



thick

It does all that is claimed. It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not pend, you know." "Depend? How?" "Why, it would depend on whether dead, which is seldom the case; restores there was more of them than there is natural color to gray or faded hair; pre-serves the scalp healthful and clear of of us. If we was in the majority I dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or reckon we'd be pretty apt to make our changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lusclaim good. If it should come to shoot-

heels of us."

-soon; but I'm glad that you have a new home and will-never-have-to give-it-up."

Old Jake hurriedly drew his sleeve across his eyes and whispered a few words to his companions. Then they all feil back as noiselessly as they came. When they were out of hearing of the occupants of the wagon Jake said in his most solemn and impressive tone:

Boys, she's going to die, ain't she?' "That's the way I put it up," replied Sam in all seriousness.

"Yes, she's going to die," repeated Jake, "and it's a blamed bad thing

you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment. "What other folks do, I suppose."

"But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to."

"Now. Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man-"

"I don't want any man. I tell, you, Mrs. Carlisle, I wouldn't marry the best man living, if he was as rich as Crossus and would die if I didn't have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

There was something behind all this. I knew well. My friend's eyes danced

going to the lodge, and that we after profuse warnings about the baby and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor by way of the back gate and garden. In vain I protested. The wily schemer took the precau-

tion to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we waited results. Presently Cousin Mark, as if arous-

ing from a protracted revery, asked: He read the telegraphic news and "Would you like to have me read?" then the local. The servant brought "Oh, I am not particular," replied in a tray upon which reposed breakfast bacon, eggs, a cup of coffee and

Miss Kent.

mistakes attribute it to the fact that I am but an amateur."

But Smiler was speechless.

"To continue or rather to go back into the past. I read that you robbed all your masters before me only they were not mind-readers in an amateur way and attributed the loss of different things to natural shrinkage. When you first entered my apartments in King's Road your thoughts were regarding my worldly possessions. You saw much that made you sure 1 was a man of means. After I entered the room 1 was seemingly busy reading the

newspaper. Really, Smiler, 1 was

reading you. I did not want to see

your references. They were super-

fluous. The man himself stood before

me. There was the reference. I de-

termined to make a little study of you.

You interested me at once, for 1

recognized in you a thief of many

years' training, a thief who had pil-

fered for all his life and never been

detected. Here, I thought, is a subject

worthy of my attention, here is a case

which will elify and amuse me. So I

took you to my bosom, Smiler, and em-

ployed you on the spot. As you stood

the thoughts that flashed through your

mind were: 'I can easily get away

with one of those Dresdenware vases.

He has so many of them that he will

never miss it. Then he must be a care-

thrifts. He will come home inebria-

ted every night. If a pin, a ring, a

watch or some other article disappears

he will think he lost it somewhere the

night before. Here's a swell that pays

no attention to his personal effects.

All he thinks of is having a jolly good

But Smiler never relapsed from his

"You began to pilfer when you pur-

chased the tickets to France. You

made ten shillings on the tickets. You

put aside for yourself five shillings

from the purchases from the trunk-

maker. Do not deny it, for it is writ-

ten indelibly on your mind. I took to.

you right away. 'Here is a precious'

raseal.' I thought. 'Here's a servant.

worth having." You will remember

that I commended you for your faith-

fulness. And now, Smiler, do you be-

lieve in mind-reading? By the way,

where are those pawn tickets, and

"And now it wouldn't take a mind-

The languid gentleman went to the

"You corroborate all I have said."

"Yes, yes, I confess. Don't put me in

"Lam sorry, Smiler, but I have fin-

"Very well, Mr. Markham," replied

"The same," replied the languid gen

"I am he. I advertised not for a

valet, but for a subject. I wanted to

prove some of my theories to the soci-

ety of savants here. You have proved

a very good subject. I shall write out

the results of my investigations to-

night, and then if you care to have the

law deal leniently with you, you will

sign it. 1 will then read the paper be-

fore the society. My enemies will

have to concede that my work is in-

comparable. By the way, Smiler, have

I converted you to a belief in mind-

"And now, officers, take him away,

With that the languid gentleman

Smiler straightened himself up, dis-

"Well, I'm blowed," he said -De-

From many observations and experi-

ments M. Ph. Lemand finds "that drops

of water falling upon water or wet

bodies generate electricity, the water

Little Drops of Water.

