DRANK ACID AND DIED.

John Gallagher Ends His Miserable Existence in Seclusion.

HE OUTWITTED A WOMAN.

A Cold Gathering Invention Perfected by a Brewer Genius.

Carbolic acid completed what whisky had commenced, but was too slow in accomplishing, and John Gallagher lies a corpse at his late residence, 2041 Lafayette street, Denver.

The despondent and liquor crazed victim was found in an upstairs cellar yesterday morning by his wife, who had gone there for a wash bowl. He had been drinking and was missing from his home for several days, but his wife who had been his helpmate in brighter days and had not forsaken him in his downfall, thought nothing of it, as he was accustomed to go on a spree and be absent from it's home for several days at a time.

Gallagher had been dead for several hours when found. Lying beside him was an almost empty three-ounce bottle bearing the inscription of the deadly poison.

The woman thought her husband was in a drunken sleep, and she attempted to awaken him, but soon discovered the truth. Neighbors were called in and then Undertaker McGovern was notified to remove and take charge of the remains. Upon examination it was discovered that the acid had eaten the skin from the right side of the dead man's face and the horrible burn of the fluid extended down on the neck. His face bore unmistakable signs of the awful torture and suffering he had endured before life was extinct.

After removing the body to the undertaking parlors Coroner Walley was notified and examined the body. The following note was found in Gallagher's pocket:

DENVER, April 28.

Dear Wife—This is the last note I will ever write you or anyone else, so please excuse me. This is my last day to live. I was trying to make a little better of it, but whenever I was getting there you stop to and spoil it. This is the last of it. You claim that I have been a trouble on your hands and spent my money. Give my best respects to Mrs. Higgins and my sister Maggie, but particularly to my five of a family, Katie Mary, Maggie, John Joseph and little James Peter. Good bye forever. Your husband,

JOHN GALLAGHER.

Mrs. Gallagher was seen by a News reporter yesterday and pointed the following facts about the affair:

"He had been drinking heavily since the 20th of the month. On Tuesday I found him in McCarrick's saloon and tried to get him to give me money, which he refused to do, or to go even home with me. He went out of the back door, and this is the last time I saw him alive. I have repeatedly pleaded with him to reform, but without avail as he seemed to be totally disengaged." Gallagher went into a pharmacy at Thirty-eighth and Walnut streets shortly afterward and purchased the deadly drug.

John Gallagher was 38 years of age and for six years was checkman in the baggage room of the Union depot. Coroner Walley decided not to hold an inquest, and the remains will be buried from the family residence at 2041 Lafayette street this morning.—*Denver News.*

ONE DOLLAR FOR FIVE.

Quite a little excitement was created uptown last evening by the sudden appearance of what seemed to be a small boy closely followed by a woman. Both were running, and the woman, who was dressed in a mother hubbard and without head covering, soon overtook the fleeing youth. A policeman was called and the young man, who proved to be "Shorty," a news vendor on the Great Northern, was taken to the station house at the instance of the woman. "Shorty" is a dwarf in stature, and he was highly indignant. He said he was a sufficient show of himself without being exhibited to the public in such an unceremonious manner. The case turned out to be a sort of confidence game, but "Shorty" was not in it. He and a companion had gone into one of the dives on Close Street, and there the said companion is said to have squandered five dollars in money for drinks. He passed five dollars over to the woman who runs the place, but immediately afterwards, as she says, claimed that he had given her ten dollars. The woman protested, and in proof of her statement showed the five dollar bill. The stranger took it and then handed it back to the woman. That is she supposed he handed it back, but when he looked for the bill he had given her a ten dollar bill instead of a five. "Shorty," whose legs are only about one foot and a half long, made slow progress, but his companion, who not let the grass grow under his feet. He was out of sight before the woman discovered her loss, so she caught "Shorty." But as he was guilty of no offense he was discharged.—*Helena Journal.*

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.

A Denver genius has invented a machine which solves the problem of sorting the Rocky gold in Stake river sands. The Little Pain Engineer says the machine is very simple and that the inventor has been in that place taking samples of sand from the river to experiment upon. The *Engineer* is impressed that the machine invented by that man will be the paper machine "Equal." There is gold enough in the bed of Stake River to pay the national debts of all the governments of the world. If it can be saved, the biggest industry of the world will be established in Idaho.—*Boise Statesman.*

BURGLAR ARRESTED.

