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The achievements in Mechanics, in Architecture, in Art and in Science of that great event, with all its marvelous Exhibits, Scenes and Surroundings, which produced the sublime spectacle, has passed away, but thanks to photography, it yet lives for the entertainment and edification of the multitudes and for posterity in a realistic and

Magnificent Panorama OF THE World's Fair

Showing pictures of grand Buildings, of glittering Domes, of massive Arches, of noble Statuary, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over the deep Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and THE FAMOUS MIDWAY PLAINANCE, THE BAZAAR OF NATIONS, OR THE SIDE-SHOW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

THOSE WHO DID NOT GO

Will find in them a source of great delight and education. With such pictures and descriptions they can yet visit the Fair in all its glory. Parents should secure this beautiful pictorial history for their children.

Our Panorama of the World's Fair consists of OVER 200 SEPARATE AND DISTINCT VIEWS. It is issued in the form of Four Art Portfolios. EACH PART CONTAINS OVER 50 SURPRISINGLY BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS. The four parts contain over 200 Magnificent Photographs, making the grandest and best collection of World's Fair Views issued.—worthy a place on the center table of the most elegant mansion. Everyone should have the entire collection of Four Parts.

A PARTIAL LIST OF THE VIEWS IN PART ONE.

- COURT OF HONOR.**—This is considered the most majestic scene that has ever been wrought by the hands of man.
- COLUMBUS' CARAVELS.**—Exact reproductions of the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, ships in which Columbus sailed in his discovery of America.
- THE FERRIS WHEEL.**—The highest wheel in the world, and one of the mechanical wonders of this age.
- BATTLE SHIP ILLINOIS.**—An exact reproduction of one of America's finest war vessels fully equipped.
- CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.**—Cost \$25,000, and next to the largest state building.
- JOHN BULL LOCOMOTIVE.**—The oldest successful railroad locomotive in America.
- MANUFACTURES BUILDING.**—The largest building in the world, which cost \$1,700,000 and had nearly 44 acres of floor space.
- ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.**—Cost \$500,000 and considered the architectural gem of the Fair.
- WOMAN'S BUILDING.**—Cost \$125,000, and was devoted exclusively to woman's work.
- TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.**—One of the most attractive and gorgeous buildings on the grounds.
- IRISH VILLAGE.**—Reproduction of a typical village in Ireland, and one of the greatest attractions of the Midway.
- CLIFF DWELLERS.**—A reproduction of the homes of that curious race of Indians.
- PALACE MECHANICAL ARTS.**—Cost \$1,200,000; was 850 ft. long, 500 ft. broad.
- OSTRICH FARM.**—An exhibit of live ostriches.
- INTERIOR MANUFACTURES BLDG.**
- INTERIOR GOVERNMENT BLDG.**
- NUMBER OF STATE BUILDINGS, &c.**

Partial List of Views in Part Two.

- Columbus Monument.
- Golden Door of Transportation Building.
- A Single Beauty.
- Art Palace, water front.
- The Steamer "Whale Back" at Full Speed.
- Fruit Exhibit in the California Building.
- Oriental Furniture.
- Egyptian Bazaar.
- Javanese Bride and Groom—Only couple married on Midway Plainance.
- Statue "Plenty."
- Obelisk and Colonnade.
- A Woman from Nazareth.
- Pyramid Guides—Donkey Boys Mounted Woman's Building.
- Michigan Logging Camp.
- Statue of the Republic.
- Javanese Dwelling.
- Arab Gentleman Smoking.
- Court of Honor, Looking West.
- And twenty five other views showing Grand Buildings, Glittering Domes, Noble Statuary, jetting Fountains, Beautiful Interior Exhibits, Foreign Villages, Wooded Island, etc.

Partial List of Views in Part Three.

- Court of Honor—As seen on Chicago Day.
- Ohio State Buildings.
- The Beautiful Brazilian Government Building.
- Algerian Theater, Midway Plainance.
- Interior View Liberal Arts Building.
- Japanese Theater, Stage and Scenery.
- Group of Berbernes from Central America.
- Maine State Buildings.
- Hayti Government Building.
- The Greenhouses and Conservatories.
- Bridge and Statuary over N. Lagoon.
- And Forty-Four Other Views.

In Part Four.

- A Large Bird's-Eye View of the Midway Plainance, World's Fair Grounds and Buildings and Adjoining Hotels, as seen from the top of the Ferris Wheel.
- The United States Government Building fronting East Lagoon.
- A View of the Liberal Arts Building.
- Statue of Industry.
- German Village, Midway Plainance.
- And Over Fifty Other Views.