"You have, sir," groaned Smiler

as I have a little work to do."

turned and entered his study.

"The great English mind-reader"

ished with my subject. I now turn him

over to the law. Officers, do your duty."

"Markham?" groaned Smiler.

remarked the gentleman, with mild-

reader to tell what is going to happen."

kindly hand me your bank-book."

door and ushered in two officers.

Smiler fell upon his knees.

'Mercy, mercy," he said.

interest.

tleman.

reading?"

mally.

truit Free Press.

one of the officers.

jail.

Smiler obeyed without a word.

time." Am 1 right, Smiler?"

collapsed condition.

ess sort of a swell, one of those spend-

there waiting for me to address you



aid I was consumptive, sent me to nds, told me to keep quiet, no ercite nus fermis. Just think of it found a little book called 'Guide Mrs. Pinkham, and in it I alled me. So 1 wrote y reply, told me just what to

did health now." YOIA E. PINKHAM'S Compound all those weaknesses and atlments

plent with the sox, and restores per-

relate sell it as a standard artiie, or sent by mull, in form of Pills or stronges, on receipt of \$1.00. For the cure of Kildney Complaints, trud line no rival am freely answers letters of suiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

Send two 2 cent stamps for Mrs. Pinkham's Rautiful 88 tage Hiustrated book, entitled "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE." It contains a volume of valuable information. It has saved lives and may save yours Hat. Pinknam Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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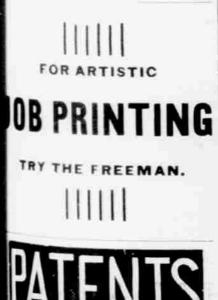
The Harpooner's Story.

ed, June 1, 1883 wif were laid up with ee, purple blotches all second rotten. Take it stry badly off. All our destroyed, but the m bottles of ANEN's lint. We record ever seen to the the second sooing no () or Sarsapariila being ht you constitute know of TA PALLIN Y WINGATS.

The Trooper's Experience. Africa, March7, 1885. ATTA & Lass-Gentlement id leading to the gamat waite a that has been stationed to be the second stationed to be a second under canvas for a statistic second in this will avoid in the sore for wis also d to take your Sarah

T. K. BODEN, e Mounted Riflemen. Ayer's Sarsaparilla ightly effective blood purifier, that multi-size the poleons of 11. and Contagious Disease

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by an Isruggists : Price \$1; Bis boths : for \$5.





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ing. I reckon we know about as well HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces fts as the next ones how to finger a pistol." effects by the healthful influence of its The others nodded significantly at vegetable ingredients, which invigorate this, and the three men rode out a lit and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is tle farther from the timber. They had a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evapgone but a few steps when Jake came orate quickly and dry up the natural of to a short stop, and pointing away to leaving the hair harsh and brittle. as do the south, said: other preparations.

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"Boys, see that." Buckingham's Dve "What is it?" Sam asked. FOR THE

"See that light up the creek. What WHISKERS do you make of it?" Colors them brown or black, as desired,

"A fire-fly, I reckon," replied Sam. and is the best dye, because it is harmless "A fire-fly nothing. Guess they don't produces a permanent natural color; and have fire-flies down here as big as nens, being a single preparation, is more conand it would take one that big to make that sort of light."

guess. At least, I don't see any signs

to-morrow, though, and if they should

beat our wagon here they'd have the

"Maybe they would, Sam, and maybe

they wouldn't. That would sort of de-

"There may be some settlers along

of any camp anywhere."

"That's so, Jake," said Sam, thoughtfully. "What do you make it out?" "I make it nothing more nor less than a squatter, and he's on our land, too, ; guess."

