

vour house clean of il grocers keep it-Cleanliness and nectoess plant. A house are necessary to insure comfort. Then files carally and if he can't find it at home, he will stol, club, fore far is. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO rushing a cours clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always, dwells it a comfortable home. Do you Try SAPOLIO and you will be susprised of your bundless.

How a Mercenary Lover Received eagerly I am waiting for it?" His Just Deserts.

believed you really loved me-" The cool June light was sifting through the screen of grape-leaves that whispered liamerslie, thinking of the valled the milk-room window from the ten-thousand-dollar-legacy from old inquisitive glare of the sun; the bunch of searlet field-lilies in the handless. Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother. blue pitcher was scarcely faded yet; and Columbine Carter, skimming the | are. "Love does not go by the calendar." leathery folds of wrinkling cream from reasoned Mr. Hamerslie, tenderly, the broad pans, wore a heightened col-

day," said he. "You can imagine how The lawyer sat at the head of the room rattling the important document "Well, really, I don't know what to ominously. Miss Marvale sat in the say," simpored Mrs. Baritone, "If I high-backed chair, looking pule, melanelioly and severe in her new and "Can you doubt it, Melissa?" softly fashionable mourning dress. Mr. Peter Horace, a gentleman who never in his life had evinced a liking for anything but money cutil he met Miss Marvale,

delicate in him, as it might naturally be supposed the stool would be a disagreenble object.

They were married, and the wedding was the "event of the season." Dot was not invited, but she was busily engaged elsewhere, and did not mind the negleet: and, when Bertha left the old house to enter her brand new home. Dot and her happy husband, Willard

A Sacrifico That Brought Its Own Reward.

"What amuses you, Shirley?" asked the head bookieseper; as he looked up from his big lober and saw a smile on the boy's face opposite. SINC INDREED IN THE

He was assistant bookkeeper for Brown

Bros, & Bridges' wholesale house on

West Penri street, where he had been

since graduating from the commercial

Shiricy was an orphan. The small

means left him by his parents had been

exhausted before his education had

been completed, so that his first year's

savings had been used to repuy money

advanced him by an uncle to complete

His savings, this year, he was invest-

ing in building stock, with the excep-

tion of one dollar weekly, which he put

aside for no other purpose there a trip.

to the bass streams of the Alleghanies.

He was very fond of fishing, and had

been reckoned an expert as a boy. He

had not taken a day off since he left.

school, and he felt that a holiday was

All through the dark winter days, as

he pondered over the long rows of fig-

ures, he paused now and then to muse

for a moment of green mountains.

blue skies, clear, rushing water, and to

feel in imagination the tug and swish

of the trout line and the rapid click

of the running reel. Then his eyes

would sparkle for a moment and he

was no longer in the dim and dusty lit-

But only for a moment, for the long

columns of figures were waiting, and

Shirley had a feeling of friendliness for

them, knowing that it was through their

mute assistance that his dream would

All through the spring and early sum-

mer he pondered over the big books

and thought of the cool mountains. He

had asked for his vneution in August,

and his request had been granted. He

had calculated that the lifty-two dol-

lars would pay his expensive. He had

figured it out over and over, and he

There were excursion rates to the

mountains; and his round-trip ticket

would cost him twelve dollars. Then

there was his board at a faculiouse,

which he calculated at twenty dollars.

He could get a good rod, reel and line

for ten dollars, and for general items he

"I think that will cover everything,"

he said to himself. "I shall begin to get

my things together to-morrow, and in a

That night, as they closed the books,

"Shirley, have you been to see Ever-

"No," said Shirley, guiltily. "But I

"Not very well, poor fellow! He

doesn't improve much, I'm afraid. The

doctor says the dust and smoke are had

for him. He coughs a good deal, and

pressure were on his own lungs. "I

ping-clerk. He was a tender-hearted,

good-natured fellow, whom Shirley had

always liked for his out-spoken, triend-

ly way. He was not very strong, how-

ever, and one day during the winter had

contracted a severe cold, terminating in

pneumonia. This attack he had over-

come, but it had left him very weak

His mother, a widow with a small

pension, had found it a bard matter to

live without her son's assistance, al-

though Everett's employer had gener-

and with a disagreeable cough.

