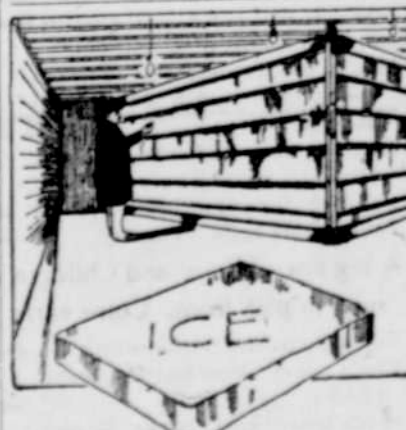
Greenwood Leflore is one of the most picturesque and interesting characters in the history of Mississippi. One of the heroisms of his family is a magnificent sword that was presented to him by the President of the United States when he was made chief of the Choctaws. It was Leflore who had a clash with Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States. He was protesting against the acts of some Indian agent in Mississippi. After a lengthy going over the matter Old Hickory said: "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, say that Leflore agent is an honest man." To which Leflore replied: "And I, Greenwood Leflore, chief of the Choctaws, say he is a thief."

JACK FROST PROCESS

OF ICE MANUFACTURE

Paying due honor to the fact that Frost is king in the ice business, a natural process of manufacturing ice at a nominal expense has recently

been perfected and patented. The theory of the process is in taking advantage of natural conditions and improving upon nature in minor details. The patents that have been granted on the process by the Washington authorities are what are known as "basic," which means that nothing of a similar nature has ever been passed upon by the patent office. The Jack Frost process can be carried out anywhere; all that it requires is freezing weather. The conditions under which the ice is produced are simple and at the same time novel. For instance, any piece of canvas property which is utilized for the work can serve as a skeleton structure. It is set up, open on all sides, but covered



ICE PLANT COMPLETELY FILLED.

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HOW TO HOLD YOUR FRIENDS.

Live, cheerful, optimistic qualities needed to bind them.

Those who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy and selfish nobody will

admire you. You must cultivate generosity and large heartedness; you must be magnanimous and tolerant; you must have positive qualities; for a negative, shrinking, apologizing, roundabout man is despised. You must cultivate courage and boldness, for a coward has few friends. You must believe in yourself. If you do not, others will not believe in you. You must look upward, and be hopeful, cheery and optimistic. No one will be attracted to a gloomy pessimist.

The moment a man feels that you have a real, live interest in his welfare, and that you do not ask about his business, profession, book or article merely out of courtesy, you will get his attention and will interest him. You will tell him to you just in proportion to the intensity and unselfishness of your interest in him. But if you are selfish and think of nothing but your own advancement; if you are wondering how you can use everybody to help you along; if you look upon every man or woman you are introduced to as so much more possible success capital; if you measure people by the amount of business they can send you, or the number of new clients, patients or readers of your book you can secure for you, they will look upon you in the same way.—Success.

Half the World's Rubber Crop.

The United States now takes half the world's crop of rubber.

Munich, a city of 500,000 inhabitants, has only one high school for girls.

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he announced to Hugh and Rose that he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place to which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.

It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately on finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly: "You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes one rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and I think it may be I come early enough, that mademoiselle," glancing towards Rose, "will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak."

Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.

On the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work than he expected, and was glad to see other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.

So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.

As there appeared to be no serious objection to such a proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissiors and pruning knife, busied himself in the garden, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose so skillfully that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.

And while Robin worked among the flower beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing or embroidery, or, perhaps, a book; for Robin, she was pleased to find, was as fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed like home to him. He always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not infrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones. Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamont, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. Rose sometimes wondered at his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unsocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange, and, therefore, it was less surprising, that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that his father should be also attracted towards him.

The Marquis of Montalban, late one afternoon, made his appearance at the cottage of Hugh Lamont. This was no common occurrence; for visitors were generally rather repelled than attracted by the reserve and taciturnity of Hugh. On this occasion, Hugh Lamont, with Robin, who had just come from the farm, and our pretty Rose, were together in the garden, when a knocking was heard within in the kitchen, and Rose, being nearest the door, ran in to see who was there. The marquis was standing by the casement.

"Good evening, my child," he said, kindly, as she entered. "I have come to see your father. Is he at home?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Rose. "I will call him."

She went out and informed her father of the desire of the marquis, and while he entered the kitchen, proceeded to assist Robin in tying up a rose bush, which had been bent down by a shower on the previous day.

It was twilight when the marquis left Hugh, and getting into his carriage, drove away in the direction of the chateau. They heard him go away—Robin and Rose. But Hugh did not come out again; and when they went in, they found him seated by the table, in the gathering dusk, and leaning forward on it, with his face buried in his hands.

He rose immediately on their entrance, and went to get a light; but he did not speak, and as the flare of the light shone on his countenance, both observed that it was unusually pale. Perceiving his silence and depression, Robin, filled with sympathy for him, shortly withdrew, without inquiring into its cause; for he saw plainly that Hugh was not ill, but that something unpleasant pressed upon his mind had taken place within the last hour.

As soon as Robin was gone, Rose went to her father and sitting down by him, begged him to tell her the cause of his somewhat depressed appearance. But he would not reply to her troubled inquiries.

"Rose, my dear child," he said, tenderly and sadly, "I cannot tell you what it is that affects me; at least, not now. Do not ask me. Be happy, and do not trouble yourself about me. It was all as I would say; and the depression which that visit of the marquis had left on him continued to mark his manner from that time.

Rose was anxious and uneasy. That this sudden change had been caused by something said or done during the time in which he had conferred with his guest, she could not doubt. And if so, what could that cause have been?—what was its nature? She exhausted her imagination with vain conjectures to guess at the truth. All remained in darkness. She wept and wept unceasingly and wearily.