"Yes, it must be a squatter, and of course he's on our land. The blamed rascal has got cheek for you, sure." "Yes, he's got cheek. But what are

DHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT we going to do about him? That's the mestion now." "Well, we've got to rout him out of

there, and we'd as well do it now." "We can't do it any too quick, and

we might as well ride over there and start him off and take possession of his fire. It will save us the trouble of

For FAMILY Use. making one of our own." This proposition meeting with a

unanimous assent, the three men galoped off toward the light. "By jix, boys!" said old Jake, as they

For FAMILLY USE. Dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house, it quickly relieves and cures all aches and pains, asthma, bronchilis, colds, coughs, catarth, cuts, chaps, childhains, colic, cholera mothas, carache, headache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous head-ache theumatism, bites, burns, bruises, strains, sprains, stings, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat, sore lungs, toothache, tonsillitis and wind colic. Originated in 15no by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its merit and excellence have satisfied everybody for hearly a century. All who use it are annazed at its wonderful power. It is safe, soothing, satisfying; so say sick, sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External. The Doctor's signature and directions on every botta. drew near to the light, "it might be a good idea to be prepared for business. That squatter might not take kindly to us, and like as not he'll open on us with a shotgun. We don't want to do any shooting if we can help it, but if we can't help it, we can't, of course."

"That's so," agreed Sam, "and I ex-The Issetor's signature and directions on every bottle. pect we'd better sort of slip up on him [10] and Pamphiet free. Sold everywhere. Price, Sold Six bottles, 2.06. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass and not let him get any advantage of

JAR BERE The men dismounted and crept softly forward through the grass, "keeping well in the shadow of the old wagon. After a little while they got quite close, and stopping to listen, distinctly heard low voices in the wagon engaged in earnest conversation. One of the voices, it was plain, was that of a woman, while the other, weak and thin, was unmistakably that of a child.

uding four large size Portraits. RAMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer, PADEREWSKI, the Great Planist, ADELINA PATTI and MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING. "How do you feel now, dearie?" the woman asked

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO. Broadway Theatre Pilg., New York City. CANVASSERS WANTED. "I feel very well. mother, only I'm tired," the child replied. "Do you feel as well as you did this

Zun man an an an an an an an an An norning?" "No: the ride was so rough and so ong that it made me sore and weak. But I don't mind that, for I'm glad we Steel Picket Fence. got here and papa got a good claim. Is it long till daylight, mamma?"

1 W000 "Yes. a long time. Night has just come on."

"I wish it was light, so that I could see the country. Is it very pretty?" "Yes, darling, very beautiful."

"I am glad of that, mamma. Are there any flowers in bloom?"

"The prairie is covered with them. weet, and when morning comes I will bring you lots of them. When you get well you can gather them for yourself, all you want."

"No, no, mamma, I shall never do that. Don't cry. I am very happy. but I shall never be well any more. I am glad the land is pretty, though, for it will be pleasant to you and papa, and after awhile you will have a beautiful home. I want the morning to come so that I may see the claim just once-just once."

"Well, go to sleep then, pet, and soon the morning will come. You are weak and tired now, but sleep and rest 2.5 with St. PITTSBURG, PA.

see that child a dying away out here on this lonely prairie, without a friend or anything, and I just know that pa and ma must feel awful."

"I know they do," said Sam. "Wonder if we could do anything for them?" "I don't know. Reckon there would-

n't be any harm in going to see." "Then you go down to the wagon, Jake, and we'll wait here."

-Jake started off at once, and two hours passed before he came back. "How is she, Jake?" Sam whispered.

"She's gone," Jake replied. "She's better off, though, 1 expect, for she's been sick a long time, they say, and the doctors said she couldn't ever get well. She's a pretty little thing, though, Sam, and went off smiling like an angel. She was glad her pa had got a new home, and she wanted to be buried on the claim."

For a little while the men were silent, then Sam said: "Has he got a new home, Jake?" "Who?" Jake asked.

"The man over there-the child's "What do you say about that, Sam?" "I'd rather you'd say, Jake."

'Then I say that he has." "Jake, here's my hand on that, said old Sam, as he extended his rough, sun-browned fist. "And here's mine," said Ike, extend-

ing his at the same time. "Then we understand, do we." Jake said after a moment. "that this claim

belongs to that chap in the wagon and that we give up all right to it?" "That's my notion," replied Sam. "And mine," agreed lke. "Then that's settled, boys," Jake

continued, "and I'm glad you fix it that way. I'd never have the heart to take the land from him after hearing her talking and rejoicing about his new home. Never! 1 said to myself right then and there that this claim was his, and that I'd stand by him in holding it against creation. And I'll do it. too."

