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den ever since that last attack of paralvsis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," Neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow." Neighbor Dyson had generously offered us something less than half price

ters over the door: "Hull & Avery." for them, thinking, no doubt, that we My first impulse was to drive on and would be thankful to jump at the chance. But Kitty and I, after taking the matter into consideration, thanked him, and declined politely. UNDERTAKER, "We couldn't keep house without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sis-AND MANUFACTURER OF ter. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father, if we have and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, plenty of good, rich milk and cream. Ebensburg, Pa, And the butter that we should have to buy at Neighbor Dyson's city prices A full line of Caskets always on hand. would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley." Bodies Embalmed "And as for the horse," said I, "he eats but a little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the

were talking to his own vest buttons; "but then they look like good apples,

and we've a tolerably large Western order to fill. Fil see what my partner thinks." He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black lethorses run to-day."

after a feal of persuasion, and while This conversation was overheard at the betting was going on for the third the entrance of a popular race-course, race, he was induced to tell his tale of says A. F. Aldrich, in the New York Star. Gamblers, and particularly turfmen, are very superstitious. Every thing they see is either an omen of good luck or bad, and by these signs they are governed in all their transactions. The

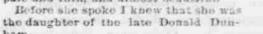
read of a race-goer's life is a cross

The previous night he had a dream. He was far from feeling so. thought he was up in Maine having a glorious time. The weather was lovely. He, with some others, were camping out e woods. They had made an er cursion to the lumber region, and they were much interested in watching the men felling the trees. While asleep he was having a glorious time, but all day long he had been wondering what that dream meant. He was sure it was a tip, but could not see on what. Suddenly one of his friends grabbed his programme and made a hurried examina-My eldest brother fell in one of the tion. "Why, Woodcutter, of course," he exclaimed. The three men rushed to the betting ring, and just as the horses were going lows!" to the post secured three to one against the colt. Woodcutter won, and the young man has been happy ever since. Tips are now to be had from some new drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines. These machines have miniature race tracks attached. Half a dozen horses are fastened on wires and go speeding round the track when a nickel is dropped in. The color of the one that wins is carefully noted. The superstitious then study the programme for a similar color and play that horse. Sometimes they win and sometimes they don't. They have won often enough to make the superstitious believe in the

encompassed him round so completely, it was impossible to override it. I could give the prisoner no look of encouragement. I merely looked dumb, perhaps stolidly indifferent, although I

Wallace Harper rose slowly to his feet, until he towered full six feet of noble stature, and gazed fixedly at the judge. His face was nale as death, and when he opened his lips and spoke, the words sounded hollow and unnatural. "Your honor, what can I say on an occasion like this? I was foredoomed from the start. Our family has always been unfortunate. My father was killed in battle (Gettysburg.) and my poor mother died of a broken heart.

In the gray mists of the morning of November 9 a vailed female ... walked to my door. I answered the boll in person, and I admitted the visitor to my office-room. Being seated, she throw aside her vail, revealing a young lace. pale and thin, and almost beautiful.



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MBER IS ADVANCING.

MULES. W-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES, The only firm in Penn's who make aspeciality of Ken-tucky Saidle and

post-office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we have had within myself. ever since I can temember." So it happened that on this special

March evening we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock. I was in great spirits, playing with

ADIES pussy, who came to meet us with her 2.00 plumy tail crect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes. UR BOYS

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what does make you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the 3d of March," said she, gravely.

"What of that?" I demanded. "Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage comes due to-mor-

row." "So it does," said I, my radiant face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day. "Thinty-live dollars! And we have nothing to pay it with except the fifteen dollars Laura Osgood paid for the old melodeon."

"Perhaps Willis Avery would wait,' suggested Kitty.

I drew myself up, slightly, "I don't choose to ask him to wait,"

said I. Now, it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our home stead, was the son of a neighbor and an old playfellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and ommenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. 1 might be poor, but I was also proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to

understand me. "But, then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared oarnestly at the big crackling black log. Pussy crept away and nestled down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature. "Look here, Kitty," said I, suddenly. 'Those russet apples!"

