THREE KISSES.

The purest kiss In the world is this-The kiss that a mother lays On her child's fresh lint As he blithely trips 🤌 To meet the world and its way to

The sweetest kiss In the world is this-The first long kiss of love, When time is not, And the earth's forgol, An Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss In the world is this-The kiss on unanswering clay, When dead lips tell We must sob farewell Till the dawn of the judgment days. -[Chicago Mall.

MY AUNT WASHINGTON

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLS.

My Aunt Washington had half the county at her feet; she knew it, and lost not a whit of the vantage thereby. I had observed it with pride, for nothing at that time escaped my note, though I own with mortification that only the Sunday before the time of which I speak I had cried aloud in the great meeting at the Court House, from having lost my red morocco shoe, by reason of a stout man sitting on my foot. Not that my foot was hurt, but that I feared the loss of my shoe, which being red, was very pretty, though truly a snug fit, grandmother and my maid Jane making much ado in getting them on in time. But they were brought to me from New York, a great journey in that day, meaning to me the whole of the outer world. I remember well how my round cheeks burned, though my tears were still dropping from the loss of my finery, when my father lifted me by one arm over the heads of the people, the seats being arranged in a semicircle one over the other. and never paused until he had deposited me safely in my own chair at home.

Aunt Washington had not gone to meeting, pleading a headache, though I found her in the garden among the sweet alyssum beds, laughing and talking with Henry Lytle. He chucked me under the chin, when he had heard my tearful story, for my shoe had been left behind, and I doubted that my father would trouble to fetch it; but Aunt Washington laughed and gave me a peppermint from her pocket. She liked my small frivolity, she avowed, and declared me a thorough woman.

I liked not the appearing of Henry Lytle, by reason, perhaps, of my grandmother's aversion, for she could not abide his presence; particularly, as Aunt Washington touched her lip at my sudden appearing, and Henry Lytle made a wry face, shrugging up his shoulders.

Aunt Washington was the youngest child of my grandmother and only surviving daughter, and was a pretty widow

ext wis, "Honor and Shame from No and into "Shame," and now I was slipping my canvas in a most slovenly man uer, wishing that I was a boy or a butterdy or something not required by grandmothers or nature to work samplers, when my senses were assailed by voices from the kitchen, as well as the aroma of boiling quinces. My intuition told use that it was Henry Lytle, an I had no time in satisfying that sense by proof. He was standing by one side of the big brass kettle, and Aunt Washington on the other, with a wooden spoon in her hand. They were arguing about something, and Aunt Washington looked halflaughing, half-frightened.

Henry Lytle-in my grandmother's kitchen! Alas! Alas! such indecorum -and he had dared, and Aunt Washington had dared !-- oh ! grandmother ! grandmother!

But he said something more about mice, and chuckled me under the chin my grandmother's advice. again, and Aunt Washington sent me, with exact particularity, to require of Aunt Peggy, the housekceper, seven sticks of cinnamon.

Once upon my mission, in spite of the dignity of my seven years, I forgot to return inmediately. It must have been an hour or so later, when, guiltily unbraided by conscience, I gathered up my seven ciunamon sticks. The house seemed strangely quiet, and from the kitchen escape of such an odor into my grandmother's house was a positive catastrophe.

I ran as fast as my chubby legs would carry me, calling upon Aunt Washington, but no Aunt Washington responded. The contents of the big brass kettle were burning at the bottom and boiling over. weep, and besides no one was there to me from the noom. comfort me. I tried to lift the seething stuff; I might as well have tried to move from my position I might have shouted until doomsday, for all that she could hear.

bed, head and ears covered, still holding in her pride without a word. fast to the peppermints.

"Rush! I hain't got her; over ter yer | nlbbled a cake, my grandmother leaned Condition Rise." I had gotten through Cousin Dorcas'," said Jane, "but none upon her arm and looked at me. the basket of primroses with cross-stitch uv us fum here hain't ter see her er ter "Frances," she said, in tones both grave speak ter her. Ole Miss say so."