"You bet!" cried the others. The next morning the father selected a resting place for the child and the three men made a grave and placed

the remains in it. Then, bringing a small tree from the woods, they planted it at the head and scattered some flower seeds about. They did everything they could to cheer the sadhearted parents, and were sorry that

they could do no more. "Boys," said old Jake when they were again alone, "I've done some mighty low-down things in my time. but I never done anything that made me feel so mean as I did last night when I stood there by that old wagon and listened to the words of that little dyin' child, knowin' that I'd come there to help run her pa off the claim that is rightly his. I tell you, I felt like a

low-down sneak." "It was a mean trick," said Sam, "and I'm ashamed of it. But it's his claim." "You bet it is. We can put up with five claims or get another, for we're not going to take that one. That little grave up there makes that squatter's title good, and I'd like to see anybody lispute it."

Jake and his companions were as rood as their word, and for the sake of he little girl who had passed on to a setter home stood by the squatter oyally in the defense of his claim. Themas P. Montfort, in Leslie's Weekly.

Right Up with lim. There are certain Scotch lairds who take the name of their estate, and usually use that appellation in place of

with fun, and as Miss Kent fitted the waist she threw me a letter from the bureau.

"Read that," she said, with a know ing look. "It may amuse you."

whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed.

ousiti.

"My DEAR JENNIE: I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must however, be one stipulation about my visit-you must say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago to-day I wreeked my whole life "Letter embark in a new ship." hadn the? put a Jennie, sotto voice.) So unsuitable was th marriage, so utterly and entirely wrotehed rave been its consequence. that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistabe. or the last time, let' me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived if by so doing I could save her life. Your old

MARE LANSING." she returned. "Rich, isn't he?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure

A long pause.

"You'll see," said the incorrigible. Miss Kent. "See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of the pantomime.

"That parties which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course, an alkali and an acid. Don't you think this sleeve a little too long, Miss Kent?' "Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day, at Prof. Boynton's I saw some wonderful experiments."

"And did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely. "Beautifully.

"So will mine. I never yet botched a job in my life." "I don't quite understand you," re-

plied Miss Kent, perplexed. "No? I always grow scientific when

talking about marriage, my dear." "Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with that gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me, and for lifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to him at last, and now the poor fellow actually believed himself an alien from domestic happiness. Singularly as it may appear, Consin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn t look it, and as rotund and as fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than

the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry. "I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me: "Come, let us go to my sitting-room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to

you, will it?" Of course, Cousin Mark said: "No." promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin, Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent."

Mr. Lansing bowed politely and Miss Kentrose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements and then Mrs. Carlisle proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever a fly

drawn into the web of a spider.

"Here is an excellent article on elective affinities. How would you like that?"

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took away my breath.

"Who is it by?" she inquired. Jennie exclaimed-clear in my ear: "That's to gain time! see if it isn't Now for something interesting." "It's by a prominent French writer, I believe," answered Cousin Mark. "I don't think I care for a transla-

tion to-night," said Miss Kent. "Nor I: nor reading of any kind," he continued. "This is my last evening

in New York, Miss Kent.' "I hope you've enjoyed your visit,"

"I didn't think I should feel so bad about leaving." Cousin Mark went on.

"I think I hear the baby," exclaimed "Oh, no," said Cousin Mark. "You

are fond of babies, are you not, Miss Kent?" No answer from Miss Kent.

"I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent," Cousin Mark resumed "but never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until 1 came to this house.'

"Oh, how lonely!" echoed Jennie. "Now I must return to my business and my boarding house-boarding house for a man so fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

"I have friends in San Francisco, of course," said Cousin Mark, "but no fireside like this-no one to care for me if I'm ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

"That'll fetch her," said Jennie. "I wish that I lived in San Francisco," said Miss Kent, in a little quivering voice. "You could call upon me at any time if you needed anything." Jennie in convulsions.