"Well?" "We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels at two dollars and fifty cents a barrel-' "My dear Addy, no one will buy them

at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug in the market." Here, I grant you, but not in the

city. 1 will take them to Mapleton and sell them." "You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least twenty per cent commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say any thing about it to father. He would only fret and raise objections. What must be done, must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me." "Well, it needn't; for, believe me. it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out in barrels, nice and sound-I can easily do it by lantern light to-night-and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber-wagon-"

leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and await my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load ifwhy!" breaking short off, "ft's Addy Walters!" I colored scarlet. "Yes," said I, as composedly as possi-

ble. "Good morning, Mr. Avery, I shall be obliged to you if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry." "Oh, certainly." He looked as if a nipping frost had chilled his enthusiasm in the bud, and I secretly exulted

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said if I had any more at the same price-and of the same quality, he cautiously added-he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touchod his hat, and I drove away as loftily as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

. . . . . . . "Just \$35, counting in the melodeon money," cried Kittie, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes!"

She had scarcely spoken the words before there came a knock at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery." "I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he, almost reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind runs always on money?" "Mine does, a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know-' "Mr. Avery, this is scarcely businesslike," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. always liked you as a girl, but now-

"Well?" for he hesitated. "I would do something more, if you would let me. I would love you!" I did not answer. In truth and in

fact, 1 could not. "Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked earnestly. And somehow he had got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged.

"This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I have resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about my dancing with Gerald "erguson at the fourth of July picnic." "Tli promise you never to be jealous

again," said Willis Avery. Kitty was jubilant when she heard it

"Our troubles are at an end," said she, "and all because you would take that load of russet apples to town yourself." "That doesn't follow," said 1, sagely.

But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate, and I've always liked russet apples since .-- Chicago News.

Mr. Oxley's Valushie Suske.

Thomas Oxley, a well-known farmer of Lincoln County, W. Va., bas a queer pet. It is a huge black snake, eight feetsix inches long The snake has been an adjunct of the firm for twelve years and is considered by Mr. Oxley as mong his more valuable possessions It stays about the barn summer and winter. and is the most indefatigable exterminator of rats, mice, and other vermin ever ownel by Oxley. "Jim." as the nake is called, is perfectly tame and locile and answers to his name as promptly as the family dog or cat. He

eyed man. If a man meets a cross-eyed man when he is going to make a bet, it sends a cold shiver all over him. He will put his money away, and very often leave the tracker If a gross-eyed woman is met and her gaze is encountered, a man will have luck all day. At one of the winter tracks a woman who is a little cross-eyed is a regular patron. She gets tips from all the

prominent turfmen on the track, and is said to make lots of money. She gets these tips because the men think it lucky to meet her gaze. She is a hoodoo to the women, though, and their particular mascot at the Clifton track is the cross-eyed young man who sings out: "Get your programme! Get your pro-gramme!" at the gate. His patronage chiefly comes from the women, and the men avoid him as they would a plague. Many turfmen have very childish superstitions. If they see the name of a horse placed in any prominent position while on their way to the races, they invariably take that as a tip that that horse will win, and will play it. The horse may win, and then the man will tell his friends how he got the tip. Should the horse lose, he will declare that the name was placed prominently before him so that he should not play it and he mistook the sign. On the way down to the Monmouth Park races those who journey by the boat to Sandy

Hook are always on the lookout for pilot boats. These boats are known by numbers, and the numbers are painted in large black figures on the mainsail. Should they he lucky enough to see a anober, they will play the horse that that number points to on the programme in each race.