Sheriff Hess on Monday received a telegram from Sheriff Lloyd, of Butte City, Montana, asking him to arrest a negro and a white man, who were supposed to be in Dillon, and giving descriptions. Through some defect in the service the message was received at the office an hour after it was filed at the Butte office. As the men could not be found in Dillon a message was sent to Ed Rigby at Lima to be on the lookout. Acting on the telegram Rigby arrested a tramp who had arrived in Lima Tuesday, and who proved to be the man wanted. The other man could not be found. The tramp was brought to Dillon on Wednesday and Sheriff Lloyd came from Butte for him yesterday. The men burglarized a clothing store in Butte last week.—*Dillon Tribune.*

WOMAN AND HOME.

Women Artists in the World.

The statement is made by an authority who has looked into the matter that there are more women artists in London, Paris and New York than there are men engaged in the same calling, and that the women are making more money than their male competitors.

The reasons given for that men adhere too closely to the principles of art, as the term applies to painting, and do not enter any of the avenues branching from its legitimate trend, while women take advantage of the opposition that exists, such as designing, drafting, illustrating stories and articles for popular publications, and arranging decorations for the household. In these fields they have been very successful, and much a virtual monopoly of the work, because they are best adapted to it.

Not long since, it is remarked, a young woman attracted distinction by illustrating an article for one of the leading French magazines, and her work was pronounced as being far superior to that of the male artists who had previously executed all similar work, to the exclusion of women. Two years ago, said she, the editor of the publication, "such a proposition would not have been entertained."

The future of women in the art world would seem to be a bright one, if the signs of the times be read aright. There is a notable and commendable activity among women artists, and recent successes in modelling stimulate them to accomplish yet more praiseworthy results.—*Jackson Miller Magazine.*

Women in Business.

Women are represented in nearly every branch of business known in New York. There are women in business in dry goods, fancy goods, gloves and hosiery, house furnishing articles, carpets, rooms and clothing; several firms, furriers, patentees, undertakers, paper dealers, importers of lace, trees and feathers, toilet and antiquities, china, glass and perfumes, and dyers of silk and velvet, and employment in which they are engaged to a greater or less extent. As a transitory or not venture into wholesale business, preferring small profits and less risks, but the splendid success of very many of these wholesale business women ought to furnish an inspiration to others of their sex, who are equally capable but less energetic, who toil on in poverty and obscurity.

"It is not capital but brains that one must make to be successful," said a stylish modiste. "Some ladies are that they lack nerve to advance in business. I began with absolutely nothing but my trade, and now I own a handsome residence, employ a large force of workmen and have a large and increasing income."

"Business women are oh, yes," said another successful woman. "I have had them in abundance. I now started for the first time twelve hands to throw upon my shoulders and to add a little of trouble and care. But I thought better of it before I had gone many weeks, and—with a little trouble of her own to the almost ground her elegant apothecaries—"I am very glad that I did."—*New York Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Mrs. Duff's Idea of Crowded People.

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, who is one of the talented daughters of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, says that in her opinion two causes are constituting to keep women from marriage. "The first, and in my opinion the most important, is the influence of relatives. Sometimes it is a mother who cannot part with her son, and so induces him to leave off a mode, sometimes a father who wishes to keep his daughter with him in the case with the father of Ellen Terry's lovesing. He never forgave her for committing matrimony. Now it is a married sister who prevails upon her sister to remain single or drive away a suitor in order that her husband's property may all go to her own children; and again an engagement fails to come to anything because the fiance must support his mother and sisters.

"The second cause affects women who are used to admiration, and who hesitate to resign its excitement. They often sever their first and best opportunities for marriage, imagining they will have will better chances, and hesitate later to make disadvantageous matrimony rather than be alone if they do not feel affection.

"Some women are unwilling to marry a poor man, and some are too capricious to wed a rich man whom they cannot love and respect."

An Efficient Railroad Woman.

