

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., May 20, 1892.

OVER THE BALUSTERS.

Over the balusters bends a face
Darting sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why the fingers
And when the good nights are said,
Why somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops in masses brown,
Like a mantle, over his shoulder.

Over the balusters soft hands fair
Brush his cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift
Carriage,
She has down like a bird from the hall
way;
But over the balusters drops a "Yes"
That shall brighten the world for him
always.

A DEED.

Mortals have all one ending Death!
It doth define the limit of their lives.
And knowing this the careless multitude,
With swelling ranks drift onward—
Onward, with a ceaseless and continuous roar,
To that great Sea that washes every shore
Within the universe.

But fighting, struggling on the road of life,
Perchance some poor and wearied form,
Fired with the enthusiasm of a moment,
Doth execute a great, a noble deed,
And on the wing of reputation
He soons becomes immortalized.

The man may die, but yet the deed remains
Fresh as the day the deed was done.
Attached to his name, his form and semblance
gone,
We can reprint the deed, but not the man,
And then we die, still the deed lives on
From out the past into the future.

Mark, then, the deed, and mark he well the
man.
Let those on earth perform a deed who can.
Joseph R. Wilson, in Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

"Yes, they're all going to be there—
Nan and the two Farge girls, Jo
Wardsworth—and oh, we'll just have
a glorious time!" and Louise Alley
looked up from the trunk she was
packing, her dark eyes shining with an
anticipated joy.

"Well, you certainly deserve some
fun if any one does," rejoined her friend,
May Stillman, fanning herself vigor-
ously with a paper novel, "making a
martyr of yourself stowed up here in
town half the summer. Here, let me
help you shut that trunk," and May,
who was by no means a sylph, promptly
lay on the lid till the clasp clicked in
the lock.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley had been spend-
ing June and July abroad, the trip
having been undertaken by the doctors
orders for Mr. Alley's health. But it
was out of the question to take Bess,
who was just five, and if she stayed
behind, Louise must stay, too, and as
the house had to be kept open for Fred
who was in business down town, the
three lived there for two months to-
gether.

And now the travelers had returned,
and Louise was on the eve of departing
for a fortnight's stay in the Adirondacks.
They were to leave by the night boat
that very day, and when May left to go
home and finish her own packing,
Louise turned to and helped her moth-
er with hers, for the rest of the family
were going off at three to Long
Branch.

It was a busy time, but everything
was a labor of love for Louise, for was
not every moment carrying her nearer
to the joys that lay before her up in
the north woods, where so many of her
friends were already gathered, eagerly
expecting her?

At last the Long Branch party were
got off and Louise had gone up to her
room to put on her traveling dress. But
just as she took it from the hook the
front door bell rang.

"Who can that be?" she said to her-
self. "I wonder if mother has forgot-
ten something and sent back for it."
She slipped out into the hall and
leaned over the balustrade as Delia
answered the summons.

"Does Mrs. Alley live here?"
It was a woman's voice that asked
the question, a high-keyed voice that
Louise did not recognize. Then, on
Delia's replying that it was Mrs. Al-
ley's home, but that the lady herself
was away, the visitor went on:

"Yes, I know, but Miss Louise is in,
isn't she? She is the one I want to
see."

Louise, hearing this nearly lost her
balance. A strange woman inquiring
for her; and at such a time!

She stepped hurriedly back into her
room and glanced at the clock on the
mantle. It was ten minutes to four.
May was to call for her with the car-
riage at five. She must contrive in
some way to get through with her call-
er within the next ten minutes. There
were so many "last things" to be
done.

But now Delia appeared with the
message.
"Please, miss," she said, "there's an
old lady down stairs who wants to see
you. She didn't send her name be-
cause she said you expected her."

"Expected her?" Louise repeated the
words mechanically. "Why, I don't
expect anybody but Miss May. You're
sure, Delia, it is not she, up to some of
her tricks?"