Around every race-track there are always to be seen a number of blind men. Some have been there for several years. Nearly all of them are beggars. A few of them peddle pencils and other small articles. Many of them are growing rich, and they are getting rich simply through the superstitions of the betters. An habitual race-goer thinks it is bad luck to pass a blind man without giving him a penny, and if a penny is dropped into the blind beggar's hat it will act as a mascot and bring the donor good luck for the remainder of that day. "Did you back White Nose in the last race?" asked a race-goer of his friend in

the betting ring at Sheepshead Bay on the last day of the meeting. "No," was the reply. "Well, hurry up and get your money

on Fitzjames for the next race. It's one of the best things of the season, and Barnes is riding."

"I guess I won't touch it to-day." "Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, I laced my shoe up the wrong way this morning, and then unlaced it and laced it up properly. That's a sure sign of bad luck. If I had let it be laced wrongly I would have had good luck all day, but, like a chump, I didn't. Doing such a thing as that is such a hoodoo that if Salvator and Big Brown Jug were in a race together and I were to back Salvator, Lovell's plug would

win." Many of the big betters always carry a mascot of some kind or another with them. With some it is a cane, with others an umbrella. Some carry a piece of money, many of them having an old copper piece. Lots of them believe in some article of wearing apparel, which may vary from a sock to an old coat. The bookmakers seem to be particularly partial to coats.

A hunchback is always looked on with favor by patrons of the race course. This is where turfmen differ from theatrical men, as actors think a hunchs fund of being petted by the family back is a hoodoo, and have been known and seems to highly appreciate acts of to refuse to play because they saw one kindness. Jim casts his coat at regular in the audience. Turfmen think that

To see a piebald or calico horse, as they are sometimes called, is a very good sign. To have a strange dog follow you in the street is also considered good luck. To have good luck during the day one must get out of bed on the right side, and the right foot must touch the floor first. Then there is the old superstition about seeing the new moon over the left shoulder.

Another tip which many of the superstitious are ready to take is given when the horses are at the post ready to start. Very often the saddle girths get a little loose, and the jockey will ask permission to dismount and have them tightened. The superstitious call this "putting on the cinch," and as soon as they see a boy dismount they hurry off to the betting ring to put on some money. It is rather curious to note that several horses that have had their saddle girths tightened when they have been at the post lately have won their races.

## Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water. and would plunge in and swim across by thousands-so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte, they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet -- Gen. John Bidwell, in Century.

## Insurance Against Banks.

A company has been established guarantee depositors in National. State and savings banks and trust companies against loss by reason of the suspension er failure of such institutions in which those guaranteed may have their deposits. In case of the suspension or failure of such an institution in which the party guaranteed has money on deposit, the company, upon receiving evidence of the fact and a transfer of the claim with power of atterney to collect. pays the full amount due the guaranteed overwhelming. Wallace Harper sent

battles in the West, the youngest died of yellow fever at Memphis, some years ago, and I am the last of the race. I, it seems, am doomed to die on the gal-

He paused here, a hot flush shooting into either pale cheek. Would he break down and beg for mercy? It was not in keeping with his cool courage during the trial. I could not help nity ing him, and feeling that it would have been much better had he refrained from speaking at all. I dared not look at his face for some moments. At length he was speaking again, and I ventured once more to look toward him. The flush had disappeared, and the prisoner's face was pallid as before.

"I know what the sentence must be, your honor," continued he, with awful calmness. "I have only this to say: I am an innocent man. I lay up nothing against the members of the jury. They thought they were performing a duty; but if there is a future life, in that future the truth will be with me, and I shall be vindicated."

He bowed his head and ceased to speak. His words had been impressive. To me they were convincing. I had moved for a new trial when the verdict had been rendered, on the previous day, and now had no more to say.

"Hanged by the neck until dead-Friday, November 9."

These were all the words that reached my ear. I rose to leave the room. The prisoner was led past. I glanced into his white face. A look of settled despair rested on every lineament. I bent forward and whispered a word of hope, mentioning the fact of my determination to move all the powers for a new trial. He said nothing, and soon the court-room was empty.