One of the most remarkable women of Georgia is Mrs. H. S. Gould, of Macon. Her husband was a prominent railroad man, and when he died, after it was put in operation she had a great deal to do with its management. It is related that on one occasion an engine of the road had become derailed at some station on the line. The road section boss and his men, the engineer, the conductor and brakeman, with perhaps some of the passengers, worked for hours trying to get the big locomotive back on the track.

They were preparing to give it up as a bad job when Mrs. Gould came along. She saw at a glance what was the matter, and gave a few decisive orders. Within twenty minutes the engine was ready to pull out. There are other and similar stories of her executive ability and energy. During the railroading operations, Mrs. Gould finds time to manage her 400 acre farm near Macon. It is said she has done a great deal toward building the Middle Georgia and Atlantic railroad.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

To Renovate Black Goods.

As the time for cleaning fluid, especially useful when men's garments require renovation, is prepared as follows: Dissolve four ounces of white Castile soap shavings in a quart of boiling water. When cool add four ounces of benzoin, two ounces each of ether, alcohol and glycerine and a gallon of clear cold water. Mix thoroughly, and as it will keep for a long time bottle and cork tightly for future use. The mixture will cost about eighty cents and will make eight gallons.

For men's clothing, heavy cloth, etc., dilute a small quantity in an equal amount of water, and following the nap of the goods sponge the stains with a soft woolen cloth. The greater the gathers into the edges of each will immediately disappear, and the vaporized fluid will vanquish the most obstinate spots. When done, dry with another cloth and press the under side with a warm iron. The fluid is also useful when painted walls and woodwork require scouring, a capful to a pail of warm water being the proper proportion.

When washing black dress goods soap must never touch any circumstances be applied directly to the material. In order to retain the necessary oils it must be stirred and entirely dissolved in a bucketful of boiling water, and then drawn into the washtub.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Some—Honesty should be the best policy.

Gold—Certainly; but why do you ask?

Some—Because it hasn't been used enough to make it the worst for wear.—*Dansey's Weekly.*

Grandfather Fritz.

Stockton Boy—Jerry Judd asked, "Which is the safest, for parking or summer outing?" In their carriage.

Tucker—No. He should have said, "Which is the more dangerous?"—*Good News.*

HIDDEN TREASURES.

There are treasures locked and sealed,
Never to the eye revealed;
There are some whose hidden flow
Marks our eyes never know.

There are flowers whose perfect love
Seems to cluster from mountain blow,
And a cyclone lonesome touch
Is to them their entire earth.

There are lives that stand alone,
To the entire world unknown;
Only here and there they find
Kindred spirits to unbind.

Scattered through the crowded street,
One or two we sometimes meet;
What on earth can be more rare
As to have such lives meet?

What to heaven can equal
The corner and single spot
Found in some congenial lives,
Revealing to the other?

—Amelia Howell in New York Ledger.

Ages of Well Known People.

From Echoes "Anonymous Celebrities" we learn the ages of certain persons, to wit: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 32; Mary Anderson, 32; Benjamin H. Arthur, 71; Monroe Barrymore, 32; James G. Blaine, 61; Dorda Doula, 34; Robert J. Burdette, 46; Rose Coghlan, 42; Jay Gould, 54; Will Carleton, 40; George Cayvan, 32; George W. Childs, 63; Mark Twain, 55; Rose Coghlan, 37; John A. Cockrill, 40; Anthony Comstock, 66; Grover Cleveland, 54; Wilkie Collins, 66; Anna J. Cunningham, 45; George William Curtis, 67; Walter Besant, 38; Charles A. Dana, 72; Fanny Davenport, 40; Clarence M. Depew, 57; Mary Mapes Dodge, 59; Rose Field, 30; Marshall Field, 59; Dan Frohman, 32; Richard Watson Gilder, 46; Amelia Gossett, 30; Thomas Hall, 32; Marie Halstead, 65; Marion Harland, 56; Joel Chandler Harris, 46; Alice Harrison, 40; Frank Hatton, 49; Bret Harte, 52; Julian Hawthorne, 43; John Hay, 53; Joaquin Miller, 52; Julia Ward Howe, 72; W. D. Howells, 53; Agnes Huntington, 32; R. G. Ingersoll, 57; Jacob Jacobs, 35; Marie James, 30; Herbert Kelcey, 36; Julia A. Lawwell, 71; Mary Logan, 38; Belle Marriott, 35; Brander Matthews, 35; Joseph Medill, 70; Alice Mary Meredith, 31; Joaquin Miller, 52; Thomas Nast, 51; John C. Ring, 40; Bill Nye, 41; Tony Pastor, 56; Annie Pixley, 39; Joseph Pulitzer, 44; George M. Pullman, 60; Matthew A. Quay, 66; John Boyle O'Reilly, 46; Bishop Ryan, 70; Sarah Jewett Rolson, 35; Lillian Russell, 31; Sol Smith Russell, 43; Hilliard Sabine, 32; Harriet Beecher Stowe, 80; Thomas Thorne, 56; George Alfred Townsend, 59; George Francis Train, 61; Charles Dudley Warner, 61; Henry Whitemore, 35; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 36; Francis Wilson, 37.

