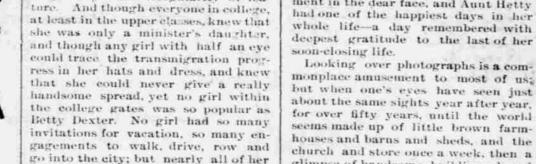


Constipation

treatment. The reand meeters may be serious. Avoid ustic purgatives, the h is to weaken the The best remedy is Ayer's nd their effect always They are an admirable r-linner pill, and every-

C TRACT



searcely a beauty, though her hand-

ome, smiling brown eyes made one

forget any little irregularity of fea-

vacations were spent at home with the

ever-busy mother and the delicate

her hand to the departing coachers. You may think the girl was practicing self-denial; but her mother detected no trace of regret or disappointment in the dear face, and Aunt Hetty had one of the happiest days in her

Looking over photographs is a commonplace amusement to most of us: but when one's eyes have seen just about the same sights year after year, for over fifty years, until the world seems made up of little brown farmhouses and barns and sheds, and the church and store once a week, then a glimpse of handsome buildings, broad lawns diversified with picturesque cottages and groups of pretty girls seattered about under the trees, of art treasures gleaming in marble whiteness, of smooth waters covered with dancing boats rowed, by girlish oarsmen, of study parlors decorated and cushioned in the last and daintiest fashion of college girls-then, I say, looking over photographs ceases to be commonplace Betty had no end of pleasant stories to tell of the college life; of its good times and disappointments; of the days when she visited the great city and walked through the busy streets which Aunt Hetty had never seen: of the concert when Betty had been showered with roses by her enthusiastic classmates, and how some of the roses were as large across as a saucer, and so sweet; of the days when she worked so busily to refashion the three seasons' old hats or gowns into dainty confections fit to be worn by the side of the gay headgear of her companions. She lived over again all her pleasant college days, her freshman opes, sophomore ambitions and junior triumphs. She brought out Rose's banjo and made Aunt Hetty's face shine with youthful delight as she sang the lively boating songs and rollicking tunes beloved of college girls and men. For Aunt Hetty had been a lively girl, too, in her day, and loved merry times. She would always be a little gayer in spirit, a little less likely to sit down in her old brown, worn room and think of her bereavements, than she had been; and once in awhile, out in the little orchard where not even the hired man could hear her, or by the winter hearth when the wise cat was asleep, she would hum to herself, with great satisfaction, some of these college airs. They had a pretty luncheon of bouilon, lettuce sandwiches, fresh eggs, berries, and a great golden enstard pie, Aunt Hetty's special delight. Then

there, and she knew that at least one pair of eyes would see that leis and dress were both worn by a beautiful girl. Dreaming thus, she did not notice the change which was coming over the sky-did not see the white caps, which showed that the wind was raising swiftly and would soon sweep across the wide channel with resistless force.

The pleasant islands of the southern sea are not always serene and placid. Sometimes the kona comes kowling and shricking down the dark canyons and through the narrow gorges, smiting everything before it to the ground. When it comes God help the hapless eraft which is in its road. God only can help, for the blows which the wind and waves deal upon the tossing, writhing vessel are heavy enough to drive it bodily beneath the waters. Kalamanu had neither holoku nor leis to dream of, so he had seen the kona coming and had been preparing to meet it to the best of his ability. He had given the girl his orders in quick. sharp tones, and she had mechanically obeyed them, but without realizing what the change of course meant. Suddenty she was awakened, and roughly, from her dreams. A wall of white water rose high above the side of the vessed and dashed down upon the deck, drenching the girl to the skin. With the shock she came back to the present, and, looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashing its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The wind whistled and howled around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kent the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength. Louder and louder roared the wind, and higher yet climbed the waves. The sun still shone brightly above her head, seeming to make the scene more frightful than it would have appeared beneath a cloudy sky. A kona may blow for days and it may pass in an hour. Their only hope was that this one had arisen so suddenly that it

would meet their fate, good or evil. When he became too weak even to keep his face above water she tore a strip from her single garment and tied it so as to keep his head on her shoulders. On and on she toiled.

Night passed, morning came and found her, with aching arms and shoulders, still swimming, slower now, toward the distant shore. Up came the sun, and the tortures of heat were stood the interest his personality added to her sufferings. Her arms, face and shoulders were blistered by aroused. the scorehing rays until the touch of the sait water was agony. Still she pressed on. Noon came, nearly twenty-four hours since she began that "Lady Hilyard," muttered Everdene, long fight against death.

that morning two or three hours later

than usual, owing to delay caused by

the gale the day previous. Straight

ont into the channel she steamed.

