

RECREATION ECHO.

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Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors, Etc.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 25, 1893. NO. 2.

Our Shut-In Department.

The object of this department is to lift the burden, as much as possible, from the afflicted and suffering and to obliviate the weariness of the sick chamber and replace instead, sunshine and happiness, by soliciting letters of comfort and joy.

All names received for subscription will be published in the succeeding issue, giving the amount of money enclosed, this money shall be reserved and distributed judiciously among Shut-Ins. Books, papers, magazines, etc., will be sent to subscribers from time to time, free of charge.

MY DEAREST SHUT-IN FRIENDS:

Once more the cold chilly weather of winter is drawing nigh, the bright summer days, with warm sunshine, which we have all been permitted to enjoy is fast coming to a close, and in their stead the cold blasts of wind and snow which compels us to seek indoor pleasures and occupations, will soon rein supreme. While the cold weather confines our bodies, no earthly power can withold our thoughts. Did you ever think, dear friends, how much good you can do and how many dark shadows you can dispel from some sad life and replace therein sunshine and happiness even in your unprovisional circumstances, if you would but try? Only a few lines from your pen written upon a cold winter day to some far away Shut-In, may be the instrument of dispelling a dark cloud hanging over their life which nothing else could do, and all this can be done by just the least bit of exertion on your part, while the satisfaction which you will derive from it will repay you tenfold. I want to see more letters exchanged; letters with some feeling and worth; not letters just simply describing your infirmities and afflictions, for such letters do not convey the remotest potion of sunshine and happiness. They have a tendency to cast a dark and dreary shroud over those who read them.

Now I want all who are so unfortunate as to be numbered among the unhappy, still persevering band of Shut-Ins, to write me a bright cheering letter for publication, full of happy thoughts and words, not a pathetic self affliction descriptive letter, but one that will be read and appreciated by all. Try and write something different from what has been published during the past years. If you have a pet cat, dog, chicken, canary bird, mocking bird or even a parrot tell us about them, or if you have planned to do some fancy work, or any other kind of work with which to occupy your time this winter, a description of your intended work would be highly interesting.

It is a known fact that the Shut-Ins, as a general rule, are one of the most industrious set of people, considering their circumstances, in the whole world, and no one indivigual has any idea of the amount of work that is done by Shut-Ins each year. If a history of the Shut-Ins, with their labors, could be procured, what a volume it would make—and such an interesting volume too. All this can be accomplished if the proper interest be given it, and in order to assist me none of you should hesitate in furnishing me all information possible.

I am glad to see the interest all have shown so far, and I feel that you will do your part in making this department a grand success, and it will be a pleasure for me to do any thing that will contribute to [illegible] and happiness, for I want to see the Shut-Ins have the showing which they so richly deserve. A nobler set of people cannot be found. After losing their health, or the use of their limbs as the case may be, they turn to our good and justice dealing God for help and Salvation, with which to assist them in bearing up under their life-long burden, and by their warm and noble hearted deeds and small acts of kindness, much good has been done which shall never be forgotten. So now, dear friends, cowork with me in devoting this department to your own benefit and in the future you will surely be rewarded. I want all of you that can, to subscribe for the paper and that will go a long ways towards assisting me to futher advance the Shut-In's cause, for all money which I receive through this department will be expended for the advancement of the Society. If you are not really able to subscribe and pay for the paper, and desire it, do not hesitate to ask for it, giving the name of one or more reliable persons, your pastor would be best, and you will positivly get it.

My offer in last month's paper to send Stamps, were cancelled ones. I would rather you not use postal cards in writing for Stamps, Silk Pieces, Papers, etc., if it can be avoided. In next month's paper I shall offer some cash prizes for best letters for publication, and I hope they will be won by those who are in need of assistance so watch out for them.

I would like for all Shut-Ins who write me to enclose a small memento of some kind, something which I can put in my Curiosity Basket, and with which to remember you by. The following names have been entered on the subscription books, and will receive the paper one year, free; Miss Edith Patton, Miss Elector Biggs, Miss Martha Newman, Miss Clemie Lawrence, Miss Laura Austin, Mrs. Ollie Wood and Mr. T. H. Craig.

I have sent cancelled Stamps to Miss Bettie Medley, Miss Lizzie Stone, Miss Libbie Maby, Miss Minnie Albert, Mrs. Martha R. Hinshaw, Mrs. Ollie Wood and Miss A. A. Appleton. Silk pieces have been sent to Mrs. Ollie Wood.

I have received, through this department, $4.75 which, as before stated, will be given away to the Shut-Ins. The prize letter contest, which I shall perfect next month, will, I think, be a just and fair way in distributing it, and I want you all to try for it. I will more fully explain it next month.

I have not the space to say all I would like to, and will, with a few more words, bring my letter to a close.

Out of the forty-six suggestions offered for an appropriate name for our Society, Society of Recreation has been accepted, and membership cards will be sent all members soon as printed. Now dear friend, I hope to hear from all of you.

MRS. CHARLES GALYON.

DEAR FRIENDS: As we Shut-Ins are invited to write a letter will try to do so. I will be 24 years of age Dec., 3d. Have not been able to walk for nine years; am able to sit in my wheel chair and do fancy work so as to earn all my money. Have some fancy articles would be glad to sell to help a Shut-In buy a stove. As I live away up in the beautiful State of Maine, will write you of it sometime in the future. Please write to me. Yours truly,

A. A. APPLETON,

Goodales Corner, Maine.

DEAR SHUT-IN FRIENDS: I have been an invalid for ten long weary years and would like letters from you, and others, as I am very lonely having lost an only child. We live on a farm, near a town; have only lived here two years and a half, and we have no old friends or relatives living near.

I make nice doll hats; price 25c. each. floral baskets; 35c. each, and would be glad to receive orders. I also make hair and silk flowers, 20c. for half dozen. I would be pleased to receive any old hair switches, or long hair to help me: Good bye dear friends may the dear Father ever bless and keep you.

MRS. H. W. BROWN,

Box 11, Kinde, Huron Co., Mich

DEAR FRIENDS: I was glad indeed to receive a copy of a nice little called RECREATION ECHO, and hope it will come often and prosper. It is pleasant to greet so many of our Shut-In friends in its pages; some of whose names look very familiar.

I am much of an invalid, and can only do light work such as sewing or knitting. I intend starting some Chain Letters and if there are any, sick or well, who are willing to help make these Chain Letters interesting, will they write me?

I have 50,000 cancelled Stamps and 300 Postmarks I wish to dispose of. Please enclose stamp if answer is desired. Your Shut-In friend,

MOLLIE MEADE,

Palmer, Christain Co., Ill.

Unionville, Iowa

DEAR SHUT-IN BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—

I want to exchange words of encouragement and good cheer with you all who may chance to read this in RECREATION ECHO. Each one of you tell me of some happy incident in life, and I will return the compliment; tell me what you enjoy the most on earth and I will do the same.

I will send papers, if you will send postage, if able. Long sickness has exhausted my little store, but I have a Heavenly Treasure I would gladly share with every one of you, and if you will take the path that leads to Heaven you will find me true to this offer. Just mention it to my friend there, his name is Jesus. I am yours, through His love,

T. H. CRAIG.

El Dorado, Ind., Oct. 7th. 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am a Shut-In and also a Stamp Collector. I have just finished reading a sample copy of RECREATION ECHO and am much pleased with same. The paper [illegible] to do much good. I have been an invalid, or Shut-In for many years; am now 58 years of age, or will be the 6th. of Dec. next.

Would be very much pleased to receive letters on that day. It is very kind of Mr. Galyon to publish RECREATION ECHO for Shut-Ins, and may God bless him in the good work. * * * *

Yours with best wishes,

Box 33. MRS. MARTHA R. HINSHAW.

Meherrin, Va.

MRS. CHARLES GALYON,

DEAR FRIEND: Your RECREATION ECHO reached me this A. M., and made me very happy. I am a member of the Shut-In Society, though am not confined to the house all the time, yet my health has not been good for nineteen years. I was 52 years old, May 15th. I am so lonely in this world, and this dear Society is my chief joy. I so often receive something out of the mail, with which to cheer me on life's journey,

My loved ones are all on the other Shore; I am the youngest of seven children, but one by one they left me; my father was the last one to go; he died at the age of ninety long, and well-spent years, leaving me at the old homestead alone with servants. He said, while sick, "If I die who will care for my baby?" I braced up the best I could and told him God would take care of me; this has been verified. Though my kindred are gone, yet I have friends, some I never saw, that seems to watch over me like guardian Angels. God works marvelously, yet unerringly.

Five long lonely years after the death of my father, servants occupied the basement of our hame, but my health was bad, and grew worse, so I left and came here, a distance of five miles, to live with my old pupils Mr. and Mrs. Wall, and now I teach their little ones for my board, though I could get a large school but my health will not permit of so much labor. I rent my farm for the little sum of $25; this has to meet every expense except my board, so I have not a cent left me now, and when I saw in your dear little paper that you would give Stamps to those unable to buy, I was truly glad and will give you my name.

I have had a vacation for the past three months but will begin my little school next Monday. Mr. Wall is agent at this pl[illegible] and Postmaster too; he keeps the Post[illegible]

AS OTHERS SEE US.

I received a copy of your charming little paper, and will send in my subscription at once. I have received a great many Philatelic papers, but like the RECREATION ECHO better than any I have yet seen. Although I am but sixteen years of age, I am interested in collections of all kinds. I have 1090 cancelled Stamps, and have not been collecting a year yet. I am also collecting Postmarks, old Coins, Postals, Stones and Shells from various places, Pressed Leaves and Flowers for a herbarium, and many other curiosities. If you will accept my opinion in regard to a name for a Society, I will suggest that it be called "The Band of Earnest Workers," or simply "The Earnest Workers" as I think this little paper, in time, will be a great benefit to the Earnest Workers. I close hoping to receive the one hundred Columbian Stamps which you promised to Stamp Collectors. Sincerely,

MINNIE ALBERT,

2618 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR FRIEND:—I received a sample copy of your good little paper, and in it I saw your kind offer to send Stamps to all Shut-Ins. I am a Shut-In and unable to do any thing, so I am trying to collect Stamps to sell. I will feel very greatful if you will please send me some Stamps. I think your paper very good and interesting, and I wish you success with it. * * * * *

MISS LIBBIE MABEY,

Medusa, Albany Co., N. Y.

I received a sample copy of paper a few days ago, and was greatly pleased with it. * * * * Please find enclosed 25c. in postage stamps to pay for your paper for one year. Respectfully yours,

MRS. WM. CALLIHAN,

Webster, Ill.

I received your paper; I wish now you had not put in my ad., as I have more calls than I can answer and I don't want to disappoint any one. Enclosed find 25c. I promised for the paper.

MRS. LOU STERLING,

227 Schermerhon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Arkansas City, Kas., Sept. 23d., 1893.

CHAS. P. GALYON.

MY DEAR SIR:—Volume 1, No. 1, RECREATION ECHO received this day. I consider it a very neat journal, and trust it will meet with success. * * * ROY F. GREENE.

in his store and I assist Mrs. Wall by handing out mail until I am tired. I am so thankful that I can do something, God is truly good.

I will attend the funeral of one of our Shut-In members this P. M., Miss Julia Taylor, aged 16 years. Now, only Miss Peck Overby and myself are left here, as members of the Society. Julia was such a sufferer and so patient that we should not grieve. Miss Peck is a Chair Invalid in comfortable circumstance; lives with her mother here in the village. Meherrin is a lively place; six stores, two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian; Baptist not far off. No spirits sold here, so you may know by this the society is good.

Well I have told you about myself and surroundings so you can place me. I will be very glad of pieces for patchwork; this will be well for me when at leisure. I hear from several members of the Society; Miss Fisher wrote to me last week; she is in Chicago now and will go on West. Mrs. Merriam was a dear friend of mine, I miss her kind letters, I have her photo. I love all the members, though unseen.

I suffer from dyspepsia, and am on a diet all the time. I am suffering now and will close for the present. Hope to receive a letter from you, and that we will become better acquainted.

Very truly yours,
BETTIE T. MEDLEY, Meherrin, Va.

DEAR SHUT-IN FRIENDS:—I have received a copy of this dear little paper and fell in love with it at once. I do not know any of you now, but hope to soon, so will hurry and write to you.

Can any one tell me where to dispose of postmarks? I have been a Shut-In five years, my mother is also an invalid with a tumar and my husband is not strong, but I have one wee girle four years old who, thank God, is strong and healthy. Now I have told you enough about myself, I thank our kind editress very much for the silk pieces and stamps sent me. I would be very glad of books or shells if any one has them to spare. I have six years of Anthon Magazine to exchange for silk, satin, print or worsted pieces, will take two pounds of print, or one and a half of wool pieces, or one of silk and satin, or will exchange for three yards of crocheted lace three inches wide.

I will send rose seeds to any one sending a 2c stamp.

OLLIE WOOD.
Cinnaminson, N. J.

LOCK HAVEN, PA., Oct. 9, 1893.

MR. C. P. GALYON:—Inclosed please find 25 cents to pay for one year's subscription to RECREATION ECHO, it is one week yet until the 15th, so I am entitled to a package of nice silk pieces, please do not fail to send them to me, as they will afford me so much pleasure and help make times cheerful, while I add them to my crazy quilt, I wish all who could, would send me silk and woolen scraps, especially silks, etc. No one but an industrious Shut-In knows what a package of nice pieces mean to us, the pleasure of receiving them, and then making good use of them affords me more pleasure than two weeks at a summer resort would afford you. Mrs. Galyon, in the last issue of your valuable paper, says she has silk pieces, and so on, which all Shut-Ins are welcome to, I do wish and pray, she would also send me a package, I would be so thankful. Excuse writing, I am quite weak and nervious this morning.

Hoping to hear from you soon and receive silk pieces, I am your friend and well wisher.

MRS. A. MAYNARD,
369 E. Park st., Lock Haven, Pa.

SUMNERVILLE, KAN., Oct., 12 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I will try to fullfill my promise by writing a letter for your paper; I hope you will meet with success in your undertaking; I wish I was in a position to help in your noble work but am afraid I cannot, I am crippled with rheumatism, have not walked any since six years ago last March, and did very little walking for many years before that. My arms and hands are badly crippled, my wrists are stiff and my fingers are all drawn out of shape, not one joint but what is twisted and bent, I have suffered more than I can describe, but for the last two years have not had as severe pain as when my joints were drawn out of place. I hope no one will ever go through what I did then, but health is better, I am able to sit and crochet lace and do a little fancy work, I am living with a family to whom I am no relation, have been here twenty years, when I am able, I do house work, and when I can not walk around I do sewing. Late years I have not been able to do any thing to speak of, but they have treated me well and let me have a home here; I try to make lace to sell so to buy my own clothes and writing materials; I am not unhappy, I am content with my lot and willing to bear what the Lord sees best for me and can truely say, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Many long weary days and nights have I spent but yet the Lord has been my strong deliverer and help in time of trouble; we should not murmur or complain when we know that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

I do not expect to ever be able to walk or to get better, in fact I am better now than I expect to be. All I ask is for strength to endure, and when my journey here draws to its close that I may receive the call to leave the valley of pain and come up higher even unto the joy of our Lord. I think every one finds it hard at first to be shut in from this beautiful world and endure sickness and pain, but if we are patient it will not be very long till we will hear the call, come home, then we shall join the throng that have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. But best of all we shall see our blessed Savior face to face, and be with Him for ever in that blessed abode where there shall be no more pain nor sorrow nor sighing; no more sleepless nights, for there shall be no night there. I will close my letter, my arm aches and I am very tired. Very lovingly yours,

MISS CHRISTIE GABRIELSON.

P. S. DEAR MRS. GALYON:—Many thanks for the silk. I have saved stamps and postmarks, but living in a country place cannot save many, I gave mine to a Shut-In who was trying to save a million. I never heard what postmarks are sold for, never had enough to sell as they do not buy in small quantities. I save what I can and give them to some one else. If several help, one might get enough to do some good. I send this letter, you can publish it if you think it worth while; please correct mistakes and excuse poor writing, if you could see my hands I know you would.

C. G.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

The Financial Depression Justifies Dr. Snell's Liberality.



Dr. Snell & Co., on account of the financial condition of the country, have decided for the next thirty days to give their valuable services (including medicine) for $5 per month. All those beginning treatment in the next thirty days, if not cured, will have the privilege of continuing treatment until cured at the same rate.

We successfully treat the following cases:

Painful or Irregular Menstruation, Nervous and General Debility, Impotency, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Skin Diseases, Dispepsia, Constipation, Varicocele, Gravel, Goitre, Gleet, Gonorrhœa, Hydrocele, Heart Disease, Liver Disease, Piles, Ovarian Tumors, Paralysis, Prolapsus, Uteri- Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Chronic Cough, Female Weakness, Sper, matorrhœa, Rheumatism, etc.

They can cure you though you have suffered for years and have been unable to get relief elsewhere, and are now offering special inducements to the public. Don't fail to consult them, as it costs you nothing unless you decide to take their treatment. Call or address

DR. ALBERT F. SNELL & CO.,
Cor. Gay and Commerce Sts.,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 5 p. m.

SEND US ONLY TEN CENTS.

For the Benefit of Those Who are UNABLE TO PAY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS For One Year's Subscription to RECREATION ECHO, BUT WILL SEND Us Ten Cents we will Send the PAPER TO THEIR ADDRESS FROM Now Until March 1894.

SEND US ONLY TEN CENTS

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Fashion Notes.

Colored linen dresses are quite popular.

Ribbons were never so much worn as at present.

Green in all shades and tone colorings are the popular color for the fall.

The latest craze in jeweled ornaments for bonnets and the hair is a diamond bat.

Medium tan remains the favorite color for gloves. While other shades are old this is the standard.

The new chiffons are exquisitely beautiful, and comes in delicate tints, having raised figures in silk.

Deep square collars, sometimes falling in folds at the edge, will be one of the features of autumn jackets.

In head ornaments the size of the article is small, merely adorning the front of the head.

The velvet bayaderes that were all the rage ten years ago have come in vogue and are much worn this fall.

A neatly-executed scroll, with a cresent or a star-shaped piece surmounting it, is a favorite design for the hair.

Black and white, and black trimmed with white or ecru-lace will be the materials used for many fashionable costumes this season.

Fine Brazilian mohair, woven to produce the effect of rich, heavy silk, is much employed in the manufacture of black goods this year.

Material for a very stylish costume can be selected from the line of Pico Rache's for this season, made in all the new colorings, slashed with small diagonal stripes.

Dressy black satin capes for the autumn are shown ornamented with neck and shoulder trimmings of black or ecre guipure lace and colored velvet-ribbon bows.

The following will prove a very interesting combination of figures: Put down the day of the month on which you were born; double it, add 7; multiply by 50; add your age; subtract 365; multiply by 100; add the number of the month in which you were born (calling January one, February two, March three, and so on;) add 1500. The first two figures of the result will give you the day of the month of your birth, the next two your age, and the last two the number of the month in which you were born.

Girls With Fads.

Girls with fads are types all by themselves. There's the girl with the Delsarte fad. And the girl who goes in for amateur theatricals. Also the damsel who has the elocution craze (the gods defend us!), and the philanthropic girl who teaches in missions, free kindergartens, goes to Hull House and assists in working-girls' lunchrooms.

And last but not least there's the business girl. She has to earn her own living, and yet she contrives to be almost as cheerful, dainty, well bred, well dressed and sweet tempered as her more fortunate sister who knows nothing of the seamy side of life or the trials of money getting. The girl whose father or brother takes care of her knows only one sort of men—the chivalrous gentlemen who meet her in her own home or in society. Fortunately for her she never has to learn that often those same men have a different side to their characters which is not concealed from the disillusioned, disenchanted but pluckly little business woman.—Chicago News-Record.

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

This department will be wholly devoted to Postmark Collecting and Collectors. Collectors are earnestly requested to contribute letters each month. In this way all will get fully acquainted with each other, and bring about communication in which all will be benefited.

Postmark Collecting in Its Relation to Stamp Collecting.

Written for Recreation Echo.

The collecting of Postmarks is closely allied to Postage Stamp collecting, so let the Stamp Collector beware how he sneers at his brother, the Postmark Collector. Even the name which he fondly personifies as a goddess, viz: Philately, belongs also to the Postmark Collector, although the Stamp fiend has appropriated it entirely to himself. My first collection was one of Postmarks, which later merged into one of Stamps, and, finally, the Postmark collection was sold and Stamp collecting took its place entirely.

Postmarks are neither so artistic nor of so much historical value as a Stamp, their number is much greater and their pecuniary value much less, still as a sort of curio they have a great interest. They can be counterfeited more easily than Stamps, although I do not know whether this is ever done or not; but all in all, they certainly are as collectable as Postage Stamps

Postmarks are a great factor in Philately in proving the date and genuineness of a Stamp. Many Postmarks are given a place in the Philatelist's album, for the Stamps, to which I shall now refer, are nothing more than Postmarks, although, in most cases, they have a value expressed on them.

What is considered one of the most valuable Postage Stamps in the world is nothing but a Postmark made by a hand stamp. I refer to the first issue of British Guiana. Within a very crooked circle the name "British Guiana," in type which looks like a schoolboy's first attempt at printing, and across the centre a value, where the date usually is. One of these Stamps, or rather Postmarks, recently sold at auction for $1050. Among other rare Postmarks are the old U. S. locals, used before Postage Stamps, and rise many of the Confederate locals, among which I may mention Salem, N. C.; Columbia. S. C.; Macon, Ga., etc. These are worth from $25 to $50. Much depends on whether they are cut out are kept on the original letter.

Every Postmark Collector should, when cutting out a Postmark, cut out in one piece with it the Stamp also, if the Stamp is a very old one. Many old Postmarks stamped on letters sent before the issue of Stamps are very interesting, especially those that have the names of territories which are now states and have been for many years.

Many English Postmarks have even to this day, values expressed on them and prepay postage, no other stamp being used on the envelope. I have several such of different cities, most of which are marked beneath the date—1-2d.

Postmark collecting is a very interesting pursuit and all those who are already Collectors should try to promote its interest in others.

The remarks made in the first number of RECREATION ECHO about making the age of Postmarks a standard of value seems to me to be very sensible. Many of the older Postmarks were very peculiar and elaborate, often having the postmaster's name in addition to the place and date. No doubt collectors of Postmarks have noticed that the first-class post-offices' such as New York, Chicago, etc. have used, this year, an uniform size of Postmark, much smaller than ever before.

CHAS. E. JENNY.

100 PRINTED, FIRST QUALITY, WHITE ENVELOPES, 45C. SAMPLES FOR STAMP. THE ASPIRANT, STILLWATER, MAINE

The exchange column this month is very interesting and should be carefully read by all.

RECREATION ECHO.

—PUBLISHED MONTHLY.—

CHARLES P. GALYON,
Publisher,
402 W. Park St., Knoxville Tenn.

RECREATION ECHO is a monthly journal, devoted to the interest of Postmark Collectors, Stamp Collectors, Shut-Ins and Collectors in general. Subscription, 25c. per year, in advance.

To Shut-Ins who are really unable to pay the subscription, and will furnish references, and a letter each month for publication, with a promise to do all in their power for the advancement of the paper, a copy will be sent regularly, free of charge.

Entered in the Post Office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. HELEN R. C., Jermyn, Pa. Many thanks for information; will write Mrs. K.

THE NAMES of a great many who have wrote too late, asking for Silks, cancelled Stamps, etc., will be published next month.

SEND TEN CENTS and you will receive the paper from now until March 1894, with a year's membership card to the Society of Recreation.

IT IS NOW less than two weeks until the close of the great Fair at Chicago, which brings to an end one of the most remarkable chapters in the nineteenth century.

Among our exchanges received this month, is The Open Door, a religous paper published to the interest of Shut-Ins, by Oscar C. Pierson. The Philatelic Era and The International Philatelist, which are Stamp magazines in every sense of the word.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS always condenses in- to its pages a world of interesting and in- ructive matter, richly illustrated. This aper, with Geo. T. Angell President of the Mass. Society for the prevention of cruelty o animals is doing much good all over the ivilized world.

In next month's paper a department will be opened through which our readers may disuss the marrirge problem, to be entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" It is to be hoped that much interest will be shown in this discussion for it is a subject which all have their own peculiar ideas of, and a chance will be given you to make them public. This will make an interesting corner for the Shut-Ins, and all that can, should write upon this vital question. Those who desire to have their letter published in the November paper must have it in this office by the 15th. Hope all will write.

INDEED THIS is a world of funny people: The collecting craze is becoming quite popular; some of the following articles are eagerly sought for by the earnest collector: Newspapers from each and every town and city in the United States, Printed Envelope Corners, Postal Cards, Postal Autographs, Letters from Famous Men and Women, Ladies Slippers, Keys, Bricks, Picture Cards, Magazines, Specimens of Printing, Locks of Hair, Horseshoes, Walking Canes, Pipes, Finger Rings, Garters, Watch Charms, Bird Eggs, Hair Pins, Advertising Pamphlets, Almanacs and a host of other things too numerous to mention. The most popular articles though for collecting is Old Coins, Stamps and Mineral Specimens. Postmark collecting is destined to make a great hit, judging from the popularity it now enjoys in its infantcy. Stamp and Coin collecting are both an old and established hobby, which grows in strength from year to year, though feeling is in favor of Stamps.

IT IS LITTLE encouragement to us to have you examine RECREATION ECHO and then throw it aside with the exclaimation; "that's a good newsy little paper, one that is needed by all that it represents to benefit, but I cannot subscribe just now, but will do so later on." Now right here, dear friends, is where the trouble comes in, all of you want a good payer published to your interest and are loud in your praises of its mission, but at the same time you defer subscribing for it until later on. Bear in mind that the more subscriptions a paper gets, and the sooner they are gotten, that much sooner is its foundation made solid upon which to fight your battles. It is just like procuring a prescription from your physician and carrying it around in your hand with the expectation of it doing you as much benefit as it would should you take it to the druggist and have it filled. We furnish you the paper and to derive benefit from it you should do your part by subscribing and paying for it, don't wait until it dies for the want of support but administer your subscription to it at once, and your benefit will be derived therefrom.

Who says that the collecting craze will soon die, that the collector will tire of his well filled album of rare Stamps, the Postmark collector will give up his untiring labors by casting aside his valuable 1,000, 10,000 or 40,000 Postmarks, or the crank who seeks something of everything for his collection of curios, will become disinterested? Does he think that the collector after so many years hard labor, will lose all of his, or her, collecting energy, and cast aside so valuable a collection, before realizing anything from them, or even trying to complete them?

After looking about, and a little posting, this notoriety seeker must come down, and admit that the collecting craze never before had better nor brighter prospects. Its present is flattering, and its future is an assured brilliant success. The hobby never was in better condition, old collectors who years ago, when the prospects were not so bright, gave up the hobby, thinking it would amount to nothing, have in the past few years become so enthralled with the late beautiful specimens of all kinds, as to resume the task with renewed energy.

IT IS A PAINFUL truth which must be acknowledged, that the Postmark Collectors have been more lax and have taken less interest in their department than any of our readers, though the Stamp Collectors have also failed to manifest the amount of interest which they should. The Shut-Ins have shown an acting spirit in their department, and are to be highly praised for prompt support. To publish a paper and one to suit all classes of people is no easy task, and the readers should not cast all the burden upon the publishers. While a great many Postmark Collectors have subscribed for the paper, for which we are very thankful, not one letter for publication have we received from them. There is an article this month in the Postmark Department, written by a Stamp Collector, which is very good and will no doubt be read with much interest by all; still, to make this department felt, Postmark Collectors should not hesitate in giving it their undivided attention and support. The foundation of the paper was based upon Postmark Collecting, in fact the highly complimentory letters in favor of such a publication received, were the main promoters of its appearance.; and these letters came from Postmark Collectors. It is not a very great task to write letters sanctioning the venture of a new enterprise, and offering to support it upon its appearance, but the hard part of the task comes in after it has appeared and you are asked to keep your promise and support it. Some have asked; "what assurance have we that you will publish a paper? Having been disappointed by others you cannot expect us to enter into your new venture without some postive evidence that publication will not suspend within a few months," Now, it is our turn to ask what assurance have we that you will support the paper? The continued appearance of the paper from month to month is, we think, proof postive of its success.

Send For Them.

An invalid King's Daughter and member of the Shut-In Society over four years, wishes to sell some copies of her own little books. Wild Flowers contains fourteen pieces in verse. Coral's Choice is a story in prose; price of each 10c. She also has Cards and Leaflets to sell or exchange for cancelled Stamps. 25 Leaflets for 10c.

Those buying two books will receive some Cards and Leaflets free. She takes this means to continue her Shut-In correspondence. Address, M. M. Meade, Palmer, Christian Co., Illinois.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

Postal Cards of the World.

It seems almost incredible that there should be eight thousand varieties of postal cards, but this is the extant claimed for the Watson collection. These, however, include various issues of the same nation and denomination and also cards issued for special occasions.

Postal cards have been in circulation a little less than twenty-four years, declares the collector. The idea originated with Dr. Emanual Herrmann, a professor of national economy at the Imperial Academy of Wiener, in Neustadt, Lower Austria.

His ideas, under the head of "New Means of Correspondence by Post," were published and attracted the attention of the government officials. The Director General of Post took up the idea, and succeeded in having an issue of postal cards put in circulation in 1869. The original name given to them was the "Correspondez Karte," and this has been retained ever since. This new move on the part of Austria quickly excited other countries to adopt similar methods of correspondence, and before the close of 1870 nearly all the European countries were using cards.

Germany was really the second country to use them, and a special series was issued to the soldiers engaged in the Franco-German war. These were called field post correspondence cards and were sold unstamped to the soldiers at the rate of about five for a cent. The soldiers had the privilege of using them without paying postage. Another series was issued for civilians.

These had a place left for a stamp and writer had to affix a German postage stamp to the card before posting. The field post cards are now rare, the used ones being scarcer than the unused ones. Another card of equal rarity and also a reminder of the same war is the balloon postal card, issued by France during the siege of Paris.

The cards were sent up from Paris in balloons and the mail bags were thrown off into the surrounding country, where there was the least possible opportunity of their capture by the enemy. They were smaller than the postal card now in use and were covered with warlike expressions, as "Paris defies the enemy!" "Glory and conquest signify crimes, defeat signifies hate and a desire for vengeance." "Only one war if just and right—that for independence."

The United States was rather backward in adopting the postal card system and did not use them until 1863. The first issue printed was a reddish color, with the head of Liberty in the right hand corner. As a rule, Uncle Sam's card's have been inferior to those of other countries in excellence of engraving. The designs also have not been very artistic. The blue card bearing the portrat of General Grant is the finest specimen of art work issued by the United States government.—Telegram.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Queen of the favored pew,
I cannot half reveal
The thoughts I have of you
With unromantic steel.

The stamen of a pink
Dipped in a drop of dew
Would not be pen and ink
Too exquisite for you.

The music of the choir
Is pitched in one sweet key
That tells of my desire
And that of more like me.

When roguishly you glance
At me across the pew,
Each eyeflash is a lance
That stabs me through and through.

The deacon thinks your wings
Are just about to sprout.
Well, I know other things,
But he won't find them out.

Dear little Methodist,
Say one sweet prayer for me.
And I shall in the list
Of the elected be.

—S. A. Wood in B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

HARRIMAN, TENN.

ABNER L. ROSS, Prop.

LADIES! MAKE $18 A WEEK WRITING for us at home. Send self-addressed stamped envelope and a dime for full particulars and 25-cent box of White Violet for complexion. EASTERN TOILET CO., Stillwater, Me.

Making Postage Stamps.

Every part of postage stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel, 300 stamps on a single plate. These plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large handpress. They are dried as fast as printed and then gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheets in a steam fanning machine, and then the stamps are subjected to a pressure of 2,000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and after being pressed the sheets are filed away. If a single stamp is injured, the whole sheet is burned.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Origin of "Pants."

The words breeches, trousers and pantaloons are now used interchangeably, but originally the significations were quite different. Pantaloons were at first nothing but long stockings worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit by the devotees of St. Pantaloon. Breeches originally reached from the waist half way to the knee and finally to the knee, where they were fastened with a buckle. Trousers are the present style of leg gear, a combination of the former two.—Exchange.

A Curious Relic.

A curious relic is at the mercy of public sale by the death of a waiter in Paris. He had served at a table in the cafe where Gambetta, Floquet, Casimir-Perier, Jules Ferry, et al. frequently dined. The table is marble, and the famous men covered it with signed epigraphs. An American offered the waiter 10,000 francs for the table, but he refused it.—New York Herald.

FOR 25c.

Recreation Echo

Will Be Sent to You From Now Until

JANUARY 1895.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE.

Columbian Postage Stamps for Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a west end drug store, and pointing to a letter with a Columbian Stamp asked: "Will you please tell me if these Stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know. I thought they were to be used perhaps for etiquette."

"I have to answer that same question 10 times a day," said the clerk, "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette."—Bal. Sun.

Miles of Thread Without a Break.

A hank or cut of cotton always consists of 840 yards. Messrs. Thomas Houldsworth & Co. of Manchester produced by their machinery cotton yarn or cotton thread so fine that out of one pound weight of cotton was spun 10,000 hanks, or a thread of 4,770 miles in length. Of course the thread was too fine to be of any practical value. It demonstrated only the perfection of the machinery. No material admits of such fine spinning as does cotton. Messrs. Houldsworth spun out of one pound of Sea island cotton a thread 1,000 miles in length that was quite strong enough for use. With linen yarn a hank or cut consists of 300 yards.—London Tit-Bits.

Exchange Column.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. W. L. Collins; many thanks for Postmarks, Etc. sent.—Ed.

I have Postmarks for sale or exchange. Write first. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J.

Would like to exchange Postmarks for U. S. and Confederate Stamps. Mrs. N. J. Robinette, Flag Pond, Va.

Have Patterns for fancy work to exchange for flower seeds, or silk scraps. Etta F. Smith, Box 312, Mexico, N. Y.

If there is anyone who has in their pocession a copy of the March and May P. M. C. U., please write me. C. P. Galyon.

F. M. Paquet, P. O. Box 387, Ottawa, Canada, desires to exchange Canadian Postmarks, Coins and tokens for U. S. Coins, dates not in my collection.

To Stamp Collectors who will send me ten, back numbers, Philatelic papers, I will in exchange send them RECREATION ECHO for one year. C. P. Galyon, Knoxville, Tenn.

Postmarks to exchange for any kind of Stamps. Write what you have and make me an offer for 100, or 1,000 varieties. Ten volumes of Youth's Companion to exchange Chas. E. Jenny, Fresno, Cal.

To anyone sending me 500 cancelled Columbian Stamps including one 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15 and 30c., I will send them a handsome new Silk Patchwork Block 10 by 10. Write ffrst to Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Box 709, Spencer, Mass.

Shut-Ins who have papers and magazines which they have read will do a commendable act by sending them to me for distribution among others who are not able to buy. Mrs. C. P. Galyon, 402 W. Park St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Have painted Photograph Holders, painted Sachets, Rings, Ribbon Bookmarks and Reciept for Sarsaprilla to exchange for Columbian used Stamps in lots not less than 300. Or other useful articles. Miss A. A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.

Would be glad to put up packages of nice home papers and magazines for all Shut-Ins who will send stamp and address. Can also offer good, 25c. pocket edition novels to all who care for light and entertaining stories, for 5c. in stamps to pay postage. If my correspondence was not so large I would gladly pay postage myself, for I enjoy helping the Shut-Ins. Miss Nora M. Vitzthum, Davenport, Iowa.

DIRECTORY.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one year, at 25c. per line, payable after the third insertion. One insertion of three lines or less, free to subscribers.

BILLINGS, W. E., North Leomister, Mass., will send 200 fine stamps and a nice album for ten cents.

CURIOSITY COLLECTOR, a monthly journal for stamp collectors. Sample free. J. D. Bartlett, South Amboy, N. J.

WM. v. d. WETTERN, JR. Wholesale dealer in postage stamps, 411 W. Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md. List on application to dealers only.

STANDARD STAMP CO., 923-925 La Salle St., St. Louis, Mo. Agents wanted. 50 per ct. commission.

CHAS. BEAMISH, Stamp Dealer, P. O. Box 1308, Philadelphia, Pa. Reliable agents wanted.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kan. Dealer in Stamps, Coins, Fossils, Minerals, Bird Eggs and Curiosities. Low prices. Prompt reply.

ALMA A. APPLETON, Goodales Corner, Maine. 75 different kind Foreign Stamps, 50c. Chotchet Lace and Fancy Articles.

WANTED—Lady agents to sell the most Exquisite Toilet Preparation on the market. Good pay. Address, with stamp, Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.

A woman says that a man can walk 40 miles a day and arrive fresh at the end of his journey, but he cannot take care of a baby half an hour without complaining that he is utterly worn out.

Rabbits have been revived after receiving a shock of 2,500 volts and 20 amperes—a shock more powerful than is given in the chairs of murderers in New York.

FOR 25c.

Recreation Echo

Will Be Sent to You From Now Until

JANUARY 1895.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE.

Questions Answered

BY THE EDITOR.

In this column all questions will be answered, if possible, unless stamp is sent for reply by mail.

Miss Nora M. V., Davenport, Iowa—We are glad to know you are interested in Postmark Collecting, and will gladly furnish you a list of Postmark Collectors names and address if you wish them. Enclose stamp for reply.

Percy B., Oak Grove, Ill—We do not buy Postmarks; are over stocked now. Don't know that you can dispose of them at all for cash, but you can exchange them for most anything in the collecting line. Write Mr. D. O. Cummins, Media, Pa., or Mrs. A. Gray, 157 Pond St., Providence, R. I.

Minnie A., St. Louis, Mo—A complete collection of Postmarks is said to be worth $20,000.

Mrs. Ollie W., Cinnaminson, N. Y.—RECREATION ECHO will be sent you one year. Am glad you will do all in your power for the paper's success, and will look for a letter from you, each month, for publication.

NOTICE.

By special arrangement we have leased a large printing outfit for five years with which to publish RECREATION ECHO. This is a guarantee that you will get the paper if you subscribe for it.

Send Money by Postal Note.

When sending money be sure to send postal note. Some letters were received few days ago which should have contained money for subcription, but on account of the senders' thoughtlessness in sending silver without first wrapping it in paper, or using coin cards, the money was lost before reaching its destination. While a postal note costs very little, it is a safe method, which should be adopted when sending small amounts of money through the mails.

Where Canary Birds Are Raised and Sold.

The peasants of Germany raise in round numbers 250,000 canary birds. Of these 100,000 are shipped to the United States. The next greatest demand for the birds comes from England, which takes 50,000 birds annually. The finer birds are usually sold in Germany, where higher prices can be obtained for the best birds than anywhere else.

Send For Them.

An invalid King's Daughter and member of the Shut-In Society over four years, wishes to sell some copies of her own little books. Wild Flowers contains fourteen pieces in verse. Coral's Choice is a story in prose; price of each 10c. She also has Cards and Leaflets to sell or exchange for cancelled Stamps. 25 Leaflets for 10c.

Those buying two books will receive some Cards and Leaflets free. She takes this means to continue her Shut-In correspondence. Address, M. M. Meade, Palmer, Christian Co., Illinois.

HOW IS THIS?

Some person who has evidently had a great deal of trouble with his servants advertised for a new girl in the following fashion:

WANTED—A girl to dwell in my family, assist my wife in doing the work, and give directions generally. Wages not much object, if she will only leave me enough of my income to pay for the crockery she breaks. If she should not be satisfied with five evenings in a week, an effort shall be made to give her eight; she may decide what she shall have to eat, and whether it shall be overdone, underdone, or done at all, and do, in fact, as she pleases, except wear my wife's gloves and shoes (unless her hands and feet are within four sizes of be-too small.) We always give our servants Christmas and New Year's gifts. Feather beds or mattresses as prefered. A sick sister or old mother will be no objection, as we have a spare chamber, and will, if necessary, hire a nurse to take care of her.

P. S.—A piano and music supplied free of charge. The use of the parlor for company. No account taken of the tea or sugar that leaves the house.

The International Philatelist

Is the most popular Philatelic Magazine published at a popular price. Contributed to by the best Philatelic writers. Subscription; 25c. per annum. One sample copy gratis. Advertising rates; 50c. an inch, regardless of length of time or space. Circulation; 2,000-10,000

HENRY ADES FOWLER,
29 Shannon Street, Toronto, Canada.

A BARGAIN !!

One hundred varieties of choice Stamps such as Peru, Ecuador, Argentine, Java, Hong Kong, Natal (Africa) Etc., only 25c. Postal Note. Sheets on appoval 33 1-3 per cent commission.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kas.

A NOVEL RECIPE BOOK.

A small book is easily made of Watman's heavy water color paper by drawing a design of a fish, or an orange, a lemon, potato, apple or any fruit or vegetable in frequent use for the table. When well drawn, color this design with water color paint, directly from the object or from a good copy. A dozen or more leaves may be cut of smooth white letter paper, without lines, to fit the cover and inserted as leaves to the book by means of two holes pierced through the whole with a penknife, after which daisy ribbon is to be drawn through these and tied in a jaunty little bowknot on top.

The little book is now in readiness to receive its contents, which should be well tried and thoroughly tested recipes for the use of the fruit or vegetable designated by the cover. These may be written on the inside leaves attractively in gilt or silver lettering with a stub pen. A fish book should contain recipes for baked fish, boiled and fried fish, fish cakes, fish balls and the like.

A dozen or more of these little books representing the articles used daily in the household fare, strung together with long loops of daisy ribbon, will call to mind a bunch of market garden vegetables cleverly bunched, of the greens in season, to tempt the eye and palate and to aid in suggesting variety to the menu that is likely to grow monotonous in the weary round of recurring meals.—FLORENCE TYNG ELLIS.

WHEN ANSWERING advertisements please bear in mind that it is very important to us, as well as the advertiser, that you mention RECREATION ECHO.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A late invention is a cradle which rocks by clock-work mechanism, and plays baby tunes.

A trunk has been invented which can be converted into a bed without disturbing the contents of the trunk.

A medal believed to have beed struck by Frederick the Great, was unearthed at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., recently.

The U. S. Government has decided not to make postal cards any longer—than 6 1-8 inches, the size of the present large one.

Spurious coin has been worked off on World's Fair visitors by a couple of fakirs who were only detected a few days since.

A Postal Card was recently sent around the world gathering seventytwo Postmarks. It afterwards sold for $50. to a Stamp collector.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says that pressing in the neigborhood of the ear, especially in front of the right one, will stop a fit of coughing.

Ice is accumulating at the North Pole. Some day, it is alleged by some scientists, the earth will fall out of balance and man will be utterly annihilated by the rush of moving objects.

Lizzie Borden who not long since gained such wide spread notoriety by being tried for the killing of her father and stepmother at New Bedford, Conn., has come in possession of a fortune of $400,000.

Mr. Chas. Glover, of the State of New York, has the second largest collection in the world. No doubt he has his eye on the glorious and much coveted throne long occupied by Mr. Cummins—P. M. C. U.

Jay Gould's children are going to erect a $250,000 church. Its corner-stone will bear the inscription: "To tne glory of God and in memory of Jay Gould." It should read: "though in memory of Jay Gould."—Boston Pilot.

The public impruvements for Knoxville for the year 1893 will aggregate $500,000 in value. As much as $250,000 has been spent in grading and paving and repairing the streets, which has greatly improved the looks of our beautiful city.

Work is begun on what will be the longest tunnel in the world. It will extend under the Simplon Pass, and reduce the distance across, which is now thirty-eight miles, to twelve and a-half; and the time, now eight or nine hours, to forty minutes.

Sam Jones, recently addressing a crowded audience, said: "I want every one in this congregation who wants to go to heaven to stand up." Of course almost everybody arose. Then he said: "Now, I want everybody who wants to go to the other place to stand up." At first no one stood up, but finally a long and lank and skinny individual in the back seats, about as fat as an umbrella, arose and said: "I don't exactly want ta go to the other place, but I am willing to stand up rather than let the preacher stand alone.

The Holston Conference at Knoxville.

The Holston Conference brings to the city many earnest Christian workers this week. The Methodists are progressive and aggressive and as a sect rank among the foremost church workers in this country.

There were several hundred ministers and laymen present at this annual meeting and the proceedings were of unusual interest. Bishop Duncan presided, and among the ministers are a number of eloquent pulpit orators.

The people of Knoxville esteem it an honor to entertain such a noble band of Christian workers.

This is is the 70th annual meeting of this conference, which embraces an immense area of territory and carries on an immense work. The Methodists are among the most numerous, popular and influential of the denominations in America, their churches and school houses being planted in almost every hamlet and village in the land.

Don't forget to send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription at once.

Improvements and new features will be added to RECREATION ECHO each month.

We will send RECREATION ECHO to you from now until January 1895 for 25c.

SUBSCRIPTION < > 25c. PER YEAR.



RECREATION ECHO.

Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors, Etc.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., JANUARY 15, 1894. NO. 5.

AWFUL.

Awful is the word,
Every awful minute
For 'tis an awful world,
With awful people in it.
Some are awful short,
And some are awful tall,
Some are awful large,
And some are awful small.
Some are awful fat
And some are awful lean
Some are awful good
And some are awful mean.
Some girls are awful sour
And some are awful sweet.
Some wear awful chignons
And some have awful feat.
Some are awful silent
And some are awful loud.
Some are awful modest
And some are awful proud
And so its awful, awful,
Awful is the word,
From many awful months,
Such awful things are heard.

PRIZE LETTER CONTEST.

Below are a Few Letters for This Contest. Others Will Follow in Our Next.

Letter No. 1. Miss Alma A. Appleton.

Having been a "Shut In" nearly ten years will try to tell you how to keep happy. First; there is always work when we are able to use our hands; am sure we are always happy, or at least contented, when busy. What we want is to be of some use and do a little good in the world; we can nearly all read and write and that is such a comfort. It is so nice when the much looked for mail comes to have cheerful letters and papers. If we enjoy them we must not forget others do, as well. We who live in the country appreciate them especially, so we should always remember the Passon motto. It is so nice when lonely to have a letter to write, and if we try to cheerfully write our blessings we will soon be cheerful. This is a sure cure for blues, we can always help some one if only a tiny bit. It makes one so happy to hear one has helped some one worse off than they are, we can always find that one if we try. Such little things help a Shut-In, just a little token to let them know they are not forgotten brightens many a lonely day. We should keep up courage and not give up hope; Live as though we were to be well and go out into the world tomorrow, for who knows what may happen. We must not get behind times, we should get out all we can even if we do get tired. It does so much good to have something new to think of, then we have so much kindness shown us we are happy whenever we think of it. That is one of the advantages we have over well people. We can see what kind hearts people have; from my experience I think a Shut-In could travel almost anywhere alone and never need to ask help for there would always be some one ready to offer help, and we know it is all done in His name. That thought should make us happy too.

Think we should all be stamp and postmark collectors, it is such a nice, light and instructive work, we soon get interested and forget our troubles. Let us try to do all the good we can, to all the people we can, just as long as ever we can. Yours truly,

ALMA A. APPLETON,
Goodales Corner, Me.

Letter No. 2. Mrs. W. N. Canfield.

I do not feel as many do, that a Shut-In's life is one of the heaviest crosses that we can have, and I think I can judge a little, as I have been one for many, many long years of suffering. No matter what our circumstances may be, or our surroundings, our lives are largely what we make them. We can try to be happy ourselves, and to make others pleasant around us, and all with whom we have social intercourse, for if in our own strength we are lacking to accomplish this the strength will be given us, if we desire it, of Him, who is ever ready to help, and to do more for us than we can ask, or even think. A Shut-In's life can be a useful one, for even the most helpless can do some little good to others; only the cup of cold water in His name, or a pleasant thought, word, or a cheery letter, which will help to brighten some sorrowful life, is a good deal done, and will not be forgotten. And in our efforts to help others, we are blessed ourselves, and our hearts are filled with a gladness which makes our lives brighter, richer and sweeter. Very many of us have resources within ourselves which if used right would add greatly to our pleasures and happiness, many Shut-Ins have time for reading and writing and for thought, which those who are well and in active life have not much time. And there are sources which yield great comfort not only to ourselves, but others; and there is one fact that very many loose sight of, and that is, that the best part of us cannot be shut in. Our thoughts and mind can range out and take in much that helps to make our lives pleasant for us. A Shut-In's life, I know, is very hard to bear by reason of suffering, but we can overcome and forget self, in a measure, if we try, by interesting ourselves, and trying to help those who are greater suffers' than we are. But above and beyond all else, what is needed to make a Shut-In's life pleasant and happy is a daily walk with God which will bring to them joy and peace that cannot be taken away and being purified through trial and sorrow, will enter at last into the joy of our Lord and dwell in the brightness of His presence forever.

MRS. W. N. CANFIELD.

Letter No. 3. Libbie Mabey.

The Shut-In's life is not a life that we would choose for our selves, but if the dear Lord sees fit to lay us aside from active service it is still our privilege and duty to make the best of our situation and try at all times to be pleasant and cheerful, and if we are not able to do anything we must try to take an interest in what others are doing and thus, in a measure, forget our own infirmites, and has it ever occurred to you dear Shut-In friends? Although some of us may be poor in this world's goods and our sphere of usefulness may seem very small, still there is so much we can do in our little corner to make life pleasant for others; just a smile or a kind word or a letter will do so much and make one happy for a day, and how willingly and freely we should strive each day to scatter those little blessings around us, and thank God for the dear little paper RECREATION ECHO that makes sunshine for us all and gives us all another opportunity to make life pleasant for others. And if we are not able to do anything, even to write a letter, we still have a field of usefulness open to us for we can pray for our friends, and no one can tell the good we may accomplish thereby until we read the record above. And what a privelege and delight prayer is. What would we Shut-In's do without it? And I wonder if any will read these lines who cannot say that prayers is a delight and pleasure to them; so you see dear Shut-In friends if we are only able to offer a silent prayer we can do much to make life pleasant, for who can tell what blessings from a prayer may flow. Then let us try to do all the good we can and make life as pleasant as we can for all, and dear Shut-In friends let us keep close to him who has said, "when thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee." With love and best wishes to the dear Editor and Shut-In friends, I remain your Shut-In friend,

LIBBIE MABEY.

Medusa, Albany Co., N. Y.

Letter No. 4. Mrs. Wm. Pingrey.

May I give you a brief glimpse of my Shut-In life, and how I pass time pleasently? I can't walk a step and am, by complication of diseases, an invalid. Am always thankful I am no worse, my heart and sympathy are with those who suffer. First, I never let my mind dwell on what might have been, if these afflictions had not come, neither do I envy those who are not afflicted, but thank God it is well with them, and that I have the privilege of seeing their pleasure. When strength and general health permits, I occupy the time answering letters, when postage permits, in the morning ere I get tired: and if the mail brings me something, a happy hour is passed over it reading, light fancy work, thanks to kind friends who sent some pieces and piecing and preparing cancelled stamps for sale, and so on, fills the time, taking care to change work often for variety, so avoiding monotony when weary, laying in my chair watching passers by imagining I can tell something of them by dress, and walk. When not able for that I look over the little tokens sent by kind friends, and pass hours thinking of those who sent them. Many days I have been too ill to do more than lie down and go, in imagination, to their homes and see them and there surroundings. I thank God for these unknown friends. Flowers and pictures afford me untold pleasures; they never tire me; flowers are silent friends, but speak volumes. Callers ocasionally drop in, and a brisk little chat makes it almost seem as though I am one of them once more. The pleasantest moments are when I can fix some token, for an afflicted one, perhaps not more than a few pressed flowers or a wee scrapbook, but, judging by my experience, I know it will give pleasure. Keeping my mind occupied, makes it more cheerful, I never let my mind dwell on my afflictions; times will come when the utter weariness will overcome will power 'tis rather dark, but a little talk with Jesus clears the sky, and brings the sunshine again; happy thoughts of the heavenly home where pain and sorrow are never known of our many mercys and blessings, of what we can do for others, though it may be but little, it will give pleasure both to us and others, and is far better than thinking of self. I try to keep interested in everything, try to keep as well as I can and get better if posible, but often it is like climbing up two steps, and falling back three; but I gather up fresh courage, and begin over again. The secret of a pleasant life for the Shut-In is to make the best of everything, take an interest in everything, and trust God. Our life is hard, even at the best, so let us get in all the Sunshine we can.

Delevan, N. Y. MRS. WM. PINGREY.

A Good Woman Gone.

Mrs. O. J. Keene, North Turner, Maine, died very suddenly at her home a few weeks ago. She was a good woman and will be missed. She leaves a husband, a daughter and two sons, but the one to miss her most is a granddaughter, aged 18, who has always lived with her and now she is left with her grandfather to care for. Ever ready to help in our charity work we shall miss her from our circle but feel that our loss is her gain—Ed.]

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

William R. Wilson, who lived at Horton, Kan. applied about a year ago for a pension for a wound in the left knee, received at Thompson's Station while he was a member of an Illinois regiment. The department found on investigation that another William R. Wilson was drawing a pension for a similar injury and foa services in the same company and regiment. Mr. Anstin followeb Wilson to Rulo, Neb., where he is now living, and found that his description was exactly similiar to that of the Illinois pensioner. Without making known ois business he questioned Wilson, who proved beyond a doubt that he hah a cousin in the same company bearing the same name, of the same age and description and wounsed in the same part of the body.

Previous to July 6th, 1785, the English pound was iu use; on that date the Continental Congress established the dollar, althongh the exact weight was not fixed until August 8th, 1786, when it was made to equal the old Spanish dollar. The dollar did not originate with the Spanish, but was first coined in Bohemia.

A THIRTY DAY OFFER.

One Which Will Benefit Those Who Avail Themselves of it.

ONLY A FEW SHORT DAYS LEFT

In Which to Take Advantage of This Liberal Offer.

With a desire to increase our already large subscription list we will for the next thirty days make the following liberal offer: To those sending us 25c. for a year's subscription to RECREATION ECHO a one inch display advertisement, to run three times, will be given them free of charge.

This offer is good only for thirty days. Dealers, Collectors, Shut-Ins and in fact anyone who desires to avail themselves of this liberal offer must send 25c. to pay for a year's subscription to the paper, otherwise they must pay the regular advertising rates, 15c per inch each insertion.

If you have stamps, papers, silks or other articles for sale there is no better method by which to dispose of them than advertising, and to advertise the same in the ECHO means a sale for we reach the buying people. Others who have tried it can verify our statements. So you can readily see that by an investment of 25c, which pays for a year's subscription to the paper, you save 45c by getting an inch display advertisement free.

This offer is not made to get advertising, but simply to increase our circulation. No paper has ever made such a liberal offer, and this is good only until Feb. 1st, 1894, so that it is important that you remember this, we shall never make another one so liberal.

OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

The following named persons have been authorized to act as agents for this paper, taking subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange, etc:

Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.
Mary E. Pennock, Virgin, Ohio.
Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Box 709, Spencer, Mass.
"Marion," Box 33, Palatine, Ill

Those desiring to subscribe for the ECHO may safely send to any of the above agents and their orders will receive the same attention as if sent direct to the publishers.

It is well for us to state that it is not to our advantage in appointing these agents, for we allow them 25c on each dollar that passes through their hands. But in acting as our representatives it gives them light employment with a fair compensation. Therefore, with a desire to assist the Shut-Ins as much as possible, we would ask those who intend subscribing for RECREATION ECHO to send their subscription through some one of the above named agents.

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS.

In order to act as an agent for this paper the following rules must be respected, viz:

Write us a letter, sending all subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange notices, etc., on the 10th and 25th of each month.

Address all letters to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

Recreation Echo.

—PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS—

CHARLES P. GALYON,
Publisher,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

—MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, EDITOR—

RECREATION ECHO is a monthly journal, devoted to the interest of Postmark Collectors, Stamp Collectors, Shut-Ins and Collectors in general. Subscription, 25c. per year, in advance.

To Shut-Ins who are really unable to pay the subscription, and will furnish references, and a letter each month for publication, with a promise to do all in their power for the advancement of the paper, a copy will be sent regularly, free of charge.

Entered in the Post Office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

15c per inch, display or reading, each insertion regardless of amount of space or length of time. These terms and prices imply to all.

EDITORIAL.

THERE is a difference in echos.

§§

IS THIS the first echo you ever saw?

§§

THE PRESENCE of the Northwest is made very conspicious by its continued absence.

§§

THERE is a peculiarity about our ECHO, inasmuch as it can not be heard it can be seen and read.

§§

THERE COMES to our desk each month, a bright little ametuer paper entitled, The Recorder, published at Northeast, Pa.

§§

THE Philatelic Era came to us a few days ago in its Christmas dress, printed in colors. The Era is very popular among stamp collectors.

§§

Stamp collectors should carefully read John P. Cooper's ad. which appears in an other column. Mr. Cooper offers good prices for columbian stamps, and as a dealer he is perfectly reliable.

§§

W. B. A. Perhaps fishing wil. improve in the near future, as lots of perseverence and sticktoitiveness will most undoubtedly bring about good results. As dictionaries are cheap what's the price of "hay?"

§§

IT WAS predicted by some few, that the ECHO would be short lived. However, we are still coming and from present indications our future success is perceptably bright—at any rate we are satisfied.

§§

WE FEEL it our duty to say a good word for The Interior, published weekly at Chicago. The Interior is a Presbyterian paper in every sense of the word and is well worth a place in any American household where good religious reading is desired. Recently the Christmas number reached us and shows a remarkable work of art, which goes to prove the publishers have the interest of their readers in mind when furnishing such worthy paper as The Interior.

§§

OUR PAPER for December 25th., 1893 was, on account of an unaverted accident, delayed some two weeks. We keenly felt the loss to our subscribers and had it been in our power the paper would have been mailfully one week before Christmas. It being ous first serious delay though, we believe our friends will re-consider and call back those ill feelings which they have had laid up against us, and in the future we will faithfully promise more prompt delivery.

§§

WE ARE constantly receiving letters from Shut-Ins who are not subscribers asking us to publish them.

We are compelled to give the preference to our regular paid subscribers and have letters now from a great many that have laid over, from month to month, for lack of space.

However, we wish to neglect no one, whether subscriber or not, though to insure publication of letters the writer should be a regular subscriber.

§§

A PLEASANT duty falls upon us to present to our numerous readers and friends the merits of the well reknowned National Tribune, published at Washington, D. C., at the nominal price of one dollar per year. Everyone knows that there is nothing more interesting nor thrilling than to listen to an old veteran relate his experience during the late war, which is now more than thirty years past. In the National Tribune one will find presented incidents and accidents which were experienced by whole armies of our now old veterans, told and illustrated in such vivid manner as to enthrall the reader and fiill his heart with patriotism. A sample copy will convince you.

§§

OUR dear Shut-In friends should not lose sight of the fact that it is now less than fifteen days until the premiums for the best prize letters will be distributed. All letters for this contest will be published and there shall be no unfairness whatever about the distribution of the premiums; all have the same fair chance of winning a premium, no matter how poor may be your writing, punctuation, etc., as it is not a contest for penmanship nor scholarship, but a contest in which those who enter with expectation of winning, must know how to picture what a Shut-In can do to make life happy; nothing more, nothing less.

§§

BY THE time this article reaches the readers of the ECHO the year 1893 will have closed its wonderful record of joys and sorrows, pleasures and vexations, successes and disappointments. To some of you it has been a favored year. Death has not invaded your family circle, you have enjoyed health, and are to-day living monuments of God's preseving mercy. To others it has been the saddest of years. While the earth has brought forth its fruits for the support of man and beast, the chilling winds ofadversityhave howled around your dwellings. The partners of your joys and sorrows have been taken from you; your children have died; your parents have gone to their long home, and you are left to weep and wonder why God has dealt with you thus.

§§

COULD the Shut-Ins, Stamp and Postmark collectors ask for more than we are now giving them?—a good newsy paper every two weeks for only 25c.

We see no reason now that those who receive this as a sample copy should hesitate in sending us their subscription. We try to please all and it is our greatest aim to help each and every one of our subscribers in some way. We know that the regular visits of a good, bright and cheerful paper brings joy and sunshine in every home that it enters, and we know that the ECHO is just such a paper.

In our imaginative mind we see the dear Shut-Ins, and those that are not Shut-Ins, anxiously awaiting the coming of the ECHO, and when received, eagerly devour the contents. We have ample room to believe this; judging from the highly complimentory letters which we daily receive, unsolicited, we have room to believe even more and not go amiss.

No publishers ever worked harder than we have to give their readers a paper that they could justly be proud of, and we feel that our efforts have not all been in vain. Months before the paper's appearance we were besieged by letters from our friends commending our intended step, at the same time asking and imploring us to bring it forth at the earliest day possible. So virtually, character was formed and reputation established for the paper long before it was published, which alone gives it an unquestionable right to a place in the heart and home of all.

FREE READING.

Through this department we will ask for donations, from those who are able to give, of books, papers, magazines or any kind of reading matter that will interest. What will you give?

I have some other reading matter and those who desire any may write sending postage if only 2c, and I will send them something.

§§

Miss Nora Vitzthum of Davenport, Iowa, has shown a benevolent spirit and kind heart by sending three nice cloth bound books to be given to the Shut.Ins. They are entitled as follows: Gracie Goodwin, Stories of the old world and the Last days of Pompeii. Any one of them will be sent to any Shut-In sending me 7c in stamps to pay postage.

We will send to any person sending us a $2.75 postal note a year's subscription to St. Nicholas Magazine, a year's subscription to RECREATION ECHO and three insertions, in the ECHO, of a one inch display advertisement.

The subscription price of St. Nicholas is $3.00 per year and in accepting our offer you save 25c. and get the ECHO with the advertisement free.

NUMBER CONTEST.

A Year's Subscription to any Fifty Cent Paper Published Given the Winners.

NOVEL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING.

If You are a Subscriber it Costs You Nothing to Guess.

On and after December 25th., 1893 we will give away one year's subscription to some of the best family story papers published to those naming the correct number which will appear each month in the space below.

Twelve numbers, between 20 and 100 have been printed on a strip of paper in the manner which they shall appear in the paper from month to month, which will make the contest last for twelve months.

Correct number for December 25th. is

31

—WINNERS—

Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.
Mrs. O. L. Chauncey, Lestershire, N. Y.

Guesses for January are coming in thick and fast, and in order to have as many in as possible we will hold the contest open until our next paper, February, 1st.

If you are not a subscriber send 10c with your guess, which pays for the paper for five months; or send 25c for one year's subscription which will entitle you to three guesses the first month.

Following are a list of papers offered as premiums, you to select any one you desire if you guess the correct number, which will appear in the above space.

WOMAN'S WORK, a sixteen-page literary and domestic monthly magazine; published at Athens Ga.; subscription price, 50c. per year. Kate Garland Editor.

This magazine is nicely gotten up, being profusely illustrated and devoted wholly to women and is ably edited by a talented woman.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE, a sixteen-page select story paper, published monthly by The American Publishing Co., Jersey City, N. J., at 50c. per year.

SUNSHINE, a sixteen-page monthly, published for youth by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine. Subscription, 75c. per year.

THE HOUSEKEEPER, published at Minneapolis, Minn. Being a large twenty-page monthly devoted to women, which is well known and needs no futher recommendation from us. Subscription, 50c. per year.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA, a monthly journal containing practical instructions on painting, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and home decoration. Published by Priscilla Publishing Co., Lynn, Mass., at 50c. per year.

Any 50c. paper published, and not listed here, that the winners may desire will be given them free.

To those who guess three correct numbers during the year, we will give them in addition to one 50c. paper for every correct guess, one year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, published at Washington, D. C., at ONE DOLLAR per year. So you see if you guess three correct numbers during the year you will get a year's subscription to three 50c. papers, besides getting The National Tribune for one year, all free of charge.

Remember the only conditions are that you must either be or become a subscriber to RECREATION ECHO to guess in this number contest.

Three guesses will be allowed all subscribers, old or new, the first month and one guess each month thereafter, which gives you fourteen guesses during the year.

Your subscription to the prize papers commences upon reciept of your correct guess, you to name the paper you desire.

If you are not a subscriber send 25c. at once which pays for RECREATION ECHO from now until January 25th., 1895; this entitles you to three guesses in the number contest, which may be sent with your subscription, and one guess each month thereafter, for one year.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

To those of you guessing the correct number in this contest will be awarded a year's subscription to any two 25c. Philatelic journals published.

We hope to hear from many more for next month. Regular subscribers may send their guesses on a postal. If you are not a subscriber we earnest-ask you to lose no time in sending us your subscription with your guess and prize letter for next month.

We have sent to Miss M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., a printed list of the numbers as they shall appear from month to month. Miss Weston will see that the contest is fair to all. Address allcommunications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, - - - Knoxville, Tenn.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill., will send four quilt patterns, blocks pieced out of new cloth, for two yards of small figured print or anything useful. Arkansaw traveler, pickle dish, centenial and the cove. Please address with stamp.

I will exchange a year's subscription to the Housewife for 1892 and '93 for a large package of silk pieces none smaller than a postal card. Must pay part postage on papers. Mrs. H. W. Brown, Box 11, Kinde, Mich.

First-class reading matter to exchange for postmarks not in my callection. Send list. E. S. Walton, 253 Belden Ave., Chicago.

Will exchange useful articles with Shut-Ins for cancelled columbian stamps, in good condition. Send two 1c stamps for list of articles to exchange. Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To every one subscribing through me for RECREATION ECHO I will send them three quilt patterns. Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.

I have several short stories cut from newspapers, a great many picture cards mostly taken from coffee packages but some very large and pretty ones, and over 200 cancelled stamps some 3, 5, 6 and 10c columbian, which I will send to those sending postage. Mrs H. A. Briggs, Box 234, Hooper, Neb.

Painted photo holders, ring and ribbon bookmarkers, satchets, foreign stamps and postmarks for handferchiefs or offers. Write first. Miss Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.

I have a great many old magazines and papers I would send to Shut-Ins if postage was sent to me to pay on them and will be glad to send them. Let me know what kind of papers most desired, story or religious. Mrs. H. A. Briggs, Box 234, Hooper, Neb.

For 50 mixed columbian stamps, a cinnamon vine bulb or 15 nice scrap pictures. For 75 mixed columbian stamps, two nice lace samples or a fine hand painted satin piece. For 100 mixed columbian stamps, a novel or 20 silk crazy pieces. For 200, a yard nice crocheted lace. For 300 or 400, I will give wider lace very hand-

some. For 1000 including 3, 4, 6 and 8c, I will send a handsome hand-painted panel picture or enough saxony lace for a skirt. Send stamp for return posage. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J.

Good foreign stamps to exchange for U. S. Send me sheet of U. S. and I will send sheet good foreign to select pay from. Write for a blotter free. L. V. Lindsey, Greene, N. Y.

A bargain! 300 fiinely mixed square cut postmarks for each 30c columbian stamp sent me. Sure to please. Chas. A. Tabor, 93 Clinton St., Woonsocket, R. I.

A year's subscription to a nice exchange paper The Mountain Breeze for four cancelled columbian stamps of higher denominations than 10c. A handsome initial scarf-pin to the first one who responds. Robert Wayne, Rives, Ga.

I have 125 pounds of good reading matter which I will send to readers of the ECHO on receipt of 5c per pound to cover postage. Will send 10 postmarks for every cancelled columbian stamp of higher value than 2c. 100 postmarks for those above 10c. Miss Pansy Thorne, Rives, Ga.

Any person sending me their name and address will receive free a poem booklet entitled, The wonderful story—the old, old story. Very suitable to read at Christmas time. Mary E. Pennock, Virgin, Ohio.

Rare stamps, minerals, sea shells, sea curiosities, books, magazines, confederate bills, postmarks, coins, etc., to exchange for confederate stamps. Vegetable and field seeds, fowls, columbian stamps 3, 6, 8, 15c. and higher values, etc. A packet of foreign stamps or reading matter to all who send postage. Mrs. J. Jay, LaHoyt, Iowa.

A valuable soap receipt for offer in saleable articles. Drapes crochet and knit lace, silk blocks to the value of 60c. Write what you have enclosing stamped envelope for reply. Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Maine.

Miss Roxie Smith, Cincinnatus, N. Y., a poor Shut-In wishes orders for crochet lace tidies, etc. Send self addressed stamped envelope for full information.

Mrs. Rev. A. Maynard, 359 E. Park St., Lock Haven, Pa., has postmarks to exchange or sell, also animal patterns to exchange for same. I have some very valuable receipts, that have saved many lives where doctors failed, to exchange for anything of value. Among my receipts is a valuable one for liniment, cough syrup, cholera mixture and California cold process of putting up all kinds of fruits, vegetables, keeping cider sweet and pure and for keeping eggs fresh the year round.

I have some papers that I have taken in past year that I could give to Shut-Ins. Some are religous. Please let me know who wants them. Mrs. P. C. Skinner, Hartland, Vermont.

Interesting reading desired by Mrs. Adella Babbitt, Goshen, Wyoming.

Will you all please write to Miss Lizzie Bennett, Newmarket, N. H.? A few cheering letters sent to her occasionally will be appreciated I know, and it will help her through the long cold winter.

Prize letters have been received from the following, and will be published Jan. 15th: Libby Mabey, Ollie Wood, Etta F. Smith, Mrs. Wm. Pingrey, Mrs. W. N. Canfield, Lizzie Stone and Alma A. Appleton.

To anyone sending me 50 cancelled columbian stamps including 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15 and 30c. I will send them a handsome new silk patchwork block 10x10. Write first to Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Box 709, Spencer, Mass.

I wish to exchange postmarks or postage stamps for postmarks not in my collection. Louis Slevin, 2413 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.

Herbarium containing a collection of classified pressed flowers, sea shells, fossils, large scrap book full of pretty cards, books of heroes, adventurers, poems, etc., for confederate, old U. S. and columbian postage stamps (except 1 and 2c.) and postmarks. Robert Lee Stephens, Danville, Ill.

Fifty-first chapter of Genesis written by a persian scribe over 800 years old to exchange for old postal cards. Pocket stamp album and 200 stamps for 25c piece of 1853 without arrows, or other old coins. M. Albert, 2618 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

OUR SHUT-IN DEPARTMENT.

Contributed to by Members of the Society of Recreation.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLES GALYON.

The object of this department is to lift the burden, as much as possible, from the afflicted and suffering and to obliviate the weariness of the sick chamber and replace instead, sunshine and happiness, by soliciting letters of comfort and joy.

All money received through this department shall be reserved and judiciously distributed among Shut-Ins. Books, Papers, Magazines, etc. will be sent to subscribers from time to time, free of charge. Letters for publication are earnestly solicited

A FEW CHATS AMONG OURSELVES

Ben C. Knight, Enfield, N. C. Your subscription has been paid for one year by a lady in far away California. If you desire her address write me.

In a communication from Mrs. Wm. Callihan of Webster, Ill., she speaks of feeling very poorly. Can't some of our kind friends write her a cheerful letter?

In one of Bettie Medley's kind letters she speaks of having an attack of grippe. Hope her next letter will bring the glad news of her complete recovery. Hope you will write her.

Mrs. A. Maynard, 359 E. Park St., Lock Haven, Pa. writes me that she has received a nice ready-made silk block from Mrs. L. C. Woodbury for her quilt. Hope others will remember her, as her quilt when finished will be interesting as well as pretty.

Mrs. Anna Teague: The little fan is just lovely; such little tokens are highly appreciated.

I have a french dollar that I would like to sell. The date is 1793; it is a silver dollar. Fannie W. Tunison, Box 245, Sag Harbor, L. I. If there is anyone who would like to have the above mentioned coin write Miss Tunison and make offer—Ed.]