"Oh, no, miss," responded the girl.
"She's a sure enough old person, and
she seems kind of feeble. Her bag was
pretty heavy for the like of her to be
carrying!"

"Her bag?" gasped Louise. "Is she
a book agent?"

"No, miss, she's been traveling in
from the country, I take it, and looks
clean beat out."

"Well, I will go down at once and
see what she wants. The expressman
has called for the trunk, has he
Delia?"

"Yes, miss."

Louise passed for an instant with
her hand on the door, racking her brain
to try and get some glimmering as to
the identity of the person awaiting her

in the parlor, some person who had
said that she was expected.

"It's some one who knows the rest
of the family are away, too," she mus-
ed, but this fact did not enlighten her
in the least, and finally she went down,
still mystified.

Nor was she any wiser when she en-
tered the drawing room and beheld a
little old lady seated on the sofa. The
top of her head could surely come no
higher than Louise's shoulder, her
face was yellowish and wrinkled with
age, and her gown was black and sev-
erely plain.

Louise was certain she had never
seen her before. Her surprise, there-
fore, may be imagined when the caller
rose to her feet, and, coming quickly
toward her, reached up on tiptoe and
kissed her on the forehead.

"I'd have known you anywhere, my
dear," she said, "from your resemblance
to your mother."

"Yes, but—but—"

And here Louise paused. The old
lady, whose face, when one came to
look at it closely, had a certain sweet-
ness of expression, seemed so confident
that she was known that the young girl
felt as though it would be almost like
striking her to say that she had not the
remotest idea who she was.

"I looked for you at the station,"
went on the stranger, pulling Louise
down to a seat beside her on the sofa,
and gently smoothing with her wrink-
led fingers the fair ones she still held.
"an I waited some time. Then I
thought something might have kept
you, so I inquired the way and came
over in the cars by myself. But I'm
most tuckered out. Can I go right up
to my room? If I lie down for a spell
I think I'd feel better."

Her room! She had come to stay
then. Louise was utterly bewildered.
Matters must be straightened out at
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Her room! She had come to stay
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"I'm very sorry," she began, "but—
but I think you must have mistaken
the house. Was it Mrs. Theodore Al-
ley you came to see?"

The old lady, who had half risen
from her seat, now fell back again
with a little gasp.

"Mistaken?" she repeated. "There
can't be any, can there, when you're
Louise, Alley? Didn't you get my
letter?"

"I beg your pardon," said poor
Louise, beginning to grow very nervous.
"I don't know who you are."

"Then you didn't get my letter?"
exclaimed the old lady promptly.
"Praps I ought to have fixed it differ-
ent, but I'm Abby Moorhead."

"Oh, mother's Aunt Abby!" ex-
claimed Louise, putting her hands out
instinctively.

"I—I thought you were out in Da-
kota."

"So I was, my child, but I got back
this spring and was sick a long time
up at my brother's in New Hamp-
shire."

"But how did you know where we
lived we have only been here two years."

"That's what I'm going to tell you."
went on Miss Moorhead. "It all came
about so queerly. You see the railroad
to the White Mountains runs through
Comman, and two weeks ago there was
an accident and a passenger came to
Timothy's for linen to bind up the
wounds, and if it wasn't Albert Bond."

"Oh, yes," broke in Louise. "He's
a very old friend of mother's."

But at this point the old lady's body
swayed to one side, and Louise sprang
up and caught her in her arms. She
was, as she had expressed it, "clean
treckered out," and was now on the
verge of a swoon.

Louise reached behind her and pull-
ed the bell, and presently Delia appear-
ed, the picture of amazement.

"Here, help me up to my room with
Miss Moorhead," and Louise, with
compressed lips, gently put her arm
around the old lady's back.

"Between them they got her up to the
stairs, where Louis applied restora-
tives, and presently she opened her
eyes and looked about the daintily fur-
nished room inquiringly.

"Is it all right, my dear?" she said
teetly.