> foot, as was customary with me in those and vicious thing he hardly dares to days, on a sudden rise of temper. "Till ride; it was a wicked thing to steal away just tell grandmother so, so there!" "Better leave Ole Miss 'lone," said must have had your reasons, child, for Jane in an awestruck tone. "Ef she you are not a fool. What were they, wanter leave you all she got, you can't Frances; why did you go?" The keen 'top hit."

My grandmother had disinherited my Aunt Washington, as she had my Under Leo, the year before I was born, and love. I hung my head and whispered: who had never returned from France since that eventful period.

Time wore on, and I with an uneasy conscience wore, as I deemed it, my bor- mother. rowed dignity. My father returned and loaded me with gifts until I skipped than I could bear. I fell upon my knees

a Serena, rose-leaved and tiny.

to my grandmother.

She had changed of late, was sometimes ting, giving me skein after skein to uncame the alarmingly unpleasant odor of grandmother was strangely out of sorts; burning sirup; I say alarming, for the my governess did not please her; my mu- All the morning I felt that I was under . house altogether, and even my voice was the seed cakes and the wine I was made harsh in my grandmother's ears.

Perhaps she was thinking of her distant son, perhaps of my beautiful Aunt Wash- to what passed, perhaps due to my years, ington, perhaps of the little baby she had or to the wine to which I was unaccusnot even seen. Howbeit, my grandmother tomed, but that night, as grandmother I tiptoed on a chair and stirred it with was sufficiently out of humor to catechise tucked me in my crib and put out the the wooden spoon, burning my fingers in me on geography, and finding me wofully light (grandmother always performed the operation, but I was too disturbed to unresponsive she boxed my cars and sent that office for me when there were no

Black Mountain. Not a maid was in sight mother's hand, and gulping a something shall come." or hearing. Aunt Peggy was deaf, and that held the nervous semblance of a piece of crusty corn bread in the throat. I wandered tearfully among the elms.

was seeking for me. In the fear of my gone. I patted his sensitive flank that ple were gay and marched off and on a grandmother's anger, I had almost for-gotten the absence of Aunt Washington. addled and bridled, and yet my father Twas pranked out in a brocaded satin Where was Aunt Washington? Where had not come. Suddenly a great thought petticoat, and had my hair dressed most was Henry Lytle? I heard the approach- trembled at my heart and leaped into my ing wheels, signaling my grandmother's pulses. The house of my cousin Dorcas Washington, or Aunt Lytle, as I should return. I heard the brewing of the was only six miles away. I knew every properly call her, would have it so, and storm, culminating in the arrival of a inch of the road, every brake, every Mistress Lytle's word was not to be message which "trusted that the pre- plum thicket. I would heal the family questioned. My arm, provokingly slow serves were not spoiled, and begging breach; I would yield my false position; to mend, was bound would go and fetch Aunt Washington. Lytle's best neckerchiefs. My grandthough steathily, I climbed into the sad- and happier, too, 'tis fair to wager, than dle, prepared for once to do my masters many another beside a throne. To her credit; and rode slowly through the granddaughter, her black satin train ed from my nest like a culprit, and amid heart of the town, lest I should attract gave more the aroma of dignity than can sobs, I related all I knew, even down to undue attention. Though people turned ever again die with woman. once and again to look at my bare head and streaming hair, for I had forgotten husband, wore the bridal robes she had my bonnet, I was not molested. low-after nearly a year of curbing, such the blessings of us all. bliss, such freedom! At the edge of the wood which the spirited Nero was not averse. beside my grandmother's own. "Sir How it would have worried Jeoffry to Roger de Coverley" woke the echoes of keep abreast of that upon his ambling the distant past. My grandmother led freedom, with my long curls whipping ington followed with my father; twenty, my back like so many loosened bridle- thirty, forty couples-ah! no, I could not reins. Almost in my enjoyment I had for- changeable rainbows against the vibrant gotten my mission, when right in the wail of violins. On, on, through the middle of the road, only a few paces hours, with the pause of a tex-cup or the ahead, a bare-legged urchin threw up his tipping of a glass. On, on, with the hat. I screamed, but too late, for once violins, the mellow voices that told my again the dark thing whirled, and, with happy childish heart that peace could a vicious yell, the little rascal disap- brood again upon the "Elms." On, on, peared. Nero reared suddenly upon his through heavy lids that would but close, haunches, then, wheeling like a thing I see them yet-through all the darker possessed, took back through the tau- days that came and passed-and on the gled wood. Too frightened to think, I topmost stair to wave a kiss at me, her ropped the rein and flattened myself white robes, pinions of my childish against his neck, holding with all my dreams, the rose unwithering upon her childish strength to the rising and falling mane. On, on, through the brake and Aunt Washington. tangle, scraping me almost from my seat, the frightened animal sped; on, on-now back to the edge of the town. With closed eyes I heard the shouts of the men, the scream of the women to "save the little child!" I thought of my father, my grandmother, Aunt Washing-ton, the little baby I had never known. All now would go on without me; they would never know how I tried to make them all happy. They would never know that it was not a childish prank -and I would have died, in vain, in