One of our friends writes, "if my prize letter is fortunate enough to win a prize just keep the money and place it to my credit for subscription to your valuable paper, I wish I was able to take twenty copies each two weeks and distribute among friends."

Miss Libbie Mabey of Madusa, N. Y., writes me that she would be glad to receive cancelled stamps of any kind.

Mrs. S. B. Green, Peru, Neb: Your letter is full of encouragement and loving words. Would be glad to receive the names of your friends at any time, and I will send them a sample copy of our paper. Hope to have another nice letter from you soon.

Mrs. S. D. Kellar: Many thanks for the names you so kindly sent.

Mrs. Anna Teague of Empire, Ky., has been confined to her bed for 14 years and desires worsted or calico scraps for her quilts. Dear friends send her some if you have them.

Mrs. S. B. Green, Peru, Neb., says she will send reading matter or nice worsted pieces to any Shut-In asking for them.

Nellie F. Leach: Please send me a copy of the little paper, "The Comforter and Helper," you speak of.

Mrs. A. B. Small, 343 Blur Hill Ave, Roxbury, Mass., has papers and paper covered books which she will send to Shut-Ins sending postage.

Mrs. Cunningham: Thanks for the names, will send the paper four months to Bertha. Florence Langley is a regular subscriber. Hope to hear from you again soon.

Charles T. Zepp, who for 25 years has been unable to talk or walk, has written a short history of his life which he will send to any address for 10c. Box 51, Melrose, Carroll Co., Md.

Some few days ago Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill., sent me a lovely silk patchwork square 10x10 inches. The silk used was of the brightest and prettiest colors and the work first-class. Commencing with this block I shall make a friendship quilt, and those who have material and time to spare to make a block for my quilt I will have their name printed across it in gilt letters; when finished, I am sure it will be valuable as well as pretty, and with the name of my friends attached to it will make it doubly interesting.

I am glad to see that quite a number of you took advantage of my offer to make sachet bags for the cane souvenir, and in the next issue I will give the names of those who have sent in their application.

Don't forget to send me the name and address of some of your friends when writing.

Edith Patton: Your letter for the prize contest is very good.

Etta F. Smith: The proposition to make the first sachet bag for a cane souvenir came from me and I will make one for you. Am glad you are interested in the ECHO. Thanks for the list of names you so kindly sent.

Mrs. Geo. Jakes: Your letter is very good and will be published in next paper. I got eight presents from Shut-Ins and two from Mr. Galyon on Chistmas. It would give me much happiness to have you send me the feathers and wing you speak of in your letter. You have my heartfelt sympathy.

Miss Margret Hamil, Floy, Ala: Your kind letter is very good indeed; am glad you are collecting cancelled stamps for all should have some light persuit to follow by which to while away the time. Hope those who have stamps will remember you.

All are requested to remember the following named persons by sending a kind letter or reading of any kind: Mrs. Joseph Bailey, Meredith's Hollow, N. Y., Charlie Pullen, Kenduskeag, Maine.

Florence A. Langley writes me that she has been called to a hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Celia H. Perkins, care Jennings Home, West Cleveland, Ohio, is piecing a silk quilt and would be glad to have a few friends send her some silk scraps.

Helen Knapp: Your subscription has not been paid for; the papers you have received were sample copies sent by me; hope, however, that you will subscribe, for I would be glad to make the sachet bag for you, as my offer is made to subscribers only. What day is your birthday, 4th or 9th?

I hope the readers of the ECHO will follow the advice of Mrs. Geo. Jakes of Hyanis, Neb., and starts an outline quilt for some needy Shut-In. I will volunteer to set the blocks together; think Miss Weston could give some points on this question as she has one now in operation; think it would be best to have the cloth new, it would look much better. Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Spencer, Mass.

S. G. Smith, South Middleboro, Mass., says: "I am nos a Shut-In but am deeply interested in those that are." That is the kind of talk I like to hear.

I have a letter from my photographer saying he would have some of my pictures ready in a few days, and as soon as received the membership cards will be sent out. I feel confident that they will be ready in four or five days. Better late than never.

MRS. CHARLES GALYON.

IT WAS a Frenchman, of course, who thought that the misfortunes of one's friends is peculiary pleasing. And the Frenchman was both witty and wise. Of course one feels sorry for his friend's misfortunes; but how oily on he rolls them under his tongue, and when he says "Poor Jones" there is a thought for "poor Jones" troubles and another for his own ability to keep himself out of trouble—for, of course, it is not misfortune but weakness when the friend is plucked.

In the same manner, have you ever noticed that it is the good people of the world who do nearly all the mischief that is done by too much talk and that, too often, it is the good woman? Men are not given to this fault. Perhaps they do not deserve any great moral credit for it. Perhaps the cow-hide and the doubled fist and the barking revolver may be entitled to the birth and growth of this.

In fact the goody-goody woman does lots of damage in the world. She has a habit of using a peculiar tone or accent that is worse than a poisoned dagger-tip. Charity is not one of her weaknesses. Temptation and surroundings are never taken into account by her. She hunts faults with a microscope and overlooks virtues as looming as mountains. You never hear her speak in a heartly manner of anybody, and especially any woman. Her words might look alright on paper; but coming from her mouth they are transformed into toads and serpents when they reach the hearer's ear.

And nobody likes her. "If she says that about her friend what does she say about me?" is the question asked by those to whom she is talking. One man goes out some thawing morning, and he only thinks "what awful slush." His neighbor says "how beautiful are the skies." The goody-goody woman thinks she is a Chrsitian; the recording angel can, and some day will, tell a different story. The Lord deliver the world from the evils wrougnt by this creature.

RELICS THAT ARE PRICELESS.

There have been placed on exhibition in the Massachusetts building some relics of priceless value which are for the first time exposed to public view.

The first of these is a copper watch worn by Miles Standish during the historical trip of the Mayflower in 1620. Then there is a series of pictures of houses in England where the Puritan pilgrims met before undertaking their voyage to America. One is an accurate picture of the manor house at Scrooby, England, the official residence of the Archbishop of York, which was the meeting place of the pilgrims when they decided to make their eventful western journey.

In the same building there is on exhibition the original manuscript of Charles Summer's speech in congress on that historic day in May, 1855, when the orator was attacked by Brooks. The manuscript was handed by Summer to Congressman Williams immediately after the delivery of the speech and has since been carefully preserved.—Chicago Herald.

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MRS. E. A. BROW,
1 John St., Fall River, Mass. 3t.

CRAZY SILK BLOCKS

12x12 inches square, richly embroidered, $1.00, Plainer ones 75c, and 50c. Fancy shoulder capes $2.00. Plainer ones $1.50, and $1.25. Address,

Florence Criste, Madisonville, Ohio. 3t.

A BARGAIN !!

One hundred varieties of choice Stamps such as Peru, Ecuador, Argentine, Java, Hong Kong, Natal (Africa) Etc., only 25c. Postal Note. Sheets on appoval 33 1-3 per cent commission.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kas.

GLOOMY persons should read much. They should have a Stamp Collection and take a good Stamp Paper. Try the NORTHWEST, 25c. per year. Adv. rates; 50c. per inch. To all who mention where they saw this adv. and enclose 5 two cent stamps, unused, we will send the Northwest for one year free.

F. S. GEORGE,
702 26th. Ave., N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

100 Varieties Postmarks 5c.

100 varieties foreign stamps 10c. 500 foreign stamps 20c. 1000 U. S stamps postage, revenue, envelope unpaid, deparsments, etc.. 22c. 3 varieties confederate bills 15c. 2 varieties confederate stamps 10c. 5 varieties sea shells 15c. Ten kinds of minerals 20c. specimens of coral, fine 10c. Sheets of foreign stamps sent on approval to anyone at 60 per ct.com. MRS. J. JAY,
6t LaHoyt, Iowa

Fannie W. Tunison, SAG HARBOR. L. I., has for sale. blotters from 25c to 50c. Ribbon Book Marks 25c. Stamp Holders 25c. Cards with her Photo on 25c.

Colored Crayon Drawing on each of the above named articles.

Worsted Mats 30c. Aida Canvas Tidies 75c and $1.00 each. Orders promptly filled.

ALL WORK DONE with the MOUTH.

READ THE CASH PRICES
PAID FOR
--Columbus--
POSTAGE STAMPS,
In Good Condition by
JOHN P. COOPER,
L. B. 235, RED BANK, N. J.

COLUMBUS ADHESIVES, per 100
1c. blue, 5c. 2c. brown, 2c. 3c. green, $1.00 4c. blue, 45c. brown, 60c. 6c. purple, $2.50. 8c. violet, $2.50. 10c. brown, 75c. 15c. green, $5.00. 30c. brown, $8.00. 50c. blue, $15.00. $1. rose. each 25c. $2. red, each 60c. $3. green, each $1.00 $4. carmine, each $2.50. $5. black, each $4.00.

The dollar series wanted on original covers if possible.

COLUMBUS ENVELOPES.
1c. blue, per 100, 50c. 2c. red, per 100, 15c 5c. brown, per 100, $1.00. 10c. black, per 100, $2.50.

1890 ISSUE, SMALL.
3c. purple, per 100, 25c. 6c. red, per 100, $1. 8c. violet, per 100, $1. 15c. blue, per 100, $1.50. 30c. black, per 100, $1.50. 90c. orange, each 20c.

All old stamps wanted. Send 25c. for Catalogue of Coins, Paper Money and Old Stamps.

Confederate Stamps on the Entire Original Envelope Particularly Wanted.

A DREAM COME TRUE
THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE
GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE, EDITOR.

The only first-class, illustrated Literary Magazine published in the South.

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN AND WOMEN
CAN MAKE MONEY
by soliciting subscriptions for us.
WE PAY MORE THAN ANY OTHER PERIODICAL FOR THIS WORK.

Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy and Particulars. Address
THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE Corporation
Louisville, Ky.

25 Foreign Stamps Free

to all requesting my fine approval sheets at 33 1-2 dis. RALPH R. HOBART, Big Rapids, Mich.

P. S. 100 fine stamps given for 8 columbias above 2c. 3t.

Beginners Send For My

approval sheets, 33 1-3 commission and postage paid both ways. Foreign stamps exchanged for columbias.

JOHN M. STONE, GOLDEN ROD, PA. 3t.

S. G. SMITH
SOUTH MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,
has chamois thimble bags 15c. Manilla rope dust brushes 35c. Velvet needle cases 50c. 3t.

Fish Scale Jewelry.

A Shut-In will be glad to fill orders for these pretty ornaments. They make a dainty gift for a bride or a birthday. Pansy 'stick pins" 25c. Large pansy hair pin 30c. Bunch apple blossoms 85c and $1.00. I also make mice penwipers, crochet slippers, etc. **Miss Celia H. Perkins,** Jennings Home, West Cleveland, Ohio. 3t.

MRS. A. NEPHENS. JOHN'S PASS, FLA.
has lots of pretty shells, corals and other curiosities from gulf of Mexico for sale or exchange for dry goods. Send stamp for list. 3t.

FOR SALE

Drum match scratchers 15c. Darning needle holders 10c. Stick pins—gold plated 5c to 25c each. Book on rug making 10c. Book on lamp and toilet mats 10c. Foreign stamps 5c to 15c per 100. Postmarks 15c per 100. Please enclose stamped envelope when writing letters of inquiry. Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Me. 3t.

Unequaled!

Our 1894 packet contains 25 varieties from Mexico, Ecuador, Honduras, Salvador, Peru, etc.

Many of the stamps are unused and rare, price only 25c post paid. TASKER & BARKER,
3t. Milton, N. H.

BARGAINS IN RARE STAMPS!

100 well mixed foreign stamps, Asia, Africa, Europe, South America and Australian for only 10c. Bonanza package No. 1, 25 rare Foreign stamps with hinges for 10c, (no two alike.) Eureka package No. 2, containing fifty foreign and old U. S. stamps with hinges for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. I. CLEMENT,
Box B, Stillwater, Me.

"IN HIS NAME."
Will You Contribute a Book?

I want to send a box of good books to a school for poor whites in the mountains of Georgia, to form a circulating library for the school. Hundreds of folks there see no book but the Bible, from one year's end to another. They need them. School books, story books for old or young, would be gladly received. To anyone contributing I will, if they send stamp, write them full particulars of the school. I want to send the books by Christmas, 1893, but will forward them any time if they are sent to me. Yours truly,

Mrs. Etta A. Brow,
1 John St., Fall River. Mass

Stamp Collectors Send 10 cents to W. I. Clement, Stillwater, Me., and see what you will get.

Choice
—AND—
Selected Reading

In every issue of THE INTERIOR, the largest Presbyterian paper in the world.

Contributed articles from prominent writers and church workers in all parts of the world, conveying the latest religious and secular intelligence.

All branches of church work ably discussed.

SPECIAL NUMBERS

Handsomely illustrated and containing the very essence of journalistic skill mark the season events of the year, as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, etc.

Premiums and free gifts never given, we put full value into each number, which accounts for THE INTERIOR'S popularity.

Trial subscription of one month, 25c.; per year, in advance, $2.50.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE INTERIOR,
69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

An Old Friend.

In a series of interviews with members of the last Congress, 21 out of 43 remarked that they were readers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. For definite and trustworthy information on the questions of the day it is really unique, while the high character of its stories, the wide fields covered by its special articles, and its contributions from the most famous writers in Europe and America, are well known.

Its programme for next year seems brighter than ever. Some of the important stories are: "The Deserter," by Harold Frederic; a Tale of the Great Mutiny in India, by Saro Jeannette Duncan; several Romances of the Sea, by W. Clark Russell; Tales of the War, and of the Frontier in Early Days. Henry M. Stanley contributes two thrilling narratives from Darkest Africa, and Archibald Forbes writes of his "Closest Call." Naval Battles are described by Admirals', and Military Life by Generals. Then there are articles on Choosing an Occupation, Boys who Should Not Go to College, Physical Traing, Recreations of kinds, and many other pratical subjects.

Another pleasant feature is the charming picture of a young lady of colonial times, "Sweet Charity," reproduced in colors from a painting by Ferris, which is presented to all subscribers who send their $1.75 for a new subscription or a renewal.

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

COLLECTING POSTMARKS.

I am greatly interested in Postmark collecing. I have no collection myself but I find a ready sale for Postmarks collected by my Shut-In friends, and the money recieved is used for them

I want to ask a few questions, and see if those who are interested in Postmark collecting cannot aid each other through the columns of RECREATION ECHO: What comprises a complete collection of Postmarks? What can collectors do with the Postmarks from large cities? What Postmarks are most valuable? How is the best way to dispose of our Postmarks if not collecting?

There is a gentleman in Philadelphia who owes me for several hundred and I have waited in hopes he would remit, but as he has not done so I will, unless he makes a settlement at once, be compelled to publish his name.

I have several thousand Postmarks on hand, many of them large cities I presume, but have not time to sort them. I want to dispose of them for cash or something to help the Shut-Ins.

M. A. WESTON,
West Peterboro, N. H.

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF U. S.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., DEC. 19th, 1893.

EDITOR RECREATION ECHO:

I have now received the three issues of the REC. ECHO and am more than well pleased with it and consider you have selected a very appropriate name for the same.

Feeling it a sense of duty as well as a great pleasure to write you a few lines in not only commending "our" paper to all who take any interest in both stamp collecting and more so in postmark collecting, but we should do what we can to futher its best motives.

My postmark collection now numbers over 23,000 all U. S. which, I believe, is the largest one thus far known, although Mr. D. O. Cummins of Media, Pa., I believe, has more than this number including foreign ones.

I should be pleased to exchange duplicates with any and all collectors who may desire. I will give ten cancelled stamps for any number of marks in exchange.

Enclosed please find my subscription to "our" paper. * *

CHAS. S. GLOVER, JR.
216 N. 6th. Ave.

Improvements and new features will be added to RECREATION ECHO each month.

How About the Weather?

The Weekly Courier-Journal, published at Louisville, Ky., delights in keeping its subscribers guessing. In addition to being the greatest Democratic newspaper published, it has been a pioneer in enterprises that require thought and figuring on the part of its subscribers. The Weekly's estimating contest on the election in 1892, by which $14,400 in gold coin was distributed among forty-five guessers, is a sample of this. The latest guessing offer of this paper is on the weather—that one subject on which we all consider ourselves prophets. The Weekly Courier-Journal proposes to give $1,000 in cash to its subscribers who can name the coldest day in the month of February, 1894, at Louisville, Ky., and guess closest to the lowest temperature on this day. The contest closes January 31, 1864.

Every new subscriber who sends $1 can make one guess; and every old subscriber who renews, sending $1 can guess. Send for a sample copy of the paper for full particulars. Write at once, as the time is short.

The Echo for Fedruary 15th Will be Given Wholly to Prize Letters.

SUBSCRIPTION < > 25c. PER YEAR



RECREATION ECHO.

Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors, Etc.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 1, 1894. NO. 6.

MY GARDEN PATCH.

What matter if the World's gay throng
Go surging past, a ceaseless flow;
What matter if the day seem long
So I but weed my garden row?

My garden patch lies low, and I
Would not have chose such soil to till,
But rather on some mountain high,
Where fancy fair might roam at will.

My working place is rough and rude,
And weeds oft choke the flower roots.
And thorny briars will intrude
'Mong fragrant buds and tender shoots.

But hidden here, obscure from all—
The Master saw that it was meet
My lot I'd tend—'till He should call,
To scan my work—low at His feet.

He gave it me to fence and till;
He gives me seed to constant sow.
He'll sometimes come when suits His will.
To view my little garden row.

While busy I'm not lonely. He
Hath promised e'er to guide my feet.
I see Him not, but He sees me;
Beliving this, my task is sweet.

So water I, and weed and shield
My little plants with tender care
While thinking of the Autumn yield
Of blossom sweet and fruitage fair.

In happy hope I labor on
In ceaseless toil and constant watch;
The hireling's day will soon be done,
The Master's hand is on the latch.

And hoping still, I listening be,
With joyful heart that sound to catch.
Oh, happp me, if He shall see
No weed in all my garden patch.

Oh, will He find it sweet and clean?
And hear me singing on my way,
Where flowers and fruits together lean,
And dew-drops glisten on each spray?

Oh, joyful me, if when He come,
He finds me "faithful in the least,"
And smiling "well done," welcome home,
Then lead me to His marriage feast.

M. M. HART.

ELLERBE SPRINGS, N. C.

We have before us a copy of RECREATION ECHO, a charming little paper published by Mr. C. P. Galyon, Knoxville, Tenn. The ECHO is devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark collectors, stamp collectors, etc., and is in every way worthy of being patronized. We wish it success.—Rays of Light.

NOTICE.

Commencing with February 15th, Mr. E. R. Marshall of Wyoming, Iowa, takes charge of our Stamp Department, and will give our readers the brighest crisp Philatelic news obtainable Collectors may look for something interesting through this department, and they will do well to subscribe at once. With our low advertiseing rates, advertisers can readily see the advantage of placing their business with us at any and all times.

NUMBER CONTEST.

A Year's Subscription to any Fifty Cent Paper Published Given the Winners.

NOVEL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING.

If You are a Subscriber it Costs You Nothing to Guess.

On and after December 25th., 1893 we will give away one year's subscription to some of the best family story papers published to those naming the correct number which will appear each month in the space below.

Twelve numbers, between 20 and 100 have been printed on a strip of paper in the manner which they shall appear in the paper from month to month, which will make the contest last for twelve months.

CORRECT NUMBER FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY IS

65

WINNER

Miss Janie Lawrence. Her Guesses 46-65-92

OTHER GUESSES RECEIVED.

Mrs. O. L. Chauncey	94
Mrs. Wm Callihan	21
Maria E. Collins	51
Etta F. Smith	51
Fannie w. Tunison	79
Libbie Mabey	21
R. L. Stephens	46
Mrs. H. W. Brown	26
Mrs. A. Maynand	87
Mary C. Patten	50-75-25
Miss M. F. L. Brown	77-84-49
Mrs. C. A. Procter	26-88-41
Ralph R. Hobart	43-53-89
Edith Patton	42-57-63
Mrs. G. H. Ackley	28-41-95
Melinda Rodden	33-66-77
Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin	23-35-63
Florence Criste	51-60-64
Geo. T. Stewart	24-38-66
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury	67-53-33
John M. Stone	47-65-94
Mrs. Mary Cunningham	23-57-78
G. A. Page	23-46-77

A year's subscription to the Southern Philatelist has been ordered sent to Mrs. Chauncey and Mrs. Callihan, they being the winners in Dec.

Some of our readers have protested against allowing premiums to those guessing nearest the correct number in case the correct number is not guessed. Therefore, after this date premiums will be allowed only to those who guess the correct number, and in order to establish a greater interest in this contest we will give our readers and friends an advantage by stating that the correct number for February will be found between 75 and 100.

Subscribers may send their guesses on a postal

All new subscribers are requested to enter this novel contest. You have nothing to lose,

If you are not a subscriber send 10c with your guess, which pays for the paper for five months; or send 25c for one year's subscription which will entitle you to three guesses the first month.

Following are a list of papers offered as premiums, you to select any one you desire if you guess the correct number, which will appear in the above space.

WOMAN'S WORK, a sixteen-page literary and domestic monthly magazine; published at Athens Ga.; subscription price, 50c. per year. Kate Garland Editor.

This magazine is nicely gotten up, being profusely illustrated and devoted wholly to women and is ably edited by a talented woman.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE, a sixteen-page select story paper, published monthly by The American Publishing Co., Jersey City, N. J., at 50c. per year.

SUNSHINE, a sixteen-page monthly, published for youth by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine. Subscription, 75c. per year.

THE HOUSEKEEPER, published at Minneapolis, Minn. Being a large twenty-page monthly devoted to women, which is well known and needs no futher recommendation from us. Subscription, 50c. per year.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA, a monthly journal containing practical instructions on painting, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and home decoration. Published by Priscilla Publishing Co., Lynn, Mass., at 50c. per year.

Any 50c. paper published, and not listed here, that the winners may desire will be given them free.

To those who guess three correct numbers during the year, we will give them in addition to one 50c. paper for every correct guess, one year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, published at Washington, D. C., at ONE DOLLAR per year. So you see if you guess three correct numbers during the year you will get a year's subscription to three 50c. papers, besides getting The National Tribune for one year, all free of charge.

Remember the only conditions are that you must either be or become a subscriber to RECREATION ECHO to guess in this number contest.

Three guesses will be allowed all subscribers, old or new, the first month and one guess each month thereafter, which gives you fourteen guesses during the year.

Your subscription to the prize papers commences upon reciept of your correct guess, you to name the paper you desire.

If you are not a subscriber send 25c. at once which pays for RECREATION ECHO from now until January 25th., 1895; this entitles you to three guesses in the number contest, which may be sent with your subscription, and one guess each month thereafter, for one year.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

To those of you guessing the correct number in this contest will be awarded a year's subscription to any two 25c, Philatelic journals published.

We hope to hear from many more for next month. Regular subscribers may send their guesses on a postal. If you are not a subscriber we earnest ask you to lose no time in sending us your subscription with your guess and prize letter for next month.

We have sent to Miss M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., a printed list of the numbers as they shall appear from month to month. Miss Weston will see that the contest is fair to all. Address allcommunications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, - - - Knoxville, Tenn.

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OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

The following named persons have been authorized to act as agents for this paper, taking subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange, etc:

Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.
Mary E. Pennock, Virgin, Ohio.
Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Box 709, Spencer, Mass.
"Marion," Box 83, Palatine, Ill

Those desiring to subscribe for the ECHO may safely send to any of the above agents and their orders will receive the same attention as if sent direct to the publishers.

It is well for us to state that it is not to our advantage in appointing these agents, for we allow them 25c on each dollar that passes through their hands. But in acting as our representatives it gives them light employment with a fair compensation. Therefore, with a desire to assist the Shut-Ins as much as possible, we would ask those who intend subscribing for RECREATION ECHO to send their subscription through some one of the above named agents.

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS.

In order to act as an agent for this paper the following rules must be respected, viz:

Write us a letter, sending all subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange notices, etc., on the 10th and 25th of each month.

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309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

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MRS. E. A. BROW,
1 John St., Fall River, Mass. 3t.

CRAZY SILK BLOCKS

12x12 inches square, richly embroidered, $1.00, Plainer ones 75c, and 50c. Fancy shoulder capes $2.00. Plainer ones $1.50, and $1.25. Address,

Florence Criste, Madisonville, Ohio. 3t.

A BARGAIN !!

One hundred varieties of choice Stamps such as Peru, Ecuador, Argentine, Java, Hong Kong, Natal (Africa) Etc., only 25c. Postal Note. Sheets on appoval 33 1-3 per cent commission.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kas.

GLOOMY persons should read much. They should have a Stamp Collection and take a good Stamp Paper. Try the NORTHWEST, 25c. per year. Adv. rates; 50c. per inch. To all who mention where they saw this adv. and enclose 5 two cent stamps, unused, we will send the Northwest for one year free.

F. S. GEORGE,
702 26th. Ave., N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

100 Varieties Postmarks 5c.

100 varieties foreign stamps 10c. 500 foreign stamps 20c. 1000 U. S stamps postage, revenue, envelope unpaid, deparsments, etc., 22c. 3 varieties confederate bills 15c. 2 varieties confederate stamps 10c. 5 varieties sea shells 15c. Ten kinds of minerals 20c. specimens of coral, fine 10c. Sheets of foreign stamps sent on approval to anyone at 60 per ct.com. MRS. J. JAY,
6t LaHoyt, Iowa

Fannie W. Tunison, SAG HARBOR, L. I., has for sale, blotters from 25c to 50c. Ribbon Book Marks 25c. Stamp Holders 25c. Cards with her Photo on 25c.

Colored Crayon Drawing on each of the above named articles.

Worsted Mats 30c. Aida Canvas Tidies 75c and $1.00 each. Orders promptly filled.

ALL WORK DONE with the MOUTH.

READ THE CASH PRICES
PAID FOR
--Columbus--
POSTAGE STAMPS,
In Good Condition by
JOHN P. COOPER,
L. B. 235, RED BANK, N. J.

COLUMBUS ADHESIVES, per 100
1c. blue, 5c. 2c. brown, 2c. 3c. green, $1.00 4c. blue, 45c. 4c. brown, 60c. 6c. purple, $2.50. 8c. violet, $2.50. 10c. brown, 75c. 15c. green, $5.00. 30c. brown, $8.00. 50c. blue, $15.00. $1. rose, each 25c. $2. red, each 60c. $5. green, each $1.00 $4. carmine, each $2.50. $5. black, each $4.00.

The dollar series wanted on original covers if possible.

COLUMBUS ENVELOPES.
1c. blue, per 100, 50c. 2c. red, per 100, 15c 5c. brown, per 100, $1.00. 10c. black, per 100, $2.50.

1890 ISSUE, SMALL.
3c. purple, per 100, 25c. 6c. red, per 100, $1. 8c. violet, per 100, $1. 15c. blue, per 100, $1.50. 30c. black, per 100, $1.50. 90c. orange, each 20c.

All old stamps wanted. Send 25c. for Catalogue of Coins, Paper Money and Old Stamps.

Confederate Stamps on the Entire Original Envelope Particularly Wanted.

A DREAM COME TRUE
THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE
GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE, EDITOR.

The only first-class, illustrated Literary Magazine published in the South.

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN AND WOMEN
CAN MAKE MONEY
by soliciting subscriptions for us.
WE PAY MORE THAN ANY OTHER PERIODICAL FOR THIS WORK.

Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy and Particulars. Address
THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE Corporation
Louisville, Ky.

25 Foreign Stamps Free

to all requesting my fine approval sheets at 33 1-2 dis. RALPH R. HOBART, Big Rapids, Mich.

P. S. 100 fine stamps given for 8 columbias above 2c. 3t.

Beginners Send For My

approval sheets, 33 1-3 commission and postage paid both ways. Foreign stamps exchanged for columbias.

JOHN M. STONE, GOLDEN ROD, PA. 3t.

S. G. SMITH
SOUTH MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,
has chamois thimble bags 15c. Manilla rope dust brushes 35c. Velvet needle cases 50c. 3t.

Fish Scale Jewelry.

A Shut-In will be glad to fill orders for these pretty ornaments. They make a dainty gift for a bride or a birthday. Pansy 'stick pins" 25c. Large pansy hair pin 30c. Bunch apple blossoms 85c and $1.00. I also make mice penwipers, crochet slippers, etc. **Miss Celia H. Perkins,** Jennings Home, West Cleveland, Ohio. 3t.

MRS. A. NEPHENS. JOHN'S PASS, FLA. has lots of pretty shells, corals and other curiosities from gulf of Mexico for sale or exchange for dry goods. Send stamp for list. 3t.

FOR SALE

Drum match scratchers 15c. Darning needle holders 10c. Stick pins—gold plated 5c to 25c each. Book on rug making 10c. Book on lamp and toilet mats 10c. Foreign stamps 5c to 15c per 100. Postmarks 15c per 100. Please enclose stamped envelope when writing letters of inquiry. Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Me. 3t.

Unequaled!

Our 1894 packet contains 25 varieties from Mexico, Ecuador, Honduras, Salvador, Peru, etc.

Many of the stamps are unused and rare, price only 25c post paid. TASKER & BARKER,
3t. Milton, N. H.

BARGAINS IN RARE STAMPS!

100 well mixed foreign stamps, Asia, Africa, Europe, South America and Australian for only 10c. Bonanza package No. 1, 25 rare Foreign stamps with hinges for 10c, (no two alike.) Eureka package No. 2, containing fifty foreign and old U. S. stamps with hinges for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. I. CLEMENT,
Box B, Stillwater, Me.

"IN HIS NAME."
Will You Contribute a Book?

I want to send a box of good books to a school for poor whites in the mountains of Georgia, to form a circulating library for the school. Hundreds of folks there see no book but the Bible, from one year's end to another. They need them. School books, story books for old or young, would be gladly received. To anyone contributing I will, if they send stamp, write them full particulars of the school. I want to send the books by Christmas, 1893, but will forward them any time if they are sent to me. Yours truly,

Mrs. Etta A. Brow,
1 John St., Fall River, Mass

Stamp Collectors Send 10 cents to W. I. Clement, Stillwater, Me., and see what you will get.

Choice
—AND—
Selected Reading

In every issue of THE INTERIOR, the largest Presbyterian paper in the world.

Contributed articles from prominent writers and church workers in all parts of the world, conveying the latest religious and secular intelligence.

All branches of church work ably discussed.

SPECIAL NUMBERS

Handsomely illustrated and containing the very essence of journalistic skill mark the season events of the year, as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, etc.

Premiums and free gifts never given, we put full value into each number, which accounts for THE INTERIOR'S popularity.

Trial subscription of one month, 25c.; per year, in advance, $2.50.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE INTERIOR,
69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

An Old Friend.

In a series of interviews with members of the last Congress, 21 out of 43 remarked that they were readers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. For definite and trustworthy information on the questions of the day it is really unique, while the high character of its stories, the wide fields covered by its special articles, and its contributions from the most famous writers in Europe and America, are well known.

Its programme for next year seems brighter than ever. Some of the important stories are: "The Deserter," by Harold Frederic; a Tale of the Great Mutiny in India, by Saro Jeannette Duncan; several Romances of the Sea, by W. Clark Russell; Tales of the War, and of the Frontier in Early Days. Henry M. Stanley contributes two thrilling narratives from Darkest Africa, and Archibald Forbes writes of his "Closest Call." Naval Battles are described by Admirals', and Military Life by Generals. Then there are articles on Choosing an Occupation, Boys who Should Not Go to College, Physical Traing, Recreations of kinds, and many other pratical subjects.

Another pleasant feature is the charming picture of a young lady of colonial times, "Sweet Charity," reproduced in colors from a painting by Ferris, which is presented to all subscribers who send their $1.75 for a new subscription or a renewal.

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

COLLECTING POSTMARKS.

I am greatly interested in Postmark collecting. I have no collection myself but I find a ready sale for Postmarks collected by my Shut-In friends, and the money recieved is used for them

I want to ask a few questions, and see if those who are interested in Postmark collecting cannot aid each other through the columns of RECREATION ECHO: What comprises a complete collection of Postmarks? What can collectors do with the Postmarks from large cities? What Postmarks are most valuable? How is the best way to dispose of our Postmarks if not collecting?

There is a gentleman in Philadelphia who owes me for several hundred and I have waited in hopes he would remit, but as he has not done so I will, unless he makes a settlement at once, be compelled to publish his name.

I have several thousand Postmarks on hand, many of them large cities I presume, but have not time to sort them. I want to dispose of them for cash or something to help the Shut-Ins.

M. A. WESTON,
West Peterboro, N. H.

***

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF U. S.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., DEC. 19th, 1893.

EDITOR RECREATION ECHO:

I have now received the three issues of the REC. ECHO and am more than well pleased with it and consider you have selected a very appropriate name for the same.

Feeling it a sense of duty as well as a great pleasure to write you a few lines in not only commending "our" paper to all who take any interest in both stamp collecting and more so in postmark collecting, but we should do what we can to futher its best motives.

My postmark collection now numbers over 23,000 all U. S. which, I believe, is the largest one thus far known, although Mr. D. O. Cummins of Media, Pa., I believe, has more than this number including foreign ones.

I should be pleased to exchange duplicates with any and all collectors who may desire. I will give ten cancelled stamps for any number of marks in exchange.

Enclosed please find my subscription to "our" paper. * *

CHAS. S. GLOVER, JR.
216 N. 6th. Ave.

Improvements and new features will be added to RECREATION ECHO each month.

How About the Weather?

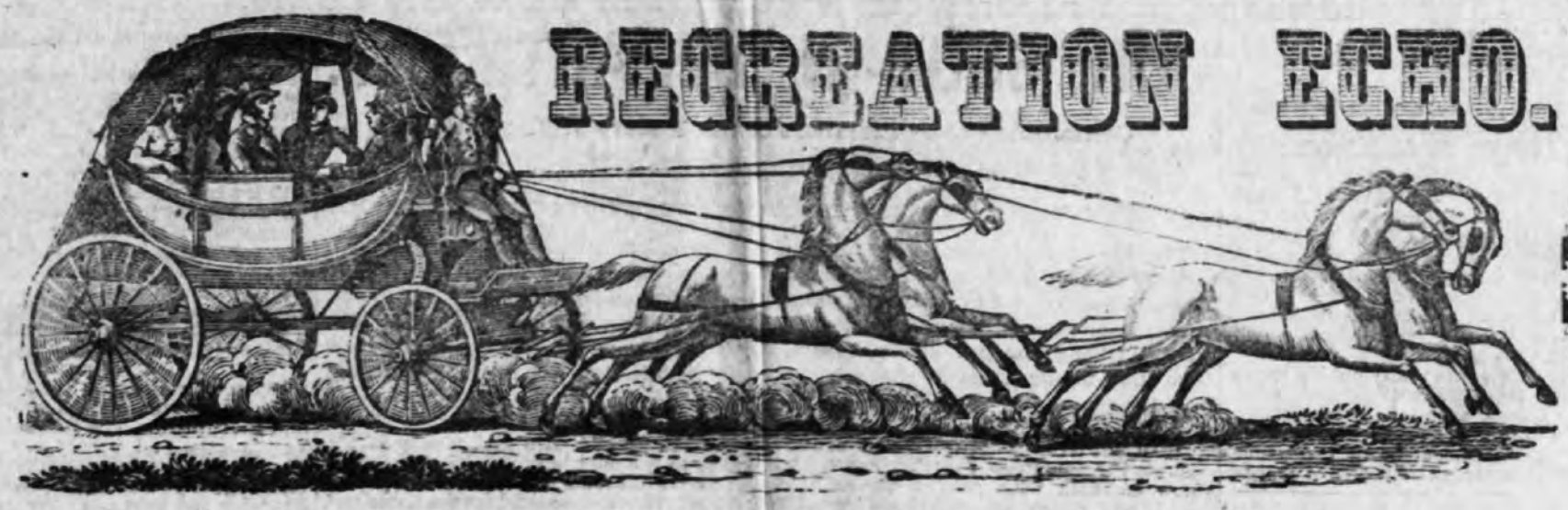
The Weekly Courier-Journal, published at Louisville, Ky., delights in keeping its subscribers guessing. In addition to being the greatest Democratic newspaper published, it has been a pioneer in enterprises that require thought and figuring on the part of its subscribers. The Weekly's estimating contest on the election in 1892, by which $14,400 in gold coin was distributed among forty-five guessers, is a sample of this. The latest guessing offer of this paper is on the weather—that one subject on which we all consider ourselves prophets. The Weekly Courier-Journal proposes to give $1,000 in cash to its subscribers who can name the coldest day in the month of February, 1894, at Louisville, Ky., and guess closest to the lowest temperature on this day. The contest closes January 31, 1864.

Every new subscriber who sends $1 can make one guess; and every old subscriber who renews, sending $1 can guess. Send for a sample copy of the paper for full particulars. Write at once, as the time is short.

The Echo for Fedruary 15th Will be Given Wholly to Prize Letters.

SUBSCRIPTION > 25c. PER YEAR <

RECREATION ECHO.



Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors, Etc.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY 1, 1894. NO. 6.

MY GARDEN PATCH.

What matter if the World's gay throng
Go surging past, a ceaseless flow;
What matter if the day seem long
So I but weed my garden row?

My garden patch lies low, and I
Would not have chose such soil to till,
But rather on some mountain high,
Where fancy fair might roam at will.

My working place is rough and rude,
And weeds oft choke the flower roots.
And thorny briars will intrude
'Mong fragrant buds and tender shoots.

But hidden here, obscure from all—
The Master saw that it was meet
My lot I'd tend—'till He should call,
To scan my work——low at His feet.

He gave it me to fence and till;
He gives me seed to constant sow.
He'll sometimes come when suits His will.
To view my little garden row.

While busy I'm not lonely. He
Hath promised e'er to guide my feet.
I see Him not, but He sees me;
Beliving this, my task is sweet.

So water I, and weed and shield
My little plants with tender care
While thinking of the Autumn yield
Of blossom sweet and fruitage fair.

In happy hope I labor on
In ceaseless toil and constant watch;
The hireling's day will soon be done,
The Master's hand is on the latch.

And hoping still, I listening be,
With joyful heart that sound to catch.
Oh, happp me, if He shall see
No weed in all my garden patch.

Oh, will He find it sweet and clean?
And hear me singing on my way,
Where flowers and fruits together lean,
And dew-drops glisten on each spray?

Oh, joyful me, if when He come,
He finds me "faithful in the least,"
And smiling "well done," welcome home,
Then lead me to His marriage feast.

M. M. Hart.

Ellerbe Springs, N. C.

We have before us a copy of Recreation Echo, a charming little paper published by Mr. C. P. Galyon, Knoxville, Tenn. The Echo is devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark collectors, stamp collectors, etc., and is in every way worthy of being patronized. We wish it success.—Rays of Light.

NOTICE.

Commencing with February 15th, Mr. E. R. Marshall of Wyoming, Iowa, takes charge of our Stamp Department, and will give our readers the brighest crisp Philatelic news obtainable Collectors may look for something interesting through this department, and they will do well to subscribe at once. With our low advertiseing rates, advertisers can readily see the advantage of placing their business with us at any and all times.

NUMBER CONTEST.

A Year's Subscription to any Fifty Cent Paper Published Given the Winners.

NOVEL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING.

If You are a Subscriber it Costs You Nothing to Guess.

On and after December 25th., 1893 we will give away one year's subscription to some of the best family story papers published to those naming the correct number which will appear each month in the space below.

Twelve numbers, between 20 and 100 have been printed on a strip of paper in the manner which they shall appear in the paper from month to month, which will make the contest last for twelve months.

CORRECT NUMBER FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY IS

65

WINNER

Miss Janie Lawrence. Her Guesses 46-65-92

OTHER GUESSES RECEIVED.

Mrs. O. L. Chauncey	94
Mrs. Wm Callihan	21
Maria E. Collins	51
Etta F. Smith	51
Fannie w. Tunison	79
Libbie Mabey	21
R. L. Stephens	46
Mrs. H. W. Brown	26
Mrs. A. Maynand	87
Mary C. Patten	50-75-25
Miss M. F. L. Brown	77-84-69
Mrs. C. A. Procter	26-88-41
Ralph R. Hobart	43-53-89
Edith Patton	42-57-63
Mrs. G. H. Ackley	26-41-95
Melinda Rodden	33-66-77
Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin	23-85-63
Florence Criste	51-60-64
Geo. T. Stewart	24-38-86
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury	67-53-33
John M. Stone	47-85-94
Mrs. Mary Cunningham	23-57-73
G. A. Page	23-46-77

A year's subscription to the Southern Philatelist has been ordered sent to Mrs. Chauncey and Mrs. Callihan, they being the winners in Dec.

Some of our readers have protested against allowing premiums to those guessing nearest the correct number in case the correct number is not guessed. Therefore, after this date premiums will be allowed only to those who guess the correct number, and in order to establish a greater interest in this contest we will give our readers and friends an advantage by stating that the correct number for February will be found between 75 and 100.

Subscribers may send their guesses on a postal

All new subscribers are requested to enter this novel contest. You have nothing to lose.

If you are not a subscriber send 10c with your guess, which pays for the paper for five months; or send 25c for one year's subscription which will entitle you to three guesses the first month.

Following are a list of papers offered as premiums, you to select any one you desire if you guess the correct number, which will appear in the above space.

Woman's Work, a sixteen-page literary and domestic monthly magazine; published at Athens Ga.; subscription price, 50c. per year. Kate Garland Editor.

This magazine is nicely gotten up, being profusely illustrated and devoted wholly to women and is ably edited by a talented woman.

The American Fireside, a sixteen-page select story paper, published monthly by The American Publishing Co., Jersey City, N. J., at 50c. per year.

Sunshine, a sixteen-page monthly, published for youth by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine. Subscription, 75c. per year.

The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, Minn. Being a large twenty-page monthly devoted to women, which is well known and needs no futher recommendation from us. Subscription, 50c. per year.

The Modern Priscilla, a monthly journal containing practical instructions on painting, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and home decoration. Published by Priscilla Publishing Co., Lynn, Mass., at 50c. per year.

Any 50c. paper published, and not listed here, that the winners may desire will be given them free.

To those who guess three correct numbers during the year, we will give them in addition to one 50c. paper for every correct guess, one year's subscription to The National Tribune, published at Washington, D. C., at ONE DOLLAR per year. So you see if you guess three correct numbers during the year you will get a year's subscription to three 50c. papers, besides getting The National Tribune for one year, all free of charge.

Remember the only conditions are that you must either be or become a subscriber to Recreation Echo to guess in this number contest.

Three guesses will be allowed all subscribers, old or new, the first month and one guess each month thereafter, which gives you fourteen guesses during the year.

Your subscription to the prize papers commences upon reciept of your correct guess, you to name the paper you desire.

If you are not a subscriber send 25c. at once which pays for Recreation Echo from now until January 25th., 1895; this entitles you to three guesses in the number contest, which may be sent with your subscription, and one guess each month thereafter, for one year.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

To those of you guessing the correct number in this contest will be awarded a year's subscription to any two 25c. Philatelic journals published.

We hope to hear from many more for next month. Regular subscribers may send their guesses on a postal. If you are not a subscriber we earnest-ask you to lose no time in sending us your subscription with your guess and prize letter for next month.

We have sent to Miss M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., a printed list of the numbers as they shall appear from month to month. Miss Weston will see that the contest is fair to all. Address allcommunications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, - - - Knoxville, Tenn.

Improvements and new features will be added to Recreation Echo each month.

OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

The following named persons have been authorized to act as agents for this paper, taking subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange, etc:

Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.
Mary E. Pennock, Virgin, Ohio.
Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Box 709, Spencer, Mass.
"Marion," Box 83, Palatine, Ill

Those desiring to subscribe for the Echo may safely send to any of the above agents and their orders will receive the same attention as if sent direct to the publishers.

It is well for us to state that it is not to our advantage in appointing these agents, for we allow them 25c on each dollar that passes through their hands. But in acting as our representatives it gives them light employment with a fair compensation. Therefore, with a desire to assist the Shut-Ins as much as possible, we would ask those who intend subscribing for Recreation Echo to send their subscription through some one of the above named agents.

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS.

In order to act as an agent for this paper the following rules must be respected, viz:

Write us a letter, sending all subscriptions, letters for publication, exchange notices, etc., on the 10th and 25th of each month.

Address all letters to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

Recreation Echo.

—PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS—

CHARLES P. GALYON,
Publisher,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

—MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, EDITOR—

RECREATION ECHO, a semi-monthly journal, devoted to the interest of Postmark Collectors, Stamp Collectors, Shut-Ins and Collectors in general. Subscription, 25c. per year, in advance.

To Shut-Ins who are really unable to pay the subscription, and will furnish references, and a letter each month for publication, with a promise to do all in their power for the advancement of the paper, a copy will be sent regularly, free of charge.

Entered in the Post Office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

15c per inch, display or reading, each insertion regardless of amount of space or length of time. These terms and prices imply to all.

Advertisers buying space to the amount of $1. is entitled to receive the paper for one year.

EDITORIAL.

THE Golden Star, published at Taunton, Mass., devoted to stamps, is among our exchanges this month, with its headline bronzed.

WE cannot say enough good words about the Christian Herald, published in New York with Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage as editor. Its pages are brim full of interesting religious news together with Dr. Talmage's sermons. We are sure they will be glad to furnish a sample copy to those desiring it.

IN answer to a request in our November paper addressed to publishers asking for exchanges brought us quite a number of excellent papers including literary, industrial, religious, amatuer and philatelic. In our next we will have set apart space in which all will be mentioned, which will act as a standing advertisement, gratis.

AFTER this all communications should be addressed to us at 309 Broadway. In our new and commodious quarters we have more room in which to serve our patrons. It also gives us more room for better and deeper thought; our minds will have a better sweep when dispensing such news to our readers as will interest them most, and we hope with such sway as to reach all those who we have been unable to reach before.

Each ray of sunshine that we cast, each downcast heart that we lift up and each path we strew with flowers only makes us yearn to do more.

THE "Thirty day offer" which we made in our Dec. and Jan. papers proved very popular and succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations in reaching the wallets of a good classs of people. To say that it was a good thing for the advertiser would be putting it mildly. No publisher, with even as small a circulation as one thousand, would attempt such an offer for fear of "demoralizing" advertising rates, but we have no fear of our rates being demoralized for the offer holds good only up to this issue, after which advertisers must pay the regular rate.

What we would call demoralizing advertising rates is for a publisher or publishers having a fixed rate to cut on it to "special" friends. Our rate is 15c per inch for each insertion, display or reading, one or one hundred insertions, one inch or the whole paper, it is 15c per inch in advance to all.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A whisk broom is the best clothes sprinkler and the water should be hot.

Stale bread, cut in slices, then laid together again, folded in a dampened napkin, slipped into a paper bag and laid in a hot oven for 15 minutes, will come out like fresh bread.

A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes becoming clogged with grease; also flood the pipes once a week with boiling water in which a little soda is dissolved.

If, after brushing the coat or gown, it is sprinkled with spirits of camphor and aired a few hours, it will be tidy and graceful. Garments and belongings that smell of nothing are the cleanest and most agreeable.

OUR SHUT-IN DEPARTMENT.

Contributed to by Members of the Society of Recreation.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLES GALYON.

The object of this department is to lift the burden, as much as possible, from the afflicted and suffering and to obliviate the weariness of the sick chamber and replace instead, sunshine and happiness, by soliciting letters of comfort and joy.

All money received through this department shall be reserved and judiciously distributed among Shut-Ins. Books, Papers, Magazines, etc. will be sent to subscribers from time to time, free of charge. Letters for publication are earnestly solicited

DEAR SHUT-IN FRIENDS:—Words cannot express the happiness that it gives me to know and talk with you. I am so glad that I have gotten acquainted with you for nothing on earth can take your places in my heart. I wish I could visit each and every one of you, and have some few pleasant chats together; couldn't we spend a few hours very very pleasantly if we could only but meet together? I shall make this work my life studyand hope to benefit each one of you some way. I try to picture to myself your life and surroundings and when I get your letters I can imagine to myself how you look and how you live. It pains me to read of your sickness and I long to do something for you. I wish here to extend my sincere thanks for the interest you have shown and the action you have taken in our paper. I have not sufficient words at my command by which to praise your noble actions. The promptness and confidence that all so readily shown is far beyond what my expectations were when the paper was first started. How little did I, five months ago, dream of beingbrought in contact through letterswith more than one thousand deserving tender hearted Christian Shut-Ins throughout the United States? Nevertheless it is true, and it is a great life study to read them; the many different kinds telling of distressing circumstances of the writer. Some of them from the remotest corner of the globe asking for a kind word, cheering letter, little tokens or even a sample copy of the ECHO with which to pass away a few moments pleasantly. I often wish that I was able to gladden each and every heart ten fold more than I do. That it gives me happiness to send one ray of sunshine it would overflow my cup of joy to send a thousand.

Your happiness, dear friends, is my happiness and your gain my gain, so let us join hands more firmly and see what vast amount of good we can do during the year '94. There is an unlimited amount of work to do, and my whole life, body and soul is given completely to this noble work. So many of our friends have sent letters for publication, which have been held over for lack of space, and desiring to give them the consideration they deserve we will be compelled to leave out the prize letters this issue in order to give the others space. Of course it will necessarily delay the distribution of the prizes, but as all letters for the prize contest must be published, and we have received so many, all could not be published in this issue unless we had left out everything else, therefore the next paper, February 15th, will be wholly devoted to the prize letters, and prizes distributed soon as decisions are reached. After this contest is over and prizes awarded I will give two beautiful cloth bound books worth $7.50 for a prize in a contest which I will fully explain in the near future. With best wishes to all.

MRS. CHARLES GALYON.

A FEW CHATS AMONG OURSELVES

Who of our readers are willing to pass on the ECHO after reading to other Shut-Ins? Who will send the ECHO if postage is paid? Please respond sisters. Who will make fancy work to help Shut-Ins, write letters, etc? M. A. WESTON.

Miss W. E. Willis, of Lamont, Ga. ,sent me a lovely piece of yarn lace containing about two yards. It is some of her own make and is very pretty. Such tokens of remembrance from the dear Shut-Ins are useful as well as ornamental, and are highly appreciated. Will anxiously look for your picture and will prize it very highly.

Ben C. Knight: You are entitled to privileges in the number contest, prize letter contest, etc. Hope to have a letter from you soon.

Mrs. A. Maynard: Nothing can enter the exchange column that has a price fixed upon it. Write out what you have for sale, with prices, and send to me and I will advertise them one time free.

I forgot to mention in last month's paper that with the silk block, Mrs. Wm. Callihan sent me some pretty shells.

In our last paper I spoke of Miss Florence A. Langley being called to a hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., when I should have said Lewiston, Maine.

Mrs. S. B. Green: Am glad you sent the papers to the poor lady you spoke of, for I have received some good books and papers from others. Please send me the name and address of the lady. Perhaps I can send you some good poetry for your scrap album and will save all I come across. Don't know either of the parties you speak of in your letter. Your letter is very good and will write you in the near future.

Postmarks for sale cheap. Money goes to those in need. Send for list. Box 33, Palatine, Ill.

When you receive two copies of the ECHO please hand the extra one to a friend who you think would be interested in it.

Mrs. Woodbury: Send the story you speak of and if not too long will publish it soon as possible.

Would like for some Shut-in to tell me through the ECHO where in the bible does the word "Shutin" first occur and under what circumstances. Mrs. L. C. Woodbury, Spencer, Mass.

Mrs. Peter C. Kimball: You, as well as all other subscribers, are allowed three guesses in the Number Contest for the first time and one each month thereafter.

Will someone send Mrs. John Anthony's address to Mrs. O. R. Tyler, Applegate, Mich?

Alma A. Appleton: Am pleased to know you are going to start a postmark collection. Send me a self addressed envelope stamped, and I will send you an assortment of fifty or seventy-five to commence with. I extend to you many thanks for your picture and wish your infirmities were as perfect as your face. I judge from your face that you are good and kind hearted, and your letters fully prove it.

Mrs. S. N. Hyer: I haven't the paper you ask for or I would gladly send it to you. We will try to have the ECHO reach you promptly every two weeks, and when late you may know that it is not our fault. Write a short description of your quilt and send me the size of the socks you have for sale and I will assist you.

To the fifth, tenth and fifteenth Shut-In who will send me a list of at least 25 friends and neighbors in their own and other towns I will make a pretty present. Now let me hear from you sisters. Who will send Mrs. Julia Morgan, Dunbar, Wash., RECREATION ECHO after reading? She would enjoy its semi-monthly visits very much.

M, A. WESTON,
Box 90. West Peterboro, N. H.

Mrs. B. A. Berry, Purgitsville, W. Va., Edith Patten, Brownsville, Pa., Etta Smith, Mexico, N. Y., Miss W. E. Willis, Lamont, Ga., Melinda Rodden, Mooers, N. Y. and Mrs. A. Maynard, 359 E. Park St., Lock Haven, Pa. have signified their intention of making a Souvenir Cane like the one I spoke of in the December paper, and I shall make each of them a sachet bag and hope others who have silk scraps will do the same. Ten bags on one cane makes it very pretty. I think there was some others who asked for sachet bags, but I have gotten their letters misplaced and ask them to write again.

MARIETTA, O., Nov. 27th., 1893.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—I received the ECHO yesterday, and the more I read it the better I like it. I think it is so interesting and I read it over and over,as I am so very much shut in. I get the Open Window every month, and hardly know which is the best. I see the ECHO is still 10c for five months, and enclose 10c in this letter. I would take it for a year but I have so little to give that I cannot spare 25c at once, much as I would like to, for I only obtain a little money now and then for small fancy articles which I make from ribbon and silk pieces when I can get them. If you could send me ribbons of any length, bright colors, I would be very thankful. I will try and get some subscribers for the ECHO. Yours lovingly, I. H. N.

Box 1181. Emma Collins.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 16th, 1894.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—If I am not under a wrong impression, you are interested in curiosity collecting I will therefore send you a sea feather from California, which grows on the rocks and sea weed in the ocean, also a paper napkin from China. I have a friend in the tea trade and when he opens large boxes of tea from China the napkins are laid on top as an advertisement. Sometimes large leaves.

My sympathy goes out to the Shut-In sisters and brothers, and if any among them desire reading matter and will write me I will try to accomodate them.

I am greatly interested in postal card collecting and if you are not making a collection for yourself or others I would ask you to kindly save for me and I will try and return the favor; would also ask the same of the other sisters and brothers.

With best wishes for the success of your little paper, I am sincerely,

MINNIE M. ALBERT,
2618 Laclede Ave, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR MINNIE; Indeed you are very kind and thoughtful. The tokens you sent are very pretty and are highly appreciated. The sea feather is something new to me. Am so glad you are interested in our dear Shut-Ins and that you offer to send them reading matter. Too much of such work cannot be done. I am very sorry that I haven't any postal cards to send you, for Mr. Galyon is collecting them himself and keeps all that we get as carefully guarded as if they were so many diamonds. Hope others that are not collecting them will save for you. Write again—Editor.]

NEW MILFORD, CONN., Jan. 19th., 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am very much pleased with your little paper and hope that it will be very successful and do much good to the Shut-Ins. I am interested in all that will help them because my heart and sympathy is with all who are called to suffer like myself. I have several hundred postage stamps of all kinds, good many are columbian stamps, and anyone can have them for a paper covered novel if they wish them.

Box 105, MRS. W. N. CANFIELD.

BROCKTON, MASS., Jan., 12, 1894.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—May I come in among you and help along the good work which lies so near my heart? Oh! how my heart goes out to you as I read of your labor of love for us Shut-Ins; I am very much interested in the work and do all my feeble strength will allow. I have a large list of pen friends and I send reading and little tokens of love whenever I can. As I read our little paper I see many familiar names, some of them my own dear pen friends. I have been an invalid all my life and have suffered untold agony from epilepsy. I do not suffer as often as I did but I am very nervous and have to keep mind and hand employed, so I work for the Shut-Ins. I cannot sew but do a little crocheting and if any one is making an afghan I would be pleased to make a block for them.

I am a postmark collector and am much interested in it, I have over 7,000. I arrange them in books made of thick paper and have each state and county by itself. I should be pleased to exchange my duplicates with anyone wishing to do so; I exchange by list.

I live in the center of the city so I can see considerable stir.

I am getting tired now so I will say enclosed you will find twenty-five cents for the subscription and membership to RECREATION ECHO.

God bless you in your good work and may you have good success.

NELLIE F. LEACH.
21 Maple Avenue.

KINDE, MICH., Dec. 9, 1893.

MY DEAR MRS. GALYON:—I think your little paper is so nice, and I love to read it every two weeas; you are so very kind to publish a paper in the interest of your afflicted sisters and brothers; it gives us something to look forward to, and I think the King's Daughters, and Shut-In Societies, do a wonderful lot of good. I have now been sick and unable to do house work for ten years and never belonged to any of these societies until about eighteen months ago. Tongue cannot express the good these far away friends have done me by sending me letters of sympathy and love.

I live far from relatives or old friends, and have no children, and all the housework we have done my husband does in a hurry and then works hards out on the farm; so this leaves me in the house alone. He is obliged to all his errands evenings, as he has no one he can send to attend to them for him. I have been almost helpless all of these years, but this summer, dear friends, I have been a little better. Winter weather makes me much worse. We have cold winter here now and sleighing, but I am shut in, but am better than I was last winter.

So far, I have many trials, but I am looking to the Lord and trusting in Him; I am going to trust fully in the Lord and then if it is His will, I will be healed.

Now I will tell the sisters what kind of work I can do; for eight years I could do a little of our family sewing, although it gave me great pain, and I suffered terribly if I sewed only a few minutes at a time. I also do fancy work, but for a year and a half I could do nothing but write letters and that was very hard for me, but for six months I can once more do a little

ncy work, and oh! how thankful I am to do something. I make hair flowers, silk flowers and other knicks of fancy work; I can do very little at a time but am contented until I can do more. I shall be so pleased to get orders by mail.

Dear friends, another year has almost passed over our heads and soon Christmas will be here again. Let us be thankful to our Heavenly father for all His loving care over us during the past year; let us rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks. Gnide us through life, and when at last we enter into rest, Thy tender arms around us cast, and fold us to Thy breast.

I am not a good letter writer but will try and write something cheerful whenever I can.

As this letter will not be printed in the Christmas number I will ask the friends to write to me and give a letter party on our wedding anniversary, February 27th. Will be thankful for peices for my silk quilt ust begun, or orders for work, or any kind of mementoes or any kind of photographs.

Hoping the dear friends will have a merry Christmas, I send you many happy greetings this merry Christmas time and trust the day will bring you great happiness and many love offerings from those to whom you are so dear.

Your Sister in Love,
MRS. H. W. BROWN.

LOCK HAVEN, PA., Jan. 10, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR AND FRIENDS:—ECHO reached me very late this time; the December number was just received to-day, I could hardly wait until it came and I see by its columns that it will be published this month the 15th, so I am very much afraid this letter will not reach Mrs. Galyon in time for its columns; but I hope so, for I want to send in my guess. I guess the number is 87 this month, what do you say? I missed it last month. I had my prize letter ready to send, but I changed my mind, I will write another and send it next week for the February paper.

A fairy must have paid Mrs. Galyon a visit recently and told her of my new friendship cane, because the same idea had suggested itself to her as it had to me.

My birthday is February 9th, 1894, and a number of my dear friends, some of the ECHO, insisted on me having a surprise party on that day through the mail, that is by the Shut-In Societies, of which I am a member. How many friends will call on me that day? All who will be so kind I will return the call to them some day. I want to remember as many of you as I possibly can, and so I thought I would take a relic cane and ask as many of you as would to please send me a ribbon for it, with your name and address on it, but the idea Mrs. Galyon sets forth in the ECHO, far surpasses my plan, so I will at once accept her plan and kind offer and make my birthday friendship cane like she suggests, and I will be the first one to try and make one, and I hope to have the honor of receiving one from Mrs. Galyon to go on first I know it will be pretty. I want this friendship cane as a souveneir in remembrance of all my Shut-In and ECHO friends. Those that cannot send their sachet bags on my birthday will please send them later. They will be thankfully received when ever they come, for I am very lonely this cold weather. I cannot get out of doors at all, and when anyone remembers me through the mail, oh! friends, it takes all my burdens away. Oh! how happy it does make me feel, I forget self altogether. The friends of RECREATION ECHO have been very kind to me this winter, and sent me stamps, silk pieces and 2 blocks for my quilt and 2 toilet mats. My little 5 year-old girl Bessie, who is certainly a true shut-in, on my account, was dearly remembered on Christmas by a great many friends, some of ECHO's dear people sent her beautiful tokens, for which she is ten fold thankful, words cannot express the joy and gratitude of her little heart towards these dear friends.

I am getting along quite fast with my million stamps and hope ere long to have enough for my wheel chair. My quilt is progressing very nicely also, and I will be just as thankful on my birthday, February 9th, for silk scraps, stamps and anything else you wish to send, as I will be for the sachet bags, though that is the looked for present. As many as possibly can call on me that day and help make the lonely hours pleasant. I will call on you when you have your party, if you will let me know.

I saw a cut in the ECHO of the membership cards, and I do think they will be beautiful, and oh! what a treasure they will be with dear Mrs. Galyon's photo on them, they certainly will be a treasure worth having and I shall prize mine very highly.

That is certainly very welcome news to us Shut-Ins to hear we are to receive ECHO twice a month. It always comes to me as a personal visitor, and its columns are to me just as though we had all met in one room and were conversing personally to each other. How many will call on me February 9th? Please do not forget. Hope you all had a merry holiday time.

Your Friend,
MRS. A. MAYNARD,

Dear friends: Don't fail to give Mrs. Maynard a birthday party on Feb. 9th. Also remember her with silk scraps, cancelled stamps or sachet bags for her cane souveneir. She is a dear good woman and lla should remember her on her birthday. —EDITOR.]

FALL RIVER, MASS., Dec. 12, 1893.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—Just received a copy of your little paper. Thank you. It was like meeting with old friends as nearly every name in it is familiar to me. I thought I would like to see it again so enclose twenty-five cents to pay for it with copy of an advertisement which you offer as a premium.

I have been interested in work among Shut-Ins for years, and know something of the work to be done among them, I am always glad to see another in the "cheering up" business, lots of cheer needed in this world, but if invalids would only learn that the less they think of themselves and the more they think of others the happier they will be, they would possess the great secret of happiness. And the same applies to well folks just as much. To be self-centered is to be miserable in every walk of life. To be an invalid is to be particularly exposed to that danger, but how many of our invalids have throwd off the danger and are working for others? And their charities would astonish those who know nothing about the matter, but I must not make my letter too long as it is my first call, I must say that I wish you success and hope many will benefit by your work.

I have seen some of Miss Fannie W. Tunison's work and it is beautiful. She sews, paints and all by holding needle, paint brush, etc., in her mouth. How wonderful! I have a picture of her and she has a very interesting face. I have a quilt here that I want to sell which belongs to Miss A. A. Appleton; don't some one want it? It is only $1.50. I also have a magnificent quilt which belongs to an Indiana Shut-In, a pink and white feathered star. You see I have been trying to help them dispose of their work to advantage. I have sold considerable but not near as much as I hoped to do. If any one who reads this would like the name and address of Shut-Ins who want reading, or would like to buy a silk quilt, and will enclose stamp for reply I will send them.

Your Sincere Friend,
MRS. ETTA A. BROW,
1 John Street.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thought I would tell you a little about myself. I have been confined to my bed fourteen years. Suffer much at times. Am very poor so far as this world's goods are concerned. Have seven children four of which are small. I suppose you can imagine how hard it is to lie abed and watch little boys and girls trying to do woman's work as I have done most all these years. I lie propped upon pillows. Knit, sew, read, write, peice quilts all my spare time I have. Not much to make life very pleasant for me. What I enjoy most is working for my children, writing to my friends, receiving tokens and sending one when I can, but it is so little I can do in His name. To think of the kindness of those we have never seen thrills my heart with joy.

I will be forty years old the thirteenth of April. Have had many troubles and trials all through my life especially the last fourteen years. Have tried always to bear my burdens patiently hoping some day all would be better. But now that I know there is no lure for me I see no better prospects for the future than the past and I have resolved to make the best of everything, looking on the bright side always, God helping me.

I would be pleased to receive silk, worsted, calico, gingham scraps, and also bits of floss and zephyr or anything to help pass these dreary winter days.

By the help of a friend I send twenty-five cents to pay for RECREATION ECHO. I have only seen two copies of it, but think it just the paper we need. I shall be delighted to receive membership card with our dear Mrs. Galyon's photo placed on it.

Miss Weston, I should like to hear from you, and many others, could I afford postage to answer.

I think I can truly sympathize with all the Shut-Ins and some day I hope to meet you all in heaven where there are no more pain, trouble or sorrow and know all your dear faces. God will wipe all tears from our eyes and we will be happy ever more. I ask the prayers of you all that I may be spared to my little ones till they are large enough to be out of others way, and let us not forget those who are helping to brighten the Shut-In's life. We can pray for them. I always remember them in my prayers. Fearing I will make my letter too long I will close with kindest wishes to Mrs. Galyon and all the band.

Your Shut-In Friend,
MRS. ANNA TEAGUE.
Empire, Christian Co., Ky.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Jan. 6, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. GALYON:—As I have just been looking over the numbers of your little paper, the RECREATION ECHO I notice that you wish books or papers for the Society of Recreation and will forward you a few with this mail, hoping they will prove helpful in adding a little to your supply.

I hope the new year finds you happy and well, as your unselfish efforts to cheer and brighten the lives of others can but reflect a true happiness upon your days. I have not yet received the December uumber of the ECHO, and presume its publication must have been delayed a little. I hope you will succeed in making it a semi-monthly sheet soon, as it would certainly please the circle of Shut-In readers to whom so much of your space is devoted. I see a number of familiar names in that department. How I wish we could help each one to be brighter more hopeful and happier this year than ever before. Though I may not have time to write to each one I would like to remember. Here is a little poem found in my scrap book, which bears such a heartfelt message of sympathy, that I would like each dear Shut-In brother and sister to see it.

Be patient! Easy words to speak
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife.

Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those—I often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wrung,
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient! when the suff'rer lies
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,
And longs, through torturing agonies,
Only for one hour of ease.

Be patient! when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care,
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay,
The agony of hope deferred;
To labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard.

And still to hope, and strive and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss;
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is!

Despair not! though the clouds be dark,
And storm and danger veil the sky,
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,
The storm will pass, the port is nigh.

Be patient, and the tide will turn,
Shadows will flee before the sun;
These are the hopes that live and learn
To light us till our work is done.

I will enclose an exchange notice for next paper. Hope the next number will put in its appearance on time, and greet all its readers with its cheerful countenance and wise words and truth.

With all good wishes for you dear Mrs. Galyon, and a kindly remembrance to all the ECHO subscribers, I am

Very Sincerely Yours,
NORA M. VITZTHUM.

Dear Nora: I know that you have a warm heart and tender sympathy. The books you sent are very nice and will help to while away a few hours of some dear Shut-In. I do hope you will write another interesting letter in the near future, and I know that one of your valued letters sent to some Shut-In individually would carry a great amount of sunshine with it. —EDITOR.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribe for RECREATION ECHO through me at 25c a year and receive a nice package of silk pieces or five patchwork quilt diagram free. M. A. WESTON, Box 90 West Peterboro, N. H.

Will make cluster of hair flowers, for a quire writing paper. Mrs. H. W. Brown, Box 11, Kinde, Huron county, Mich.

A 50c columbian stamp wanted in exchange for 500 finely mixed U. S. and foreign postmarks square cut. A packet that cannot be beaten! Send by return mail to Chas. A. Tabor, 93 Clinton St., Woonsocket, R. I.

A lovely silk crazy block 12 by 12, stitched with embroidery silk, for 50c worth of ribbon, plush, silk or satin, or silk crazy pieces, or embroidery silk. Mrs. George Jakes, Box 43, Hyannis, Grant county, Neb.

I have Household and Home Journals, which I will send to Shut-Ins if they will send a postal to Mrs. Peter C. Kimball, Cohasset, Mass.

Robert Wayne, Rives, Ga., will exchange 43 foreign stamps, for two numbers of the "Seaside Library," 20c edition.

3 yards of knitted lace, 1¾ inches wide, for 8 ounces of split zephyr, white preferred. Miss Pansy Thorne, Rives, Dawson county, Ga.

Miss A. L. Swift, Whitman, Mass., will give a pretty oil painting, 8x12, for the best offer of cancelled columbian stamps. Offers quoting any above the 10c denomination are especially desired. Write first stating number offered, and how many of each denomination.

Postmarks, 10 different, for 10 columbian stamps, other than 1 or 2c. Paper of nice pansy seeds for any kind of stamps except 1 or 2c. Foreign stamps for columbians. Those wishing to exchange any stamps please write to Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine.

If any of the ECHO sisters will send self addressed stamped envelope, I will send a nice package of yellow elder seed to them. They are one of Florida's prettiest flowering shrubs—large clusters of trumpet shaped yellow flowers and very sweet. Will also send a rooted Spanish dagger plant or some spanish moss to those sending postage—5 to 25c according to size of plant. Have other plants if the sisters wish them. Mrs. A. Nephens, Johns Pass, Fla.

Will send any lady, who will write enclosing 2c stamp, ten dose treatment of a sure cure for famale weakness or a cure for piles, or for kidney trouble. Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin, Ostrander, Minn.

Will send a copy of The Modern Priscilla or Mrs. Logan's Home Magazine to every reader requesting same. No postals please. Will exchange postal card autographs with readers of the ECHO. Enclose in letter. Miss Nora Vitzthum, Davenport, Scott county, Iowa.

German, Austrian, Bavarian and other foreign stamps. Postmarks, packages of starch polish, nicely worked silk crazy blocks 15x15 for postmarks, columbian stamps, Indian relics, desirable periodicals, books and offers. Write first Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin, Ostrander, Minn.

Will exchange a few old almanacs, old postmarks and will send papers to Shut-Ins for the postage. Write what you have. D. S. Harper, Box 76, St. Francis, Unaka county, Minn.

I have the rare and beautiful marble Unakite for exchange. It is found only in Cocke county Tenn., and Madison county, N. C. Eliza R. Shier Wolf Creek, Cocke county, Tenn.

Would like to receive the Oct. and Nov. numbers of the ECHO from those who have them, and do not wish them any longer. Will send other papers in exchange for the same if desired. Will send reading matter to Shut-Ins on receipt of stamps to pay the return postage on the same. Address Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Columbia light roadster bicycle cost $135, for a camera and stamps or relics. 125 foreign and U. S. stamps for a dime before 1856. Robert L. Stephens, Danville, Ill.

MRS. A. NEPHENS, JOHN'S PASS, FLA. has lots of pretty shells, corals and other curiosities from gulf of Mexico for sale or exchange for dry goods. Send stamp for list. 3t.

The Convict Lease System.

Alabama has decided to abandon the convict lease system. It is high time it were abandoned everywhere. Except that the lease is given only for the term of the convict's sentence, it puts him in precisely the same condition as that of a slave and differs in no essential respect from the practice of ancient and barbarous people, who sold prisoners into slavery instead of slaughtering them, simply because it paid better.