"Yes, Aunt Abby, you must lie quiet
for a while, and try to get some rest.
I will darken the room and come back
soon, and I want to find you asleep."

"You are very kind, so like your
mother," and the old lady's eyes fol-
lowed the fair young girl out of the
room.

And Louise? With lips still com-
pressed she hurried back into her
library, trying to feel that the struggle
was all over, and that right had tri-
umphed.

"The girls will be horribly disap-
pointed, I suppose," she thought, "and
May—"

"Here the silver chiming of the tall
hall clock striking the quarter after
four warned her that if she wanted to
keep May from stopping for her she
must send a note at once.

"I'll write to her first. If she comes
here and finds I'm not going, there'll be
a scene, I know," soliloquized Louise, as
she pulled down the handle of the
messenger call. "But how shall I keep
her from it?"

An instant thought, and then she
hurried on into the library, seizing pa-
per and pen, and not taking time to sit
down, dashed off the following:

DEAR MAY:
Don't stop for me. Explanations at
boat.

Yours,
Louise.

"There, I hope that isn't unjustifi-
able deception," and scribbling off the
address Louise sealed the en-
velope and called to Delia to give it to
the messenger, who had just ap-
peared.

Then she rang for another boy and
sat down to write her note of ex-
planation to Fred. This dispatched,
she tiptoed into her own room, saw
Aunt Abby was sleeping, and then
went into her mother's apartments
and sat down by the window.

The whole thing had come about so
quickly that she realized scarcely yet

what she had done, and kept thinking
she was wasting precious minutes when
it was nearly five and her traveling
dress still hanging on its peg in the
closet.

The sound of carriage wheels sud-
denly stopping startled her. Had May
come after all, and must the battle be
fought all over again?

No, it was at the Dryers', opposite
The girls were going away. There
came the trunks down the stoop, then
the goodbyes in the doorway and the
flutterings of handkerchiefs from the
carriage window till it turned into the
avenue at the corner.

A lump rose in Louise's throat.
"It seems hard, almost cruel, when
I stayed here in New York those two
months, looking—"

But here she interrupted her own
thoughts resolutely.

"No, the hard and cruel part would
be for me to send that well-meaning
soul back, when she had come all this
distance just to keep me company. It
isn't her fault that the letter went as-
tray. All I must do is to keep her
from knowing."

An extract from a letter written in
October by May Stillman to Nan Wag-
even:

"I've the greatest piece of news for
you. You remember how Louise Al-
ley disappointed us all so dreadfully by
staying away from Saranac last sum-
mer, because a great aunt she'd never
seen before came to visit her? Well—
no, the great aunt hasn't died and left
her a fortune, or even promised to
mention her in her will, but she did
give Louise a mine she had taken for a
bad debt when she was out in Dakota.
And now somebody has discovered
that the Louise Mine, as they call it, is
a regular little bonanza. Louise want-
ed to give it back then, but Miss Moor-
head wouldn't hear of it. She's found
out some way how Lou gave up when
she stayed home that time, and declar-
es that Louise Alley is one girl of a
thousand. Well, she is, besides being
a girl with several thousand now."

Mark Twain's Pipe.

Some Interesting Anecdotes About the Humors-
ist's Old Cob.

Every one who knows Mark Twain
knows that the pipe and he are simply
inseparable. He generally smokes a
granulated tobacco, which he keeps in
a long check bag made of silk and rub-
ber. When he has finished smoking,
he knocks the residue from the bowl of
the pipe, takes out the stem, places it
in his vest pocket, like a pencil or a
stylographic pen, and throws the bowl
into the bag containing the granulated
tobacco. When he wishes to smoke
again (which is usually five minutes
later) he fishes out the bowl, which is
now filled with tobacco, inserts the
stem and strikes a light. Noticing
that his pipe was very aged and black,
and knowing that he was about to go
to France, where corn-cobs pipes are
not, Jerome asked him if he had
brought a supply of pipes with him.