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We will find the Four Parts in Leather and Gold for 75 cents.



TO-MORROW'S SORROWS.

There is very little trouble
That happens us to-day
It is the sorrow of to-morrow
That drives our joys away.

We sometimes sit and wonder
And stew and foam and fret
For fear something may happen
But it hasn't happened yet.

There was once a lovely woman
Who cried down by the sea—
"What if my pretty children
All should perished be?"

Now this particular woman,
Who thus did fret and fret,
Is still a maiden lady,
So it has not happened yet.

Amusing Journal

Boston's Wealthiest Women.

One of the wealthiest women in Boston is undoubtedly the widow of the late Augustus Hemengway, as she was the chief heir to an estate valued at \$22,000,000. Mrs. Hemengway resides in one of the grand old houses on Mount Vernon street and from her home dispenses a wide hospitality that includes the poor as well as the rich, and the charities and philanthropic enterprises in which she has long been quietly interested can only be numbered by her nearest friends. Her normal cooking school and her gymnasium are described as two of her most successful undertakings.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, daughter of Professor Louis Agassiz, has a private fortune which enables her to dispense a royal bounty. Her "kindergarten" work alone is said to cost her about \$50,000 a year.

Mrs. Sears, the wife of Montgomery Sears, and daughter of Charles F. Choate of Southboro, also has a worthy fortune in her own name. Mrs. Sears' reputation as an artist has been established since her notable triumph in winning the \$500 Evans prize awarded by the jury of the New York water color exhibition last year.

Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Mt. Vernon street, is credited with at least \$3,000,000. She owns the Androscooggin mills and a great deal of other property. She is exceedingly philanthropic, and her love for pictures has led her to indulge in many by the most eminent artists of the time. Mrs. Alpheus Hardy is worth nearly \$1,000,000. She is very fond of flowers, cultivating them with great success. A superb chrysanthemum is named for her. Mrs. W. H. Slocum, daughter of Moses Williams, is worth \$800,000 and Miss Elizabeth Brigham enjoys a share in the use of her late brother's large estate, which when the last legatee shall have died, will endow a hospital to be called by the name of its founder. There are many women whose names do not appear in the tax list because their money is invested in government and corporation bonds. In the latter case the corporation pays the taxes, and the names of individuals do not appear. There is, however, a long list of names of women who pay taxes on very large sums, ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000 or more.

Why She Bought Aprons.
"It was after long and serious thought," said Millicent, who is soon to be married and who was showing her belongings to an admiring coterie, that I decided to have all these aprons."

"But why?" demanded one of the girls looking at the bewildering collection.

"Because I have discovered that nothing appeals to the masculine mind so much as an apron," announced Millicent. "I have observed that when I wore my painting rig Henry found me irresistible. Those two high-necked, long-sleeved, pale-blue things are artist's aprons, girls. When we have come into the studio from a walk and I have put on a long white apron and devoted myself to chaffing-dish cooking, he has sat breathless with admiration. That's the reason for those big white aprons there. When I wore one of those silly, ruffled, white silk things and sat behind the tea table, he was filled with adoration. And it was when I was wearing one of those fancy-work aprons and making Christmas presents that he offered me his very large heart and hand, and very diminitive fortune. Hence these aprons."

And every member of the coterie promptly went off and, invested in aprons. There were long white nainsook and cambric ones for wear in the morning, when they were really helping. There were long blue ginghams with bills for the kitchen. There were tiny china silk affairs, with ribbons and rosettes, to make them look charming at the tea table, and silk and gingham ones, with the bottom turned up and divided into pockets to hold fancy work-belongings.

Settling Down to Enjoy Life.
At 40, or after 40, begins woman's time for real living. Her children are beyond the need of constant care and she can, if she heroically will, reserve hours and hours for her own use and profit. It is pretty much a matter of personal choice whether one shall be old after any number of years. Age is largely a state of mind. At 40 a woman has learned patience and has a

practical sense of the value of all those wise sayings that are meaningless words to the young. About the only thing she needs to learn is that not at any age is anybody out except from choice. Wifehood, motherhood, womanhood is, like journalism, a training for anything; and the woman of 40, with leisure, for which she must struggle, but which she can gain with a discipline of experience that is better than all book study, with the struggle for a mere living, about ended, can begin with radiant hopes a contest for culture in almost any direction her choice may point. She is apt to deplore the loss of certain advantages, to exaggerate the narrowing influence of years absorbed in purely domestic interests, to lack confidence in her ability to acquire much in the years remaining to her. Particularly, she is abashed before husband and children when she considers the question of "going in for something." Yet when she does enter an art class, or joins a woman's club, or takes up a course of reading with a home study club, or anything of the kind, she is as surprised as the man who survived his own wake to find himself still very much alive, very deeply interested and very determined to enlarge her ambitions. Even outside of purely society and domestic matters, the woman over 40 can find a tremendous interest in life and an enjoyment deep and serene.