The convict under the lease system is sold to the highest bidder for the term of his sentence simply because it saves money to the state, seeing that the lessee is responsible, and not the state, for the convict's maintenance. But the leased convict is worse off than the old time slave, because a slave owner always had as much interest in keeping his slave in a workable condition and making him last as long as possible as he had in keeping his horses in that condition.

One reason of great importance for abolishing the system is that convict labor under the lease system was put on a par with free labor, and the convict was not only made a companion, but also a rival of the free and honest laborer.

Beyond that the wages of free labor were reduced wherever any considerable number of convicts were employed. In the Tennessee coal and iron mines, where so much rioting and bloodshed have been caused by this state of things, fully one-third of the labor employed was and is convict or slave labor, and if the free laborers ask for more pay or object to a reduction objections as well as strikes are laughed at because there are still men enough of the convict stripe to keep the mines in operation.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Mrs. Paget's Swan Boats.

In Boston in the public garden swan boats sail over the pond. And the owner and manager of the Boston swan boats is a woman. Mrs. Paget, for that is the name of the woman whose fortune consists of these remarkable vessels, does not herself stand at the landing and solicit "fares," but leaves that practical part of her business to a man. She goes very frequently to the landing, however, and studies the interests of the swan boat industry. She makes a very comfortable living from her novel business, which she has managed for 14 years.—Exchange.

STAMP DEPARTMENT

In this department we shall not attempt to publish long articles or stories on stamps from others than our regular contributors. Personal items only will be accepted from collectors.

We will fearlessly compliment or condemn Philatelic papers according to which they deserve, and shall ask, as we have heretofore, all Philatelic publishers to add RECREATION ECHO to the-r exchange list. To those who have not done so we will once more appeal to you, drawing your attention to the fact that if you have a meritorious paper or magazine it will pay you as an advertisement as we reach more than half the best collectors in the U. S. and Canada.

Address all papers and communications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

DIRECTORY.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one year, at 25c. per line, payable in advance.

One insertion of three lines or less free to our subscribers.

CIRCULARS, samples, etc., distributed $3 per thousand. Circulars mailed $1 per thousand, 10c per 100. Columbian stamps bought for cash. Address Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa. ***

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kan. Dealer in Stamps, Coins, Fossils, Minerals, Bird Eggs and Curiosities. Low prices. Prompt reply.

QUINNIPIAC STAMP CO., 26 Brewster St., New Haven, Conn., have a fine lot of postmarks. We will send a package of 100 all different for 8 Col. Stamps, except the 1 and 2c ones. Fine approval sheets for beginners at 33 1-3 per cent discount.

CHAS. S. GLOVER, JR., 216 N. 6th. Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. I will sell 100 foreign U. S. and columbian stamps 10c. Lists on application. Postmarks of all U. S. offices' bought at good prices. ***

LIBBY MABEY, Medusa, N. Y., has an excellent receipt for Liver and Kidney cure 12c. Also paper double mixed Aster Seed 7c

WHEN ANSWERING advertisements please bear in mind that it is very important to us, as well as the advertiser, that you mention RECREATION ECHO.

UNEQUALED!

Our 1894 packet contains 25 varieties from Mexico, Ecuador, Honduras, Salvador, Peru, etc.
Many of the stamps are unused and rare, price only 25c post paid. **TASKER & BARKER,** 3t. **Milton, N. H.**

BARGAINS IN RARE STAMPS!

100 well mixed foreign stamps, Asia, Africa, Europe, South America and Australian for only 10c. Bonanza package No. 1, 25 rare Foreign stamps with hinges for 10c. (no two alike.) Eureka package No. 2, containing fifty foreign and old U. S. stamps with hinges for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. **W. I. CLEMENT,**
Box B, Stillwater, Me.

A BARGAIN !!

One hundred varieties of choice Stamps such as Peru, Ecuador, Argentine, Java, Hong Kong, Natal (Africa) Etc., only 25c. Postal Note. Sheets on appoval 33 1-3 per cent commission.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kas.

GLOOMY persons should read much. They should have a Stamp Collection and take a good Stamp Paper. Try the NORTHWEST, 25c. per year. Adv. rates; 50c. per inch. To all who mention where they saw this adv. and enclose 5 two cent stamps, unused, we will send the Northwest for one year free.

F. S. GEORGE,
702 26th. Ave., N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

25 Foreign Stamps Free

to all requesting my fine approval sheets at 33 1-2 dis. RALPH R. HOBART, Big Rapids, Mich.
P. S. 100 fine stamps given for 8 columbias above 2c. 3t.

Beginners Send For My

approval sheets, 33 1-3 commission and postage paid both ways. Foreign stamps exchanged for columbias.

JOHN M. STONE, GOLDEN ROD, PA. 3t.

CHEAP PACKETS!

200 Hawaii, Victoria, old U. S., etc. 12c. 175 Indies, European, Local, etc. 10c. 100 U. S. including Officially sealed, other dep'ts, etc., 12c. 500 U. S. 1, 2, 3 and 10c. Envelopes 1 and 2c, 31c. 250 mixed foreign, 10c. 150 Postmarks, 7c. 500 Postmarks, 35c, 7 packets for $1.

CASH OR FOREIGN STAMPS FOR OLD U. S. OR CONFEDERATE.

ROBERT L. STEPHENS, Danville, Ill. 1t

25 FINE STAMPS FROM MEXICO,

Japan, Victoria, U. S. columbia, etc., all different, 5c. 10 varieties Japan, 8c. 12 entire, all different, foreign Postal Cards, new and used, 10c.
Send stamp for list.

DAVID B. CROCKET, Avondale, N. J. 1t

FOREIGN AND U. S. STAMPS

1000 mixed foreign stamps, 25c. 1000 well mixed U. S. stamps, 50c. 25 different unused stamps, 25c. Wanted to buy Columbian Stamps at highest cash prices. **WILSON'S STAMP DEPOT,**
426 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa 3t

FOUR QUILTS, PIECED

blocks, 40 blocks in each $1.50 each, or the four

FOR $5.00.

A nice new book entitled Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches, $1.50, selling price $2.50. Address, wite stamp,
MRS. WM. CALLIHAN, Webster, Ill. fn.

"ADA SPAULDING"

is the best white Crysantheum of the year, which I send together with five other varieties for 50c post paid. If you are interested in house plants send for my list. 1000 plants and roses given away for large orders. Write today, it will pay you. ANDREW LARSON, Spink, S. D. 3t*

PRETTY GINGHAM

Crocheted Aprons 50c Each.

TWO BEAUTIFUL

QUILT BLOCKS ONLY 10 Cts.

Enclose stamp for reply.

MRS. B. A. BERRY, Purgitsville, W. Va. 3t

PRETTY POND LILY

penwipers 50c each; Fancy drums for match scratchers, fancy baskets for twine, thimble cases made of english walnuts gilded, inside of which is a small silk bag drawn with ribbon price 30c each; Little felt hats for penwipers 25c each. Enclose postage. **Ella J. Bradish,** 3 Edmonds St., Rochester, N. Y. m15 a15 m15

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100 varieties foreign stamps 10c. 500 foreign stamps 20c. 1000 U. S stamps postage, revenue, envelope unpaid, deparsments, etc., 22c. 3 varieties confederate bills 15c. 2 varieties confederate stamps 10c. 5 varieties sea shells 15c. Ten kinds of minerals 20c. specimens of coral, fine 10c. Sheets of foreign stamps sent on approval to anyone at 60 per ct.com. MRS. J. JAY,
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Has two pure gold rings, also chain and ear rings and many other nice and serviceable articles for sale or exchange very cheap. Write enclosing stamp for list. All letters answered. 3t

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I am a Shut-In and will be pleased to fill orders for these beatiful flowers made from red fish scales and tarpon scales. Price for spray 35, 75c and $1.00. Their pure glistening beauty recommends them. MRS. H. W. BROWN, BOX 11, HURON CO., MICH. 3t

☞ The FEBRUARY issue of the DELINEATOR is called the

Midwinter Number,

and its contents are as instructive and entertaining as usual. The fashions displayed are handsome and becoming and ladieg who have not yet completed their Winter wardrobes cannot do better than follow the styles of this month. The wants of Misses, Girls and Little Folks are also fully considered. St. Valentine is responsible for two novel diversions' one being A Valentine Tea, and the other a True-Love Card Party; while a third entertainment for the month is provided in A poverty or Harb-Times Party. An article appropriate to the times is on Table and Bed Linen, and another equally seasonable is What To Do For The Fair. In the Household Renovation series there is practial and valvable instruction on How to Upholster, and the paper on Child Life treats of the Higher Education of Girls. Physical Culture continues the subject of the Physical Expression of the Emotons, in Around the Tea-Table various interesting matters are discussed, and the third contriqution on Things That Should Be Left Unsaid will be of general service. The articles on Dress Fabrics, Trimmings and Millinery are invaluable to Dressmakers and Milliners, and that on Fur Rugs and Robes gives the latest information about those luxuries. Lovers of Knitting Crocheting, Tatting and Netting will find much that is new in the papers on these subjects.

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I will send roll of reading matter for 4c stamps. Will send 25 original letter leaflets for 10c. Hints for Bible students 3c each. Address
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THE INTERIOR,

69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

AN OLD COLLECTOR.

SOUTH BEND, WASH., Dec. 8th, 1893.

I am in reciept of a copy of your neat and interesting little paper, RECREATION ECHO, and enclose subscription to same: Would like my subscription to begin with No. 2 as I wish to preserve a file of the paper.

I am a dealer in stamps and am also a collector, though of Japanese stamps alone of which I have about 250 varieties including, of course, varities of perforation, paper shades, etc.

I was a collector of postmarks several years ago, when I was living in Indiana, but laid aside my collection when I came to this state. I had only about 2,000 varieties and had never heard of another collector outside of my own place of residence. As the pursuit was so unorganized I could not exchange with anyone, so my collection grew very slowly, and that is the principal reason why I lost interest in it. The perusal of your paper showed me that postmark collecting was of more importance and had more devotees than I thought, so now I shall take up my collection again.

I import my stamps from abroad, so that I have a very large foreign correspondence, in fact there is no part of the civilized globe that I donot make connections with. My collection includes postmarks from Hong Kong, Singapore, Yokahama, Tunis, Tripoli, Constantinople, Bucarest, Cetinje, Alexandria, Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, Panama, Valparaiso, etc.

I note in the paper a paragraph concerning old postmarks, in which you mention having some dated 1862-63. I can go back further than that and below list a few of my old postmarks and their date:

Brandon, Vt., 1853; Columbia, Tenn., 1859; Boston, Mass., 1859; New Glasgow, Conn., 1861; Picton, N. Scotia, 1861; San Francisco, Cal., 1860; Haddington, Eng., 1859; London, Eng, 1860; Liverpool, Eng., 1858. The latter four came from some old letters which I discovered not long ago, which were addressed to parties in this vicinity when this state was part of the then territory of Oregon. This county (Pacific) is one of the oldest settled portions of the state, in fact the third settlement in Washington was made here.

Speaking of old postmarks, have you ever noticed that almost all old ones are very large? Another fact I have noticed with amusement is that the fanciest and brightest colored postmarks come from the smallest towns. The rural postmasters evidently take great pride in their "stamp killers."

Another statement I noticed in the paper is one concerning the arranging of postmarks. When I made my first collection I kept my postmarks in a box until I had about 1000 different kinds when I made an album for them. The album method is very unsatisfactory, however, and you have to leave so much space for new varieties, and even then some states will exceed your calculations. The best method, in my opinion, is to mount the postmarks on sheets of thin cardboard, or thick paper will do, though the cardboard is best. The sheets can be kept in a number of covers devoted to groups of states or countries and the question of lack of space will never trouble the collector. Aud I would mount them with gummed hinges so that any of them could easily be removed if you should desire to replace them with better specimens. Stamp dealers sell these hinges at 10c or less per 1000, or you can make your own with tough paper and gum arabic.

Yours for Recreation,
CLARENCE BUNDY.

Send 25c. today for a year's subscription.

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RECREATION ECHO.

Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors and the Public in General.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., APRIL 1, 1894. NO. 9.

N. T. C. C. GUARDS.

C. C. PAPERS.

Ever since I joined the C. C. and Guards, there has been one or more C. C. paper in the field, and in most every instance they have all met the same fate—died for the want of proper nourishment. The National Guard has made the best fight of any of the C. C. journals; we have only one fault to find with it; the subscription price is too high.

What the Guards need is a cheap paper. The Editor of the ECHO has kindly offered the Guards a department in his paper if they will support it. The ECHO has a large circulation and is issued twice each month at the small sum of 25c a year. We believe this is the first semi-monthly that has ever offered the Guards a department in its columns, and the Guards all over the Union should take advantage of it.

A copy of the ECHO will be sent to members of nearly every Division in the United States, and I hope every member who receives a copy will subscribe at once. When you send in your subscription, send a list of names to the Editor and ask him to send them a sample copy. Loyally,

LOU M. STARING.

***

GUARD NOTES.

Have all the Kentucky Guards left the state, or are they only asleep? Come, sister Martin, arouse your loyal subjects and let the country know that you are awake. If Louisville gets the Notional Convention in '95, you ought to be marshalling your forces.

***

We hope every brother and sister in the Tenn. Div. will pay up and stay with us. Close up and keep the ranks full.

***

What has become of all the Montana and Washington Guards? Have'nt you thawed out yet? Come to the front ye rough and ready mountaineers.

***

Florida C. C's, why don't you organize a Division?

***

Oregon has some loyal Guards, and a small but hustling Division. Keep on brothers and sisters.

***

The North Star Division is a "dandy" and its members may well fee proud of the work it has done.

DIVISION OF TENNESSEE.

Brother Ross King has bought an interest in a store at Haley. His partner, R. H. Stone, is a member of our Division. May prosperity attend the new Guard firm.

††

Brother James Brown, of Melvine, attended the Grand Lodge of Masons, at Nashville recently. On the way he met our worthy Secretary, Homer C. Miller.

††

Our brother John King went quail hunting not long ago.

††

Mrs. Francis Hynds, Ralston, Tenn., has joined our Division. She is the wife of a loyal Tennessee veteran, and the mother of our loyal brothers, Charles and Arthur Hynds.

††

Sister May Russell visited the old home of Jefferson Davis recently. She reports having a good time. Write up a sketch of your life for the ECHO.

A great improvement will be made in this department with our next issue and we hope to furnish a department that the Guards will be justly proud of. Items of interest for publication are earnestly requested from all Divisions.

In order to secure as many subscribers among the Guards as possible, to all who send us 15c (silver.) we will send them the ECHO for one year, provided they send before May 1st, 1894 as this offer holds good for thirty days only. Now if you wish to see this department prosper come forward with your mite.—Editor.]

NEEDS HELP.

Mrs. M. F. Messer a Destitute Shut-In Who Deserves Assistance.

SHE IS TOTALLY BLIND.

This Appeal Should Have Been Published Last December, and Those Who can Assist her Should do so at Once.

MRS. GALTON:—As Christmas finds my pocket-book quite empty, and I cannot send out my annual little remembrances, the thought occurred to me that perhaps I might do some good in the future if I tried to help those still worse off than myself, for I find there are many, therefore I would like to introduce to the readers of the ECHO Mrs. M. F. Messer of Enfield, Maine, a very worthy widow lady; a Shut-In and in destitute circumstances.

She has been blind for two years. She lives alone with her fifteen year old daughter, a consumptive. Mrs. Messer has learned to knit various articles from an other blind woman, and wishes very much to earn something towards their own support by selling them. She knits four sizes of wash cloths out of nice soft candle-wicking which she will send to any one, post paid, at the following prices: 10, 15, 20 and 25c each, or seven assorted sizes for one dollar. Or will fill orders of any amount requested. The large ones make first-class mops, and the smaller sizes make nice lamp cloths, dish cloths, etc. I hope some of the readers will send her an order at once for it has taken a long time already to get matters arranged satisfactorally for printing.

My attention was first called to her case early last summer by Mrs. Sarah Hunt, Marietta, Ga., and I presented it to a party for publication, but through a rush of business it was overlooked, and Mrs. Messer wrote me she had almost given up in despair. Therefore I thought I would try once more, and feel quite confident with such a loving heart as you have shown towards all Shut-Ins that this will certainly meet with success.

From one who loves to help the unfortunate Shut-Ins, Mrs. L. C. W.
Spencer, Mass.

ONLY A COWBOY.

Nina Leighton had gone to teach school in the west. Ward Cameron, Harvard graduate, had seen her and had formed the crazy idea of passing himself off as an uncouth cowboy and going to school to her.

He assumed the role with great success, and though he seemed the greatest possible idiot in matters of book learning, yet in the months that followed Nina found that her heart was no longer her own. Here is a letter which Cameron wrote to his old chum, Ross Raymond:

"I have just passed through an experience that I would not have repeated for the half of my fortune, an experience which nearly cost my darling Nina—don't laugh, old fellow, for it came to that long ago—her life. Early this morning I mounted Victor and started for a hunt, intending to be out all day. Soon after noon I became aware that a storm was brewing and immediately turned my steed's head homeward.

"I had proceeded only a short distance when I was compelled to seek shelter beneath the thick foliage of a gigantic oak. There I sat for three long hours, watching with interest the pouring rain. At last the clouds broke away, and I found as I rode along through the forest, directing my course toward the high road, that the freshet had forced the creek, which in dry weather is a mere rivulet, far beyond its banks.

"Suddenly there came, louder than the torrent's roar, the sound of crashing timbers, mingled with a cry of distress. Urging Victor on, I soon witnessed a scene that seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins.

"The rushing waters had forced the bridge that spanned the creek from its hold and borne it away upon the rapid current, and, Ross, imagine, if you can, my feelings—but no, that would be impossible—when I saw Nina Leighton standing upon it!

"Fortunately my weekly explorations of that locality in search of game had acquainted me with my surroundings, which, together with the discovery that the railing on one side of the bridge had been broken off, leaving a single post standing, enabled me to quickly determine upon a course of action.

"As the bridge passed me, I shouted:

"'Courage, Nina! Cling to the railing that remains, and I will save you at the bend.'

"Then began the race for life. With the speed of a deer my noble Victor bounded along the bank, leaping over fallen trees and ditches. With joy I found upon nearing the bend that my side of the creek was almost clear of trees, also that the current's strength was spent against the opposite bank.

"Victor had won the race. Soon, however, the bridge, with the slender form of poor Nina standing like a statue upon it, her face the hue of death, her eyes riveted upon me, swept by.

"'I will catch the post with my lasso and gallop along with you to the bend and be ready to draw the bridge ashore. Brace yourself firmly,' I called.

"With a whizzing sound my lariat cut the air and settled around the post. As we approached the bend I spurred Victor forward, then, wheeling him suddenly to the right of a large tree, brought him back on his haunches. The noble fellow grandly sustained the trial of his strength as stronger and stronger came the strain on the lariat, until the beadlong course of the frail raft was entirely checked. After grounding it and securing the lasso, I soon had the unconscious form of Nina Leighton safe in my arms."

* * * * * * *

The rays of the setting sun fell upon Nina, seated near the parlor window, thinking of the terrible experience she had passed through that afternoon and of the man who had saved her life, remembering, with a thrill of pleasure, how his awkwardness had vanished in his unconscious devotion to her.

"No," she reflected, "I will not rebel against fate. Today he saved my life, and —I love him!"

But who was the elegant and well dressed stranger she saw coming up the path? There was something strangely familiar to her in his appearance, yet—it could not be! Ah, but it was! For in a moment her hands were clasped in those of the visitor, and she was gazing into the roguish face of Ward Cameron.

"And how is my little teacher after her unpleasant adventure?" he mischievously asked, smiling down upon her.

Unable to bear the quizzical expression of those dark eyes and the rush of memories Ward's questions brought her, she covered her face with her hands as she faltered:

"Then you are not an ignorant cowboy, after all?"

"Well, no, not exactly, since I am a graduate of old Harvard," replied Ward coolly. "Miss Leighton—Nina," he earnestly continued as he knelt at her side and drew the hands from her blushing face, "I plead your pardon for my wicked deception. Hearing much praise of the little teacher from my Aunt Helen, I masqueraded as I did through pure love of fun."

"For shame, sir!" pouted Nina, with burning cheeks. "Think of my patient endeavors to educate a Harvard graduate!"

"Sweetheart, I have learned a lesson so dangerously fascinating that I cannot unlearn it. And, now," dropping the imprisoned hands and drawing the girlish form toward him, "since you have taught the ignorant cowboy to love you, will you not be his wife?"

"You saved my life today, Ward; it is yours," she whispered as she tremulously turned to meet her lover's kiss.—New York Journal.

Moltke Was a Spy In France.

Was the late Marshal von Moltke ever employed as a spy in France? A writer in M. Jules Simon's review, La Vie Contemporaine, says he was. In 1868, says the writer in question, Count von Moltke entered France in disguise and inspected the frontier of the Rhine and the lines of Wissemburg. In particular he made a study of the defenses of Forbach and Spicheren. There is always, according to the same authority, a regular espionage department connected with the German army. It is a bureau, with a general at the head of it. It comprises three sections, at the head of each of which is a colonel. Each colonel has under him a certain number of officers of the general staff and clerks. The officers in this service are selected with the greatest care from among the most capable and distinguished men in the service. In 1882 the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the brother-in-law of the Emperor William II, at that time a major, was employed in it. In 1870 many additions were made to the number of clerks, men who had lived in France and who knew the country well having been chosen for the posts.—London Telegraph.

OUR SHUT-IN DEPARTMENT.

Contributed to by Members of the Society of Recreation.
EDITED BY MRS. CHARLES PORTER GALYON.

The object of this department is to lift the burden, as much as possible, from the afflicted and suffering and to obliviate the weariness of the sick chamber and replace instead, sunshine and happiness, by soliciting letters of comfort and joy.

All money received through this department shall be reserved and judiciously distributed among Shut-Ins. Books, Papers, Magazines, etc. will be sent to subscribers from time to time, free of charge. Letters for publication are earnestly solicited

A FEW CHATS AMONG OURSELVES

In last paper I ma le mention that the 16 of March would be my birthday and promised the ene guessing the nearest to my age on that date a nice present.

Judging from the guesses recieved no doubt all of you will be greatly surprised to learn that I was only NINETEEN years of age the 16th day of March, 1894.

The nearest guess recieved was 22, and came from Mrs. B. A. Berry of Purgitsville, W. Va. For sending the nearest correct guess I will give Mrs. Berry a large package of silk, woolen and calico pieces.

The following guesses were recdived: Mrs. B. A. Berry 22, Annie S. Morris 28, Mrs. Bailey 40, Mrs Mary L. Cunningham 37, Fannie Tunison 40, Chas. T. Zepp 36, Mrs. C. A. Procter 40, Mollie Meade 26, Florence Criste 39, Mrs. Wm. Callihan 29, Alice E. Strong 42, Mrs. O. L. Chauncey 26, Libbie Mabey 31, Alma Appleton 27, Maria Collins 39, S. M. L. Moore 35, Mrs. G. H. Ackley 34, Mrs. A. Maynard 32, S. G. Smith 30, S. A. B. Sherwin 37, S. B. Green 36, Mrs. L. C. Robinson 30, Florence Langley 35, Melinda Rodden 46, Mrs. Daniel B. Robinson 37, Mollie Willis 30.

Please send the ECHO for one year to Mrs. O. R. Tyler, Applegate, Mich. Enclosed find stamps for same. L. A. B. S.

St. Louis, Mo., March 5th 1894. Dear Mrs. Galyon: My request for used postal cards, which you published in RECREATION ECHO, brought me several responses. I recieved quite a number from Mr. Geo. T. Stewart among which were some very curious and old fashioned ones, which I appreciate very much. Also recieved several from Mrs. Ollie Wood. Hope more of the sisters and brothers will save for me. I will give in exchange postmarks, foreign stamps, etc. I have a large stamp album which I will give for the best offer in columbian stamps. To anyone so desiring, I will send pressed leaves and flowers from "Shaw's Garden" and the principal Parks in this city; also from other places. Would like to hear from any of the Shut-Ins who are able to write and I will send reading matter to those desiring it. Minnie M. Albert, 2807 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

I have postmaks cut square I will sell for 10c per hundred. They are marks of small towns. Mrs. H. W. Brown, Box 11, Kinde, Huron Co., Mich.

To the readers of the ECHO: I believe that every subscriber to this paper asking favor from its pages should also try and add their mite by sending some pattern or advice to help others, and by sending a few names from among our friends where a sample copy will be sure to bring in new subscribers. I send with this three quilt patterns, Crowfoot, a famous pattern of old English date; Masonic Star, and Rustic. If anyone wishes for cut paper patterns and pieced squares, I will send one of each for three yards of light calico. I will send more patterns to the ECHO if wanted. Mrs. J. Bacon, East Templeton, Mass.

Mrs. Woodbury: I will gladly mail sample copies of the ECHO to any address you may furnish me.

Miss Willis: I like your picture very much. Please accept my many thanks. I don't think you look sad at all. Am glad you pass the ECHO on.

Miss Fannie W. Tunison, Sag Harbor, L. I. would like for friends to send her a few postmarks.

Miss W. E. Willis, Lamont, Ga. has quite a number of cancelled stamps for sale.

I think a great deal of your picture Fannie T, and think your painting is very good. Will send you some postmarks soon.

Mollie Meade: Would be glad to have you send me the list of names you speak of and I will gladly send each a sample copy of the paper.

I am an invalid and would like all that can to help me pay for a new printing press and printing material by sending me their subscriptions and have me forward them to publishers. Subscriptions taken for any paper or magazine published. Send 2c stamp for catalogue of 1000 different publications. Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron St., Mankato, Minn.

Miss Alice E. Strong of South Manchester, Conn., a Shut-In, would enjoy having a letter party on May 7th which will be her birth-day.

Dear Mrs. Galyon: I write you a line to let you know that I am quite ill. Would be glad of words of sympathy at any time to relieve the tedious hours of the sick-room. I send you a few pieces; did not know but what they would help some dear one, and a few cancelled stamps. Your nice paper I enjoy. I have been recieving reading matter through your kindness, it has all been real nice. Please accept my grateful thanks Mrs. Joseph E. Bailey, Meredith Hollow, Delaware county, N. Y.

Anyone who has a copy of the ECHO dated January 15th will confer a great favor upon me by sending it to Miss Libbie Mabey, Madusa, Albany Co., N. Y. and notify me when sent.

Newfane, N. Y., March 13th., 1894. Mrs. Charles Galyon; Dear friend: I send you by this mail a copy of the "Signs of the Times" and if agreeable, I will send you a few of the following numbers free of cost to yourself. After you have read them please pass them to your neighbors, and oblige yours truly, Miss Nellie T. Buckland.

Nellie; I will be pleased to recieve, read and pass them on.

Mrs Callihan: Many thanks for silks, postal cards, etc. Hope your health will soon improve.

Mrs. C. A. Proctor: The Number Contest is open to subscribers only. Hope someone will send you some bright colored germantown yarn and floss. I thank you for your kind and loving words, and the ribbon you sent.

Please give Miss Laura Winerbin, Greentown, Pa., a letter party on the 5th of Apr.

Ollie Wood: Send me your advertisement and I will have it published. Send any kind of postal cards you get.

My dear Mrs. Galyon: Please accept my heart-felt thanks for the pretty souvenir bag you so kindly sent me. Yours is the only one I have yet recieved. If the sisters would write me, with stamp, I will send them one for their cane. I have no stamps to do anything with, as much as I would love to. * * Mrs. B. A. Berry, Purgitsville, W. Va.

Mrs. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J., offers some pretty silk squares for sale at the following prices; 10x10 40c, 12x12 50c, 14x14 60c, 15x5 65c each. I can highly recommend her work and know those who buy from her will be satisfied.

Melinda L. Rodden; I was quite pleased with the porcupine quills you sent me and they were the first "real" ones I ever saw.

Mrs. E. A. Wayland: A letter written now for the Prize Letter Contest would be too late. Would be pleased to have the short sketches and poetry you speak of.

Melinda L. Rodden, Mooers, N. Y., is a subscriber to the ECHO and asks the friends to send her some silk pieces. Please send her some if you have them to spare.

Mrs. John M. Anthony: I have recieved your letter and hope the paper is reaching you promptly.

Miss Willis, I wish to thank you very much for the beautiful birth-day card.

I have a very pretty ribbon book mark and a little doily that some friend sent me but have gotten their letter mis-placed, and would like to know who sent them.

Mrs. C. O. Wheeler: Many thanks for your kind letter. Miss Edith Patten's address is Brownsville, Pa.

Ollie Wood in sending me a lovely silk square said there was love in each stitch. And there was quite a number of stitches too.

PRIZE LETTER CONTEST.

Five more to follow which closes the contest. No more letters accepted.

MY DEAR MRS. GALYON, AND SHUT-IN SISTERS:—Here we are all together with a cheer and a welcome for the new year.

While some of us are suffering with pain, sorrow and disappointments let us all try to do all the good we can and in every way we can. Every thing works together for good to those that love the Lord, "who doeth all things well."

Those of us who are poor in this world's goods from cause of sickness and misfortunes must not think there is nothing for us to do or to do with; there is something for every one of us to do. Remember the 10th chapter of Luke, 2d verse: "The harvest is great and laborers few." Again; "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, in my name, giveth unto me." Then dear sisters let us be up and doing whatever our hands find to do; let us do it with love and kindness, that it may bring forth the rarest benefits when our work is done here.

I will tell you of a few ways in which we can help each other: It is not the value of what we give or do, but the love in which we give it. Dear sisters did you ever think of the pleasure that a two cent stamp would bring to the lonely sufferer? Many a time have I said; "God bless her dear soul for writing me this nice cheerful letter, or for sending me a pretty little token of love." Perhaps her own sweet picture which I prize more than all else. Oh! what a bit of sunshine it brings to our weary Shut-In life. There are but few of us that are too poor to piece a calico block. I am just as thankful for a few calico pieces as I am for silk, for I feel sure they are given with the same love and sympathy, and that is what we all need.

Dark clouds will hang low sometimes, though remember there is a silver lining that has a bit of sunshine for us if we only have patience. Dear Miss Weston has been the means of many happy homes, which otherwise would have been sad.

I feel sure that Mrs. Galyon will be a blessing to us all. God bless and keep her that her good work will go on and not weary in well-doing.

I will be glad to hear from any of the sisters if a stamp is enclosed. I will answer all that I am able to.

In all sincerity, your sister in His name,
MRS. B. A. BERRY,
Purgitsville, W. Va.

I have been a Shut-In since childhood, but I have learned, long since, in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. The bible tells us that Godliness with contentment is great gain.

Happiness does not come from surrounding circumstances; it comes from within. By all means learn the beautiful lesson of content. It alone can bring you happiness. There is nothing that so wears upon us as a constant rebellion against our lot in life. It does no good; only makes us more miserable. We all know how true it is that if we allow ourselves to brood over any pain or unkind word, it seems to grow larger and larger until at last it robs us of all the sunshine we might otherwise be enjoying.

The two greatest enemies to our happiness are discontent and ill-temper; the two generally go togcther. There is nothing that so quickly destroys the happiness of a family as these enemies. They are very sly, and conquer their victim before he realizes what they are about.

Temper makes its appearauce in different forms; it may be a short, sharp, snappy way of speaking; it may be a sulky, silent demon that lurks in us; it may be a grumbling, complaining temper, but whatever form it takes, look out for it, for you cannot be truly loved or respected, and your presence will never be a desirable one in any family, until you have conquered it. Few people are willing to take care of a dis-contented, ill-tempered Shut-In. Try to keep sunshine in your hearts, and avoid dis-content and ill-temper as you would deadly poison. Make your room the brightest, most cheerful place in the house; a place of rest for the tired, busy members of your family.

Cultivate happiness, be just as pleased and cheerful and happy over every little bright incident that comes into your daily life as you possibly can. Smile all you can, try to smile in the midst of pain, smile away your blue feelings and by constant effort smiles will come more natural than frowns, and this will help more than anything else to give you pleasure and happiness. Little acts of cheerfulness, cheerful words and smiles go a long way to create happiness.

Be sure and help yourself and others all you can, do not feel that you are useless, for you are not. Avoid getting lonely by keeping both mind and hands employed, mending, sewing, knitting or making little fancy articles to cheer your room. Postmark collecting is very entertaining and educating. The more you do for yourself and others the happier you will be. Avoid idleness, if you would be happy.

The ECHO kind letters and loving tokens from dear friends help to cheer us. Jesus says if we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him in glory; so suffering is the prelude to something entirely different in the next world. We ofthn wonder why we are so afflicted, but God knows what is best.

MRS. A. MAYNARD,
359 E. Park St., Lock Haven, Pa.

DEAR FRIENDR:—Permit me to introduce to you a happy Shut-In, "Miss Betsey."

Her semi-centennial birthday is written on her "back door."

Health has never been sufficiently attracted to her to spend twenty-four consecutive hours with her, yet her faith and her experience do not collide when she asserts that happiness depends not upon outward surroundings.

Her physician says, "gifted with hopefulness."

Her friends say, "naturally resigned."

Betsey asserts that nature did not largely dower her with hope or resignation; that the key with which she unlocks the domain of happiness is Constant Occupation.

"But has that key never failed?" I asked.

A spasm, born of a past mental agony, deforms her face for the space of a heart-beat; then this answer:

"In every temptation there is a way of escape. On the very worst of all my O-had-I days, when the mental life was sleet above, slush below, and the sky had fled behind the clouds, then the Lord sent that grand old heathen "Epictetus" to comfort me. And out of his philosophy he threw me a strand of content which has interwoven itself into the web of my life.

"Do explain!"

"Well, it is where Epictetus tells of the things that are and are not in our power. In brief, our own acts and beliefs are about all that belong to us. If you hold that only to be your own, that is so; and the alien for what it is, alien. Then none shall ever compel you, none shall hinder you. You will blame no one, accuse no one; you will not do the least thing unwillingly. None shall harm you, you shall have no foe for you shall suffer no injury."

"Reading between the lines," continued Betsey, "I felt that to wish to bring into my life what did not belong there was to have the heart of a thief, and I had no desire to be the first of my family to pose as a criminal."

"But, Betsey, there is difficulty of finding proper mental Shut-In food, and," shudderingly, "death is preferable to mental contraction."

"The mind cantract? No use at all, you read Picciola in your French course?"

I nod.

"Well, when was Charney's mind richest; with his one flower, or with his fortune? Some little things have a wonderfully expanding, enriching effect upon the mind, as the lives of political Shut-Ins can testify.

"When next you desire a mental tit-bit, take a thistle seed, follow its flight over hill and dale until at last you see its transformed representative furnishing the meal of a donkey. Why not invite your friends to a mental tea-party? Give them each a different kind of winged seed and let each follow their seed to its germinating home, and compare results."

Dear friends, how do you like my friend Betsey? How do you like her key? God bless you all. ELIZA R. SHIRK,
Wolf Creek, E. Tenn.

I think a Shut-Ins life is what they make it. The pain and suffering they cannot of course control, but they can be patient and endure without making the lives all around them a burdeu.

My dear old grandmother who died two years ago was a terriable suffer for six months, and I never heard one murmur from her in that time, and to be near her bed and do all I could for her was my greatest pleasure.

Do not think that I do not know the bitterness of a Shut-In's life for I do by experience, but I also know the sweetness of it, for we are not useless you know.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

I am not confined either to bed nor house, but I fight a hand to hand battle daily with that monster, consumption. It is not fully developed but I have very weak lungs and bronchitis. At this writing the pain in my lungs is severe and my voice is nothing more than a hoarse croak, but I may have long years of life and enjoyment. Yes, I mean it, enjoyment before me yet.

To make yourself happy, cultivate a cheerful disposition and try to make others happy. A smile and a word of thanks make it easier for friends who wait on you, and if you have a stamp write a word of cheer to some one worse off than yourself. I have tried that and some of the sweet letters I have recieved do me good. One poor soul wrote: "Dear Mrs. Wood: Your letters are such a joy to me, you are so happy and bright. Did you ever know care?"

Did I? I never knew any thing else, but I did not tell her so and certainly I felt good for a week to think I had brightened a sad life.

For those who can sit up and move around there are so many things to make life bright; reading, fancy work, flowers and collecting various things. Collections I think, are very facinating. I have a few curios myself and am very fond of them.

Did any of you ever start a floral collection? A large scrap album is all that is needed, with a bottle of mucilage; then gather from every place you can, pressed flowers; arrange each bunch tastefully and mucilage it fast to the leaves. Then under it put date, where it came from and name of doner. It will pass many weary hours.

For those who alas cannot use their

hands nor able to read, it is indeed sad. But there is still little pleasures for them. A few pictures are often interesting, a pet bird or even a cat or a young tame squirrel will provide a great deal of amusement. Have a few flowers in the window to look at or even one of the new shooting leaves, and now and then a bud will grow to seem like friends; or if you try to interest yourself by sights out of the window, it is surprising what a variety of interesting things one can find.

Poverty or pain is a hard lot, but generally there is some brightness about it—a good bit if we look for it. And a contented spirit is better than riches.

Oh! my, this is the limit. I was going to talk more, but goodbye.

OLLIE WOOD,
Cinnaminson, N. J.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

Will give writing paper, pens and blotters to all Shut-Ins subscribing for the ECHO through me. This offer only holds good for the next 30 days. Address: Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St. Philadelphia, Penn.

Reading matter sent to Shut-Ins who will pay the return postage on the same. Always send 1 cent stamps when asking for reading matter and address Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Four quilt pattern blocks pieced out of new cloth, for 2 yards of small figured print or 100 cancelled columbian stamps above the ones and twos. Names of patterns, new album, maple leaf, centennial yankee puzzle, all subscribing through me for the ECHO at 25 cents a year will receive three patterns free. Please address with stamp, Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.

Painted photo holders, ring and ribbon book marks, painted satchets, paper nice pansy seed or other seeds to exchange for columbian stamps or any others except 1 and 2c, or offers. Write first. Alma A. Appleton, Goodales Corner, Me.

I will exchange mixed postage stamps for nice large silk pieces. Mrs. H. W. Browne, Box 11, Kinde, Auron Co., Mich.

I have flower seeds and many plants to exchange for almost anything useful; pieces of any kind, but would like calico pieces size of a small postal, or lace. Mrs. G. H. Ackley, Brier Hill, N. Y.

Datura and 12 o'clock seed and a cinnamon vine bulb for 50 mixed stamps or ten columbians above 2c and one new 2c stamp for postage. A child's linen bib handsomely outlined for a nice pair No. 9 hose or a silver 3c or 5c piece before 1880 and 2 stamps for postage. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J.

Mrs. J. Bacon, East Templeton, Mass., has childrens skirts from 15 to 20 inches long with pinked ruffle and embroidery of silk made from the best of flannel in a grey-tan color all new, to exchange for damask bureau scarfs or tray cloths worked in white, towels or gingham aprons with cross-stitched borders. I have a lovely sleeveless apron and a wrapper pattern for little girl of eight I will send either pattern for a 38 inch piece of crocheted lace two or more inches wide. If anyone has a good pair of silver or gold-bowed spectacles No. 20 or 24 to exchange please write to me.

I will print circulars, receipts, etc., for cancelled stamps, stamp coupons, old coins, curios or anything useful. I have a great many valuable receipts which I will exchange for any of the above. Enclose 2c for list and offers. Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron St., Mankato, Minn.

Subscribe for RECREATION ECHO through me at 25c a year and receive a nice package of silk pieces or five patchwork quilt diagram free. M. A. WESTON, Box 90 West Peterboro, N. H.

I will give a years subscription to the ECHO to anyone who sends me 100 Columbian stamps mixed values (not including 2 cent ones) or all of one value. Or will give subscription to anyone desired by whoever sends the stamps. K. W. Lawson Fort Lee, N. J.

1000 used postal cards, issue of 1875, 1881 and 1891 to exchange for stamps of any kind. No reasonable offer refused. Address at once Chas. A. Tabor, 93 Clinton St., Woonsocket, R. I.

100 fine, square cut postmarks, all different to exchange for 8 3c columbian stamps used, and in good condition. Address Chas. A. Tabor, 93 Clinton St., Woonsocket. R. I.

I have stamps or postmarks to exchange for calico or worsted pieces for a quilt. Mollie Meade, Palmer, Christian county, Illinois.

25 yards wash embroidery silk, any color, for 30 columbian stamps above 2c value, or 125 1c. K. W. Lawson, Fort Lee, N. J.

Tablespoonful of Eckfords sweet peas, for every 50 columbian stamps any value except 2c. Mixed values preferred. K. W. Lawson, Fort Lee, N. J.

Sample of crochet lace for every 5 columbian stamds above 2c value. Mixed values preferred. K. W. Lawson, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

I will send story papers for postage and a few wool scraps or cancelled stamps no matter now few you send if it is only two or three. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J.

A Few Words by One of Childs' Champions.

For the benefit of those desiring to buy good seeds, I have a few remarks to make concerning John Lewis Childs' annual and seeds.

Childs' catalogue consists of almost two hundred pages, profusely illustrated and the articles which it concerns are very neatly arranged thoughout the book.

It is a book every farmer or gardener should have, if they wish to have success. It shows you just what you want, and tells you how and when to plant seeds or plants when you get them. Each book has two or more highly colored lithographs of some of his wonderful flowers and vegetables.

One good point in Childs' Annual is, you can depend on anything it says, because Childs is a man of his word, and will fulfill what he promises. I am a strong advocate of Childs and his seeds, and feel as though I cannot say too much in praise of either.

His seeds are the best I ever used or saw used. I saw some chrysantheums that came from his seeds; they were fine large chrysanthemums, and every seed grew. That was two or three years ago and of course his seeds and annuals are improving all the time.

I think that his "Cabbages and Lima Beans, on going to the show, could say the same of Childs' seeds as Burpee does of his; that is, that "Childs' seeds will grow." If his seeds do not grow it will be because you do not follow directions and attend them properly.

"So let the wide world wag as it will,
I am Childs' champion still."

FLORENCE A. CRISTE,
Madisonville, Ohio.

FREE READING.

Through this department we will ask for donations, from those who are able to give, of books, papers, magazines or any kind of reading matter that will interest. What will you give?

Through the kindness of a friend I am enabled to send for one of the books offered. I enclose 7c for the postage and would like Stories of the Old World. May I have some of the 400 stamps you have for the Shut-Ins? I will be very grateful as I am so anxious to get a million.

Ollie Wood,
Cinnaminson, N. J.

Mrs. Galyon:—Please send me one of those books spoken of in last paper. I am fond of reading. Enclosed find 7c for postage. Chas T. Zepp, Melrose, Md.

Miss Alice E. Strong, Box 227, South Manchester, Conn., has in paper covers, Little Irish Girl, In An Erie Home, and Phylis, all by the Duches. Weavers and Weft, by Mrs. Bradden. She will send any one of the above named books to those sending her 5c for postage.

Find enclosed 7c stamps for which you will please send me one of those nice story books MOLLIE WILLIS, LaMont, Ga.

HOW MUCH RAIN WILL FALL?

The weekly COURIER-JOURNAL has struck a popular note in its weather guessing contests. A wonderful amount of interest was taken in its offer of $1,000 for the closest guesses to the coldest day and temperature during February, at Louisville, and much valuable information was gathered by subscribers on the subject. This contest has just been decided, there being twenty-eight lucky guessers. The Weekly COURIER-JOURNAL now makes another offer on the same line. For the closest guesses to the amount of rain that will fall at Louisville during the month of May, the Weekly COURIER-JOURNAL will give $1,000. This money will be divided into nineteen presents—one of $500, two of $100 each, two of $50 each, four of $25 each, and ten of $10 each. Each guess must be accompanied by $1, to pay for one year's subscription to the Weekly COURIER-JOURNAL, the best Democratic papea published. The rain-fall is scientifically measured, to the hundredth part of an inch. The heaviest rain-fall in May during the past twenty years was seven inches and forty-six hundredths of an inch. The lightest was one inch even. The measurements are made by the Goverment officials of the Weather Bereau at Louisville. Sample copies of the paper with full particulars of the contests, will be sent free to any address. Write at once, as under no circumstances will any guesses be received after April 30th. Address Weekly COURIER-JOURNAL, Louisville, Ky.

DIRECTORY.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one year, at 25c. per line, payable in advance.

One insertion of three lines or less free to our subscribers.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kan. Dealer in Stamps, Coins, Fossils, Minerals, Bird Eggs and Curiosities. Low prices. Prompt reply.

QUINNIPIAC STAMP CO., 26 Brewster St., New Haven, Conn., have a fine lot of postmarks. We will send a package of 100 all different for 8 Col. Stamps, except the 1 and 2c ones. Fine approval sheets for beginners at 33 1-3 per cent discount.

LIBBY MABEY, Medusa, N. Y., has an excellent receipt for Liver and Kidney cure 12c. Also paper double mixed Aster Seed 7c

WILL THE KIND READERS OF THIS PAPER PLEASE ASSIST A HELPLESS MAN WHO HAS NEVER walked a step, by sending him an order for a fine collection of Sewing Needles, Darners, etc. Price, including one paper of self-threaders, 25c post-paid. Address CHAS. J. PROSEUS, 31 Box 748, Geneva, N. Y.

R·I·P·A·N·S

TABULES

act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are Bilious, Constipated, or have a Disordered Liver, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.
SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.
MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLICATION TO NEAREST DRUGGIST.

No American Delegations.

George E. McNeill, the veteran labor champion, was one of the speakers at a banquet given in Boston to honor the delegation of French workingmen. George always says several good things when he talks. One of the best things he said at the banquet referred to was when he referred to the World's fair. "That fair shows the skill of labor and the power of labor, but there was nothing to show the brains of labor. Not a state, not a city, in the Union has sent a delegation of workingmen to the fair, as the French government has done."

Choice
—AND—
Selected Reading

In every issue of THE INTERIOR, the largest Presbyterian paper in the world.

Contributed articles from prominent writers and church workers in all parts of the world, conveying the latest religious and secular intelligence.

All branches of church work ably discussed.

SPECIAL NUMBERS

Handsomely illustrated and containing the very essence of journalistic skill mark the season events of the year, as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, etc.

Premiums and free gifts never given, we put full value into each number, which accounts for THE INTERIOR'S popularity.

Trial subscription of one month, 25c.; per year, in advance, $2.50.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE INTERIOR,
80 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE!

TO THE WEST

—OUR RATES TO—

TEXAS, KANSAS
ARKANSAS, COLORADO
CALIFORNIA, MISSOURI
WASHINGTON, OREGON,
AND ALL OTHER

Western States and Territories

Are now lower then they have ever been before, affording every one an opportunity to visit the West.

OUR SOLID TRAINS TO MEMPHIS

Make close connections for all points.

REMEMBER that we furnish first-class cars and that our schedules are quick and reliable; that by taking our lines to the West fewer changes are necessary than by any other; that it is no trouble for me to come to see you at your home and bring tickets, maps, rates and descriptive matter of any portion of the country that I will attend personally to the checking of your baggage to destination, so as to avoid all trouble and delay. If you contemplate a trip, write the undersigned, stating your nearest railroad station, where you wish to go, and how many you will have in your party, and how much baggage you will have, and your letter will receive prompt attention, giving you the lowest price on tickets by the shortest, best and quickest route.

John L. Milam,
District Passenger Agent,
KNOXVILLE TENN.

B. W. WREHN, G. P. & T. Agent.
C. A. BENSCOTER A. G. P. Agent,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Recreation Echo.

—PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS—

CHARLES P. GALYON,
Publisher,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

—MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, EDITOR—

RECREATION ECHO, a semi-monthly journal, devoted to the interest of Postmark Collectors, Stamp Collectors, Shut-Ins and Collectors in general. Subscription, 25c. per year, in advance.

To Shut-Ins who are really unable to pay the subscription, and will furnish references, and a letter each month for publication, with a promise to do all in their power for the advancement of the paper, a copy will be sent regularly, free of charge.

Entered in the Post Office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

After May 1st. advertising rates go up, though space contiacted for now at 15c per inch holds good.

15c per inch, display or reading, each insertion regardless of amount of space or length of time. These terms and prices imply to all.

Advertisers buying space to the amount of $1. is entitled to receive the paper for one year.

LOOK! LOOK!!

Send $.30 for 1 of Our "Standard Albums, a beautiful volume bound in heavy boards and linen and printed on a fine quality of paper and good stamps to cat. at $1. and lists, all post free for $.30.

EXTRA FINE APPROVAL SHEETS

of U. S. and Foreign stamps sent to parties sending satisfactory reference. 33 1-3 com. on For. and 20 com. on U. S. on all sales. Always state what priced stamps are desired.

PRICE LIST OF STAMPS, PACKETS, SETS, ETC., FREE.

SUPERIOR STAMP CO.,
32 LEFFERTS PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11



This is not an

ORGAN

Advertise-

ment,

But an earnest request that you examine our

Special Offer

On page 8.

A BARGAIN.

A Shut-In will send 5 assorted booklets, no two alike, for $1.00. Blotters, 6x8 inches, 25 cents each. Birthday cards 10c each or 3 for 25 cents. These prices include postage. Every tenth person ordering will receive a card free and every twentieth person a nice booklet. Address,

MISS M. C. ADAMS,
Box 128, New Willmington, Pa 11

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

SHIFTING COLLECTIONS.

In my short experiece in Postmarks I have found that many collectors began their collections as I did mine, in a primitive way, by putting their few treasures into a small book, pasting them in. If the collector be progressive he will soon find that his improvised album is getting too small and if he wishes to keep the collection systemattically together he will secure a larger book. Here comes the rub: To my sorrow I have found that after shifting my collection from 1 book to another two or three times it was being rapidly ruined, many specimens being torn or otherwise destroyed, and that none were the fresh, crisp marks they had been.

The old proverb, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," does not apply to the many-times shifted Postmark, for this self-same Postmark will gather mucilege, paper and flour paste on its back to an extent that is truly suprising. I would say to anyone who is seriously contemplating collecting Postmarks that if they will secure a good album or series of albums to start with they will never regret it. O. K. LaHoma.

NUMBER CONTEST.

A Year's Subscription to any Fifty Cent Paper Published Given the Winners.

NOVEL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING.

If You are a Subscriber it Costs You Nothing to Guess.

On and after December 25th., 1893 we will give away one year's subscription to some of the best family story papers published to those naming the correct number which will appear each month in the space below.

Twelve numbers, between 20 and 100 have been printed on a strip of paper in the manner which they shall appear in the paper from month to month, which will make the contest last for twelve months.

CORRECT NUMBER FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH IS

23

WINNER

Carl Sudermann. His Guess 33.

OTHER GUESSES RECIEVED.

Mrs. C. A. Procter	33
Fannie W. Tunison	20
Chas. T. Zepp	32
Mollie Meade	31
Florence Criste	33
Geo. T. Stewart	31
Edna L. Welch	25
Alice E. Strong	30
Juo. M. Stone	29
Mrs. L. Chauncey	29
Libbie Mabey	19
Alma Appleton	17
Maria Collins	29
S. M. L. Moore	25
Mrs. G. H. Ackley	20
Mrs. A. Maynard	20
Ollie Wood	81
S. G. Smith	33
H. W. Kieffer	22
Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin	33
Jennie Crawford	32
Mrs L. C. Robinson	27
Florence Langeley	29
Melinda Rodden	16
Mrs. L. B. Castle	30
Annie B. Pettigrew	17-33-27
Mrs. Mary L. Cunningham	19-27
L. A. Scoville	87-77-07
Mrs. H. W. Browne	20-28-19
Etta F. Smith	20-27-18
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury	17-27
Mrs. Joseph E. Bailey	33

A year's subscription to the Modern Priscilla has been ordered sent to Miss Maria Collins, Box 5, Chelsea, Maine, she being one of the winners in the last contest.

Ralph R. Hobart, Big Rapids, Mich., and Maria Collins, Chelsea, Maine, were the winners in the February contest. Mr. Hobart enstead of accepting a paper for himself has instucted us to send the ECHO for one year to any two deserving Shut-Ins that we might see fit. And in compliance with his request the name of Mrs. M. H. Messer, Box 6, Enfield, Maine and Mrs. Carrie M. Maulsby, 3140 LaSalle St., Chicago have been entered on our subscription books and they will receive the ECHO until March 1895 faee through Mr. Hobart's generosity.

Guesses for this contest must be in this office not later than the 15th of the month. Those received later than the 15th will be carried over until the next month. Now don't forget.

Subscribers may send their guesses on a postal card, but when enclosed in a letter write it on a seperate piece of paper.

The correct number for the March contest will be found between 20 and 50

If you are not a subscriber send 10c with your guess, which pays for the paper for five months; or send 25c for one year's subscription which will entitle you to three guesses the first month.

Following are a list of papers offered as premiums, you to select any one you desire if you guess the correct number, which will appear in the above space.

WOMAN'S WORK, a sixteen-page literary and domestic monthly magazine; published at Athens Ga.; subscription price, 50c. per year. Kate Garland Editor.

This magazine is nicely gotten up, being profusely illustrated and devoted wholly to women and is ably edited by a talented woman.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE, a sixteen-page select story paper, published monthly by The American Publishing Co., Jersey City, N. J., at 50c. per year.

THE HOUSEKEEPER, published at Minneapolis, Minn. Being a large twenty-page monthly devoted to women, which is well known and needs no futher recommendation from us. Subscription, 50c. per year.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA, a monthly journal containing practical instructions on painting, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and home decoration. Published by Priscilla Publishing Co., Lynn, Mass., at 50c. per year.

Any 50c. paper published, and not listed here, that the winners may desire will be given them free.

To those who guess three correct numbers during the year, we will give them in addition to one 50c. paper for every correct guess, one year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, published at Washington, D. C., at ONE DOLLAR per year. So you see if you guess three correct numbers during the year you will get a year's subscription to three 50c. papers, besides getting The National Tribune for one year, all free of charge.

Remember the only conditions are that you must either be or become a subscriber to RECREATION ECHO to guess in this number contest.

Three guesses will be allowed all subscribers, old or new, the first month and one guess each month thereafter, which gives you fourteen guesses during the year.

Your subscription to the prize papers commences upon reciept of your correct guess, you to name the paper you desire.

If you are not a subscriber send 25c. at once which pays for RECREATION ECHO from now until January 25th., 1895; this entitles you to three guesse, in the number contest, which may be sent with your subscription, and one guess each month thereafter, for one year.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

Arrangements have been made with THE SOUTHERN PHILATELIST by which we will furnish a year's subscription to that popular Stamp Magazine to all successful contestants who desire it. Quite a number of stamp collectors are well acquainted with this excellent Magazine and to them it needs no introduction. To those, who are not, acquainted with it we wish to say that it is one of the best and most able edited Stamp Journals published. For typographical appearance it is perfect, and is worthy a place on any collector's file.

We have sent to Miss M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., a printed list of the numbers as they shall appear from month to month. Miss Weston will see that the contest is fair to all. Address allcommunications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, - - - Knoxville, Tenn.

"THE VACANT CHAIR"

Is an old, old song but

THOSE VACANT SPACES

In your U. S. Revenue Collection need be an "Aching Void" no longer if you will but give me an Opportunity to fill them.

I carry a nearly Complete Stock of these most interesting Stamps, including

DOCUMENT, PROPRIETARY, MATCH, MEDICINE AND PLAYING CARD STAMPS

In every variety of Perforation, Paper, Shades, Etc., and make a Specialty of sending out Approval Sheets at

33 1-3 PER CENT DISCOUNT FROM SCOTT'S CATALOGUE

On all but the Rarest Varieties.

Special attention given to the Want Lists of Advanced Collectors, and owing to the Completeness of my stock and my unexcelled facilities for obtaining the Rare Varieties, I think I can supply most any of your wants. Send for sheets of these interesting Stamps

TO-DAY.

And complete your collection at a moderate cost.

References required in every case.

PACKETS.

To Collectors who prefer buying Stamps in Packets I offer the following, all of which are bargains and catalogue nearly double the price asked:

No. 1. 25 var. Revenues	$ .10
No. 2. 40 " "	.30
No. 3. 50 " "	.50
No. 14. 75 " "	1.00
No. 15. 100 " "	2.00
No. 16. 125 " "	5.00

There are no torn or damaged stamps in above packets, and they are all BARGAINS. Sent post paid upon reciept of price.

MY LEADER!
THE IOWA PACKET.

Contains 75 varieties of Revenues, guaranted to catalogue over $4.00. Sent post-paid for $1.00.

TRY IT!

500,000!
HALF A MILLION!

U. S. REVENUES WANTED AT ONCE FOR SPOT CASH.

Will purchase in any quantity and pay very highest Cash prices.

Especially desire the rarer perforated varieties of the first, second and third issues, but will buy nearly any kind.

If you are thinking of selling your collection I shall be pleased to buy it, and will give you a better price than any other dealer.

Send lists of the Revenues you have, for cash offer.

IT WILL SUPRISE YOU.

Send stamp for copy of the

REVENUE COLLECTOR,

an eight page paper devoted to these stamps and telling you all about our business.

If you are interested in Revenues at all, write me. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING.

E. R. MARSHALL

Revenue Stamps of the U. S. Exclusively.

Wyoming, - - - Iowa.

STAMP DEPARTMENT

EDITOR

E. R. MARSHALL, WYOMING, IOWA.

NOTE:—Publishers are requested to send two copies of their publications regularly in exchange and we will cheerfully reciprocate. Send one copy to the publication office and the other to the editor of this department, MR. E. R. MARSHALL, Wyoming, Iowa.

Judging from the scarcity of Exchanges upon our editorial table, (by the way the top of a flour barrel takes the place of that useful piece of furniture at present) many Philatelic journals must be afflicted with the Spring Fever, for they are nearly all late. Even ye editor feels more inclined to wander to the banks of the little babbling brook and endeavor to cajole the festive sucker from its watery liar than to sit indoors and ransack the editorial brain for "copy for this issue of the ECHO. Therefore, kindly pardon any seeming aberrations in my notes, for though the body is here the mind has gone fishing.

The Dixie Philatelist, a neat eight-page journal from Alexandria City, Ala is the latest. No. 1 contains the portrait of Mr. J. M. Chappell Jr., of Macon, Miss.

Philatelic articles of a fictional nature are as numerous now-adays as Seebecks in a young collector's album, and scientific articles are correspondingly scarce. Even that delver inho philatelic lore, J. P. Glass, has unbosomed himself of an effusion entitled, "A Philatelic Nightmare," in which he imagined himself striving to write poetry a la Guy W. and Roy F. We trust the portrayal of his suffering will serve as a warning to would-be bards, and turn their steps from what J. P. calls the "hallowed pale where only the few are permitted to tread."

"Specialisticus" is the latest pseudonym with which some modest philatelic author screens his identity. We would suggest "Damascus" as an appropriate nom for some writers.

The Minnesota Philatelist is up to the average, but we would advise Mr. Swensen to get after his proof readers with a club.

"Permanently located," said the stamp when stuck in Johnny's album with liquid glue.

The three "Puritan" suspects are shown celebrating their last night on Midway, by a beautiful half-tone (?) engraving in the Puritan Philatelist, and Pierce offers a prize to the stamp crank who correctly guesses which is the great, inimitable and only "Puritan"—did you say Hosmer?

The Hoosier Stamp seems to depend wholly upon newspaper clippings to fill its columns. A pair of shears makes a poor apology for an editor.

Feeble attempts are again being made to organize a Philatelic Press Association. This has been tried from year to year, from time immemorial, but thus far without success. Publishers signify their willingness to join, and that is all. They remain passive while a few energetic workers are striving to make the scheme materialize, and when these few are forced to desist from lack of encouragement and support they wag their heads knowingly and croak "we told you so, we knew it wouldn't be a success."

It could be made a success and a grand one, but it requires concerted action, and a truce to petty jealousy.

Can we attribute this season's increase in the number of approval sheet frauds to the universal hard times? Be that as it may the fact remains that this class of vampires has increased in propotion with other thieves, burglars and thugs who are daily commuting so many depredations all over the country. What shall we do to be saved?

Relating to a New Issue.

That Postmaster-general Bissel will recommend a new issue of postage stamps is conceded by all, but what the new issue will be in size, color, etc, is a question not so easily answered.

Nearly all collectors have his or her own views as to what would constitute a desireable as well as a practical issue, and, of course, we are no exception to the rule. We are inclined to believe first that the so-called 1890 issue will be on sale during the present year and that the much looked for new issue will not appear probably before 1895.

Speaking from a practical standpoint we consider the 1870 issue the best set for all purposes yet issued by the United States. With a few changes no better designs or quality of paper could be produced to-day that would give any better satisfaction than this issue did. As to those changes, we notice first the

DENOMINATIONS.

Of the lower values there should be the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15, 30 and 50c stamp, and of the higher values the 1, 3 and 5 dollar stamps. A great many contest that the dollar stamps are unnecessary. "We have done without them heretofore," they say, "and can get along without them now." They might as well argue that "as we got along without the locomotive once we might do so now."

There is still another class who think the whole set of dollar stamps are absolutely necessary, such as the dollar issue of the Columbian stamps. Our reason for believing the 1, 3 and 5 dollar values only are necessary is this: If the postage on a package should be $2., two $1. stamps would be just as convenient as one $2. stamp; and if the postage be $4., one $1. and one $3. stamp could be used—two stamps would take the place of one in either case

The high values are used principally in sending money, drafts and valuable papers to foreign countries and the package is always large enough for two stamps.

I have seen thirty 90c stamps on one package which would ammount to $27.00. With the higher values, as per this paper, five $5. and two $1. stamps could be used, making seven stamps in all, in place of the thirty that were used.

COLOR AND DESIGN.

Of course the 1c stamp should be blue with Franklin's head in oval similiar to the 1890 issue, only facing front; portrait of Franklin first because he was our first postmaster-general and one of the first to advocate postal reform; blue because it is one of our national colors, and is used the most of any other except the 2c.

The 2c stamp should be red, also a national color, and the design the head of Washinton in oval similiar to the 1847 issue. As this value reaches the largest sale it should be honored with our greatest and first President and be printed in our most patriotic color. We do not want to see the bust of Washington used again, or the bullet-head like the 2c green envelopes.

The 3c should be brown, head of Blaine

The 4c orange, head of Garfield.

The 5c green, head of Lincoln. This value reaches the third largest sale and should be honored with our second great President. The 5c stamp carries our letters to foreign countries and my experience shows that Lincoln creates more enthusiasm outside of our own country than Washington.

The 6c stamp should be purple with head of Clay.

The 8c should be chocolate, head of Sherman.

The 10c stamp should be carmine with head of Grant, who comes next to Lincoln as a great and honored President.

The 15c stamp should be dark blue with head of Webster.

The 30c should be black with head of Scott.

The 50c, dark wine color with head of Jefferson.

The $1. stamp should be black and blue with head of Washington in oval in black. Head should be like Washington's in 3d issue of our revenue stamps.

The $3. stamp, same design in black and red.

The $5. stamp same design also in black and green.

These dollar stamps printed thus in two colors would be very pretty as well as patriotic, and would be well recieved in foreign countries. By issuing all of them the same size as the 1870 issue and the same quality of paper, the set would be very pretty, patriotic and practical.

F. S. GEORGE.

AN OBSERVER HAS NOTICED

That a collector claims to have seen Lewis Bishop in New Orleans.

That S. Allan Taylor is still upon earth, but has mended his ways.

That the type-set officially sealed pasters have got it where the bottle got the cork.

That F. S. Fox, the foxy detective, was not a startling success as a sleuth.

That articles upon the die differences (?) in the Columbian issue are filling a great deal of space snd spoiling lots of good paper.

That the story that Mr. Deats has offered $50. for a copy of Kissinger's Philatelic Postal Card which passed through the mails, is a "fake" pure and simple.

That the interest felt in U. S. revenues this season is grater than ever befo e, and that good varieties are hard to obtain at any price.

That it is asserted that we have an exchange department in the Sons of Philatelis. Can anyone verify the rumor?

Columbian Stamps.

The following prices will be paid for good specimens of used columbian stamps:

PROMPT CASH.

1c 75c per 1000. 2c 25c per 1000.
2c $2. " 100. 4c $1. " 100.
5c $1. " 100. 6c $2.25 " 100.
8c $2.75 " 100. 10 $1.20 " 100.
15c 11c each. 30c 22c each.
Large quantities can be sent C. O. D.

F. N. MASSOTH, JR., 6t
Hanover Centre, Indiana.

25 Foreign Stamps Free

to all requesting my fine approval sheets at 33 1-2 dis. RALPH R. HOBART, Big Rapids, Mich.

P. S. 100 fine stamps given for 8 columbias above 2c. 3t.,

BARGAINS!

1200 Stamp Hinges 10c. 100 gummed and addressed labels 10c. I will print and distribute circulars 3x5 at 15c per 100.

2000 Stamp Hinges

and 100 gummed labels for 20c.

CARL SUDERMANN,
610 Byron St., Mankato, Minn. 3t

FOREIGN AND U. S. STAMPS

1000 mixed foreign stamps, 25c. 1000 well mixed U. S. stamps, 30c. 25 different unused stamps, 25c. Wanted to buy Columbian Stamps at highest cash prices. WILSON'S STAMP DEPOT,
426 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa 3t

FREE! FREE!

I Will give free a 50c columbian to every 25th person sending for my

FINE APPROVAL SHEETS

at 50 per cent commission. State number of stamps in your collection. 10c all diff. stamps 10c. 25 fine var. Perak, Obock, etc 10c. 1t

R. L. THOMPSON,
Parker Hall, Lewiston, Maine.

FREE! JOHN COOLEY, FREE!
399 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

To the first one hundred persons making the most words from

"RECREATION ECHO"

and sending the list with 25c for ten U. S. cat. at $1.00 I will give a 90c purple 1888. 1t

RARE STAMPS.

Orders for U. S. and Foreign stamps filled at the lowest possible prices. TRY ME.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Send reference for my approval sheets at good commission. I have a good supply of 6 and 8c 1890. Do you want any? Write at once. 1t

CARROLL D. PIPER, WOLFEBORO, N. H.

Fine Packets Cheap for Cash.

25 varities only 03.
50 varieties only 06.
75 varieties only 09.
100 varieties only 11.
200 varieties only 25.

Purchaser must always send a 2c stamp for returns. Foreign stamps sent on commission at 50% WHEN GOOD REFERENCE IS GIVEN.

O. DEYSENROTH, JR.,
BOX 1077, BEAVER DAM, WIS. 3t

THIS IS NO MISPRINT.

I offer prompt cash for used, perfect, lightly cancelled Columbian Stamps as follows: 4c per one hundred $2.50. 15c 8c each. 30c 18c each. 50c 38c each. $1. 80c each. $2. $1.50 each. $3. $2. each. $4. $3. each. $5. $4. each. Envelopes cut square per one hundred 20c.

N. E. CARTER, Stamp Dealer, 1t
BOX 314, DELAVAN, WIS.

1000 Assorted Foreign

Stamps including Mexico, Australia, etc. price 20c. 100 varieties including Japan, etc, 08c.

LARGE PRICE LIST FREE.

Sheets fine stamps on approval at 50 per cent commission.

F. N. MASSOTH, JR.,
Established 1885. Hanover Centre, Ind. 6

TRY THE FRANKLIN STAMP CO If you wish to receive the finest

APPROVAL SHEETS

in America at 50% commission.

LIST FREE.

FRANKLIN STAMP COMPANY,
1811 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 1t

STAMP COLLECTOR

Send for my Approval Sheets at 25 to 33 1/3% discount. Postage paid both ways.

Be sure and send 50c (postal note) for 5 varieties of British North Borneo stamps latest issue unused. Address 2t

JNO. M. STONE. GOLDENROD, PA.

PROMPT CASH

For all Columbian Stamps. 1c we pay $1.00 per 1000. 2 and 3c we pay $2. per 100. 4 and 10c $1. per 100. For 3c we pay $1.75 per 100. For 5c we pay 80c per 100. For 15c 10 to 12c each. 20c 20 to 25c each. $10. per one hundred thousand for common mixed stamps.

Wilson Stamp Depot,
426 N. 7TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1t

ARGENTINE COLUMBIANS.

2c, 3c, EACH $.70 2c, 3c, SET $1.20

Used or unused. Wholesale prices on application. APPROVAL SHEETS marked at Catalogue prices at 40% discount. Reference required. Send for list of Argentine Stamps. 1t

JOS. W. RAYMOND, W. RANDOLPH, VT.

BARGAINS IN RARE STAMPS!

100 well mixed foreign stamps, Asia, Africa, Europe, South America and Australian for only 10c Bonanza packet No. 1, 25 rare Foreign stamps with hinges for 10c, (no two alike.) Eureka packet No. 2, containing 50 foreign and old U. S. stamps with hinges for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. I. CLEMENT, Box B, Stillwater Me. 2t.

Send me a postal card

WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

and we will send you 25 var. of good foreign stamps free. If you do not want them kindly show this to some one that might like to have them. J. E. SEYMOUR, 217 Havermyer St., Established 1883. Brooklyn, N. Y. 1t

STAMPS 300 rare, S. America, Asia, etc., with nice album 10c. 50 var. 5c. 100 var. 10c. 150 var. 25c. 20 different stamp papers 10c. 108 postmarks 2c. The Collectors World, monthly, sub. 10c. Advs. rates 15c per inch. Circulation 1000. Circulars mailed 5c per 100. Your name in 5000 copies of Collectors Gummed Directory 5c. W. E. BILLINGS, NORTH LEOMINSTER, MASS. 2t

WE BUY STAMPS.

AND MAKE SETTLEMENT BY RETURN MAIL FOR STAMPS IN GOOD CONDITION WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING CASH PRICES:

COLUMBIAN ADHESIVES Per 100.

1c blue 6c. 2c lilac 2c. 3c green $1. 4c blue 50c 5c brown 60c. 6c purple $2.50. 8c magenta $2.50. 10c brown 75c. 15c green 5c each. 30c y-brown 8½c. 50c black 16c. $1. rose 23c. $2. red 65c. $3. green $1.00. $4. carmine $2.60. $5. black $4.15. Special delivery 60c per 100.

COLUMBIAN ENVELOPES.

1c blue per 100 50c. 2c red per 100 15c. 5c brown each 1c. 10c black 3c. Envelope stamps should be cut square with wide margins; those cut to the shape of the stamp are of no value, no matter how rare.

1890 SMALL ISSUE Per 100.

3c purple 30c. 6c red $1.00. 8c violet $1.00. (4, 5 and 10c per 100 5c.) 15c blue $1.65. 30c black $1.75. 90c orange 22c each. Rare stamps wanted. We prefer them on the entire original envelope, also confederates same way. Others bought. Catalogue giving prices paid on all U. S. and foreign 15c. Returned with first lot sent amounting to one dollar.

DEWOLF SMITH & COMPANY,
5 HOLYOKE STREET,
Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER

40 PER CENT is the commission we allow on sales of Stamps from our approval sheets

Good selections sent to responsible parties upon receipt of satisfactory references.

A FEW SPECIAL BARGAINS.

15	varieties	Brazil	25 cents
6	"	Costa Rica (unused)	12 "
7	"	Ecuador	10 "
3	"	Chili Telegrafos	10 "
30	"	U. S. Revenues	20 "
20	"	United States	10 "
1000	"	Foreign Assorted	20 "
1000	"	United States Assorted	30 "

Postage 2c extra on all orders under 50 cents.

—NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE—

We carry a

LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK, AND

ALL ORDERS ARE PROMPTLY FILLED.

Highest Prices Paid for Old Stamps.

CENTURY STAMP & COIN CO.,
BOX 9, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 1t

Alma Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine, a Shut-In has for sale

PAINTED PHOTO HOLDERS 15C.

