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DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID, A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Scurvy, Erysipelas, Salivation, Ulcerated Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.

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Manufactured by J. H. ZELLEN & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

SELECT STORY, THE RED DEATH MASK, A VENETIAN LEGEND, BY MARION MOULTON.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, there lived in Venice a certain haughty duke, so rich and powerful as to be feared by friend as well as foe.

With polite bows, forced smiles, and suitable adieux, the Venetian and Spanish noblemen separated and went secretly having the other with a bitter and deadly hate.

As Antonio left the presence of his noble master, he seized the first opportunity to say to the count:

"My lord, I have a private word for your ear."

"I listen," replied the count.

"We are countrymen," said Antonio.

"Indeed?" asked the count.

"Yes," pursued Antonio, speaking low and in Spanish.

"I think this banquet is given expressly to destroy you."

"I had my fears," said Antonio.

"Never, to my knowledge," replied the count.

"It is briefly this: On the nights of festivity, a figure in red domino and red mask sits near the duke."

"I think I do—secret poison," said Antonio.

"Through the Death-Ring, my lord!" said Antonio.

"Ah! well," said the count.

"The Red Mask takes your hand on that night, he will leave with it a paper of instruction, which you must find an opportunity to read in secret and follow to the letter."

"How do you know this?" asked the count.

"I know it, my lord—that must suffice for the present. Will your lordship come and seize a dukedom?"

"But how that?" asked the count.

"You shall know if you come," said Antonio.

"I will come—though how am I to know you mean me well?"

"If I meant you ill, my lord, what need to warn you?"

"True—it is enough—I will be here," said the count.

"Punctual to the appointed time, the Count of Palmyra appeared at the banquet of the Duke of Francavella."

"The Venetian received him with apparent pleasure, and as he had promised, introduced him to the noble guests."

"The feast began and the wine circulated freely. At the close came the hand-shaking round of the dreaded Red Death Mask. Scarcely one of all those present that did not turn pale at the thought that perhaps his own time had come at last."

"The count, being a stranger, seemed the most indifferent of any as was natural he should. He poured out more wine and drank, and then seemed to reflect. In this mood he held the small paper, which he had just received, in such a way that he could peruse it without being suspected. This paper contained these words:

"Feign illness, and be shown to a private apartment. I will be there to complete the design."

"In a few minutes the duke, who had been furtively watching the count, remarked with seeming concern, that he noticed his lordship was ill."

"The count certainly did appear rather faint, but offered to believe it only a temporary ailment, which would speedily pass away. The nobles exchanged glances, and each breathed freer as he fancied he had discovered the victim in another than himself."

"But the count, instead of getting better, seemed to grow more faint, and his kind host suggested that he should be taken to a private apartment and his chief physician be summoned."

"I will accept his kind offer of your assistance, my lord," said the count.

"I will do my best to help you," said Antonio.

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THE MAN ON THE COW CATCHER, THE EXTRA LOOK-OUT WHO MUST SOON RIDE OUR LIGHTNING PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVES.

"The time is not far off when every locomotive drawing a passenger train on every busy railroad will have a pilot. This pilot will have no more to do with the engine itself than the pilot of a ferryboat. His duty will be simply to look ahead and communicate with the engineer in the cab."

"The pace has been rapidly getting hotter and hotter in railroading," continued, "until every improvement of the human mind can suggest is adopted as fast as it is thought of, and the big roads are like so many sets of the most perfectly adjusted clockwork. Every device for switching, signalling, ballasting, taking water or coal, and, above all, making speed, is the subject of constant study and improvement, two things being kept in view always and in all things—saving time and preventing accidents. Between New York and the big cities within a few hours' ride of the tracks are dotted with trains running like mad. If there is the least flaw in anything—engines, cars, track, switches, signals, time tables, or what not—there is likely to be a smash up. So much time and money are expended in guarding against the possibility of accident that serious ones are very rare. But in the midst of all this race for perfection the engineer is as he was at first. He is unimproved. He is only a man, and the best man can only do so much. An engineer was once wanted a few years ago, but now it is different. The engineer of to-day has got more than he can do. Somebody must ease him of some of his load."

"I predict that every passenger locomotive will soon carry a pilot. I don't know where he'll be—whether on the cab or in front of the boiler over the boiler, or in front of the boiler over what we now call the pilot and you call the cow-catcher, but he will be carried on every locomotive that carries a train at a high rate of speed, and he will watch the signals, switches, bridges, highways and junctions, and do nothing else, while the engineer runs his engine."

"As it is, the engineer may be trying his water gauge just when he should be looking at a signal. There are half a hundred necessary things he may be doing that will take his eyes off the road for an instant. He will miss a signal, and a wreck will be the result. Mind, I don't say what has happened. I am not going to tell tales out of school. I only say it will happen."

"Can't the firemen on fast trains get into the way of helping their engineers more and more as time goes on?"

"No, they too, have all they can do. The faster the train, the more they have to work. Nothing can be looked for from them. The only thing, as I tell you, a third man in a little house of his own ahead of or over the engine with a bell rope communicating with a gong in the cab. You'll see him there in a very few years."

"The Government an Oligarchy of Rich Men."

"The government is an oligarchy of rich men, for even where we find a man of moderate means in office the chances are ten to one that he owes his election to rich men and that in whatsoever he does he will recognize, so far as his creditors demand, the indebtedness thus created. The evil is great, and responsible and increasing. It is not confined to the Federal election, but has become common to all elections. If a candidate for Governor is to be selected, the first question is: 'Can he afford to run?' If his answer is 'No, he cannot afford to run' he is not to spend or no money friends are to spend on him, he is set aside no matter what his qualifications may be, or even what his availability in a personal sense may be. Lacking money, he has, in fact, neither qualifications nor ability. It is the same thing on a smaller scale in all other offices. The actual candidate almost invariably represents a moneyed man, or moneyed elite, and votes in open or secret obedience to his superior. That all this is very bad need scarcely be said. It is demoralizing in the first place, to the mind of the citizen, and it is the real servants of a small faction for the rich are a small faction, compared with the poor, and the men whose means are too moderate to permit of their indulgence in the luxury of running for office. The open purchase of office under the generalization of destroying public confidence in the integrity of the office-holder. Moreover, it is a positive evil to have the government in the hands of the rich. It would be if they attained control without resort to corrupt means. It is so because the interests of the poor are not represented by the rich, and the poor are in the vast majority. We do not mean by this that there is any necessary antagonism between capital and labor, because there is none. Each is necessary to the other, and there can be no true prosperity for either unless it is shared by the other. But if capital has full control of the government, if capital governs and administers the laws, the government and the laws will inevitably be in the interests of capital, as capital understands those interests without any pretence to labor's understanding of those interests, or of its own. Such is really the state of affairs to-day in the national government and most of State and municipal governments. Monopolies of all kinds are protected and strengthened, and in return for their protection and strengthening they furnish the means to maintain their servants in power.—Detroit Free Press.

"Could anything be better than this pure fluid for the inner man?" said Ex-Governor Hoffman, at Saratoga, the other morning, lifting his glass and looking as so many of it as though he had never secreted a ninth degree of anything of that variety. "Nothing," said Ex-Mayor Vaux, of Philadelphia. "I've drunk this water for forty years, and must say that it is the best, the purest and the safest spring water in the world. It's almost as good as Philadelphia whiskey!"

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