Pluck of the Ugly Girl.

We ugly girls never get any invites in the park nor free seats in the theater, and as for ice cream and French candy, no matter how handsome we begin to anyone, we shouldn't know the taste of either if we waited to have it bestowed upon us in a reward of merit. Indeed the expensive sense of pride we ugly girl is one of the worst things about it; there are no compliments. We get none of the pleasant out of it in the way of being escorted home or anywhere else, and as one of them says, "All the fine things we think and say about women apply to those only who are naturally good looking or graceful." In fact, isn't it just a little hard that anybody's destiny in life should be made to depend upon a favorable open or middle case which they have no control over? Are we to be blamed because we are not handsome? I am very glad that I did."—*New York Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Wanted Golden Shoes.

Ex-Congressman William Lawrence, the millionaire of Erie, Pa., has a great number of fine horses, and anything that pertains to the equine race he appreciates, even when it is some or less of a facetious nature. He occasionally tells the following:

"A gentleman wanted to borrow some money from Mr. Isaac. The latter said, rather indignantly, that he did not lend money unless he had good security. Finally the gentleman said he thought he could give security.

"What?" asked Isaac.

"A horse."

"Bosh; the horse is worth nothing."

"Yes it is. Why, my horse is seventeen hands high, has diamond eyes, ruby ears and silver mane."

A horse of this great value the gentleman thought would be taken as security, when Isaac put an end to the flicker by saying:

"Well, mine friend, his dot horse got golden shoes too!"—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Frohlin's Experiences.

In his enchanting life the late Henry Frohlin, of Grand Rapids, had many adventures, among them that of being lowed by a sperm whale eight miles in a circle before the manner was brought to bay. He visited St. Helena and brought home a twig from a willow tree that grew over Napoleon's grave. He planted it in New York state and saw it grow to a large tree. When chief of the Exchange Hotel in Detroit, in 1856, he grew hot speculations fever was on, and the entire territory was filled with land lookers.

The land office in Detroit was so crowded with applicants that it became necessary to close the office for three weeks at a time to let the clerks catch up. He made considerable money by buying numbers from speculators, who were willing to wait and sell selling them to late comers. He often realized $100 on a deal of this kind, and laid the foundation for his future business operations.—*Detroit News.*

Two Signs.

A hairy and inconsiderate house placed a mean trick a day or two ago on the little old woman who grinds a hand organ on Fourteenth street near Sixth avenue. A black tin placard hung on the front of the wheezy instrument, telling in white letters to passers by, "I am paralyzed." Bobbing a tiny cyclone of wind swept around the corner, and catching the placard on the under side carried it well out of its perpendicular and left it twisted in mid air. When the wind, the dust and the flying particles of paper subsided there sat the little old woman mechanically grinding out "Annie Rooney" behind the polemic inscription on the sheet of black tin: "Blind friends, I have been blind since childhood."—*New York Times.*

The treatment for tyrotoxicon poison until the doctor can be summoned might be the use of the ipecac tablets taken in warm water, which will lead the nausea effectively. If it contains unstrained or salt, the mustard will be used in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of water, and the salt in a handful to a pint.

The wearing of rings by men should be a matter of careful consideration. They should be distinctly remedies in type. The deep cutting should be usually followed. The high mounting settings to show off the jewels is of course offensive.