About three o'clock in the afternoon

the man on watch called to the officer

of the deck that he saw some strange

object a little ahead of the steamer.

Asked what it looked like, he said he

thought it some strange animal, but

that it was surely alive, as he saw it

All hands watched for a glimpse of

the object which had been reported.

and in half an hour they were near

enough to see it from the deck and to

recognize it as a living being. A boat

was quickly lowered and rowed rapid-

ly to the side of the object. They found

a native girl with an apparently dead

man tied fast to her body swimming

feebly away from them. With a stroke

of the oars they overtook her and

grasped her to raise her into the boat.

She did not seem to know that any-

move from time to time.

human.

heroine of the day.

Francisco CalL

fare, that in half a dozen polished sentences he could do more towards damning a book than any two of his compeers. A big, loosely-made man, Mr. Everdene, with shrewd gray eyes, and the pessimism of a modern. Studying his face as he lounged by the window. his hands in the pockets of his smoking jacket, one could see that he had a lively sense of humor combined with his other characteristics and under-

> sorrier than I can say." Presently a servant brought him a

"Then you acknowledge that you were needlessly ernel?'

ner of an eyelid.

Ils are highly and univerthe people about use of them in my Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridge

a recommend Aver's Pills above having long proved their cathartic for myself and -J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa. "Fat several years Ayer's Pills have

Effective Remedy

stipation and Indigestion, and ber without them in the house." Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass. have used Aver's Pills, for liver is and indigestion, during many and have always found them

sed in my family. We find them

pt and efficient in their action."-LN Smith, Utlea, N. Y. "I saffered from constipation which nel such an obstinate form that] lassi it would cause a stoppage of the levels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills ef-

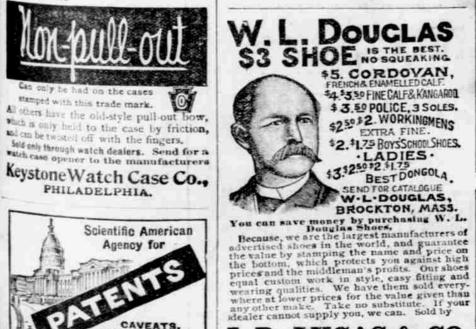
are used Ayer's Pills for the past s and consider them an i maly medicine. I know of remedy for liver troubles, ave always found them a promp for dyspersia" - James Quinn, 50

then troubled with costive see use inavitable with perstary habits, I have tried s Pills, hoping for relief. I am and other medicine. fushing only after a nes that st., Boston, Muss. - Samuel

Aver's Pills, Dr J C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Soid by all Dealers in Medicine.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases Il gold as far as you can see. They look

lite told cases, wear like solid cases, and Resuld cases for all practical purposes - yet mircost about half as much as an outmost solid gold case. Warranted to Wear for 20 years; many in constant use diny years. Better than ever since they At no extra cost, with the great en (ing) which cannot be pulled or twisted



CAVEATS. TRADE MARKS DESIGN PATENTS, J. D. LUCAS & CO. COPYRICHTS, etc.

11/11 "NO MORE DOCTORS FOR ME! They said I was consumptive, sent me to orida, told me to keep quiet, no excite ment, and no tennis. Just think of it

ATER's SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

The Trooper's Experience.

Massen, Banutoland (S. Africa,) March7, 1885. Dr. J. C. Arka & Co.-Gentlement: Lhave much pleasure to testify to the grant value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time breught on which is called in this country "weldt-sores." I had those wores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarse-parilla, two bothes of which mide my sore disappear rapidly, and Lam how guilt well. Yours truly, T. K. Bongs, Trooper, Cape Mounted Eiffemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

the only medicine that eradicates the poleons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease

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Sold by all Druggists : Price \$1; Six bottles for \$5.

\$5. CORDOVAN,

4. 3. 50 FINE CALF& KANGARDOL

\$ 3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$250 \$2. WORKINGMENS

EXTRA FINE

+LADIES -13:125072 11.75 BEST DONGOLA

\$2. \$1.75 BOYS'SCHOOL SHOES

BROCKTON, MASS.

from the system.

Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Mascen, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March?

father, who made many self-denials One day I found a little book called 'Guide in order to meet the slender college to Health,' by Mrs. Pinkham, and in it I found out what ailed me. So I wrote to her, got a lovely reply, told me just what to do, and I am in splendid health now." bills. With her this summer, by special request of the mother, had come her room-mate, little Rose Houston, LYDIA E, PINKHAM'S Compound the orphan heiress from New Orleans,

who loved Betty better than she loved conquers all those weaknesses and ailments anyone else in the wide world. so prevalent with the sex, and restores per-"Ours is a tiny det of a home." said All Druggists sell it as a standard arti-Betty, "and mother and I do most of

cle, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. the work together; but you will have a royal welcome, dear." And Rose, For the cure of Kidney Complaints, being a gennine, though a very desuleither sex, the Compound has no rival. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply. tory sort of girl, by reason of her long years of orphanage and years of trav-

Send two 2-cent stamps for Mrs. Pinkham's beautiful 88-gago Illustrated book, entitled "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE." It contains a vejume of valuable information. It has saved fives, and may save yours. eling about with a maid and her guardian, had been more than glad to On the little table in the rose arbor, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

besides Mrs. Dexter's working basket. was a volume of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which the ladies had been From Pole to Pole reading in turn.

"There is such a musicial swing to those last verses," said Rose, "that one is forced to remember them: The Harpooner's Story. New Bedford, June 1, 1883. The J. C. ATER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpoorer in the North Fachie, when first others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen ind bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches and over us, and jur breath seemed rotten. Take is by and large we were pretty badly off. All our impedice us and chemistry badly off. All our impedice us and gave us that. We recov-stration it quicker than I have ever seem men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and Yve seen a good deal of it. Seeing no using the your Almanazof your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of the and seeind you the fits. Mender Schwerk Schwerker. The Trooper's Schwerlence. Who gives himself with his aims feeds

three-"But really," said Betty, "it is only the purest selfishness to be kind and generous to others, for the reward is

so sweet." "And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers, I suspect," said Mrs. Dexter, as the sound of a tally-horn from the coach of a neighboring mountain resort was heard rolling in peculiar cadence among the echoes. "It is a

charming day for a coaching party." A nearer sound, however, attracted their attention before the coach could reach the gate-a sound of the querulous, high, cracked voice of an old woman in gown and bonnet that may have been bravely fashionable fifty years ago.

"So glad to find you at home, Betty, and your ma, too. Walked all the way from Chatham Mills on purpose to see ye and hear all about the college. min't seen ye in a long time, and I have been longing for a sight of your sweet face."

They gave her cordial greeting, this old Aunt Hetty from Blake's Corners, and Betty kissed, with genuine affection, the withered face, once outwardly beautiful and now shining with inward goodness, which action Rose no ticed with a bit of jealousy; for Rose expected her friends to be very loyal to her, and loyalty. from her standpoint, meant caring much for her and little for others. It was a part of her sducation and perhaps no one could blame her. Indeed, one reason why she had so gladly accepted the invitation to the parsonage had been that she wished to have Rose all to herself. At college some one was always seeking her: but here she thought it would be otherwise. Yesterday, however, there had been a Sunday-school class to entertain, and here was the old lady. The coaching party would take them both away, no doubt, and certainly at Mrs. Dexter's age, she, and not the daughter, would be the proper one to entertain Aunt Hetty. So Rose settled

the affair in her own mind. It was a gay company on the great coach, with a little grig of a bugler and twenty young people on top, while the chaperons were snugly bestowed inside. If you doubt whether so many could find space on a mountain tally ho, just present the problem and the coach to a party of that size, on a fine summer morning, and they will speedily prove the truth of my statement.

Betty's deft fingers attacked the timeworn black bonnet, to make it look a little more "like folks," as its owner expressed it; and if a particular piece of black ribbon which was to have made a smart bow on her own little turban "made sunshine in a shady place," so to speak, on the dreary waste of that ancient piece of heal-gear, I think that none of Betty's friends

missed it, because under the turban was a face that made you forget what was above it. Who gives himself with his alms, feeds

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me " -Helen M. North, in Demorest's Magazine.

WISDOM.

FAITH is not reason's labor! but repose.-Young. IF you would marry suitably, marry WINTE lies are but the ushers to black ones.-Marryatt. You cannot put a great hope into a

either by the gods or men.-Horace. It is the weaker sort of politicians

HE who says there is no such thing as

A MAN cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

SHORT GRINS.

would subside as quickly. Kalamann watched the black cloud which had first given him warning of coming trouble, and saw, to his joy, that it was passing away. Evidently the kona would not last many hours, but could the little" vessel, built for sailing on a summer sea, stand that terrible wrenching and twisting even for that short time?