"Oh, no," the humorist answered,
"I never smoke a new corn-cob pipe. A
new pipe irritates the throat. No corn-
cob pipe is fit for anything until it has
been used at least a fortnight."

"How do you manage, then?" Jer-
ome asked. "Do you follow the exam-
ple of the man with the tight boots—
wear them a couple of weeks before
they can be put on?"

"No," said Mark Twain. "I always
hire a cheap man—a man who doesn't
amount to much, anyhow—who would
be as well—or better—lead, and let
him break in the pipe for me. I get
him to smoke the pipe for a couple of
weeks, then put in a new stem, and
continue operations as long as the pipe
holds together."

Mark Twain brought into France
with him a huge package of boxes of
cigars and tobacco which he took per-
sonal charge of. When he placed it on
the deck of the steamer crossing the
English Channel, while he lit a fresh
cigar, he put his foot on this package
so as to be sure of its safety. He didn't
appear to care what became of the rest
of the luggage, as long as the tobacco
was safe.

"Going to smuggle that in?" asked
Jerome.

"No, sir. I'm the only man on
board this steamer who has any tobacco.
I will say to the customs officer:
'Tax me what you like, but don't med-
dle with the tobacco.' They don't
know what tobacco is in France."

A New Capital Destroyed.

DENVER, May 12.—Word has been
received that the capitol at Santa Fe is
burning. The building cost \$250,000,
and was a very handsome structure.
Like all of the new capitols, it con-
tained many of the best ideas relating
to the planning of building for legisla-
tive purposes.

Smelts in Abundance.

Smelts are so abundant in the waters
at Castle Rock, Or., that a fisherman
standing on the shore with a scoop net
is able to dip out in a few minutes more
than he can carry away. Thousands of
pounds of the fish have been taken in
this way recently.

—The great reason for the success
of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its
positive merit. It cures where other
preparations fail.

—If you want printing of any de-
scription the WATCHMAN office is the
place to have it done.

The Situation Upon Mars.

Is Mars Inhabited Has Been Supposed? Are
the Canals so Plainly Observed the Engineer-
ing Work of a Superior Race of Men? Fac-
tities for Satisfactory Observations.

From Westernman's Monist's heater.

The first sight of Mars through an ob-
servatory telescope is almost terrifying,
even for a person of good nerves. It is
as if one saw the whole earth with its icy
poles, as a solid globe floating overhead.

One distinguishes clearly the dark blue
seas and the brilliant, beaming, many-
hued dry land—and on this the dry beds
of a multitude of lakes, bays, gulfs,
streams, and canals, these latter either
parallel to each other or crossing one an-
other at right angles. As you continue
to look you note the variations of color
and of light and shade; and further that
the outlines on one edge of the disk pass
out of sight, while on the otherlandscapes
expands; you see that Mars revolves on
its axis, and that the ends of the axis are
the frozen poles, as with us. There is a
further resemblance in the inclination of
the axis, which provides that on this
planet also the seasons follow each other
in regular succession. The ice crust at
the poles diminishes in Summer, afford-
ing demonstration not only that Mars is
influenced by the sun's rays precisely as
we are, but also that the air and water
are identical with ours. In fact the me-
teology of Mars is now being reduced to
a science.