Care of the Hair.

A fine head of hair is within the reach of any woman by the use of the most ordinary and simple means. Here are some useful suggestions.

When the hair has been neglected cut it to an even length and wash the scalp nightly with soft water into which ammonia has been poured.

This may be strong as possible at first, so that it does not burn the skin. Afterwards the proportions may be three large spoonfuls of ammonia to a basin of water. Apply with a brush, stirring the hair well while the head is partially immersed.

A healthy system will supply oil enough for the hair if the head is kept clean. If the scalp is unnaturally dry a mixture of half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia in a pint of sweet oil makes the most esteemed hair invigorator.

Glycerine and ammonia make a delicate dressing for the hair, and will not soil the nicest bonnet.

Pomades of all kinds are voted vulgar, and justly. The only excuse for their use is just before entering a sea bath, when a thorough oiling of the hair prevents injury from salt water. It should be speedily washed off with a dilution of ammonia.

When a growth of young hair is established it ought to lengthen them at least eight inches a year in a vigorous subject. Hair is an index of vitality.

A lady of fashion decreed 100 strokes of the brush to be given her celebrated locks daily, and those who have tried the experiment find that it is not at all too much. Given quickly, this number occupies three minutes in bestowing, and surely this is little enough time to give a fine head of hair.

Once a month the ends of the hair should be cut to remove the forked ends, which stop its growth.

The best remedy for ill used tresses is strict care; glossy, vitalized tresses, kept in order by constant brushing, assume by degrees a better color.

Playmate for a Baby.
A fascinating creature to be company for a baby may be easily fashioned by any one who knows how to knit.

Knit a strip of pink wool, ten inches long and four inches wide. Gather this into an oblong ball and stuff it with cotton. The legs are made by knitting into strips of pink and black, two pieces three inches long, narrowing them slightly at the lower end. Sew each two pieces together, and then sew the two legs thus made to the bottom of the pink ball.

Outline, on the ball, black eyebrows, a red mouth and nose. Sew buttons on for eyes. Make a "head of hair" by knitting some black wool over the finger. You can make the creature into a "James" by embroidering a face on either side.

Sew a cord twisted of all the colors used, in among the roots of the hair and tie onto it a rubber teething ring. Sew around the crown of the head, waist, and where the toes ought to be, and are not a row of tiny brass sleigh bells, and you will have a toy that will please the baby better than miles of diamonds.

Song of the Churn.
Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," read not long ago at a woman's club another of her compositions which was much appreciated. It was a song of the "Old Time Up-and-Down Churn" of the farmer's wife, and showed the relentless wear of that steel-banded tub. Out of it in the years of its life rolled tons of butter and rivers of milk, and into it, alas, went the youth and beauty, the strength and patience, the health and temper of the weary worker, till, almost too tired to die, she sank to her final rest. Mrs. Allen is a prominent member of Sorosis.

Mashed Potatoes.
Peel, quarter and boil about three pounds of potatoes; drain thoroughly, and shake for a few minutes in an open doorway to make them mealy. Mash them well, and mix with them two ounces of butter, two yolks of eggs, salt, pepper and milk enough to make them of a proper thickness. Set on the fire for two or three minutes, stirring constantly, and serve hot. When on the dish smooth them with the back of a knife or scallop them according to fancy.

Books are the "negative" pictures of thought; and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.



TO A WAR-WORN BUGLE.

Bu le Horn Bugle Horn sing me a song,
Bu le on Bu le's' sing loud in your gloom—
Sing as you sing on the battle's wild day—
Sing as you sing in the midst of the fray.

Oh, how the fibers' dashed by hit you call!
Onward the long line went, firm as a wall—
Now they are mingling, the Cedars and the
Flashes the fiber with blow after blow.

This is a sight for a soldier to see:
Bu le on Bu le's' sing loud in your gloom—
Sing of the valiant who victory win—
Sing of the heroes who died and the din.

