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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!"

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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.

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- 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 \$7,000,000; was 450 ft. long, 500 ft. broad.
- 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 \$5,500,000 and considered the architectural gem of the Fair.
- WOMAN'S BUILDING.**—Cost \$1,338,000, 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 on the Midway.
- CLIFF DWELLERS.**—A reproduction of the homes of that curious race of Indians.
- PALACE MECHANICAL ARTS.**—Cost \$1,300,000; was 450 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.
- An Palace, water front.
- The Steamer "Whale Back" at Full Speed.
- Fruit Exhibit in the California Building.
- Egyptian Bazar.
- Japanese Bride and Groom—Only couple married on Midway Plaisance.
- Statue "Plenty."
- Obelisk and Colonnade.
- A Woman from Nazareth.
- Pyramid Guides—Donkey Boys Mounted Woman's Building.
- Michigan Logging Camp.
- Statue of the Republic.
- Arab Gentleman Smoking.
- Court of Honor, Looking West.
- And twenty-five other views showing Grand Buildings, Glistening Domes, Noble Statuary, glistening 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 Plaisance.
- Interior View Liberal Arts Building.
- Japanese Theater, Stage and Scenery.
- Group of Berberies from Central America.
- Maine State Buildings.
- Haiti 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 Plaisance, 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 Plaisance.
- And Over Fifty Other Views.

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GIVE ME THE BABY.

Give me the baby to hold, my dear To hold and hug, and to love and kiss, Ah, he will come to me next time, Come to the nest of a breast like this, As warm for him as his face with cheer Give me the baby to hold, my dear

Trustfully yield him to my care, "Holding" you say? What "bother to you?" To fill up my soul with such happiness As the love of a baby that lay to be snuggled away where my heart can hear! Give me the baby to hold, my dear.

Ah, but his hands are crinkled, you say And would soil my laces and clutch my hair? Well, what would pleasure me more, I pray, Than the touch and tug of the wee hands there?

The wee hands there and the warm face here— Give me the baby to hold, my dear

Give me the baby? Oh, won't you see? In some where out, where the green of the lawn Is turned to gray and the maple tree Is scarce the color of gold upon A little mound with a dead rose near . . . Give me the baby to hold, my dear

James Whitcomb Riley

Things to Avoid in Furnishing.

Once the parlor, now, in modern parlance, the drawing-room is really of less importance regarded from the standpoint of home comfort than any other portion of the dwelling. Devoted as it is almost entirely to occasions of ceremony and exchange of social civilities, while convenient and a source of enjoyment, it is not essential to the welfare of the household. It is, however, the especial pride of the mistress and too often adorned at the expense of other apartments in daily use. Women otherwise judicious in expenditure, are "led into temptation" in this particular direction.

Gradual decoration and finishing give more satisfactory results than the course too often followed—that of furnishing throughout at one time; a quick selection, without deciding where each article will best answer a purpose until all come together, with a discord and warping of colors and shapes not to be reconciled, the general effect fearful to behold, the more to be regretted, because without remedy, and the added assertions that they "must last a lifetime."

"Money is power," but that alone will not secure harmonious results. Rooms, where thousands of dollars have been spent in decorations and furnishings, are eclipsed by the exquisite taste that, from small outlay, creates such beauty and repose that only general effect is remembered by chance visitors and not the detail. This is "high art," whether in palace or cottage, and much to be envied in the woman who possesses it, whether by natural gift or cultivation.