and slow, speaking for the first time of "I won't have her place, and I'll tell my escapade, "it was a naughty thing of grandmother so!" I cried, stamping my you to take your father's horse, a wild

> alone without permission, though you you are not a fool. What were they, gray eyes were fixed upon my own-hard, inquisitive, uncompromising now ; I must have surely dreamed they ever looked in "To fetch Aunt Washington home."

"And what affair was it of yours to intermeddle?" demanded my grand-

about like a bedizened Indian princess, and clasped my grandmother's skirts but still I was not happy, for I feared to with my unhurt arm. "Because," I confide my troubles to my father without sobbed, "I don't want Aunt Washington's place; I don't want to be a fine At last we heard that there was another | lady, as Jane says I must; I don't want | lead to the ravine below. Serena at the house of my Cousin Dorcas, any lessons, any music, anything. Take her back, and the little baby, too, grand-It was only whispered, and I went to mother-the little baby that is just the tunnels and "prospect holes," where bed, fevered with interest and silent cu- same to you as I am-Jane said so. riosity, for I dared not mention the news Please let us all be happy, and let me be good again."

My grandmother drew herself away very pitiful sight, with my bandaged arm tangle, only to mesh them again. My and great wide eyes, for my grandmother turned and left the room without a word. sic master elicited no interest, in fact, she cloud; but about noon my grandmother was fain to put the little man out of the sent again for Barrister Quills, and over

a party to the proceedings. I have not a very clear recollection as guests in the drawing-room) she bent Now, the sting of mortification was over me and whispered as gently as her heavier than the weight of my grand. softened humor bade: "My Frances, she

There were great preparations at the 'Elms" for the reception of Mrs. Henry would do something. Child as I was, I Lytle, my grandmother irresistibly slur-If we could have put out the fire the felt that I was occupying the position of ring the male portion in her mention of preserves would have been saved; how-ever, I wandered about helplessly, still unbearable. I had my own place to fill, (perhaps excepting this), and such bakholding on to the wooden spoon, when I and could not take Aunt Washington's, ing and larding was unknown since my spied a bag of peppermints that Aunt no matter how much my grandmother own dear mother's marriage. The big Washington had thoughtfully left upon wished it. Under her cold exterior I folks from far and near were bidden to a the kitchen table; these I grasped as my knew that she was grieving, that she toast, the like of which was the superlaonly solace in this time of trouble, and never would be happy again in the ab-never stopped until I was in my own little sence of her child, though she might die In some way or other I was to figure as a heroine, though my small head was unast to the peppermints. Beyond the arching elms, at sight of able to grasp the reason why. But it it heard the maids return, then a stir me, my father's horse, a blooded animal. was all as good as a play, of which Aunt and a bustle. I knew that my own maid whinnied from his tether, eager to be Washington told me, where all the peo-

> inappropriate to my years; but Aunt one of Henry No one was about. Quick as thought, mother was gorgeous as a Grand Duchess,

MINING CAMP LIFE.