These have won glory and lasting renown,
These fallen for a hero's bright crown—
Bugle oh Bugle sing; honor and praise
To those who were brave thro' our thousand
darkened days.

W. D. Dowling.

Last Grand Grapple.

The man who tells you that without Buell Grant would have been lost at Shiloh did not see the last grand grapple on Sunday night. It was while waiting for this final struggle that I saw the grandest sight, save one, that I witnessed during the entire war.

We were placed head downward on a hillside, with a battery or more of guns at the top. We were facing the west. Looking out through the openings the sunshine falls bright and clear on everything. Looking to the right or left we see battalions forming and artillery going into position. A lull in the crash and rattle of battle, its stillness is oppressive.

Looking away out yonder see the flashing gleaming sunshine on the polished steel in front and on the flanks. It is the coming of the enemy. In close columns by division, with flags fluttering and its army moving in echelon. See how distinct every rifle barrel, bayonet and saber, like the gleam of silver and shimmer of brass! In the very front is a regiment of Zouaves. A grander sight no man ever saw than this coming of the Confederate army. We see the swinging motion noticeable when great bodies of men move together. Thus comes this human battering ram, with artillery trailing in its ranks, presenting the appearance of a huge monster clothed in folds of flashing steel.

On comes the enemy, in its grand, full pride, sure of crushing the beaten, broken army of the Tennessee, in perfect step with arms at right-shoulder-shift, seemingly conscious of its might. With blare of band and bugle the line advances. We see it coming and wonder if some one will raise a white flag.

I load my gun and lie flat on the ground head downward; with teeth tightly closed I await what seems our sure defeat. Behind the front line comes another, and still another. The woods are alive with them. On they come, soon their lines begin to unfold and develop these movements are executed with exact step, and arms still at right-shoulder-shift.

I live an age in a moment. We are startled by a cannon shot above us—a signal for more. It is answered by a blinding flash a mighty roar, the earth trembles, something strikes me; a darkness falls about me, smoke and leaves and twigs and gravel and earth fill the air. I start up, affrighted, wondering if the heavens and earth are coming together. It is the "good evening" of Webster's great guns above us to the hold, defiant Confederate host. Artillery along the lines opens, and the final struggle has begun.

No white flag there! Our cannons are planting their shrapnel where it will do the most harm, and it falls amid the crowded mass of the enemy as true as if it had been carried by hand. The smoke before us lifts and we see beneath it the lines of the enemy with great gaps torn in them, closing up and still advancing. We open upon them a line fire; the guns behind us are still throwing casheots; the roar deafens and the smoke blinds us for a time. Again it lifts, and we see the gray line staggering under the awful fire it faces. The gunboats take up the fight, but on comes that determined line until only a corporal's guard remains. We look again. It has vanished—gone! Another pushes on, to disappear like the first. Our line is a blaze of fire—it is a volcano! It hurls defiance with its shot at the proud, splendid bravery of the enemy, who die but refuse to retreat.

The fight becomes fiendish; the enemy concentrates his fire and brings into action every available man and gun. Arms are no longer at the right shoulder, but are being used by experienced men. The stubborn resistance of the seemingly beaten Federal army is a surprise to the legions of Beauregard, who can neither crush nor dislodge the blue. The gray line trembles, almost, as it halts, wavers for a moment and then suddenly falls back, the few that are left firing as they go, until the supporting line is reached. Then we see real discipline in battle. The retreating line halts, closes up, reforms on its support.

See how deliberate and full of action it becomes, maddened at the repulse, and burning to avenge their fallen comrades. The fiery sons of the South are again in perfect form ready to hurl themselves with their angry impetuosity against their tired but undaunted foe. For a moment the gray line is motionless; then all at once it leaps forward with a mighty yell, and sweeps across the bloody space separating the blue from the

gray. Following the yell comes a storm of leaden hail full into our faces.

It is a battle of the giants. A wild cheer from our line is hurled back upon them, and shot answers shot. The roar of artillery is incessant. The crash of musketry is deafening, and the earth trembles from the concussion and shock. Watch the play on the faces of the men! The eye flashes, the face grows wild and grand, the forms round out to their fullest limit, and the plain, dull soldier boy rises into the grandeur and glory of a Homeric god as he springs to his feet, with no thought of white flag or defeat, full of desire to meet and destroy the coming enemy. All individuality is lost in this wild dance of death. The gray line again halts, trembles and is gone, followed by a wild cheer that bursts from the heroic line in blue, telling in its own glad way that they are victors on the bloody field.—Blue and Gray.