Ability to command elegance many times develops desire for pretentious display, always vulgar. A very unwise thing—to buy "a parlor suit"—its inevitable "seven pieces" henceforth in the foreground of conspicuousness. Carpet, wall hanging, and heavy pieces of furniture, quiet and unobtrusive, as they must (from their expense) serve a purpose for years. Articles presented by passing fancy, at a cost not so great as to prohibit banishment when tired of them, will give effect of variety and brightness. A little gilt or fancy chair covered in gay brocade, a tabouret—any of the many trifles that give a touch of grace are available. Fancy work in drawing-rooms has had its day, and the snare of "throws," sachets, bags, etc., is happily on the decline. Cherished gifts (?) of friends, "the work of their own hands," can find resting place in apartments where personal possessions are in good taste, and no longer disfiguring the room of ceremony—non-prejudiced eyes fail to discover sentiment that sacrifices nerve force in beholding. It is not desirable to have visitors depart saying, almost before the door of hospitality closes behind them: "Such a room! like a section of a charity fair!"

Cushions and bags on every chair. And never a place to sit. The bed and cushions every where. Till nearly had a fit!

With such a drawing-room the bedrooms are very often bare to a degree or supplied with "packing box" furniture. Now, the packing box is a snare and a delusion. Is there more than half a dozen articles of furniture that a packing box will not make—on paper.

And two packing boxes! It's like the old riddle: "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" Why, with two packing boxes, a saw, a hammer, some tacks, wadding, cretonne, paint, and patience, putty for the cracks, and coat plaster for the fingers, the world is yours. There is no limit to the possibilities until some one suggests a third. Three packing boxes! Four packing boxes! Imagination can go no further. With four clean packing boxes, \$5, and a garret, a friend I speak of could furnish a flat. But all this is on paper. In real life avoid the packing box as you would the plague. Fortunately the hall is now coming in for its share of attention. In time decorative taste may find its way upstairs to the bedrooms. The hall nowadays when it is roomy enough and sometimes when it isn't is quite completely furnished. Usually there is at least one table in it, an umbrella stand of some sort, a hat rack, two or three chairs, pictures,

and if by any possible crowding it can be got in, a lounge.

Keep the Babies Warm.

A professor of the course of many years' experience tells me, says a writer in Babyhood, that she finds more babies suffering from insufficient clothing among the rich than among the poor. For example, she was summoned by a physician to a wealthy family, where the 3-month-old baby was suffering from some mysterious trouble that baffled everybody. He could live only a few days, the doctor said, if something was not done. He could keep nothing on his stomach, and was slowly starving to death. The nurse found a distracted mother and a pinched and moaning baby. His flesh was blue, and there was a settled look of anguish on his face. The nurse picked him up from the silk and lace of his costly crib, and found just what she expected. Dress and skirts of linen fine as gossamer, and about as warm; shirts and socks like lace, flannel skirts of the regulation number, but so fine and thin as to give little warmth. "Is this the way you have dressed your baby from the first?" asked the nurse. "Oh, yes, I've always had the best of everything for him," answered the mother. "Well, it's no wonder he is sick. He hasn't enough on to keep a fly warm in July." The nurse called for the thickest blanket in the house, and a hot-water bag, and sent the astonished mother down town for the warmest flannel wrappers, however ugly they might be. The result was that in a few days the child was taking his food perfectly, and was thriving as well as could be desired.

How Women Voted.

The last election which took place in New Zealand contained a novel feature which will make it memorable. For the first time every woman over the age of 21 years was permitted to vote. From end to end of the colony, in the crowded cities and in the sparsely settled country districts, the women recorded their votes at the polling booths.

The candidates had committees of ladies, as well as gentlemen, and the members of the ladies' committees were as keen as the men in bringing voters of their own sex to the polls. They made provision by which any woman having a baby had a member of the committee to relieve her of family cares while she was recording her vote.

It has frequently been objected that it would be impossible for women to go to the polling booths on account of rowdiness, and that they would be insulted by roughs when they went to record their votes. But there was nothing of the kind. No provision was made for separate polling places for women. They went to the same booths as the men and in no single instance was there the slightest annoyance caused to any female voter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coffee Versus Onions.