IT CONTAINS MANY ELEMENTS OF THE PICTURESQUE.

Camps That Have Outlived Their Booms-Most Miners are Americans -Prospectors' Luck.

Life in a mining camp bears an ideally picturesque aspect, and whether situ-ated in the dark shadow of some rocky gorge, through which rushes some noisy, snow-fed torient, or upon a rocky and precipitous hillside, the scene is equally wild and romantic.

The little cabins nestle in sheltered nooks, where a bit of ground can be found large enough to hold the miniature structure, with usually a sentinel pine at the door, and a well-worn path to the stream, which lashes and foams along its rock bed, or they cling to the steep mountain sides, where winding trails

The hills, the gulches, the very rocks are literally honey-combed with dark men have searched with pick and powder for the precious metals, and many a hope lies buried in these excavations where the white "clumps" gleam like new absent and dreamy, as she sat at her net- and looked at me. I must have been a graves among the gray rocks and the green pines.

> The camp that has outlived its boom has an especially desolate air. The old shaft-houses, with their tall smokestacks leaning like the tower of Pisa, the long tunnels, the deep, dark and gruesome shafts going down hundreds of feet into the earth, with their rotten timbers and damp, slippery ladders which erst have borne the feet of merry workmen to their labors, give one a chill of horror to look down into the yawning depths, and one can fancy he sees the ghastly light of the miner's candle flickering here and there in the gloom.

But the busy camp, the camp that is booming, is anything but quiet. At 7 o'clock whistles blow and swarms of men begin to disappear into the earth like prairie dogs into their burrows, and hundreds of feet below the surface, by the pale light of tallow candles, they drill and blast the solid rock all day. At 5 they come up pale and half blinded by the sunlight, while the "night shift" goes down in their place to continue the work through the night.

Once a miner always a miner seems to be the rule. Perhaps it is the spice of danger ever present in the probability of an exploding cap of the giant powder, a falling rock or the falling of timbers or machinery that lends a fascination to many whose nature it is to toy with dan-At any rate a real miner seldom abandons his occupation, although he may meet with countless mishaps or lose months of pay in some dishonest com-

The majority of gold miners are Americans, and are mostly an intelligent, independent and reliable class. Occasionally a squad of dagos go into the mines but their cowardice and superstitutions render them nearly useless. No Italian can induced to enter a mine where an acci dent has ever occurred, especially if it has been of a fatal nature. Cornishmen are oiten employed and usually are good workmen, but their queer dialect and peculiar habits make them the butt of unmerciful ridicule. Foreigners just over show an amazing fear of bosses, as was shown in the case of a raw Frenchman recently, who worked with such unusual diligence during the visits of the superintendent as to rouse that official's suspicions. It was rather the habit of the men to cease their work and chat familiarly with the boss, at the same time giving their attention to his instructions. But the poor Frenchman, who was really a good fellow anxious to hold his job, worked with such untiring energy, that it seemed evident that his efforts were strained for the purpose of effect. The boss was disgusted and threatened to discharge him. A few timely hints from his fellow-workmen, however, induced the Frenchman to desist from such extreme efforts and to sit down upon his wheelbarrow at the next

The Eook Was Good.