"It's justice. It was an infamous murder. I started at sound of voices at my

elbow. Two gentlemen were discussing the prisoner and his sentence. I paused to listen.

"I knew Wallace Harper well. All of his family have died violent deaths. He had a good show with Donald Dunham. He had been with the old gentleman two years. I think the trouble was all on account of the girl, who they say is quite sick because of the death of her father."

"Did the girl think any thing of the clerk?" "Some say so. I don't know. It seems

'twas on her account that Harper put poison in the old man's wine. It was a foolish as well as a wicked crime." I walked on. The details of the mur-

der had been recited too many times to interest me now. It had appeared on the trial that Harper was in love with his old employer's only laughter, and that Dunham bad quarreled with his confidential clerk in cousequence.

On the evening when he (Harper) was to depart Mr. Dunham called him into the library and reonested him to drink a social glass of wine with him. It seem that Harper assented. An hour later Donald Dunham was dead. He had died in agony, and with his latest breath accused his clerk of baving poisoned him. The dregs of one of the wine-cups were found to contain arsenic, the other being harmless. The confidential clerk was at once arrested. and in one of his pockets a package of arsenic was found. Such evidence was

"Is it too late to save Wallace Har-

per?" she asked, in a tremulous voice, "Certainly too late," I answered. "Of course, if there was new evidence, of a positive nature, going to show that some other person committed the crime for which he is to suffer, I've no doubt we might save the young man. Bhi-' "I have that evidence."

"You have? Why in Heaven's name did you not speak sooner, then?" I cried. in a storn voice.

"I dared not," she said, slowly "I-I must speak now; the world must know the truth. Wallaco Harper is innocent. It was I who did the deed

Her whole frame shook like an aspen, and I could see that she was wrought up to an awful pitch of excitement. I could scarcely believe her words, however. It must be that she was driven mad on account of her lover's peril. I requested her to speak, however, and she did so, in rapid, low tones.

"It was I who did the deed. I hated to speak sooner. I loved my father. and I did not like to believe him capable of doing an ovil deed. He did it. however. He invited Wallace to take wine with him that last evening. I saw him pour the wine, and I saw him drop a powder into one of the goblets. Then he called Wallace, and requested. him to quaff with him.

"I did not know what the powder was, but an awful fear oppressed me. With a quick movement when father's back was turned I exchanged goblets. and father drained the one intended for his clerk. What followed you know I was horrified when I learned that a deadly poison had been administered.

"I could not speak My father a morderer! It was isorrible. I reatized that my hand had substituted the polson for his lips that he had intended for another. In the excitement of the moment Wallace picked up the folded paper containing the poison that lay near by and dropped it into his pocket, as he testified at the trial. In his dying moments my father cursed the name of Harper and accused him of murdering him.

"I fainted, I think, and I have been near to death since that I have tried to bring myself to speak more than once, but have been unequal to the task. 1 am now anxious to have the truth known. Can you save Wallace? He is an innocent man."

There was no time to be lost. sprang up at once. I visited a magictrate with Miss Dunham, and her agidavit was sent over the wires to the Governor.

We were none too soon. A reprieve was granted, and the facts at once investigated. Miss Dunham adhered to her story, and Wallace Harper corroborated it. He saw her move the glasses, but had refused to speak, lest he should criminate the girl he loved. That was his secret.

A thorough investigation was had, and the story told by the girl accepted. Wallace Harper went forth a free man, and he has since won an honorable place in the business world.

I saw him. five years afterward, for the first time since his narrow escape from the gallows.

"Yes, I am married," he said, when I brought up old times. "No, Miss Dunham is not my wife. Do you know, Mr. Nelson, I have always believed that she poisoned her father! I think her mad love unsettled her mind. At any rate, she is now an inmate of an asylum, and hopelessly insane."

It was a strange case. I always believed Harper lanocent. As to Miss Dunnam, I hold grave doubts .- J. M. Merrill, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