Ring and Ribbon Book Markers 15 and 20c. Nice Pansy Seed 5c. Send for my sheets Foreign Stamps, 20 varieties Russian, Turkey, etc, 20c.

Will send roll of nice reading for lots of 100 or over columbian stamps. 2t

Best Beginners Packets.

No. 1 contains 100 assorted stamps catalogued 1 to 3c, only 10c post free, and with every fifth packet sold I will give a stamp catalogued 5 to 15c free. No. 2 contains one hundred stamps no two alike, and different from those in No. 1. Some are unused. Price, post free 20c.

	Number Varieties	Catalogue Price	My Price
*U. S. Interior Department. 2, 3, 6c.	3	$.35	$.15
*U. S. Postal Service env. blue on blue	1	.20	.15
*U. S. Postal Service env. black on white	1	.10	.05
*Ecuador 81-87	7	.17	.10
*Cuba Newspaper Stamps '92	6	.13	.05
*Hamburg env.	7	.21	.07
*Bergedorf	5	.15	.05
*Heligoland wrp's	3	.09	.05

*Means unused. Postage 2c extra if your order is only for stamps from above 8 lots.

Stamps on approval, priced according to latest catalogue, and 50 per cent discount allowed on all sale. Give me a trial. Letters answered same day received. Address A. S. Marland, P. O. Box 43, WARE, MASS. 1t

SCIENTIFIC BREEDING.

Advances Made In Improving Animals Since Darwin's Day.

The application of scientific methods to the economic breeding of farm animals followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Facts began to be systematically recorded for the construction of a science of breeding much earlier than that, but a collection of facts does not constitute a science, and breeding remained strictly an art until within the last few years. The 25 years during which Darwin was accumulating the material and digesting the facts for his "Origin of Species" were important ones in the history of the theory of breeding, and a number of pedigree records begun to be published. The doctrine of improvement by selection within the breed instead of crossing with other blood was becoming better and better known by the more successful breeders, and the economic results were becoming more and more certain. But scientific naturalists, absorbed in the description of natural species, ignored man's artificial productions.

A breed may be and often is as artificial a production as is a picture or a statue. The breeder, like the sculptor, must have his ideal toward which he is working, the greater his genius the nearer his creations come to reaching his ideal. The earlier naturalists, like Buffon and Cuvier, had studied and written about domestic animals as a part of nature, but their successors came to consider them artistic rather than natural productions and to look upon these "artificial monstrosities" with a contempt not now appreciated by the younger generation of naturalists.

But the difficulties of the old system were well nigh crushing the life out of natural history, and the time was ripe for a new theory on the origin and nature of species. When Darwin brought us out of the difficulty, it was largely by a study of the experience of breeders. This was analogous to the establishing of a new and vast biological laboratory for scientific experimentation, and never before was such a profound change brought about in a dogma of science by a study of an economic art. All the earlier studbooks and herdbooks were prepared and published by private individuals as any other book might by produced by a compiler and author. Now they are mostly published by associations clothed with authority and having wider aims. They record and publish pedigree, define methods and conditions for establishing their authenticity and fix the standards which dictate what the essential characters of the breeds shall be. Nearly every useful breed has now some such association, publishing an authorized studbook, herdbook, flockbook or register of some kind. The total number of such works aggregates hundreds if not thousands of volumes.

It is in fancy breeding that the most wonderful results are produced, and some of the most instructive facts are found. The economic factor is here often entirely eliminated, and mere whim or fancy guides the experiments. Fanciers had their associations and set their standards long before the breeders of the more useful farm animals did, and to that Darwin turned his attention. He joined various pigeon societies, put up his cotes, became a practical and experimental fancier and mingled with his fellow fanciers, drawing on their rich stock of knowledge and experience. A result of all this has been a better knowledge of the laws of heredity and of the causes which promote variation. A science of breeding now underlies the practical art. A pure science is relatively exact in the proportion in which it enables us to predict events. Its economic applications are valuable in the proportion in which it enables us to control results. The breeder of today controls results with a success his ancestors never dreamed of. The practical result is that the economic production of animals now is placed on a very much surer foundation, excellence is made more uniform, the chances for failure are enormously lessened and the methods of improvement placed on a philosophical basis.—Professor W. H. Brewer.

Professional Football.

I have been a close student of football for years, and that the game will be played professionally in this country seems assured. Still I do not think that it will be the present game as played by Harvard, Yale, Princeton and others. The present play is too massed, and to become universally popular there should be more open work and free kicking. If professionals played in the rough, slugging fashion a cry would go up that the professionals were sluggers, blackguards and loafers. Yet if we did not adopt the same tactics, what chance would we have against the teams that did play a rough game? We should be snowed under. No team could play a nice, quiet game under the present rules unless both elevens did it.

In my trip around the world with the All-American nine in 1889 we naturally watched the favorite sports of the people of the different countries which we visited. We saw football in all its phases, and the game which impressed us most favorably was the one played by the Australians. The game is somewhat similar to the Gaelic or association game as occasionally played in this country, as the play is more open, and the feature of forming human pyramids in the center of the field is not so conspicuous. I have never seen the game in this country, but I believe that if it were introduced it could be played successfully.—John M. Ward.

Literary Men as Husbands.

In spite of a few brilliant exceptions experience does not prove that there is much sympathy between the female and the male scholar. The literary woman who knows anything knows that he is of all men the most irritable and exacting. Ordinary husbands, going about among ordinary people, are entertaining and reasonable and bring the atmosphere of actual life home at evening with them. The literary husband spends the day with himself and with books written by men who hold his opinions. He has no fresh, piquant news and no gossip of the people they both know. He may be writing for a political or a theological paper or making a joke for a comic periodical, but all the same he is apt to be as "snappy as a bull terrier on the chain."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Child Marriage In England.

Few folk have any idea that in Elizabethan times the custom of child marriages prevailed in England, yet the dilapidated volume of Depositions in the ecclesiastical court of Chester, A. D. 1561-6, proves that these marriages must have been frequent in Cheshire and Lancashire, and no doubt other like records in the rest of our dioceses will, when looked up, establish the fact that such marriages were common all over England. The birth of a child in the Berkeley family, when the father and mother were each 13½ years old, shows what was going on elsewhere a century earlier.—Alderney.

ELECTRICAL ADVERTISING.

An Ingenious Combination of the Stereopticon and Sky Sign.

A new departure has been made in the rapidly spreading application of electricity to advertising. Any large open space on a wall or hoarding is covered closely with incandescent lamps—that is, they are placed at equal intervals in horizontal and vertical rows, and as near together as they can be without touching. A cable, consisting of as many separate wires as there are lamps, connects them with a small table or operating board, which is placed in a convenient room or at any point desired by the operator. This operating board is closely studded with little projections, which are in reality push buttons, and each of these tiny knobs corresponds to a lamp on the large exposed surface outside. It is thus evident that by pressing on any single push button the circuit is closed and a lamp correspondingly situated on the sign will be lighted.

The push buttons are so designed that when pressed upon they will continue to keep the circuit closed and thus maintain the illumination of the lamps on the signboard until they are restored by the operator to their normal position. This system gives an amount of flexibility in the creation of illuminated devices of all kinds that has never before been attained. Hitherto it has been necessary to have any special design prepared beforehand and fixed in permanent lines on a rigid background. Now, by drawing the finger on the face of the operating board, any kind of inscription or design can be brought out on the signboard and will remain there in brilliant lines of light until the operator decides to release it. This is done in an instant by the pressing of a lever at the side of the operating board, and the signboard is ready for a new design. Writing on the operating board in letters 6 inches high will produce letters 6 feet high on the sign.

If necessary, the operator can be at quite a distance from the sign, which there is no necessity for him to see. He has a bright light behind his operating board, and the push buttons are slightly conical in form, so that he has always before him a clearly defined and exact facsimile of the play of light on the signboard. This ingenious combination of the best points of the stereopticon and the electrical sky sign will probably be largely utilized in the night publication of election returns, results of games and any matters of public interest, besides offering infinite scope for the most effective possible kind of advertising. For the latter purpose stencils of any special design can be prepared and kept on hand, and where it is preferred to flash out a figure or inscription suddenly, instead of stimulating the public curiosity by working out the lines of light more leisurely, all that need be done is to place the stencil on the operating board and press firmly until the push buttons are driven home.—Chicago Record.

Drama or Dissection?

I am not a prude, but I think the time has come when we must decide whether the theater is to be for the people or is to serve simply as a rendezvous for gentlemen who are anxious to discuss moral science in all its varying aspects. For my own part I want the theater to be for the people—to be a place where a man may take his daughters without it being necessary for him to go first in order that he may judge whether the play is one which his girls ought to see. People may call me a Philistine, a prude or whatever they like, but my contention is that the stage is not the place to discuss subjects which, as a rule, are only introduced at the dinner table after the ladies have left. That is a mere question of taste, I am willing to admit, but I feel confident that the majority of the public are with me, notwithstanding the fact that the new school of critics are against me to a man.

What I am fighting for is that the stage may be maintained for the people. The playhouse as ordered for the last 30 years has been a delightful resort for women as well as men. I for one wish to maintain that state of things. Women are as fond of the theater as men, and I do not want to see the theater door, as it were, practically closed against them. As I observe in the article, "Our opponents started with Ibsen, and the public voice sent Ibsen about his business. But the trail of the Ibsen serpent has been left on the stage, and our cleverest and most literary dramatist, Arthur Wing Pinero, has been ensnared into the pessimistic net." My contention is that everything may be discussed in public on the stage that is discussed at every liberal dinner table in refined and polite society. Society has certain rules, and the stage cannot do better than follow those rules.—Clement Scott in Sala's Journal.

Indian Conjuring Tricks.

Most of the Indian conjuring trick are imperishable secrets, which are handed down from father to son through a long line of descent. Now and then a traitor may be found willing to barter his juggling inheritance for a mess of backsheesh, and so occasionally a trick leaks out into Europe, but this, I think, happens very seldom—almost never. The plant growing trick is no more wonderful possibly than many of those sudden appearances of bushels of paper flowers out of nothing but a small cornucopia, except that all our conjurers are on stages, with appliances and accomplices, even if we do not see one of either, whereas the Indian does the plant trick on the matting in your front hall if you like.

He wears no clothes possibly but a blackened cloth around his loins and a greasy turban of cotton, once white, on his head. He squats before you close by and places a small square of cloth about the size of an ordinary pocket handkerchief on the floor. The cloth suddenly peaks up in the middle, and taking it off a tiny shoot of bright, fresh green is seen growing apparently from the matting. The little plant is left, a larger cloth is arranged, and a larger peak raises it in the middle. With increasing cloths and growths, until a large branch of banana palm appears, does the trick keep on augmenting in size and interest. This is, to my mind, one of the best tricks of all.—Exchange.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIALISM.

A Peculiar and Prosperous Community That Has Stood the Test of Time.

Most socialistic experiments in this country have fallen flat, but there are a few remarkable exceptions. One of these is situated in Iowa county, Ia., and is called the Amana society, or Community of True Inspiration. This socialistic society has stood the test of time, for it is very nearly as old as the state of Iowa—indeed it traces its early beginning back to the German Pietists of the seventeenth century. But in this country, and in Iowa, it was incorporated in 1859.

This society is a shining example. It has succeeded. It numbers now about 1,700 souls, and they are all healthy and happy and fast growing rich. They own some 25,000 acres of land, all cultivated up to the highest notch and well supplied with live stock, and they have mills and manufactories of almost every description. They carry on these many enterprises with the energy and skill of a people who believe that all must work. Not even the old are exempt from the universal law. You may visit Amana society any day except Sunday, and you will find everybody at work, one equal to the other, men and women, some in the fields or vineyards, some in the factories and a large contingent—most of these women, as it happens—in the large co-operative kitchens, where the meals are served. They are "brothers" and "sisters" together, as they say. They all eat the same food, wear the same blue jeans or blue calico, live in houses equally free from paint, and when they die each one is given the same kind of a wooden slab to mark his resting place. A few do indeed possess their own families, but even this is discouraged, and a life of celibacy held up instead as the highest ideal.

They are a simple, plain folk, but they are always apparently contented and happy. A visitor will be surprised to find so large a proportion of old people among them, for very few die in youth or middle age, and few are ever sick. There are no cases of nervous prostration here, and insanity and suicide are unknown. Nor has any member of the community ever filled a felon's cell.

This appears like a beautiful illustration of the good things attendant upon socialism and M. Zola's panacea of "incessant work," and it seems too bad for the sake of the theory that the Amanites do not base their success upon these principles. They claim rather that socialism and "incessant work" are only the means by which they attain a higher good. This higher good is freedom in observing their own religion.

This religion of theirs, however, is so pure and beautiful that one readily sees it is a potent factor of their success. Like their lives, it is without embellishment or show. It teaches them to speak the truth, to do no murder, not even in war, to love one another and to listen often for the "inward voice" of revelation. Thus they live, like the patriarchs of old, "a peculiar people," not for the sake of experiment, but because they desire so to do, and with all their peculiarity they find themselves happy and prosperous.—St. Louis Republic.

India a Century Ago.

There is a curious Old World Gazette that tells us of life at Calcutta and gives us strange glimpses of a time that is no more. To make up for the lack of "khitmudgar and cook," our subaltern provided himself with a slave, and dire was his anger if his human chattel attempted to change his condition. He advertised his loss in hot haste, telling a sympathizing public that for the greater security of his rights the slave had his master's initials branded on his arm. Would any one to whom the lad might apply for employment send him back to his owner?

Luckless lad and basely defrauded owner! Surely human merchandise must have been cheap to come within the means of "scanty 95!" It was but natural that the subaltern should follow where his superior officers led the way, and those higher in the service kept not one but several slaves to do their bidding. Lieutenant Colonel Call, stationed at Fort William in 1786, advertises for a slave boy who has dared to leave him and says he "will esteem himself particularly obliged" if any gentleman will enable him to recover his lost property. A few years later the East India company had recognized that slavery was a blot on our social system and issued a notice that any one found dealing in this "detestable traffic," "so shocking to humanity," would be punished with the "utmost severity."

A BLANK DAY.

There was no use in disguising the fact we had drawn our last cover—blank. The sun was inclining toward the heavy clouds on the horizon, telling us that it was past 2 o'clock on a wild afternoon. So surely all thoughts of sport must be given up for the day.

"Arrah, yer ladyship, sure an it's not to home ye'll be going? His lordship must put the hounds into that wee bit of gorse beyant the Knock. There's a fox just after leaving it," asserted Mickey Dwane, horse breaker to the neighborhood, as he jumped from his saddle to ease the "young one," who he had been larking over every available obstacle as we went from cover to cover.

"Yes, Lady Nora," said Captain Despard, adding his entreaties to Mickey's, "do petition your brother to give us another chance. It is no distance to the gorse."

"Very well," said I, and trotted Satanella up to where, looking highly disconsolate, my brother Richard stood among his hounds, taking counsel with Jamie, our old huntsman, as to the expediency of taking the dispirited pack home.

"All right, old lady," he answered, "so be it. We'll try the gorse, and now, Mickey, if you're wrong, a plague on the whole race of horse breakers!"

There are only Dick and I left now to take care of each other. Mother died when I was born, and father last year, leaving Dick my sole guardian. As he was then only just of age, and I was 17, all our relatives cried out against our living alone, but we managed beautifully, and neither of us wished for any other arrangement—until lately.

I could not hide from myself any longer that Dick loved Cousin Ida more than me, and I feel sure he would have asked her to marry him before now, only he is afraid of what I will feel. Heigho! I didn't think I wanted to marry any one, but somehow I have learned to sympathize with my brother!"

"Now smile and bring us luck, Lady Nora," said Captain Despard as he ranged up alongside me, cantering over the springy turf between us and the gorse. He smiled himself as he spoke, and his plain face looked almost handsome.

"I am afraid that the foxes won't be at home to look at any smiles of mine," I retorted, laughing. "Remember that they are very hard hearted and hard headed beasts."

"I only wish I were more like a fox, then," he answered in a low voice. "I find my heart and my head fail me often now."

"Yoicks, f'rard, my beauties. Rattler, Banker, get on to him, lads! Hi, Melody, f'rard!"

We had run for 15 minutes without a check,

[illegible] going grandly and had not made a mistake. She took me a trifle too fast at the walls for my taste, but seemed to measure her distance exactly, for when we reached them she jumped like a deer, and at banks, too, it was beautiful to feel her—like a cat in agility—leap on to the top, and changing her feet in a second spring over the great dark gripe, landing with plenty of room to spare.

To my left rode Dick and Jamie, leading by about 30 yards, and to my right Captain Despard, and behind, trailing at longer and longer intervals, the rest of the field. Dick had looked back at every fence to see if I was safely over. Now I saw him put up his hand and knew that something big was before us, and big and ugly it was—a deep cut drain on the near side and a bad landing on the far side, with a high, rotten, razor edged bank between.

But I was scarcely over myself when, to my horror, I heard a crash on my right and saw a confused mass of man and horse come crushing into the grip, and a pink coat gleamed between the cruel steel bound hoofs.

Great heavens! It was Jack Despard. I turned absolutely sick with fear as I pulled my mare round to find, I feared, my friend kicked out of recognition. But instead, to my infinite relief, I saw him crawl from under his horse, muddy enough, but apparently without broken bones.

"Not hurt a bit, Nora, dear!" he cried, seeing my white face, "and I will get my horse out in a second. Go on. I will catch you up."

I am sure Satanella knew what a weight was off my heart as she flew along, and my cheeks must have tingled, such joy came over me at Jack's unconventional speech.

What was that stealing, mud stained and panting, along the hedge? The pack saw him, too, as slower and slower the fox crept, done to a turn!

A yell, and they were on him. One vicious snap at the leading hound, and he was rolled over after a gallant run of 40 minutes with one check.

"Whoo-whoop, hear him, hear him, worry, worry!" It was soon over, and a grinning mask on Dick's saddle and one more brush to my credit are all that are left of as brave a fox as "ould Ireland" ever held.

"Well ridden, old girl!" was Dick's comment. Then he added, rather sheepishly: "You ride on home. I am going round by the manor, as I promised Ida the next mask we got." So he departed, and I knew Cousin Ida would keep him for dinner.

"Will you have a very dirty escort, Lady Nora?"

"I am so glad you were not hurt, and your good nag all right too."

"Well, I don't mind having had that fall a bit, for I saw in your face that you cared. I must speak out now, for, oh, child, you have stolen my heart!"

The bank of clouds on the horizon had grown red and dark again before we got home. Jack lifted me off my horse at the hall door, and—well, I'm not ashamed to own it—he kissed me.

When Dick came home, he said to me:

"Nora, I've news for you! Don't be angry, ducky, but Ida has promised to marry me!"

"Dick," I answered, "I've news for you! Don't be angry, old boy, but I've promised to marry Jack Despard!"—Exchange.

Certain to Result Fatally.

Peddler—Want to buy some cockroach poison?

Woman—Thought I wouldn't remember you, didn't you? I bought some of your truck two weeks ago, and the bugs got fat on it.

Peddler—Yes'm. That's the way it works. They die of fatty degeneration of the heart.—Indianapolis Journal.

Alarming Precocity.

Calino, as a friend of the family, is introduced to the baby, 6 months old, whose head is adorned with a few straggling locks of light hair.

"I wish you much joy," he said to the mother of the bantling. "Splendid child; very precocious, too; why, he is nearly as bald as his father!"—Courier de l'Europe.

A Verse.

HE.

A verse to thee, dear one, I send,
And in it let my pen repeat
The words my heart doth ever lend
To coward tongue. Here at thy feet
Lie heart and verse, and both are fain
To prove how loyal love may be.
Oh, stoop, sweetheart, do not disdain
A verse to thee!

SHE.

A verse to thee, sweet sir, I send.
Forgive its lines if halt and lame.
Words that from out the heart do wend
On paper do not look the same.
So, should this poor verse not impart
What I would say, know that it be
To prove that I am not, sweetheart,
Averse to thee!

—Life.

A Hotel Incident.

"Any letters for me today?" asked the professional chair boarder as he briskly walked up the desk at the hotel.

"What is your room, sir?" returned the clerk without raising his head.

"The reading room," replied the professional chair boarder, with asperity, as he moved toward the fire. But he still patronizes the house.—Exchange.

SNAP SHOTS.

Professor Fritch of Germany states that his apparatus for photographing projectiles in flight is the invention of a little Scotch boy named Vernon, 12 years old.

An Atlanta photographer has completed a series of flashlight photos of the Saltpeter cave in Georgia. The pictures were finished in six days, whereas it required 30 years to make the same number of pictures of Mammoth cave.

If the dream of photographing in colors shall ever be realized, the application of photography to the matter of mercantile samples will be wider than ever. Fairly good work in colored photographic samples is already done.

THE OBSERVER.

United States Senator James McMillan of Michigan recently sent $5,000 to Detroit in aid of the unemployed.

Major Moses P. Handy ate, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, 570 official dinners as a World's fair promoter.

Professor Smith of the Philadelphia high school makes an annual pilgrimage to Shakespeare's home at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Ex-Senator Ingalls in a recent speech referred to himself as "Dennis," the name conferred upon him by his Kansas constituents.

Dr. J. S. Griffin, who was assistant surgeon in General Kearny's command at the battle of San Pasqual, Dec. 6, 1846, is still living in Los Angeles.

George W. Childs says that there was never any jealousy between Grant and Sherman, though there have been reports that such jealousy did exist.

Archbishop Satolli, the apostolic delegate, has but one fad, it is said—that of fondness for birds, cages of which are to be found all over his new Washington house

Lieutenant Said Rute, recently dispatched by the German government as military attache to the German consulate at Beyroot, Syria, is a cousin of the present sultan of Zanzibar.

James Crapsey, born January, 1794, was the first man who settled in Edgerton, Wis., and since that time up to the present he has been at work at the railroad station in some capacity or other.

Mr. Mendonca, the Brazilian minister at Washington, was an editor before he entered the diplomatic service and published a republican paper in Brazil 20 years ago. His wife is a New England woman.

Russell B. Harrison, who recently became president of the Terre Haute Street Railway company, has been elected vice president and a director of the Terre Haute, Olney and Chester Railroad company.

There has been presented to Cardinal Gibbons a volume of 330 pages containing 790 feet of newspaper clippings commenting on the silver jubilee of his eminence. Nearly every paper in America is represented in the book.

Edward Payson Weston, the man who first popularized pedestrianism in this country, has a record of 62,000 miles covered in endurance tests, and he did it all on a cold water and vegetable diet basis. He is 50 years of age and is a hale, handsome, active man.

Nat Schock, who on account of his wild extravagance during the Burning Springs oil excitement years ago became widely known as "Coal Oil Jimmy," is now in charge of the Pullman dining car Continental, running between Parkersburg and Cincinnati.

At a lecture in London H. F. Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, related that he had been some time ago engaged as counsel in a case in which a Mr. Pickwick was his client, and he knew of no reason why he was employed except the name of the latter. The case was settled.

Notwithstanding that Frank Hurd is barely 50, he is now spoken of in Ohio politics as a man who has seen his day. He has a tremendous legal practice, probably second to none in the state of Ohio, and he works indefatigably. He is growing rich and says he is done with politics.

THE JEWELER.

Silver muff chains are now duly provided.

Silver spurs are made for women as for men.

Vinaigrettes in the shape of fish, with flexible scales, are imported.

Perfumery funnels, now that atomizers are used, are almost a necessity.

Coffee spoons in white enamel ground, with floral ornamentation, are lovely.

Manufacturers could get valuable ideas from the new Japanese silver recently imported.

The softest of bric-a-brac dusters are of swansdown, with silver handles covered with raised work.

Vest buttons, gold and jeweled, engraved with monogram and cresta, are provided for the jeunesse dore.

Beautiful mourning pins are composed of light open forms of black enamel interspersed with diamonds.

The umbrella tags with silver clasps that can be substituted and removed from umbrella to umbrella are prized.

A silver gilt marker for devotional books has a raised cross in enamel of blue and green and a pale blue ribbon pendant.

The new silver buckles are round and oblong, with sides curving inward, a graceful shape. These are in rich raised work and have a central bar in raised work. This is repeated, as the side clasps are superseding the old three toothed buckles.—Jewelers' Circular.

THE ANARCHIST.

France has decided to prosecute all incitements to commit dynamite outrages and all glorifications of crimes. This will leave the anarchists nothing to do but drink.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The French government has at last aroused itself to the fact that anarchy must be grappled with and throttled before it becomes strong enough to throttle the republic.—Kansas City Journal.

France appears to be in earnest this time in its decision to repress the preaching and practice of anarchy within its jurisdiction. If other countries will only take common measures against anarchistic outbreaks bomb outrages would become much less frequent.—Omaha Bee.

This new and drastic legislation in France against the anarchists cannot be completely effective unless other nations take the same course. If those French conspirators be enabled to transfer their field of operations to Germany, Italy and England, France's crusade against them will not be altogether successful.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE ODDITY.

The Hindoos feed their newborn babes with honey and ghee for luck.

In Kenlon county, Ky., a ghost that rattles chains is said to haunt an old distillery.

One of the prize curiosities of the old Mechlin museum was a cherrystone basket containing 14 pairs of ivory dice.

In 1583 Philip Stubbes inveighed with great energy against the use of starch, which he called "the devil's liquor."

In answer to a prize offered by a French paper for the best example of microscopic writing, a constant reader sent in the whole history of Christopher Columbus written on an egg.

The Schenectady (N. Y.) postoffice once received a letter bearing this address, "Mr. Rev. G. W. Drees, Servant of God, Learned Man of Scriptures, Preacher Over the Sheep, Bucks and Mother Lambs of the Congregation of the Lord."

The wisest of us see things at a great exhibition which fill us with surprise and questioning. We are sure to see things which are new to our more or less limited experience. That is part of the good time.

The snake worm is the name of a small creature which when alone has almost no power of locomotion. Large numbers of them, by forming a close, ropelike procession, move with ease from place to place.

Proper Treatment of a Railway Hog.

A car seat monopolist—one of those men who spread themselves out for more comfort than they are entitled to—was discomfited on a Royal Blue train between Washington and Baltimore. In the ladies' car only one seat was left vacant. It was next to the window, and on it was placed the overcoat and traveling bag of the man who sat at the other end of the seat. Two ladies entered the car, and the colored porter politely asked the man to give the vacant seat to one of the ladies. The man did not reply, and the porter, still polite, requested the man to remove his baggage from the seat. The only reply was a grunt. The ladies passed on.

An athletic young man in the car, who was a stickler for fair play, rose from his seat, got one of the ladies to take it and threw his overcoat over his arm and strode to the seats occupied by the mean man. He said not a word, but stepped over the monopolist's feet, tossed his overcoat across the back of the seat, threw the other man's overcoat to one side, dropped his valise to the floor and took comfortable possession of the seat. After the young man had seated himself all the passengers in the car clapped their hands in applause. Cigar cases were produced and thrust at the hero, and he was kept busy declining invitations to go to the smoking room and take something. The other man wilted, and burying his face in a newspaper did not emerge from it until the train stopped at Camden station.—Baltimore Sun.

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RECREATION ECHO.

Devoted to Shut-Ins, Postmark and Stamp Collectors and the Public in General.

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENN., APRIL 15, 1894. NO. 10.

SHE COMES.

I sit beside the stream, and all the air
Is full of insect life. A heron dips
And flaps away. The noonday's welcome glare
Brings drowsiness to every bee that sips.

I hear Her coming! Hear her soft shod feet
Along the dun dust road their owner bear.
Anon the winding lane will hide my sweet,
But my warm fancy pictures her still there.

I feel Her coming! Glancing swallows bring
The news in flights, and each bird will rejoice
With gentle flutter, and prepare to sing
Some strains to suit the music of her voice.

I see Her coming! Fairer than before
She seems to me in grace—in every part!
Will her repose some calm to me restore?
* * * * * * *
Oh, may my eyes not show her all my heart!

—Deline Payn in Chamber's Journal.

SECRET SERVICE.

He was a man of about 5 feet 8 or 9, stout, but not fat, sandy haired, gray eyed, slightly bow legged and about 55 years old, and he told me the following out at the Soldiers' home the other day:

"Where did you lose your arm, sergeant?"

"Down in the Wilderness."

"I'm sorry."

"I ain't."

"And why, sergeant?"

"Because after I fell out of the ranks our regiment got into a crossfire of canister and was slathered pretty bad. Now, if I hadn't lost my arm just before that, I might have lost my life, don't you see?"

"That's one view to take of it, to be sure."

"Certain it is. I had a closer call than that, though, down to Fredericksburg."

"Tell me about it."

"I've told it so often that it's a bore to my chums about here, and maybe you won't believe it, pard, but you may bet your boots it's true. I was in the old First corps under Joe Hooker up in Maryland when we fought the battle of Antietam. We went in, one corps at a time, and old Bull Sumner wouldn't let Franklin go in and finish the thing, and General Lee was just smart enough to git away. I remember just as well as yesterday when we crossed the Antietam the night before the big fight and bounced Hood's division. Those Johnnies were good troops, pard. They were just lightning on a flank and just as good on a defense. The war's over now, pard, and the truth's the truth. I'm willing to own they were game as steel every time. Why, they'd hug the ground so close you couldn't see 'em, and they'd crawl up on their bellies and pick off the artillerymen, and half the time you could not see a thing. Artillery ain't worth anything anyhow if it hasn't got some infantry support. I've seen two or three Johnnies cripple a whole battery, and the battery couldn't help it, because a man lying down on the ground is too little for guns to fight. Some of the books talk about the Antietam being a river. It's only a creek like, not as wide as a street. You may believe it or not, pard, but there was one big writer got the Johnnies on the wrong side of the Antietam! I've read it myself.

"Up there I was a scout for old Joe, and when we had the fight with Hood's division toward night on Sept. 16, I was detailed with a lot of other fellows to take the prisoners to the rear. There was a soldier in our company named Shamer. He was a good one, but he'd get drunk every pay day, and when he was drunk he was the ugliest man you ever saw. He'd ram a bayonet into his best friend quicker'n a wink. Why, he took a prisoner down on the peninsula once, and the poor fellow gave him some sass when he was taking him to the rear, and Shamer up with the butt of his piece and killed him. He didn't know what he was doing.

"Well, when we were taking the prisoners back, Shamer was along, and I saw he was about half seas over and mighty ugly, and I kept my eye on one of these fine drawn fellows, a prisoner, with a face like a girl and little hands and feet. He carried himself like a turkey cock. Shamer said something ugly to him, and he snapped back something ugly to Shamer. Quicker'n lightning Shamer flung up his piece and pulled the trigger, but I threw up my piece against Shamer's, and the charge went over the prisoner's head. Then he made for the prisoner with his bayonet, but I parried it and said:

"'Drop that piece! Drop it, or I'll shoot you! You want to kill a prisoner, you'——

"He was mad enough, and he made for me with his bayonet, but he was so tipsy he couldn't handle himself right. I parried, and the lunge turned him around, and I chucked him under the left shoulder and put my bayonet plumb through him. I guess I must have touched him somewhere about the heart, because he dropped like a shot. Then he gave a shiver like, and I knew he was gone for good.

"The captain of the guard saw the whole thing, and says he, 'Sergeant, keep your head shut about this, but you did exactly right.'

"Of course I felt pretty bad about it. The prisoner wrung my hand and thanked me so much that I felt as though I had known him for years. When we got back to the creek, we turned the prisoners over to another guard, and then we went back on the lines, and the fighting was over, because it was dark. An orderly came for me and said General Hooker wanted to see me, and I asked him where he was, and he told me to keep with him. So I followed behind his horse to Miller's barn, and the old man was there with his staff. He was pretty well set up, but he gave me a big slug of commissary, and some hardtack, and some sardines out of a tin, and a big tin cup of hot coffee which his cook had made over a spirit lamp, and he asked me if I couldn't find a Johnny's uniform back there somewheres where we had been fighting before dark. I told him I could. 'Well,' he says, 'I wish you would, sergeant.' So I went back to the woods, and pretty soon I came back to the general in a Confederate uniform. One of his staff held up a candle, and the old man looked me over, and says he: 'Now, sergeant, you look like a reb sure enough. I wish you to cross these fields into the rebel lines and find out all you can and report to me right here by 4 o'clock tomorrow morning. See if they have any intrenchments or are throwing any up, and if they have many guns, and if Jackson is here or down on their right, and find where Longstreet is, and let me know if there's any stone walls or stiff fences over there on the turnpike, and pick up all the information you can. You want a watch?' I told him yes, and a lieutenant on his staff gave me his watch to take along. 'Now, whatever you do, don't fail to be here at 4 o'clock at the outside. Do you understand?'

"I saluted the general, and he gave me another slug, and I slipped right across into the Johnnies' lines. I nosed around all night and got back to the general on time and told him how everything was over there. He was mighty thankful and told me I must be tired and to lie down and get some rest. So I went across the Antietam to General McClellan's headquarters at Pry's house and crept under some bushes in the garden. I slept all day and didn't know a thing about the big fight till night.

"After we fought that battle we lay around there for five or six weeks. Then crossed the Potomac and marched into Virginia down to Fredericksburg. Burnside was in command, and old Joe sent for me one day to report down at Sumner's headquarters at the Phillips house. I went down there, and General Burnside was there himself. He asked me if I could make a map, and I told him no. He said he wanted me to go into the rebel lines and make a map and bring it to him. Well, thinks I, if you're believing I'm going into the Johnnies' lines to make any map you're the worst mistaken man that ever was. I'd go over there quick enough, but I don't want any map about my clothes.

"General Burnside says then, 'Sergeant, can't you get into their lines?' I told him certainly I could. 'Well,' he says, 'you surely could make a crude map of some kind and bring it over.' I says, 'What's a crude map, general?' He says, 'Oh, any kind of a rough sketch.' I says, 'No, general, I can hardly write.' General Hooker says, 'I think, general, he could learn the lay of the land very well and bring you that information, and that's about what you want.' General Burnside says to old Joe, 'Certainly, general, that's what I'm driving at.' Well, thinks I, why didn't you say so? 'What I want, sergeant,' says Burnside, 'is this, I wish to ascertain if they have a road made from right to left back of the heights.' I says, 'I can find that out all right, general, and be back in five or six days.' He says: 'Then I'll be satisfied. You see, my plan is this: I propose to throw Sumner's grand division over on their left and Franklin's on their right and get possession of that road if there's one there and divide their army, then I propose to'— And I'll be beat if he wasn't going to give his plan away to me, and me a spy! But old Joe turned red in the face and whispered in his ear and stopped him.

"That night I got our countersign and went down to our picket on the river up by Beck's island and waited for a deserter to come over. One came along about the second relief, and I told the captain of the picket that I wanted that man, and I snapped the bracelets on him and took him away back to a guard tent where the fellows had a fire, and I says to him, 'What's your countersign?' He says, 'Orange.'

"I grabbed a musket from the stack and made for him as though I was going to murder him and yelled: 'You liar! You come any such game as that here, and I'll put a bayonet through you! Orange, you fool! There's been five of you over tonight, and you all give a different countersign.'

"He dropped on his knees and begged and said those men must have lied, that the countersign was 'Orange.' So I saw I was all right on that, and I got out of my clothes and made him get out of his, and we swapped, and I went back to the river and crossed in a skiff and ran right plumb into a rebel picket.

"'Who goes there?'

"'Oh, simmer, will you?' I says to the picket. "You better not throw that piece up so careless. You'll bore a hole in a friend before you know it.'

"'Got the countersign?'

"'Well, if I hadn't, I wouldn't have any business around here, but I ain't going to give it to you. You call the sergeant of the guard, will you?'

"'No, I'm d——d if I do.'

"'Then I'll ram you in the guardhouse.'

"'You will?'

"'If I don't, I'm a liar! I tell you to call the sergeant, quick. Do you hear?'

"And he called the sergeant, and when he came I says to him: 'Sarge, where does this man come from? It's mighty hard to run the risk of being hung by the Yanks when we are in their lines, but to have a green soldier like this on post, ready to chuck a minie into us when we come into our lines to report, ain't a fair shake. When a fight's over, you can take it easy, but fight or no fight our work's never done. You uns can hang around the towns and see the girls, and when you come up from the James the most of you didn't have to march, but you rode in the cars—but I ain't a-growling. I want you to put a guard over my skiff, because I want to go over in the Yanks' lines again in three or four days, as soon as I get my orders from General Longstreet.' And I gave him the countersign and passed right along into Fredericksburg.

"Well, I nosed around Fredericksburg and the heights clean away down to Hamilton's Crossing and saw just where their batteries were and how everything was. It was mighty well fortified, and I staid around there three or four days. Back of the heights one clear day the rebel officers had a horse race, and I was then with a crowd of Johnnies looking on, and a kicking little chestnut mare beat everything and flung her rider. There was a young fellow there, as fine as silk, a lieutenant on Longstreet's staff, who said there wasn't a man in the Confederacy who could ride that mare. I saluted him and says, 'Lieutenant, I can ride her.' He says, 'You can?' And I says, 'Yes, sir.' And he says, 'Where'd you learn to ride?' And I says, 'I rode races when I was a boy in York state.' He turned around mighty quick and says, 'Where?' And I began to shake and says, 'In Texas.' 'Oh,' he says, 'but just now you said New York. Where do you belong?' 'To the Fourth Texas, lieutenant.' 'Who's your colonel?' And I was caught, pard—I couldn't tell him. And he hauls my jacket off and finds one of Uncle Sam's shirts on me and U. S. on my shoes, and they puts me under guard and tries me on a drumhead, and I was sentenced to be hung.

"They were mighty kind to me and gave me a fair shake, but they knew I was a spy, and they asked me if I wanted a chaplain, and I said I did, and he came to see me. I'm d——d if he wasn't one of the best men I ever saw. He prayed for me harder'n I could pray for myself and hoped I'd die repentant, and I told him that he could just bet his pile that I'd die game, and I'd try to meet him on the picket line in heaven if he'd get 'em to shoot me. I didn't want to be hung.

"I don't know why, pard, but they gave me three days after I was sentenced, but they rolled around mighty quick, and it got to be the night before. I was kept under guard in a little log house that there wasn't a sign of a chance to get out of. It hadn't any window and only one door, and I was ironed, and the door was kept shut, and a guard was on post in front of it.

"I had the funniest dream that night, pard. I dreamed I died and went to heaven, and St. Puter was standing at the gate in the full uniform of a major general, and he was smoking a corncob pipe, and I

Continued on third page.

SHUT-IN DEPARTMENT

Contributed to by Members of the Society of Recreation.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLES PORTER GALYON.

The object of this department is to lift the burden, as much as possible, from the afflicted and suffering and to obliviate the weariness of the sick chamber and replace instead, sunshine and happiness, by soliciting letters of comfort and joy.

All money received through this department shall be reserved and judiciously distributed among Shut-Ins. Books, Papers, Magazines, etc. will be sent to subscribers from time to time, free of charge. Letters for publication are earnestly solicited

THANK YOU.

MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, DEAR EDITOR:—A torn copy of the RECREATION ECHO has been sent me by one of your subscribers and I lose no time sending in my subscription, 10c for the paper five months so pleased am I with what I have of it. I am too late for the March Number Contest which I regret exceedingly.

Yours Respectfully,
MRS. W. L. CRABTREE,
Fort Calhoun, Neb.

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

DEAR MRS. GALYON AND SISTERS:—I have been to see an invalid lady; she is very miserable indeed. Who will send her pieces for her silk and worsted quilt, scraps of saxony wool an l embroidery silk, ribbon or any little token to help pass the time. She is not able to write much now. She does a great deal to brighten the Shut-Ins lives. Please help her as much as you can. I hope she will excuse me for mentioning her name. Her name and address is Mrs. Geo. Jakes, Hyannis, Neb.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

WE LIKE YOUR TALK.

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly send me a copy of RECREATION ECHO. I should like very much to see a copy of it now and see the terms of subscription. I got one copy way last fall from a friend, the first I ever saw or heard of it. I like it very much and would have sent right away for it but have been sick now over a year, and am poor besides, so even 25c could not be spared. Do not know that I will be any better able to spare it when I get a copy, but if I can I MUST have the paper. Perhaps I may be able through the help of it to sell some of my work, if so I will always take it. Yours truly,

MRS. J. MCBRIDE, Pike City, Cal.

SEND BIRTHDAY LETTERS.

DEAR EDITOR:—It was more than a month ago that I wrote you and sent ten cents for five months subscription to RECREATION ECHO, and as I do not receive paper nor hear from you, I write to ask if you received my letter. I also sent letter to be printed and asked to be remembered on my birthday, May 15th. One thing I forgot to mention in my letter was I would be greatly pleased to receive sachet bags from sisters of the ECHO. Please let me hear from you if you received my letter. I was quite anxious to send letter early so to have it printed if possible before my birthday. So hoping to hear from you soon, I am your afflicted friend,

Iola, Wis. C. V. MEAD,

[Your letter was received and name entered on our subscription books and paper sent you for April 1st. Your letter will be published soon as possible. Hope you will have no more trouble from now on.—Ed.]

VERY GOOD.

DEAR SHUT-INS:—Our editor says there is a difference in Echoes. I call him our editor for surely we must ALL subscribe for his paper, write him a letter and thereby echo a few thoughts clothed in different language all our own, and tell him how much we desire to help him do such good work. His paper is so nice, don't you think so? I want to thank him for this opportunity of forgetting self. Have been a Shut-In fourteen years confined to my chair. I did not choose this life, but a kind Father set me aside for service. Sometimes living in the past, stopping a little while in the present, grandly reaching higher each day toward a noble future. Trying to keep pace with the times of fastness and pressure. Many of you will see in this history a part of your life repeated. The secret of a happy life is what we make it. Choosing the happiness of others is forgetting one's own troubles, could we have chosen our way did it ever occur to you that sometime which we would have come in our path there might have been briery, tangled ways? But He has placed us where we love to help each other in so many little ways. Happy thought. God never placed us where he did not intend to benefit our condition, fit us for time and that beautiful rest after times' fitful season.

With all that is best in the interest of our dear editor and Shut-In friends, I remain, most sincerely yours,

MRS. MARY A. C. FASSUR.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

A FEW CHATS AMONG OURSELVES

Mrs. Ackley—Send any and all kinds of postal cards.

Mrs. S. B. Green, of Peru, Neb., is now in Live Oak, Cal.

Mrs. Woodbury: It will be satisfactory to add the name you spoke of in your next club.

Will the lady in Beverly, Ill., who wrote Miss Celia H. Perkins, care Jennings' home, W. Cleveland, O., concerning an exchange, but failed to give her name, write again?

I gladly correct a mistake made in last paper concerning Mrs. B. B. Berry's fancy work. The article read that it was her first work when it should have read that she never did any fancy work until after she became an invalid.

Nora M. Vitzbun—I thank you very much for your kind remembrance. I was surprised when I looked upon your picture for I thought you was only fifteen or sixteen years of age. I never read the story "Sweet Nineteen," but would like to. Our number contest is becoming very popular indeed. I assure you the kind of feeling you speak of having for me is appreciated very much. Write again soon.

Miss Annie S. Morris—I wish to thank you for your very good letter. I think it was very interesting and enjoyed it very much. Now, as you are a sucbscriber you are entitled to send me a guess each month for the number contest. The prize letter contest closes with this paper, therefore, a letter written now would be too late. Hope you will write again soon, for even if my time is valuable I enjoy all letters, no matter how long.

Mooers, N. Y., April, 24th, My dear Mrs. Galyon—Please accept my heart-felt thanks for the pretty souvenir bag you so kindly sent me. Yours is the only one I have yet received. Excuse me for not acknowledging the reciept of it before as I have been very sick. I like your paper very much. If the sisters will write to me with stamp, I will send them a sachet bag for their cane, I have no stamps to do anything with as much as I would love to. Mrs. Melinda Rodden.

Grace Stewart—Postal cards of any kind are exceptable. The address is exposed to view. If you will send a sachet bag to Miss W. E. Willis, Lamont, Ga., I will appreciate it more than if sent to me. Make it about 2 inches long and 1 inch wide. Am glad you are so well pleased with the ECHO. Hope to hear from you again.

I received from Mrs. H. W. Brown a birthday present in the shape of a large bunch of hair flowers. I wish especially to thank Mrs. Brown for this beautiful and valuable present. She displays wonderful taste and ability in making these curious flowers, in fact I think it is the best piece of work of that kind I ever saw.

Mrs. Anna Teague—I received 15c for the stamps you wrote me about and according to your instructions have entered Mrs. Coate's names on our subscription books for seven months. Am glad you are passing your ECHO on. Would be glad to have a letter for publication from you any time.

I wish to thank all of you who have sent me the names of your friends. I have sent them sample copies of the paper.

Mrs. Berry Did you receive the package I sent you sometime ago?

J. B. Osborne—Your subscription has been received. The postal cards you speak of will be appreciated. Send me a copy of the advertisement you speak of. Am so crowded with letters that I will be compelled to hold yours over with others until its "turn" comes.

Ida Burman—We have so many departments running in the ECHO now that it would be impossible to open another at present. Perhaps I can consider your proposition in two or three months.

N. A., Box 92—The moss, etc., you sent is very nice and will be sent to those that I think best needs them. I have entered Mrs. J. W. Newton's name on our subscription list for 6 months with many thanks to you.

Carrie E. Wilder—Send me 500 lightly cancelled stamps and I will enter your name on our subscription books and send you the ECHO for one year. I received the 10c you sent. Write again.

Mrs. Maria Souther, West Levant, Maine, writes me that she has started a curiosity basket and asks for momentoes with which to fill it. Send something.

Mr. Robert Stephens—I thank you very much for the foreign postal cards you so kindly sent and I assure you they are highly appreciated.

Mrs. Mary Larrance sent me an excellent "feather" birthday cake. It is useless to say that "we" ate and enjoyed every bite of it.

William A. Lockhart—No one has subscribed to the ECHO for you.

Mrs. John M. Anthony—I am so glad that you wrote me again. I think that you will forgive my seeming negligence or carelessness, for I assure you it was not intentionally. The first letter you wrote was too long for publication. I hope you will write directions for making the doll house you speak of and I will publish it. The little doilies and bookmark are both very pretty indeed, and I appreciate them very much.



MRS. C. PORTER GALYON.

I received on my birthday a beautiful silk square from Mrs. Mary Larrance one from Miss Janie Larrance, and one from Mr. James Webster. Wonder how long it took him to make it and if he worked the stitches himself. This makes fifteen 10x10 silk squares that I have received for my quilt. All are very pretty indeed. Don't forget that the first one came from Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Webster, Ill.

Prize letters will be found on page 7.

There is some good things in store for our readers in the near future.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

Cancelled stamps to exchange for calico, Mrs. Melinda Rodden, Mooers, Clinton Co., N. Y.

W. L. Moise, Box 34, Sumter, S. C., desires to buy, sell or exchange U. S. and foreign stamps.

Flower seeds for cancelled Columbian stamps, any value but 2c. K. W. Lawson, Fort Lee, N. J.

Mrs. A. Nephens, John's Pass, Fla., will send 2 large bright colored strumbus shells for 3 spools of thread--any number.

Will exchange postmark for silk pieces. Mrs. O. R. Tyler, Applegate postoffice, Sanilac county, Mich,

For exchange a knit bed spread for offers. Write with stamp. Mrs L. C. Robinson, Box 57, Brier Hill, N. Y.

I wish to exchange postmarks with other collectors. Send list. Lola Belle Roath, 1809 Yesler avenue, Seattle, Wash.

I have new magazines and postmarks to exchange for silk pieces. Please remember me. Mrf. H. W. Brown, Box 11, Kinde, Mich.

I have for exchange 12 numbers Mayflowers for almost anything. Also have Comforts and Heart and Homes. Make me an offer. Mrs. G. H. Ackley, Brier Hill, N. Y.

Lovely silk crazy block 12x12 stitched with embroidery silk for nice handkerchiefs, ribbon, plush or cabinet photo frames valued at 50c. Mrs. Geo. Jakes, Box 43, Hyannis, Neb.

Three quilt blocks (different patterns) pieced out of new cloth for two yards of small figured prints or for 100 cancelled columbian stamps' mixed values, above the 2c ores. Name of quilts: World's Fair Block, Corn and Beans, Rocky Road to California, Old Maid's Puzzle, Brick Walk, etc. Please enclose stamp. Estella L. Depue, Odaville, West Virginia.

Rare foreign stamps, minerals, sea shells, sea curiosities, coral, books, papers, novels, etc., for vegetable and field seeds, fowls' eggs and fancy stock. Mrs. J. Jay, La Hoyt, Iowa.

Mrs. A. Nephens, John's Pass, Fla., will send 15 varieties of pretty shells from Gulf of Mexico in exchange for 6 spools of thread for sewing machine, any number or color taken.

I will exchange the exposition number of Scribner's magazine dated May, 1893, for a copy each of January and February of the same magazine. Charles P. Galyon, Knoxville, Tenn.

I would like to exchange silks and cancelled stamps with any of the ECHO friends for any of Mrs. Alexander's books. Write to my address. Mrs. W. N. Canfield, New Milford, Conn., Box 105.

I have two books of classical music one is Chopin's "Nocturns" which I will give to any one sending me 150 Columbian stamps above 2c value for each book. Mrs. Lawson, Box 121, Fort Lee, N. J.

Good self-inking printing press and outfit (chase 2½x3¼ in.); cost $7; to exchange for Horsman's Eclipse photographic outfit, Morse telegraph instrument or Hopkins & Allen shot gun. Edward Wisen, Verona, Neb.

Maria Collins, Chelsea, Me., I have six months numbers of the Christian Herald and one year of the Zion's Herald and some story papers that I would like to exchange with some of the shut-ins. I would like reading very much.

Painted sofa pillow tops, painted scraps for crazy work, calico and worsted pieces, and reading to exchange for crochet lace, quilt patterns, bulbs or anything useful. Please enclose stamp. Jennie Southworth, East Hickory, Pa.

Robert Lee Stephens, Danville, Ill., rare and common Gladioli and other bulbs, choice books and magazines, World's Fair views and other pretty cards, foreign stamps, etc., for Columbians (ex. 2c) old U. S. and Confederate stamps or relics.

Will exchange a good field glass or an ocarina for best offer of cancelled stamps, curios, or anything useful. Will also exchange any of Charles Dickens books for best offers. Write first. Address, Frank R. Hughes, Albany, Linn county, Oregon.

I have a large and choice variety of plants and bulbs, also cacti, to exchange for paintings in oil or water colors, remnants of ary goods, fancy work, stationary and other useful articles. Enclose stamp for list. Mabel E. Hammond, Carthage, N. Y.

I will send twenty-five leaflets to any shut-in sister who will send me twenty-five addresses of Christian women, and invalids, Christian or not, the names to be selected from his own town or county. Mrs. Etta A. Braw, 1 John street, Fall River, Mass.

Does any of the readers of the RECREATION ECHO take a magazine called "Something to Read," or any other book of the same price they would like to exchange for "The Young Ladies' Journal" of 1894. Mrs. O. P. Herriman, 520 Idaho street, Boise City, Ada county, Idaho.

I have for exchange a never-has-failed-yet cancer cure, simple yet most effective, given me by a relative. Those afflicted with a cancer will never regret writing me enclosing stamp for testimonials. Mrs. Harriett M. Crabtree, Fort Calhoun, Nebraska,

John Cooley, Albany, N. Y., will give 100 var postmarks, good reading, 100 stamps, or French papers for over ten Columbians above 2c, I want to get 5,000 stamps and will give good reading matter in exchange for stamps above 2c if an unused 2c one is sent to prepay postage.

Will send 10 packets flower seeds, 10 lilly of the valley roots or three purple violets for ten cancelled Columbian stamps above two-cent value. Mixed values prefered. Will exchange flower seeds and reading for silk, satin or velvet pieces. L. Palmer, Stratton, N. Y.

Would like to receive the following numbers of the ECHO from those who have them and do not wish them any longer: 1, 4, 5, 6, 7-8 and 9. Will send other papers in exchange for them or will send ten foreign stamps for each paper sent me. Geo. T. Stewart, 1911 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I have quite a number of foreign stamps thoroughly mixed, containing a few of value that I wish to exchange for postmarks. I will give three stamps for every postmark not in my collection or one for one of duplicates of small towns. Send list of what you have. Chas. A. Cook, Moreno, Cal.

Will give fifty U. S. and foreign stamps to any one sending me fifty Columbian stamps, mixed, no 2c ones wanted. Albrechts catalogue of U. S. stamps will be given for the Xmas number of the Pennsylvania Philatelist. Stamp papers to exchange for other stamp papers. H. W Kieffer. Toledo, Iowa.

Packet of fine foreign stamps (catalogue value three dollars), given for one hundred Columbians (2c excepted.) German silver coins over 300 years old, Emperor Conrad's time, exchanged for good U. S. and confederate stamps, if possible on original envelopes. Address Dr. W. O. Emery, 389 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

Beautiful agates, corals, petrified wood, lava selonite one hundred specie fossils, shells and leaves from "Bad Lands, also ladies' jacket of whipcord lined throughout with silk 38 inch bust, to exchange for dress goods, table linen, ladies' black hose, towels, handkerchiefs, fine crocheted lace or Young Ladies' Journal for 1893 or '94. Mrs. Emma Squyer, Mingusville, Mont.

Quilt patterns to exchange any three for one yard of good bleached muslin or anything useful of equal value. Triangular, Lover's Link, new four patterns, California rose, Lincoln's Platform. I send patterns and plain diagrams to piece by, also a list of 100 patterns, if you wish a list of other articles I have for exchange, please address, with stamp, Miss Edna L. Welch. Webster, Hancock county, Ill.,

I would like to get Harper's Magazine for the following months: Jan., Feb., Mar. 1886; all of '87 except Sept. and Nov.; all of '88 except Dec. Mar. '85; June '86; Dec. '89; Jan., Mar., July, August, Sep. and Dec., '90. I want Century for Jan. '92 and all of '88 and '93. If any one has any of the above I will send them cancelled stamps, postmarks or a novel for one number and send postage for them. I will give good exchange for Harper's Bazaar, Harper's Magazine and Family Library, Herald and Ingall's Magazine for '94 to be sent as soon as read. Will exchange novels and sheet music for knit lace. M. C. Lawrason, Wicker, Cumberland Co., N. C.

SECRET SERVICE.

[Continued from first page.

marched up and saluted the old man, and he took his pipe out of his mouth and says, 'Where do you belong?'

"And I told him I belonged to the First corps, and he says, 'Did you ever straggle?' 'No, sir,' I says. 'I ain't a straggler. 'Did you ever flunk?' 'No, sirree. There's no flunk about me.' 'Did you ever steal any chickens?' 'Certainly I have,' says I. 'Many a time.' Did you ever get drunk on pay day?' 'Certainly I have, but never when I was on duty.' 'Did you ever play bluff?' 'Yes, sir,' I says. 'Did you ever take a French?' 'Not when I was on guard.' 'Well,' he says, 'you are a good soldier and may go in, I guess,' and he gave me the countersign, pard, which was 'Faith,' and I heard a noise and turned around, and the devil was standing there, and he bows to St. Peter and says, 'Good morning, St. Peter.' 'Good morning,' says St. Peter. 'You're looking very grimy and sooty this morning. Why in time don't you bathe yourself?' 'That's all right, St. Peter,' says the devil, 'but that's my man.' 'Ah,' says St. Peter, 'why?' 'Because he was a spy, and he was a hard swearer.' And St. Peter says to me, 'Is that so?' 'Yes,' I says, 'that's so.' 'Yes,' says the devil, 'and he ran off into the army and broke his mother's heart. 'As for that,' says St. Peter, 'they all did that, and as for him being a spy somebody had to do that, too, and as for him being a hard swearer that don't count against soldiers and those that have the gout. I tell you, my black friend, if I'd give you all the old soldiers who swear you'd be dreadfully crowded down there, and they'd give you a lively shake some of these days. This man belongs here.' And I passed in, pard, and leaned over the golden breastworks and shook my fist at the black scamp just so and says: 'Yes, you ——, if I had my piece here, I'd put a ball through you. You're a-laying low to catch a lot of us old soldiers, and you think you're d——d smart, but I believe the general in chief up here will help all the poor fellows who had a hard time in the war down yonder, and he don't care which side they fought on so they did their duty, and don't you forget it.'

"And St. Peter smiled and says to the devil, 'Swearing is very wrong, to be sure, but I'd rather hear a man swear when he means no harm than hear him pray when he means no good.'

"And I says—but just then I woke up as the third relief came on, and another guard relieved the one at the cabin door. He was a good fellow and lent me his pipe to smoke, and the sergeant of the guard came around and asked him if he had any water in his canteen, and he told the sergeant that his canteen was full a few minutes before he left the guardhouse, but some one there had pulled the cork and let all the water run out of it.

"'Well,' says the sergeant, 'mine is empty too. I wish you'd go down to the branch and fill both of them. I'll stand ward for you.'

"And he took the canteens and went away, and the sergeant opened the door and says:

"'Yank!'

"'What?' says I. He says: 'Light out! Keep right up this road to the fence corner where the two big trees are and stay there till I come.'

"'No, you don't, sergeant,' says I. 'If you want to get credit for putting a hole through me, I ain't willing.'

"'For God's sake, Yank, git away from here! Don't you know me?'

"'No.'

"'So much the better, but I want to get you out of this. Light out, I tell you!'

"'That's all right, sergeant, but how can I? I'm ironed.'

"'Sure enough,' he says, coming into the cabin and slewing his cartridge box around. 'Here's the key.'

"And he unlocked my irons, and I got out of them in a hurry, I tell you.

"'Stay there under the trees till I come.'

"'All right,' says I, 'and God bless you.'

"And, pard, I staid there in the moonlight till he came, and he says, 'Swear to me that if I give you our countersign you'll only use it to get over the river.'

"'If I do, sarge,' I says, 'I'm d——d.'

"'That's all right. The countersign is Rapp.'

"And I shook hands with him, and I was too smart to go sneaking round when I had the password. I just marched plumb through three or four lines and gave the word, and when I got to the river my skiff was there all right and the same guard was there.

"'Halt!'

"'Oh, I'm halting, ain't I? Call the sergeant and be quick.'

"'Got the countersign?'

"'Never you mind about the countersign—call the sergeant.'

"And he did, and when he came I says, 'Have you kept my skiff all right?'

"'Yes, it's all right.'

"And I takes him to one side and whispers to him: 'Sarge, when you come off guard in the morning, I want you to go to General Longstreet and tell him I crossed here. He gave me my orders to cross down at Massaponax, but I want you to see him himself—don't you tell any of his staff—and say I crossed right here, because the Yanks were too thick on the other bank down there, and I wasn't sure I got their countersign right. Now, don't you forget it.'

"'That's all right,' says the sergeant, 'but you haven't given me the countersign yet.'

"'Sure enough. The countersign is Rapp.'

"He said that was all right, and I got over safe enough, pard, but it was a close call.

"Well, last fall I was standing in the road here looking at the people riding by, and an open carriage came along, and a good looking man was in it, with a handsome woman and a little boy, and he looked at me mighty hard, but he never said anything. He drove past, and then he turned round and drove back again and speaks to me.

"'Comrade,' he says, 'what's your name?'

"I bows to him and says, 'My name is Burke.'

"'Burke?' he says. 'Was it always Burke?'

"I says: 'Certainly. I never had any alyeas.'

"'Never had any what?' he says, with a smile.

"'No alyeas,' I says.

"'Oh,' he says, 'I didn't suppose you ever had an alias. I must have been mistaken, and I beg your pardon.'

"'That's all right,' I says, and he drove away again, but I'm d——d if he didn't turn round and drive back again, and he says, 'You really must excuse me, but were you not tried during the war under the name of Falls?'

"'I believe I was,' I says, 'but that wasn't my right name.'

"'No,' he says, all of a quiver, 'I know that—I know that well enough, but were you not sentenced to be—to be—to be'——

"'Hung?'

"'Yes, hung down at Fredericksburg, 30 years ago, and you escaped and'——

"'That was me.'

"'I knew it! Oh, I knew it!'

"And, pard, he jumps out of his carriage and hugs me, and then he turns around and tells his wife a lot of stuff in such a hurry that I didn't understand a word of it, and she gets out of the carriage all in a flutter and begins to cry, and she kisses me on the cheek and says her little boy was named Falls after me.

"Well, thinks I, here is a mess. These people must be crazy, but I didn't object to having a pretty woman kissing me, so I reached over just so, and I kissed her five or six times, and then I says to him:

"'How did you know about it?'

"'Why, Burke, old fellow, God bless you, it was I who let you escape.'

"And, pard, I was so dumfounded that I lit my pipe and began to smoke. If a shell had burst right there and blown me up, I couldn't have been more astounded.

"'Lord, Lord,' I says, 'is that so? And do you know I've often wondered why you did it?'

"'Why? Man alive, didn't you risk your life to save mine the night before the battle of Antietam?'

"And then I saw through the whole business, and every now and then they send me out some smoking tobacco and lots of other good things. The other Sunday I went over and heard Dr. Buck preach a sermon on bread being cast on the waters and its coming back all right, and I says to the old man after church that I know mighty well that that's so every time."—Clarence F. Cobb in Romance.

SCOTT'S 54TH.

We will give one insertion of a 4 inch advertising space in this paper for a copy of Scott's 54th edition catalogue. Address the publishers.

10,000 NAMES WANTED.

If you have an alphabetically arranged list of stamp collectors names that you wish to exchange for advertising space, write me stating how many you have. C. P. Galyon, 309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

R·I·P·A·N·S

TABULES

act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are Bilious, Constipated, or have a Disordered Liver, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.
SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.
MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLICATION TO NEAREST DRUGGIST.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO Ladies' Fancy Work and Household Interests.

Published Monthly at 50 Cents Per Year.

Send for a sample copy. Great inducements offered to clubs. Send 5c for premium list.

PRISCILL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Lynn, Mass.

PIN CUSHIONS

Eight square, oak leaf or heart shaped 20c, embroidered 25c.

—SPECTACLE WIPERS 20c.—

15 packets flower seeds, including miotiau and platycodon, 10c. Painted pansy Ialendars, 20c each.

L. PALMER, Stratton, N. Y.

Choice

—AND—

Selected Reading

In every issue of THE INTERIOR, the largest Presbyterian paper in the world.

Contributed articles from prominent writers and church workers in all parts of the world, conveying the latest religious and secular intelligence.

All branches of church work ably discussed.

SPECIAL NUMBERS

Handsomely illustrated and containing the very essence of journalistic skill mark the season events of the year, as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, etc.

Premiums and free gifts never given, we put full value into each number, which accounts for THE INTERIOR'S popularity.

Trial subscription of one month, 25c.; per year, in advance, $2.50.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE INTERIOR,
80 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Passing on the ECHO.

Name of those who pass on their ECHO after reading and whom to. If you are passing yours on down the line please notify me.

Mrs. C. Porter Galyon.

Mrs. O. P. Herriman, 520 Idaho St., Boise City, Idaho, passes her ECHO, after reading, to Mrs. Lizzie Carleton, Berlin, Texas.

Miss Lola Belle Roath, 1809 Yesler Ave., Seattle, Wash., passes her ECHO to Mrs. M. M. Butler, Childress, Tex.

WORK FOR US.

If you are not a subscriber remember we are giving a year's subscription to any one sending us one new yearly subscriber at 25c. Get one of your friends to subscribe and that gives you the paper free for one year for your trouble. If you are out of employment you can make money getting subscribers among your friends. Let us hear from you.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

Recreation Echo.

—PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS—

GALYON & GARRISON,
Publishers,
309 Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn.

—MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, EDITOR—

Entered in the Post Office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter.

Your subscription has expired when a blue mark appears against this notice. Please renew at once or you may forget it. Improvements are being added with each issue and it will pay you to not miss a single paper.

ADVERTISING RATES.

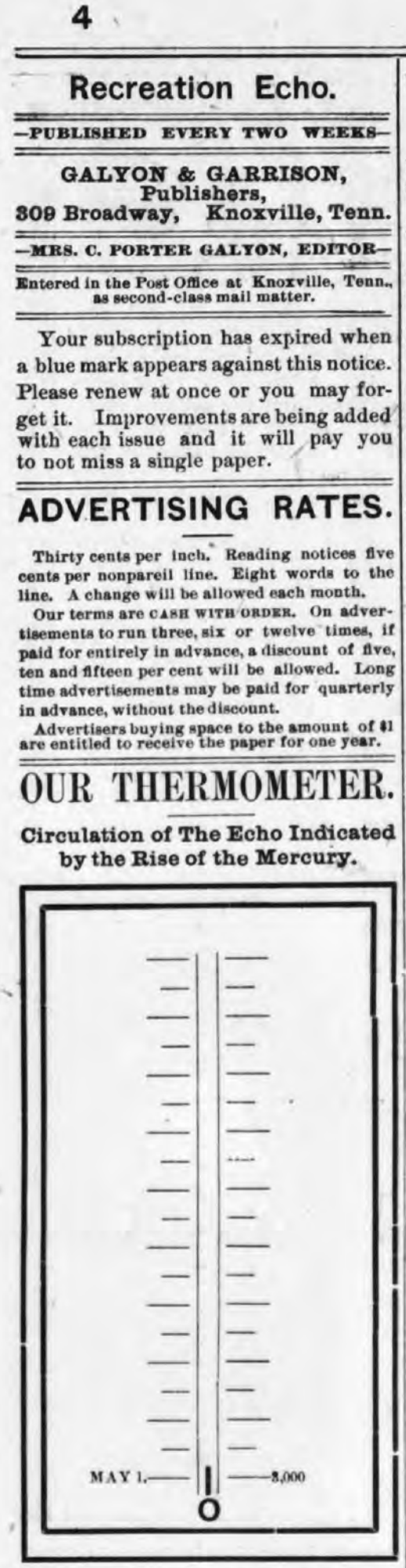
Thirty cents per inch. Reading notices five cents per nonpareil line. Eight words to the line. A change will be allowed each month.

Our terms are CASH WITH ORDER. On advertisements to run three, six or twelve times, if paid for entirely in advance, a discount of five, ten and fifteen per cent will be allowed. Long time advertisements may be paid for quarterly in advance, without the discount.

Advertisers buying space to the amount of $1 are entitled to receive the paper for one year.

OUR THERMOMETER.

Circulation of The Echo Indicated by the Rise of the Mercury.



DEPARTMENTS.

Free Reading—Page 8.
Original Poetry—Page 7.
Number Contest—Page 8.
N. T. C. C. Guards—Page 6.
Stamp Department—Page 4-5.
Postmark Department—Page 7.
Shut-In Department—Page 2-3.

WE WANT SUBSCRIBERS.

In order ta further introduce the ECHO we will for a short time make the follawing liberal offer: To those sending us 25c we will send them and any one of their friends the ECHO for one year. Get sp a club and we will send the ECHO to any two different persons one year for evero 25c sent us. If you have a friend you would like to send the ECHO to this offer gives you a good chance to do so and at the same time gives you the paper free. Do not delay, but send at once as this offer may not appear again.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

Things That Should Not be Forgotten

Don't forget that our Exchange Column is always wide open to our subscribers.

Don't forget to condense your exchanges as much as possible.

Don't forget to write your number on a seperate sheet of paper when entering the Number Contest.

Don't forget that the ECHO is published as much to your intrest as any body else's if you are a subscriber.

Don't forget that we have the interest of all our subscribers at heart and are working for their benefit.

Don't forget that our Number Contest is rapidly increasing in popularity with every issue and that all subscribers are requested to enter it.

Don't forget to send us the name of some of your friends whom you think would become interested in the ECHO.

Don't forget to write on but one side of the paper when sending articles for publication.

Don't forget that it will be greatly to your intrest to subscribe for the ECHO at once.

Don't forget that our circulation has reached the three thousand mark.

Don't forget that our advertising rates are from this date on advanced to 30c per inch each insertion but that they are still exceedingly low.

Don't forget to send silver when remitting small amounts to us and rap it up well in paper to prevent loss.

Don't forget that we cannot use stamps of a higher denomination than 2c.

Don't forget that if you are not a subscriber we would be glad to have you become "one of us."

Don't forget that we are always glad to hear from anyone upon any subject they may desire to write and that each letter received by us is carefully considered.

Don't forget that perseveracne, energy and push will undoubtly win success.

Don't forget to mention the ECHO when answering advertisements it will do us a great favor.

Don't forget that the subscription price of RECREATION ECHO is only 25c per year, in advance.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In this issue of the ECHO will be seen some great improvements which careful study, hard work and a liberal use of money has brought about. Still we are not satisfied with our present improvements and it shall be our greatest aim to add such improvements with each issue to the ECHO that it will become a household word in every home that it enters.

If you are not a subscriber, this is sent you as a sample copy with an earnest request that you give it a careful examination from the first page to the eight. Don't just merely glance at it and throw it aside because you see nothing of interest, but look it over carefully and when you have done this you will undoubtedly become interested. If not, have the kindness to hand it to some friend; perhaps it might interest them.

We want you to become a subscriber; we are anxious to have you do so and get your friends to join you,

Our subscription price is exceedingly low and considering the many favors and premiums which we give our subscribers during the year, it can readily be seen that in the long run your investment of 25c will prove a good one.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

I want five thousand 1c and 2c canceled columbian stamps for which I will pay 10c for the ones and 5c for the twos per 100. C. P. Galyon, Knoxville, Tenn.

Price List of U. S. Postage Stamps,

—FOR SALE BY—

A. PAIMANN,

203 East Thirty-Second Street, New York, N. Y.

TERMS—Cash in advance; no discount; postage extra under 75 cents. All used if not otherwise marked.

General Issue.

1851.	1c blue	20
	3c red	1
	10c green	55
	12c black	95
1857.	1c blue	9
	3c red	1
	3c red outline	18
	10 green	22
	12c black	50
1861.	1c blue	2
	5c brown	20
	10c green	4
	12c black	20
	24c lilac	20
	30c orange	30
1863.	2c black	2
	3c rose	1
	15c black	22
1868.	2c black	1
	3c rose	2
	5c brown	1.10
	10c green	22
	12c black	24
	15c black	22
	24c violet	1.80
	30c orange	1.80
1869.	1c buff	24
	2c brown	6
	3c blue	2
	6c blue	40
	10c yellow	45
	10c yellow, unused	75
	12c green	40
	15c brown and blue, not framed	1.90
	15c, framed	1.00
	30c blue and carmine	2.00
1870.	1c blue	20
	2 brown	8
	3c green	2
	7c vermillion	2.75
1872.	7c vermillion	22
	12c deep purple	15
	15c orange	2
	24c purple	55
	30c black	7
	90c carmine	20
1875.	5c blue	2
1883.	4c green	1
1887.	3c vermillion	7
1888.	5c blue	1
	30c pearl brown	25
	90c purple	55
	4c carmine	2
1890.	3c purple	1
	6c brown	5
	8c lilac	6
	15c dark blue	6
	30c black	6
	90c orange	23

Columbian Issue.

	1c deep blue	1
	2c violet	1
	3c green	5
	4c blue	4
	5c brown	4
	6c purple	8
	8c magenta	8
	10c black brown	5
	15c dark green	20

Special Delivery.

1885.	10c blue	7
1888.	10c blue	4
1893.	10c yellow	3

Unpaid Letter Stamps.

1879.	30c	25
	50c	40

Envelopes Cut Square.