Everett Harris had been their ship-

city now is so hot, you know; and the

the head bookkeeper said to him:

will go to-night. How is he?"

you know what that leads to."

knew the items by heart:

allowed as much more.

ett Harris Intely7

should think so."

week 1 will be on the way."

Advertising Rates.

be

stairs to a close little flat where ' Harris and her out lived. Von

had there for a still man, but thought-bad energh for the life

it-and once more he floor ht the cool mountains and of the dualing our

Evenett was overjayed to see in and the tender-hearted feillow etc. it little as he timaked by for the het Shirley sat down by lom and 7 1 1 morseful. They talked of matters al the store, and the muran of hota rose

"You know young Bridger 1 199

"Yes, you told me," replied dive wh

"Woll, he down't flice it sure wbut his father wouldn's set as vhody . your places the mut charlie source j. m well die it till gen earne briek. 1. had lots of trouble at 5 st. but p along prelly will now. He's as a stafellow, either, but an atomid dam'ywears a slik hat and putent " wthere-

fell down in the mud and came into the

twice. The last time is biost at n samange over a foot leng ill ---multe it, and thought it was a set

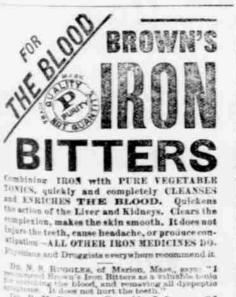
Shirley haughed at the idea - of mon for alch diet till the dense over "I suppose you ate the summer of his

"No, I'm keeping at for next " U jar." "But I was going to her ton." Charlie Briders," sold Shirlers. "Tong other evening Roger With the first of to make out suma shints - zeco and went over in the comer -----it's rather dark you know as lit - we on the stool there. Well, just at plumped limself down, l. fell three thing pop and sound call is a, an fungied up like he and door. 32 80 Charlie's slift hat. Everybody burgers



thirl of specimen mages, illustrations, in the publishers. further is used I in purchasing a dictions-terrible reprints of a comparatively a of Webster are being marketed presentation GET THE BEST.

& C. MERRIAM & CO., PUBLISHERS, SPPINGFIELD. WAIS. U.S.A.



G. W. BRAMBLE, Fuir Leo, Kent Co., DELZELL, Regnolds, Ind., says: "I MtL, snys: With 900 pourd of Powell's Green blood diseases, also when a tonic was it has proved thoroughly satisfactory." Thus, 2681, Mary St., New Orleans, La., Bag Fertilizer for Polatoes, on 15 from Bitters relieved me in a case out, and I heartily commend it to W W MONARAN, Tusementia, Ala., says. "I

acres of hand, he raised 1,300 bushet smooth, good sized potatoes. When quantity of kertilizer and quality of land is considered, this is largest cron

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- I CH WESTER, OLD WOSLAN, SO HIGH?

IS IN FAR. FOOT THE LAND OF YOUR HERTHY

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CHLADTLPHIA.

THE RODAL TO COVER THE SET.

IT, JR., & Co.,

or on her checks as she listened to Miss second marriages," persisted the widow. Decima Johnson's words. "Will Hamershe going to marry the "But Baritone is dead and gone!" impatiently retorted the lover, "What widow Baritone?" said she. "I don't believe a word of it!" can he possibly have to do with it?"

"You can believe it or not, just as Just then occurred one of those marvelous happenings which have given you choose, Einy Carter," said Miss Decima, bridling; "but it's as true as rise to the saying that "Truth is stranthe text of Parson Dillingham's next ger than fiction." The front door-Sunday sermon. Why shouldn't he which, according to the rustic custom marry her. I'd like to know?" of the place, was never tocked-awang

Biny Carter-pronounced "Beeny"slowly open, and in the doorway stood was fair and plump and smooththe well-known figure of-old Uncle skinned, with tender blue eyes, and Baritone himself! lips redder than any wild plum. Miss "Hello, Meliss!" was his preeting. Decima was sallow and spectacled, with "You seem to be enjoyin' yourself angles enough for a new edition of pretty well! And who the dickens is "Euclid." this young man?"