To illustrate the lack of business nietbods, even among our most highly educated ladies, says the St. Louis Republic, one of the Mound City's millionaires delights in telling the following on his better half, although he exacts a pledge of secrecy regarding names. "I got tired," said he, "of signing checks for wife's pin money, so one day I deposited \$5,000 to her credit in bank. Then I gave my wife a check book and explained to her how to draw and indorse a check, fill out the stub, etc. Six months rolled around and I was treated to a disagreeable surprise. 'Look-a-here, Dan,' said the cashier of the bank one day, 'do you know that your wife's account is overdrawn?' 'No. How much?' I said. 'Oh, \$2.000. I knew it would be all right, so I honored the paper.' Well, you can just bet that I made it all right forthwith. Then I undertook to give my wife a lesson in the rudiments of financiering. 'Mary,' I began, 'do you know that you have overdrawn your bank account?' 'I don't know that I have; indeed, I have not,' said she, in no amiable tones. 'But the cashier says you have, my dear. Now, how much money have you checked out?' 'I don't know and I don't want to know. There's my check book, can't you see that there are five checks left, and didn't you tell me that this book was good for money in the bank?' I found it convenient to run down town and meet a friend.

How the Engagement Was Broken.

"Where are my suspenders, maw?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother across the up-stairs hall, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.

"I can't find my four-in-hand tie." "Your brother Tom wore it last night; you will find it in his room."

"But, maw, where is my silk yachting shirt?"

"Algy wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice wailed across the hall again: "Maw, I can't find my riding trousers."

"Charles has them on," was the response.

Then a tired-looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall below rose up and softly stole away. "She might want my boots next," he said, wearily, and no one knows why that engagement is off.

Animais Trespassing.

In a recent case tried before Judge Finletter, in which a person was charged with an offense in killing a neighbor's cat which annoyed him, it was decided that this was perfectly lawful; that in any case where animals trespassed to the annoyance of any one, and there was no possible chance of catching and holding them, the person so annoyed was justified in shooting as his only protection accinst appoyance.

Now my grandmother held peculiar views in regard to widowhood, bearing out all principles with honest practice, that upon the return of a woman to her father's house, she having been widowed, she should resume the subservience of her former childhood, particularly until five years of mourning should be passed; and though Aunt Washington was possessed of a cosy little fortune in her own right, from her husband, grandmother ruled her youngest daughter with a rod of iron. My father, being mostly portion of courtiership, and though my grandmother was a wonderfully charmpot in her own way.

We dawdled among the flowers until high noon of this August Sunday, I free tally unsuited and inappropriate for a as air and barefoot, Aunt Washington child of my tender years. having suggested the advisability of redifference did it make, when the garden in it." was full of the living flowers?

much to my astonishment, for grand- void. mother was wont to deliver severe dissertations upon the promiscuous oscula- cobwebby bottles, for service in my tion of the sexes, holding that kisses grandmother's boudoir, a ceremonial alwere unholy things, even upon an unof- ways preceding important business tranfending infant, but Aunt Washington | sactions gave me v peppermint, which was a sufficious of a Sunday) Henry Lytle's long of me. legs had girdled the garden fence at the

Monday was a great day at the "Elms," over Sunday, that being the only day in pantalettes were made a little more orin the whisk and dust cloth were not a most miserable little creature. used with mental and moral vigor.

friend, a friend of her own girlhood. Now, grandmother believed there was a visitors), when, my which she afterwards proved, but in for it curled naturally, I cried out. spite of the ties of years of association, |"La!" said Jane, "hain't you 'shame, grandmother never shirked it; so, withand with many directions to the maids and special admonitions to Aunt Wash- Marser Leo, and 'mek you de heir! now in a state of preparation, with a proud an' high!" rustle of silk and a whiff of lavender, "What, Jane!" grandmother was driven away, leaving grandmother have Aunt Washington for the household world to Aunt Washington her daughter ever any more?" and to me.

My ideas as to our respective occupations for the morning are not very clear at this late day. I had an allotted daily busy

My sampler was very exasperating and my crewels snarled unmercifully. The demanded.

grandmother's pardon, Aunt Washing-

ton had gone to marry Henry Lytle!" "And where is Frances Ann?" demanded my grandmother.