1853.	3c red white paper	4
	3c red, buff paper	3
1861.	3c red, buff paper	10
	3c red, white paper	12
1864.	2c black on orange paper	12
	3c pink on white paper	3
	3c pink on buff paper	3
1874.	10c brown, unused	35
	90c carmine, unused	1.50
1886.	4c green, manilla,	5
	4c green, manilla amber	7
1887.	4c carmine, white paper	3
	4c carmine, manilla	5
	4c carmine, blue, new	12
	4c carmine, buff, new	12
	5c blue, white paper	4
	5c blue, blue paper, new	12
	5c blue, buff paper	12
1893.	1c blue	2
	2c violet	1
	5c brown, new or used	8
	10c black, brown, new and used	15

Official—Interior.

1873.	1c verimilion, new 12, used	10
	2c " " 6 "	1
	3c " " 3 "	1
	6c " " 6 "	3
	10 " " 15, "	10
	12c " " "	10
	15c " " "	10
	24c " " "	15
	30c " " "	20
	90c " " "	75

Justice.

1873.	3c purple	34
	6c purple	38

Navy.

187c.	2c blue	38

Postoffice.

1873.	3c black, new 3c used	1
	6c " " 15, "	6
	10c " "	45
	24c " "	45
	30c black "	25
	90c " "	80

State.

1873.	1c green, new	.40
	3c " "	.40
	10c " "	.60
	15c " "	1.10

Treasurer.

1873.	7c brown new	.80
	10c " "	.24
	12c " "	.24
	15c " "	.24

War.

1873.	1c red	2
	2c "	3
	3c "	1
	6c "	3
	7c " new or used	1.00
	10c " " "	10
	12c " " "	10
	15c " " 10, "	7
	24c " " "	26
	30c " " 18, "	12
	90c " " 60, "	40

DIRECTORY.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one year, at 25c. per line, payable in advance.

One insertion of three lines or less free to our subscribers.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kan. Dealer in Stamps, Coins, Fossils, Minerals, Bird Eggs and Curiosities. Low prices. Prompt reply.

LIBBY MABEY, Medusa, N. Y., has an excellent receipt for Liver and Kidney cure 12c. Also paper double mixed Aster Seed 7c

COOLEY, JOHN. Dealer in Stamps, fine Shells at 50 per cent. comm. Premium sheets. 399 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

A SHEET OF GUMMED paper 17x22 for 6c. 1000 Stamp Hinges only 8c. Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron St., Mankato, Minn.

WORK FOR US.

If you are not a subscriber remember we are giuing a year's subscription to any one sending us one new yearly subscriber at 25c. Get one of your friends to subscribe and that gives you the paper free for one year for your trouble. If you are out of emplayment you can make money getting subscribers among your friends. Let us hear from you.

Stamp Collectors Send 10c to W. I Clement, Stillwater Maine, and see what you will get. 2t

Highest Prices

Paid for whole collections or single stamps.

Wanted in Any Quantities,

1847, 5 cent, for each.....45c
1890, 6 cent, for each.....2 1-2c
1893, 8 cent Sherman 3c

Send stamps with lowest price if satisfactory cash by return mail.

A. PAIMANN, S. OF P., 275.

204 E. 32d St, New York, N. Y.

Boys Make Money

Send for our fine approval sheets of stamps at 50 per cent commission and sell them to your friends. You can add a few dollars to your spending my money each month. Address at once

Southern Stamp & Publishing Co.

25 Broad st., Charleston, S. C.

Sample copy of the Southern Philatelist free.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

E. R. MARSHAL, Editor, Wyoming, Iowa.

NOTE:—Publishers are requested to send two copies of their publications regularly in exchange and we will cheerfully reciprocate. Send one copy to the publication office and the other to the editor of this department, MR. E. R. MARSHALL, Wyoming, Iowa.

THE PHILATELIC POET.

AN ESSAY.

The philatelic poet is amongst us; furthermore, he evidently intends to stay, for has he not brought his grip, and whole armfuls of tightly rolled manuscript containing rhapsodies upon every philatelic subject under the sun, from "Susy Jones' Xmas" to "What Philately Did for Cæsar,"

The spring poet comes in the spring time,
The fall poet early in fall,
The philatelic poet is with us
And never leaves at all.

Time was when the philatelic poet was unknown, unloved and unsung. Now he sings upon the least provocation, and often with no provocation at all.

He may not be the equal of Byron, Longfellow or Whittier, but he certainly is a genius, else how could he make Campeche rhyme with "tete beche" and Lubeck with Seebeck? We must all acknowledge that anyone who can do this ex tempore, as it were, must needs be a genius.

Philatelic poetry is not a necessity, and not always a luxury. There are too many bards who are afflicted with that, alas, too prevalent disease known as furor scribendi, but still it is not refreshing to a mind wading (I never saw a mind wading, but trust that unpoetical license will permit the expression) through long essays on the "Stamps of South Australia," "Is Philatology a science?" etc. to turn to some political rhapsody such as "Johnny's Album?"

By the way the number of poets has increased alarmingly in the past two years and Guy W. and Roy F. don't seem to have a monopoly in the verse-grinding-out business, as they had a short time ago.

Some of these new authors have given us passable verse, but the greater majority seem to think that anything that rhymes is poetry, and in this they were never more mistaken. I wonder if Billy Shakespeare was second sight and had in mind the philatelic poetry of the present day when he unburdened himself thus:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same untried ballad mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen, canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;
And that would set my teeth on edge.
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

By all means let us have philatelic poetry, it is harmless, even if it teaches us nothing. Only give it to us in homœpathic doses, and don't publish it to the exclusion of anything of value.

PHILATELIC LITERATURE.

We have read your Bristol County Stamp News brother Benton—every word of it including advertisements, and find it very interesting notwithstanding its deminutiveness. We fully agree with friend Ashley that postal card collecting is bound to gain in popularity, and we would like to see it do so at once.

In the race for excellence and Philatelic news The Minnesota Philatelic is making it "hot" for some of our esteemed contemporaries, and will soon be "neck and neck" with the well renowned Philatelic Era and the Southern Philatelist. One of its specialties is printing ads. in colors. There is no doubt but what this magazine is fast gaining popularity.

The Reporter is still manfully hammering on with its "blacksmith" type, though we can't deny the fact that its colums contains some very interesting stamp news. The April number came to us with an excellent cover printed in red.

If things keep on at the high rate of speed they are going at now a morning and evening edition stamp paper will become necessary to meet the demands of Philatelia's prodigious strides. Among the stamps that has made the most rapid strides to prominence are the Revenues and we now have a weekly paper to canvass their rights and uphold their value in The Iowa Philatelic Weekly, and some interesting Philatelic news will be found in its colums.

The Southern Philatelist for April comes to us with a genuine and justifiable kick on someone giving out a statement without their sanction, to the effect that the closing out of the Southern Stamp and publishing Co's stock of stamps would bring disaster, to thetr publication, the Southern Philatelist. Brother Luhn, its genial editor, wishes it distinctly understood that "The Southern Philatelist is here to stay," for which we are heartily thankful as it is a gem.

The Philatelic Era visits us regularly each two weeks and we enjoy it very much. It is said that this is the only stamp journal that has built up a paying business and that only until recently a profit was realized. It deserves all it gets.

DELAYS ARE SOMETIMES DANGEROUS

GREENE, N. Y., April 5th 1894.
EDITOR RECREATION ECHO, DEAR SIR:—I enclose herein copy of an ad. I would like in your paper. Please write me how many inches this will occupy; I will remit at once the amount by return mail.

I mislaid your paper and never even read it until this evening. I am very sorry for I would have taken 6 or 8 inches space if I had known an extra editiun was to be put out. I am always in for extra editions.

My last ad. in your paper brought me yesterday an offer of one million U. S. stamps from one party.

I shall doubtless run an ad. right along now with you. Very truly,
L. V. LINDSEY.

THIS IS WHAT COUNTS.

GOLDEN ROD, PA., April 10th 1894.
RECREATION ECHO,
Knoxville, Tenn.,

I have received numerous inquiries for stamps on approval from persons who saw my ad. in your paper. I am well pleased.
* * * JOHN M. STONE.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

The N. T. C. C. Guard Department will be found especially interesting this month.

There is some good things in store for our readers in the near future.

PACKET NO. 2—Contains 100 choice varieties, some unused, from Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Australia, Russia, etc. The first purchaser gets a 3c verm. 1887, unused, and the 10th gets a block of four 3c 1887 on original envelope. OTHER PACKETS—50 varieties only 10c—200 varieties, price 55c, 500 varieties price $2.25, 1,000 varieties price $7.25. Try my rouletted stamp hinges, 10c per 1,000. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. U. S. stamps taken. GEO. E. CLEVER, 1132 Pirklomen ave., Reading, Pa.

Stamp Collectors!

I make up very fine aprroval sheets containing several grades of stamps. From those for the beginner to those for the advanced collector, I allow 25 to 33⅓ per cent. discount on all sales and will send sheets on approval to those giving good reference. State the number of varieties your collection contains. T. F. HOYT, 909 West Polk st., Chicago, Ill.

UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN
COINS
For sale at the very lowest price. List free.
R. R. GAY, Agent,
No. 24 Syracuse street, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE 1,000 varieties in standard Stamp Album, free to agent making largest returns by September 15th. Send for sheets at 33 1-3. Collections bought for cash. G. L. RIVERS, 161 Broad street, New Orleans, La. 2t

YOUR NAME on 15 finest quality cards for 8c. They will please you.
E. H. WISEN, Verona, Nebraska. 2t

SEND US 5c In stamps and receive one hundred varieties of post marks, or 10c and receive fine packet 50 varieties foreign stamps. Approval sheets for beginners at 33⅓ per cent. discount on specialty. Send reference and try them. Address, tfn
QUINNIPIAC STAMP CO.,
26 Brewster st., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



HIGHEST CASH PRICES
Paid for any quantity of good U. S. and Confederate stamps, preferable on entire original envelope. From my foreign duplicates I will send 100 varieties for 20c, or for 10 3c Columbian. Address,
DR. W. O. EMERY.
889 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. 6t

JUST THINK, Face value for any 3, 6, or 8c columbians. For the $1 in good condition, $2.25. Write quickly. Ernest LaMont, 212 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sell and Repent."

STAMPS at 50 per cent discount are extensively advertised, and if they are stamps they are cheap, but not so if they are rubbish. Nowadays most of the 50 per cent adds refer to common stamps you don't want as a gift, or else they are priced above catalogue prices. If you have sent for stamps from some of these advertisers you know that is true.

I am not selling at one half catalogue prices. I am not in the business to benefit my health, and am not closing out. This ad, is to get you to send for some of my stamps at 50 per cent and I know that if you intend to buy at all, that you will buy of me. My stamps range from 1c up to $2.50, and the half rate applies to all, except rare United States and current unused foreign, the net cost of which would be less than face value. The stamps are all in good condition, are all genuine and the assortment will be kept even—just now I am short of low-priced stamps. No revenues.

I will send no stamps unless you send reference or deposit. If you send return postage, and mention what kind of stamps you want to buy, I will send as a present 4 Mexican stamps. I will buy and exchange.

THEODORE SIDDALL,
225-227 West 14th street, New York City.

WE BUY STAMPS.

AND MAKE SETTLEMENT BY RETURN MAIL FOR STAMPS IN GOOD CONDITION WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING CASH PRICES:

COLUMBIAN ADHESIVES Per 100.
1c blue 6c. 2c lilac 2c. 3c green $1. 4c blue 50c 5c brown 60c. 6c purple $2.50. 8c magenta $2.50. 10c brown 75c. 15c green 5c each. 30c y-brown 8½c. 50c black 16c. $1. rose 23c. $2. red 66c. $3. green $1.00. $4. carmine $2.00. $5. black $4.15. Special delivery 60c per 100.

COLUMBIAN ENVELOPES.
1c blue per 100 50c. 2c red per 100 15c. 5c brown each 1c. 10c black 3c. Envelope stamps should be cut square with wide margins; those cut to the shape of the stamp are of no value, no matter how rare.

1890 SMALL ISSUE Per 100.
3c purple 30c. 6c red $1.00. 8c violet $1.00. (4, 5 and 10c per 100 5c.) 15c blue $1.65. 30c black $175. 90c orange 22c each. Rare stamps wanted. We prefer them on the entire original envelope, also confederates same way. Others bought. Catalogue giving prices paid on all U. S. and foreign 15c. Returned with first lot sent amounting to one dollar.

DEWOLF SMITH & COMPANY,
5 HOLYOKE STREET,
Boston, Mass.

STAMP COLLECTOR

Send for my Approval Sheets at 25 to 33⅓% discount. Postage paid both ways.

Be sure and send 50c (postal note) for 5 varieties of British North Borneo stamps latest issue unused. Address 2t

JNO. M. STONE, GOLDENROD, PA

Columbian Stamps.

The following prices will be paid for good specimens of used columbian stamps:

PROMPT CASH.

1c 75c per 1000. 2c 25c per 1000.
3c $2. " 100. 4c $1. " 100.
5c $1. " 100. 6c $3.25 " 100.
8c $2.75 " 100. 10 $1.20 " 100.
15c 11c each. 30c 22c each.
Large quantities can be sent C. O. D.

F. N. MASSOTH, JR.. 6t
Hanover Centre, Indiana.

STAMPS 300 rare, S. America, Asia, etc., with nice album 10c. 50 var. 5c. 100 var. 10c. 150 var. 25c. 20 different stamp papers 10c. 100 postmarks 3c. The Collectors World, monthly, sub. 10c. Advs. rates 15c per inch. Circulation 1000. Circulars mailed 5c per 100. Your name in 5000 copies of Collectors Gummed Directory 5c. W. E. BILLINGS, NORTH LEOMINSTER, MASS. 2t

100 Varieties Postmarks 5c.

100 varieties foreign stamps 10c. 500 foreign stamps 20c. 1000 U. S stamps postage, revenue, envelope unpaid, deparsments, etc., 22c. 3 varieties confederate bills 15c. 2 varieties confederate stamps 10c. 5 varieties sea shells 15c. Ten kinds of minerals 20c. specimens of coral, fine 10c. Sheets of foreign stamps sent on approval to anyone at 60 per ct.com. MRS. J. JAY, 6t LaHoyt, Iowa

1000 Assorted Foreign

Stamps including Mexico, Australia, etc. price 20c. 100 varieties including Japan, etc, 08c.

LARGE PRICE LIST FREE.

Sheets fine stamps on approval at 50 per cent commission.
F. N. MASSOTH, JR.,
Established 1885. Hanover Centre, Ind. 6

Fine Packets Cheap for Cash.

25 varities only $.03.
50 varieties only 06.
75 varieties only 09.
100 varieties only 11.
200 varieties only 25.

Purchaser must always send a 2c stamp for returns. Foreign stamps sent on commission at 50% WHEN GOOD REFERENCE IS GIVEN.
O. DEYSENROTH, JR.,
BOX 1077, BEAVER DAM, WIS. 3t

FOREIGN AND U. S. STAMPS

1000 mixed foreign stamps, 25c. 1000 well mixed U. S. stamps, 30c. 25 different unused stamps, 25c. Wanted to buy Columbian Stamps at highest cash prices. WILSON'S STAMP DEPOT, 426 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa 3t

WE WANT TO BUY

—ANY OLD—

United States Stamps,

Postage or Revenue in any quantity, and will pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE,

Which we can do as we deal exclusively in United States Stamps.

Envelope stamps must be cut square, or better still left entire, especially

Adhesive stamps must neither be torn nor cut, and old ones should be left on original envelope, especially Confederate stamps and those used prior to 1872.

Hunt up your old letters and let us hear from you.

We sell all kinds of United States and issue the cheapest list in the United States. Send for it. A paper free for one year to every one answering this "ad" and doing some business with us.
Let us hear from you. Address,

Williams & Co.
PALMYRA, WIS.

WANTED.

All kinds of Columbian Stamps for which I will pay highest cash prices, or give best exchange in foreign stamps.

I WILL PAY FOR

1c	Columbian	Stamp	$	07	per 100.
2c	"	"		5	" "
3c	"	"		1.50	" "
4c	"	"		80	" "
5c	"	"		1.25	" "
6c	"	"		3.00	" "
8c	"	"		3.00	" "
10c	"	"		1.25	" "
15c	"	"		8 each.	
30c	"	"		15	"
50c	"	"		30	"

60 per cent of face value for higher values.
Approval sheets sent on approval to responsible parties sending satisfactory reference.

500 VARIETIES FOREIGN STAMPS $3.

W. G. WHILDEN, Jr.

BOX 27, STATION "A." BOSTON, MASS.

Mention this paper in replying.

Brooklyn Philatelist Advertising Agency.
AGENTS FOR
RECREATION ECHO, Northwest, Brooklyn Stamp, Trans-Continental, Philatelist, Collector's Companion, Yankee Hustler and Happy Thoughts.
Write for prices, samples, etc.
E. H. LAMONT, Business Manager,
212 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
P. S.—Agencies wanted.

For Beginners.

One hundred varieties of nice clean stamps—none torn—from all over the world, only 10c, post free.

CHAS. W. GREVNING.
Dealer in Postage Stamps.
225 AVENUE B. NEW YORK. tfn

BARGAINS!

1200 Stamp Hinges 10c. 100 gummed and addressed labels 10c. I will print and distribute circulars 3x5 at 15c per 100.

2000 Stamp Hinges
and 100 gummed labels for 20c.
CARL SUDERMANN,
610 Byron St., Mankato, Minn, 3t

N. T. C. C. GUARD DEPARTMENT

EDITOR, EMMETT SEARCY, HALEY, TENN.
MOTTO: PRO PATRIA.
FLOWER: FORGET-ME-NOT.
OBJECTS: PROGRESS.

EXPLANATION:—The National Tribune Conversation Club Guards is an association organized at Boston August, 13th, 1890, and has for its objects the inculcation of the principles of true American patriotism, mutual improvement and progress to its members, and to encourage a study of historical literature pertaining to our country. Thus keeping alive the spirit of American Independence and Loyalty, and to aid the suffering and afflicted. Explanatory circulars and membership aplication blacks can be obtained by writing M. Warner Hargrove, National Secretary, Brown's Mills, N. J.

In assumming editorship of the Guard department in the ECHO, we do not feel that a formal introduction is necessary, for, having been lately connected with the National Guard, we take it for granted that we are not entirely strangers.

We clung to the National Guard as long as there were any signs of life, and when at last it succumbed to the inevitable we dropped the tear of regret and sorrow for the sad fate of our fond hopes for the little journal, and now as another avenue has opened through which we can still work for the cause of Progress and Patriotism, we try to forget the failures of the past and grasp the promises of a bright future which we have ever claimed awaited the N. T. C. C. Guards.

The editor of RECREATION ECHO has kindly consented to give us a department gratis in her paper, provided we will support it and make it a success. Now will every loyal Guard come to our support? Our order consists of the very brightest boys and girls of the nation. The display of marked literary talent has characterized it from the very beginning. It has been proven beyond a doubt that our members are thinking ones.

Now give the readers of the ECHO the benefit of your thoughts. Send us short articles, to the point, on the live topics of the day. Write up your division news and send us, and my word for it, we will make our department of the ECHO a credit to the order.

We have made arrangements with the editor of the ECHO by which our members. for a limited time, can get the paper one year for 15c. Remember that the ECHO is a semi-monthly, an advantage we have never had before in any Guard paper. Send in your subscription ot once and keep posted on the warkings of the order.

DEAR C. C. AND GUARDS.—I will attempt to give you a brief sketch of Jefferson Davis' home which I visited a short time ago, in company with my uncle, cousins, etc., thirteen of us composed our party. We left the wharf at Ocean Springs, Miss., at 10 a. m., on the "Hattie." We had a very good breeze for sailing, and sped over the sparkling waters very rapidly until we arrived at Biloxi, a distance of four miles from Ocean Springs. Here we were somewhat becalmed, as we were sheltered from the wind on the north by Biloxi and on the south by Deer island, so we progressed more slowly, however, we arrived at Beauvoir (his old home) in an hour and a half, a distance of thirteen miles from Ocean Springs, after much laughter we scrambled up to the landing, not forgetting our lunch baskets, and after selecting a cool, shady spot on the beach, under the lofty pines, all did ample justice to our lunch. After a pleasant walk over the gleaming white sand we came in sight of a picturesque building. A very pretty view we had before us; on which a lover of nature would like to gaze. The large grounds dotted here and there by the large live oak trees, with their wide-spreading branches loaded with long, gray Spanish moss swaying to and fro in the gentle sea breezes and the waters of the gulf bay sparkling before us. Entering the grounds we were welcomed by a good-natured French lady who went with us through the gardens, etc. In passing under the gallery we came upon a pile of old papers, etc., which had been gathered up for bonfire, and we all selected one as a memento. We were then admitted into the large old mansion, which consisted of several bedrooms, parlor, reception hall, dining-room, bath room and many others. The furniture was antiquc and massive. We then went through the wine cellars, store rooms, etc., then to Jefferson's library and study, which is in a little two-roomed cottage a short distance from the large residence. Everything was just as he left them. His easy chair stood near and each of us in turn sat in it a few minutes. The walls were lined with shelves to the ceiling, which were filled with books of all descriptions.

After taking a farewell glance at the old home, we started for the boat, reaching home at 7:30 all very tired but well satisfied with our pleasant trip. Loyally, MAY A. RUSSELL,
Green Bay, Ala.
(Tenn. Div. N. T. C. C. Guards.

BROWN'S MILLS, N. J., Apr. 4, '94.

I have received a copy of the RECREATION ECHO with a Guard department, introduced by our true blue brother Lou M. Staring. I have given it a careful perusal and see no reason why it should not be well received among our members. I shall subscribe and if the department continues send an occasional contribution.

The management of the National Guard have seen proper to discontinue the publication of their paper from the fact that the income was not sufficient to meet the expenses. This they were sorry to do, for having meet such favor the paper was a thing to be missed.

I would recommend the ECHO as a safe paper to subscribe for. It has a bonafide subscription list and those subscribing need not fear of their money being falsely placed.

I am loyally,
M. WARNER HARGROVE.

SPEERS, PA., April 23d, 1894.

C. P GALYON, DEAR SIR:—A copy of your paper, the ECHO, came to hand a few days ago. The department which interests me is that devoted to the Guards. I am not able to judge what the department will be as this is the first issue with Guard news, I believe. Much will depend on the support of the brother and sister Guards.

As brother Staring says, yours is the first Guard paper issued semi-monthly, which means a great deal in its favor. Now, give us a good, live, wide-awake, newsy paper and I think you will find no lack of support. The low price is another thing much in its favor. May success crown your efforts.

As per your offer I send you 15c for one year's subscription, to commence with April 1st.

I will send you some items for the Gnard department soon. Shall I send them to you, or who?

JOHN M. ANDERSON,
Box 28, Speers, Pa.

[Kindly send items or letters for publication in this department to Mr. Emmett Searcy, Haley, Tenn.—Ed.]

NOTES.

The ECHO wants a Guard correspondent in each Division.

Com. Frank A. Savery of Vermont reports a pleasant reunion.

Do you wish to help us build up a first-class Guard department? Then subscribe at once.

Death has entered the home of our brother Guard, W. D. Good, of Greenville, this time calling his beloved mother home. Mrs. Good was one of the noble, patriotic women of which Tennessee is so justly proud. Brother Good has the sympathy of the whole Division.

POSTMARK DEPARTMENT.

Commencing with our next this department will be edited by Mr. Chas. A. Cook, Moreno, Cal.

NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Chas. A. Cook, publisher of the now defunct P. M. C. U., whereby all of his unexpired subscriptions will be fulfilled by the ECHO. Mr. Cook has shown the spirit of a perfect gentleman, and has made a satisfactory cash settlement with me to furnish the ECHO to his old subscribers which I will gladly do with all honor to Mr. Cook. CHARLES P. GALYON.

Baltimore's Cocoanut Tree.

The cocoanut tree in the palmhouse at Druid Hill park has attained a height of over 50 feet, and it has become necessary to guy it with strong wire rope. In a year or two it will have to be cut off. It is a graceful tree. Mr. W. D. Hamilton, the gardener at Druid Hill park, raised it. Fourteen years ago he planted a cocoanut at Patterson park, which in a month or two sprouted and grew. Three years ago, when the tree was 25 feet high, Mr. Hamilton planted it in rich soil in its present position. It is said to be the largest artificially grown cocoanut tree in the United States. A date palm planted in the earth near the cocoanut tree has leaves 20 feet long and a circumference of 8 feet. It is a magnificent plant, said by many to be the finest ever seen in a conservatory. It has only been planted out two years.—Baltimore Letter.

The Bottom of His Mine Fell Out.

Joseph Smith, a miner, had a narrow escape from death some days ago. He was at work in the bottom of a shaft, and at the depth of 35 feet from the surface his pick struck through into an old drift or cave. Smith had barely time to drop his tools, clutch the rope and shout to his partner on the surface when the entire bottom dropped out of the shaft. It is not positively known how deep the old excavation is. A bucket was lowered over 40 feet from the spot where the cave took place without touching bottom.—Folsom (Cal.) Telegram.

WE WANT SUBSCRIBERS.

In order to further introduce the ECHO we will for a short time make the following liberal offer: To those sending us 25c we will send them and any one of their friends the ECHO for one year. Get up a club and we will send the ECHO to any two different persons one year for every 25c sent us. If you have a friend you would like to send the ECHO to this offer gives you a good chance to do so and at the same time gives you the paper free. Do not delay, but send at once as this offer may not appear again.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

LITERARY NOTES.

One can find the unpleasantness of war portrayed in a very pleasant manner in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and with so much interest as to carry one over their own experience in such a delightful manner that they at once congratulate the publishers upon their success in procuring such an excellent corps of writers as those that contribute to its columns. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has more than 100,000 weekly readers which clearly demonstrates its wonderful popularity.

AN OLD FRIEND.

In a series of interviews with members of the last Congress, 31 out of 43 remarked that they were readers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. For definite and trustworthy information on the questions of the day it is really unique, while the high character of its stories, and its contributions from the most famous writers in Europe and America, are well known.

Its programme for next year seems brighter than ever. Some of the important stories are: "The Deserter," by Harold Frederic; a Tale of the Great Mutiny in India, by Sara Jeannette Duncan; several Romances of the Sea, by W. Clark Russell; Tales of the War, and of the Frontier in Early Days. Henry M. Stanley contributes two thrilling narratives from Darkest Africa, and Archibald Forbes writes of his "Closest Call." Naval Battles are described by Admirals, and Military Life by Generals. Then there are articles on Choosing an Occupation, Boys Who Should Not Go to College, Physical Training, Recreations of all kinds, and many other practical subjects.

Another pleasant feature is the charming picture of a young lady of colonial times, "Sweet Chaity," reproduced in colors from a painting by Ferris, which is presented to all subscribers who send their $1.75 for a new subscription or a renewal.

It is the personnel of successes that interest us as well as the material fact. Much has been said about the man who has made The Cosmopolitan, also about Edwin Bok's power behind the Ladies' Home Journal; but aside from the connection of that gallant Confederate and finished scholor, General Basil W. Duke, the public has not been informed as to who is supplying the manifold requirements to get out so complete a literary success as THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. The associate editor is Colonel T. E. Spencer, a scholor ripe before his years; and the general management is under the direction of a young man, Sam Stone Bush. They already have the material assurance from the public that "nails" success.

That part of the sixty million people in this country who are interested in theatrical matters will welcome a delightful article on Mary Anderson de Navarro, by the United States' Consul at Geneva, the Hon. Ben H. Ridgley, which is to appear in the May number of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. There appears in this article the first true story of the courtship, retirement from the stage and marriage, and a charming picture of her present home life. The paper is to be illustrated with a great number of unpublished portraits of the actress, those taken as a school-girl and at the time of her debute, together with the most recent portraits of herself and husband, taken in London.

☞ The DELINEATOR for May is called the

College Commencement Number

and cantains three articles especially interesting to students. A Girl's life and Work at Vassar is the title of the first of a series on The Women's Colleges of the United States. A College Commencement is most attractively described by a graduate of Smith, and there is a fully illustrated paper on Commencement and Graduation Gowns. Under the head of Employments for Women is a sensible article on Women in Journalism, by Edith Sessions Tupper. and Elenor Georgen treates the subject of Pantomimic Expression clearly and practially. A further instalment of Some Uses of Crepe and Tissue Papers introduces some pretty articles for decorating a Spring Lunch Table, the third paper on Wise Living gives some good advice about Eating, and the many ways in which daughters can help their mothers is told in the second chapter of Mother and Daughter. A Leather Wedding and a Logomachy Party are entertainingly described. Some New Desserts are given, and in the Tea-Table Talks many seasonable topics are discussed. The Culture of Fuchsias is the subject of the Floral article, and there are many new designs in Knitting, Crocheting, Netting and Tatting. THE SUBSCRIPTON PRICE of the DELINEATOR is ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.
Address Orders to
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited],
40 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

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Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address
MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

PRIZE LETTER CONTEST.

This closes the Prize Letter Contest. Many have stoutly protested against the Shut-Ins deciding this contest, most of them claiming that if they did so there would undoubtedly be partiality shown. So a committee of three, Mr. Galyon and myself composing two of the committee, will decide who are entitled to premiums. Names of the winners will be published in our next.

MRS. C. PORTER GALYON.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—Your cordial invitation to the members of the Shut-In Society to compete for the prizes offered in the RECREATION ECHO has just come under my observation, having just received the November number to-day, December 4th. I am sorry for I fear I am too late for the competition. However, if my letter is too late for that it may perhaps serve to pass away a few weary moments for someone who is worse off than myself.

The subject was to be The Shut-In's Life, or "What They Can do to Make Life Pleasant." Well, the old story repeats itself; I am an invalid from incurable spinal desease; yonng in years but old in suffering. Time has not dealt gently with me and my lines have not always fallen in pleasant places. Born beneath Southern skies, in a home of wealth with all the comforts this transient life affords,the future that lay before me bid fair to be one of happiness and prosperity. But alas, in an unlooked for moment the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon me and the Master's voice was heard saying: "Be still and know that I am God." In addition to bodily affliction the hand of prosperity was changed to one of adversity, and from laughter to weeping. The present finds me amid northern snows; father long since dead; mother and I living alone in one room, bearing but slight resemblance to my "ancestrial halls."

To all of my afflicted friends I can extend the hand of fellowship and sympathy, for no one knows better than I how rough the road is that leads to the montain-top. I am afflicted in such a manner that I cannot use my arms in any kind of work, or my eyes in reading but a few moments. Perhaps there may be others among you who are similaly afflicted. If so you can fully realize how long and dreary the hours seem to me; especially as I am alone in my room the larger share of the time. Being passionately fond of needle-work, painting, music, literature and in fact everything pertaining to the beautiful, the sacrifice I am compelled to make can better be imagined than described. This is the Shut-In's life.

The remainder of our subject is, What Can a Shut-In do to Make Life Pleasant.

It is true I haee many blessing, and if anyone can suggest a manner in which my liie can be made more pleasant I would be glad to have them do so. The only way I see is to look beyond the darkness to the light to come and

Some day, oh, yes, I hope the hand
That in its hollow holds life's sea;
And what I do not understand
Of life and life's long mystery,
Shall be revealed—some day.

Sincerely I. H. N. LIZZIE STONE,
206 Hudson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Did you ever feel that your life was a failure, that your future holds nothing that is enrouraging and sweet, and that the troublesome years as they follow each other holds little but tears, pain, sorrow and always defeat? You mistake. Your sins and sorrows may cover the past like a pall, but dear ones remember the soul that is strong and brave will outlive the wrong and will be victorous at last and win the prize. Perhaps we may so long to go forth to the battle, and have a desire to do some great work, then we remimber that our feet are quite in fetters and we feel dis:ouraged. But when we remember that those who faithfully serve in the yorps of reserve may be able to share in the prize as those who fight.

Perhaps we chafe to enter the race of pleasure and to gain gold or to become famous as an artist, explorer or in some other great scheme. Then we remember that many who win fame find in the end 'tis naught but an empty name, and we feel that the world's best sweets and pleasures are denied us; the lovely scenery of mountain vale and hill are as a dream to us. We can only enjoy the pleasures in imagination, all are to us so far away.

We taste earth's cup of woe, but when we remember that the dear loving Savior came to this sin stricken world and suffered the scorn and buffetings of simple man, and the lovely example he set for us, how He sought not his His own pleasure but the pleasure of others and finaly died the dreadful death and arose and ascended up to heaven to prepare us a beautiful mansion where we may dwell with all the good and blessed in an never ending eternity. When we think of all this have we not much to cheer us and help us to work for Him? Dear Shut-In friends how many sinful sneers we are escaping. How many cheery letters we may send to others who suffer. A kind word and a loving smile to each and every one will again greet us in the glory land. And is this all not an encouragement to let us do bravely the work the dear Master has given us to do and smile and believe that what causes us so much grief may keep us more closely to heaven? Varied are the pathways we travel but they all lead to the same beautiful home in heaven.

Do you remember our dear Savior said to
His loved ones of old,
He would prepare them a place in the city
of gold.
In His dear Father's home were many
mansions so bright,
Where the sun was not needed to give
them the light.
And He sits on a throne at His Father's
right hand
Interceeding for us, and bidding us come
To dwell with Him in His dear Father's
home.
Then let us be fearless and do what we can,
Comforting each other, ever lending a hand
To the weak and the weary and all who
may need
A comforting word as a charity deed.

Mexico, N. Y. MRS. ETTA F. SMITH.

DEAR SHUT-IN SISTERS:—How can we Shut-Ins make life pleasant? The way seems so clear to me. Just the same as though we were as well as our neighbors, namely: work. Our work must be suited to our strength, as it is the only sure cure for heart ache. No gift, no talent we may have is merely private property. We owe it to our fellow creatures that we give them of the best we have.

It may be you can give some passing child a flower from your bowl of pansies some kind friend has brought you; it may be you can speak a kind word and thus cheer those who go out in the world and receive its buffeting, or it may be a letter to a sick friend, whether it be kind words the patiently listening to others troubles or the more practical part of doing light-work toward our own support—we owe it to our God, our fellow-creatures and ourselves.

"The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" These were the words of our Savior. I am sure there is a fountain of happiness in bravely accepting any burden we may have to bear. It is not a question of how much personal pleasure we can derive from life, but whether the result of our life-work is a good result. The best way for us to have a pleasant life is to forget ourselves entirely; what matter is it whether we are happy or not.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today."

When we stop to think about it, ours is a hard life; but that need not prevent it from being a pleasant one as well, for hard-ship and pleasure walk hand in hand. Every hard duty accepted and performed yeilds its secret of joy. Every sacrifice endured for Christ's sake brings its own blessing. One great pleasure we have is our society; it occupies the mind as well as the hands. A Shut-In's life is a poem if rightly lived. I will close and make room for others.

Your friend I. H. N.
Madisonville, Ohio. FLORENCE CRISTE.

DEAR EDITOR AND FRIENDS:—I think it was Henry Ward Beecher who said: "A world without a sabbath would be like a man without a smile, a summer without flowers and a homestead without a garden." How beautiful and how true, and what would the world be like to us poor Shut-Ins without the precious letters in our dear little paper. We may never know how many stray bits of brightness they may be the means of bringing into sorrowful lives shadowed by sickness and suffering, yet there is one who makes note of all our feeble efforts "In His Name," and every kind act will be rewarded in His own good time.

At this holy Easter-tide how I should like to be able to send each of you some little token of loving rememberance if only a simple silken fringed card bearing ferns, mosses, Spring beauties and lillies of the valley, with a comforting verse in dainty lettering like this:

"Tfline be the flowers
That bear no thorn,
All thy life's hours
A summer morn."

Flowers have long been closely associated with Easter. After lying all winter snug and warm under the snowy mantle which wraps the earth in white, they rise at the coming Springtime, and are sweetly typical of our risen Lord and Savoir. In the fourth century, for seven weeks after Easter, till the Pentecostal time, songs of joyful praise and thanksgiving arose from every heart. At this season of the year a long time ago, my dear mother went to the better land when I was but three years old, and I grew up knowing no love of a father, mother, sister or brother, nor the blessedness of home. I am trying by the sale of my little books to help pay for a home of my own, and hope yet to be able to say "it is mine" before I die. I do not want to be a burden on others and a useless expense in my declining years.

It is my earnest desire also to be helpful to others as much as possible in my weak way. Will some of you please remember Mrs. Ella Weaver, Monticello, Ill. on her birthday, April 15th. Her husband committed suicide last winter leaving her penniless and helpless, not able to move herself in bed. She desires cancelled stamps or letters at anytime and other tokens.

Strange we so often keep the flowers
To lay in folded hands at last;
And little luxuries of life
Withhold, till care for them is past.

Strange that we do not often praise
The willing toiler by our side.
Why keep the full blown flower of love,
Until our friend we love has died?

Your Shut-In friend, In His Name,
MOLLIE MEAD,
Palmer, Christian Co., Illinois.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—I saw in the ECHO a request for prize letters. I am interested in the dear little paper, and will do all I can to help make it interesting to all my Shut-In friends. I am busy all the time and do all my work with my mouth, for I do not have the use of my limbs. I thought it would be interesting for all to know how I do my work. I have much to be thankful for; a good father and mother that does everything for my comfort. I have a wheel chair and I love flowers and music and am very fond of reading, and I have quite a little library.

I have made four silk crazy duilts, and two linen spreads outlined. I work on aida canvass with silk floss. I draw and writeand spend very few idle moments. I have a table that fastens on my chair, and have all my work on the table before me. I put my needle where I want it and turn my work and pull the needle through, and so on until I get my work done. I draw and write the same way only I have a weight to hold the paper down.

Now I am making a book of postmarks, collecting and exchanging all the time and I enjoy it very much.

Sag Harbor is a very pleasant village. It is one hundred miles from New York, thirty miles from Montauk Point and seven miles from the ocean. We have six chuches, a mission room, a convent and convent chapel.

Hoping the little paper will be a success in every way I am respectfully yours I. H. N.
FANNIE W. TUNISON,
Box 245. Sag Harbor, L. I.

PARLOR AND THE STAGE.

"Is it advisable for a young lady in society who is not obliged to do so by pecuniary considerations to adopt the stage as a profession?'

This question is brought home to me with great force by a letter which I received a short time ago from a great friend of mine in my native state, Alabama. She knew that I had forsaken the drawing room for the footlights, and she attached more value than was proper perhaps to my opinion. Not that I have not very decided views on the subject. There is no calling in the world so difficult to break away from after once having adopted it as the theatrical profession.

But what a difficult question it is to answer properly! My Alabama friend is young and rich, and belonging to one of our oldest southern families, has an entree to any society.

What place has she on the stage?

She has talent, and if she adopts our profession will undoubtedly be a great success.

All persons are happier if they have some congenial work in life, so why should wealth and position debar a woman from the stage if she feels that is her vocation?

We at once say "No." But then the other side. She will work for a salary that a woman who is absolutely dependent on her profession could not possibly accept. So if she is a good actress the society girl certainly has a great advantage.

But is the fame that one may possibly gain on the stage compensation for one-half the tears and heartaches that invariably accompany it?

Just a burst of applause, a little success, and all the trials and humiliations are forgotten. You may think that humiliation is too strong a word, but for a girl who has been tenderly raised, no one who is unacquainted with the life behind the scenes can form any idea of the mortification she is subjected to. The last years of my school life were spent at the Convent of Mercy in Philadelphia, and just four months after leaving there I appeared in a very small part at the Boston Museum. Imagine the change! I had to share a dressing room with four of the "extra ladies"—women whose conversation would have filled the good sisters with horror—and that kept my cheeks and ears tingling with shame for some weeks, and then, though it still disgusted me, I ceased to be shocked. This is, I think, another reason why a girl who is not obliged to do so should not adopt the stage. I'm quite sure that the petty trials that at the time seem, oh, so big will injure the best dispositions in the world. Those dreadful little jealousies—they certainly do not tend to ennoble the mind. I often think of what my grandfather, Colonel Columbus Lee of Alabama, said when one of my uncles told him that he knew he had it in him to be the greatest actor of the age, "My son, your remark convinces me that you are a fool, but I'll not allow you to advertise the fact to the world." And the poor boy was sent to one of his cotton plantations on the Red river for nearly two years. I often wonder where he would have banished me to if he had lived.

Hard as the life is, however, there is a fascination about it so strong that if one attempts to leave she will surely wander back again. After two years I gave it up, thoroughly convinced that nothing would induce me to return. I had been out west during a very severe winter. My mother and I went south to visit our relatives. It was my first visit since I had left as a mere child, and all our connections exerted themselves to make it pleasant. I remember meeting Mrs. Cleveland in Montgomery at a little reception given the president and herself by Governor Seay. She was so charming that we were nearly converted to woman's rights in order to vote for her for president.



MISS LEE LAMAR.

I spent over a year in the south, visiting everywhere, and really enjoyed myself very much, when one evil day I received a letter from a manager in New York offering me a very good part. I was in Birmingham at the time. I remember it was just before the Alabama club reception, and my aunt had had a beautiful gown made for me for the occasion, but even that could not keep me, and four days after the receipt of the letter I was in New York and crazy to act again. All the hardships of my last season faded away until they really seemed rather pleasant as a change, if nothing more.

Of course I went back. I could not resist the temptation. I have been in the harness almost continuously since then, and I presume that I shall remain there until I die.

The stage undoubtedly unfits a woman for home life. Living in hotels all the time, she cannot assume the responsibility of a home. Having only to press the button for anything you may want, hardly having to think for yourself, one really gets so lazy that one does not want the trouble of thinking. At least that is my experience. My mother, who is nearly always with me, thinks hotel life the most horrible trial of all the many we have on the road, and she thinks the society woman who, without being forced to it by poverty, adopts the stage as a profession is a very foolish individual. That, by the way, is also the opinion of LEE LAMAR.

Locusts Getting Ready For Business.

The New York Sun printed an article a short time ago setting forth various predictions that the 17 year locusts would appear this spring in great numbers in the Hudson river valley, western Connecticut and northern New Jersey. Recent digging in the neighborhood of Nyack, it is said, reveals the presence of thousands of the larvae of this insect getting ready for their transformation, which generally takes place in this latitude early in June. The insects are now found at an average depth of four feet.

NUMBER CONTEST.

A Year's Subscription to any Fifty Cent Paper Published Given the Winners.

NOVEL AND HIGHLY INTERESTING.

If You are a Subscriber it Costs You Nothing to Guess.

On and after December 25th., 1893 we will give away one year's subscription to some of the best family story papers published to those naming the correct number which will appear each month in the space below.

Twelve numbers, between 20 and 100 have been printed on a strip of paper in the manner which they shall appear in the paper from month to month, which will make the contest last for twelve months.

CORRECT NUMBER FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL IS

44

WINNER

KATIE JOHNSON.

Guesses Received.

Katie Johnson	44
Mrs. C. A. Procter	36
Florence Criste	39
Geo. T. Stewart	49
Jno. M. Stone	47
Mrs. O. L. Chauncey	40
Maria Collins	35
S. M. L. Moore	73
Mrs. G. H. Ackley	45
Ollie Wood	37
S. G. Smith	46
Mrs. L. C. Woodbury	77
Mrs. Anna Teague	40
Sue R. Bryan	30
Mrs. Emma Squyer	73
John Cooley	75
Edward Wisen	64
Adie Gill	16-24-30
Mrs. Emma L. Boynton	17-27-32
Lola Belle Roath	59-77-81
Mrs. Carrie M. Maulsby	27-33-47
Nora M. Vitzthum	32-39-48

Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron Street, Mankato, Minn., was the winner in last contest but has ordered no paper yet.

Guesses for this contest must be in this office not later than the 20th of the month. Those received later than the 20th will be carried over until the next month. Now don't forget.

Subscribers may send their guesses on a postal card, but when enclosed in a letter write it on a seperate piece of paper.

The correct number for the May contest will be found between 50 and 90

If you are not a subscriber send 10c with your guess, which pays for the paper for five months; or send 25c for one year's subscription which will entitle you to three guesses the first month.

Following are a list of papers offered as premiums, you to select any one you desire if you guess the correct number, which will appear in the above space.

WOMAN'S WORK, a sixteen-page literary and domestic monthly magazine; published at Athens Ga.; subscription price, 50c. per year. Kate Garland Editor. This magazine is nicely gotten up, being profusely illustrated and devoted wholly to women and is ably edited by a talented woman.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE, a sixteen-page select story paper, published monthly by The American Publishing Co., Jersey City, N. J., at 50c. per year.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA, a monthly journal containing practical instructions on painting, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and home decoration. Published by Priscilla Publishing Co., Lynn, Mass., at 50c. per year.

Any 50c. paper published, and not listed here, that the winners may desire will be given them free.

To those who guess three correct numbers during the year, we will give them in addition to one 50c. paper for every correct guess, one year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, published at Washington, D. C., at ONE DOLLAR per year. So you see if you guess three correct numbers during the year you will get a year's subscription to three 50c. papers, besides getting The National Tribune for one year, all free of charge.

Remember the only conditions are that you must either be or become a subscriber to RECREATION ECHO to guess in this number contest.

Three guesses will be allowed all subscribers, old or new, the first month and one guess each month thereafter, which gives you fourteen guesses during the year.

Your subscription to the prize papers commences upon reciept of your correct guess, you to name the paper you desire.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

Arrangements have been made with THE SOUTHERN PHILATELIST by which we will furnish a year's subscription to that popular Stamp Magazine to all successful contestants who desire it. Quite a number of stamp collectors are well acquainted with this excellent Magazine and to them it needs no introduction. To those who are not acquainted with it we wish to say that it is one of the best and most able edited Stamp Journals published. For typographical appearance it is perfect, and is worthy a place on any collector's file.

We have sent to Miss M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., a printed list of the numbers as they shall appear from month to month. Miss Weston will see that the contest is fair to all. Address allcommunications to

RECREATION ECHO,
309 Broadway, - - - Knoxville, Tenn.

FREE READING.

Through this department we will ask for donations, from those who are able to give, of books, papers, magazines or any kind of reading matter that will interest. What will you give?

Will send any of the following nice cloth-bound books for 7c to pay postage. Miss E. M. Vitzthum, Davenport, Scott Co., Iowa.

LIST.

Hours With the Bible.
The Voyage of the Sunbeam.
Gorilla Hunters.
Story of Autouy Grace.
Second Thoughts.
Peg Woffington.
The Daughter of an Empress.
A Healthy Body.
Science of Elocution.
Talks on Teaching.
Child and Nature.
Gymnastics of the Voice.
Cooley's Chemistry.

I have papeas, magazines and school books for children that I will gladly send to anyone sending postage.
Address, Effa Way,
Coalton, Iowa.

I have Housewife's, Great Divides, Comforts, Rays of Light and other good reading which I will send to Shut-Ins if they will send me their address.
Lola Belle Roath,
1809 Yesler Ave., Seattle, Wash.

I have books and newspapers I will send Shut-Ins for postage. Would pay postage myself but am not able.
Sue R. Bryan, Dime Box, Tex.

I will send 25 used postal cards for 8c. Mrs. W. H. Brown, Kinde, Mich.

Ladies, from your own hair you can have flowers and leaves embroidered on silk or velvet if the hair is long. Prices, from 50c to $3.00. Mrs. H. W. Brown, Box 11, Kinde, Mich.

"THE VACANT CHAIR"

Is an old, old song but

THOSE VACANT SPACES

In your U. S. Revenue Collection need be an "Aching Void" no longer if you will but give me an Opportunity to fill them.

I carry a nearly Complete Stock of these most interesting Stamps, including

DOCUMENT, PROPRIETARY, MATCH, MEDICINE AND PLAYING CARD STAMPS

In every variety of Perforation, Paper, Shades, Etc., and make a Specialty of sending out Approval Sheets at

33 1-3 PER CENT DISCOUNT FROM SCOTT'S CATALOGUE

On all but the Rarest Varieties.

Special attention given to the Want Lists of Advanced Collectors, and owing to the Completeness of my stock and my unexcelled facilities for obtaining the Rare Varieties, I think I can supply most any of your wants. Send for sheets of these interesting Stamps

TO-DAY.

And complete your collection at a moderate cost.

References required in every case.

PACKETS.

To Collectors who prefer buying Stamps in Packets I offer the following, all of which are bargains and catalogue nearly double the price asked:

No. 1. 25 var.	Revenues	$ .10
No. 2. 40	" "	.30
No. 3. 50	" "	.50
No. 14. 75	" "	1.00
No. 15. 100	" "	2.00
No. 16. 125	" "	5.00

There are no torn or damaged stamps in above packets, and they are all BARGAINS. Sent post paid upon reciept of price.

MY LEADER!
THE IOWA PACKET.

Contains 75 varieties of Revenues, guaranted to catalogue over $4.00. Sent post-paid for $1.00,

TRY IT!

500,000!

HALF A MILLION!

U. S. REVENUES WANTED AT ONCE FOR SPOT CASH.

Will purchase in any quantity and pay very highest Cash prices.

Especially desire the rarer perforated varieties of the first, second and third issues, but will buy nearly any kind.

If you are thinking of selling your collection I shall be pleased to buy it, and will give you a better price than any other dealer.

Send lists of the Revenues you have, for cash offer.

IT WILL SUPRISE YOU.

Send stamp for copy of the

REVENUE COLLECTOR,

an eight page paper devoted to these stamps and telling you all about our business.

If you are interested in Revenues at all, write me. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING.

E. R. MARSHALL

Revenue Stamps of the U. S. Exclusively.

Wyoming, - - - Iowa.

FOR SALE

55½ acre farm, frame house of 6 rooms, barn, orchard, good fencing, one-fourth mile to good school, church, store and postoffice, with two mails per day. Elevation 2,000 feet, climate good for pulmonary and nervous diseases. Want a home in a city or large town. Exchanges offering less than $1,000 cash difference to me will not be considered. W. A. Hampton, owner, Pomona, Cumberland county, Tenn. 1t

Pair outlined Pillow Shams 65c; baby's Linen Feeding apron, embroidered, 15c; gent's silk vest pocket pin case 8c; three nice crocheted Lace Sampler 10c; Columbian Lace Sampler, very wide and handsome, 25c; child's handsome crocheted Linen Collar, $1; 20c novels each, 8c, list for stamp. Will make anything in wool crocheted work reasonably. Letters of inquiry must contain stamp. OLLIE WOOD, Cinnaminson, N. J.

10 Packets Flower Seeds

10c. Lilly of the Valley, Purple Violets and Cantubury Bells 5c each.

Rooted Lobster Cactus and moc vines 6c. Calenders painted for 50c. Ribbon Coat and Hat Marks 25c each. Round and heart shaped pin cushions painted or embroidered for 25c,

MISS L. M. Palmer, Stratton, N. Y. 3t

PRETTY POND LILY

penwipers 50c each; Fancy drums for match scratchers, fancy baskets for twine, thimble cases made of english walnuts gilded, inside of which is a small silk bag drawn with ribbon price 30c each; Little felt hats for penwipers 25c each. Enclose postage. **Ella J. Bradish,** 3 Edmonds St., Rochester, N. Y. m15 a15m15f.

Alma Appleton, Goodales Corner, Maine, a Shut-In has for sale

PAINTED PHOTO HOLDERS 15C.

Ring and Ribbon Book Markers 15 and 20c. Nice Pansy Seed 5c. Send for my sheets Foreign Stamps, 20 varieties Russian, Turkey, etc, 20c.

Will send roll of nice reading for lots of 100 or over columbian stamps. 2t

FOUR QUILTS, PIECED

blocks, 40 blocks in each $1.50 each, or the four

FOR $5.00.

A nice new book entitled Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches, $1.50, selling price $2.50. Address, wite stamp,
MRS. WM. CALLIHAN, Webster, Ill. fn.

WILL THE KIND READERS OF THIS PAPER PLEASE ASSIST A HELPLESS MAN WHO HAS NEVER

walked a step, by sending him an order for a fine collection of Sewing Needles, Darners, etc. Price, including one paper of self-threaders, 25c post-paid. Address CHAS. J. PROSEUS, 3t
Box 748, Geneva, N. Y.

WANTED!

Copies of Review of Reviews published in 1891 wanted. I will mail 15 covered Philatelic Magazines or pay 10c cash for each copy mailed me. Also copies of Philatelic Journal of America

WANTED.

I will mail 7 covered Philatelic papers or 5c cash for each copy mailed me. All of the above must be fit to bind. They can be mailed at the rate of 4c per pound.

Will Mail Shut-Ins

a bundle of papers to all who send me the postage.

F. S. GEORGE,
Box 112, Grand Forks, N. Dak.

A DREAM COME TRUE

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE, EDITOR.

The only first-class, illustrated Literary Magazine published in the South.

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN AND WOMEN

CAN MAKE MONEY

by soliciting subscriptions for us.
WE PAY MORE THAN ANY OTHER PERIODICAL FOR THIS WORK.

Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy and Particulars. Address

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE Corporation Louisville, Ky.

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Ladies who wish to earn $2.50 a day at home write send stamp and envelope for reply.

L. KING,

Columbia, Tuolumne County, California.

If you are not a subscriber this is sent you as a sample copy. Give it a careful examination and send us your subscription.

RECREATION ECHO

Vol. I. No. 13. Harriman, Tenn., August 15, 1894. 25c Per Year.

GREAT AND GLORIOOS

Devotees to the Cause are the Guards.

DESERVE CREDIT

They Come up Like Little Men.

SIX HUNDRED

Have Sent in the Required 15c For a

SUBSCRIPTION

With an Earnest Request to "Place us on the List of Constestants for the First Page of the Echo." Many more Will Follow.

The Guards are a loyal set of people.

Little did we think, when offering the first page of the Echo to the Order furnishing us with the largest number of subscribers in a given length of time, that the Guards would so generously come forward. Their actions have reflected great credit upon the Order to which they aspire.

From time to time we have been annoyed with long, tedious, "safe-guard" communications from some of the most fastidious members offering us some timely "advice" in regards to publishing a Guard paper. They claim that the organization has been swindled out of money for subscriptions by dishonest publishers to such an extent that they will be lax in taking an interest in an other paper. "The line must be drawn somewhere," so say these skeptical, though fluent writers.

"We, as an organized body, have been 'worked' by such gigantic numbers of unscrupulous publishers that we look upon all papers, perporting to support our Order, as frauds of the deepest dye. One half of us," continues these egotistic scribes, "will rarely ever consume time enough to give a sample copy a careful examination."

To this class of pious Guards we would say that in this you make a sad mistake. When a Guard paper is sent you as a "sample" copy, read every line of it and if you read it with enough interest, and you are a loyal and patroitic Guard, you can soon make up your mind as to whether or not it came from an honest publisher, and whether it shows any "staying" qualities.

But we are proud to say that the majority of the Guards, some of the most important and influential members, including M. Warner Hargrove, O. Edith Dickey, Georgia Martin, Ola Belle Hotham, Elmer G. Slater, and others, are greatly enthused with the Echo, and are standing ready to lend a helping hand at any time.

Of course such hearty co-operation from such prominent members as the above mentioned, fills us with beautiful thoughts as to the future prosperity of the Echo. Such genuine installments of unbiased praise helps to smooth the ragged edges of our labor, and increases our efforts to produce a paper that the entire organization will be justly proud of.

There is not a shadow of a doubt in our mind as to our furnishing an interesting paper; a paper that will be eagerly sought for by all. This assertion is prudently based upon the prompt response of the Guards to our offer in our last paper, which all will well remember. It will also be remembered that one thousand sample copies of that issue was mailed to Guards alone, setting forth our proposition, with an ardent entreaty to all to enter a contest for the first page by sending 15c which paid for one year's subscription, giving the sender one vote.

Out of those one thousand, six hundred and twelve loyal Guards have sent in the required 15c each, making a total of $91.80. This puts the Guards far in the lead, and plainly goes to show that they have some confidence in the Echo.

Subscriptions from other departments were received as follows: Stamp Collectors, one hundred and twenty-one subscriptions, $18.50. Shut-Ins, seventy-nine subscriptions, $11.85. Postmark collectors, five subscriptions 75c. This makes a grand total of $122.55 for the month of July.

The above leads us to believe, conclusively, that the Guards will overwhelmingly win in this contest, and should they do so we faithfully promise to furnish one of the best papers the Guards ever had the pleasure of paying a low price scbscription to; and furthermore, we promise to furnish it to them every two weeks, and on time, too. No "few days" delay will be tolerated under any circumstances. The paper will be issued on the 1st and 15th of each month, and very likely it will appear just a few days ahead of time in some instances.

Out of the one thousand Guards which sample copies were sent to, only three hundred and eighty-eight failed to subscribe, and to those we will again send a sample copy of this issue, and if you have not already sent in your subscription, do so at once and swell the votes. See blank for voting on last page.

Are you a loyal Guard? If so subscribe for this paper. It is published in your interest.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE CONVERSATION CLUB GUARDS

EDITOR
EMMETT SEARCY,
HALEY, TENN.

MOTTO:
Pro Patria.
FLOWER:
Forget-me-not.
OBJECTS:
Progress and Patriotism.



—TO CONTRIBUTORS.—
All articles intended for publication, and letters of inquiry should be addressed to Mr. Searcy, who will give them the same attention as if sent to the publisher. Letters that require an answer by mail must contain a 2c stamp, otherwise they will be answered through these columns.

Was there ever a more opportune time to stand boldly out for patriotic principle?

The great strike which has thrown eight or ten hundred thousand persons out of employment, caused the destruction of many millions of dollars worth of property, seriously interfered with the traffic of the millions of people, exposed all travelers for business or other purpose within the bounds of the strike, to much trouble and difficulty, seems to us to be the very essence of despotism and anarchism,

That the thousands of workingmen of the United States shoulp obey so blindly the orders of the defeat, Debs, destroying life and property, places our commenwealth in an appalling situation. We believe, however, that an important lesson has been taught the American people. They'll see that none but true, loyal, patriotic Americans are put in as rulers. Down with such men as the infamous altgeld, the prime friend of the anarchists. Every patriotic American applauds President Cleveland's reply to Gov. Altgeld and we presume that the anarchist Governor is now beginning to realize his littleness in the eyes of the American people.

Again let us urge every Guard to stand by Echo. Because our two last issues have been delayed, which was unavoidable, quite a number have doubted the stability of the paper. We have Mr. Galyon's word for it that the Echo is "here to stay," and it will be just what you make it.

Seretary Hargrove writes: "Accept my congratulations on last issue of she Echo. I'm enthused over it and will put in some good licks for you" Other congratulations have been received, all of which are very encouraging and we feel grateful for them, but we would warn the Guards not to be to be too lavish in their words of commendation, for we might become vain and puffed up.

Far away Nebraska invites "ye" editor to the state reunion of the Guards, and urges if we can't be present to send a paper on some topic of interest to the Guards.

Our hat is off with profound thanks for this honor and we promise to look after the paper.

The time for our fifth annual reunion is near at hand, and we trust there will be a good attendance. We have just cause to believe this will be the best reunion the Order has ever held. No time nor labor is being spared in arranging for the entertainment of the boys and girls. The program promises to be very interesting, and business of vital importance is is to be transacted and demands your presence.

All out for for Pittsburg!

J. B. Osborne, Jarrett, Kanawha Co., W. Va., a shut-in with a family of small children, has for sale nice hooked mittens at 75c per pair. Two songs, "The Dying Cow Boy, and the Drunkard's Child," at 2c each. A reciepe for a good liniment 10c. When writing for information please enclose stamp for reply.

A Great Opportunity.

To each of the first 100 subscribers sending us during the next 60 days, 10 subscriptions to Woman's Work, with a money order for $5, we will promptly return $4 in payment for their trouble. If you are not among the first 100 you may select any premium that we offer for 10 names. If you makeup a club and fail to get as many as 10 names, you may select a premium for whatever number you send us, with 50 cents each. This is a great offer, and is open only to our subscribers or to those who remit 50 cents extra for their own subscription.

You can be among the first 100 if you try—wether you live in a small town or a large one, wether in Georgia or a distant state. A sample copy of this popular family magazine will be mailed on receipt of 5 cents but as you are sure to like it you had better send 50 cents fors subscription. Address, Woman's Work, Athens, Georgia.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By William P. Deering.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a very hot day. A vertical sun was pouring down blistering rays, and the yellow sands of the Syrian Desert reflected them back, until the air was like an over heated bakers oven.

The lizzards had been driven into their holes by the heat. Even the thorn bushes and cacti seemed to droop towards the earth.

But life was not quite extinct on the desert. A single man, attired in the uniform of a French infantryman, was trudging wearily along.

On his shoulders, he carried a musket, and a tri-colored cockade, which he wore on his hat proclaimed him a Republican.

The soldier was nearly exhausted. He had straggled from the army and lost his way in the desert, where he had wandered for two days with little food and no water.

It was the year 1799. Bonaparte, having taken El Arish, was on his march to Jaffa, and and it was to his army that the straggler, Robert Jonaux, belonged.

The soldier paused beside a large cactus and threw himself down, saying, "I can go no farther. I shall never see the beautiful France again. What would I not give for a drink from the well at home"?

His murmurings grew irrational for fever was fast overcoming him and, presently he sank into a state of insensibility.

For a long time, Janaux lay there, tossing with fever and murmuring incoherently.

By and by, the shades of night began to fall, and, just as the sun went nown, three forms appeared on the horizon.

Gradually, they neared spot, where Robert Jonaux lay. One of the party was a tall, dark faced Arnaut. The other two were woman, one being the wife, the other the daughter of the man. All were mounted.

It being in a lonely place, the veils of the girl and her mother were lifted displaying, in the former, a face of great beauty.

"It is not far to the spring," said the man, as he smoothed his daughter's hair. "You are weary dear one, but you shall soon rest."

For some time, they rode on, and then the girl fell back a short space, to where her mother, who had a poor horse, was riding.

Suddenly, the Arnaut reined in his horse, while a look of fierce hate swept over his face

"Ha!" he cried, half drawing his sword, "A Frank!"

What is it, father?" asked the young girl, dropping the veil over her face. "What have you found"?

She rode foward and beheld Jonaux, lying on the sand.

"It is an infidel, an unbeliever, Amina," said the man, "and it is my duty to destroy him."

Amina looked down at the face of Robert and pitied him. Turning to her father, she said.

"Oh no, my father. It is only a sick and dying man. Does not the custome of our tribe command us to be hospitable to all such? Have mercy I beg. Do not stay but save him. Take im with us to the spring. I beg for his life. Do not refuse Amina's prayer."

The Arnaut hesitated, looked from Robert to Amina and back again and at length let his sword fall back into its sheath.

"To please you, my sweet child, I do that, which might mean death to me, did my chief find it out," said he, as he dismounted and placed Robert on his horse.

"For your sake, I spare him. Come."

He seized his horse's bridle, and the march was resumed.

CHAPTER II

When Robert became conscious once more, he was lying on a heap of straw in one corner of a stone hut.

Two women were near, and he saw palm

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 2]

Recreation Echo

CHAS P. GALYON, Publisher,

HARRIMAN, TENN.

MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, Editor.

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Recreation Echo,

HARRIMAN, TENN.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

With this issue we greet our many friends and readers from our new home at Harriman, Tenn., where we will in the future "come out on time."

The attention of our readers are particularly called to the excellent stories contained in this issue. "Two Soldiers" in four chapters, by William P. Deering, to be appreciated should be read.

"China and the Chinese," is an excellent pen-picture of these people's mode of living, habits, costumes, etc., and the manner in which Miss Martin presents the story makes it interesting in the extreme, and reflects great credit upon herself.

"A Sister's Love," by Nellie May, is a beautiful little story translated from the German expressly for the ECHO, and merits earnest consideration.

Our free exchange column has become a great feature of the ECHO. A great many publishers charge their subscribers for space in this column just the same as for an advertisment which is wrong. It is not a sale column and the subscribers of any paper should have free use of such a column. A free exchange column will pay any publisher through the extra subscribers its influence will bring them, and such a column is an accommodation to all readers of any publication. Quite a number of our club raisers have written us saying that they meet with less trouble in procuring subscribers after telling their friends that the exchange column in the ECHO is free.

Those who use our exchange column do so to an advantage as we often receive letters from someone, after the oppearance of their exchange saying they have received any amount of replies.

We re-produce a letter from Miss Lola Belle Roath for the benefit of those who have yet failed to use our exchange column.

"Mr. C. P. Galyon, Dear Sir:—I write to notify you of a change of address; also, to ask if you will kindly insert a notice in the exchange column, as I have received many letters from my last exchange and expect to receive more. Yours very truly Lola Belle Roath, 1930 First St., San Diego, Cal., Former address 1809 Yesler Ave., Seattler Wash."

There is no getting around the fact that if you invest 25c in a year's subscription to the ECHO and then take advantage of our free column you will make a good investment.

Send 15c for a year's subscription and a vote in the page contest.

TWO SOLDIERS.

[Continued from first page.]

trees through the open door.

He had been carried to an oasis, where was a stone hut built, nobody know when or by whom.

Amina now approached and gave him food. She was veiled, as was her mother, and she did not not speak, but Robert fancied, that she gave h'm a kindly look from her bright eyes.

Presently, the Arnaut, having entered, came up to Robert and, in Egyptian, asked how he was

I am better, thanks to your kind care, answered Robert. "Receive my thanks for it."

"You owe me no thanks" said the Arnaut. "I would have killed you, had not my daughter interfered. I hove no love for you or your race and I wish you to have none for me."

"Then I will thank her," said Robert. "Or I give you my thanks to give her. She has done a deed, for which the saints will bless her."

With an exclamation of disgust the Arnaut turned and would have gone out but Robert called him back.

"What is your name"? he asked.

"Ibrahim."

"And your daughter's"?

"Amina."

Well I shall be able to move tomorrow. If you you will lend me a horse and guide me to the camp you will be rewarded."

"The Ghins 'ake your reward. If it were not for Amina, not all the gold in Sultan Kebir's camp could induce me to spare you. But I have promised her, and that is enough."

"Blessings on her. She is a friend to the friendless. She will not lose her reward."

Ibrahim walked out, and Robert essayed to do the same. To his great joy he found, that he was successful.

He did not speak to Amina all day, and the morrow, he and the Arnaut rode away together.

Jean took some precaution against an attack from Ibrahim, but none was made, and soon they reached the French camp, where Robert found his regiment.

Ibraham galloped away, riding one horse and leading the other.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

China and the Chinese.

There is probably no country upon earth that affords more interest as a study than China, ancient in civilization, and highly cultured as a nation, the Chinese are yet the least progressive of civilized people. The China of today is the China of centuries ago save that her high stone walls have been reluctantly taken down, and that there has in the last few years been an influx of curious sight seers, and big hearted humanitarians, who have at last forced their way into the Walled Country.

Our antipodes in location, they are as certainly our opposite in custom. China has been called the Land of Topsy Turvyism, and the name is particularly applicable, for everything as done exactly as we do it not. It is the land where white is worn for mourning; where the women ride man fashion, and the men adopt the side saddle, where the men wear shirts and the women trousers; where the men perform the domestic duties, marketing, shoping etc, and the women pose as lay figures; where the children work and the old men play; where the men keep their hats on in the presence of the women; shake their own hands when they meet an acquaintance on the street, and turn to the left in passing.

The orientals are polite to the extreme of inquisitiveness. When they meet you they immediately put you through a fire of catechism little short of an inquisition How is your grandmother? Where are you going? What are you going for? Where were you born? When? What did your clothes cost? and a hundred similar quiries, that would stamp an American as a blatant chump,—but in China this is etiquette, and it must not be forgotten, when you go to China that flattery is the open sesame to the Chinese heart.

The custom of betrothing their their children at an early age is but one of their many cruelties. Love plays no part in these formal marriages, and I am told that in the Chinese vocabulary our English word "love" has no equivalent. There are no sweet terms of endearment, no tender glances that are the sign-manual of the proper lover, because in China there are no lovers. What would our boys and girls do in a country so unfavorable to "sparking."?

It does happen often that after marriage a sort of affection springs up between husband and wife as the result of propinquity, but otherwise love and courtship are things unknown, as well as broken engagements and divorces. Once betrothed means forever betrothed, a custom which in America is frequently more honored in the breach than the observance.

The sons all bring their wives home, where they are subject to the caprices of their mother-in-law, whose "Christian duty" it becomes to beat these uncomplaining wives, upon all occasions and otherwise mistreat them. They never think of rebelling. This is a custom of their country, and they know no better. The beatings they accept as a matter of course. They never worry. They have no cares to trace the furrows in their placed faces, and in this they are more fortunate than their American sympathizers. Their lives are particularly useless and empty, accustomed to degradation from the days of their birth, they accept it stoically, and live out their existence patiently. It is well for these women that they have not the fine feelings of their Western sisters, or the rough treatment that many of them receive would long since have caused a Revolution in that sleepy empire. in favor of Woman Suffrage.

Widowhood is considered disgraceful, as a widow the Chinese woman becomes the scapegoat of her family, her husband's family, and all her acquaintances, as if she had committed some crime to ostracise her from her old associations. No degradation nor ignoring is too great for her,—no cruelty too severe. But she doesn't seem to mind.

In the Chinese grave-yard there is no provision made for the woman who dies unwed or unbetrothed. She cannot be intered in the family lot, and there is no place else for her. I know of a case, which they called a spirit wedding." A young girl died unbetrothed, and her family were placed in a quandary as to how they should dispose of her. She could not be buried until she had become engaged, and now that she was dead they did not know how to effect negotiations. It is true, she had as much authority in the matter as a corpse as she would have had as a living woman, but not every man's family would take into their fold a "spirit bride." That was to be considered. They finally decided upon a plan, and running over their acquaintances in the spirit world, they thought of a young man who had died unwed. The girl's family laid the matter before the family of the dead man, who after sober deliberation consented to receive her as the promised wife of their dead son. The nuptial preparations were made, the wedding feasts exchanged, and not until all the formalities had been completed was the dead girl laid to rest beside her fiance.

Another stange custom is their system of begging, which in China has become a fine art. There the mendicants have federations, trades unions, etc, with a regular king, a sort of mongolian Engene Debs, whose power over his subjects is no less arbitrary than that of the Emperor over all China. These beggars have individual territories, and woe to the fellow beggar who infringes. It is their habit to approach a house, and if money is refused to set up such a howling that the inhabitants are glad to throw them a few "cash," to get rid of them. If however, the people are obdurate, the poor brutes hack and cut their flesh until they excite pity to a charitable result. It frequently happens that merchants employ one of these beggars, at meagre wages, to keep off the others, which policy is never unsuccessful.

There are few schools for girls in this benighted land, and these are under the authority of foreign missionaries. In the boy's schools he little fellows all study aloud, roching back and forth, and repeating their lessons in a monotonous voice. They read and write down their pages instead of across, and from the right side toward the left.

The Chinese dress is very peculiar. They wear a garment, sleeveless, and much resembling the American vest, upon the outside of all the other garments each succeeding one of which is longer than the other. The colors are luxuriant abounding in delicate patterns of embroidery, and most picturesque. The womens feet are short and dumpy. I have a model of a Chinese woman's foot, showing the foot-dress. The foot is but half as long as mine (and I havent a large one either) and is cased in a shoe that was surely never meant to be set out of doors. It is fashioned of the finest and most exquistely embroidered green silk with the thinest leather sole, which is always whitened, instead of blackened. Poor little feet! They look more like a clenched fist than a healthy proper foot. There would be no place in China for a Chicago girl.

The women dress their hair in very elaborate pyramids, and stick into it as many heavy ornaments as it will hold. Their "bangs" are worn at the back of the neck.