A cup of black coffee taken after a Spanish omelette, potato salad, cutlets, or any other dish prepared with onions or its cousin, garlic, will destroy the abhorrent fumes that cling to the bronchial tubes. A couple of wintergreen creams or clove candies, eaten before leaving the table, will remove the taste of food from the mouth and neutralize the smell of wine. A few drops of camphor and a little in a glass of water is excellent for a gargle and a tooth wash when there is the suspicion of a tainted breath. A bad taste in the mouth and a white tongue will always warrant the use of an antiseptic for a bad breath. Cinnamon, ginger, cloves and oranges not save ten the mouth and will disguise unpleasant odors for the time being. Spruce and mastic gum are used for the same purpose.

As to Flower Holders.

A woman standing about in a glass-ware establishment or department finds herself bewildered and her judgment unsettled by the many colors and shades which confront her. It is possible to match almost any flower in a tint of glass, and glowing American Beauty roses, lifting their stately blooms out of tall magenta-red or crimson vases, or rose pink flowers in rose pink bowls, are only some of the beautiful effects which this riot of prismatic crystal has produced. These are for the unstinted purchaser, however. The woman who may buy only one sort will be wise to choose green, nature's tint for any blossom, or white.

Apple Snow.

Three large tart apples, the whites of three eggs, half a cup of powdered sugar and one-half a cup of jelly. Wash, core and quarter the apples and stew them until tender; then drain them and rub them through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar, and beat until the sugar is thoroughly incorporated; then add the strained apple and beat until it is like diffused snow. Pile lightly on a glass dish, garnish with the jelly and pour over it a boiled custard, which you make from the yolks of the three eggs and a pint of milk.

Have a Good Time.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without when they come home at night.

Curiosity Went Before This Fall.

The unexpected happened not long ago during one of the country-house visits of the duke and duchess of York. A servant maid in her anxiety to peep through the dining-room window at the royal pair, lost her balance, and came head foremost through the window, to the consternation of the guests round the table.



CHARGE OF MINTY'S BRIGADE.

(At Lovejoy Station, Ga., Aug. 19, 1862.) Trapped on the way but fearless Kilpatrick, boldly went by a joltant foe Pourin; their broadsides from front, flank and rearward.

Eager to crush his command at a blow, Hear their: et! et! et! cheer. As they on flank appear Reynolds has massed a division in front of him.

Cheer comes down at the front on the run Jackson on left and in rear with his batteries. He is shot and a shell from full many a gun.

"Never surrender" has gone forth the edict "Never, cry Minty, while I have a blade Give but the word and we carve out a pathway I land my men of the old First Brigade."

Charge yonder barricade. This the reply of the swift-acting leader. While, like an arrow shot out from the bow Minty's brigade is sped forth on their mission. Each trooper's bosom with ardor a glow.

Over the hill dashed the gallant squadrons, striking a chill to the hearts of the foe. Glistening sabers now throw back the sunlight. Like mountain avalanches, all thundered, hurrying to death all that stood in its path.

Awful the saps they made. As the fierce cannonade Shakes the whole earth and blots out the heavens. Still reds that lines of steel flashing its wrath. Like mountain avalanches, all thundered, hurrying to death all that stood in its path.

Ten thousand met, their volleys are poured Into the ranks that in unequal fight Dared yet to charge the enemy's battery. Then there were six to their one now to each.

"Midst such a metal rain, Never, cry Minty, while I have a blade Murderous shells exploded about them. Whistling minie balls screamed through the air.

Emptying saddles and staining the ground, Oh, the brave men who are perishing there! Yet the bold horsemen are eagerly pressing In where the barricade Jackson doth shield. Sabers and bullets in circles above them. Armed with the vengeance which patriots wield.

"Charge!" and the lines are met, Sabers with blood are wet. Steel has met steel, and is drinking the life. Horses and riders in heaps strew the ground. Rido and pistol shot whistling about them. Tear through the air, volleyed round upon round.

Minty is howling his way at the forefront, Every soldier has captured a gun. Every bold trooper has prodigies done. Then the terrific, "Charge!"