Judging the two planets by superficial
characteristics, however, one must ad-
mit a condition implying a higher de-
gree of development in Mars. The con-
tinents of the earth seen from a distance,
present a very torn appearance, and oc-
cupy scarcely a third of its surface, while
Mars is girdled on both sides of the equator
by one continuous main, and inter-
sected by a network of canals and rivers,
it is a land occupying approximately three-
fourths of the whole area of the planet
and the water only one-fourth, as a con-
sequence of which it may be that its at-
mosphere is less clouded and vapor-laden
than ours. Peculiarly characteristic is
the arrangement in which the geologi-
cal nature of Mars has laid out the
streams (canals?). All our streams,
without exception, are tortuous, and all
increase in width as they near the ocean.
On Mars, on the contrary, the streams
flow in straight lines, and are of uniform
width from source to mouth. These
streams, from seventy to 100 kilometers
apart, have their banks so well defined
as to suggest the idea that they are sub-
ject to intelligent regulation. It is hard-
ly possible to conceive that two parallel
canals intersected at right angles by a
third, as in Ophi, land, can be the work
of elementary forces of nature. The
question suggests itself again by the two
canals which flow from ocean to ocean,
crossing each other at right angles in the
centre. Not less questionable is the ori-
gin of the great line Lake of the Sun
in the centre of Kepler lake, with its
three rectilinear canals connecting it
with the ocean.

Ever and over the question
recurs. Is it possible that the crust of a
planet whose density is only seven-
tenths less (sic) than that of the earth
can be so yielding that the streams at
their origin encountered no impediment
to their direct course? Or have they
really been regulated by the inhabitants
of Mars—an engineering feat present-
ing, perhaps, few serious difficulties?

But what most excites our astonish-
ment in connection with these canals is
that almost every one of them is dou-
ble, i. e., it has its parallel canal along-
side of it, but visible at intervals only.
This has thoroughly perplexed all inves-
tigators. The earth has nothing analo-
gous to aid us to a solution. On this ac-
count the return of Mars is looked for-
ward to with considerable interest. The
improvement in optical instruments with
in the past decade may probably help to
solve the riddle, or what is perhaps
still more probable, may present still
more riddles for solution. The occasion
of Mars next return will be the first
time for fifteen years that we shall have
an opportunity of examining her South
polar region. Apart from the scientific
interest which attaches to these observa-
tions it is an immense gain to our intel-
lectual culture to overthrow the pride,
born of ignorance, which in earlier cen-
turies prompted man to regard this earth
as the one-inhabited sphere of the uni-
verse. Equal rights for all planets ap-
pears to be the law of nature, which cer-
tainly has not expended all her forces on
this dark clod of ours.

Where They Are Buried.

The Last Resting Places of Men Who Made
American History.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Presidents of the United States
have been buried places very far apart.
Washington was buried at Mount Ver-
non, sixteen miles from Washington;
John Adams beneath the portico of the
Unitarian Church in Quincy, Mass. In
the church stands a memorial slab in his
honor, but the body lies in a vault al-
most directly under the entrance. Thom-
as Jefferson was buried in the family
cemetery at Monticello, Va.; James Mad-
ison, in the family burying ground at
Montpelier, Orange county, Va., and
James Monroe in the Second Avenue
Cemetery, between Second and Third
streets, New York city, his grave being
covered by a handsome open-work cag-
ing of iron.

John Quincy Adams was buried in
the vault with his father in Quincy; An-
drew Jackson at the Hermitage, eleven
miles from Nashville, Tenn., a domed
temple covering his grave. Martin Van
Buren lies in the Reformed Church
Cemetery of Kinderhook, N. Y., and
William Henry Harrison, first interred
at Washington, was removed to North
Bend, Ohio, where his vault was, until
recently, much neglected. John Tyler
was interred in Hollywood Cemetery,
Richmond, Va., and no monument or
stone has been erected over his grave.

James K. Polk lies at the corner of
Vine and Union streets, in Nashville.
Tenn., an elegant monument under a
canopy marking the spot. The remains
of Zachary Taylor were first interred in
the Congressional Cemetery at Wash-
ington, thence they were removed to
Taylor cemetery, near Louisville, Ky.,
while Millard Fillmore was buried at
the Forest Lawn Cemetery, near Buffa-
lo, N. Y., and Franklin Pierce in Minot
Cemetery, Concord, N. H. The body
of James Buchanan lies in Woodward
Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., and that
of Abraham Lincoln in Oak Ridge Cem-
etry, Springfield, Ill., under a magnif-
cent monument. Andrew Johnson was
buried in a private enclosure at the top
of a hill near Greenville, Tenn. The re-
mains of Grant were interred in a vault
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the Rural Cemetery at Albany, N. Y.