She was new and reasonably strong, but the blows she had suffered might well have destroyed a stronger vessel. He could only hope for the best and hold on to the rail until the wind fell. He had done all that was possible to save his vessel. God must do the rest. The wind was surely sinking, the waves did not rise so high above his head. The worst was over and he turned his head to speak to the girl, who still clung to the wheel.

Then came a crash. An immense wave had broken over the stern, filled the little hold and the little schooner was sinking under their feet.

Kalili was as much at home on water as on land, like all Hawaiians, and as soon as she caught her breath she rose in the water and looked about for comething to aid her in her fight with the sea, and for her father, for whose safety she had no fear. But she saw him slowly sinking beneath the angry waves. He had been injured by a blow from something as the water dashed across the deck, carrying whatever loose articles still remained on the deek.

Swimming swiftly to his side, Kalili caught hold of him and raised his head above the water. He was not insensible, and in a few moments was able to support himself on the water, but he had been injured so severely that he was unable to swim.

They were at least twenty-five miles from land, alone on the tossing sea, without even a broken oar to assist them, and she, a helpless girl, must do what she could to save not only her own life, but her injured father. Kala-

manu had put on his oilskin coat and

reading the inscription. "I can't re-An hour passed and still no succor. call the name. Bother the woman, No sign of a steamer or other vessel, what does she want? However-ask and the distant mountain seemed as her to come up, Blake." far off as ever. For the first time the When she entered, a fair, elegant heroic girl began to despair. She felt woman of perhaps five-and-twenty, in that she was growing weaker. Nothan irreprozehable Parision toilet, he ing had passed her lips since the mornwas still more convinced that he had ing before, when they had left port not the privilege of her acquaintance. She was growing faint, and wondered "Mr. Aubrey Everdene?" she queif she had not best give up the battle; ried. but not yet, and again she pressed on. Mr. Everdene bowed. Her father had not moved for some time, and she did not know if he still

"Pray take a seat, madam." "No," she said "I have come to lived, but dead or alive, if she reached quarrel with you, and I don't sit down the shore she would bring him with her. in the houses of my enemies!" The steamer Like-Like left port on

"To quarrel with me!" His eye brows went up. The thought came to him that his visitor was not in her right mina.

"Yes. Perhaps I had better explain myself at once. I am the author of 'Fashion and Footlights!'"

Mr. Everdene, standing perforce because she would, pulled his mustache, while the fair stranger tapped her No. 3 shoe on the carpet with impatience, and looked pitchforks and daggers.

"Fashion and Footlights," he reflected aloud. " 'Fashion and Footlights.' Hal"

Comprehension stole over his face, and with it a slight amusement. He fished among a pile of volumes and brought out three bound with an elegance destined to win the hearts of suburban circulating libraries;

"Here it is. I reviewed it in the Centurion, didn't 1?" "No," she said, "you hanged and

quartered it!" "I am sorry! May I ask how you

one was near her and still strove found out that I was the culprit?" weakly to swim away from them, but "Oh, by accident. It's a long story, strong hands lifted her up and laid and unimportant, since you don't deher down in the bottom of the boat. ny the imputation. Now, Mr. Ever-At first they thought the man was dene, I know it is very impertinent of dead, but when they reached the me, a stranger, to come to your pristeamer's deck he was still faintly vate address and worry you. I am do breathing, and in the hands of a skilling a very unusual thing. I am afraid, ful physician he was brought to his and Mrs. Grundy would be horrified. But 'fools rush in,' you know, and But more interest was felt in the widows are privileged! You must have poor girl than in him. When she had a little patience with me, becauseleft Laupahoehoe the morning before for the first time her lips relaxed, and she was a beautiful girl. When fifted she smiled a smile that was sweetness.

to the steamer's deck she was burned itself-"well, just because I'm a womand blistered, face, neck and arms, unan and you're a gentleman! Acknowtil the raw flesh looked like nothing ledge the truth, now, on your honor. Don't you think you were unnecessa-Her hair was filled with salt crystals rily harsh to my poor little literary and matted and knotted so that before effort?" they could do much for her they were "No," he said, bluntly. "I always obliged to cut it off. But she was give my true opinion of things, and i alive, and more than that, she had

consider your book had many faults." saved her father's life also. When the If she had been a man he would have steamer reached Honolulu both were said: "I thought it was excessively in a way to recovery. Kalili was the had." with the brusoueness of convic tion, and probably declined to discuss From the place where the schooner the matter. But to a laly it was imsank to where the steamer picked the possible to be rude. He regarded her enstaways up was twenty miles in a absurdly unconventional presence with