Feeling myself summoned, I descendthe peppermints and seven cinnamon sticks

The sun had ceased to shine on my grandmother's house. My father had under the same roof, came in for his suddenly decided to make a trip to New York, to be gone for a matter of five or six months, and left me alone in my ing woman, she was none the less a des- childish sorrow, after having vainly promised to bring me more things than I ever could have dreamed of-things to-

My grandmother was silent, but scrupumoving my remaining shoe; altogether lously exact in the daily business of life, unrestrained in grandmother's absence. and persistently refused to consider any chasing the white and yellow butterflies presupposed advances to be made by Aunt with my Sunday hat, at the expense of Washington and Henry Lytle in the futhe artificial wreath upon it, whose ture. Said my grandmother, "Serena petals were wofully shattered. But what has made her own bed, and she can lie

Soon after my father's departure my Henry Lytle looked at his watch when, grandmother sent for Barrister Quills. at the turn of the lane, we saw the church Now Barrister Quills was the family atparty approaching, and, likening us to torney, as his father had been before him; mice, said something unintelligible about one of the powerful triumvirate in great the morrow, stooped his tall head and old families, without whose attendance kissed both Aunt Washington and me, great family occasions were null and

Seed-cakes were brought and a pair of

Upon his departure I encountered Barcient hint as to my discretion. When rister Quills upon the piazza, whereupon grandmother's royal silk rustled in at the he patted me on the head and called me front gate (grandmother was more gra- a very clever child, taking unusual notice

Affairs were very quiet in my grandrear for an instant, and he was gone. mother's house, but my grandmother became suddenly aware that I was in need a day of clearing away the literal and of an education, so a governess and imaginary cobwebs that had gathered music-master were provided for me, my the calendar, excepting Christmas, where- nate, and with all this care I soon became

One day, Jane, my maid, revealed the Upon that particular Monday grand- cause of all my woes. She was curling mother was summoned to attend a dying my hair for my daily presence in my grandmother's drawing-room (there were hair becoming time for all things, even a time to dance, in some way entangled with the cane, it was very unreasonable in Martha to Miss Frances, ter cry out lack er baby, take to dying of a Monday, she averred. when Ole Miss done sot you up fur er However, duty was duty, and as such my leetle lady!" and she tweaked my hair again, at which my tears continued to out delay, the family carriage was fetched, flow. "When Ole Miss done cut Miss S'rena out'n de will, lack she done cut ington in regard to the quince preserves, Hain't you 'shame, when you oughter be

"What, Jane !" I cried, aghast, "Won't

"No," said Jane, "she done taken you in her place."

"Mel"

"Yes," said Jane, with a cautious task upon my sampler, into which pat-tern grandmother had stuck a pin to have fitten ter your 'sition, Miss Frances. mark its limitations, and I remember Dey do say, Miss Frank, as how miss that my Aunt Washington was unusually S'rena is dat happy wid Henry Lytle she don't keer."

"Where is my Aunt Washington?" I

vain.

I must have been dreaming; I thought was dead, but I was in my own little

bed, whose muslin curtains looked like snow in the sunlight. Somebody sat at a table, netting, and there were tears in the eyes that looked now and again upon my bed. Was this my grandmotherthat tender pain hers that lay upon brow and lip? She stirred, I closed my eyes again; perhaps I dreamed, but on my check I felt such kisses rain as I had never known in all my orphaned life before, murmured caresses, sending tender thrills to wake that part of my young heart that would have been my mother's. For many days I balanced life and death with fever, bruises and a broken arm, holding often through the weary night grandmother's hand in mine, and then they came from far to ask for me and shame me with a fair tale of my bravery. 'Twas wonderful, they said, for such a child as I to sit so firmly and so long.