"One reason is," Biny answered, Mrs. Baritone jumped up with a slowly, "that he is engaged to me." scream. Mr. Willard Hamerslie caught "That don't make no difference," up the poker and straightway retreated said Miss Decima, with a malicious behind the cooking-stove. chuckle; "now that breach-o'-promise "If you are a ghost," screamed the cases are out of fashion men think they widow, "don't come any nearcr." can do as they please. And Mrs. Bari-

"If you'are a tramp, get out of this tone is a very nice-looking woman vet, nouse," roared Hamerslie, brandishing if she is gone sixty, and you know the poker after the most threatening there's the legacy she's just received "I ain't neither one nor the other,"

from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother, up in Utica. And Will Hamsaid the apparition, leisurely seating erslie always did set store by money! itself. "It's me! Benjamin Baritone. His father, as everyone knows, was a as everybody supposed was killed in miser before him? the lime pits! But I wasn't₄ I had

Biny Carter went on skimming her the luck to tumble out of the kilns, milk with compressed lips and a new as I'd tumbled in, and I was that sparkle in her eyes. She was too proud, ashamed, as I took myself off for good efore Decima Johnson, to let the tears and all, says I to myself: 'Old fellow, all, which were already obscuring her your wife is ashamed of you, and so is everybody else. And you ain't of no "Of course he can do as he pleases," use in the world, except to go fiddling

around to barn frolies and husking "Oh, of course. Nobody doubts that," bees.' So I smashed my fiddle, and I retorted Decima Johnson. "But the ran away. But times is hard, and it main thing I came for whs to ask if you ain't easy to pick up a livin' when a man gets to my time of life, so here I vere going to the donation party tonorrow afternoon?" am back again! And Fye signed the "No," said Biny, shortly; "father temperance pledge, and I mean to stick

loes not approve of donation parties." to it, this time. Give me a kiss, old "Miss Baritone and Will Hamerslie are to be there," slyly suggested Miss And so the widow Baritone was a Decima.

vidow no longer. "Are they?" said Biny. "That makes "Won't you stay to supper, young to difference to me." nun?" said old Uncle Baritone, hospit-

said she.

"Oh!" said Decima; and then, seeing ably, as he saw Will Hamerslie feeling old Squire Ball jogging past in his road about for his hat under the table. wagon, she suddenly remembered that But Mr. Hamerslie declined the invitashe had promised a crochet pattern to Mrs. Ball; and, taking a hurried leave Mr. Baritone enjoyed the legacy, of Biny Carter, she bounced out into iimself-nor was his wife altogether

he fervid summer glow of the outside dissatisfied at the unexpected turn world and disappeared. which things had taken. Then, and not until then, Biny sat "He always was a good husband," lown by a bubbling little spring

said she, "except in the matter of arwalled up in the corner of the milkdent spirits. And in that there soom and cried. particular he's a reformed man. And "Are all men like that, I wonder?"

ally no one couldn't imagine how said Biny, addressing her own reflection cheerful his fiddle sounds about the n the limpid pool. "If they are, I ouse, when I'm a-doin' of the chores." hink I'll go and be a nun. Mrs. Bari-But Will Hamershe was less reconone, indeed! A woman old enough to alled to fate. He had lost the widowbe his mother! And the widow of that and Columbine Carter would have nothdrunken old fiddler who fell over the ing more to say to him. Lime Cliffs, three years ago, and per-"I want no second-hand lover," said ished as miserably as he had lived.

And all because of-a legacy! Oh, I've saw her laugh, he knew that love was to patience with people: And then Biny cried harder than

He was right. Within six months, ver, and tried to convince herself that Columbine was married to a young the whole story was not true, but lawyer who had come down from Alonly an offshot of Decima Johnson's bany to search some title-deeds in the magination. courthouse records. And our luckless

But it was true. In some things Miss hero was left with neither wife nor Decima Johnson's tongue had only borne a correct witness. Willard Hamlegney. erslie had inherited somewhat of his

perament. He was emphatically a noney worshiper, and had allowed rimself to be dazzled by the widow Baritone's legacy.

Mrs. Baritone herself was a trim, neat-waisted little woman, who looked

utively near "But I'm so much older than you Dot Maybarne, in doleful black, re-

clined in the uncompromising receases of the big, stiff old sofa, with a sadness "And Baritone always objected to in her pretty face that appealed to every tender heart in her presence. Willard flayes, a young and penniless physician, and her most devoted admirer, supported her, figuratively speaking, of course, on her left. The deacons of the church sat in decorous silence, and one or two "oldest inhabitants" occupied the spare corpers of the room. The reading began.