An Errand of Charity.

During the month of May, 1864, on the Petersburg turnpike, three or four days before the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and about half way between Petersburg and Richmond, Va., my comrade and I, who belonged to the second brigade (Col. Griffin A. Steadman's), second division, eighteenth corps, started off to the left of the turnpike, or in other words, deliberately swung to the left, in accordance with Gen. Grant's tactics of the campaign.

About a mile and a half brought us to a farm house that had been pretty well ransacked before we arrived. Under the barn which had been over looked, we discovered about a dozen hens sitting quietly upon their eggs, not knowing the order had gone forth that the rebellion must be put down if it took the last chicken in the Confederacy.

My comrade crawled under the barn and passed out the hens, through which you could see daylight, so far had they been reduced, living on short rations, and nobly doing duty for the Confederacy. He kept me busy wringing their necks, after which we fed their legs together, swung them over our shoulders and started back to the turnpike, congratulating ourselves upon what a nice chicken dinner we should have when we got back to our command. But our jubilant expectations were promptly demolished by the direct order of a general.

Just as we emerged from the thicket on the left of the turnpike we came in contact with Benjamin F. Butler! The general beckoned to us to come up to where he was sitting on his horse.

After saluting him very respectfully, and trembling very perceptibly, the first question he asked was:

"Where did you get those chickens?"

My comrade, acting as spokesman, replied:

"At the farm-house to the left, about a mile and a half from here."

The next question was a poser.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"We thought we were in for it, and we should be punished for capturing old sitting hens, whereas nice fat chickens might have passed with the general as legitimate spoils of war. So my comrade replied:

"We are going to take them back to the hospital for the sick and wounded." The hospital was about six miles to the rear.

The general called an orderly, who was mounted, and gave him the following general order: "Orderly, go back to the hospital with these men, and see that they deliver those chickens to the surgeon in charge."

If a cannon-ball had struck us we could not have been more crestfallen. The next morning we were escorted back to our commands, where we remained during the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on the morning of the 16th of May, 1864.

I saw General Butler upon one occasion after that, which brought vividly to my mind that lost anticipated chicken dinner.—G. W. Ford, National Tribune.

Needed no Help.

There was no better, more loyal or more fearless soldier than old Jack Tubbin, but he had one fault and that was an overweening fondness for the whisky bottle, or rather for the tent. He had a boon companion whose real name I never knew, but everyone called him Uncle Si. While in camp old Jack was taken ill of a fever, and, despite the unremitting attention of Si, died. The corpse developed an unusual rigidity after death and a strange tendency to fly up into a sitting posture. Accordingly on the night before its burial it was stretched out at full length upon a board resting upon two wooden trestles with its head and feet tied down by ropes.

Old Uncle Si insisted upon watching the remains of his dead friend. Shortly after midnight he became very thirsty and stepped out to a neighboring sutler's to procure a drink. During his somewhat protracted absence, two large cats found their way into the tent containing the remains of poor old Jack, and when Uncle Si returned he was naturally indignant at seeing these felines sitting on the corpse one at the head, the other at the feet.

Seizing a billet of wood from the ground he aimed a powerful blow with it at the pussy sitting at the head. It missed its mark and struck and severed the rope holding down the head of the corpse, which immediately flew up into a sitting posture. Seizing the dead man by the shoulders and forcing him back into a recumbent position Uncle Si exclaimed in an aggrieved tone: "Darn ye, old man, lie down and keep quiet. I'll attend to the cats."—American Tribune.

The heart that has not suffered has not loved.

tests that you... I quick come roots... Supper then two... Still left... spect then were she... didn't been youth the g... ance... The and... denec... static... stopp... dead of po... wave of th... lead e... "I— you t... her s... "W... mand... thing... She then... The ble in... face... "No... she a... He... nonch... the gi... "Lo... not p... "Pe... Here... draw... "We... Didn't had... "To... off th... out a... thing, of her... always leav... behol... laugh... gleam... "Ye... eled t... that ti... newly verton... more t... two or... man m... oug, bu... ping o... "Ma... what... d—f... Hinc... laconic... "Mis... Silve... "We... Eokrot... is loved... ideas c... would... equally... should... fore sh... votes h... Her wo... as her... suffices... go dow... justly t... Have y... "One... see me... "Yes... years."... said: "... try aga... gotten... can giv... "Him... man for... Hinc... tion. I... eyes an... questio...