In building, the carpenter places the widowless side of his house toward the public, and in marking, he uses black ink instead of white chalk. The average house is very simply furnished, and instead of upon chairs the inhabitants sit upon the floor. There is rarely a fire to be fuund in a Chinese house, even, at meal times. Boiling water with which the people cook their rice, etc, can be purchased from a merchant who makes a business of boiling water at one cent per cash. A cash is valued at one thousandth of a cent, and is the only piece of money in general use in the Empire. It is of copper, about the size of our quarter with a square hole in the center. These coins are strung upon twine and worn round the necks of their owners, and it is not possible to carry more than a very few dollars at a time. Neither is it necessary, for living is so simple and cheap that a workingman can support a large family comfortable and save money, at fifty dollars a year.

In these days of poverty, strikes and Coxeyism, one cannot but admit that there are advantages in being a Chinaman.

GEORGIA A. MARTIN.

How Will You Spend Your Summer Vacation?

Dear Guards:—Vacation for many of our members has now come and each one is trying to spend the time in recreation of various kinds.

Let us not devote the larger share of it to reading light literature. These flashing novels, do they improve the mind? No, but on the contrary they consume time that might be spent to better purpose and injure the taste for reading of a higher order. We scan the pages to get the drift of the story and I'll venture to say, in two weeks time many of us have forgotten all but mere outline of the plot and possibly that if others have followed the first.

One may say it helps pass away time and the plots holds one's interest. Yes, it does pass away one's time, but if such exciting stories are necessary to keep ones interest from flagging his must be a perverted taste.

Not that I would require summer reading to be classical wholly, but there is a "happy medium" in all things and that would be my choice. Descriptive reading, those delightful bits of travel where one in immagination may visit the scense pictured and enjoy the rambles with the author.

Then there are those books which bring home to us the sense of our weaknesses and short comings, and if we but listen to our consciences, cannot fail to strengthen our characters and refresh our toil-worn minds, as well as amuse us during some lonely hours.

Another recreation is letter writing. Can you not find time to give a less fortunate parent, brother, sister, friend still in the "toils," a pen pictnre of your wonderings?

How much good just such a letter will do the receiver on coming home from office, shop or farm, and how little it costs the sender.

Some will say I can't write a letter, or I dislike to write. Ah! my friend, that is then just the recreation you need this summer.

To be able to express one's thoughts well upon paper is an art worth cultivating. You can talk, then you can write, for it is only written conversation. Such letters are more appreciated than those more stately epistles so unlike the writer, that we would never recognize the person in his or her letters.

Let us all try to make our vacation worth something to ourselves and to others this summer by our reading, our deeds and our letters, and not forget to remember the ECHO with early efforts in the last named branch, helping to make ours the banner department. Yours Pro-Patria,

MABEL C. GIDDINGS.

A Great Family Newspaper.

That popular illustrated family newspaper, PENNSYLVANIA GRIT, which is now sold in every state in the Union, east of the Rocky Mountains, is giving to those who cut out the coupons printed in it each week, free books, and art albums. Buy a copy from the newsboy, or send for a free sample copy, and learn particulars. A beautiful art supplement given with each number. Agents wanted in every town where it is not now being sold. See advertisement in an other column. Address GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa. The subscription price is only 50c for three months. Try it.

ROY F. GREENE, Arkansas City, Kan., Dealer in Stamps, Coins, Fossils, Minerals, Bird Eggs, and Curiosities. Low prices, prompt reply.

A SISTER'S LOVE

—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.—

BY NELLIE MAY.

Pernaps this little story is all too insignificant, for it really treats of nothing at all. You will find in it no scenes of lover's talk nor sentimental longing described in rhythmic flow of language, wherewith poets try to imitate music and song.

Our story has but two persons, a brother and sister, and their life includes no dramatic incidents. Yet it tells of a heroine, for there are heroines in quite, lowly lives daily lived around us, heroines for greater than the queens of romance, and the far-famed goddesses of poetical fancies, and this young girl was one o. them.

This brother and sister loved each other indescribably. They had shared all childish games. and every incident of ther youthful days had been experienced together. Whenever they played "circus" up in the roomy garret of their house, she was Miss Flora and performed her graceful feats upon the old hobby horse. When they played going on a voyage she was cook as well as sailor. She did everything just as he wished it. She was really afraid to hang with one little foot in the trapeze, and when they played "Bakery" she would have preferred to stand behind the counter dressed in the big white apron, to always whashing the dishes behind the little screen,

But of course it was always her part to hang in the trapeze as as well as to wash the dishes. The boys of the neighborhood applauded loudly when brother Henry assisted her to do the famous trapeze act; and when playing "Bakery" it was certainly not to be expected of Mr. Henry to wash the dishes.

When Henry took the part of "magician" she sat before the plate to receive the children's fees as they passed in to see the enterment, and she always pulled the curtains back and closed them after each performance. The lowliest duties always fell to her share. Once when they acted a little comedy, and she had done her part so nicely, that the guests of her parents called her forth again. but not Henry, she came forward with flushed cheeks pulling her brother along by the hand, crying in indignant tones.

"But he wrote it!"

Sundays, when the large cake was to be cut she would watch with eager eyes, and when she discovered the biggest slice she would whisper to him.

"There, that is your piece!"

When Henry was preparing for his college examination, she would always keep him company. At night when she noticed that his tired eyes began to close and his head nod sleepily over his books, she would conquer her own weariness, and hear his lessons, laughing and keeping him interested by telling stories, until all his tasks had been thus pleasantly mastered.

Such was Hildegarde's love for her brother.

But now she was very ill, perhaps dying. The terrible pain of rhumatic fever racked her poor body, and nothing could be done to ease her suffering. With her head turned to one side, she lay there like a poor, wounded bird.

It was only in her eyes that signs of life yet seemed to linger. They were heavy and burned with fever, and when the sharp pains came like so many cruel knife thrusts, making her heart stop beating, her pale lips only trembled.

It was very seldom that she cried out and then she would whisper. while the drops of anguish stood on her brow. very softly she would whisper.

"You are not angry with me? —but it does hurt so."

And when her mother bent ever her with kindly ministrations, she asked in her low feeble tones. "Henry is not at home, is he?"

For she could not bear to have him suspect her suffering,

When he came to her bedside, with deepest anguish he saw that her dear face had already been marked for death; and while every word she uttered caused her pain. She would always say to him, "Oh. I am very well. I shall soon be better!"

Then came the last night.

The doctor gave them no hope. The end was expected in the course of a few hours.

Over the whole house lay the ominous silence which always awai's that dread messenger, death.

The mother sat at her bedside; the others were in the next room. Through the quite house how loudly the clock seemed to tick! Every sound had a startling distinctness in the hushed, stillness around.

Hildegarde had fallen back on her pillow. Beneath her heavy lids lay the breaking eyes like two stars that have been extinguished.

She saw nothing more. At times her poor weak body was convulsed with pain, and she cried aloud.

So passed the hours while life was ebbing slowly away.

Towards morning she suddenly raised herself up in bed, and with a terrible outcry she pressed her hand to her heart—and then fell back.

Henry hurried to her side. He thought it was all over. But as he stood there trembling as if he himself felt the touch of death's hand, all at once Hildegarde opened her eyes—and recognized him.

A smile lit up her pale face—she knew him! and then she said, "Are you here? Why do you not go to bed? Go, you must not see me now."

And when Henry had gone, she leaned on her mother's breast and asked, "why did you not tell me he was here? It hurts him so when I cry out. Go in and tell him that I am much better now!"

Then the convulsions came on again and tortured her feeble frame terribly. But with her eyes upon the door she lay there uttering neither cry nor moan. The death struggle wrung no sigh from her lips, for it would have pained him so.

At last she begged to see him. He came in; unable to say a word he knelt beside her. With a last effort she lifted her arms and wound them round his neck. "Do not weep,—it is well with me!"—

Then she fell back.

So she lay there dead, her head turned to one side, like a flower which has been broken. In his loving arms with his last caress on her lips, she had breathed her young life away.

* * * * * * *

Why do authors tell us so little of these humble lives, which are in truth so great? Why do they always immortalize passion, and not resignation?

For resignation lives, and never dies it is the true child of love.

Complimentary Indeed..

AUG. 3rd 1894.

RECREATION ECHO,

I am indebted to some kind friend in the C. C. Circle for a copy of the "ECHO" and am so much pleased with it that I wish to become a subscriber. Enclosed please find 25c in stamps for a year's subscription to this live paper of yours. Anything connected with, or relating to our beloved N. T. C. C. lies near my heart.

May your interprise be a success in all respects, and have long life, is the earnest wish of yours fraternally.

SARAH CLARK.
Brookfield, Conn.

ANOTHER COMPLIMENT.

JULY 27, 1894.

RECREATION ECHO

Herewith I inclose 90c in stamps for which kindly send the ECHO for one year to the following:

Ansel Berray, Randolph, N. Y. Chas. M. Horn, Box 258, Forestville, N. Y. Earl Carr, Clear Creek, N. Y. Chas. E. Randall, Fredonia, N. Y. Helen Pettit, Fredonia, N. Y. Wm D Putnam, Box 847, Fredonia, N. Y.

Perhaps it would be well to send sample copies of the ECHO to the following C C's. * * * * * * * *

These subscriptions were ALL given because of the GUARD DEPARTMENT

I've been a friend of your paper since the Guard Department started and I like it so well. I am very glad to send you these names.

With best wishes for the success of the ECHO. I am Loyally,

ALICE L. PUTNAM.

STILL ANOTHER.

STANSTEAD, P. Q. CANADA,
July 30th 1894

Dear brother Guard, Searcy, of the RECREATION ECHO. Haley, Tennesse:

I really intended to have sent my subscription to your paper ere this date, but a press of other matters has driven the subject out of my mind until the present time, when the matter hopped into my mind, and I am now in the act of forwarding you the required cash for a year's subscription to the ECHO which venture I sincerely hope will prove a success, and I think it will if it is conducted upon business principles, and you do not sudenly get tired of editorial responsibility. I would like to send you something for publication but have not the time at present, to prepare anything. Respectfully yours,

HARTLEY B. GATES.

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SOUTHERN STAMP & PUB. CO.,
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Sample copy of the Southern Philatelist free.

STAMP DEPARTMENT

TO PUBLISHERS.

To those of you who are sending your paper to the Echo, addressed to Knoxville, Tenn., should change it to Harriman, Tenn.

TO THE STAMP WORLD.

As was announced in our last issue our Anniversary Number will appear about September 20th. This number will exceed anything heretofore issued inasmuch as it will contain articles from some of Philatelia's most prominent writers. This issue will be a special edition complimentary to the stamp fraternity, and will be liberally patronized by the members. A carefully selected list containing some three thousand stamp collectors' names have been secured to which sample copies will be sent. Besides our regular edition for subscribers this will run the circulation for that issue up into the thousands, which will give a rare opportunity to dealers who have not already bought space to reach the buying collectors. Only one hundred inches of advertising space will be sold for this issue under any circumstances. and already forty two inches have been paid for and copy is in our hands. This leaves fifty eight inches for sale. If you contemplate buying space you should do so at once as all copy received later than August 15th will be rejected.

OUR GUARANTEE.

To advertisers buying space in our Anniversary Number, dated August 15th, to be issued on or about August 20th, should their ad. fail to yield satisfactory returns, their money paid for said ad. will be promptly returned if so requested.

So if your ad. brings you nothing it costs you nothing. Could we be more liberal?

The publisher has great faith in this issue as an advertising medium, for unselfish labor has been given to the selection of collector's names to whom sample copies will be sent, and names procured are the very best; they are collectors who buy. When remitting money kindly send Postal Note or silver as we cannot use stamps. We have more than we know what to do with. Small amounts of silver can safely be sent through the mails by wrapping it well in paper.

THINGS THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

That all sample copies are to be sent to preferred names.

That we GUARANTEE results.

That only fifty eight inches more space is for sale.

That our rate is only 30 cents per inch—but it pays.

That your copy MUST be in their office not later than Augst 15th to insure insertion in this issue.

That dealers of doubtful character cannot procure space at any price.

That cash must accompany "copy."

The Philatelic Era is contemplating merging its Semi-Monthly into a Weekly. This no doubt would be a wise step as the Era now is one of the most prominent independent stamp Journals published and has the cash behind it to support a weekly. We would suggest however that the subscription remain at 50c per year.

C. E. Severn, one of McKeel's frequent contributors is on the reportorial staff of the Chicago Evening Journal, in which paper he recently published an excellent stamp article.

A new one has appeared from Cleveland, Ohio, called "The Stamp Fiend," with Chas C. Hendricks as Editor, Manager and Publisher. Mr. Hendricks springs a new wrinkle on us by placing under the head in the regular space these words: Entered in the Post office, at Cleveland, Ohio, as second-class matter," and as the best Philatelic paper in Ohio."

Yes indeed!

And the Columbians are being counterfeited. It's no use; blankets can be counterfeited just the same as a pillow sham.

The Columbian Era an ameteur Magazine with a stamp department, has a liberal share of local advertising, but no stamp ads.

We regret that J. P. Glass has sold his collection and given up philatelic Journalism. Mr. Glass is a "newspaper man" of ability and will in the future give it his undivided attention

Roy F. Greene seems to have a "cinch" on The Pennsy as we find his articles are given considerable prominency in that paper, though we regret very much that the Pennsy is not as popular as it could be.

Perhaps there is an "aching Void" between the Philatelic Era and Mr. Townsend, their late "Philillatelic Press Review Editor," inasmuch as Mr. T. failed to furnish the required "copy" for July 15th issue, claiming "three" papers only had come forward for inspection."

What's the matter with Mr. Townsend and the Philatelic Press?

The new contract for U. S. envelopes, to go into effect October 13th, has been awarded to James Purcell, of Hudson, N. Y. The Plympton Mf'g. Co., of Hartford Conn., have held this contract for twenty years and the loss to them will be greatly felt. The change will not necessitate new dies as those used by the previous contractors belong to the government and can be transfered to the new one. There will be changes in Watermarks and shapes.

Sometime ago the publisher of this paper mailed an assignment of Columbian stamps to one Ernest Lamont, 212 Park Place, Brooklyn N. Y., for which he (Lamont) was to pay a certain price. After the elapse of a few "painful" weeks we wrote Mr. Lamont asking for a speedy remittance, then came another awful silence of a few weeks, whereupon we wrote the gentleman again, this time being rewarded with an answer from his brother Gerald I. Lamont, not with a remittance, but with the sad intelligence that Ernest H. Lamont was dead, and that if we would send him a list of the stamps sent his brother he would look up and return them. We did so, but up to the present we have not received our stamps nor even a communication of any kind.

There is something strange about the whole matter to us, Mr. Lamont was an active collector and publisher being the founder of a Philatelic advertising agency in Brooklyn, we believe; and taking all of this into consideration, we are at a loss to know why an announcement of his death failed to appear in a single stamp paper; that is, we failed to see one

If Mr. G. I Lamont wishes to shield his dead brother's name from stain he should settle up his business in a satisfactory way as soon as possible.

The return of our stamps would be accepted at any time.

The Quaker City Philatelist, for July announces that the paper will be discontinued, which we greatly regret. Brother Walton "squares" himself, by offering to pay back the balance subscription in "cash," or to transfer to the Philatelic Monthly, as the subscribers prefer.

When answering advertisements found in this paper, kindly say that you "saw it in RECREATION ECHO."

Take time enough to find out that the subscription price of this paper is only 25c per year, but for during the next 60 days that you can get it for only 15c, and that your subscription gives you one vote in the contest for the first page.

"Mr. W. G. Whilden, Jr., of Boston, Mass., who for the past few months has done considerable advertising in the stamp papers, has just had a narrow escape from receiving undesirable notoriety which we trust may be a lesson to others. About two months ago he was called to another state by a telegraph message and since that time has been actively at work in the employ of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, for which company he is a special agent. In his haste in complying with orders he was obliged to drop everything in connection with his stamp business and during his absence it has been constantly accumulating; besides completely interrupting his business with collectors, a more serious complication arose with parties running his ads, who, of course, received no reply to their bills and requests for settlements, and some of them had even threatened to "advertise" him. On Saturday, the 14th inst, he returned to Boston for the first time and naturally found a large accumulation of mail awaiting him, which he says will take him sometime to wade through. Mr. Whilden wishes to inform the collecting public generally and his patrons in particular that he will straighten out his correspondence as rapidly as possible and will make arrangements which will prevent a recurrence of such a state of affairs.—Philatelic Era, July 15th."

We sincerely trust that Mr Whilden will keep faith with his statements, as quite a number of our subscribers have sent him stamps in answer to his "ad" found in our paper, and have received no remittance as yet. However we have not lost confidence in Mr. Wilden, for he has been prompt in settling bills with us

1000 ASSORTED

Foreign stamps, including Mexico, Australia, etc., price 20c. 100 varieties, including Japan, etc., 8c. LARGE PRICE LIST FREE. sheets fine stamps on aprroval at 50 per cent commission.

F. N. MASSOTH, JR.
ESTABLISHED 1885. HANOVER CENTRE, IND.



HIGHEST CASH PRICES

Paid for any quantity of good U. S. and Confederate stamps, preferable on entire original envelope.
From my foreign duplicates I will send 100 varieties for 20c or for 10 3c Columbian.

DR. W. O. EMORY,
889 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

FOR BEGINNERS

One hundred varieties of nice clean stamps—none torn—from all over the world, only 10c, post free.

CHAS. W. GREVNING,
DEALER IN POSTAGE STAMPS.
225 Avenue B. New York.

A Card

W. L. Moise, of Sumter, S. C., begs to announce to the Philatelic public that he is now prepared to send out sheets of stamps to beginners, furnishing reference. He also deals in postmarks, curios, indian relics, shells, fossils, minerals, bird eggs and coins. Egg price list sent for 2c stamp. Those desiring exchanges of above will do well to write him.

LOOK HERE 1000 mixed foreign stamps 25c. 100 mixed 10c. Complete set Mexican (1864) 10c. Set Jamaica officials 10c. 2 var. confederate stamps 10. Packet A contains 30 var. from the following countries, no others: Cuba, Salvador, Romaina, Queensland, Jamaica, Baden, Greece, Luxemb, Brazil, 30c. Packet B contains 25 diff. U. S. postage and revenue including dept. special delivery, dues, envelopes, etc. 25c.
ALBERT DODGE, Jr., Gloucester, Mass.

SEND US 6 CENTS

In stamps and receive 100 varieties postmarks or 10c and receive fine packet, 50 var. foreign stamps. Approval sheets for beginners at 25% per cent discount. Send reference and try them. Address

Quinnipiac Stamp Co,
26 BREWSTER ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

COLUMBIAN STAMPS

The following prices will be paid for good specimens of used columbian stamps

1c, per 1000	75c.	2c, per 1000	25c
3c, per 100	2.	4c, per 100	41.
5c, per 100	1.	6c, per 100	2.25
8c, per 100	2.75.	10c, per 100	1.20.
15c, each	11.	30c, each	22.

PROMPT CASH.
Large quantities can be sent C. O. D.

CANADA CHEAP.

Packet containing 25 different postal (provincial and dominion,) and revenue stamps, 25c. 5 entire post cards, Canada 8c; Foreign 10c.
Set of 16 bill stumps 1c to $1, 50c. Postage extra. Fine approval sheets.
Agents wanted.
W. R. ADAMS, 7 ANN ST., TORONTO, CAN.

CASH

Paid for all kinds of United States and Confederate States stamps. A. D. COOPER,
Box 622, RED BANK, N. J.

Ladies Crochet Lace For me.
XX
2.50 a day guaranteed to all who follow my directions.
Write. Send stamped envelope for reply. LILLIE KING,
COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA.

OUR PACKET A
RARE CURIOS, AND POSTAGE STAMPS.

We will send to any address for only 25c, post free: A China coin, Ancient Japanese Coin, Modern Japanese Coin, Oregon Arrow Point, Curious Chinese Nut, Used Chinese Lottery Ticket and 25 differnt Foreign Postage Stamps, all packed in a Japanese Jinko Basket

OUR PACKET H,

Contains 10 differnt Japanese articles entirely different from packet A; all of them novel and unique, rarely seen outside of Japan, and could not be bought in any curio shop for less than $3.00, for only $1.00. These are our "famous packets" that we are sending out to advertise our business. Address

D. M. AVERILL, & COMPANY,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Please mention this paper when writing.

IN OUR

ISSUE FOR SEPTEMBER

15

WILL BE FOUND SOMETHING OF SPECIAL

INTEREST TO COLLECTORS

SEND US YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IN IN TIME FOR THIS ISSUE.

Cut this out and return with your subscription.

Blank to be Used When Voting in Page Contest.

CHAS P. GALYON:—You will find enclosed 15c (silver) which entitles me to a year's subscription to RECREATION ECHO, and one vote in the contest for the first page. (Say whether you are a Guard, Stamp Collector or Shut-In on this line ..... If you belong to neither state on the above line the Order you wish to give your vote to.) Very Respectfully,

(Sign your name here.)_____

ISSUED EVERY TWO WEEKS IN THE YEAR AT 25 C. PAYABLE IN Advance. PERMANENTLY ENLARGED TO 8 PAGES.

RECREATION ECHO



ISSUED EVERY TWO WEEKS IN THE YEAR AT 25 C. PAYABLE IN Advance. PERMANENTLY ENLARGED TO 8 PAGES.

VOL. 2. Harriman, Tennessee, October, 15th, 1894. NO. 1.

Harriman, Tennessee.

It is said that some have an eye that can see the beauties of nature wherever they may be. There are those who can see into the possibilities. Many spots in this universe are noted for their beauty, while others are noted for the handiwork of man and how he has utilized the resources. There never can be beauty or resources but that man can in some way accomplish a great deal.

In the midst of delightful scenery and fine opportunities upon the edge of the Cumberland mountains there was in 1890 started a town, under bright auspices, that is the Harriman of then and today. Its founders expected considerable from their plans and projected largely, perhaps they did not count the great cost that it would entail. It requires a great effort of man to make a town of character, of success no matter what the possibilities. Possibilities in iron, lumber, coal and agriculturally existed then and today which caused this building of a town.

At the start people came here from every part of the Union. They lived in rough houses, then endured hardships, they underwent conditions that they were not generally used to, they went to work with pluck and enterprise, until today their work shows that upwards of six million dollars have been expended in four years and a half. Factories that employ many hands have been created and their products have been sold in more than half the states. 3,500 people inhabit what was once three farms. Then all roads led away, where now all roads either lead to or are being changed to lead towards the town. Farmers once delighting in quiet farming are becoming more aggressive as demands increase. The forests are giving forth their fine products, the coal is no longer unknown, but preparations are being made for extensive development. Where there was once a quiet valley and hollow, the shriek of the locomotive now resounds, and cattle are astounded at the change and are alarmed at the innovation.

These changes have come about in four and a half years. Two railways have changed to three, with a fourth building and a fifth promised.

The years have been ones of financial disorder to the world, tariff has been unsettled, and silver and gold standards have made agitation. These have had their effect on Harriman. The parent company was the East Tennessee Land Company, which like so many other corporations was embarassed by financial conditions, which caused them to go into the protecting hands of the U. S. District court, which, after some change in the receivers, finally appointed Ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James, president of the Lincoln National Bank, of New York City, together with Boyd Ewing, of Chattanooga, Tenn., as Receivers. These gentlemen are getting the affairs of the Company into the best shape possible. They have the control of many thousand acres of land, of interests in railways and manufactories. An effort is being made towards reorganization which is well under way. Such men as General James, Edward A. Quintard, president of the Central bank I. K. Funk, of Funk and Wagnalls Co., of New York, J. B. Hobbs, of Chicago, A. H. Gillingham, of Philadelphia, John Hopewell, of Boston, and others will probably be the principal men. There is no doubt but the old management have forever retired giving place to more mature financial minds.

Ample capital will come into this region to develop. Should the reorganization go through which is at present assured, then it is confidently anticipated that new mining enterprises will be developed, new iron industries will come, new railway projects will be necessary, which will bring realization.

[To be Continued.]

LOYAL HOME WORKERS.

—EDITOR—
EMMETT SEARCY,
HALEY, TENN.

MOTTO:
Pro Patria.
FLOWER:
Forget-me-not.
OBJECTS:
Progress and Patriotism.

—TO CONTRIBUTORS.—
All articles intended for publication, and letters of inquiry should be addressed to Mr. Searcy, who will give them the same attention as if sent to the publisher. Letters that require an answer by mail must contain a 2c stamp, otherwise they will be answered through these columns.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Wm. P. Deering.
IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

The walls of Jaffa were crumbling away. For hours the cannon of Bonaparte had been hurling iron upon them and even such walls as those could not resist it.

A practicable breach had at last been made and the troops were massed for an assault.

"Forward!" was Napoleon's order. It was repeated from mouth to mouth and with a "Vive!" they rushed on.

Forward, they went not heeding the yells of the Turks, Arnauts and Maugrabins; not heeding the cannon balls that ploughed their ranks; not heeding the storm of musket balls; on into the breach over all opposers; on into Jaffa.

But their work was not done. Four thousand, mostly Arnauts, had taken refuge in a stone khan and must be dislodged. Robert found himself in the first rank of the troops, who were to take the khan.

The bands began to play La Marseillaise, and as the stirring strains fell upon the air the troops caught them up and rushed forward, singing.

Loud yells and cries of "Allah Akbar" greeted them, but in spite of all resistance they reached the gate of the khan, when the defenders seeing that resistance was useless, raised a white flag and surrendered.

Most of the French now dispersed about the city to plunder, but Robert did not feel so disposed.

He wended his way to where the prisoners were.

The Arnauts and Turks were standing or lounging about. Some were in groups, and others standing alone, some sullen and silent, but the majority took their defeat with their usual fatalistic stoicism.

As Robert looked about he saw Ibrahim, the arnaut, standing erect and haughty at a little distance from most of his comrades. Robert went up to him, greeted him and expressed his regret at his capture.

"It is the will of Allah," answered Ibrahim. "I must die, but I care not for myself. What will Amina and her mother do? They are alone in the desert far from the tents of our tribe."

"Do not despair," said Robert. "We are not barbarians. We do not murder our prisoners as your people do."

"I have no hope," answered Ibrahim. "I am one of those paroled at El Arish. By your law I must die."

"Wretch, well is it said a Saracen has no honor. You deserve death, but for your daughter, I pity you. Do our fellows know this?"

"Yes, one has already recognized me."

"Alas! poor wretch, alas, poor girl. If I can save you, I will."

So saying, Robert walked away and did not stop until he stood before the tent of Desaix. A soldier was on guard before it.

"Friend," said Robert. "Will you see if I may speak with the marshal?"

"Willingly, comrade," said the guard.

He went into the tent, returning in a few moments with a permission for Robert to enter. He did so, and found Desaix busily writing. In as few words as possible Robert told him of his adventure in the desert, and after explaining Ibrahim's case, begged for his life and liberty.

Desaix heard him through without an interruption, and then said:

"Your story is like a romance, and I am sorry that I cannot help you, but the General's imperative orders to shoot all paroled prisoners found in arms, prevents me from doing so."

Without further appeal Robert walked away from the Marshal's tent, feeling utterly crushed.

"I have done all I can for him," said Robert to himself. "I will dismiss him from my mind."

CHAPTER IV.

It was easier for Robert to say that he would forget the Arnaut than it was to do so. In vain did he assure himself that he had done his utmost. A plan kept forging itself upon his mind; returning with greater force each time, though he tried hard to cast it aside.

In fancy he saw himself lying on the hot sand; Amina braving her father's wrath by interceding for a Christian; himself being nursed back to health by her care. Then he imagined Ibrahim lying dead in Jaffa and his daughter waiting for his return. How she would look, as the days passed, and he did not come! The joyous light would fade from her eyes and they would grow dim with looking over the desert. Her eyes seemed to gaze at him from every tent door and from the buildings. How beseeching and yet accusing they were! With a groan he turned and made his way to where the prisoners were quartered. Night was far advanced, when he found Ibrahim.

The latter woke when Robert touched him, and asked what was wanted.

"Speak not," said Robert. "Rise and change clothes with me. Go back to your daughter and say, that her good deed is rewarded. I will take your place here."

"Allah forbid, that I should profit by the gratitude of a Christian," said the Arnaut, now fully awake. "You shall not give your life for me."

"Fool, think you that Napoleon is synonmous with Djezzar? I will not be slain. The sun will soon rise. Remember your daughter. Change."

Ibrahim no longer expostulated, and he and Jean were soon dressed in each others clothes.

Then, having received directions as to the course to pursue, Ibrahim walked away.

Ascending from the hollow, where the exchange of clothes had occurred, Robert mingled with the prisoners. Soon the bugle call was sounded and the soldiers rose from sleep.

Breakfast was soon eaten, and shortly afterward a large body of French approached the prisoners, who were conducted by them to the sea shore.

It had been whispered that the prisoners were to be shot, and it now flashed upon Robert's mind that that was the purpose for which they were now being taken to the sea shore. Who can describe his mental state?

He could make known who he was and perhaps save himself, but he had been guilty of a great crime in aiding in the escape of a prisoner, and he need not expect much mercy. If he was to disclose his identity, parties would at once be sent out in pursuit of Ibrahim and he would be recaptured with no certainty of Robert's escape. His distant French home rose before him, but he put the thought away and walked on.

The prisoners knew well where they were going and why they were going there.

Some showed most abject fear, while others strode haughtily with heads erect and no signs of alarm. The beach was reached and the prisoners were formed in battalions.

A line of French soldiers stood in front of each batallion.

Robert saw the Arnauts on each side of him fall. A soldier leveled his piece at him and he closed his eyes, waiting for death.

"Hold!"

Robert, hearing the cry, opened his eyes and beheld a soldier standing in front of him and facing the row of muskets.

"Would you kill a comrade," cried the soldier. "This is my comrade and friend, Robert Jonaux. Look," pointing to Robert's boots, which he had neglected to exchange with Ibrahim, "Do the Arnauts wear such boots?'

"I too recognize him," cried the colonel of the regiment, "take him to the guard tent."

By the soldier, whose keen eye had saved him, Robert was conducted to the guard tent and left there with other prisoners.

Two hours passed and he knew that Ibrahim was now safe with some one of the Arnaut bands, who were always hanging on the outskirts of the French army.

As to himself he had very little hope. He had liberated a paroled prisoner found in arms, and that in direct defiance of Bonaparte's command.

"I might have died and nobody known me from an Arnaut," said he bitterly. "Now, I must die disgraced. Would he had not known me!"

"It would have been better for you," said a voice.

Turning, he saw Desaix.

"Napoleon is aware of your conduct," continued Desaix. "I saw you rescued and told him all. Follow me."

Robert obeyed and was led in and out among the tents, until they stopped before one which he knew to be Napoleon's.

Desaix entered and he followed.

"The man of destiny" was standing when they came in. He greeted them and bade Robert tell his story.

Silently, did Napoleon listen. When Robert had finished, the former went to a table and wrote rapidly for a minute.

At last he turned on Robert and said, "Young man, you are fortunate. Had any of the men known the reason for your strange behavior, I should have made an example of you. As none do, this is Napolen's reward for the courage, which is willing to sacrifice life to gratitude."

Robert took the paper, which was extended to him and opening it in a dazed way, read it with an astonished expression.

It was a sergeant's commission.

THE END.

Thrift.

As many of the readers of the Echo are teachers I would like to impress upon them the need of encouraging thrift among the pupils of our public schools.

Our beloved Whittier has said that "Ours is the seed time; God alone beholds the end of what is sown."

Beyond our vision weak and dim, the harvest time is hid with Him. How important then, that we as teachers of our future men and women, see that our seed fall in good ground, that we do all in our power to install in our pupils the principles of patriotism, truth, obedience, sobriety and thrift.

In this age of common sense and intelligence there is some royal road to financial independence.

Thrift which is essential to social progress and individual advancement must be fostered and encouraged in childhood. This should be done not only in our public schools, but in our Sunday schools, homes, shops and factories as well.

While it is true we measure things with money, the financial aspect of thrift is the least important, but it ought to underlie all education and influence and cannot be taught like a definite or abstract subject.

The true meaning of thrift is the using to the best advantage everything we have. If this be true, it follows that with children who are instrusted with many things, though with but little money, there must be much to teach them on the subject of thrift apart from money, such as the best employment of time, proper regard for health, care of books and other property committed to their care; these should all be made practical branches in the incalculation of thrift to children.

Our work does not end when we think we have finished it, but it grows beyond our power to calculate.

"Our echos roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Let us bring into our every day word the practical lessons of life, and with clean heads, kind hearts, thoughtful attention to plan and detail, strive daily to strengthen the weak places, first in ourselves, then in our work.

Loyally,
LILLIAN KNIGHT,
Montevideo, Minn.

Pope's Composition.

Did you ever hear this pretty little story of Pope? It is told that one day at school his class was given as a subject for composition "the changing of water into wine." It was noticed that Pope wrote little, indeed dallied with his pencil and seemed so idle that the master reprimanded him severely. But when he was called upon to read, so clear-cut, and beautiful and comprehensive was his "composition" that his classmates were filled with admiration.

This was his story of the water made wine:

"The conscious water knew her Lord and blushed."

They tell me this little story is not uncommon, but I have never happened on it, in reading, and heard it recently for the first time and think it is fine.

A GUARD.

Do Your Duty.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER GUARDS:

The past year has been a poor one for Guard recruiting, owing to the hard times, but the Tennessee Division is still alive. It is true we lost several members, and we are sorry for this, but let us not be discouraged. Are you doing your duty as Guards, by giving our worthy President your hearty support? By doing so you can build up the Tennessee Division. If there are any of the Echo readers who live in Tennessee and who wish to know more about the Guards, let them address me with stamp. By all means let us keep step with the other Divisions, and win for the Volunteer Division a name of which we all may feel proud.

[Continued on page.]

STORY OF HADASSAH.

A Stolen Child Who Became a Heroine.

She Rescued Her People After They Were Ordered Slain by a Wicked King—Sermon by Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as the subject of Sunday's sermon, through the press, "Hadassah," the text chosen being Esther ii: 7: "And he brought up Hadassah."

A beautiful child was born in the capital of Persia. She was an orphan and a captive, her parents having been stolen from their Israelitish home and carried to Shushan and had died, leaving their daughter poor and in a strange land. But an Israelite who had been carried into the same captivity was attracted by the case of the orphan. He educated her, and under the roof of that good man this adopted child began to develop a sweetness and excellency of character if ever equaled, certainly never surpassed. Beautiful Hadassah! Could that adopted father ever spare her from his household? Her artlessness; her girlish sports; her innocence; her orphanage, had wound themselves thoroughly around his heart, just as around each parent's heart among us there are tendrils climbing, and fastening, and blossoming, and growing stronger. I expect he was like others who have loved ones at home—wondering sometimes if sickness will come, and death, and bereavement. Alas! Worse than anything that the father expects happens to his adopted child. Ahasuerus, a princely scoundrel, demands that Hadassah, the fairest one in all the kingdom, become his wife. Worse than death was marriage to such a monster of iniquity! How great the change when this young woman left the home where God was worshiped and religion honored, to enter a palace devoted to pride, idolatry and sensuality! "As a lamb to the slaughter!"

Ahasuerus knew not that his wife was a Jewess. At the instigation of the infamous prime minister the king decreed that all the Jews in the land should be slain. Hadassah pleads the cause of her people, breaking through the rules of the court and presenting herself in the very face of death, crying "If I perish, I perish." Oh, it was a sad time among that enslaved people! They had all heard the decree concerning their death. Sorrow, gaunt and ghastly, sat in thousands of households, and mothers wildly pressed their infants to their breasts as the days of massacre hastened on, praying that the same sword-stroke which slew the mother might also slay the child—rosebud and bud perishing in the same blast.

But Hadassah is busy at court. The hard heart of the king is touched by her story, and, although he could not reverse his decree for the slaying of the Jews, he sent forth an order that they should arm themselves for defense. On horseback, on mules, on dromedaries, messengers sped through the land bearing the king's dispatches, and a shout went up from that enslaved people at the hope of success. I doubt not many a rusty blade was taken and sharpened. Unbearded youths grew stout as giants at the thought of defending mothers and sisters. Desperation strung up cowards into heroes, and fragile women, grasping their weapons, swung them about the cradles, impatient for the time to strike the blow in behalf of household and country.

The day of execution dawned. Government officials, armed and drilled, cowed before the battle shout of the oppressed people. The cry of defeat rang back to the palaces, but above the mountains of dead, above 75,000 crushed and mangled corpses, sounded the triumph of the delivered Jews, and their enthusiasm was as when the Highlanders came to the relief of Lucknow, and the English army which stood in the very jaws of death, at the sudden hope of assistance and rescue, lifted the shout above belching cannon and the death-groan of hosts, crying: "We are saved! We are saved!"

My subject affords me opportunity of illustrating what Christian character may be under the greatest disadvantages. There is no Christian now exactly what he wants to be. Your standard is much higher than anything you have attained unto. If there be any man so puffed up as to be thoroughly satisfied with the amount of excellence he has already attained, I have nothing to say to such an one. But to those who are dissatisfied with past attainments, who are toiling under disadvantages which are keeping them from being what they ought to be, I have a message from God. You each of you labor under difficulties. There is something in your temperament; in your worldly circumstances, in your calling, that acts powerfully against you. Admitting all this, I introduce to you Hadassah, of the text, a noble Christian, notwithstanding the most gigantic difficulties. She whom you might have expected to be one of the worst of women is one of the best.

In the first place, our subject is an illustration of Christian character may be under orphanage. This Bible line tells a long story about Hadassah. "She had neither father nor mother." A nobleman had become her guardian, but there is no one who can take the place of a parent. Who so able at night to hear a child's prayer; or at twilight to chide youthful wanderings; or to soothe youthful sorrows? An individual will go through life bearing the marks of orphanage. It will require more strength, more persistence, more grace, to make such a one the right kind of a Christian. He who at forty years loses a parent must reel under the blow. Even down to old age men are accustomed to rely upon the counsel, or be powerfully influenced by the advice of parents, if they are still alive. But how much greater the bereavement when it comes in early life, before the character is self-reliant, and when naturally the heart is unsophisticated and easily tempted.

There are those who did not enjoy remarkable early privileges. Perhaps, like the beautiful captive of the text, you were an orphan. You had huge sorrows in your little heart. You sometimes wept in the night when you knew not what was the matter. You felt sad sometimes, even on the playground. Your father or mother did not stand in the door to welcome you when you came home from a long journey. You still feel the effect of early disadvantages; you have sometimes offered them as a reason for your not being as thoroughly religious as you would like to be; but these excuses are not sufficient. God's grace will triumph if you seek it. He knows what obstacles you have fought against, and the more trial the more help. After all, there are no orphans in the world, for the great God is the Father of us all.

Again, our subject is an illustration of what religion may be under the pressure of poverty. The captivity and crushed condition of the orphan girl, and of the kind man who adopted her, suggests a condition of poverty. Yet from the very first acquaintance we had with Hadassah we find her the same happy and contented Christian. It was only by compulsion she was afterward taken into a sphere of honor and affluence. In the humble home of Mordecai, her adopted father, she was a light that illuminated every privation. In some period in almost every man's life there comes a season of straightened circumstances when the severest calculation and most scraping economy are necessary in order to subsistence and respectability. At the commencement of business, at the entrance upon a profession, when friends are few and the world is afraid of you because there is a possibility of failure, many of the noblest hearts have struggled against poverty, and are now struggling. To such I bear a message of good cheer. You say it is a hard thing for you to be a Christian. This constant anxiety, this unresting calculation, wears out the buoyancy of your spirit, and, although you have told perhaps no one about it, can not I tell that this is the very trouble which keeps you from being what you ought to be? You have no time to think about laying up treasures in Heaven, when it is a matter of great doubt whether you will be enabled to pay your next quarter's rent. You can not think of striving after a robe of righteousness until you can get means enough to buy an overcoat to keep out the cold. You want the Bread of Life, but you think you must get along without that until you can buy another barrel of flour for your wife and children. Sometimes you sit down discouraged, and almost wish you were dead. Christians in satin slippers, with their feet on damask ottoman, may scout at such a class of temptations, but those who themselves have been in the struggle and grip of hard misfortune can appreciate the power of these evils to dissuade the soul away from religious duties. We admit the strength of the temptation, but then we point to Hadassah, her poverty equaled by her piety. Courage down there in the battle! Hurl away your disappointment! Men of half your heart have, through Christ, been more than conquerors. In the name of God, come out of that! The religion of Christ is just what you want out there among the empty flour barrels and beside the cold hearths. You have never told anyone what a hard time you have had, but God knows it as well as you know it. Your easy times will come after awhile. Do not let your spirits break down mid-life. What if your coat is thin? Run fast enough to keep warm. What if you have no luxuries on your table? High expectations will make your blood tingle better than the best maderia. If you can not afford to smoke you can afford to whistle. But merely animal spirits are not sufficient: the power of the Gospel—that is what you want to wrench despair out of the soul and put you forward into the front of the hosts, incased in impenetrable armor. It does not require extravagant wardrobe, and palatial residence, and dashing equipage to make a man rich. The heart right the estate is right. A new heart is worth the world's wealth in one roll of bank bills—worth all scepters of earthly power bound in one sheaf; worth all crowns expressed in one coronet. Many a man without a farthing in his pocket has been rich enough to buy the world out and have stock left for larger investment. It is not often that men of good habits come to positive beggary, but among those who live in comfortable houses all about you, among honest mechanics and professional men who never say a word about it, there are exhibitions of heroism and endurance such as you may never have imagined. These men, who ask no aid, who demand no sympathy, who, with strong arm and skillful brain, push their own way through, are Hannibals scaling the Alps; are Hercules slaying the lion; are Moses, in God's name, driving back the seas. Hadassah, with her needle, has done braver things than Caesar with a sword.

Again, our subject illustrates what religion may be when in a strange land or far away from home. Hadassah was a stranger in Shushan. Perhaps brought up in the quiet of rural scenes, she was now surrounded by the dazzle of a city. Heads as strong as hers had been turned by the transit from country to city. More than that, she was in a strange land. Yet in that loneliness she kept the Christian's integrity, and was as consistent among the allurements of Shushan as among the kindred of her father's house.

Perhaps I address some who are now far away from the home of their fathers. You came across the seas. The sepulchers of your dead are far away. Whatever may be the comfort and adornment of your present home, you can not forget the place of your birth, though it may have been lowly and unhonored. You often dream of your youthful days, and in the silent twilight run off to the distant land and seem to see your forsaken home, just as it was when your people were all alive. Though you may have hundreds of friends around you, you often feel that you are strangers in a strange land. God saw the bitter parting when your families were scattered. He watched you in the ship's cabin floundering the stormy seas. He knew the bewilderment of your disembarkation on a strange shore, and your wanderings up and down this land have been under an eye that never sleeps, and felt by a heart that always pities. Stranger far from home, you have a companion in the beautiful Hadassah, as good in Shushan as in her native Jerusalem. Indeed, very many of you are distant from the place of your nativity. Some of you may be pilgrims from the warm south, or from hardier climes than ours, from latitudes of deeper snows and sharper frosts. You have come down in these regions for purposes of thrift and gain. You have brought your tents and pitched them here, and you seldom now go back again except to visit the old village with wide streets and plenty of trees on some holiday. This is not the climate in which many of you were born. These mothers are not the neighbors who came to the old homestead to greet you into life. These churches are not those under the shadow of which your graudfather was buried. These are not the ministers of Christ who out of the baptismal font sprinkled your baby brow. Far away the kirk! Far away the homestead! Far away the town! Have you formed habits which would not have seemed right in the places and times of which we speak? Have you built an altar in your present abode? Is the religion of olden time once planted in your heart come up in glorious harvest? Is your present home an eulogy upon that from which you were transplanted? Then are ye worthy companions of Hadassah, the stranger as holy in Shushan as in Jerusalem?

Again, our subject illustrates what religion may be under the temptation of personal attractiveness. The inspired record says of the heroine of my text: "She was fair and beautiful." Her very name signified "A myrtle." Yet the admiration, and praise, and flattery of the world did not blight her humility. The simplicity of her manners and behavior equaled her extraordinary attractions. It is the same divine goodness which puts the tinge on the rose's cheek, and the whiteness into the lily, and the gleam on the wave, and that puts color in the cheek, and sparkle in the eye, and majesty in the forehead, and symmetry into the form, and gracefulness into the gait. But many through the very charm of their personal appearance have been destroyed. What simperings, and affections, and impertinences have often been the result of that which God sent as a blessing. Japonicas, anemonies and the heliotropes never swagger at the beauty which God planted in their very leaf, sepal, axil and stamen. There are many flowers that bow down so modestly that you can not see the color in their cheek until you lift up their head, putting your hand under their round chin. Indeed, any kind of personal attraction, whether they be those of the body, the mind or the heart, may become temptations to pride, and arbitrariness, and foolish assumption. The mythological story of a man who, seeing himself mirrored in a stream, became so enamored of his appearance that he died of the effects, illustrates the fatalities under which thousands of both sexes have fallen by the view of their own superiority. Extraordinary capacities cause extraordinary temptations. Men who have good moral health down in the valley, on top of the mountain are seized of consumption. Monimia, the wife of Mithridates, was strangled with her own diadem. While the most of us will not have the same kind of temptation which Hadassah must have felt from her attractiveness of personal appearance. There may be some to whom it may be an advantage to hold up the character of the beautiful captive who sacrificed not her humility and earnestness of disposition to the world's admiration and flattery. The chief secret of the beauty of the violet is that, away down in the grass from one week's end to another, it never mistrusts that it is a violet.

AN INTERESTING SLAB.

It Marks the Boundary Between Mexico and the United States.

Under the direction of the Boundary Survey commission the old marble monument, which, since 1849, has marked the dividing line between the United States and Mexico at the coast has been brought away to be dressed up. For years that monument has been a point of interest, and has been visited by thousands of citizens and strangers. Each has apparently felt that no one would believe he or she had been there if some portion of the slab were not carried away to be offered in evidence on all occasions.

The result has been that the marble has been chipped and defaced until its orignal form is almost lost. It is because of all this that the slab is undergoing repairs. To work out the effacements the surface would have to be worked down two inches. When redressed the stone will again be placed in position, but this time it will be protected by a fence of steel pickets. The inclosure will be twelve feet square. The pickets will be eight feet high, the tops sharply pointed and leaning inward, after the device of some rat traps, so that while it might be possible for an active person to climb in, it would require a first-class acrobat to climb out over those curving pickets. Besides this a new law makes it a penal offense to mutilate the monuments.

At Tia Juana a similar slab will be erected on the old brick foundation on National avenue, which has long been a landmark there. The Tia Juana monument will be of granite instead of marble, and it will be inclosed with steel pickets, like the one at the coast line.—N. Y. Advertiser.

In the Market.—New Clerk—"What shall I wrap these chicken wings in?" Boss—"Fly paper, of course."—Detroit Free Press.

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BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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CHAPTER I.



THE colonel was hopping mad. Anybody could see it, and everybody within range of his tongue and temper felt it. Bob Gray, the adjutant, guessed it before he got within sound of his voice, and could swear to it before he got out again. Being only an adjutant, however, he couldn't swear at it, and so keep on even terms with his chief. He bottled his wrath, as he did the colonel's commentaries, and kept them both for future emergencies. A relic of the vaunted old dragoon days was the colonel; one of the fast vanishing lot of hard-riding, hard-fighting, and sometimes hard-swearing campaigners who had learned their trade under masters of the art long years before the war. He had crossed the Llano Estacado and camped on the Mimbres and chased the Navajoes when Navajoes were monarchs of the southwestern plains, were bellicose not bucolic, raised sheol instead of sheep—a statement otherwise expressed by Kit Carson, a keen scout and a keener judge of aboriginal nature, who said that when they were not raising hell or ha'r in equal proportions the Navajoes were either dead or asleep. We were having campaigns ten times more thrilling in point of incident, ten time fiercer in point of fighting and casualties, ten times tougher in point of hardship and privation—and the food we lived on—than those of the Navajo days, to be sure, but the colonel would have it the service wasn't to be mentioned alongside that to which he had been accustomed when they scouted with Kearney or Fauntleroy and rode races with the Mounted Rifles at Albuquerque and Santa Fe. "They made cavalrymen in those days," said he. Then with gloomy reference to the losses of the summer just gone by: "Now they only kill 'em, and this set of slummers they are sending out to recruit us is only fit to be killed, anyhow. Why the devil did you send me such a wooden-headed idiot for an orderly on this day of all others?" he demanded of his staff officer. "Why, he couldn't speak English!"

Now, when the colonel began to ask questions and invite explanations we all knew that he had, measurably at least, blown off his wrath; was beginning to regret anything sharp he had said; was penitent, and wanted to be mollified and forgiven and taken into good fellowship again. Nobody knew this better than the adjutant, or presumed on it more. At this stage of the proceedings Bob became downright impudent. But his brown eyes twinkled with fun as he stood facing the colonel and waiting for an opportunity to speak.

"No, sir; he couldn't speak a word of English," repeated the colonel.

"We-ell," said Bob, reflectively, "it wasn't a civil service examination I was running. He was the cleanest man on guard, and your orders are—"

"Then send me the dirtiest so long as we are in the field," burst in the colonel, impetuously. "What I want in an orderly is just what I don't want in an adjutant—a man who can repeat what I say, and not think."

"Well, anybody ought to be able to do that, sir," began the adjutant, with a twitch under the heavy thatch of his moustache.

"Wait till I get through, young man," interrupted the colonel again, impressively; "then you may be as harmless as you know how. What I need in an adjutant is one who can think and not say anything—except when I tell him to. Now, you sent me a Dutch doll that couldn't even squawk in English. He called me names in some foreign lingo."

"Well, you wouldn't want him to do it in English, would you, colonel?"

"Wouldn't? I didn't—d—n it! where are your wits this morning, Gray? He—he—what was it he called me, Fallon?"

"Sounded like O-burst; was all I heard, sir," said the quartermaster, uncomfortably. "But Sergt. Stein says that's only the double Dutch for colonel."

Mr. Gray's eyes were dancing now. "I never saw the man before in my life, colonel," said he. "He came with that big batch of recruits the other day. Manning's first sergeant marched him on. He looked spick-span neat and clean and intelligent—by long odds the trimmest and most soldier-like fellow on guard."

"Not excepting the officer of the day and adjutant, I suppose," interposed the colonel.

"No exceptions whatever, sir. Indeed, not excepting any man in the whole command, from the colonel up—I mean down. You were saying yesterday that the only way to tell real cavalrymen from recruits was that we looked like jayhawkers and they like Jew-store dummies. Still, I thought the sight of a man clean shaved, with buttons and buckles polished, would please your eyes after all this campaign's mud, so I sent him. Of course, if he could only call you names in Dutch I'm sorry, and will see that you're properly looked after next time."

But even "Old Tintop" began to see the fun under the sedate gravity of the adjutant's words.

"Confound you for a young rascal! What have you been making me say, anyhow? Come back here, Fallon, and stop your laughing, too, sir! You're a nice pair to play it on your old— What do you want, sir?"

Turning suddenly, he addressed a ragged, tattered, hungry-looking party in hunting-shirt, buckskin breeches and Shoshone leggins, standing attention before the colonel's "shack"—he had no tent—with a bare brown hand raised to his rusty brown carbine in salute.

"I'm ordered to report to the colonel as the dirtiest man on guard, sir," was the stolid answer.

For a moment the commander gazed at him in wrath, and then a light flashed across his mental vision.

"Now see what you've reduced me to, Gray, you infernal young sinner. I sent Stein back with the orderly you picked out, and here's the result."

"Well, sir, if dirt's what you want, this—"

"But it isn't," interrupted the colonel. "I want an orderly, and not a scarecrow. Now you see, do you?"

"I think I do, sir. Neither a rag doll nor a Dutch doll, neither the cleanest nor the dirtiest, just a happy medium, one who can call names in English preferred, not so swell as to put our headquarters to shame, nor so shabby as to make us blush for all— Well, I think I understand you."

But here the colonel interposed with language so forcible as to put a stop even to Gray's fun, which he would stand, as a rule, longer than anybody else's. Meantime, the discovery having been made that recruit Schramm was but a novice in English, whatsoever he might be in German, that young soldier was told by the sergeant of the guard to "Go on out of this and back to your bunkies. Sure you couldn't tell a Sioux from a snyster unless he shot you in Dutch," which, being interpreted, was understood to mean that until he had mastered the English language he wasn't fit for sentry duty. And so, much troubled, the young fellow went to Sergt. Schultz, a Prussian like himself, and sorrowfully told his tale.

Never in his life had Private Schramm's blue eyes gazed on scenes and soldiers such as these. Just what he expected to find in the ranks of the American army he had revealed as yet to no one. It was the eventful summer of '76, when, amazed at the force and fury with which the Sioux had fought and baffled the commands of Crook and Custer, Terry and Gibbon,



"I'M ORDERED TO REPORT AS THE DIRTIEST MAN ON GUARD."

congress authorized the immediate enlistment of twenty-five hundred men to fill the gaps in the four regiments of cavalry engaged in the campaign. No credentials were required. Eager for a chance to get to the new diggings—the Black Hills of Dakota—at the expense of Uncle Sam, swarms of toughs were enlisted in the slums of New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore, and four weeks later were deserting by the dozen, with horse and equipment complete, as they reached the wasted army in the field. But there was leaven in the lump. "That young feller's a soldier clean through," said the recruiting sergeant when Schramm gave his name, age, nationality, etc., answering promptly so long as the questions were propounded in the German tongue.

"Can't he speak English at all?" said the recruiting officer, doubtfully. "Well, what's the odds, after all, so long as he's only going to be scalped? Swear him in." And so, silent, observant, patient, Schramm was shipped westward with the first lot of victims, turned over to the waiting officers at the cavalry depot, was marched out to camp and set to work grooming a horse the very evening of his arrival, and turned out for drill the next morning, when, barring a certain quaint habit of throwing the left foot far out to the front at the command "march," and a queer way of executing "about face," it was found that he was far better drilled in the rudiments, at least, than the corporal detailed as his instructor. The carbine manual was strange to him, but not so the saber. He handled it like a master. He knew how to clean and polish arms, belt buckles, etc., in a way that the few old hands at the post recognized at once as "expert." He was besieged by German sergeants with queries as to his past history, but said he preferred to keep all that to himself. Yes, he had served. No use in denying that. He had been through certain cadet schools and entered a certain regiment of hussars: which one he wouldn't say, neither could they find out by writing. It was nobody's business but his own, anyhow, said he: The United States had adopted him, and he was now an Amerikaner, a "Freiwilliger," too. Long before the weary march to the hills was over he had demonstrated the fact that he was a fine horseman and a good shot. Lieut. Ray, commander of the big detachment, had more than once spoken of it; and so, when finally they reached the wild romantic hills and were distributed among the regiments there awaiting them, Schramm looked with wonderment in his soul, if not in his eyes, at the slouch-hatted, rough-shirted, unshaven officers, at the ragged mob of the rank and file, at their gaunt skeletons of horses, and marveled that his strange fortunes had made him a soldier in so strange a service.

Wisely he kept his views to himself, making no comment even to the Germans, who were disposed to be sociable and to question him as to his antecedents. In two days a strong column marched away—all broken-down men and horses and all raw recruits being left behind—but with Schramm, evidently an educated cavalryman, riding buoyantly in the ranks of D troop on the spirited roan he had bestridden all the way from the railway. "Whatever they look," thought he, "these fellows are mightily at home on the frontier." Sergt. Schultz explained that they always left their uniforms in garrison when in the field after Indians, but called his attention to the fact that they never lived better in the old country than these rough-looking fellows were living now. Already the ills of the summer were forgotten.

Whether he forgot or not, Schramm made no reply. He was well content with his rations, for field appetite is a wondrous sauce, and soldier coffee, with bacon, beans, "Dutch oven" bread and antelope steak have a relish in the keen October air known only to the frontiersman. Schramm, from looking pale, peaked, and a trifle pathetic when he stepped from the crowded train at the railway, had sprouted a fuzzy beard, blistered the skin of his cheeks and nose in the hot noonday sunshine, scared his eyelids by intemperate ablutions in alkali water, and was making commendable progress in plainscraft and plains-English. In three weeks' scouting down the South Cheyenne, with the Bad Lands on the right and worse lands on the left, he became so proficient in the cavalry art of pre-empting a good patch of grass for his horse that his troop commander, closely watching his new recruit, remarked that that young fellow would be a valuable non-commissioned officer some day, if he hadn't been already. Like the Germans of his heterogeneous troop, the captain was of the opinion that Schramm had a history.

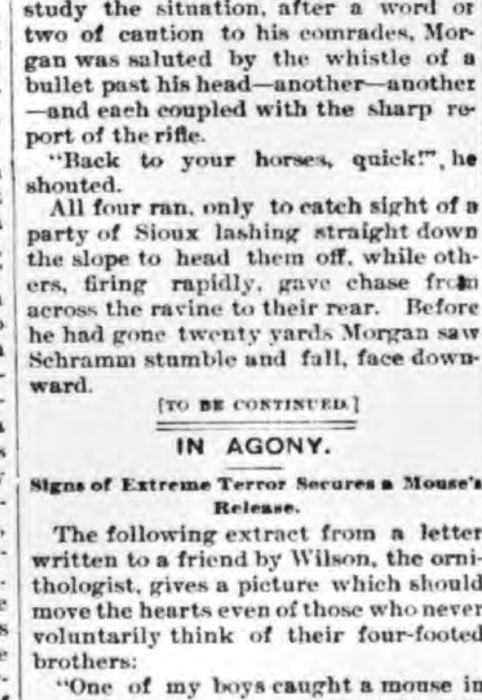
One evening, far down the valley where not an Indian had been seen or heard of, the outlying sentries reported a bunch of black-tailed deer in the foothills to the northwest. Lieut. Morgan was in command of the guard, and his captain was officer of the day. Morgan took a squad of three or four men, mounted and rode away down the wind, while a party of officers scrambled up the bank to the edge of the broad prairie to watch the sport. It was just then that Schramm, his blue eyes ablaze, clicked his heels together, stood bolt upright, and began, coloring even redder in combined eagerness and embarrassment, "Bitte, Herr Rittmeister," then, desperately plunging into trooper's English as he had heard it spoken: "Kin I go along mit dem fellers alretty?" and as Manning nodded assent, he saluted with marked precision, bored a hole with his heel in the alkali dust in punctilious execution of the "kehrt," sprang bareback on his horse and rode away, carbine in hand, after his trooper comrades. Half an hour went by, and the herd, still undisturbed, continued to graze. The hunters were out of sight among the depressions of the surface. The captain sent for his field glass, and other officers joined him and levelled their binoculars on the distant quarry—just a deer family having a quiet dinner together in a sheltered ravine opening out into the broad bottom of the stream. Presently, one after another, three or four black objects crawled around a point. "Yonder's Morgan," said the watchers. Suddenly the deer family tossed high their heads, then darted away into the hills and were out of sight in an instant. Two or three of the younger officers set up a laugh of derision: "Pretty hunting, that is!" But the elders looked grave. "What scared them?" was the query. The black dots of hunters had halted, evidently in surprise. There seemed to be a moment of consulation, and then all three could be seen running back in the direction in which they came.

"Going for the horses to chase the deer," laughed young Leonard, who sneered at Morgan's claims as a deer-stalker.

"Chase be hanged! Look there! the deer are chasing them."

Then up rose every man in mad excitement, for their senior lieutenant, Mr. Ray, had sprung to his feet and rushed for his horse. "Deer, you damned fool! It's Indians!" he cried; and, shouting for some of the guard to follow him, Mr. Ray threw himself upon his nimble sorrel and darted out over the prairie to the rescue. In a minute half a dozen men were stringing along after him, while the alarm sounded among the cotton-woods and the herd-guards came driving in their excited cavalladas.

Meantime, there was the mischief to pay. Leaving two men as horse-holders in a little swale, Morgan with three others, including the eager young Prussian, crawled off for a shot at the herd. They were in plain view, and



RISING TO HIS FEET TO STUDY THE SITUATION.

utterly unsuspicious of approach from that quarter, when, all on a sudden, the buck started, stamped, tossed his crest, and away they all flew up the grassy ravine. Rising to his feet to study the situation, after a word or two of caution to his comrades, Morgan was saluted by the whistle of a bullet past his head—another—another—and each coupled with the sharp report of the rifle.

"Back to your horses, quick!", he shouted.

All four ran, only to catch sight of a party of Sioux lashing straight down the slope to head them off, while others, firing rapidly, gave chase from across the ravine to their rear. Before he had gone twenty yards Morgan saw Schramm stumble and fall, face downward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AGONY.

Signs of Extreme Terror Secures a Mouse's Release.

The following extract from a letter written to a friend by Wilson, the ornithologist, gives a picture which should move the hearts even of those who never voluntarily think of their four-footed brothers:

"One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with the prize. I set about drawing it, the same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the extreme agony of fear.

"I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty.

"The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt, at the moment, the sweet sensation which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

What a lesson for us all! And what an excellent anecdote to read to the family cat, when she sits down to wash her face after a lunch on uncooked food!

Where the Money Came In.

"A poet never writes for money, sir," asserted the long-haired man oracularly.

"What does he write for?" asked the young business man.

"For fame, for posterity."

"But I have seen some of your poems in the magazines."

"Oh, yes," replied the long-haired man, carelessly. "Of course we have to accept when editors insist upon paying us for the privilege of conveying our work to posterity."—Chicago Post.

Distance in Ireland.

I asked a Cavan laboring man how far it was to a place for which I was bound. "Two miles, your raverence." "Two miles and a little more?" said I, knowing by long experience that my countrymen don't like to discourage a traveler by letting him know that he has still a long walk before him. "Well, your raverence, it's two miles *sthrong and rich*, so to spake."—London Spectator.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Van Quille—"Do you know, I have a perfect passion for poetry?" Miss Beacon—"Unrequited, isn't it?"—Kate Field's Washington.

—"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why, he is not more than 20 years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Reason.—Bridget—"Soy, Pat, fer why is it they calls this our tin weddin'?" Pat—"Faith an' it's becaze we've been married tin years."—Arkansas Traveler.

—Hubby—"Well, I guess I'll have a shave." Wifey—"Wait till Willie leaves the room. It is so hard to break him of bad words when once he gets started on them."—N. Y. Herald.

—Miss Pyrte—"What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach?" Mr. Olebach—"Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me." Miss Pyrte—"And you never got over it!"—Tit-Bits.

—An Antiquated Discovery.—Inventor to town treasurer—"I have a splendid patent I'd like to sell you. It's for keeping down a surplus." Town treasurer—"Pooh! We discovered that long ago."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—"Are you a district messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted old gentleman of an urchin on the street. "No, sir," was the reply; "it's my sore toe that makes me walk that way."—Washington Star.

—Squildig—"Didn't Timberwheel feel cheap when Miss Frisky sued him for breach of promise?" McSwilligen—"Cheap? Well, I guess not! The girl secured a verdict for $25,000."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Gent—"Where were you employed last?" Man-servant—"At a writing-master's." Gent—"What were you required to do?" Man-servant—"I had to keep shaking the table when a new pupil wrote the words: 'This is my handwriting before commencing to take lessons.'"—Ulk.

—Rules of Refinement.—Mrs. De Style—"Don't wear that dress. A soiled or faded silk is the acme of vulgarity." Daughter—"Then what shall I wear?" Mrs. De Style—"Wear your new dress with that old yellow lace which we found in your grandmother's ash-heap."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Contributor—"I have here an article on 'What Poets Have Said of the Moon.'" Editor—"That would interest no one; but if you can give me an authentic account of what the moon has said about the poets during the past few thousands of years, I would willingly pay you double rates for it."—Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Mucheash—"It's perfectly absurd, I think." Mr. Mucheash—"What is?" Mrs. Mucheash—"Why, that Georgie's Sunday-school teacher told him to look in the Old Testament for his lesson." Mr. Mucheash—"What of that?" Mrs. Mucheash—"Well, we haven't one in the house that we've had over three months."—Inter Ocean.

DANGERS OF A SCRATCH.

An Excellent Preventative of Evil Consequences.

Scarcely a day passes that many persons do not, in some way or other, get a scratch, a small cut or a bruise that may break the skin. In most instances not the slightest attention is paid to this beyond the temporary annoyance of the pain and the possible irritation when the hands are put into water or some subsequent blow in the same spot brings an exclamation on account of the hurt. This, while a common practice, is by no means a wise one. The air is full of floating disease-germs, especially the air of cities and towns, and an injury of this sort, be it ever so slight, might furnish excellent breeding ground for some deadly bacteria. It is a good plan always to keep a bottle of prepared carbolic acid and glycerine and frequently touch all bruises or sore spots with it. This is one of the most convenient and effective germicides imaginable. It is said by excellent medical authority that either this preparation or listerine would prevent half of the contagious diseases that afflict the country. It is believed that many cases of fever and other serious ailments can be contracted by a floating germ coming in contact with the abraded skin. Once snugly lodged in this most congenial dwelling-place, the germ multiplies with amazing rapidity and soon overruns the entire system. Therefore, whenever there is a bruise or scratch or an injury of this sort, germicidal applications should be at once resorted to. Some physicians recommend the use of court-plaster, but this is rank poison to so many people that its general use can scarcely be commended.—N. Y. Ledger.

Trademarks on Tombstones.

It was for a long time the custom in Scotland to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Hundreds of graves so marked may still be seen in the older cemeteries of that country. In the town of Dublane, in the burial ground of the abbey, of the tombstones which are from one hundred to two hundred years old fully one-third are marked in that manner, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane or sack of flour may be seen as showing the grave of the grocer; an ax and a saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker, and on one tomb the figure of a man with a knife in one hand, while the other held a bull by the horns, indicated that a butcher lay buried beneath.—St. Louis Republic.

Recreation Echo

CHAS P. GALYON, Publisher,

HARRIMAN, TENN.

MRS. C. PORTER GALYON, Editor.

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HARRIMAN, TENN

Send to us for estimates on any and all kinds of Job Printing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

On account of our removal from Knoxville to Harriman, delays in all branches of our work have been unavoidable. We are now thoroughly straightened out and perfect running order has been restored. The ECHO has been a financial success and has grown to such proportions that it now requires our undivided attention in its publication. Our business in the future will be run under systematic rules and in such a manner that nothing will be left undone. and our subscribers and friends may rest assured that all their wants will be promptly attended to.

* * * * * *

A marked improvement will be seen in this issue, the paper has been enlarged from a four column to a five column, eight page paper. New illustrated stories and other interesting features, which go to make up a first class paper, have been added, and we now feel proud in presenting to our friends one of the best low priced papers published.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Galyon will attend to the wants of our invalid friends, and with her perseverance, untiring patience and the warm and sympathetic feeling which naturally exists in her heart for those so unfortunate as to be shut out from God's beautiful world, it will be safe to say that her department will be one of the most interesting contained in the ECHO. Her bright and interesting talks will appear regularly every two weeks and they will no doubt prove a source of much enjoyment and condolence to all members of the band. It will be her greatest effort at all times to set forth some of her brightest thoughts, and her selections will be of the very best character obtainable. Nothing that has a tendency to cast a gloom over or discourage the sick, will ever enter her department. Her motto will be "Look up, lift up," and the hearty co-operation of all our friends are earnestly requested. What a blessed thing it is to know that you have a sympathetic friend to whom you can carry your wants in time of sorrow. A confiding spirit and sympathetic feeling are worth more than riches to those who are shut out from this beautiful world.

Our free "Exchange column" will be given regular space in each issue, and will prove of great interest to all our readers. Let it be borne in mind that our exchange column is free to our regular subscribers only, and they are welcome to use it as often as they may desire.

WANTS IT AS A GUIDE.

ORWELL, OHIO, October 10th, 1894.

RECREATION ECHO, Knoxville, Tenn.

SIR:—Please find enclosed 25 cents in stamps for which please send me ECHO for one year.

I got hold of the Feb. '94 ECHO and was going to send then for it but but by some mishap it got lost and I just found it to-day. I am making a stamp collection and want it to aid me in my work. Respectfully,

O. L. MAPES, M. D.

To New Subscribers.

During the next 60 days to every 20th person sending us 25c for one year's subscription to the ECHO, we will promptly re-mail to them their 25c and send them the paper one year free of charge. Letters will be opened just as they come to us from the post office. Send us your subscription at once and you may be the lucky one. You have nothing to lose for the paper within itself is worth twice the money.

MR. C. P. Galyon, Dear Sir:—My exchange notice in the ECHO has not only greatly increased my collection and placed me in touch with many collectors heretofore unknown to me, but proven conclusively the value of the ECHO as an advertising medium. I have averaged from 1 to 3 letters a day from it alone.

CHARLES A. COOK, Moreno, Cal.

THE Loyal Home Workers are the winners in securing the first page of the ECHO by a large majority.

OSCAR C. PIERSON, Box 12, Haleyville, N. J., is a helpless cripple. We received recently a long, interesting letter from him saying that he greatly feared he would have to suspend the publication of his little paper, "The Open Door," unles friends would come to his assistance in purchasing a printing outfit. A number of kind people have given him small sums which aggregates some twenty dollars.

Readers of the ECHO are earnestly appealed to in aiding this worthy brother and his devoted wife. We ask that you subscribe for his little paper and thus help him in this his struggling hour.

10 WEEKS FOR 10c. Yankee Blade has a million readers every week. To show you the oldest and best family weekly story paper in America, it will be sent Established 1841. on trial, 10 weeks for 10c. Give the address of 3 story-reading friends, mention this paper and address YANKEE BLADE, Boston, Mass.

LOYAL HOME WORKERS.

[Continued from page 1.]

Before closing I wish to thank Brothers Stockton, Savery and Anderson for sending me orders for C C. cards.

Yours Most Loyally,
LOU M. STARING,
Grand View, Tenn.

Where and Who They All Are.

Five years have passed and I am "Back to the Old Home" again! Bring your chair near the window there on the grate you will find "A Live Ember," light up your meerschaum and as we listen to the music of "The Brook" we'll enjoy an hour of "Golden Gossip." 'Tis only "When a Man's Single" he can enjoy life like this. And you want to know something of the friends I've met. Like "Ships That Pass in the Night" and hail one another in passing. There is "Our Mutual Friend" Zoe O., she is the same as ever, possessing "What Gold Cannot Buy," "A Golden Heart." Amos L married "A Fair Barbarian," whom he met on "Midway" while at the World's Fair. He wanted me to call, but as my time was limited I could not go: From the way he talked they could exist on "Bread and Cheese and Kisses" they are so infatuated with each other. As for Clarence Cone, did you ever notice that he resembles Bertie Cecil "Under Two Flags?" "Only a Firey Ordeal" will arouse the splendid qualities that lie dormant. Carrie King is one of "The King's Own" and is proving to the world "What a Woman Can Do." But the jolliest place of all was "Locksley Hall" where "Ten Old Maids" reign supreme. They were not all at home when I was there. Daisy D. had gone on a "Fools Errand," "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" distributing woman's suffrage tracts. You didn't know "The Widow Goldsmith's Daughter?" She married Ed Edmondson, and they say the widow helped Ed in "Forging the Fetters." Yes, there's M. Warner. I had to listen to his tale of woe. He can't wed all the "Fair Women" who smile on him. At present his heart is divided between "Bonny Kate" Brown and "A Little Irish Girl." Warner is afraid a "Knight Errant." Mildren Baldwin is a noted "Blue Stocking." It is several years since Kate Warthen was "A Southern Planters Northern Bride." Julius Gogan is "Winning His Spurs" and from all reports he has "Won by Waiting," a well known Buckeye girl. Somewhere in "The Wide, Wide World," you'll find "Three Men in a Boat," Brothers McMurray, Gates and Randall, searching for the promises Uncle Sam made the "Boys of '61," but nothing is gained by "Looking Backward."