Block up its way, though Cheating so thought, this fierce torrent on its onward. Minty's Brigade will not be denied. What though an army should block up its pathway. It shall be swept far away on the tide.

Still went the clamor on, still flowed the tide. Still away the deadly strife hither and yon. "Sink for Old Glory, boys, down with the stars and stripes!"

You have a road to win, it must be won. "Hark, ye proud horse!"

See the one soldier, broken asunder, Shattered and bleeding, now lie far away. Sheath your red sabers, your duty is done. Safe lies the path, you have won the ground day.

Stonewall Jackson Before the War. The late General D. H. Hill, of the Confederate army, who was a close friend of Stonewall Jackson for many years, and his brother-in-law, is the author of a paper in the Century containing much that is new and interesting regarding the famous Confederate leader. General Hill says:

When Jackson first came to the Virginia military institute he was dyspeptic and something of a hypochondriac. His health was bad, but he imagined that he had many more ailments than he really did have. He had been at a water-cure establishment in the North, and the prescription had been given him to live on stale bread and buttermilk, and to wear a wet shirt next his body. He followed these directions for more than a year after coming to Lexington. Boarding at a public hotel, these peculiarities attracted much attention, and he was much laughed at by the rude and coarse. But he bore all their jests with patience, and pursued his plan unmoved by their laughter. In like manner he carried out strictly the directions to go to bed at nine o'clock. If that hour caught him at a party, a lecture, a religious exercise, or any other place, he invariably left. His dyspepsia caused drowsiness, and often he went to sleep in conversation with a friend, and invariably, without exception, went to sleep at church. I have seen his head bowed down to his very knees during a good part of the sermon. He always heard the text of our good pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, and a few of his opening sentences, but after that all was lost.

I remember a witticism at his expense which caused a good deal of amusement. The faculty of the two colleges was specially invited to attend a lecture of a celebrated mesmerist. Many of the citizens of the town were also present. The lecturer, after doing some surprising things, wished to try his hand upon one of the professors. Major Jackson went forward to the stage, but his will was too strong for that of the mesmerizer, and the operator failed to affect him. The operator showed so much chagrin and mortification at his failure that the audience became very much amused, and their fun ran over when a witty daughter of Governor McDonald said in a stage whisper, "No one can put Major Jackson to sleep but the Rev. Dr. White!" I believe that Jackson never entirely overcame this drowsiness in church, though in military service his health improved, and drowsiness wore off to some extent.

"The Old Hartford."

For four years the ship that Commodore Farragut loved to call "The Old Hartford," dismantled and desolate, has lain in Rotten Row at Mare Island. Not long ago there came an order for her restoration, and the hulk that bears so many honorable scars was towed to the quay wall. But the order

has been rescinded. The Hartford once more has a place in Rotten Row. The \$500,000 that was to have been expended in repairs and alterations has been diverted to other channels. The prospect now is that the Hartford will rock idly at her station until time has wrought scars that money cannot efface, and at last be condemned and some speculator profit by the fragments. If there is any sentiment in the navy it is not enough to withstand the pressure of hard times. The Hartford was built in Charleston in 1858. Trim and staunch she looked then. Her length is 295 feet and beam forty-four. Her speed, with steam and sail, was eleven knots. But the tale of the Hartford begins with 1863, when she left Philadelphia with a battery then considered terrible, to become the flagship of the Western blockading squadron.

What the Hartford, commanded by the intrepid Farragut, accomplished is a part of the story of the civil war, and when a year and seven months later she appeared at New York with the marks of the battle upon her she had already become the "Old Hartford," and the populace gave an ovation intended half for her and half for Farragut, who had guided her through fierce encounters, and from under hostile batteries lining the shores of the waters of the South.