direct line. Of course the girl had not a tolerant kindliness. kept a direct line, and had covered "Of course, I admit that there are much more distance than that. faults, but upon one or two points in When Kalili recovered her strength your criticism, I cannot agree with

her father was able to be up, and in a you. I should very much like to disfew weeks both were as strong as if cuss them with you. May 1?" they had not passed through that ter-"Certainly." His mouth was twitchrible battle with the waves. ing under his heavy mustache. "But Kalili still lives, but she has never don't you think, pending the verdict, that you had better sit down? You

been on the sea since that disastrons will be fatigued. If you'll permit me voyage. She has lost her nerve, and to wheel this armchair nearer the fire now dreads the water worse than a person who never learned to swim. for you-so!" Having carefully arranged it so that But she is still pointed out to strangers she should face the light, he seated as the girl who swam twenty miles and carried her insensible father the himself opposite to her-the A.B.C. of greater part of the distance .- San diplomacy, but she did not appear to

ivory-handled umbrella.

notice it. She was drawing arabesques

on the carpet with the point of her

The Workmen Were Irish.

An Irish landlord, the owner of som historical ruins, was recently appealed

card on a salver. "I was brutal." He would have com "The lady would be obliged if you mitted blacker perjury as she wiped would grant her an interview sir

that tear away. "And that I had just cause for indignation?"

"Good heavens, if I had only guessed

how much I should hart you! It was

harsh, monstrous. No doubt I was in

a bad temper, and your unfortunate

book was the first thing that afforded

Lady Hilyard applied six square

"If you'll only believe me, my dear

Lady Hilyard, when I tell you that I'm

inches of cambric and lace to the cor-

me an opportunity to vent my spleen."

"You were perfectly right." A smile broke like April sunshine

over her face. "In that case I suppose I must for-

give you." He was ridiculously grateful. He heaved a sigh of relief and hesitated with his hand on the button of the

electric bell "Lady Hilyard, you know the Arab custom of taking salt with one's friends? As a token of good-will, permit me to give you the prosaic English equivalent of a cup of tea."

The offer was tempting, the weather was hot and she had talked a great deal. She yielded. When the refreshment came, accompanied by wonderful sweetmeats from Bond street round the corner, she asked permission to pour it out for him, with a winning graciousness which charmed him. It afforded him an odd sense of pleasure. too, to see her white fingers moving

about the china. He was unaccustomed to the presence of women in his home. With the Japanese table between them they chatted for awhile, and then the clock on the mantelpiece struck six. She rose with a pretty gesture of dismay, like a second Cinderella.

"Do you know. Mr. Everdene, that I have been here a whole hour wasting your valuable time?"

"I thought it had been ten minutes." he answered, "and the pleasantest of my life."

"Very pretty!" she said, blushing faintly. "And, in return for it, let me tell you that my address is on my card and that my 'day' is Thursday. Also, I must thank you very hearfily for your kindness and courtesy to an impertinent intruder. Very few men would have been so considerate."

"Please don't thank me; it is I who owe you'a debt of gratitude. You have taught me something I never expected to learn." "What?"

"That the conduct of your hero and heroine was not improbable at all." Their eyes met - the woman's drooped, self-conscious, pleased.

"You really mean that?" "On my soul I do."

The most delicious softness was in her voice:

"It makes me so proud and happy to think I have convinced you."

There was a silence. She smoothed a wrinkle in her suede glove. He twisted a button on his coat. Then she aroused herself with a little laugh and extended her hand.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Everdene, and, once more, thank you."

He pressed her fingers ever so lightly -her proselyte.

"Not 'good-by,"" he murmured. "Au revoir."-Black and White.

INSURANCE ON ROYALTY.

Policies for Millions Taken Out by Royalties Dead or Alive.

The crowned heads of Europe seem to take a good deal of stock in life insurance. It is announced by the Boston Herald that the king of Portugal has just taken out a \$200,000 policy on his life, but that is an insignificant investment compared with those of some of the other potentates. The late Emperor Frederick of Germany was insured for \$1,000,000. The queen recent of Spain has her life insured for a large amount, in behalf of her two little daughters, following the example of her husband, whose death muleted the various companies in which he was insured for \$5,000,000. King Leopold of Belgium's life is heavily insured, as is

your equal.-Ovid. small soul.-J. L. Jones. MEDIOCRITY is not allowed to poets,

that are the greatest dissemblers.-Bacon.

an honest man is himself a knave!-

-Thomas Scott. 1

Berkeley.