One day as I was walking in Boston, "A Woman's Face" attracted my attention and in a minute I recognized Rose Jansen, who was visiting there. We enjoyed an hour talking over the "Past and Present," and why am I not married? That is hardly "A Question of Honor," but I will answer. "She" is "The Other Man's wife" and I have learned to take the "Darkness and Daylight," "Tempest and Sunshine," as it comes. "JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman."

A Great Family Newspaper.

That popular illustrated family newspaper, PENNSYLVANIA GRIT, which is now sold in every state in the Union, east of the Rocky Mountains, is giving to those who cut out the coupons printed in it each week, free books, and art albums. Buy a copy from the newsboy. or send for a free sample copy, and learn particulars. A beautiful art supplement given with each number. Agents wanted in every town where it is not now being sold. See advertisement in an other column. Address GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa. The subscription price is only 50c for three months. Try it.

A Great Opportunity.

To each of the first 100 subscribers sending us during the next 60 days, 10 subscriptions to WOMAN'S WORK, with a money order for $5, we will promptly return $4 in payment for their trouble. If you are not among the first 100 you may select any premium that we offer for 10 names. If you makeup a club and fail to get as many as 10 names, you may select a premium for whatever number you send us, with 50 cents each. This is a great offer, and is open only to our subscribers, or to those who remit 50 cents extra for their own subscription.

You can be among the first 100 if you try—wether you live in a small town or a large one, wether in Georgia or a distant state. A sample copy of this popular family magazine will be mailed on receipt of 5 cents but as you are sure to like it you had better send 50 cents fors subscription. Address. WOMAN'S WORK. Athens. Georgia.

Trains Discontinued.

After the departure of trains No. 15, from Columbia at 5:10 P. M., Sept. 28th, and after departure of train No. 14 from Paint Rock at 6:50 A. M., and train No. 15 from Ashville at 7:00 P. M., Sept. 29th, these trains will be discontinued between Columbia and Paint Rock.



OUR Invalid and SHUT-IN Friends.

—Edited by—
Mrs. C. Porter Galyon

CHATS.

If you have written a letter for publication and fail to find it in this issue, do not be discouraged for it will be published soon as possible. Letters for publication have been received from the following persons:

Julia E. Payne, Mary A. Rhodes, Mrs. Wm. Callihan, Mrs. B. A. Berry, (2), Jenny Crawford, "Alita," Mrs. M. E. Oades, "Spartan Matron," Mary F. Messer, Mrs. L. B. Gay, Mrs. G. W. Morgan, Mrs. Fannie J. Cater, "A. Q. L.," Annie B. Pettigrew, Mrs M. R. Hinshaw, Eva T. Pryor, Wm. A. Lockhart, "Golda Lee," Ella B. Depue, Melinda Rodden, Mrs. Geo. Jakes, Ben C. Knight, Mrs. C. O. Wheeler, Mrs. O. R. Tyler, Sadie T. Engell, Carl Sudermann, Chas. T. Zepp, Mattie Painter, Mrs. Carrie V. Mead. Mrs. E. M. Coates, Mrs. Olive Hart, Mrs. Sarah G. Smith, Mrs. Joseph E. Bailey, Maria Souther, Sarah Hunt, Etta F. Smith, Edith Patton, Mrs. A. C. Fassaur, Mrs. Etta A. Brow, Lola Belle Roath, W L. Moise.

I am anxious to make this department of the ECHO one of the most interesting in the paper, and if any of you have a suggestion to offer or a plan by which our department can be improved, let me hear from you.

Mrs. J. McBride, Pike City, Cal., will gladly work a block on an outline quilt for the Shut-Ins.

To all of you who have sent congratulations I wish to return thanks. Our baby Edna, is progressing nicely, enjoying good health and is a source of much pleasure to us.

Sarah Johns, 735 North 7th Street, Manitowac, Wis., wishes correspondents.

If any of you fail to find your letters published don't get impatient for I have so many it will take some time to reach all, however I mean to neglect none.

Mrs. C. O. Wheeler, formely of 47 Jaques Ave., Woorcester, Mass., has moved to 16 Church Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

"In Old Virginia."

A few years ago one of the King's Daughters was driven by the bleak winds along the coast of Maine to seek shelter and health in sunny Virginia for the winter.

Perhaps it was not the chill winds after all, but an especial Providence that sent this sweet shy girl to us. She was too modest to claim her Royal lineage, and too reserved to speak to those about her of her great Father; yet we guessed from her gracious sweetness, and the simple nobility of her bearing, whose child she was. And we felt "our hearts burn within us" with a desire to be more worthy of our own dear Lord and King.

So it was, that our circle came to be organized, at first with eight, now with fourteen members living far apart in a thinly settled country; half pine forest, half broad fields of indian corn and peanuts; here and there a negro cabin and occasionally a farm house.

For three years this circle has met from house to house, with prayer and offerings of the work of our hands—all we had to give.

Our name is "keepers of the Sanctuary," and we strive to keep our hearts "meet for the Masters' use," and in dwelling Clean and Pure.

There are few churches near us, and we often go to a little "Free church," where all denomination may assemble and preach Christ, without regard to creed.

It is nestled in the heart of a forest of pine, standing close about the rude unpainted structure. Inside the only furniture is the little plain pine desk and benches in a double row. Here "the swallow hath found her a nest," also the squirrel and the wasp, to the great discomfort of the worshipers, who gather once a month to listen to the good man, who drives forty miles through wind and weather to bring the gospel messages. Sometimes besides these Daughters of the King, there were less than a dozen present. Yet this faithful embassador of Christ is as faithful as earnest and cheerful in his ministrations to the "two or three gathered together in His name, as though he gave "manna of the word" to multitudes. We were not of the faith, but as we came to know the man, how cheerfully he had battled with bitter poverty, with nine children to, a slender salary not exceeding $200 a year and the difficulty of speaking heart to heart with a poople who scarcely understood his Scotch accents, (he is a Scotchman and a Pre-byterian) and who were nearly all of a different faith. No wonder the hearts of these King's Daughters went out to him and longed to help him in his brave struggle for his God and his little ones. So it came to us one quiet Sunday evening as two of us sat in the little church listening to the soft Scotch accents, blended with the sweet notes of the mocking bird just outside the window, while the fans swayed lazily within, and the green boughs stirred softly without. All whispering of the tender mercy and loving kindness of the all kind Father. A way was revealed to us to do this faithful servant of the King a kindness in His name.

So we assumed the education of one of the nine children. Our aim being to render her self supporting and helpful as a teacher, as well as a help to the tired father and mother and the little ones. Several hundred dollars will be needed for this and we have only the work of our hands (already full) to depend upon.

But on that quiet Sunday evening when the "Little Nell Education Fund" was born in the little church among the pines. We prayed the King to dispose other hearts towards the work we had undertaken for Him.

The scheme is young, an infant of days and needs a helping hand to set it on its feet. Will any child of the King "lend a hand?" Our trustee and sponsor is the Rev. W. A. Campbell, 318 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va., a widely known Presbyterian minister. For any particulars address Miss L. P. Blow, Lumberton Sussex county, Va.

EXCHANGES.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS

I will insert a page ad, in the Mankato Philatelist for 5 Standard stamp coupons or a half page for 3 coupons. I will also take columbians above 2 cents in exchange for advertising. Address with stmp Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron Street. Mankato Minn.

I have many common and rare stamps of all countries duplicates of a large collection, Would exchange for gymnastic or athletic goods or musical instruments. Write me what you have and give reference. Robert. J. Carney. 40 Greenwich street. Roxbury Mass.

Beautiful braid made of Florida cabbage palm for ladies and gents hats for exchange for dry goods by Mrs A. Nephens. Johns Pass. Fla.

I will send four quilt patterns and diagrams to piece by for 2 yards of small figured print, light. Tree of Paradise, ladies wreath, basket of lillies, centennial. All subscribing through me for ECHO, at 25 cents a year will receive 3 patterns free, or receipe to prevent hair turning gray; please address. Mrs. Wm. Callihan. Webster Ill.

R. L. Stevens, Danville Ills,, Gladioli Bulbs lot of choice books, minerals, fossils, confederate money, 2 stamp directories etc for any kind to columbians, old U. S. and confederate stamps.

I have a number of small articles to exchange will also do outlining, make little ones garments, beautiful wide crochet lace, make fine fancy pointed tucked aprons, fine drawn worked aprons, etc at reasonable prices for either money or goods. that would be useful to me, write saying what you have, with value of same. Mrs. J. Mc Bride. Piki City cal.

A valuable soap recipe, book and monthly paper for offers in valuable stamps and useful articles. Please enclose stamped envelope when writing for information, Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Maine.

Would like to exchange The Visitor, a magazine with shut-in department, for the ECHO. I have a gold locket size of a silver dollar, to exchange for one dollars worth of bleached muslin or two nice, large size, night dresses. Carrie E. Wilder, Box 154, Williamson, N. Y.

Mrs. L. E. Beane, Miskimon, Va., will send beautiful white aprons, hemstitched with six rows of painted tucks, for value of 75 cents in dry goods.

A large quantity of reading books and story papers to exchange for 10 canceled Columbian stamps other than the 1 and 2. Enclose 2 cent stamp for postage. Florence Langley, West Levant, Maine.

Will send three cross-stitch patterns for apron or dresses for 2 spools thread. 20 stamping patterns for outline quilt with impression paper for 2½ yards small checked gingham or value. Pattern of rooster iron holder for 1 spool of thread. Crochet cups and saucers for 3 yards muslin or offers. Mrs. G. W. Morgan, Burnham, Ill.

I wil mail 100 circulars for every Standard stamp coupon sent me in good condition. 100 circulars my ad. on one side, yours on the other for a 2 cent stamp. Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron street, Mankato, Minn.

200 Columbian stamps or valuable recipe for rheumatism to exchange for recipe for cold process for preserving fruit for recipe for kidney difficulties. Laura A. Warwick, Tracy Creek, N. Y.

Three yards of figured cream colored challie for three yards black sateen or three pair of child's hose, No. 8 fast black. Mrs. L. Wood, Pike City, Sierra county, Cal.

I've pretty drawn work and hem-stitched aprons for value 75 and 85 cents in dry goods. Linda Beane, Miskimon, Va.

50 postmarks, no two alike, and 300 cancelled stamps for best offer in bird eggs, oologists instruments or confederate money. L. M. Staring, Box 25, Grand View, Tenn.

Who will send me a few numbers of Modern Priscilla of 1892, also a few old Households? Will send quilt patterns in exchange. Mrs. G. W. Morgan, Burnham, Ill.

Packages of heliotrope and rose sachet perfumes, starch polish, death to moths, paper covered books and postmarks to exchange for plain square cut postmarks of all offices except large cities, 1 packet of either one for 100 postmarks. Collectors and others please write. Mrs S. A. B. Sherwin, Ostrander, Minn.

One dozen Colorado writing pens sent in exchange for every 125 rarities of postmarks. Postal autographs exchanged with all and especially N. T. C. C. Guards. Walter B. Longstreth, Gratiot, Ohio.

Periwinkle roots (a handsome evergreen vine) to exchange for 1 20c novel and a 2 cent stamp for postage or for three nice crocheted lace samples and stamp. I have an Elgin typewriter worth 50c, new, for best offer of crochet lace or white muslin. One year, 1891, Ladies' World to exchange for crocheted lace. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson. N. J.

Mrs. Linda Beane, Miskimon, Va., will exchange lace, ribbon, fancy matts, and tidies, etc., etc., for cancelled stamps. Has lovely drawn work aprons for sale or exchange.

Mrs. Annie Wright, Marshall, Mo., will do embroidery or stamping to order at very moderate rates. If you write, enclose stamp if reply is desired.

I will insert a page ad. in the Mankato Philatelist for 5 standard stamp coupons or a half page for 3 coupons. I will also take Columbians above 2c in exchange for advertising. Address with stamp Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron street, Mankato, Minn.

Vienna's Bachelor Club.

Our Vienna correspondent is able to contradict a misleading report. It has been said that a club of men of position has been formed in that city for the assistance of young women of humble station who may aspire to marriage with them. A new club has indeed come into being, but it is of quite another sort. It is a club of professed bachelors—a celibate order of dandies. It derives its origin no doubt from a well known London institution which bears the same name. But our Bachelors' club binds its members by no self denying ordinance in regard to the future, and we believe it demands not more than that candidates shall have been single at one time in their lives. That might be tolerated as a passing condition, but it is a very different thing to shut the door to repentance forever.

The Viennese women are justly incensed, and some threaten to retaliate by forming another society pledged to a stern refusal of all offers from the Bachelors' club. This implies the belief that the bachelors cannot possibly keep their vows, and it proves to be in singular harmony with experience. They have broken them by anticipation. An indignant woman has openly charged the president with frequent promises of marriage to herself and has demanded his deposition. In all probability the institution will have to change its title and become the Sour Grapes.—London Telegraph.

Peru Makes Reparation.

Secretary Gresham has been fortunate enough to score a success within the first six weeks of his service at the head of the department of state.

Peru has promised full reparation for the recent attack upon our consular agency at Mollendo, and as an earnest of her purpose has already removed from office the subprefect of the department in which the assault occurred. Minister Hicks, in reporting the affair, spoke of the person who had been wounded as an acting consular agent, and since Mr. Griffith is our accredited representative at Mollendo a native of Peru may have been in temporary charge of the consulate during the outbreak of mob violence. But Mr. Gresham's demand for reparation was based on the offense committed against the government as well as on the injury to person and property.

Prompt as that demand was, the response of Peru has been equally quick and unequivocal. She has expressed her regret for the occurrence, so that the apology due to the government is practically complete, and the proper amount of indemnity can easily be settled. This little incident, sprung upon the new state department and rapidly disposed of, may have an indirect influence much beyond its intrinsic importance as a practical experience of the value of courteous frankness and vigor in dealing with foreign nations.—New York Sun.

STAMP DEPARTMENT

TO PUBLISHERS.

To those of you who are sending your paper to the ECHO, addressed to Knoxville, Tenn., should change it to Harriman, Tenn.

TO ADVERTISERS.

To every dealer patronizing our advertising columns to the amount of $5, we will give them one dollar's worth of reading notices (20 lines, 7 words to the line) free of all charge.

Editor Rareshides has sent us a copy of his Southern Weekly Philatelist, a small 3 column 4 pager. It however contains some pretty fair stamp news. We place it on our exchange list.

Publishers who have been sending exchanges to Knoxville, Tenn., should change the address on their mailing list to Harriman, Tenn. If you have not got us on your list, see to it at once. We will exchange with all.

If it keeps on the $1 Columbian will reach such an altitude that collectors will be compelled to go after them in a balloon.

What has become of the "Gigantic Stamp Trust," Seuf Bros., Stanley Gibbins and the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., were going to organize?

The Reporter outdid itself for the month of September. It is the best issue the Reporter ever published, and the proprietors are no doubt justly proud of it.

Another Death.

IN SEVERAL CHAPTERS—PERHAPS.

And the Iowa Philatelic Weekly, where is it "at?" Perhaps the editor has deemed it necessary to suspend in order to look up "W. Palmer. a 16 year old 'kid' of Crossville, Tenn., who has gone wrong!" or perhaps "He has followed in the footsteps of Horace C. Jones, Lewis Bishop, and others of like ilk." Then again perhaps "His rascality is not without a mitigating feature, for he might (?) have sold the proceeds and bought flour for needy parents." The Iowa Philatelic Weekly has been suspended, which is a good thing for those who failed to send their "hard earned half," for it; but to those who did, they may just as well class themselves as "suckers," and consider that they have purchased 50 cents worth of good solid experience which is unknown to most collectors.

It is surprising to us that the paper kept afloat as long as it did, although, typographically, it was above the average monthlies and far ahead of the weeklies. It was full of news—but Lord, that editor! It is no wonder he could not make a success of the paper. A man that will defraud a helpless invalid out of a few dollars need not expect to succeed in business. We are well acquainted with the case we speak of and know it to be a positive fact that he defrauded a helpless invalid woman out of $3 worth of revenue stamps. Repeated requests, asking for a remittance or a return of the stamps were sent him, to which he paid no attention. He was threatened with an exposure, but still he remained unmoved and unconcerned. How then, can a man expect to prosper? While he is quick in exposing a fraud he is lax in acknowledging his own faults, therefore we have taken it upon ourselves to expose this shrewd, inconsistent, unscrupulous, premeditating and heartless rascal, to the philatelic world and the public in general. We have not words at our command sufficiently strong enough to apply to this egotistical thief, and will leave our readers to imagine all we have left unsaid; though we are not done with him yet, nor will we get done with him until he has fully liquidated this just debt of which we speak.

No thief, no matter how slick he be, should escape unpunished, and this one is only one of a few which we propose to allow space in our columns lower than at our regular rate of 5 cents a line. We do not purport to furnish our subscribers with a fraud list, but with a series of fraud "write ups" and if the first expose or write up fails to bring the desired results—an all round settlement—we will repeat the dose and administer it just a little stronger each succeeding time.

Honesty among stamp dealers should exist just the same as in any other legitimate business, and it is the duty of the philatelic press to suppress vice and expose fraud in such a manner that it will compel a dealer to be honest in order to succeed or prosper. A stamp journal that will not protect its subscribers from the villainous impositions of unscrupulous dealers, is not worthy of support.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—PROVIDED—)

In our issue of August 15th we had an article about Gerald I. Lamont's failure in promptly settling up his now deceased brother's business. On October 11th we received a full settlement from him, of a bill which we held against his brother. Mr. Lamont claims that he has been away from home for the past three months which necessitated his delay in settling matters straight.

IS THERE A MISTAKE?

As is customary for publishers to protect their subscribers from unscrupulous dealers, and to stand good for the honesty of all advertisers patronizing their columns, we are compelled to protect ours.

Some four months ago Mr. Robert L. Stephens, Danville, Ill., forwarded to Mr. W. G. Whilden, box 27, Station A, Boston, Mass., a package of Columbian stamps valued at $6.50, in answer to Mr. Whilden's advertisement, which he found in the ECHO. About the time Mr. Stephens mailed the stamps Mr. Whilden was called on business to tour the New England states, and as the call was unexpected he unavoidably left his stamp business in an unprotected condition, and correspondence accumulated to an alarming extent. Mr. Stephens, after an elapse of some two weeks wrote us saying he had sent $6.50 worth of Columbian stamps to Mr. Whilden, but had received no answer, and that as we were in a measure responsible, requested us to write Mr. Whilden at once, which we did, requesting him to attend to the matter satisfactorily without delay.

In answer to our letter Mr. Whilden wrote us that remittance would be made to Mr. Stephens upon his return to Boston, which would be on or about July 1st. He enclosed in his letter to us a copy of a letter which he had written Mr. Stephens in answer to one that he had received from that gentleman. It is as follows:

"(Copy.) Bridgeport, Conn.,
June 16th., 1894.

Robert L. Stephens, Esq.,
Danville, Ill.,

Dear Sir:—I desire to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 2nd inst., calling my attention to the fact that you had not up to that date received from me a remittance of $6.50 in payment of certain Columbian Stamps which you claim to have sent me on the 16th ult.

In reply would say that I am not at all pleased with the tone of your letter. You are evidently under the impression that you are dealing with an irresponsible school-boy. I desire to inform you that you are laboring under a mis-apprehension.

For your information, I would state to you that I have charge of one of the strongest English Fire Insurance Companies for the entire New England States. Furthermore, my business demands that I remain in the field adjusting fire losses the greater part of my time. Owing to this I have not been in Bosten but once during the past thirty days.

Your favors have been forwarded to me and I have been holding same awaiting further advices from Boston concerning the stamps which you claim to have sent me. I will be unable to return to Boston until the first proximo, at which time remittance in full will be forwarded you, provided of course, that the stamps have reached Boston by that time.

You need feel no uneasiness concerning your consignment. Had I been in Boston the matter would have been attended to before this.

As to my responsibility you can judge for yourself. For your further information I would state that I was on the original commitree of organization of the A. P. A.; I am now a member of the Boston Philatelic Society, Sons of Philately, Philatelic Sons of America, Southern Philatelic Association, Dealers and Collectors Philatelic Association and several others. If you wish further information as to my responsibility I would refer you to the commercial agencies.

The next time you wish to write an insulting letter I would suggest that you think it over for twenty-four hours. As before stated, you can expect to hear from me as soon as I return to Boston which will be on or about July 1st. In the meantime should you desire to address me, I can be found at 59 Wall Street, New York City.

Yours Truly,
W. G. WHILDEN, JR."

After Mr. Stephens received the above letter he wrote us saying he now beleived that Whilden would remit the amount of his bill in few days, and we paid no further attention to the matter thinking Mr. Stephens had received his money until August 28th, when we were suprised to receive this letter:

"Danville, Ill., Aug. 28th, '94.

C. P. Galyon. Dear Sir:—Up to date I have not received a settlement from W. G. Whilden Jr, and believe he means to defraud me. As you are, in a measure, responsible by accepting his ad. please allow me space in your paper for the following notice:

NOTICE.

All persons that have sent stamps to W. G. Whilden Jr., of Boston, Mass., and have not received payment for same, send particulars to Robert L. Stephens, Danville, Ill."

On account of Mr. Whilden's promptness in settling bills with us and others, we were greatly surprised to learn than he had yet failed to settle with Mr. Stephens.

We hope to find that there is some mistake somewhere and not that Mr. Whilden intends to defraud Mr. Stephens. If there be a mistake we earnestly request Mr. Whilden to adjust it as soon as possible. We would suggest to Mr. Whilden to make preparations to have his stamp business looked after in a satisfactory manner the next time he is called out of the city on business, for it would uphold his good character among the stamp fraternity, which we believe he is trying to sustain, but when these little things occur it is very hard to "square" one's self with the world again.

DIRECTORY

Advertisements inserted in this column for one year at 25c per line, payable in advance. One insertion of three lines or less free to our subscribers

foreign stamps only 12c. 10 ink recipes white, gold, etc., 12c. 25c novel to ever, 5th answer.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES
Paid for any quantity of good U. S. and Confederate stamps, preferable on entire original envelope. From my foreign duplicates I will send 100 varieties for 20c or for 10 3c Columbian
DR. W. O. EMORY,
889 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

1000 ASSORTED
Foreign Stamps, including Mexico, Australia etc., price 20c. 100 varieties, including Japan etc., 8c. LARGE PRICE LIST FREE. Sheets fine stamps on aprroval at 50 per cent commission.
F. N. MASSOTH, JR.
ESTABLISHED 1885. HANOVER CENTER, IND

STAMPS ON APPROVAL
TO RESPONSIBLE PERSONS UPON APPLICATION.
—DISCOUNT 50%—
F. B. GUENTHER,
119 PARADE AVE., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Bicycle Mail Stamps.
Having been compelled to deface the die, I will send a copy of the same to any address on recipt of 7c. Prices for originals will be sent on application.
Eugene Donze,
—ENGRAVER—
1027 J. Fresno, California.

A Card
W. L. Moise, of Sumter, S. C., begs to announce to the Philatelic public that he is now prepared to send out sheets of stamps to beginners, furnishing reference. He also deals in postmarks, curios, indian relics, shells, fossils, minerals, bird eggs and coins. Egg price list sent for 2c stamp. Those desiring exchanges of above will do well to write him.

FOR BEGINNERS
One hundred varieties of nice clean stamps—none torn—from all over the world, only 10c, post free.
CHAS. W. GREVNING,
DEALER IN POSTAGE STAMPS.
225 Avenue B. New York.

STAMPS WANTED FOR CASH.
And will pay highest market price for same.
We want common European stamps by the 100 or 1,000 000; Fine U. S. adhesives; Rare old Europeans; U. S. Revenues; in fact any old common or rare stamps in any quantity.
SEND LIST
OF WHAT YOU HAVE WITH
LOWEST CASH
—Price to—
PERRIN & CO.,
122 EAST 23D ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
New price list sets & packets free

LOOK HERE 1000 mixed foreign stamps 25c, 100 mixed 10c. Complete set Mexican (1864) 10c. Set Jamaica officials 10c, 2 var. confederate stamps 10. Packet A contains 30 var. from the following countries, no others: Cuba, Salvador, Romaina, Queensland, Jamaica, Baden, Greece, Luxemb, Brazil, 30c. Packet B contains 25 diff. U. S. postage and revenue including dept. special delivery, dues, envelopes, etc, 25c.
ALBERT DODGE, Jr., Gloucester, Mass

SEND US 6 CENTS
In stamps and receive 100 varieties postmarks or 10c and receive fine packet, 50 var. foreign stamps. Approval sheets for beginners at 33⅓ per cent discount. Send reference and try them. Address
Quinnipiac Stamp Co,
26 BREWSTER ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

COLUMBIAN STAMPS
The following prices will be paid for good specimens of used columbian stamps

1c, per 1000	75c.	2c, per 1000	25c
3c, per 100	82.	4c, per 100	$1.
5c, per 100	1.	6c, per 100	3.25.
8c, per 100	2.75.	10c, per 100	1.20.
15c, each	11.	30c, each	22.

PROMPT CASH.
Large quantities can be sent C.O.D.
F. N. MASSOTH, Jr.,
Hanover Centre, Indiana.

CANADA CHEAP.
Packet containing 25 different postal (provincial and dominion,) and revenue stamps, 25c. 5 entire post cards, Canada 8c; Foreign 10c. Set of 16 bill stamps 1c to $1, 50c. Postage extra. Fine approval sheets.
—Agents wanted.—
W. R. ADAMS, 7 ANN ST., TORONTO, CAN.

CASH
Paid for all kinds of United States and Confederate States stamps. A. D. COOPER,
Box 622, RED BANK, N. J.

OUR PACKET A
RARE CURIOS, AND POSTAGE
—STAMPS.—
We will send to any address for only 25c, post free: A China coin, Ancient Japanese Coin, Modern Japanese Coin, Oregon Arrow Point, Curious Chinese Nut, Used Chinese Lottery Ticket and 25 differnt Foreign Postage Stamps, all packed in a Japanese Jinko Basket
OUR PACKET II,
Contains 10 differnt Japanese articles entirely different from packet A; all of them novel and unique, rarely seen outside of Japan, and could not be bought in any curio shop for less than $3.00, for only $1.00. These are our "famous packets" that we are sending out to advertise our business. Address
D. M. AVERILL, & COMPANY,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Please mention this paper when writing.

R·I·P·A·N·S TABULES
act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.



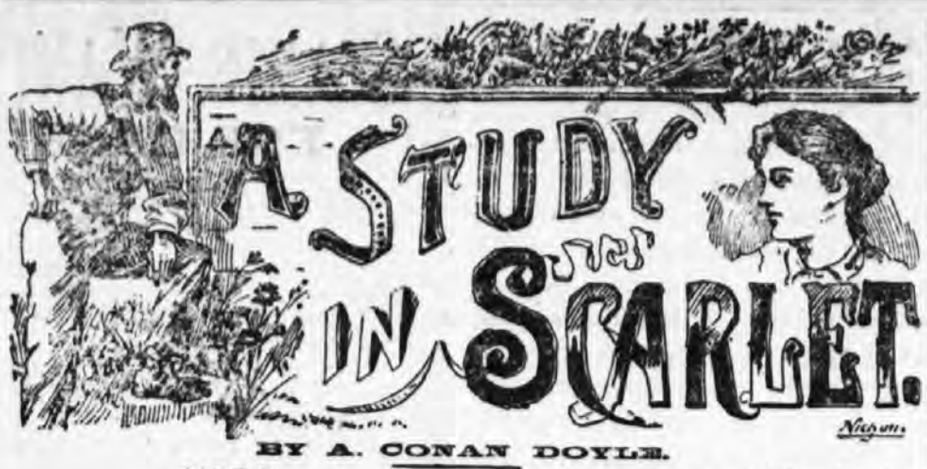
Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES
If you are Bilious, Constipated, or have a Disordered Liver, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES
If your Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES
For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.
SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.
MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLICATION TO NEAREST DRUGGIST.



BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of JOHN H. WATSON, M. D., *late of the Army Medical Department.*

CHAPTER I.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.



IN the year 1878 I took my degree of doctor of medicine of the university of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army. Having completed my studies there I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it the second Afghan war had broken out. On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country. I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the devotion and courage shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines.

Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawur. Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was de-



FOR MONTHS MY LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF.

spaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England. I was dispatched, accordingly, in the troop-ship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was, therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained. There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortless, meaningless existence, and spending such money as I had considerably more freely than I ought. So alarming did the state of my finances become that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country, or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living. Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel, and to take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's. The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular crony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in turn, appeared to be delighted to see me. In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion "you are the second man to-day that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first?" I asked.

"A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was bemoaning himself this morning because he could not get some one to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried; "if he really wants some one to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stanford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass.

"You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

"Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" said I.

"No—I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first-class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you never ask him what he was going in for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said. "If I am to lodge with anyone, I should prefer a man with studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"

"He is sure to be at the laboratory. He either avoids the place for weeks, or else he works there from morning to night. If you like, we shall drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered, and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way to the hospital after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for washing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the inexpressible," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid not out of malevolence, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge."

"Very right, too."

"Yes; but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting-rooms with a stick it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape."

"Beating the subjects!"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?"

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are! But here we are, and you must form your own impressions about him." As he spoke we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side door which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and dun-colored doors. Near the farther end a low, arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. "I've found it! I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running toward us with a test-tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by hæmoglobin, and by nothing else." Had he discovered a gold mine, greater delight could not have shone upon his features.

"Dr. Watson—Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said, cordially, griping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about hæmoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered; "but practically—"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years. Don't you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood-stains? Come



THERE WAS ONLY ONE STUDENT IN THE ROOM.

over here, now!" He seized me by the coat-sleeve in his eagerness, and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some fresh blood," he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger, and drawing off the resulting drop of blood in a chemical pipette. "Now, I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You perceive that the resulting mixture has the appearance of true water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction." As he spoke, he threw into the vessel a few white crystals, and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany color, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, clapping his hands, and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. "What do you think of that?"

"It seems to be a very delicate test," I remarked.

"Beautiful! beautiful! The old guaiacum test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood-corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented, there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Criminal cases are continually hinging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it has been committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood-stains, or mud-stains, or rust-stains, or fruit-stains, or what are they? That is a question which has puzzled many an expert, and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up by his imagination.

"You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfort last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious Muller and Lefevre, of Montpelier, and Samson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford, with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the Police News of the Past."

"Very interesting reading it might be made, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal." He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster and discolored with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a three-legged stool and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings, and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?"

"I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at times and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess, now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of one another before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross-examination. "I keep a bull-pup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin-playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well-played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried, with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE OBEYED HER.

The Last Parting of Spud d'Auberville and Marguerite Maginnis.

Marguerite Maginnis had long had hopes of Mr. Spud d'Auberville, and there were times in their sweet association when even Mr. d'Auberville leaned her way, but Spud was emotionally unreliable and vacillating, and the day at last came when he felt that the fair Marguerite wasn't in it a little bit.

Mr. d'Auberville was pained by this condition of affairs, for he was a chivalrous man, but he did not know how to change the course of events and he could not think of wrecking his future happiness by marrying a woman he did not love, even though she was poor and was willing to put up with almost anything that could make a living for her.

And Mr. d'Auberville was enjoying a salary of ten dollars a week at a ribbon counter.

"The die is cast," he muttered to himself, hoarsely, one evening, and having taken a bronchial troche to improve his voice he set out for the home of the fair, pale Marguerite.

But let us not dwell upon the sad scene.

Those who knew Spud at the ribbon counter afterwards, when they had heard the story, said they would never, no, never, have believed he had sand enough in his craw to have told Miss Maginnis what he did.

Suffice it to say that he did.

"Leave me!" she exclaimed, hysterically, after he had said the fateful words; "you base deceiver, who have trifled with my fond and trusting heart and have cruelly cast me aside for another! Leave me! Leave me!"

"Certainly, Miss Maginnis," responded the chivalrous d'Auberville. "Certainly I will. You didn't suppose after what I have just said that I was going to take you with me, did you?" And Spud picked up his hat and departed.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND HOME.

FANCIES IN FEATHERS.

How to Make Use of the Plumage of Domestic Fowls—Pretty Results May Be Obtained by the Use of a Little Ingenuity, Taste and Patience—A Plain and Ornamental Fan.

Very dainty uses may be made of the feathers from domestic fowls, and two of them are suggested here. In the little fan shown in Fig. 1, pure white tail or wing feathers are employed, and in the one represented in Fig. 2, the pretty, brown-specked feathers from the tail of some departed Brown Leghorn "biddy" are used, though the beautiful feathers of the grouse and partridge are to be preferred if they can be found. The manufacture of the first fan is quite simple. Some sixteen or eighteen perfect feathers are procured and rounded at the tip and trimmed about a little. The quills are cut off up to the web of the feather, and then the base of the quill still remaining is pared off flat with a jackknife to allow proper surface room to which the slender sticks



FIG. 1.—PLAIN WHITE FEATHER FAN.

are to be glued. The feathers are dyed a faint rose color or any delicate tint one chooses. The tiny fan sticks must be very thin and smooth and not more than three-sixteenths of an inch wide. They are gilded and glued neatly to the rosy feathers, running up a little on the wrong side and having rounded or pointed ends. Really the fan has no right or wrong side in this way. A little pink bow of ribbon is tied to one of the outer sticks. A spray of flowers runs across the feathers, painted in oil colors in white and pink with a touch of green. The feathers are joined by a silken thread running through the quills near the base and hidden by the overlapping webs. A very dainty child's fan has feathers of graduated length, from six inches in the middle to three at either end. The little fan in the second illus-

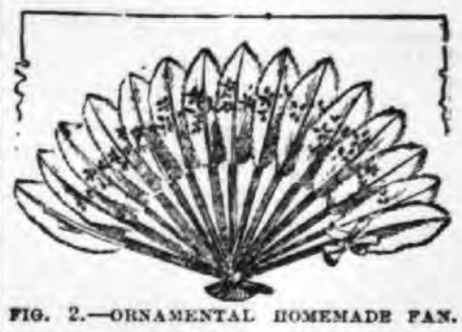


FIG. 2.—ORNAMENTAL HOMEMADE FAN.

tration is more ornamental than useful, being designed to hang up most of its time, and being provided with a ribbon loop for that purpose. The feathers are unornamented and uncut in any way. Nature provides the colors and everything but the ribbons. There are no sticks. The ends of the quills are inclosed in a bit of a round pin-ball—or it looks like a pin-ball. It is very stiff and covered with yellow plush, and the quills are glued into it fast and strong. A narrow yellow ribbon is woven through the quills next to the feathers, and below it a broader ribbon of the same shade. This latter extends out into a bow and generous loop of ribbon.—American Agriculturist.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

COURT PLASTER should never be applied to a bruised wound.

A VERY fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink.

SWEET oil will renew patent leather tips. Rub over surface with bit of cotton batting dipped in the oil.

CORKS may be made air and watertight by keeping them for five minutes entirely immersed in melted paraffine.

SOME cooks add to the water in which rice is to be boiled the juice of a lemon. It is said to whiten, lighten and separate the grains.

NEVER put stovepipes away without rubbing them thoroughly with linseed oil or something similar. This will prevent an accumulation of rust.

CHOCOLATE lemonade is a new drink that has found much favor. It is simply plain lemonade with chocolate added in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to a tumbler of the drink.

To Revive from Fainting.

Fainting proceeds from different causes, the most common being a disturbance of the circulation of the blood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit lay the patient flat. Great harm has often resulted from the treatment by ignorant people in trying to make the patient sit up, or propping up the head on pillows. To send the blood back from the heart to the brain, the flat posture is absolutely necessary. Let the patient lie so that the feet are higher than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water and give some cold water to drink.

HOW STOUT GOT STOUT.

The Remarkable Experience of a Rheumatic Sufferer.

All But Paralyzed—Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die—How He Got Well and Strong.

[From the Mt. Sterling (Ill.) Republican.]

Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow-townspeople than James W. Stout, of Riply, Ill., and it is due, no doubt, partly to this popularity that the record of the case has created such widespread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people in Illinois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians.

In January, 1893, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty-looking man for 160 pounds

How this wonderful change was brought about is most interesting as told to a representative of the Republican by Mr. Stout himself:

"I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1893. The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole system became afflicted, causing me the most excruciating pain. In a very short time I become totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly growing worse I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest movement causing me such pain as almost to throw me into convulsions. I cannot begin to express to you the intense pain I suffered. I was drawn, by the severeness of the malady, over to the left side; lost my appetite, had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings.

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country, some treating me for one thing and some for another, but without effect, and I received no relief whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the short time I was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever and said that I must die, and I, myself, had almost given up in despair, when, in September, 1893, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope, I at once sent to C. F. Rickey & Co., Druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back and my digestive organs performed their usual functions properly. I took some more and grew rapidly better—could sit up in a chair and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment, was numb and dead, now experienced a pricking, tingling sensation. I was enabled to throw away my crutches and walk upright once more among my fellows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds, was reduced to 115; I now weigh 160, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, sir, I lay my recovery entirely to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100,) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady N. Y.

Home-Going of the Dead Chinese.

While we were passing an alley in San Francisco, suddenly we heard a fusilade of fire-crackers. "Hullo!" he said, "there is somebody just dead. By and by they will bring all his clothes into the street and burn them, hiring women to sit round and cry while it is going on. They will bury the corpse for three years, and then take it back to China. If he were rich, he would be embalmed and sent at once." "Does everything dissolve except the bones in three years?" "Yes." "I thought so, reading the C. P. R. freight rates, in which the following items occur: Corpses (Asiatic), fresh, $50; if more than a year dead, $30; if broken up, 75 cents per foot. And then we passed out of the Chinese slums into the French slums."—Douglass Sladen, in London "Queen."

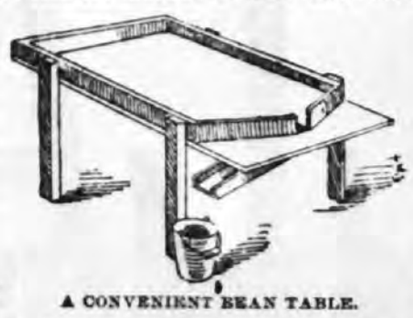
THE American scientists who for some time have been digging in the ruins of Niffer, near ancient Babylon, have unearthed tons of tablets, sarcophagi and the like, which, translated, tell of an antiquity of the human race nearly ten centuries older than science has had knowledge of before. Religion, government, habits of life, and to a great extent the customs of men who lived four thousand years before Christ are revealed. One tablet was a promise to pay a debt with interest in shekels, in the reign of Cambyses.

IT is said that so much farm land in England has lately been allowed to lapse from cultivation that wild animals which ten years ago were in danger of extinction are now flourishing and increasing. The badger and the otter, for instance, are reported to be thriving greatly on agricultural depression.

FOR SORTING BEANS.

A Table by Whose Use the Labor Is Greatly Lessened.

All beans, before they go into the hands of the consumer, are supposed to have been hand-picked; that is, carefully looked over and all the spotted, injured and slit ones removed. This work is usually done while they are in the hands of the grower. It is a slow, tedious operation, as, some years, the beans are so badly damaged in the field that it takes a very active person to carefully hand-pick four bushels in ten hours' time; while with a crop secured in good condition, four times that amount is fitted for market in the time mentioned. In either case it is very tiresome work, especially by the plan usually followed, whereas, by the use of a sorting table, the labor is greatly lessened.



A CONVENIENT BEAN TABLE.

The contrivance shown in the engraving consists of two boards one foot in width and three feet in length, nailed together and provided with four legs nailed firmly in position at the points shown. Those in front are three inches shorter than those in the rear. A light railing, two inches high, is placed around the edge and brought nearly to a point in front as shown in the cut. At this place a hole is cut through the boards and the marketable beans, as fast as they are looked over, are allowed to fall through this opening into the spout, and thence into a pail, basket, or other receptacle. The damaged beans, of course, are removed from the good ones and placed in separate baskets, which should be conveniently located, one upon each side of the table, as an expert always picks with both hands.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SWEET POTATOES.

How to Carry the Tubers Through the Winter in Good Condition.

In common with many farmers who save their own seed sweet potatoes, I have had more or less trouble in carrying the tubers through the winter in good condition. All of the usual methods have been employed with varying success. The tubers have been wrapped in tissue paper, and stored in dark closets opening out of warm rooms; yet many rotted, or started so much that they would have been useless for bedding. I have laid them in rows about a chimney which was in daily use during the cold weather, and often have lost half of them.

A plan of handling and a place of storage used last winter gave me great satisfaction. The potatoes intended for wintering were selected for their good form and soundness, not one which had the slightest bruise being retained. They were placed as carefully as possible in baskets, from which they were taken one by one, and laid carefully away in a closet under a stairway, within three feet of the kitchen range. Having had more than were needed for seed in the spring, we used what we wanted for the table up to April, and the last ones were as good and well-flavored as they were in October. All were as plump as when put away, and not a single tuber went to waste. The closet was dark and the temperature was quite uniform at about sixty-five degrees. I ascribe my success in this instance, first, to the careful selection of sound specimens; second, to the care used in handling them, and third, to the uniform temperature and dryness of the dark place of storage.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Raise Your Own Cows.

A cow bred on the farm where it is to be kept is more contented and will give better results than she will on a strange place. This is a strong point in favor of breeding cows for the dairy instead of relying on purchasing them. Besides, it is every year becoming more difficult to buy cows of the best milking strains in the numbers required for any dairy. The value of the best cows is more highly appreciated, and they bring prices that make it pay for breeding them. By using a thoroughbred bull a herd of natives may be improved rapidly, and this increase in value of the herd makes the farming profitable, even though a dairyman gets little above his current expenses in sales of milk, butter and cheese.—Colman's Rural World.

Checking the Potato Blight.

Both the early and late potato blights were held in check last year at the Vermont station by spraying, and it was calculated that the yield of marketable tubers on the plots was nearly doubled in consequence. Soap was added to the Bordeaux mixture in the hope that it would cause the latter to spread more uniformly over the leaves and not wash off so readily. The soap increased the usefulness of the mixture on early potatoes, but apparently lessened its usefulness on late potatoes. The value of soap on early potatoes seems to be largely due to its checking the ravages of the flea-beetles.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."

FLORIDA'S REEFS.

One of the Most Dangerous Regions in the World for Navigators.

The most dangerous part of the coast of the United States extends from the southernmost cape of the peninsula of Florida to the Dry Tortugas, lying in the Gulf of Mexico, sixty-two miles from Key West. For a distance of two hundred miles the coast line is here made up by a semi-circular chain of islands, along whose seaward edge lie the sunken reefs of Florida. These reefs are of choral formation, and are washed by the warm water of the Gulf Stream as it floats through the straits on its way northward. This river in the ocean, flowing always in one direction, with an average velocity of two miles an hour, produces strong counter-currents over the reefs and along shore. Threatening tide-rips, eddies and whirlpools are continually set going, which tends to baffle the ever-cautious mariner and carry his ship to certain destruction.

Cape Hatteras, with its fickle currents and shifting bars, so dreadful to the mariner, has been the scene of many shipwrecks, but the number is small when compared to those which have met their fate in the Gulf Stream and beyond the pale of assistance. Hundreds of vessels daily pass through the Florida straits on their way to foreign ports and those which are located on the shore of the Gulf, and in order to avoid the adverse currents vessels skirt along the edge of the stream and the long arid reef, with its succession of varied dangers, menacingly paving the way like teeth in a shark's jaw.

However uncertain the navigator of the water adjacent to these reefs may be by day, it becomes tenfold more hazardous by night. Notwithstanding the fact that a chain of lights on the desolate reefs cast a ruddy glare to the mariner on the sea, yet "plain sailing" is out of the question, for the beacons are at an average distance of twenty-five miles apart, and all other daymarks being hidden by the darkness of night, the navigator feels his way with only the compass and deep-sea lead to guide him. The consciousness that a slight divergence from the proper course may lead to disaster keeps him on the pins and needles of anxiety. Ships have run upon these coral strands in broad day light, owing to strong indraughts.—Blue and Gray.

ONE trouble with the world is that every man wants to measure his neighbor's cloth with his own yardstick.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is said to be a tree in New Guinea which when touched knocks a man down. It must be a species of boxwood.—Tid-Bits.

HER FATHER (sternly)—"Young man, do you play poker?" Her suitor—"Why—er—that is, once in awhile, I er—" Her Father—"Well, let's have a game."—Syracuse Post.

"HOW DID Oldenrich start in life, anyway?" "He was born."—Brooklyn Life.

"THAT government is best which governs the least." When little Johnny read this, he said: "I'll have to show that to dad."—Boston Transcript.

KASHEM—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is everlastingly dunning you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

BLACKSTON—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymare—"No—you don't know my wife."—N. Y. Herald.

INQUIRER—"Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?" "Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."—N. Y. Weekly.

THERE are a good many people who want to do good, but they are going to wait until to-morrow to begin.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is a big, fat girl clerk in a confectionery store on Ridge avenue. "What do you weigh?" a fresh customer asked her. "Candy," she sweetly replied.—Philadelphia Record.

"ON what does Skiffins base his suit for libel?" "On a casual reference to him as the ideal juror in a capital case."—Washington Star.

WHEN a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.—Yonkers Gazette.

A MATTER of Doubt.—"Maria," he said thoughtfully, "I want to ask you something." "What is it?" "Do you think that you'll ever have a vote?" "I do, assuredly." "If you get one, and I run for office, will you cast it for me?" She was thoughtful for some time; then she said: "Hiram, I can't say yet. Not till our debating society has passed on the question whether a woman's first duty is to her fireside or to her country."—Washington Star.

THE Lady of the House—"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?" Browning, the Tramp—"Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"—Tit-Bits.

MISS FOOTLITE (petulantly)—"I don't see why Dr. Thirdly wants to be always throwing stumbling blocks in the way of those who are striving for eminence in the theatrical profession." Yeger—"What has he been doing now?" Miss Footlite—"Advocating the abolition of divorce laws."—Buffalo Courier.

Gone Out of Business.

A most important branch of business in the human mechanism is that transacted by the kidneys. If your kidneys have gone out of business, look out! Soon they will become diseased, unless they resume the payment of their debt to nature. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the start and all will be well. Employ it, too, for malarial and dyspeptic troubles, constipation, liver complaint and feebleness.

"WHAT are the relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh, only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."—Detroit Free Press.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

HEARTS are like apples: they fall when they are ripe and get picked up by the first comer.—Kate Field's Washington.

HOW MY THROAT HURTS!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

SHE—"What can a woman do for amusement when she has no money?" He—"Go shopping."—Brooklyn Life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

HOPE can never die while love lives.—Ram's Horn.



BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she *looks well* and she *feels well*.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."



MRS. BATES.

MRS. W. R. BATES, of *Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio,* writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

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$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
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Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver

Moat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

At Druggists, 50 cents and $1.00 size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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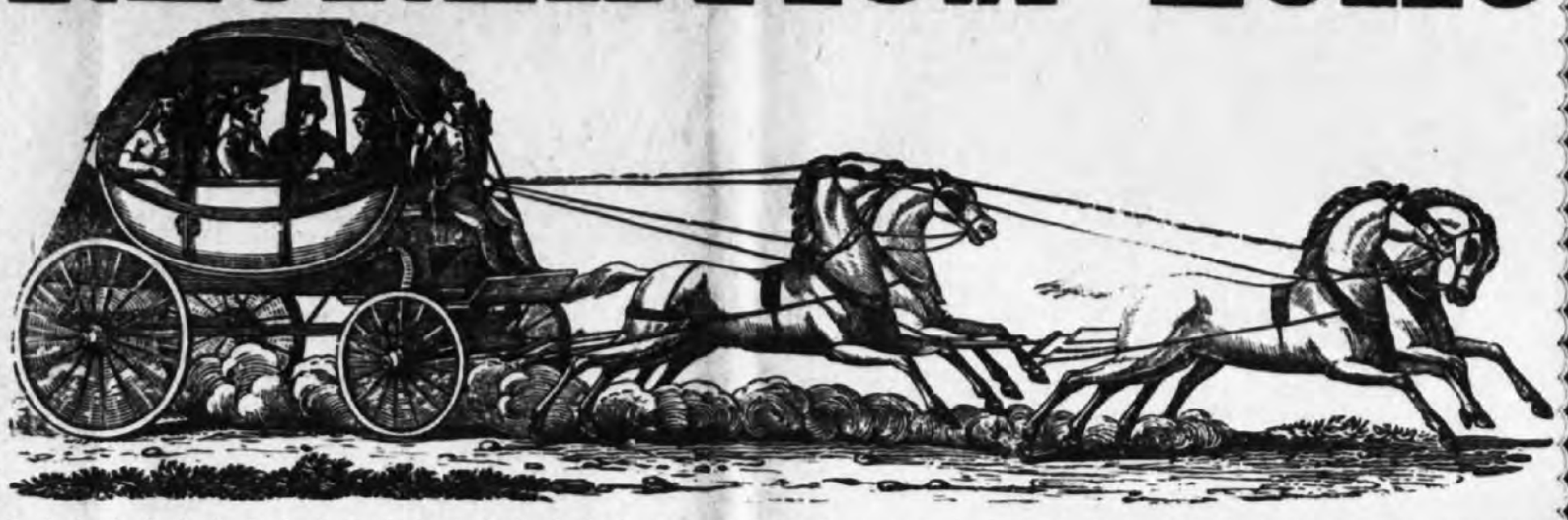
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VOL. 2. Harriman, Tennessee, November, 1st, 1894. NO. 2.

LOYAL HOME WORKERS.

EDITOR
EMMETT SEARCY,
HALEY, TENN.

MOTTO:
Pro Patria.
FLOWER:
Forget-me-not.
OBJECTS:
Progress and Patriotism.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—
All articles intended for publication, and letters of inquiry should be addressed to Mr. Searcy, who will give them the same attention as if sent to the publisher. Letters that require an answer by mail must contain a 2c stamp, otherwise they will be answered through these columns.

To the Loyal Home Workers.

It is an indisputable fact that the membership of The Loyal Home Workers is fast growing and that contained in this vast number of Workers there is a great amount of literary talent. which if with a sufficient amount of newspaper space at their disposal to allow the publication of all their stories and communications of weight, such paper, or publication, would be a valuable addition to any library.

It is also a fact, conceeded to by all, that the limited space allowed each week in the National Tribune is far inadequate to fill the demands. What the Order now needs is an unlimited and unreserved amount of space for the publication of their writings. With such a publication at the back of them they can and would make a stronger organization than now. As a rule all members are educated, and quite a number of them have literati aspirations, which if with a chance would become good writers.

When we were asked to give space in our paper to the Oorder, we gladly consented to do so, and to-day we feel proud in supporting The Loyal Home Workers. They have been an honor to our columns. Since we opened the department the members have rallied fairly well to its support, but not as well as we would like.

Our paper enjoys a liberal amount of patronage both from its Invalid and Stamp departments, and it could live did we not receive one cent from The Loyal Home Workers. But to make their department interesting every member should be a subscriber to the paper and should use his or her influence in procuring new subscribers. Our subscription price is very low, and while 25c is a small amount, if all members would send us that amount it would give us means to make this particular department much more attractive, and that is what you all would like to see. Money is the ruling spirit, and when each of you, by your combined efforts, could greatly assist yourselves and at the same time help build up the Order with such small outlay of money, you should willingly do your part.

Those to whom we have from time to time sent sample copies of the Echo, if they read them at-all, and we dare say they have, should have sent us their subscription sometime ago. Let this be a reminder to you that we earnestly request you to help support your own department.

However, whether you furnish us with your subscription or not, we will continue to make the Loyal Home Workers column just as interesting as possible, and the only thing we will discontinue will be the sending out of sample copies, as we have sent enough.

CHARLES P. GILLYON.

Notes by the Way.

An Echo representative, out in search of notes for the columns of his paper, met up with "Fat" Smith, the jovial, light-hearted Tennessee Loyal Worker, who is a fac-simile of the fat man of whom Henry Giles says, there is something cordial in him. Everybody likes him and he likes every body. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of the earth and the fullness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor.

On this particular occasion brother Smith seemed to have an abundance of rich juices, and the hinges of his system well oiled, his springs noiseless and he was full of contentment and placidity.

On being interrogated as to the cause of his super abundance of good humor, he replied by saying:

"I went over in 'Happy Valley' last night to a candy-pulling where mirth ran high and where candy, made from the free raw material, sorghum molasses, was as plentiful as 'Carter's Oates,' and where the bonny lasses from the surrounding country had collected to enjoy an evening as only an evening can be enjoyed at a candy-pulling."

"Tell us more about this entertainment. What was the program of the evening," we venture to ask.

"Well," he said: "as soon as I got there they put me to superintending the cooking of a large kettle of the sweet fluid while a bevy of those loquacious maidens looked on. In fact I was anitiated 'Grand Cyclops,' Master of Cermonies of the evening. When the candy was cooked enough, each one secured as much as they could well manage and the pulling commenced. Plenty of grease was used to prevent its sticking, and it was no uncommon sight to see a piece of candy as large as your arm drawn out as fine as a stran of grandmother's stocking yarn. No one got all smeared and stuck up as Elmer G. Slater did last winter on a similar occasion. They had all been to candy-pullings before and were not afraid to put grease on their hands. O, I tell you, we had a high old time—everything was free and easy, and sweet, too."

We asked, "don't you think Amos L. Seaman would enjoy a candy-pulling over in 'Happy Valley? Not long since he was sighing for the country, where style and conventionalities held no place, and where a fellow could feel at ease."

Just here "Fat" shook his sides with a laugh that does one's heart good to hear, and said:

"Of course Seaman would look a little out of his sphere over there, but it would be a 'red letter day' in his life. I'm afraid he would try to flirt with some of those guileless, unsophisticated 'Happy Valley' girls, and they are not 'on to' city ways at 'playing hearts' and he might get into serious trouble."

The fashion of the times have changed. Only in a few certain localities are the old time sports, such as candy-pullings, quiltings, etc., engaged in. Many of the young people of to-day know little of these amusements save what they have learned from the reminisences of the pioneers. They no doubt listen to these with astonishment and wonder, and say the young people had little pleasure then. Here they make a mistake. 'Twas Alice Cary who said: "All Things are Beautiful in Their Time," and we feel safe in asserting that the sum of enjoyment of the earlier days were equally as great, if not greater, in the log cabin as in the marble mansion of to-day.

Old days! old customs! May peace and charity, and good-will hover like an auriole around their memories forever!

Echoes From the Reunion.

The Fifth Annual Reunion of the N. T. C. C. Guards is reported as having been a grand success. In numbers the Guards did not turn out as had been expected, but every thing else considered, we feel greatly encouraged as to the future outlook. Many familiar faces were missed as there were but two of the Guards present in Pittsburg who had attended each of the four previous Reunions, our dear Mother General and the Secretary General.

Many were the greetings of old friends, and of new ones, but the most conspicuous for their absence were Sister Annie Williams, sweet and popular with all the Club; Julius Gogarn, a favorite with every body; Clarence Cone, whose absence all the girls lamented; O. Edith Dickey, who took her trip this summer, and couldn't be with us; Eva T. Pryor, of "the happy home problem" fame.

M. Warner Hargrove was there in all his glory, making love to everybody, as usual. Addie B. Stevens, one of our pioneer Guards, was also there taking items with her customary enterprise. Will H. Hays, Samuel T. Erwin, and John H. Neaderhauser all looked handsome in their S. of V. uniforms. Ursula Campbell attended Reunion for the first time and made many friends. Grace and Della Keyes, two of our popular Guards from Canton, Ohio, together with Zoe and Joe Owen, and Georgia Martin, had more fun than any body. Bro. McMurray was present, overseeing things as usual. Mattie Elliot and Rose Janson, and the Cress girls also represented their various states. Amos L. Seamon, our bright and shining light, with R. Leon Martin. Samuel T. Erwin, and Will H. Hayes, distinguished themselves as muzzios. Jno. C. King came up from the Sewanee country, and carried the Smoky City by storm. He has entered his application for membership with the muzzios, and his credentials have been filed to be acted upon at a future date.

Mrs. Jeannette Spang, one of our brightest C. C's, made a stirring appeal for woman's privileges, during the Progress Symposium discussion, at the C. C. entertainment, and won much applause. Lida Bonney, who was with us, but not of us, and who recited so eloquently for us that night, promises to cast her lot with us before next September. Pretty Dell Adams, the daughter of her father's Regiment, also made many friends.

Brothern Chas. E. Moore, J. G. Twinning, Ralph Parsons, Harry Custer, and Fisher were there looking around. Our beloved Chaplain was also at his post. The Monks' girls were present, and Miss Luella gave us some touching and beautiful recitations. Olla Belle Hotham was tireless in her efforts in making the Reunion a success, and we hope to meet her in Lousville next year.

After many arguments, and hot contesting, the vote to change the name of the National Tribune Conversation Club Guards to The Loyal Home Workers was carried by a majority of one. The change may not just yet meet with the approval of some, after so long a time of being known by the former name; but we will grow to it just as we did to the other.

Preparations for The Loyal Home Workers' Sixth Annual Reunion have already begun in Louisville, and such reasonable rates have been secured that we feel sure of a very large attendance. There is a project on foot to form a party to visit Mammoth Cave during the next Encampment. Rates will be cut very low and we hope to have a large number of the Club join us in the trip. Begin now to "save up" for we want you all to come to Louisville next year.

DEAR LOYAL HOME WORKERS:—Not long since, we (the young people of Grand Bay) went to Bayou La Batrie, a distance of 12 miles, to play the celebrated farce, "A Lad From the Country," together with the laughable drama, "Marrying a Poetess."

We left home at 2:30 p. m. There was over thirty Grand Bay representatives, some in large wagons, buggies, carts, etc. It was a very warm day, consequently we drove rather slowly, arriving at Bayou La Batrie about 4:30 p. m., which is a very picturesque little village situated on Bayou La Batrie.

We first rehearsed our dramas, music, recitations, etc., then all did ample justice to the lunch which we ate under the wide spreading branches of the live oak trees. Lunch over, all went for a walk along the Bayou which looked very pretty, winding its way through the pine forests, or for a ramble through the woods. The trees here in the South (along the Bayous and Gulf coast) are always full of the Spanish moss. They look beautiful. Soon all returned to the hall to prepare for the evening. Everything passed off pleasantly. After the entertainment, dancing was the pleasant feature of the evening.

We left for home about 2:30, all very tired, but highly pleased with the success of our entertainment and the pleasant trip. The proceeds went to purchase a church organ.

As my letter is getting rather lengthy I will draw it to a close by giving all a cordial invitation to call at my home if ever you happen to be "Away Down South in Dixie." Loyally Yours,

MAY A. RUSSELL.

SELECTED.

Boston Philosophy.

She was a Boston maid, and she'd scarcely passed eighteen;
And as lovely as an houri, but of grave and sober mein;
A sweet encyclopedia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover with her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumbering summer sea,
Until he broke the silence, saying, "I'ray, Minerva, dear,
Inform me of the meaning of the thingness of the here.

"I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be,
Your head crammed full to bursting, love, with their philosophy,
Those hoary headed sages and maids of hosiery blue,
Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The thingness of the here
Is that which is not past and hasn't yet arrived, my dear."
"Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled brow,
"The thingness of the here is just the thisness of the now."

A smile illumed the lover's face, and without any haste
He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist,
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving kiss,
And said, "Love, this is what I call the nowness of the this."

—Somerville Journal.

RECREATION ECHO.

MRS. C. P. GALYON Publisher

HARRIMAN, : : : TENN.

THE SILENT BATTLE.

Shall I tell you about the battle
That was fought in the world to-day,
Where thousands went down like heroes
To death in the pitiless fray?

You may know some of the wounded
And some of the fallen when
I tell you this wonderful battle
Was fought in the hearts of men.

Not with the sounding of trumpets,
Nor clashing of sabers drawn,
But, silent as twilight in autumn,
All day the fight went on.

And over against temptation
A mother's prayers were cast
That had come by silent marches
From the lullaby land of the past.

And over the field of battle
The force of ambition went,
Driving before it, like arrows,
The children of sweet content.

And memories odd and olden
Came up through the dust of years,
And hopes that were glad and golden
Were met by a host of fears.

And the heart grew worn and weary
And said: "Oh, can it be
That I am worth the struggle
You are making to-day for me?"

For the heart itself was the trophy
And prize of this wavering fight!
And tell me, O gentle reader,
Who camps on the field to-night?

—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.



BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' you know."

"You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

We met next day as he had arranged, and inspected the rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single large, airy sitting-room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us, that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting-rooms and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him, but now and again a reaction would seize him and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectless was my life and how little there was to engage my attention. My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world. Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me. Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning. No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory and of the composition of the solar system. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to be to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now the skillful workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain-attic. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is a mistake to think that that little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition of knowledge you forget something that you knew before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"But the solar system!" I protested.

"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted impatiently; "you say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one. I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him. I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took a pencil and jotted them down. I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

SHERLOCK HOLMES—his limits.

1. Knowledge of Literature.—Nil.
2. Knowledge of Philosophy.—Nil.
3. Knowledge of Astronomy.—Nil.
4. Knowledge of Politics.—Feeble.
5. Knowledge of Botany.—Variable. Well up in belladonna, opium and poisons generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.
6. Knowledge of Geology.—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistence in what part of London he had received them.
7. Knowledge of Chemistry.—Profound.
8. Knowledge of Anatomy.—Accurate, but unsystematic.
9. Knowledge of Sensational Literature.—Immense. He appears to know every detail of every horror perpetrated in the century.
10. Plays the violin well.
11. Is an expert single-stick player, boxer and swordsman.
12. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair. "If I can only find what the fellow is driving at by reconciling all these accomplishments, and discovering a calling which needs them all," I said to myself, "I may as well give up the attempt at once."

I see that I have alluded above to his powers on the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments. That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he has played me some of Mendelssohn's Lieder and other favorites. When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any recognized air. Leaning back in his arm chair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle which was thrown across his knee. Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful. Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided those thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy was more than I could determine. I might have rebelled against these exasperating solos had it not been that he usually terminated them by playing in quick succession a whole series of my favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that my companion was as friendless a man as I was myself. Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and those in most different classes of society. There was one little, sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow



HE WOULD CLOSE HIS EYES AND SCRAPE CARELESSLY AT THE FIDDLE.

who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came three or four times in a single week. One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, who appeared to me to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slip-shod elderly woman. On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velveteen uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance, Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of the sitting-room, and I would retire to my bedroom. He always apologized to me for putting me to this inconvenience. "I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients." Again I had an opportunity of asking him a point-blank question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me. I imagined at the time that he had some strong reason for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to the subject of his own accord.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast. The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate and systematic examination of all that came in his way. It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exaggerated. The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of a muscle or a glance of an eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts. Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid. So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the processes by which he had arrived at them, they might well consider him a necromancer.



ONE MORNING A YOUNG GIRL CALLED FASHIONABLY DRESSED.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the science of deduction and analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow-mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Puerile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his coat-sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser-knees, by the callosities of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt-cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table; "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me, though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounger who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked, calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime, to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your fingers ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And these other people?"

"They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel some knot which other men can make nothing of, although they have seen every detail for themselves?"

"Quite so. I have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problem, and which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that article which aroused your scorn are invaluable to me in practical work. Observation with me is second nature. You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan."

"You were told, no doubt."

"Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thought ran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor have seen much hardship and got his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."

"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Dupin.' I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sure.

Araminta—What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?

Cholly—I think it must be the beams.—Truth.

Held by the Enemy.

If you are held captive by the enemy, rheumatism, bound hand and foot in the shackles of rheumatic gout, you have yourself to blame, because you did not check their approach in the outset, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Tackle them at once with this pain soothing, nerve quieting, blood depurating specific, and you will experience speedy relief. Biliousness, malarial, dyspeptic, liver and neuralgic complaints yield to it.

NO, MAUD, dear, a journal devoted to the interests of palmistry, isn't strictly speaking, a hand organ.—Philadelphia Record.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

MR. GREATHEAD, the landlord, says he prefers as tenants experienced chess-players, because it is so seldom they move.—Boston Transcript.

IF you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"DOCTOR, I am troubled with shooting pains in my face." "Yes, madam. You use too much powder."—Chicago Tribune.

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Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

PEOPLE who hope are people who help.—Ram's Horn.

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Of Fall present so many variations of temperature as to tax the strength and make a pathway for disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla will fortify the system against these dangers, by making pure, healthy blood.

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OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

The Swift-Fleeting Swallow and the Trumpet-Voiced Crane,

The Affectionate Stork and the Peaceful Dove, Selected by God to Convey Beautiful Thoughts Through the Air—Talmage On the Lord's Judgment.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as the subject for his sermon Sunday through the press, "October Thoughts," his text being Jeremiah viii. 7: "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming; but My people knoweth not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarity to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet-dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white, and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of trumpet; the swallow, swift as dart shot out the bow of Heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet, out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle-doves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns and the cities and continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Crylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves, men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming, but My people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work. I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundalay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin strung, if something accidental, it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords and the sorrows and the sins of the world are to be swept out by Heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our father and Christ for our Saviour, and Heaven for our home and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world, let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of Heaven, through this autumnal air learn alwas to keep singing.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer when they are in the fields they often come within reach of the gun. But when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder can not reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight Heavenward. We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Mueller, of England, and Albert Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as higher life. Moses never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights. A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have, after awhile, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn! But we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found, above the Alps, plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again. But, staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory? Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on to a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the Church of God—if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for 10 or 15 years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes and the hats and the coats we wore 10 or 15 years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life. The stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson.

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we can not stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go; we must go." So they gathered themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top, or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You can not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and Heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you

RECREATION

[illegible] there birds [illegible] in the morning [illegible] them dead on the snow [illegible] there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at 40 miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but, oh, my friends, we can not extemporize Heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. O that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest.

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? O that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say: "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say: "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! alone! alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine is cold now, and oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind and the frost and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all-comforting God. Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone? It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground." But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, Oh, world; but come, Jesus, and tell us that when the tears fall into God's bottle; that the dead bodies of our beloved shall rise radiant in the resurrection, and all the breakings down here shall be liftings up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or the stork or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come, too. The treetops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. O, that you might be as wise in this migration to Heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you. I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will set with you in Heaven? I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them—what example you are setting them? Are you calling them to go with you? Ay, ay, have you started yourself?

Start for Heaven and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagles stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

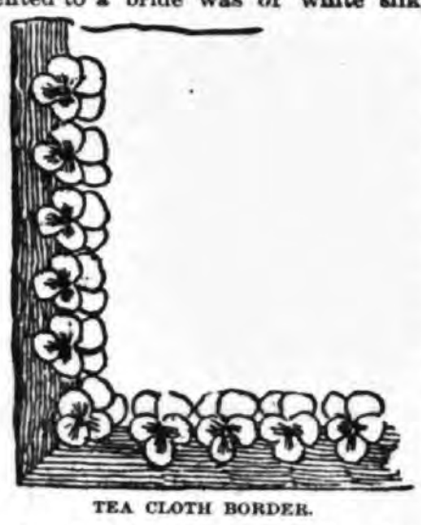
WOMAN AND HOME.

PRETTY TEA CLOTHS.

Considered an Essential Part of a Correct Entertainment.

The fashion in five o'clock tea cloths ordains that a cloth of fine white linen should have a deep border of rich brocade, the seams where the two materials join being covered by a row of large single flowers embroidered in crewel stitch. The linen center is then covered with tiny stars embroidered in the color of the brocade. Thus a cloth with a pale mauve brocade border has a row of embroidered pansies covering the seam and pale mauve stars in the center.

Lace braids are more and more used in embroidery, on the ground that they furnish the appearance of fancy stitches without the trouble of making them. An afternoon tea cloth recently presented to a bride was of white silk,



TEA CLOTH BORDER.

bordered with white and silver brocade, with an insertion of beautiful lace between the silk and the brocade. In each corner of the silk center was an exquisite group of the bride's nameflower worked in raised white silk embroidery, outlined with silver thread. In the center her monogram was worked, and it was surrounded by a garland of the same flowers tied with a true-lover's knot.—N. Y. Tribune

STEAMING THE FACE.

How to Perform This Youth and Health Imparting Operation.

Have the teakettle boiling for you at a certain hour. Take a newspaper, fold down the middle, pin two of the ends behind and put it over your head like a big hood, letting it come well over your face in front.

Rub your face thoroughly with any good cold cream, sit down by the kitchen range, your paper bag over your head and your nose as close to the spout of the boiling kettle as you dare to. Don't tempt fate too far, or you may burn your face. Keep turning first one cheek and then the other, so that all parts of the face may be steamed equally. Keep this up for fifteen or twenty minutes or until you have perspired freely. Now don't rub this grease and perspiration off with a towel, but take a silver-bladed knife and gently scrape the debris away, even as a man scrapes whiskers from his features.

After every bit is removed bathe the face with warm water in which a few drops of sweet-scented benzoin have been poured. If you are going outdoors dash the face with cold water to prevent chapping, but if you are going to remain at home rub a little cold cream under the eyes, over the eyebrows and behind the ears, for these are the quarters in which the telltale wrinkles first begin to come. Then go lie down and take a nap and waken refreshed and as glowing as a sixteen-year-old girl.—Health.

Recipe for Almond Macaroons.

Pour boiling water over half a pound of shelled almonds, remove the outer skin and plunge into cold water for a few minutes, then pound them to a smooth paste, adding a teaspoonful of lemon essence; add a pound of pulverized sugar and the beaten whites of three eggs. Work the paste together, dip the hands in water and roll the paste into balls the size of large nutmegs. Lay on buttered paper an inch apart. Dip hands in water and pass finger tips over macaroons to make them smooth and shining. Set in a cool oven for forty-five minutes. These macaroons are very nice, and if made right are as good as those made by confectioners.

What Goes with What.

Some cooks never know just what to serve with different meats as relish. Following is a table of things considered the proper caper: With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; roast pork, apple sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black currant jelly; broiled fresh mackerel, sauce or stewed gooseberries; boiled bluefish, white cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas with cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

For Nervous Headache.

A simple but often effective way of relieving nervous headache is to bathe the head freely in water as hot as can be borne. This should be applied not alone to the temples, but to the back of the ears and the back of the neck, where the nerves are very numerous. The effect is, in most cases, soothing and beneficial.

PINEAPPLE RECIPES.

This Delicious Fruit Can Be Prepared in a Variety of Ways.

The most important thing to know about pineapples is how to cut them, and ignorance of the proper manner in which this should be done is responsible for much of the distaste awarded to this tender and delicious fruit.

The pine should first be peeled, taking care to cut well inside the eyes to remove the sharp spear which each eye contains. Then stand the pine on end and wring off the crown or top, never cut it off.

With a sharp knife then cut the pine in thin slices from top to bottom and keep turning the pine around and slice to the core. Put the slices in a dish and let stand until ready to serve, when sugar may be added if desired. Under no circumstance add the sugar until the last moment, as it draws out the juices of the fruit and injures the flavor. This is a tender point and one not generally known, but if you will follow these directions fully the result will be a dish incapable of harm to anyone, both tender and delicious.

Pineapple shortcake is a tempting dessert and is made as follows:

Take half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in two layers and spread chopped pineapple between the layers after the cake is cold. This recipe is very popular down where the pines grow, but any recipe for strawberry shortcake will do as well by substituting the pine for the berries.