White Pine Bark Tea for Cankers.

To cure canker get white pine bark from trees three to twelve years old, and steep a strong tea from it. To another dark soap a strong tea from common sage leaves, and put equal quantities together which last, of course, enough pine bark honey to make it very sweet. Use it either warm or cold, rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat with it several times a day. If some should chance to be swallowed (certainly) no harm for nirm.

Scrofula

is one most constant and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it. While thousands everywhere are its suffering victims. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goiter, tumor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, have yielded to the powerful action of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every trace of impurity from the blood and builds up the weakened system.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on his account I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is sound and well, nevertheless it was quite three months before the disease left. Words fail to express our gratitude to us." J. CHRISTIE, Hillsdale, Mich.

Scrofula

is more superior to every other a hereditary disease, and no one is free from it. Suffering from sores and troublesome blood, the disease lurks deep in the lymphatics, which are composed of white corpuscles. Now is a period of total in when the whole body is the seat of white tissue, and therefore the subject thus is more susceptible to all the dreadful diseases. But there is a proved remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and tone of health. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla of your druggist.

"Whenever I feel the effects of my old enemy, scrofula, which we all know, I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we all know. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any signs of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." Mrs. E. C. CLIFFE, 4 CARR ST., Cleveland, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Only $10 — Down With High Prices. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10 [illegible] Warranted for 5 Years. Agents Wanted Everywhere. THE SINGER MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Thomson & Taylor Spice Co., Importers and Manufacturers of the FINEST SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS KNOWN TO THE TRADE. Proprietors of the Famous Brand of RED CROSS LYE. Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake. CHICAGO.

Star Horse Nails. Polished or Blued. Ask your dealer for them. Take no other. MADE BY THE UNION HORSE NAIL CO., Chicago, Ill.

Harrison Conveyor Irrigating Pump. Operated by Horse Power or Attached to Any Engine. Will water 10 to 20 acres per day. Write for circulars. HARRISON CONVEYOR IRRIGATING PUMP CO., 14 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

GUNPOWDER. Sporting, Blasting, Mining, Farming. HAZARD'S "Kentucky Rifle." HAZARD'S "Sporting Rifle." HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting." HAZARD'S "Rising and Blasting." HAZARD'S brands, the most reliable powders made. THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY, Hazardville, Conn. Representatives in Utah by Paine & Lyne, Agents.

PLEASE REMEMBER That we still Carry a Complete Line of Disston's Celebrated Saws, Consisting in Part of Cross Cut, Drag, One Man, Circular, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Frame, Framing, Compass, Butcher, Cobb, Keyhole, Etc., also Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Teeth And "TRIUMPH," For Filing Trees with, and for Setting at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER! Also a Full Line of Tools. Renowned RASPS & FILES always on hand. E. C. M. I.

DICKINSON BROS. & KING, Importers of the Best English and German PORTLAND - CEMENTS, Chicago, 176 to 178 Michigan St.; New York, 21 to 23 Rose Street. New Orleans, 1 Carondelet St. We refer, by permission, to this paper. Prices on Cements sent FREE on application.

HOGAN, EVANS & CO., Limited, Successors to Evans & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF Annealed CLIMAX Chimneys, Lamps, Globes and Decorators of Glass. Factory: 20th Ward, Corner Ohio and Duquesne Sts., Allegheny. Office & Warehouse: 1016 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A. H. DUDLEY. J. E. DUNCAN. GEO. DUNCAN & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Crystal and Colored Glass Table Ware, Bar Goods, Jars, Lamps, Etc. 1013 Penn Street, S.S., PITTSBURG, PA. For sale by Z. C. M. I. and dealers generally.

SAPONIFIER. Perfectly Safe. Cheap. Saponifies Grease, Tallow, Rosin, Etc. Saponifies Cold Water. Saponifies Hot Water. Saponifies Lye. Saponifies Soft Water. Saponifies Hard Water. Saponifies Salt Water. Saponifies Alkali. Saponifies Acid. Saponifies Everything. Saponifies Anywhere. Saponifies Anytime. Saponifies Forever. Saponifies Everywhere. Saponifies Everywhere. Saponifies Everywhere