After the usual preliminaries it was found that all of Murtha Marvale's real estate, moneys and personal property were left unconditionally to her beloved niece, Dorothen Mayburne, excepting a few insignificant legacies to church and friends. To Bertha Marvale, in consuleration of affectionate attention, she willed her favorite footstool. Its many dear associations, the fact that she had seen it for years the support of her aunt's wearied feet, would endear it to her, and, as she had often expressed a pious contempt for carnal wealth, she would prize it above all earthly dross.

The whole fortune was not a munificent one, after all, and even Bot was not a rich woman, and she could only open her blue eyes in wonder while Willard Hayes smiled brightly upon her and whispered his congratulations. Miss Murvale's face was buried in her black-edged bandkerchief, and no one could tell how she was affected. Mr. Horace's face was a picture of blank dismay. The deacons looked glum, and said not a word. Everybody seemed inclined to get out of the way with as little ceremony as possible, and soon the cousins were left alone.

"I hope, Cousin Bertha, you will always make this house your home." Dot began, timidly. "You know this is as great a surprise to me as to you, and, while I am glad of a home and comforts for mamma, I do not want you to be pose or homeless. Can't we all live together?"

"No, we can't all live together." snapped Bertha, coming out from behind her pocket handkerchief. "You are a little underhand cheat, and I wouldn't accept charity from you if I were starving! And it is not necessary, as I am engaged, and Mr. Horace is amply able to see that I do not come to want."

Dot retired, overcome by the stupendous intelligence, as Miss Marvale intended she should be.

"I am sure I congratulate you." she murmured, "and I hope if you ever need a friend you will not hesitate-"Bother your friendship!" exclaimed

the irate lady, rising; "I think we can dispense with each other's company, and as I cannot ask you to leave your own house I will take the liberty of retiring myself."

That evening the will was discussed over a hundred tea-tables, and many queries, wonderings and "I told you so's" passed to and fro. What the old Biny, laughing. And when Hamerslie lady had seen to admire in Dot so much, what had become of all the wealth she was supposed to have owned, why she had left a paltry old ottoman to Bertha, who had been so faithful, and so forth, were all dutifully discussed, and left as unsatisfactorily disposed of as before.

In a little meager private office down town Mr. Peter Horace sat, with his head resting dejectedly in his hands and a general air of forlorn despondency in his attitude. He had for forty years loved himself, his money and his single blessedness more than anything else on earth. If ever a woman had stirred the region under his shirt-front where his heart is supposed

Haves, moved in:

For a few weeks everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Horace carried herself with a great deal of dignity, as became the newly-wedded wife of a well-to-do money lender and the mistress of a handsome new residence. Indeed, the fashionable people of the place paid her more attention than they did the real heiress, who was so little like a wealthy matron that the fact was almost forgotten.

Mr. Hornee bore his happiness quietly and contained himself with patience. Perhaps be was a little infinite in the privacy of the domestic circle, but he was only preparing for the grand moment when it would be appropriate to 'kick that beautiy stool clear across the room." To be sure, he might have saggested to his wife that they examine the stool, and see if it contained anything of value: but she would perhaps laugh at his whim, and would not allow it to be spoiled, and when the wealth was found she might suspect him of knowing something about it and of marrying her for it; and, as he rather preferred pence to unnecessary squabbling, he wished the discovery to come about ac-

eidentally. At last, one evening, he found it standing directly in his way. Bertha, ooking apprehensively at her husband's stern countenance, hastened to remove it, but he was too quick for her. A well-applied and forcible kick sent it dancing across the room, where it was shuttered against the marble fireplace. Mr Horace eagerly sprang to the spot, where Berika regretfully followed him.

He did look at it in amazement, as he had often pictured biuself doing, but the amazement was very genuine. He grasped each piece and shook it fiercely; he tore everything apart that could be torn apart with furious haste. Alas! in vain! At his feet lay a heap of broken mahogany, torn purple velvet and dusty horschnir-nothing more -nothing less.