It was at the battle of Mobile Bay that the Hartford fought her way into history. There her deck was crimsoned and strewn with dead, and there for a time she resisted bravely the ponderous rams of the Southern fleet. But the tale has been told. The Hartford is of the past. Yet there is many a veteran who will feel a personal grief to know that she is to remain neglected, and that the flagship of the Western blockading squadron is only a relic now, her career ended and her glory half forgot.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Veteran's Fate.

The old Texas veteran was dying. For days he lay unconscious in his log cabin. The doctor had given up all hope of his recovery. In a few more hours all would be over. There was nothing for the faithful watchers to do but wait for the end.

How time that seems to take nothing as it passes finally robs us of everything! There was nothing in the shrunken features and wasted form of the dying man to remind one of the hard frontiersman who had once been Sam Houston's most daring scout, whose unerring rifle was a terror to the bloodthirsty Comanche, and who had blazed his way with his dripping bowie-knife through the ranks of Santa Anna's Mexicans.

Suddenly there came a change over the face of the dying man. There was an eager look on his face as he whispered, "Hurry up, boys, we must come up with them before night!" and his sons, themselves gray-haired men, whispered together. They knew his thoughts had gone back half a century and he was once more with Jack Hayes following the trail of Indians that had captured a white family.

For a few moments the old veteran was so still and motionless that the watchers thought his spirit had fled. Then he clutched the blankets. There was a frown on his wrinkled brow and a glare in his eyes that would have appalled a demon, as through his clenched teeth, like the growl of a tiger, came the words, "No quarter! Remember the Alamo!" He was again charging the Mexicans on San Jacinto's bloody field.

But look! What a marvelous transfiguration! An expression of ineffable tenderness, like a gleam of sunshine on some ancient ruin, came over his wrinkled features as he softly whispered, "Little May."

His sons glanced at each other. For more than fifty years that name has never passed his lips. She was his only daughter, who had brought sorrow and disgrace to his heart. "Come, little one," he whispered with a smile on his lips, "let us go out on the prairie and pick some flowers"—and then he was still forever and ever. Amen!

Self-Confessed Hero.

It was just in front of a large clubhouse, which faces the Brooklyn Prospect park parade ground. She was evidently a stranger in the city, and he was showing her the sights. In the center of the little hill stand two old guns. At the first glance it becomes evident that they have both seen much service. They look very picturesque.

"And what is this sweet old gun?" she asked, naively of her escort, who looked barely 40 years of age. "This gun? Oh, yes; we captured that at Gettysburg, you know. I was the first one to leap upon it, and with my sword alone killed eleven of 'em enemy. Oh, yes; many a fond remembrance is linked in my breast with this old fieldpiece."

As they walked away, arm in arm, the girl looked confidently and admiringly into the self-confessed hero's face.

I strolled over toward the gun and looked it over carefully. Engraved in large, heavy letters is the following legend: "Taken at Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777."

Battles of the Future.

Writers on military science unite in claiming that future battles will begin with a series of hot skirmishes long the front. These skirmishes will gradually increase in heat and the number of combatants, reinforcements being sent according to circumstances, until the entire front is involved. Artillery will be used as far as possible, but after the battle is fully under way little use can be made of cavalry save in outflanking. The day of charges in wars is over, on account of the increase of range and effect in cannon and rifles. Little can be predicted of future battles beyond opening, inasmuch as the rest must now be learned by experiment.—New York Ledger.



horror before through It w shawl lar na strang and w when murd mysel hurrie tween out at ed it s The with ing at Elsb crept now s expre taking young She and v which fabric ward fatal miser our se "Ju here," "Oh, I might she g alend; "Pe carele trent return So caly to cheer to the own l "Bu wouk of ye her d husb exacti of the she w of bit I so truth trease the sl on th long y for th tered garm light. It v the sl my s



night quera cloet grove Lun ful as venge almos Elsb to my of slar first t But t my w treati knight unfit At l even n see L She se and y Then, years i in Elsb filled r and fo Stro —the neath when fame and fr purpos But and th saw h ground heart, h face, h permit The s