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## 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 Walled Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and

THE FAMOUS MIDWAY PLAISANCE, THE BAZAAR OF NATIONS, OR THE SIDE-SHOW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

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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!"

### 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.

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- COLUMBUS' CARAVELS.**—Exact reproductions of the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, ships in which Columbus sailed in his discovery of America.
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- CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.**—Cost \$75,000, and next to the largest state building.
- JOHN BULL LOCOMOTIVE.**—The oldest successful railroad locomotive in America.
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- WOMAN'S BUILDING.**—Cost \$1,000,000 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 the ancient cliff dwellers.
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- OSTRICH FARM.**—An exhibit of the ostriches.
- INTERIOR MANUFACTURES BLDG.**
- INTERIOR GOVERNMENT BLDG.**
- NUMBER OF STATE BUILDINGS, ETC.**

### 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.
- Exhibit in the California Building.
- Oriental Furniture.
- Egyptian Bazar.
- Javanese 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.
- 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, Walled 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 Berberines from Central America.
- Maine State Buildings.
- Hayti Government Building.
- The Greenhouse 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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## HER JEALOUSY, AND HIS



UNTIE, did you ever see a ghost? A small head as split from my knee, big brown eyes gaze into mine from a chair, face framed in with a range of golden curls, and a part of soft red lips are pressed coaxing upon my own. "Tell me," she pleads, in her most persuasive accents. "I smile in amusement. 'No, my dear, there are no such things as ghosts.' Little May's curly head goes down upon my knee and silence falls. She drifts away into dreamland, while I sit and think I have made a mistake. No such things as ghosts? Why, only today I saw one—a pale, shadowy specter, the ghost of a dead love. It was the one supreme love of my life, and I shall never know another. Before me the future stretches out in utter darkness; my feet must tread a thorny path, which ends only in the grave.

Sitting here beside the window, gazing listlessly forth upon the passing stream of human life, I go back to the time when we loved each other—how and I—and was supremely happy.

Alas! it is all past now. I have read my life's love-story backward, and happiness is to me in the past tense.

How the words of a sad little poem drift through my brain to-night: "My heart is chilled, and my pulse is slow. But often and often, when memory goes, I like to think of the day when I loved you so. Back to the days when I loved you so."

"I sit here dreaming them through and through. The beautiful moments I spent with you; The sweet, sweet days when our love was true. When I was true, and when you were true. Beautiful days—beautiful days—"

Blissful or wretched, better or free— Why should I care what your life should be? Or whether you wander by land or sea? Only know you are dead to me— Ever and hopelessly.

Summer with its sun and years will wane, And autumn with its gold and leaves will fall. Nor does our sunshine nor summer rain Can bring dead love back to life again. I call upon the past in vain.

"My heart is weary, it is sick and sore. For that bitter taste that I cannot ignore I watch no longer your certain fold. Your window is dark, and the light is cold. And my story forever told."

He was proud and high spirited, full of jealous and quick tempered, swift to give way to anger but just as swift to forgive. He could not understand me, it is hard for some natures to be understood.

I began I hardly know how, but a feeling of jealousy crept into my heart, because of his attentions to a pretty cousin. I remember when I charged him with the offense, he only looked down upon me from his superior height and smiled. It was exasperating to my wounded heart, that smile. Of course it only added fuel to flame, and my wrath grew fiercer and fiercer, and overpowered all bounds, while he only stood and looked at me with that odd little smile upon his perfect lips.

"Here!" I cried, angrily, tearing the ring from my finger, which he had placed there with loving words. "I cut all between us forever."

The ring fell from my hand to the marble hearth, beside which he was standing, a glittering golden circle it lay.

"You are jealous," he remarked, lay gleaming there. He turned, and with slow deliberation, set his foot upon the ring, crushing it into an unsightly mass.

"You are jealous," he coldly remarked, but with a quiver in his voice which I knew full well.

"Can you wonder at it?" I cried, wrathfully, but he turned coolly and left me alone.

Then I fully realized what I had done. In my madness, I had lost him forever, and he was dearer to me than my own life. Oh! the anguish of the night that followed. Morning found me crushed and penitent, feeling assured within my heart that I had wronged him; that there was no real foundation for jealousy in his conduct.

In a strangely unexpected way my assurance was confirmed. For the morning paper contained the announcement of the marriage of his cousin—to another man. Full of remorse—bowed to the dust with sorrow and grief—I wrote him a piteous appeal for pardon. The burden of my cry was "Forgive! Forgive! Come back to me!" But I might as well have pleaded with a stone. He would never forgive me—never!