Hugh worked as usual in the garden and the field all the next day; he made no allusion to the occurrences of the past evening, and affairs went on with the same quiet regularity as ever, as the cot-

tage, without bringing any further unpleasant consequence from the visit of the marquis than what already displayed itself in her father's altered demeanor. That of itself was sufficiently productive of anxiety to Rose.

Robin made his accustomed visit at sunset. It was a relief to her; for if it could not divert her mind from the thoughts of her father's sadness, it at least served to break the almost insupportable silence that had reigned within the cottage all day long.

To-night, Hugh would not join them in the garden, but remained in the kitchen, reading, or seeming to do so. And Robin and Rose sat in the garden together, without working as usual, for she could do nothing but think of her father, and the young man, sympathizing deeply and earnestly with both, tried to console and cheer his fair companion with hopeful words and soothing tones. And Rose could not but take a sad pleasure in listening to his words, for Robin's friendship had already become dear to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

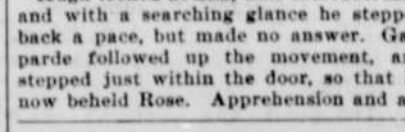
There was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamont started uneasily from his chair. Every knocking every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montalban; for a time of restitution was coming, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and swung the door wide open. An angry exclamation burst from his lips. Rose, seated by the casement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the newcomer was Gasparde.

"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.

"How, Gasparde," uttered Hugh in unexpected astonishment, and without noticing the salutation—"hom come you here?"

"I have come," answered the man quietly, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "to ask your pardon, and that of Mademoiselle Rose, for my old behavior; and I honestly hope you will forgive me. I will try to be better."

Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde followed up the movement, and stopped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and an-



ROBIN, THE GARDENER.

noyance were plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. He looked as unrepentant as ever, though his words were certainly "cry fair."

"Good afternoon," cried Robin, he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "Oh, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."

The young girl made no reply at first, the awkwardness of all this astonished her. Hugh Lamont stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half-perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.

"Cousin Rose," said the latter again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impudently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."

Rose looked up.

"Since you are sincerely repentant, Gasparde," she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.

"And you also, sir?" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.

"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there." And picking up his tools, he went out, without saying another word.

Gasparde followed, with downcast eyes and humbled manner; and Rose, truly confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; then both re-entered, Hugh saying to his companion: "Well—well, come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it."

"That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good morning, cousin."

"Good morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.

When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alluviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the marquis' recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually. She knew, however, that she should only annoy him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent.

In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long

time. They did not work as usual. At length, however, they left their post and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing about some matter.

"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.

The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose.

"Rose," he said, gently, "there is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"

"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.

"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?"

Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.

"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I have asked him. It is true that I wish to marry you; but you are willing. I did not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"

She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his.

"I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."

"But—my father?" she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no, I cannot leave him."

"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."

"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said in a low tone.

"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"

"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.

He bent forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.

"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial and temptation and danger?"

"No; never—never, Robin; But why do you fear—and what?"

"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen in that time. It will be a long time," he continued, after a while; "but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now, Rose. You are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."

"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, smiling.

"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder. And now Hugh Lamont turned to them.

"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing. Rose, my child, and I shall be glad to see you on your head," he turned to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."

There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, from whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.

And through the opening casement glared and gleamed a pair of scintillating eyes upon that little group. The bright and lover, Gasparde, had heard every word—witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear his bitter curses hissed through shut teeth, nor mark the clenched hand that menaced them.

(To be continued.)

MAINE'S CONSUMPTIVE CURE.

Said to Be Tolerably Certain, but Few People Will Take It.

Maine doctors send patients suffering from tuberculosis into the Northern pine woods. There the patient must live far from his kind, enduring a loneliness that is often as bad as death. People whose lungs are seriously affected, and who know the conditions upon which their lives may be prolonged, often hesitate to accept the advice of their physicians and go thus into exile.

Every man who seeks the prolongation of his life in the woods must pay a heavy price. If he could go to an upriver hotel and come into contact with persons who travel to and from the cities, or if he could build a sanitarium and make his environment to suit himself, it would be different; but physicians have learned that isolation is one of the most potent of the curative agents that can be employed. Sufficient light work to keep up the appetite and to occupy the patient's mind so that he shall have no time for brooding over his ill is another part of the cure. Isolation, occupation, and warm, dry quarters on high land among the pine woods complete the treatment which the patient must take, which in time will probably restore him to health.

There are from twenty-five to fifty consumptive patients in the Maine woods at all seasons of the year. They reside in the forest year in and year out until their lungs begin to heal. After this, if there is no unfavorable symptom for six months longer, the exile is permitted to visit his friends for a few days, not oftener than twice a year.

After four years of such solitary confinement he is permitted to take board in a sporting camp where not more than four persons can be accommodated at one time, and to live there until his cure is completed or he is able to do a full day's work without fatigue. At the end of about five years the patient, if hale and able to work among men, gets a certificate which sets him at liberty.

Among the more than 400 Maine people who are taken with consumption every year, not one in ten will agree to undergo the ordeal which is the price of recovery, and of those who do go to the woods, not one in five will stay long enough to take the full treatment. The majority prefer an early death to the prolonged absence from those who make life worth living. Yet the records show that nine out of every ten men who have been steadfast enough to see the treatment through to the end have come out cured, while of those who have died in the woods, only two out of nearly a hundred have died from consumption.—New York Sun.

Football Notes.

Bill Kikhard—Wot's the matter with the referee? Has he lost 'is lead?

Jim Crushman—Oh, no—only an ear, a few teeth and some hair.—Glasgow Evening Times.