Another and still more delicious use for this fruit is known as pineapple biegnets:

Cut the pine into pieces the size of a silver quarter dollar and a quarter of an inch thick. Let these steep for an hour in brandy, sweetened with powdered sugar, then dip in batter and fry in boiling fat until they are quite crisp and of a golden yellow color. Take them up in a strainer and put them in a hot baking tin, sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and set in a hot oven to glaze. When they look bright and glossy dish on white paper and serve hot.—N. Y. Herald.

BORDERS FOR DOILIES.

Some New Designs Which Are Artistic and Easily Made.

The accompanying illustrations are designed for borders to be worked upon doilies, tray cloths, tidies or any of their near relatives, in outline stitch with wash silk of any desirable shade. Very little explanation is needed, as the illustrations speak quite plainly for themselves. The little pansies and daisies are conventional in design, but it will add greatly to their artistic effect if they are not all "twins," but are made to vary in some slight details. The pansy faces may nod toward each other a little in one case and turn away from each other further on in the border, thus relieving the "setness" of any absolutely conventional pattern. It takes but a little taste and skill to make this variation, and the effect gained will more than repay one's work. In the case of the daisies, a petal or two twisted here and there relieves the stiffness very greatly. The intertwining stems form a beautiful inside finish to the border. The fancy stitching on the outside edge may vary almost indefinitely, the illustrations



NEW DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

suggesting two styles. Of course, if one has not the "gift" of making one's pencil obey one's fancies the little variations in the border can be omitted, and it can be made simply a repetition throughout of one little daisy blossom or pansy face. The design is sketched or stamped upon the linen with colored crayon or a soft pencil.—American Agriculturist

How to Destroy Bedbugs.

Clean the paint of the room thoroughly, and set in the center of the room a dish containing four ounces of brimstone. Light it and close the room as tight as possible, stopping the keyhole of the door with paper, to keep the fumes of the brimstone in the room. Let it remain for three or four hours, then open the windows and air thoroughly. The brimstone will be found to have also bleached the paint if it was a yellowish white.

The Fiend Next Door.

Each morning, evening and noon,
He's played for many moons;
And though he's always out of tune,
He's never out of tunes.

—Puck.

RECREATION ECHO

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EDITOR'S CHAT.

DEAR FRIENDS:—This issue of our ECHO finds me a Shut-in in every sense of the word. Ever since our little darling Edna was born my health has been bad, but not alarmingly so until recently, and now I fear that I cannot recover.

My sympathy for those of you who are debarred the freedom of out-door life, cannot be imaginary, and a fearful truth forces itself upon me that those who suffer bodily pain, suffer much

A year ago, when our paper was first published, I hailed with delight the opportunity it presented me in being thrown together with suffering humanity and a chance to administer unto them kind deeds. cheerful words and tender sympathy.

Such beautiful work gave to me pleasant satisfaction when consious of the fact that I was doing some good by placing a kind word where it would do the most good.

Such words and feeble efforts which I have bestowed upon you all, dear friends, were given and done unselfishly, and I have only one thing now to regret, and that is that I am not able to do more.

After having been associated with you for only twelve months, I feel that I have myself been greatly benefited by your kind and loving letters, containing sweet and tender words of peaceful resignation, showing that your faith was unerringly placed in Him who reins above.

What a beautiful thought; that in Him we can always find a friend. I earnestly pray that I may be spared for many years service among you, and that my deeds will be such that none can say I have lived an idle life.

Our little Edna is such an angel; so sweet, so bright, so pretty, so interesting. Each day only strengthens my love for her, until I can truthfully say, there's no love like a mother's.

With a kind and loving word to all I will bid you good bye until we meet again. Your true friend,

MRS. C. PORTER GALYON.

Mrs. Lizzie Carlton, Berlin, Texas writes me that she has some 2,000 cancelled stamps which she wishes to sell for cash. Cannot some one buy them and thus assist a needy shutin?

Mrs. Olive Hart: Your subscription expires with this number.

I have just received a letter from "Nellie May" saying she has just finished an interesting little story, in four chapters, entitled "Lilly of the Valley." It will commence in the next issue of the ECHO.

Mrs. G. W. Morgan: Please send copy for your ad. again the one which you sent has been misplaced.

Carrie V. Mead: I cannot use the papers now for the young lady I wanted them for has moved. Am sorry to have put you to the trouble. I never received the little booklet of which you speak.



OUR Invalid and SHUT-IN Friends.

—Edited by—
Mrs. C. Porter Galyon

ECHOES FROM THE BAND

WOLF CREEK, Tenn., Sept. 12, '94.

DEAR MRS. GALYON.

I always pass my copy of the ECHO along, so that it may re-ECHO as much as possible. Cannot give you the name to whom I send as I never send it twice to the same person.

Am so much interested in Shut-In work, and think so highly of your paper that I send it to those whom I feel may take an interest in the work by seeing and reading a copy of the ECHO.

Yours for suffering Humanity,
I. H. N. E. R. SHIER.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:

Please say to ECHO I am an incurable invalid. Have been sick 19 years. I would like to receive scraps of any kind for quilts, and bits of silk or floss Also cards for a scrap book. I would like to make a few scrap books for any one. Price reasonable, as I am in great need of money to support myself. Hoping ECHO will meet with great success and its editor every blessing, I remain your suffering friend I. H. N.

MRS. M. MARIA SOUTHER,
West Levant, Penobscot Co., Me.

I have Comforts, Youth's Companions and other papers I will mail to those sending postage. E. H. Wisen, Verona, Nebraska.

An invalid who has received reading would be glad to pass it on to any one sending postage with their address.

Box 455, Plano, Ill.

I have quite a number of postmarks for sale at 10c per 100. Would like for some of the friends to send me some nice long hair, no combings, and I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. H. W. BROWN,
Box 11, Kinde, Huron Co., Mich.

DEAR ECHO FRIENDS:—Have any of you the little booklet entitled the "Woman's way to Health and Beauty," would like to see one. I hear that the breathing exercises are good for weak lungs. I would return it after reading or the postage either one.

LAURA A. WARWICK,
Tracy Creek, N. Y.

I have for sale fine lawn drawn worked aprons or grimps, fine lawn fancy pointed tucked aprons, skirts tucked same way where I have size wanted, nice crochet lace and numerous other articles. Write for prices and list.

MRS. J. MCBRIDE,
Pike City, Cal.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:—I very much desire to get pieces suitable to use in making a silk quilt. If there are any who would like to exchange with me and take some of my foncy work for pieces, I would like to hear from them.

I make tissue paper and hair flowers, etc. Is there anyone that would send me some sea shells and curios in exchange? Am a Shut-in and such things help to pass away the lonely time.

MRS. LOUISE M. STEPHENS,
South Cabot, Vermont.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:

Allow me to tell the Shut-Ins that I have started a society called I. H. N. society. Any one writing to me signing I. H. N. or In His Name will become members. Write to me friends, I will answer all in some way. It is done for Christ's sake, "In His Name. I am also in a position to offer pleasant employment to Shut-Ins, and will pay them for their work. Everyone should write to me immediately.

Yours "I. H. N." CHAS T. ZEPP,
Carroll Co., Melrose, Md.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:

I wish to thank, through the ECHO, Mrs. G. H. Ackley, Brier Hill, N. Y., for the papers she so kindly sent me. I am not able to write much, my head troubles me so. Would be pleased to receive cheerful letters; if I am not able to write will return thanks through the ECHO. I live in a lonely place. Will return favors as far as I am able. God bless you all. A Shut-in sister.

MRS. D. S. BUCK,
No. Easton, Mass.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am compiling a reference book of "nick-names" and pen names of celebrated people, with real names and dates of birth and death, also popular names of states, cities, etc. I wish to get as many as possible. Perhaps some of the sisters or cousins can send me some of which I have not got. To the one sending me the largest list not already in my collection I will send 500 foreign stamps or a cloth bound book, as desired, and will send 10 foreign stamps to every one sending names if a stamp is enclosed for reply. Write names and dates very plainly.

MISS E. I. LOCKE,
Redding, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. GALYON:

I wish to come in to thank the kind friends for letters sent me and Mrs. Jane Tinsley wants to thank La Vane for the book and scraps sent her as she does not feel like writing, also to Mrs. B. A. Petts for the nice roll of scraps. Wish I could write to each one but cannot, so will write this letter to one and all. I would like to help on Miss Weston's outlined quilt if Oxalis will send me one or 2 squares stamped and a sample of the thread to work them with, I will be glad to do the work.

I would like to hear from some sister that is willing to crochet 8 yards of nice lace for one of the dearest and sweetest shutin ladies. The lace is for a pair of pillow shams and I am to work the shams and Mrs. Nancy H. Head is to buy the shams and thread to work them and we want one of the sisters to make the lace for them. I also furnish 2 spools of thread to help on the lace, say what No. you want. 40 I think will be about right. The sister that is willing to make the lace will please write to me at once and all that can give a spool of thread No. 40, I will say will they send it to me and I will send it on to the one that offers to make the lace. When you all find out who these shams are for you will all be proud to know that you helped on them. I can not tell just now the name of the Shut-In who will get the shams, for they are for a birthday present and a surprise.

Will say to Mrs. Souther that I was glad to hear from her and will send her a letter soon. My health is better, but still am not stout. I have not received any orders for my shams yet; have some worked at 75 cents per pair and I am going to make some ladies' underskirts, tucked, with lace on bottom, at $1.50 postage paid. Hope some sister will send for one. Send length around waist and length of skirt. Don't forget the shams. Your loving sister friend,

MRS. M. F TINSLEY,
Spartanburg, S. C.

I have returned from the Hospital, the doctors claimed that I can be put on my feet, but as they did not use the braces I could not take their treatment. I want to try another with the hopes of better success. I am denied this world's goods and entirely dependent, as I can't work. It is my greatest desire to work for my living and help the Shut-Ins:

I am still collecting silk pieces and squares for quilts, old coins and old stamps, also curios, specimens, etc., from different states.

Yours I. H. N.
BEN C. KNIGHT,
Enfield, Halifax Co., N. C.

DEAR EDITOR of ECHO:—It is hard for me to write; my eyes are paining bad, but as I am sending in an exchange must write you a line so you may know we down Easters. Think the ECHO is just,—well just too nice for anything. We hope you will never get discouraged but keep right on. I guess there is no place in its columns for me. But never mind I'll find a place to get in after awhile.

Mrs. N. A. Head, of Haverhill, Mass., pays for the ECHO for me and after I am through reading it I send it to her.

Many years have I been shut in and the way is rough and the end far out of sight, but this I can say: "There is One who has never left me and just when the way was the darkest, then it was He made His presence so plain and raised up friends for me; those that would give me courage to continue on in well doing and patiently bearing my cross."

I think there are many of His angels who walk this earth speaking kind words and reaching out a helping hand to us weary ones. My life was indeed most dreary until the new life was opened up to me through a correspondence with unseen people, both rich, poor, sick and well.

Now even in my pain I support myself by collecting and selling stamps, postmarks, making silk and worsted quilts and other kinds with pieces given me; and there are many ways in which we find to earn money. I have been to the hospital nine times and am told I must go again so I must work for that purpose.

I wish you a grand success in all your undertakings with the blessings of God. FLORENCE A. LANGLEY,
West Levant, Maine

Reading wanted.

Mrs. C. A. Proctor, Slocumville, R. I., desires some good reading—no novels.

Free Reading.

I have quite a lot of short stories, cut from various papers, of which I will send some to anyone sending a stamp for postage, state the kind of story liked best. MISS E. I. LOCKE,
Redding Iowa.

Notice.

Please send a block, 12x12 inches, of dark print for a pretty memory quilt, to Florence Langley, West Levant, Maine, who will suggest a pretty pattern and have it pieced. Who will set blocks together if they are sent to them, and thus save her the work. Write direct to M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H.

Who Will Help?

I wonder how many of the readers of the ECHO wear the little silver cross, the emblem of "King's Daughters and Sons?" Those who do not belong to the order may possibly wish to join and help me in a most deserving cause, namely: the Shut-In's cause. I am about to form a circle of King's Daughters' whose members are to be scattered over the country. The name of the circle to be "Cheerful Workers." The motto—"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The purpose—To cheer, encourage, and help the Shut-Ins by sending them letters, reading matter or little tokens no matter how small, for when one is shut out from the gay world a little seems a great deal. Each worker will be given four Shut-Ins nearest her vicinity to work for. There will be no dues or any expense connected with the circle, except the postage that we will use in sending letters and reading. The members will communicate with each other each month by means of a letter "The Daughter's message" which will go the rounds.

All Shut-Ins wishing to come under the notice of the King's Daughters will please write to me, giving me a short sketch of themselves and their illness.

Who will help? All willing to do the best they can, address

LOLA BELLE ROATH,
1930 First Street,
San Diego, Cal.

One Day's Work.

I intended to have some potato croquettes for dinner, but I was busy with other things, so that it was 11 o'clock before I had the potatoes boiling, then as there were buttermilk biscuit to make for supper, a bowl of dried apple sauce to make into a pie, before it spoiled, and a Johnny cake to make ready for tomorrow's breakfast, I concluded to leave the croquettes till next time.

While the potatoes were boiling I made the biscuit by taking two cups full of buttermilk, a pinch of salt, these I put in the mixing pan and then added one tea spoon full of soda, when the milk was foaming nicely. I stirred in flour enough to make a soft dough, this I placed into shape with the hands, and baked in a quick oven.

I reserved a small piece of dough for pie crust. I rolled it in lard to make it light, and after putting on the lower crust I mashed the dried apples fine, added sugar and spice to taste and a pinch of salt, I filled the pie with this and after rolling out the upper crust I spilled a thin coating of melted lard entirely over it, sifted flour over this and patted it down with my hand. After putting it on the pie and tucking the edges under neatly, I poured cold water over it and set it in the oven. When baked a delicate brown the crust was light enough for every day use.

After setting the pie in the oven, I half filled a quart sauce pan with milk, and set it on the front of the stove to heat ready for the potatoes when done.

The Johnny cake was soon made by my favorite recipe. Two cups of sweet milk, one half cup of molasses or three table spoonfuls. I never use it in a cup because it is easier to use a spoon, 1 tea spoonful of soda, salt, two cups full of Indian meal and one cup full of flour. I bake it in a long shallow tin, in a quick oven.

By this time the biscuits were done and I took them from the tin and wrapped each plate full in the table cloth. This makes them much lighter than if left to cool in the tin.

I then hurried to the kitchen to mash the potatoes, which were just done. For this purpose I use a tin pan, and a fork, wishing that I had a Hens potato masher, it only costs 60 cents, when sent by mail to any address. I will have one some day. I set the pan on the front of the stove to get warm while I pour the water from the potatoes, then I turned half of the potatoes into the pan, mashed fine and then add the other. When all are mashed fine, I beat and stir till it is light and feathery, then I add salt, pepper and butter, the latter I seldom use, and enough of the hot milk to make of the right consistency for mashed potato. As I could not make croquettes to-day I took one half of the potatoes, and to this added one well beaten egg and set the dish full in the oven to get brown.

It was, by this time, most noon. I whisked the pie, which was nicely baked, out of the oven, took the chicken dough from the sink, and hurried out to give the chickens their lunch. Mother came in from her cleaning of the store room and set the table, while I retired to the sofa in the sitting room, to rest, too tired to eat dinner, and almost too tired to breathe.

After all this hurry the kitchen stove had hardly got cooled off, the fire was not burned out, when a rain began, and the men folks coming in damp from the field I knew they would be cold and chilly, so I rebuilt the fire, helped get supper, and after a good nights rest hope to be ready for another day's work tomorrow. MABEL DODO.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

For RECREATION ECHO.

Sweet fragrance fills the summer breeze
That gently stirs the rustling trees;
It tells of the season's prime,
The glowing, golden summer-time,
When roses bloom.

Fair nature dons her festive dress,
And all is joy and happiness.
The birds will be our minstrels gay,
And all the world keeps holiday,
When roses bloom.

As brighest days seem ever fleet,
These restful moments let us greet.
And steal from Time's swift-winged flight
The happy hours so pure and bright,
When roses bloom.

Then fill your heart with light and love,
While smiling suns gleam from above.
While youth and hope reign all supreme,
Life has the beauty of a dream
When roses bloom.

Enjoy the blessings of to-day,
For soon its light will fade away.
As drooping leaves must pine and die,
So quickly these fair days pass by,
When roses bloom.

And when we tread life's darkened ways,
Let us recall those blissful days,
When every heart seemed all in tune
And life an endless golden June,
When roses bloom.

—NORMA LEE.

A WINTER DAY.

"Hurry the breakfast on to the table, 'father,' for I'm going to Mr. Bingham's on business," demanded Bob as he entered the kitchen with the milk pail, one winter morning.

"I am going with you," I said as I set the saucer of beet pickle on the table.

"All right, but I shall be ready in fifteen minutes, so fly 'round."

"I can get ready in five," I said as the family gathered around the breakfast table, for I knew it would be a half hour or more before the horse would be at the door. The mercury the night before wandered away down in the vicinity of zero, but to please me was creeping up among the twenties.

I had not been out of doors but once for a month and the prospect of a six mile drive (if I only could keep warm) was very pleasant to me.

I put a freestone on the stove, for my feet, and brought out two jackets, a cape muff, and other fixings, but when I was ready to start I found myself enveloped in Bob's coon overcoat with just the tip of my head visible above the tall standing collar and the extra length of the sleeves made a very warm muff. George

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

By Charles L. Galyon.

TO PUBLISHERS.

To those of you who are sending your paper to the ECHO, addressed to Knoxville, Tenn., should change it to Harriman, Tenn.

TO ADVERTISERS.

To every dealer patronizing our advertising columns to the amount of $5, we will give them one dollar's worth of reading notices (20 lines, 7 words to the line) free of all charge.

30 cents invested for an inch display ad in the ECHO, goes nearly the dollar distance as compared with other stamp journals when it comes to returns.

He Is Unknown To Us.

MR. C. P. GALYON:—

I want to ask you something as you have a stamp department you may know or at least you can warn others. I sent H. D. Rhuelman, Box 76, Sharon, Wis., $1.52 worth of stamps in April or May. Not hearing from him I wrote in June and he answered saying he had received so many stamps he was a little behind in his payments, but would remit soon. Since that I have written repeatedly, as I am shut in and need the money, but I got no reply and of course no money. I will be very glad of any information from you or through the paper, for I think a man who would cheat a shutin pretty mean.

OLLIE WOOD,
Cinnaminson, N. J.

Wrinkles removed from stamp dealer's purses by the liberal use of our columns for advertising purpose.

Mr. A. F. Wicks, 372 Horton St., London, Canada, has sent us a copy of his "Boys Own Price List.'

It is a neat 8 page pamphlet, and contains some rare bargains for the beginner. It will be sent free, and every young collector should have one.

Our advertising rates are only 30 cents per inch—but it pays.

What will You Have?

The maps of the United States show that the first settlers of many of the towns and cities must have been at a loss for names. Everybody has heard of Red Dog and You Bet, in California, and Yuba Dam has been accorded a line in history, but when it comes to Dog Tooth, of Illinois, Flea Hill, of North Carolina, and Fly Mountain, of Ulster county, N. Y., their existence would never be imagined unless noticed on a map or gazetteer.

But there are many other places with names just as striking: Bobtown, Pa.; Bug Hill, N. C.; Chewtown, Pa.; Cut Shin, Ky.; and Fiddletown, Cal., for instance.

Or if these are not sufficient, there are Fussville, Wis.; Daddy's Creek, Tenn.; Callikiller, in same state, and Big Foot, in Indiana.

Ohio has a Belle Centre, Iowa has a Calliope, Indiana a Lilly Dale, West Virginia a Little Wild Cat, Maryland a Maiden's Choice, South Dakota a Minnehaha, Wyoming a Miser, Pennsylvania a Nazareth and Illinois a Prettyman.

There are others, such as Yonng Blood, Ill.; Young Womanstown, Pa.; Whiskey Town, Cal.; Ty Ty, Ga.; Big Neck, Ill., and Black Jack flourishes in Mississippi, Kansas, Arkansas and Tennessee.

To reach Bliss one has to go to Wyoming county, N. Y., and the only state that has a Bird in Hand is Pennsylvania.—New York Herald.

If you are a stamp dealer or a stamp company and want advertising in the ECHO, kindly bear in mind that our rates are only 30c an inch, but that you must enclose the money with the order. We credit no one.

STAMPS VS. POSTMARKS.

By MERTHYR TYSDALE.

"You may take the stamp of any country, and stare at it until you are black in the face, and you will know no more of the country it represents than before you saw the stamp," said a Postmark devotee in a recent number of the ECHO. I, who am a devout Philatelist, cannot allow such a slur to be cast upon my precious hobby, and therefore I rise to expostulate.

I have seen several Postmark collections, and have watched non-interested people glance over them with no expression of interest, or any expression at all except a bored one, but never yet have I come across any one who could look over a collection of stamps without being betrayed into several interested remarks. It must be a blind person who could "stare" etc, at a stamp many seconds without learning at least a little about the country which issued it, for if the stamp be a foreign one, he would quickly notice that the money which first bought it was not dollars and cents, but centimes, kopecks, ores, kreuzers or some such name, and if there was the least bit of curiosity in his composition he would be very apt to inquire the value of a centime, kopeck, ore, or kreuzer in our currency; such has been my experience many times over when showing my album to friends. Would Postmarks have had the same effect?

Postmarks suggest history, says O. K. LaHoma. Prithee friend, do not Stamps do the same, but in a far, fuller less round about way? Take those of France for example; a glance will show that the earliest are Republican France, then Republic changes to Empire, and a few years later back to Republic again. This is history just by itself, but it is not all, there is still another thing to catch the eye and interest in that Napoleon's head bears a wreath in the later Empires, but not in the earlier one; does anyone know the reason? I did not until my stamps gave me interest enough to plunge into French history in order that I might find out. The German history had to be burrowed into a little that I might discover why the German stamps of 1871-'74, though just alike in other respects, bore different coats of arms. German history is not as interesting as the French, but I unearthed several items besides the desired one which were worth remembering. I ask again, would a few postmarks, German or French, have the same effect? O. K. La-Homa may say "Yes," but my experience says "No;" none of the postmark collectors of my acquaintance ever seemed to have any historical questions raised by their treasures, all they appeared to care about was to get more varieties than anyone else. Every one of those who began to collect postmarks when I began with stamps, has long since given up the pursuit, and burned or given away the specimens, which leads me to think that as a rule, the postmarks mania does not "stick" as does the stamp one.

Stamps are helpful in still another way for in many cases they bear the portraits of the ruler of the country from which they come, and when the ruler changes, so do the portraits, thus helping the collector to remember the date of the change, the appearance of the ruler, and often the name too, for the collector is not satisfied unless he knows whose face adorns his treasures. Postmarks cannot compete with Philately at all in this respect, even if they can in any other, of which I am exceedingly doubtful.

I do not look scornfully on the collecting of postmarks, friends, but I do hold that there is not a single respect wherein it is superior to Philately, or even—please excuse me, this is a free country, you know, and I will leave you your opinion if you will leave me mine—or even equal. I have read that a complete postmark collection is worth $20,000. Does anyone know of a person who stands ready to give that amount? If not, then I fail to see where the word "worth" comes in. Stamp collections, though incomplete, will often bring more than that. Postmarks could be very easily counterfeited, but it is doubtful if anyone has, or will, take the trouble to do it as they are not valuable enough to make it pay. But stamps are counterfeited, even though they may be quite common ones, until the average collector thinks longingly of a "lodge in some vast wilderness where counterfeits are unknown;" the great trouble is that the lodge and wilderness are unknown, too.

Now brother and sister philatelists, I have said enough for the time being, although a great deal still remains which might be said. Won't some of you come forward and say a little something in the interest of Philately? You know a conversation carried on by only two or three members of a great company like ours is seldom very interesting to the multitude, it is only when the multitude join in too that every one is interested. Come and do your part, and prove that you appreciate the kindness of our editor in giving our words a chance to Echo.

A Great Family Newspaper.

That popular illustrated family newspaper, PENNSYLVANIA GRIT, which is now sold in every state in the Union, east of the Rocky Mountains, is giving to those who cut out the coupons printed in it each week, free books, and art albums. Buy a copy from the newsboy, or send for a free sample copy, and learn particulars. A beautiful art supplement given with each number. Agents wanted in every town where it is not now being sold. See advertisement in an other column. Address GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa. The subscription price is only 50c for three months. Try it.

YOUR FUTURE



IS IN YOUR OWN HAND.

Palmistry assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate. It will amuse you, if nothing more. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of the LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BRACELET gives you thirty years. Well-marked LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, fame or riches. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demorest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that every member of the family is entertained. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF FATE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked. A well-defined LINE OF HEALTH spares you doctors' bills; so will the health hints in Demorest's. No other magazine publishes so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well marked; keep up your spirits by having Demorest's Magazine to read. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 17x22 inches, "I'm a Daisy!" which is almost a real baby, and equal to the original oil painting which cost $300; and you will have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads, and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and you get with it, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2.00, and you will really get over $25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE, generosity; long FIRST DIVISION OF THUMB, strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The MOUNT OF JUPITER betokens ambition; that of SATURN, prudence; the SUN, love of splendor; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY, intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

Our rate for advertising is only 30 cents per inch. Returns good.

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In every issue of THE INTERIOR, the largest Presbyterian paper in the world.

Contributed articles from prominent writers and church workers in all parts of the world, conveying the latest religious and secular intelligence.

All branches of church work ably discussed.

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Trial subscription of one month, 25c.; per year, in advance, $2.50.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE INTERIOR,
69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

ON THE BRIDGE.

[The following piece of poetry was found on one of Knoxville's most prominent streets.]

Oh, Tommy Ridge, cute Tommy Ridge,
We invaribly meet on the depot bridge.
Is it by accident merely, or can it be fate,
That we meet on the bridge, come early or late?
If it is the first, we've no cause to complain,
If 'tis the latter—we'll perhaps meet again.
That glance that you gave me, Oh, cute Tommy Ridge
I shall ne'er forget as we crossed the bridge.

Longfellow never had a bridge like ours.
With depot windows over it, and under it cars.
He'd have written a story instead of a song
Had that bridge been at Knoxville—and we'd been along
It would have been more interesting than the Sentinel or Spice,
Better reading than the Journal even at its price.
But its very embarrassing to meet on the bridge
So please wait till I go by, cute Tommy Ridge.

WAR STAMPS, WAR.

Fine sets of 6 var. unused Venezulia Stamps 12c. Three sets only 25c. Sets of four unused Port Rico Stamps only 6c. 100 mixed foreign stamps 10c. 500 common mixed U. S. stamps, for decorating, 18c. Two Confederate Bills 10c. Bullets from the battle-fields 5c each. Old papers over fifty years old 5c each. Wanted old U. S. and Confederate stamps. Try me. Address

J. E. HANDSHAW,
SMITHTOWN BRANCH, N.Y

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The official journal of the Sons of Philatelia, the largest Philatelic Society in the world. Subscription 25 cents per year. Circulation 2000 guaranteed. Advertising rates on application. Sample copy free.

THE COLLECTOR PUBLISHING CO.,
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From my foreign duplicates I will send 100 varieties for 20c or for 10 3c Columbian

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—ENGRAVER—
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One hundred varieties of nice clean stamps—none torn—from all over the world, only 10c, post free.

CHAS. W. GREVNING,
DEALER IN POSTAGE STAMPS.
225 Avenue B. New York.

STAMPS WANTED FOR CASH.

And will pay highest market price for same.

We want common European stamps by the 1000 or 1,000 000; Fine U. S. adhesives; Rare old Europeons; U. S. Revenues; in fact any old common or rare stamps in any quantity.

SEND LIST
OF WHAT YOU HAVE WITH
LOWEST CASH
—Price to—
PERRIN & CO.,
122 EAST 23D ST., NEW YORK, N.Y

New price list sets & packets free

LOOK HERE 1000 mixed foreign stamps 25c. 100 mixed 10c. Complete set Mexican (1864) 10c. Set Jamaica officials 10c. 2 var. confederate stamps 10. Packet A contains 30 var. from the following countries, no others: Cuba, Salvador, Romaina, Queensland, Jamaica, Baden, Greece, Luxemb, Brazil, 30c. Packet B contains 25 diff. U. S. postage and revenue including dept. special delivery, dues, envelopes, etc, 25c.
ALBERT DODGE, Jr., Gloucester, Mass.

SEND US 6 CENTS

In stamps and receive 100 varieties postmarks or 10c and receive fine packet, 50 var. foreign stamps. Approval sheets for beginners at 33⅓ per cent discount. Send reference and try them. Address

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The following prices will be paid for good specimens of used columbian stamps

1c, per 1000	75c.	2c, per 1000	25c.
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Large quantities can be sent C. O. D.

F. N. MASSOTH, Jr.,
Hanover Centre, Indiana.

BOYS MAKE MONEY.

Send for our fine approval sheets of stamps at 50 per cent commission and sell them to your friends. You can add a few dollars to your spending money each month.

Address at once

SOUTHERN STAMP & PUB. CO.,
25 Broad St., Charleston, S. C.

Sample copy of the Southern Philatelist free.

GUESS.

3 VALUABLE RECEIPES
27c.

The purchaser guessing correctly the number of receipes sold before January 1st will receive half the proceeds. Address
E. I. LOCKE, REDDING, IOWA.

A Great Opportunity.

To each of the first 100 subscribers sending us during the next 60 days, 10 subscriptions to WOMAN'S WORK, with a money order for $5, we will promptly return $4 in payment for their trouble. If you are not among the first 100 you may select any premium that we offer for 10 names. If you makeup a club and fail to get as many as 10 names, you may select a premium for whatever number you send us, with 50 cents each. This is a great offer, and is open only to our subscribers, or to those who remit 50 cents extra for their own subscription.

You can be among the first 100 if you try—wether you live in a small town or a large one, wether in Georgia or a distant state. A sample copy of this popular family magazine will be mailed on receipt of 5 cents but as you are sure to like it you had better send 50 cents fors subscription. Address. WOMAN'S WORK, Athens. Georgia.

25c

Send 25c, stamps or silver, and we will send you by return mail, postpaid, 5 sample cigars--Sumatra wrapped, havana filled, all different. Circulars giving price per box will accompany them. Our purpose being to sell by the box direct to consumer.

Address

Mel Miller
302 North Gay Street,
Mail Order Department. Knoxville, Tenn.

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OUR ADVERTISING RATES

Are exceedingly low but returns are high. Try us a few rounds, you'll be convinced.

RECREATION ECHO.

MRS. C. P GALYON Publisher

HARRIMAN, : : : TENN.

WISHES.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play:
"My little one, pray tell to me
Your dearest wish: what may it be?"
The little one thought for awhile,
Then answered, with a wistful smile:
"The thing that I most wish of all
Is to be big like you and tall."

I asked a maiden sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair:
"What would you wish, pray tell me true,
That kindly fate should bring to you?"
With timid mien and downcast eyes
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,
Her answer came: "All else above,
I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother tried and blest,
With babe asleep upon her breast:
"Oh, mother fond, so proud and fair,
What is thy inmost secret prayer?"
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,
Madonna-like, up to the skies.
"My dearest wish is this," said she—
"That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold:
"Pray tell me, oh, thou blest in years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"
With folded hands and head bent low,
She answer made, in accents slow:
"For me remains but one request,
It is that God may give me rest."

—Emile Pickhardt, in N. Y. Weekly.

SERGEANT CROESUS.



BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"What is it?" he cried, running and bending over him. "Are you hit? Here, let me help you, man." And poor Schramm could only clasp his hand about his leg and plead in English equally broken: "Lauf'—Roon! Herr Lieutenant. Ach Gott! I can it not make." Then Morgan, big powerful fellow, cut him short and swung the little ex-Hussar on his back and plunged ahead, heedless of his captive's splutter and struggles. But yelling Sioux and whistling bullets both were gaining. Another minute, and down went lieutenant and man, carrier and carried, and this time Schramm, rolling over and over, never let go of his carbine, but, lying prone, levelled it over a little hummock, and sent a shot square at the foremost Indian, tripping his calico pony in the nick of time. Morgan echoed with another. "Good boy, Schramm! Give 'em some more," he cried, as the charging warriors veered and opened out. Then came other shots from the swale in rear. Only one man held the horses now; the others—the whole squad—were blazing away.

"Check to your game, my bucks!" panted Morgan, loading, firing and missing again. "It's little but lead you'll get out of this outfit." The Indian bullets were biting at the turf all around him, yet mercifully flying wild. Schramm, bleeding fast, was paling, yet keeping up his fire, wondering how it was he could so rarely hit those yelling, painted, feathered fiends darting about them only a few hundred yards away. Then, rising on his knees, he shouted Prussian taunt and challenge.

"Lie down, you fool!" yelled his officer, rolling over to him, and, seizing his shoulder, Morgan forced him to earth. Not a second too soon; an Indian had sprung from his pony, taken deliberate aim and sent a shot that just grazed the hand that pinned him down, and then came thunder of hoofs far out over the prairie and the rush of comrades to the rescue, and then the Sioux, firing to the last minute, whirled away up the ravine, and Morgan's deer hunt was over. That night, while Ray, with his troop, was still out in pursuit, Morgan lay with a shot hole through the left shoulder at the bivouac fire, and was chaffed and condoned with in moderation over the failure of his venison chase, and took it all meekly enough. He had bagged no game, had well-nigh lost his own and other lives, had ridden almost blindly into Indian ambuscade, and yet, in point of result, as it turned out, that was about the best day's work he had done in all his life.

CHAPTER II.

"If ever a man came into the cavalry who deserved well of his country," said his colonel, "it is Morgan." He was a good soldier, but a bad manager—a combination far more frequent than is probably known. He came into the regiment in '66, burdened with a wife and a war debt. A capital trooper, he had won honors with the saber in the Shenandoah; had risen to the command of his battalion, and was urged to take a commission in the regular army. Famous names backed his application, but he had been held to duty in Texas while earlier-discharged volunteers were picking up the plums in the newly-authorized regiments. He got in eventually as second lieutenant where his own lieutenants had gone in as first. He had the brevet of a lieutenant colonel of volunteers and the rank and pay of a low-down subaltern of regulars when he and his wife and a little daughter joined the regiment in the south. When he came to the frontier after five years of reconstruction duty her health was impaired as much as his prospects. Morgan was supporting an invalid wife, three children, a negro "mammy," an egregious folly of a female nurse and a scattered indebtedness of no one knew just how many hundreds or thousands, all on a first lieutenant's pay, and that hypothecated. He loved his wife and little ones; he was attached to his comrades and his profession, but every month found him more dangerously involved. He had no relatives to help him; she had some who might, but didn't. He wore old clothes, stinted himself in every way, yet saw no light ahead, and, to make a long story short, would have thanked God for the chance to end it all but for the thought of those helpless little ones, when at last the wife, not he, was taken. She had been practically bedridden for two years, and it would have been mercy to take her long before, but Morgan couldn't see that. He wept sorely over the cold, emaciated form, then roused himself, gathered his children in his strong arms and folded them to his heart. "You must be more than ever 'little mother' to them, now, Connie," said he, as he kissed the white forehead of his eldest. She was only fifteen that spring, yet for two years had been more woman than child, trying to help mother, trying to be a comfort to "poor daddy," whose face took on deep and deeper lines with every month, trying to be a teacher and playmate and mother all in one to Sister Lottie, only eight, and to burly, brown-haired, uproarious little Billy, the one member of the household whose spirits were unquenchable. There were ministering hands and loving hearts at the rude old frontier fort, and in poor Mrs. Morgan's last days, far from her home and kindred, there was no "lack of woman's nursing," no "dearth of woman's tears." Everybody seemed to go in the solemn little procession when, afoot, they followed the wasted form to its bleak and lonely resting place in the post cemetery out on the open prairie.

"My God! to think of poor Carrie's having to be buried in such a dreary waste as this!" moaned the widower that evening as some of his comrades strove to comfort him. He had written to her relatives—she had brothers and a sister married and well to do—telling of the inevitable end so soon to come, intimating that she longed to be taken home and to lie by her mother's side in the shaded church yard, but that he actually had not a cent. The brothers were very sorry. Both in their younger days had freely borrowed the captain's tens and twenties and lived high with sister Cad, to whom the big-hearted dragoon sent each month four-fifths of his pay. Pretty sister Lottie, too, made her home with Caroline, "who would otherwise be so lonesome," much of the four years Morgan served at the front. His pay was the main support of the family, in fact, for the boys were still attending school, and the old man's business languished as the war went on. But all this was something they rather wished to forget in the years that followed. They didn't want to grow up into actively inimical relations with their elder sister's husband, yet having so long lived on his bounty, how could they, being ordinary mortals, help learning to hate him unless



"YOU MUST BE MORE THAN EVER 'LITTLE MOTHER' NOW."

they could forget the benefits of the past? Bob and Sam, of whom she so often talked, were prosperous business men now, with wives and olive branches and vines and fig trees of their own, and how could their wives or they be expected to want to have her, a dark shadow at the fireside, to linger, languish and slowly die on their hands? Neither brother felt that he could stand the expense of fetching Carrie home. Each thought the other ought to do it, and both thought that Lottie should—that is, Lottie's husband. But Lottie's husband knew not the impoverished trooper on the far frontier, nor his wife, nor his children, and Lottie was not particularly anxious that he should. Her beauty had captivated the brilliant young lawyer when professional business called him from Cleveland to Saginaw, but it took all he could command to keep up the style in which they lived now. A gay winter was coming on, and there was very little interest and less discussion among the three over the question which should succor Carrie, and so poor Morgan's humble appeal was fruitless.

It was December when she was laid away. In February a strong column was sent to break up the Sioux strongholds to the north, with the unusual result of breaking up several households at the fort. The Sioux lost nothing they did not get back; the soldiers got back nothing they lost; in fact, many of them did not get back at all. The savage chiefs held a council to settle on the spot for the next battle, and the soldiers a court to settle on the spot the responsibility for the last, which was a failure. It was found that beyond certain serious casualties the damages were mainly at the hands of Jack Frost to the feet and fingers of the foemen, though several officers were declared to have suffered in mind, body, and estate, and others in reputation, which was odd, in view of the fact, as shown before the court, that the accused had no reputation to lose. Morgan, happily, was spared all participation in this hapless campaign, being retained at the fort because of recent bereavements and his motherless children. He was made commissary to help him out of trouble, and thereby, was plunged into worse. When the command went out in midwinter he would have been glad to go and never return, but, as has been said, for those little faces at home. Another column was sent out in May, and others followed that in June, and still Morgan was held at the fort on commissary duty until later the direful tidings flashed in over the wires that Custer and his pet troops were wiped out; then everybody had to go. Morgan strained "little mother" to his heart, praying God to guard and bless the babies and bring him back to them in safety. Mrs. Warren, their next-door neighbor, promised they should be the objects of her tender care. They had old mammy with them still, but the nurse had flitted eastward months before—one good riddance at least,—and by the end of July Morgan was serving out groceries and taking in money as field commissary. A column on frontier campaign with only the clothes it had on and with never a wagon could hardly be expected to be burdened with a safe in which to secure the commissary's funds. Uncle Sam has a simple way of reimbursing himself in the event of loss: he stops the commissary's pay until the amount is covered, and the commissary may stop the hungry mouths at home meanwhile as best he can—that isn't Uncle Sam's business. Morgan had over seven hundred and fifty dollars in "greenbacks" in the lining of his canvas hunting-coat when they reached the southern hills in October, and not a cent of it when they marched out on the 15th. The campaign being virtually over, all danger, hardship, work and heavy responsibility at an end, a staff captain came by rail and stage to take over the funds and stores of the line lieutenant and charge up to him every cent's worth that had leaked or dribbled from the mule-packs, a species of charging that differed from that expected of a lineman, in that it involved none of the perils, yet promised greater reward. You may be assured this gentleman did not come without a safe. Morgan, riding from the bivouac to the stage station, a mile away, the very evening of his successor's arrival, was lassoed on his horse in Cinnabar canyon, gagged, bound, robbed of his package of greenbacks, all in the flash of a bull's-eye. Picked up, stunned, ten minutes thereafter, he could not describe his assailants, but certain hard characters with the command, some of the precious gang of recruits just arrived, made off that night with their horses, equipments and everything. Certain civil officials gave chase. There was still hope they might be overhauled and the money captured before they could reach the mining towns. Meantime, Morgan, not severely hurt, was ordered to join his troop. It was God's mercy that only an hour before the robbery he had counted out every cent for which he was accountable in the presence of Old Tintop and his adjutant, otherwise he would have had to stagger under the accusation of having made away with the money and made up the story.

In vain the rough old campaigner had sought to cheer Morgan by assurances that the party sent out in chase couldn't help gathering in the robbers, who, with one exception, were strangers to the frontier. Morgan groaned in spirit. "No, colonel, it is useless. Luck has been dead against me ever since we furled the Wolverine guidons and I joined the regulars. That money will never be found, and I am eight hundred dollars more in debt than I was a month ago, when it was all I could stagger under. It's only worse and more of it." And here this forty-year-old fatalist turned away and buried his bearded face in his hands.

And now, a few weeks later, with a hole in his shoulder and fever in his veins, Mr. Morgan was being borne along homeward in a mule-litter, hopeless and sick at heart, totally unconscious of the fact that one man at least in the long dusty column looked up to him with an enthusiastic gratitude, even while looking down on him from the saddle. Schramm's right leg had been shot through midway between ankle and knee, but the fracture was simple, and the wounded limb was skillfully dressed, set in splints, and Schramm rode in a litter a week or two, as ordered, then his Teutonic prayers took effect on the "Herr Wundartz," and he was allowed to swing the leg over the handsome roan his captain had promised he should have again as soon as he was able to straddle the beast and settle the question why he had named him Bredow. We had little or no time for war history in the cavalry in those days.

Morgan could not but note how affectionately Schramm's blue eyes would beam upon him and how full of anxious sympathy were his frequent inquiries as to whether there were not something he could do for the Herr Lieutenant. They sent the two, with others, in together to the old fort on the railway, and Schramm, whose wound was the more serious, was much the sooner recovered, and bustling around as though nothing had happened, while the veteran lieutenant, whose hurt was slight, seemed unable to rally. There are wounds that sap the vital forces worse than knife or bullet. Morgan was fretting himself to death. He broke down utterly when Old Tintop, a month later, came in to see him on his arrival at the post.

"What can I do, colonel?" he moaned. "I am too old to resign and try to find employment at home. There's no room for crippled dragoons there. Yet creditors are hounding me, my pay may be stopped any minute to settle this commissary business, and then what will become of my children?"

It was too much for Tintop. He had in his desk that moment the fatal paper received from Washington. It was all very well for the board of survey and the department commander to ex-



"I'M TOO OLD TO RESIGN."

onerate Lieut. Morgan from blame, but the watch-dogs of the treasury couldn't allow him to drop that seven hundred and fifty dollars. There was no doubt that he was robbed. The robbers, in fact, deserting recruits en route to the mines, were easily overhauled by experienced frontiersmen who "lit out" in pursuit the moment the affair was heard of. It was scandalous on the part of "tenderfoot toughs" from the far east to rob an army disbursing officer—and expect to get away with the swag. Buckskin Joe, Lopsided Pete, and other local celebrities lost little time in overhauling the Bowery gang and recovering such valuables as they had; but who was to overhaul Joe and Pete? The auditor said Mr. Morgan ought to have kept that money in the safe. The department commander, striving to aid a good soldier, pointed out that they didn't carry safes when on Indian campaigns; if they did, they would even less frequently catch the Indians. But it availed nothing. What did the treasury department care whether Indians were caught or not? Mr. Morgan was held to have violated the spirit of his instructions in that he went to Capt. Stone in town to turn over the money, instead of waiting for Capt. Stone to come to him. Then the general pointed out that Morgan was ordered to march with the command at daybreak, and therefore had to turn over the money that night. But the bureau officials couldn't see it. Let Lieut. Morgan get a bill of relief through congress, said the pragmatic official, well knowing that such bills are the outcome of influence, not innocence. The colonel went to the office, and by way of comforting himself for the weakness which prompted him to blow his nose and wipe his eyes very often before leaving Morgan, and to kiss Connie and Lot several times after, pitched into Mr. Gray, his perennial chopping-block, and Gray, finding meekness and silence not what was needed, fired back. They exchanged volleys a minute, Gray having all the advantage of sense and the colonel of sound, and ended, as usual, by the old man saying he wouldn't give a tinker's dam for an adjutant he couldn't pitch into when he had to pitch into somebody, or that couldn't talk back. "I'm all broke up about Morgan. Can't we do something to pull him out of his hole?"

So they wrote letters, did the officers, to Morgan's wife's relatives, setting forth how brave and deserving and unfortunate he was, and that something must be done for those children. It's all well enough in the eyes of one's wife's relatives to be brave and deserving, but they have no use for a man who is unfortunate. In fact, if he is only fortunate they care very little how brave he may be, and less for his deserts. Robert answered the colonel's missive, but the other's did not. Rob said they had already been put to much expense on their sister's account—which, as they wore no mourning and published no notice in the papers at the time of her death, was an out-and-out whopper. He furthermore said if something had to be done for those children to go ahead and do it—which was simply indecent. Tintop had a copy made and sent it to a classmate, a distinguished officer of engineers whose office was in Detroit, and whose duties made him well known in influential circles, and the colonel made inquiries and sent reports. The boys were well-to-do, in a paying business, both of them; and, as for Aunt Lottie, she wasted more money in six months than would clothe, feed and comfort her army nieces and nephew as many years. "But," said the engineer, "I fancy her husband owes very much more than Mr. Morgan, and the crash may come any day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

—He—"You want to know what I'd be were it not for your money?" She—"Yes, I do." He—"A bachelor."—Tit-Bits.

—To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul and taste. —Buffon.

—"My Lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship with a smile.—Tit-Bits.

—A Problem.—Jones—"A man's success is according to the square of his honesty." Brown—"Do you mean that the less square the honesty, the greater the success?"—Detroit Free Press.

—Lieut. X.—"I say, old chappie, you haven't heard that I yesterday won 150,000 marks in the lottery?" Lieut. Z.—"You don't say so? Lucky dog, why, you needn't get married!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—"How will Senator Sorghum come out of the next election?" asked the interviewer. "He won't have a chance to come out of it at all," replied the voter. "He won't be in it."—Washington Star.

—The Shopper—"I'd like to buy that lovely lamp shade, but I can't afford to pay $10 for it." The Salesman—"Well, madam, I'll make the price $9.99." The Shopper—"Oh, how good of you; I'll take it."—Chicago Record.

—Professor (lecturing on the gorilla)—"Gentlemen, you must give me your undivided attention. It is impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—Mr. Justjoined—"What on earth are you trying to do?" Mrs. Justjoined—"I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Exactly as Represented.—She (at the ice-cream freezer)—"There's one thing about ice, it doesn't make any difference where it comes from, it is thoroughly reliable." He—"I don't know about that." She—"Well, you ought to. Isn't it always what it is cracked up to be?"—Detroit Free Press.

—Van Dyke—"Do you know that most of our currency is very inartistic? For instance, any artist could tell the government that the design of the new one hundred-dollar bill is a very poor one." Van Daub—"Yes. But no artist ever saw a one hundred-dollar bill."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"That is a wonderful work of nature," said the man who was visiting Niagara Falls for the first time. "Pretty big," replied the hotel keeper. "I don't see how anybody could contemplate it without feeling terribly insignificant." "Well, I suppose a good many people do feel that way. But, you see, most of the people who stop at this house are brides and grooms."—Washington Star.

AN ODD VESSEL.

The Olla of the Indians of Southern Arizona.

There are two tribes of Indians in this part of Arizona—the Mohaves and Hualapais (Wal-a-pi). The Mohave Indians resemble the Apaches in appearance, being tall and straight—in fact, they are a branch of that tribe. Both the men and squaws wear their hair in long false curls made of a kind of mud or clay.

The squaw's dress consists of a skirt of calico coming just below the knee, a short calico waist, a long shawl, which is worn both in summer and winter, moccasins, and a necklace of blue and white beads, ten-cent pieces, or shells.

The Hualapais are different in every respect from the Mohaves. They wear long unkempt hair, which has never known a comb (unless it is on the head of one of the belles of the tribe). Whenever a squaw's hair is cut short, she is in mourning for a pappoose, and when it is clipped close to the head, her buck has died.

The squaws are very untidy-looking, wearing about a dozen gaudy calico skirts of different lengths, a kind of blouse waist of different material, an old red calico or flannel shawl, and a necklace of beads of every size, shape and color imaginable. They very often go barefooted, but sometimes they can boast of a pair of old shoes, and occasionally you will see them wearing moccasins. Their houses are generally made of old railroad ties, boxes and sacks, making a very untidy appearance. Some of them have old stoves, but rarely cook on them, using them chiefly for heat.

The Mohaves are very industrious, thrifty and much more intelligent than the Hualapais. They raise corn, melons and pumpkins on the shores of the Colorado river, and exchange them with the Hualapais for beef and flour which the government supplies. Their melons and pumpkins are not very desirable for food, because they so often get the seeds mixed. They also make baskets, bows and arrows, all kinds of pottery, and ollas (o-yahs.) Their pottery is very unique, and finds a ready sale among the passengers on the trains. Their olla is an article which is seen on every porch of the white people's dwellings. It is a large earthen bowl, made of clay and lined with pitch, which holds water, and is kept cool when hung where the wind can strike it. Most people prefer it to ice water, as it is nearly as cold and much more healthy.—Florence E. Cowan in Harper's Young People.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MAKING GOOD BUTTER.

The Secret of Success, It Is Claimed, Lies in Proper Working.

Working the butter is where the fine art of butter-making comes in. Nothing but practical and deep study will master this part of the work. Given a single lot of butter out of the churn and divide it between two people, one an old-fashioned butter maker, and the other a modern expert, and if the butter came out of the churn all right one will make twenty-five and the other fifty cent butter of it, such being the importance of proper working.

To work butter correctly we must begin in the churn. Stop it when the butter breaks, say the size of bird shot. Draw off the buttermilk, skim off the granules of butter that have run into the churn. Now carefully lift the butter all out of the churn with a tin or wooden dipper. Don't for your life touch it with your hands. Place it as tenderly as a baby on the worker and press it gently but firmly into a flat cake. Then with the wooden paddle, fold it together and again gently but firmly press it flat. Do this over and over again until all the water is out of it, but stop as soon as you can. The danger to butter is in overworking it.

The skilled hand will get all the butter out of it with two or three workings, while the clumsy hand will make a salve of it before the water leaves it. The trick is to preserve the grain so that it will break a piece of cast steel. The churn should be turned at the proper number of revolutions per minute, which will depend on the shape and size of the churn and the amount of cream in it.

Never put a churn more than a third full, so as to give the cream full chance to fall or allow the dasher a chance to agitate it. You can soon learn to tell by the sound when the cream "breaks," that is, forms in little pellets like shot. Then stop, draw off the buttermilk and add a bucket of clean fresh water at the temperature of sixty degrees. Be particular about this if you want fine butter. Turn it slowly in this water twice; then draw off the water and add another bucketful and repeat the process. Do this until the water runs from the churn perfectly clear; then the butter is ready for the working table.—Home and Farm.

REFRACTORY ANIMALS.

Farmers Should Get Rid of Them as Quickly as Possible.

Any farmer is really unfortunate who possesses a balky horse, kicking cow, or breachy animal of any kind, and the best way to get rid of the evil is to dispose of the beast, even if it is done at something of a sacrifice. Refractory cattle should be prepared for the shambles: refractory horses put upon tread powers if balky, and to city use if unruly. There is neither peace nor profit in keeping such, and the real aim of life should be to make the situation as comfortable as possible. Kicking cows are sometimes kept on the plea that they are good milkers, but it is not a fit one, for a fatted cow will bring sufficient money in the market to purchase a good, kind milker any time, and the perplexity saved is worth the price again annually. A writer speaking on the subject says: I do not speak of this as a looker-on, but from my own experience as a farmer and a dairyman, and I know that the husbandman never feels happier concerning his farm regulations than when he determinedly resolves that he will not have a balky, kicking or unruly animal upon the premises.—Farmers' Voice.

IMPROVED CULVERT.

It Has Proved a Success Wherever It Has Been Used.

I send you a sketch of a culvert, in cross-section. The object of making a culvert in this shape is to confine the water to a narrow space, that it may rise in the basin that is usually found



on the upper side of the road, thus causing depth, volume and force, to carry through the culvert any sediment that may have accumulated in it, and also to prevent the water from freezing in winter. In use it proves to be a success.—W. O. Noyes, in Good Roads.

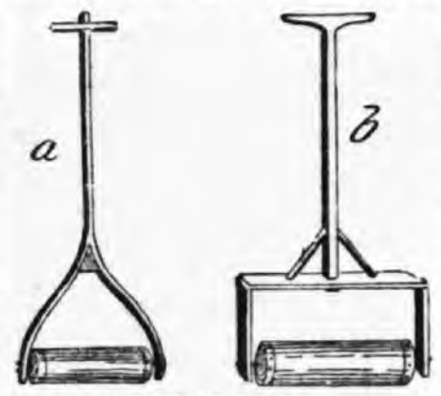
Remedy for Plant Lice.

These troublesome insects cannot be poisoned, because they live by suction and take the sap from the leaves by means of their sharp beaks, which they insert deeply in them. They are only vulnerable by means of some oily liquid applied to their bodies. The best of these is the emulsion made of soap dissolved in water and mixed with kerosene oil. A pound of soap to a quart of hot water and a quart of the oil are the proportions. This is thoroughly shaken in a jar, and when emulsified it is set away to cool, and one part of it used with nine parts of water. This is sprayed on the insects, and is deadly to all with which it may come in contact.

HOMEMADE ROLLER.

Composed of Stove Pipe and Filled with Sand or Old Lead.

I have had a cheap and convenient hand roller in use for some time. It is made of a piece of stovepipe, say three feet long and from five to eight inches in diameter. Circular pieces of wood, the heavier the better, are fitted in both ends, and the pipe is filled with sand or old pieces of lead and dirt well rammed down to keep it solid. The handle is a heavy oak or hickory sapling, split up far enough to make the bow as shown in the cut. An axle may be made of an iron rod running through the blocks in the ends of the pipe, and completely through the cylinder, or they may be screw bolts running into the blocks. The block should be put in one end of the pipe and securely nailed; then the pipe should be filled with sand, or other heavy matter, and then the block should be put in the other end and this should also be well nailed. An old piece of stovepipe, the larger in diameter the better, a hickory sapling, say eight feet long, a rod or bolts for the axle and a couple of round blocks,



HOMEMADE ROLLERS.

of the same size as the pipe, and an hour's time will make as good a hand roller as can be bought for four or five dollars at the hardware store. The roller may be put in a framework made of old boards and an old lawn roller handle used instead of a sapling. It is well to paint the stovepipe to keep it from rusting.

Such a roller is very useful when putting in radishes, turnips or any small or light seed. Fig. A shows how the handle is made with a sapling. Fig. B shows a frame made of board with a handle from an old lawn mower or something of the sort.—American Garden.

COOLING THE CELLAR.

In Ordinary Weather Windows Should Be Opened at Night Only.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry; but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box, and, the National Builder adds, a peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts, of water, and in this way a cellar or milk house may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.

Splitting Cabbage Stems.

A description is given of a method for arresting the growth of cabbage heads nearly mature, and thereby preventing their cracking. This is performed by cutting the cabbage stem half or two-thirds across with a sharp pruning knife and then extending the cut either up or down for a short distance. If the cabbage does not bend over by its own weight and thus widen the split, a splinter of wood should be inserted to keep the cut surfaces apart. By this means the further growth of the heads is arrested, and yet sufficient sap reaches them to keep them fresh until wanted for use.

An Eastern Farmer's Experience.

Mr. S. B. Hunter, of Farmington, Me., has for the past 10 years kept from five to seven cows on his farm, and made money by so doing. He has kept a debit and credit account with five of his cows for five years just passed, and finds they have netted him $200 per year, or $40 each. Mr. Hunter also makes a profit on pigs. He first feeds them a cupful daily of dry oats and peas besides the milk and swill to make bone, then changes to shorts, then wheat flour, and winds up with cornmeal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

UNCLE JOHN (in the country)—"Just look at that meadow, with its carpet of green grass! Isn't it beautiful?" Flossie (from the city)—"Yes, Uncle John; but it isn't natural. There isn't a single 'keep off the grass' sign on it."

INQUIRER—"Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?" Philosopher—"Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."—N. Y. Weekly.

JILLSON says the Baconian theory would doubtless find fewer believers if there were not so many ham actors trying to do Shakespeare.—Buffalo Courier.

"DOAN' talk about yoh neighbohs," said Uncle Eben. "Yoh services am s'perfl'ous. Dey'll ten' to it foh one anuddah an' foh you, too."—Washington Star.

SHE—"Before we were married you said it would give you the greatest pleasure to gratify my every wish." He—"My dear, I said your lightest wish; and I'll do it, too."—Vogue.

"YOUR sealskin sacque is the finest I have ever seen." "Well, it ought to be, it was made from one of the educated seals."—Judge.

BORETON—"Just take this along, will you, old man, and look it over at your leisure?" Busy Editor—"Leisure? What's that?"—Somerville Journal.

"MY task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing; "save a good one for me, won't you?"—Life.

DID HE DO IT?—Mother (sternly)—"Kitty, didn't Charley Lee try to kiss you last night at the front door?" Daughter (blushing)—"Not very hard, mamma."—Detroit Free Press.

BIRD DEALER—"I feel bound to tell you, sir, that the parrot which you have selected is a terrible swearer." Customer—"All the better; I will let him do my telephoning for me."—Mount Vernon Echoes.

A PAINFUL TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—The usual notice at the end of the announcement of a death actually appeared in a west country paper, as follows: "Fiends, kindly accept this intimation."—Westminster Gazette.

AMATEUR HUNTER (to rabbit driver, who has just got a load of small shot in his coat)—"How much damages will you ask for this unlucky accident?" Peasant—"Oh, never mind such a trifle! I'll just charge it till you hit me again."—Fliegende Blatter.

MRS. PANCAKE (suspiciously)—"Why are you hanging around my back window so long?" Tramp—"Ma'am, those apple pies are as purty as pictures, an' I'd like to be the frame o' one o' them."—Harper's Bazar.

"I TELL you I'm in big luck." "I'm glad to hear it." "Yes. The insurance examiner passed me O. K. two months ago, and now the doctor tells me I've got an incurable disease."—Kate Field's Washington.

TIMMINS—"What do you think of my new desk? Bought it second-hand; made the money all from my jokes." Simmons—"Well, that is as it should be—the jokes were all second-hand, were they not?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

"WHAT I tell my wife goes." "Indeed?" "Yes; she takes it to her mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere."—Puck.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST. IN 5&10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE.

Morse Bros. Prop's. Canton, Mass.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED STEADY WORK, $5.00 DAILY. Great demand. Experience unnecessary. Either sex. Information free. ALUMINUM NOVELTY CO., 885 Broadway, NEW YORK. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

If you've neuralgia, take St. Jacobs Oil—rub it on—rub it on hard—keep rubbing it on—it has got to stop the pain—that's what it's for.



Lost his Position.

That really happened to a certain grocer's clerk, because he couldn't induce customers to take an inferior brand of washing powder in place of Pearline. The grocer said, "If you can't sell what I want you to sell, I don't want you."

Now it doesn't take a very wise woman to decide whether this was an honest grocer. And a woman wise enough for that, would be likely to insist upon having nothing but Pearline. There is nothing "as good as" or "the same as" Pearline, the original—in fact, the only—washing-compound. If they send you something else, send it back. 399 JAMES PYLE, New York.



TO PUT ON

needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on *healthy flesh* not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit.

M. J. COLEMAN of *33 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass.*, writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with untold agony for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know, thank God, what even a slight headache is. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one day (for his advice only,) the sum of $10.00 with $3.50 for medicine, and derived no benefit. I got more relief *in one hour* from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used.



M. J. COLEMAN, ESQ.

If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion



TRADE MARK.

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trademark on *salmon-colored wrapper.*

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

MAILED FREE

to any Farmer or Farmer's Wife

"UP TO DATE DAIRYING"

containing full instruction how to secure Higher Grade Products, make

MORE BUTTER that will bring **BETTER PRICE**

and with **Less Labor** get **More Money**

Reviewing and explaining in a practical manner . . .

THE NORMANDY (FRENCH) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM AND ELGIN SEPARATOR SYSTEM

which have brought prosperity and ease to the dairy farmer.

Write for this Valuable Information. Mailed FREE on application. Kindly send address of neighboring farmers who own cows. Address R. LESPINASSE,

Ex. Sec'y Columbian & Illinois Dairy Associations. 240 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Our Invalid Friends.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.]

had to lift me into the sleigh, as I was too bundled up to move, and to the merry jingle of the two remaining bells on the left hand sleigh shaft, we turned our faces to the west.

The sleighing was far from good as the "scratchy" of the sleigh runners on the bare ground too often testified.

But we passed by the snow clad fields and brown hills bordering the road at a rapid pace, for the "trotter" was in good spirits and Bob is a master hand to get speed from a horse. We saw only one sign of human life and that was two men loading wood in a field near the road, the other sights were from Mother Nature's book of broad snow-clad fields, hills, mountains, forests, and a beautiful pond serene in its covering of ice, in its sheltered place at the foot of the mountain. Three deserted farm houses were passed, each looking more forlorn and dreary than the last, but bringing to my mind the want and misery of the city that might be removed if more of these abandoned farms were "adopted" as summer homes by city people. A turn in the road would only bring a broad expanse of the icy road bed, bordered on both sides by graceful second growth maples, poplars, etc.

I began to think we were lost but the "trotter" still jingled the two lonely bells and bumped over the frozen ground. At one of the numerous turns a pretty white farm house loomed in view on a hill top in the distance. This proved to be Mr. Bingham's and as he was at home, Bob soon completed his business arrangements and we turned our faces homeward.

We reached home before the folks had hardly finished their breakfast, and the summary of my ride was the honor of being in four townships during my journey, and of seeing snow, more snow, and hills, valleys and mountains.

EXCHANGES.

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS

I have a number of Harper's Bazaar's which I would like to exchange for the complete year of 1893 of Comfort, Home or Housekeeper Miss Janie Lawrence, 504 King street, Knoxville, Tenn., formerly of Chattanooga.

The new double white Pelargonium also double Md. Thibant, Palms, Dracenas, Begonia, Manicata Area and a large and choice variety of other plants to exchange for dry goods, stationery and offers, write. Mabel E. Hammond, Carthage, N. Y.

Nice stereoscope on stend, new white corset No. 22, two oil paintings 6 x 12, "Sunset" and "Moonlight," handsome black velvet collar lined with red surah, to exchange. Write what you have (no postals). Will take books or reading in exchange. Miss E. M. Vitzthum, Davenport, Scott county, Iowa.

I have a lot of old U. S. cents from 1818 to 1850, California postmarks, and California pressed flowers to exchange for Columbian stamps, except 1 and 2c, or for rare stamps. Charles E. Jenney, Fresno, Calif.

I will send 4 quilt pattern blocks pieced out of new cloth for two yards of small figured dark print, bachelor's puzzle, Garfield's monument, maple leaf, the railroad. Please address with stamp Mrs. William Callahan, Webster, Ill.

An imperial stamp album, cloth bound stamped in gilt, cost 75 cents, in fair condition, no stamps, for best offer in postmarks, stamps for postmarks, 12 numbers Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News for postmarks, 1 for each not in my collection. Charles A. Cook, Moreno, Cal.

I will send a receipt to prevent hair turning gray for two yards of small figured red calico, suitable for quilt blocks. Warranted harmless and is far better than dyes made of nitrate of silver. All subscribing through me for ECHO at 25c a year, will receive the recipe free. Address with stamp Mrs. William Callihan, Webster, Ill.

I will send a beautiful song the Dying "Cowboy" or the "Drunkard's Lone Child," or a receipt for a good liniment for each package of cancelled Columbian stamps, the 8c, 15c and up or I will give a song or the recipe for the value of 20c in anything useful to a family. Stamps must be in good condition. J. B. Osborne, Jarrett P. O., Kanawha county, W. Va.

I will send five pretty quilt patterns and diagrams to piece by for two yards of small figured light print, or 200 cancelled Columbian stamps. Ladies wreath, basket of illies, wreath of roses, triangle, centennial. All subscribing through me for the ECHO at 25c a year will receive 3 patterns free. Please enclose stamp. Mrs. William Callihan, Webster, Ill.

Mrs A Nephens, Johns Pass, Florida, has shells, corals, saw fish saws and all sorts marine curios for useful articles or dry goods. Send for list.

Quilt patterns exchanged for anything useful. James Galen, Bethesda, Pa.

Anyone sending me 30 Columbian stamps (above the 2c issue) will receive a years subscription to the ECHO free. Will send reading matter to those sending postage. Address: George T Stewart, 1911 S. Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I would like to exchange the recipe for silver soap, for flower bulbs, or seeds or scraps of silk, velvet, plush, sea shells, moss or any other curiosities. The recipe sells for one dollar. The soap is splendid for cleaning windows, only a damp cloth with a little of the soap on is required and then a soft cloth to polish. It makes silver and glassware look bright and new. Etta F. Smith, Box 312, Mexico, N. Y.

I will print circulars, and give advertising in the Mankato Philatelist, for foreign and U S. and Confederate states stamps, also Standard stamp coupons. Enclose stamp for particulars. Carl Sudermann, 610 Byron street, Mankato, Minn.

Robert Lee Sterhens, Danville, Illinois. 75 good books, gladioli bulbs, some flower seeds, minerals, fossils, bird eggs, pretty cards, etc., for old stamps and Columbians.

300 seeds Eckford's sweet peas, for 50 mixed values Columbian stamps, excepting 2c. K. W. Lawson, Fort Lee, N. J.

Cut work, drawn work, knit lace handkerchiefs, neckties, laces, etc., to order in exchange for goods from any kind of store, books, etc. Miss E. I. Locke, Redding, Iowa.

Miss Effie Way, Coalton, Iowa, has flower and vegetable seeds, house plants, hardy roses, lilies, lilacs, snow balls, reading matter, sea shells, songs, picture cards, for silk scraps not smaller than postal card. Sheet music, books, Medical Adviser, cloth bound, 1008 pages, poem "The Raven," three novels, via "I've Lived and Loved," "King Solomon's Treasures," "Happy Go-Lucky Jack," stamped blocks for outline quilt, gold initial stick pins, brilliant stud, and other articles in exchange for 1 yard scarlet satin, 1 yard scarlet ribbon, silk ornaments for fancy work, Turkey red embroidery cotton No. 10, or best offers in fancy work or dry goods.

I will send a valuable secret worth more than what I ask to any lady that will send anything of equal value. Write what you have and enclose stamp for full particulars and sample. Confidential. Address Lock Box 13, Wellington, Lafayette county, Mo.

A pretty pocket pin cushion to exchange for one Columbian stamp cancelled, above 10c or for three 6 or 8c or an aluminum pen with fancy holder for the same. A handsome ornamental alumnium hair pin for a 20c novel and a new 2c stamp for postage. A baby's embroidered bib for pair good No. 9 hose and 2 stamps for postage. Ollie Wood, Cinnaminson, N. J.

I will give 2 foreign stamps for each U. S or Canada stamp not in my collection, or for each 3, 6, or 8c Columbian sent me. 25 different foreign for 100 1c or 200 2c Columbian, 100 foreign for 2 15c or 1 above the 15c Columbian. Enclose stamp for reply. Send your stamps and I will return all not paid for. Miss. E. I. Locke, Redding, Iowa.

S. G. Smith, South Middleboro, Mass., has a hand painted plaque to exchange for a nice all white damask towel with either hemstitched or fringed ends, and has also a linen center table cover hemstitched all round with clematis exchange for a pair of nice towels or best offers of useful articles. Write with stamp.

Pretty crocheted lace sample for 5 cancelled Columbian stamps above 2c or 1 above 10c. Pocket pin case for 1 above 10c and a new 2c. Nice novel for 50 mixed Columbians. Novel for little 3c piece or 5c silver piece. Handsome hand painted panel for best offers of cancelled stamps, any kind.

Good reading matter for the numbers of Peterson's Magazine containing the story "Lord Aralon," beginning in July 1884. I have July, but want the August and the other numbers. Will return them well wrapped when read. Grace Stewart, Galt, Fla.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood Malaria, Nervous ailments Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of **Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views** and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

The Original Detroit Stoves

OVER 1,500,000 IN USE.

How to get Rosy Cheeks.

No matter how severe your sick-headaches, **Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills** will permanently cure them. You will feel like a new person. No more sour stomach or dizziness, or loss of appetite, or bilious headaches! Instead, you will have rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and a healthy, strong body.

Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills arouse the liver and cleanse all poisonous bile from the system, purify the blood, "tone up" the nerves and stimulate a good appetite.

They are mild, but do their work effectually. One pill, a dose; sample free.

At all dealers, or mail, for 25c., 5 boxes $1.00.

BROWN MFG. CO., New York.

AN OFFER

To new subscribers sending us 25c at once, we will send to their address the Echo from now until January 1st, 1896. The Echo is now considered to be one of the best semi-mouthly papers published at the uniform price of 25c per year. We give no premiums, the paper is enough and in fact is worth twice the amonut asked for it. You will be More than pleased with our offer if you

ACCEPT IT.

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NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

The following are advertisements of the most reputable and high-class Newspapers and Magazines published, and any of our readers who are in search of good literature will do well to carefully consult the entire list. Subscriptions may be sent to us or direct to the publishers, just as our subscribers and friends prefer.

THE AMERICAN TRIBUNE.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
* THE BEST *
Family paper in the West. The Soldier's friend and organizer of the Soldier's Colony Co.
—$1.00 per Year—
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS
AND SAMPLE COPY FREE OF CHARGE.

The National Tribune.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
The Best Soldiers PAPER IN THE WORLD
Subscription Price $1. per Year.
SAMPLE FREE.
Washington, D. C.

The Weekly Commercial Appeal
The Best Paper in the South.
Price only 50 cents a year, less than one cent a copy. Send 50 cents at once for 12 months subscription to the Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.

Atlanta Weekly Constitution.
The Best, Largest and most Popular paper IN THE WHOLE SOUTH.
Subscription $1. per year.

The Nashville Weekly Banner.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
The Best Family Paper Published
SUBSCRIPTION
$1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Weekly Printers' Ink
THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER
In the Art of Advertising.
$2. a year.
10 SPRUCE ST' N. Y.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat
SEMI-WEEKLY,
Eight Pages Each Issue,
Sixteen Pages Every Week.
—$1. a Year.—
Address GLOBE PRINTING CO., St. Louis, Mo

The Weekly Detroit Free Press.
THE BEST FAMILY PAPER PUBLISHED.
SUBSCRIPTION
$1. Per Year, Payable in Advance.

10 WEEKS FOR 10c. Yankee Blade has a million readers every week. To show you the oldest and best family weekly story paper in America, it will be sent on trial, 10 weeks for 10c. Give the address of 3 story-reading friends, mention this paper and address YANKEE BLADE, Boston, Mass.

Established 1841.

WANTED AGENTS and NEWSBOYS to sell the great illustrated family newspaper, "PENSYLVANIA GRIT." Best selling paper published. Good, live boys make from 50c to $5. every Saturday. Send for free sample copy and full particulars to GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.

R·I·P·A·N·S TABULES

RIPANS TABULES

act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are Bilious, Constipated, or have a Disordered Liver, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating, . . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.
SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.
MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLICATION TO NEAREST DRUGGIST.

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