Days dragged by. My life was one long pain; the end of all happiness had come to me. How could I live without him?

And more, I craved all pride beneath my feet, and wrote him, begging him, for the sake of our dead past, to forgive. Again no answer.

Then I knew that the silence of death in life had fallen upon us two. For days I was like a mad creature. I could neither eat nor sleep. Days—long days of suffering, and nights of anguish, during which I only saw his face—his grave, mobile face, with the proud flash in the dark eyes, and the sweet curves of the firm lips. If I could have had him back again, by the sacrifice of my own life, I would have laid that life down gladly. But we were parted forever. His love was dead, and my hand had slain it.

Years have rolled by. We have never met since that night when I gave him back his ring and threw into his face words of scorn and reproach. We have never met—until today.

Passing down the street, on my way home from the office, where, as stenographer, I earn my daily bread, I came face to face with my lost love. Little May clung to my hand. Dear child—my dead sister's little one, left to my care, and all I have to love and cling to in the world—all I shall ever have. Not for me the crown of motherhood; not for me the love and protection of one, whom I could love, honor and obey until death, do us part. All that is over with for me. It is dead, for I killed it. But if ever there lived a penitent sinner on God's earth—a bowed, heart-broken woman, whose one mad cry to heaven, "Pardon my sin! I knew not what I did!"—then I am that sinner.

And so, we met once more, my dead love and I. I marked the look of surprise in the beautiful, dark eyes, glancing at me with a swift look, a slight recognition, and he had passed on.

Will he never forgive me? Must his heart be harder to me than a millstone? Forever? How can he hope for forgiveness, when he will not himself forgive? My heart contracts with a fearful pang, for looking into those dark eyes, so calm and cold, I know that it was only a ghost that I saw today. I bow my head, and weep bitter, blinding tears. All my life is dead, my own hand has slain his love—his beautiful love, which once made earth heaven to me.

I open my eyes and stare vaguely about me. In the rosy light of a tall form looms up against the background of shadows. Some one is standing before me, holding in his hand the written lines, which I had just penned, before consciousness had left me. Swiftly the dark eyes glance over the words that I have written, then he turns to me and opens his arms. I creep silently into their shelter, and life, instantly becomes paradise no longer showing wildness, but a garden of Eden.

Little by little, the whole truth comes out. After our quarrel and parting, he had left immediately for a foreign land. He had not received one line, one word from me. All these years he had remained away, filling the position of foreign agent for the mercantile house with which he was connected. All this time he had been true to me, and the memory of the love of his life. Then his bronzed face flushes a little as he speaks of it, he had returned to his native land and found that I lived still in my old home. He saw me many times, unsuspected by myself, and I was always accompanied by little May. With strange inward shrinking he forbore to make inquiries, and fully believed me to be another man's wife.

Today, we had met face to face. Something in my eyes had made him believe me true, and little May's voice, addressing me as "untie," had torn aside the veil, and he, had made his way to my home and me. "Now we will be united, never to part in life."

"But," he said, in a low trembling voice, "I have a confession to make. When I believed you the wife of another man, I was madly jealous. I know how jealous I was, all the better, for pain was never less until we experience it. And I forgive you and excuse your past conduct. I know now the anguish of it all. And we will never again doubt each other, while we live."

Chaucer's Face in a Stone.

In the geological branch of the British museum the visitor is shown a wonderful specimen of natural imitation in a small "ribbon jasper." This stone, the material of which is not unlike that of other banded agates, has upon its surface a perfect miniature portrait of the poet Chaucer. Every detail is startlingly correct. There is the white face, the pointing lips, the broad, low forehead, and even the whites of the slightly upturned eyes. The attendants say that it is utterly impossible to convince even some of the educated visitors that it is not an artificial production.

An Impromptu Dance.

It has no doubt often occurred to you while walking on the street that you have met a pedestrian going the opposite direction and in the attempt to pass you, both from one side to the other, both being imbued with the same idea. The result is a dodging two or three times before either gets by. The other day a reporter met with that experience, and a gay young colored girl was the pedestrian coming in the opposite direction. After two or three maneuvers the colored woman exclaimed: "For de Lawd's sake, man, what's this want to be—a waltz or a schottische?"

Chronologically Inaccurate.