"What do you mean? What did you expect to find?" asked Bertha, with trembling lins

"Your aunt's legacy. I've been fooled -trapped-I won't stand it! What ave you done among you with all her soney? She couldn't have carried it with her.

Peter Horace was angry enough as he strode up and down the room to have demolished forty ottomans, and Bertha went into hysteries on the sofa. It was a dreadful blow to her vanity to think that she had not been "married for herself alone," after all; they had a terrible scene, but finally a sort of reconciliation was patched up. Both were too respectable to let the world know of their disappointment, and they agreed to keep the fate of her aunt's legacy a secret.

Berthn owned that the old lady had given her five hundred dollars before she died, telling her she was not as rich as had been supposed, and that was probably all she would ever receive from her.-Yankee Blade.

Foreign Workmen at the Fair.

An interesting question in relation to the admission of foreign laborers who come with exhibits to the fair was discussed recently by the committee on federal legislation. Many of the semiofficial displays, such as the "Street Scene in Caizo," which is designed to furnish a picture of life in Egypt, will be practically valueless unless natives of those countries can come with those exhibits. There will be a large number of such displays at the fair, and in addition to these many other exhibitors will want to bring native mechanies and attendants. The treasury de-

said Shirley, hughing and blushing a

"Fearful! said Shirley.

college, two years before.

his course.

his due.

the office.

be realized.

inseful sorry, and offeren to pay for it. while Charile shed tears had a dose "I'm-ah! Did it pull very hard?" the money. The boys likes it 1 better for thist, and be not degiven All through the year Shirley Holmes as good friends as even." had been saving the money for his trip.

Everett laughed so heartil) viat began concluding in a way to at each ha lev to the heart. His mather he ght him some water, and, when his lost in was quieted, Shirley had grown grave

"What is the doctor doing for you?" he asked, after a long plat

"Not much, now," said Everyla, little saily. "He says I wood (....) of most, and that, if I could got stoppith, my cough would stole

Shirley continued to fool grave and offered no reply.

"Human training not have as work in September," contained a conthink-Thave for the ght which mean it is torellas?" And team in the poor fellow's eyes:

"Where would you redor up onliter did man?" asked shiring, after op mer-"Oh, I don't know! I invert's cor-

sidered it. Almost nny place in the country where I could get away from this smoke and have fresh air. Yes, there is a place," he raded. "It where we used to live below we are to the city," and he many district at his mother: who heat low mer nor aswing and did not seem to be lie onng "I should like to go there," he continued. "It is about fifth and s north of here, and there are then works and a little stream where I used to catch perch and club. I should I to go there again and fish. I know ;--- 'le there, too, and I don't believe it would cost more than tifteen doll are a month for board." And the sick math eyes shone at the thought of his old collage and the stream with its perch and shub. An hour before, Shirley would have laughed scornfully at such sport, but he did not, laugh now. Protty com he said good-night to Everett and his mother, and walked home under the street Imps, thinking.

That night, when he got to his coon, he made a new calculation. It ran as follows:

Total . Then he wrote a little note which he sealed, stamped and dropped into the mail box on the corner. It subi-

ATRIATE POT BULETE "I am noise to take a tachtion in angue and, as I will sour company, I having you with me above your mother, to take our Characterization wing the memory for a year, at more concepted in a month's type for the set. is prepare to start next week. I will been emornes alight and was can tall SHITHIN

Shirley Holmes never spent a bay month in his life than that which be spent with Everett and his mother at Pokeville. Everett second to get tenter from the first day, and before the month was over was thoroughly blue salf again

Mrs. Harris visited with her old "Yes," said Shieley, feeling as if a friends, while the young men spent whole days in the woods, sometowing fishing, sometimes just lying beneath the big trees.

When they returned to the div the hot, dusty weather was over, and they went back to work bronzed and strong, and such fast friends that they ar called now "the inseparables." Next year they are going to the mountains together. Albert Bigelow Paine, in Golden Days.

A Strange Deal.

A Madison (Wis.) young man because enguined to a young lady who resided in a neighboring city. He placed a beautiful diamond ring upon her finger as a

So run the fortunes of Love!-Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger, miserly father's griping, grinding tem-COMMERCIAL INTERESTS. PENNSYLVANIA coal sells in Italy cheaper than Welsh coal.