Neck Broken, Yet Alive.

A Wonderful Case Brought Before the Clinic
of Jefferson Medical College.

One of the most wonderful cases that
has ever appeared in the clinic of the
Jefferson Medical College was shown
to the students recently. He is John
Allam, an old man of 64 years, who
though his neck is broken still lives to
tell the story of his misfortune. Dr.
C. Edward Stout, of Bethlehem, who
brought Allam to Philadelphia, owing
to his great interest in the case, deliv-
ered a lecture to the students on rail-
way spine, which he illustrated with
Allam, who was a shoemaker in
South Bethlehem, slipped on a banana
peel last July and fell to the pavement.
Almost unconscious it was with diffi-
culty that he was able to drag himself
to his house but a few steps distant,
where he lay for several days in a daz-
ed condition. Several physicians were
consulted who treated the sufferer for
rheumatism and neuralgia but he seem-
ed to become gradually worse instead
of better.

Dr. Stout became interested in him
and he was not long in coming to the
conclusion that Allam's neck was dis-
located between the second and third
cervical vertebrae, some of the small
projections being fractured. To add to
this the spinal cord is sprained.

Since the accident Allam has only
been able to speak with great difficulty,
his tongue being partly paralyzed. It
has been almost impossible for him to
chew and life has been sustained
through liquid nourishment though he
has been able to eat small morsels
while lying on his back. At the clinic
it was discovered that the patient show-
ed many symptoms of railway spine, a
peculiar and rare disease.

An apparatus has been constructed
for him by which his head will be ele-
vated, thus relieving the pressure on the
spinal cord and it is hoped that Allam
will be thus enabled to go on with his
work as usual. He returned to Bethle-
hem the day after the operation.

"A Yard of Pansies."

Here is a chance for everybody to get,
free of cost, an exquisite Oil Picture 36
inches long, a companion to "A Yard
of Roses," which all have seen and ad-
mired. This exquisite picture, "A Yard
of Pansies," was painted by the same
noted artist who did the "Roses." It is
the same size, and is pronounced by art
critics to be far superior to the "Roses."
The reproduction is equal in every re-
spect to the original, which cost \$300,
and is being given free with every copy
of the June number of DEMOREST'S
MAGAZINE. This June number is a
grand souvenir number in celebration of
the seventieth anniversary of the birth-
day of the publisher, and is worth many
times the cost, which is only 20 cents, as
every purchaser will get, practically free
an exquisite picture, and to those who
already have "A Yard of Roses" "A
Yard of Pansies" will be doubly valu-
able, especially as accompanying it are
full directions for framing either the
"Pansies" or "Roses" at home, at a cost
of a few cents. You can get the June num-
ber of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
containing "A Yard of Pansies," of any
of our local Newsdealers; or send 20
cents to the publisher, W. JENNINGS
DEMOREST 15 East 14th St., New York.

Man or Woman, Ghost or Human.

We cannot say what will cure ghosts,
but many men and many women who
look like ghosts rather than human be-
ings, through sickness, would regain
health and happiness, if they would try
the virtue of the world-renowned remedy
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.
Torpids liver, or "biliousness," impure
blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores
and swellings, Consumption (which is
scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this
wonderful medicine. It is both tonic
and strength-restoring, and alternative
or blood-cleansing.

The World of Women.

The statue of Isabella will bring to
the sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, the
sum of \$25,000.

The plain sleeve is no more. Even
the morning sleeve has some odd little
wrinkle to give a dressy effect.

Bangs will soon be out of date. Many
who have high foreheads are brushing
their hair plainly back, and it is very
becoming.

Mrs. Marshal Ballington Booth is
said to draw just \$7 a week for her ser-
vices in the Salvation Army. She re-