A bookseller's catalogue recently published in Birmingham, England, gives a careful description of a portrait of Lord Cornwallis, painted in 1789, in which he is represented as standing on an eminence overlooking the town and straits of Gibraltar, "while stretching away in the background several ships are steaming along the straits and emitting huge clouds of smoke."



## LIBBY PRISON.

One thought in memory's storied lives to day. To mark the scenes of war, when time and ray. Each by men of genius and renown. Who strove to join the mastery, and crown Their efforts with success, and with that thought.

We trace the hardships borne by men who fought. To save this nation's life as loyal men. On sea, or land. But in the prison pen. Within old Libby's gloomy walls we find. Would wipe from history's page that foul dark stain.

To-day thank God above those walls arise. In beauty grandly pointing to the skies. That same old day, for which with loyal pride. For four long years they suffered, hoped and died.

To-day no cruel guard is seen within. To face a coward's hand—admitting men. Nor in its dungeons dark and grimy. Lie men who loved that dear old flag—a crime In eyes of those who boast of birth and name. Whose deeds but publish to the world their shame.

Out yet within old Libby's walls we view. With mingled joy and sadness old and new. The trophies priceless in the sight of those. Around whose lives the past a halo throws. We pass from room to room, with countless tread. Each battle field like some dark phantom.

To fill before our vision like a dream. Revealing forms of comrades, whose last Went out in war's deep crimson tide of death.

How marked the contrast now, the throngs we see. Who crowd the rooms and corridors whose feet. Some silent, pathos' lives will storms to great. And others, weary, tired, seeking rest. Who pass from spot to spot, where on the floor. Is marked the place of one who years before Had slept and dreamed of home and loved ones.

Who now returns to mark that spot with care. And fresh to them in life does long years. A quiet peace undimmed by any American Tribune.

"A Devilish Navy Place."

One peculiarity of all soldiers is that they think their own arm of the service the most important and that its position in battle is more dangerous and its effect on a contest more decisive than those of the other branches. The cavalry in both the Federal and Confederate armies did not suffer from home sickness because of any monotony of their life.

I belonged to John Morgan's command writes T. H. Russell in the New York Advertiser, and am willing to bear the charge of vanity if may bring on me by asserting that in no place and in no army were there soldiers who were kept more continually on the move or who did more promiscuous hustling than ourselves.

In the spring of 1863 we were in Central Tennessee, doing our level best to keep the railroads, leading North, in need of repair, and making it unsafe if not impossible to navigate the Cumberland, when we were joined by Captain George St. Leger Grenfell. Grenfell was an Englishman, who had read in his own country of Morgan's exploits, and who determined to come out and join fortunes with him.

I was still in my teens, but never before or since have I met a more picturesque, daring or ideal soldier of fortune than this, same George St. Leger Grenfell. He had been in the English, Turkish and Chinese service, and a short time before joining us he had served in South Africa in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He was captured on our raid into Ohio, and mixed up in the Fort Mifflin conspiracy at Chicago in 1861 was tried and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas for life and was drowned while trying to escape after the war.

Being a trained soldier, in the prime of life, about 40, and full of dash and energy, General Morgan then a colonel commanding a brigade was glad to meet him, and appointed him his adjutant general. With a full beard of medium height, raw-boned, gray-eyed, strong as a bull and alert as a tiger, Colonel Grenfell soon made his presence felt in our brigade. His conspicuous courage and seeming indifference to danger made him a favorite with the troops.

In August, September and October, 1862, we were back with Bragg in Kentucky, where we hoped we should remain, but found it too hot to do so. We Kentuckians were sent here, there and everywhere, so that some did not have a chance to visit their friends. In early September we were ordered North to threaten Covington and make things as unpleasant as possible for the Yankees along the Ohio. On the way we struck Cincinnati, between Lexington and Covington, and here, to our surprise, we backed up against a lot of Union Kentuckians under the command of General Landrum.

The rattle of musketry always transformed the impassive colonel into a demon, and the roar of artillery intoxicated him, but he never lost his head. I was standing, bridle in hand, near the colonel, when our advance came clattering back, reporting "Yankees in front till you can't rest!" On the instant, Colonel Grenfell leaped into the saddle and shouted: "Mount men, and follow me!"

I obeyed him, supposing the hundreds of men about would follow our example, but a backward glance as we neared the enemy's rifle pits showed there were less than fifty riders in the charge. We jumped the pits and broke up the men in line, but they quickly rallied and formed behind us. We dashed on, but it was to find a stronger line in reserve and artillery to the left.