"If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week. "Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?" she said.

"We don't care for folks," said Mark. "If you will go we will have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds, and flowers, and horses, and all the scientific monthlies that you want, deuced if you shan't; and you shall never sew another stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg and there was that little old maid, who would not marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but my opinion is that they remained in that position till we rang the bell about half an hour later. "How did you know?" I asked of

Jennie. "My dear," she answered, "my whole

reliance was upon human nature; and, let me tell you, dear goosie, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so very red?" inquired Jennie. upon entering. "And, Cousin Mark, how strangely you look. Your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed up often." said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married this week."

Jennie laughed until her face was purple, and when I went upstairs Miss Kent was pounding her back .- N. Y. Journal.

Ruins of a Prehistoric City.

A party of prospectors who were reently on the Colorado desert in seach of a lost mine found the ruins of a prehistoric city. There were walls and re-

rolls. The gentleman put up his nose and said: "Jane, take away those dishes.

Leave the coffee." The servant silently obeyed.

"You can wait here," she said. "Mas-

For forty minutes the visitor was

"Must be some blooming sport," he

commented. Then the door opened

and a tall, pale gentleman entered the

room in a languid fashion, picked up

the morning paper and carelessly

scanned the contents, as though obliv-

ious of the presence of the visitor.

ter isn't up yet."

left to his reflections.

"His appetite isn't good to-day." commented the caller. The gentleman sipped the coffee with apparent relish, read again the cable article from Paris and finally lighted a cigar. All this time the visitor stood standing respectfully. At last he ventured to rough, and the gentleman, turning to him, remarked:

"Aw-you called about the advertisement?"

"Yes, sir," "Where are your references?"

"Here, sir," and he took from his pocket a bulky package. "Well, I don't care to see them."

expenses?"

"Yes, sir."

"I served last the duke of-" "What do I care whom you served? Will you accept a guinea a week and

"Very well, we leave to-night for

Two days later the gentleman and

his servants were quartered in Paris.

The former had rented a magnificently

furnished house in a fashionable part

of the city. Try as he would, Smiler

could learn little of his new master.

He came and went. He usually ar

rived home about two in the morning

and sometimes Smiler had to put him

to bed. He got up anywhere between

ten o'clock and noon. Sometimes he

breakfasted heartily; at other times he

merely sipped his coffee. Smiler was

commissioned to buy tickets for every

fashionable event, from the opera to

the races, and he always came and de-

parted in a private carriage, quite an

elegant equipage. About this time the

Parisian newspapers were agitating

the matter of the remarkable tests in

mind reading given before the eminent

gentleman by a peasant woman in

Milan. The psychological society was

in session in the French capital and

the comments on the feats performed

in Italy were made more interesting

by the presence of a renowned English

mind reader. This gentleman showed

great aptitude in ferreting out crim-

inals, and his accuracy in this respect

made him feared by the wrong doers.

Mr. Smiler read of these wonders, but

being of a skeptical disposition pooh

poohed them. One morning when the

gentleman was sipping his coffee, into

which he had placed a few drops of

cognac he looked up from his paper

down another criminal, Smiler. What

"All bosh, eh? May I ask why?"

"Well, sir, it stands to reason, sir,

that no man can read what is going on

in another man's mind. It's against

nature, and what's against nature

can't be done, sir. My idea is, sir, that

this man, this fraud, I will call him

sir, is in collusion with these fellows,

and pays 'em. That's my impression,

sir. Easiest thing to humbug these

French savants, sir. A criminal, sir,

can't be detected except by detec-

tives, and they make an awful botch of

"So you don't believe in it?" The

"Well, now, suppose that I give you

"Yes, I've studied a little in that line

as an amateur. Suppose, for example,

I were to read your mind, Smiler."

gentleman was now drinking his sec-

should say that it was all bosh."

"Markham, the mind reader, has run

"If I might venture an opinion, sir, I

and said to Smiler:

it. sir."

ond cup of coffee.

Smiler started.

"You, sir?"

"That I don't, sir."

a little demonstration."

do you think of that?"

Paris. See that everything is ready."