The enemy was shouting "surrender!" with uncompromising remarks as to our unsteady attack, and the only possible avenue of escape was over a high rail fence to the right.

Again shouting, "Follow me!" Grenfell led his horse at the fence, but it was too high to leap. Quick as a flash, and under a terrific fire, he flung himself from the saddle, tore down a panel, and called to us to go through. We were quick to obey and make for our own lines. The colonel's horse was killed, but when he joined us he wiped his bald brow and said coolly: "Ah, my legs, that was a devilish nasty place!"

Cavalry and Infantry.

We were always more than glad to see the cavalry around, and have them along, especially in the front and on the flanks, and on picket around our camp of nights, and I have seen the time, in a tight place, when I could have kissed the very skirts of their saddles; still, there never was that close, mutual intimacy existing between an infantry regiment and a cavalry regiment as between infantry regiments. The latter pulled along the line of march on foot together, camped together and in battle fought shoulder to shoulder together, through all the battle shared a common danger and faced a common foe; while cavalry was transitory, passed us on the line of march, splashed mud upon us, and galloped on. Also, the cavalry camp was always away off somewhere, to itself, and in a battle they would get in their work and light out to some other part of the line or the field and leave the infantry to settle it. They could not stay with us.

Then, again, we were not well acquainted with cavalrymen; seldom knew who they were when we saw them, and were often no wiser by asking them who they were. I remember one day on the march to the sea we were ordered to open ranks and let Kilpatrick's cavalry through to the front in a hurry. We obeyed orders, of course, and strung along each side of the picket giving them the center, and they went through a s-l-a-l-ho-loom. I remember noticing one regiment in particular. From the fine-looking men and beautiful bay horses I took them to be Illinoisians. Anyhow, I felt proud of them, and was anxious to know who they were, hence I ventured to speak to a sergeant in one of the companies, inasmuch as we were of equal rank, I having the same number of stripes on my arm as he had, and said, "Sergeant, what regiment is this?" He replied, "Company C, Independent North Carolina Tab Regt." I felt that if my gun had been loaded I would have dumped him right then and there, as "Tar Heels" were among the game we were after down there at that time. The boys all laughed at this and thought it was smart. I cite this incident as one of many such to show how easy it was to find out what regiment it was not—National Tribune.

The Tecumseh's Loss.

At 7:30 the Tecumseh was well up with the fort, having the Tennessee on the port beam. The monitor's guns had been loaded with steel shot and sixty pounds of powder, which at that time was the heaviest that had been attempted. Craven knew that the eyes of all the fleet were upon him. It was his great opportunity, and his chivalrous nature, yearned for a fair trial of strength with the formidable ram and her famous commander. The fire of the fort was scarcely noticed as the monitor steamed toward her adversary, drawing ahead of the Brooklyn, the other monitors following Craven closely.

As they drew near the buoy Craven, from the pilot house, saw it so close in line with the beach that he said to his pilot: "It is impossible that the admiral means for this vessel to go inside the buoy. I cannot turn my ship." At the same moment the Tennessee, which up to that time had lain to the eastward of the buoy, went ahead to the westward of it, and Craven, either fearing she would elude him or unable to restrain his eagerness to commence the combat, gave the order starboard, heading the Tecumseh straight for the ram.

She had gone but a few yards, with all hands awaiting the order to fire, when one or more torpedoes exploded under her. She lurched from side to side, careened violently over, and went down, bows first, her screw plainly visible in the air for a moment to all on the Tennessee, who availed her onset, less than 200 yards off, on the other side of the fatal line. The monitor sank beneath the surface, carrying within her iron walls Craven and 120 men, helplessly imprisoned. Had the course of the monitor been directed thirty feet more to the eastward, she would have escaped the danger.—Blue and Gray.

Wig-Wag.

In 1866, General Sherman, then retired, visited a military post and was present while the class was at signal drill. The instruction was with the heliograph—an instrument invented since the civil war. The general seemed interested, but affected not to understand its use, and wanted it explained, at the same time he stood so as to carefully intercept with his person the sun's rays from the mirror, so the signaling ceased. "Go on with your work, boys! Don't stop for me, I'm a back number!" called the general. "We can't, general. You are cutting off the light," replied the operator at the screen. The general jumped back quickly, apologizing as he did so. "Yes, yes, the world is marching on and we old men have had our day and are straggling behind. Why, in my time we did this sort of thing by shaking flags, and we called it 'wig-wag.'" Then he laughed and walked away across the green parade.—Argonaut.

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