One day when all were gone and I could creep about like a small ghost from chair to couch, from couch to chair again, my grandmother had set down a tiny table right before my chair, and on it country comes through the region around Jeoffry placed the seed-cakes and the wine. I breathed the very atmosphere of neighborhood offers great natural advanceremony, as my grandmother took a seat tages for smuggling, and these have been across from my wan self. When I had supplemented by the coming to this

Aunt Washington, beside her lovernot worp in her hasty flight, now with All alone, without even Jeoffry to fol- her mother's own permission, and amid

Oh, how they danced! I looked upon I gave into a brisk canter, to them from my little chair, pushed close Such delicious air, such delicious out with Barrister Quills; Aunt Washcount them-flashing their colors like visit from the official, while his uncasy and frightened appearance caused the

> Speed of the Fly. "The speed of a fly is something that i

have always had great curiosity to know," said J. A. Bascomb, of Little Rock, Ark., at the Lindell. "Evidently its flight is faster than that of any other winged creature, for it is no uncommon thing for the tiny insect to dash its life out against a wall or tree, so great is its momentum. I had a splendid opportunity a few weeks ago to witness an exhibition of the fly's speed, by which it could be approximately measured. 1 rode out of Little Rock early one morning over the Little Rock and Memphis Railroad. My business necessitated my occupying a seat in the engineer's cab. The air was chill and crisp, and as we passed through a stretch of swamp 1 noticed that great swarms of little green flies that abound in Arkansas swamps were attracted to the locomotive by its heat, They appeared almost frozen. When we stopped for a minute they fluttered around the smokestack and the boiler, and soon seemed to get thawed out, When we started again they flew along close to the engine to keep warm. Going on a down grade of 45 miles in length, we ran a mile a minute. The flies easily kept up with us, and, in fact, really went faster than we traveled, for every little while they would fly away from the engine and then come back to us. I am confident their speed was greater than a mile a minute, and I will venture the assertion that they didn't reach the limit."

Most of the opium smuggled into this drank and choked and, halt in lear, had region of the shrewdest smugglars the warld knows.

laugh to go round. While the work underground has its attractions for the brawny arm and skilled hand, that of the anxious prospector above, prowling among the rocks and searching every seam and crevice in search of gold is full of alternate hope and despondency, and many a man grown gray in the work has finally laid down to die broken in heart and body in this mad following of the most exasperating will o' the wisp that ever lured men on to despair. And if ever the gentle Goddess of Hope transforms herself into a demon it is when she beckons with her alluring finger through mountain fastnesses while her victim plods with weary step, ever searching, step by step, that which he will never for

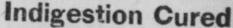
find. Man may be learned in mineralogy and may be able to tell at a glance the nature and quality of ore. He may explain to you the difference between telluride and tellurium. He may know all the different strata and formations and be able to survey the distance through a mountain to an inch. And while this learned man canters gayly along, fully equipped for a successful prospecting tour, some poor tenderfoot or hobo, plodding by abstractedly, kicks over a rotten stump or digs his heels into the ground as he rests in the shade of a pine; and, lo! the precious metal is in sight. The tenderfoot may or may not know that the rusty ore beneath his feet is worth \$1,000 per ton. The smart man may ride along and offer him a fair price for his find or hoot at the idea of its value and eventually get it all; and again, the finder may be smart enough to hold on to it. These things are just as they happen, and nature herself seems a selfish and capricious parent, pouring into the laps of her favored children vast streams of gold from her veins and cruelly withholding from others even the smallest portion of her wealth. Such is the feverish and overwrought life of the gold-seeker.--[Omaha World.

White crepons come in patterns or robes beautifully embroidered in colors. There are wide borders of scattered daisies worked in fancy silks, or of violets in their own color and in yellow, while narrower bands of the embroidery are provided for the waist.

It is strange what suddenly intensified interest a runaway horse has for most people. It is a very similar trait in the human family which causes it to discover for the first time the existence of men and women when they go conspicuously wrong.

PROFESSIONAL base-ball is on its last legs. It has been worked to death, and there will be no very general regret at the announcement of the fuseral.

It is no trouble to get a striking picture of a pugilist.





"I have for years been troubled with distress in my stomach and indigestion. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla the effect was surprising. It gave me great relief, and I now eat without that terrible dis-

Wm. Wade. tress. I also rest well at night and am in hight and am in good general health, for all o which I tank HOOD'S SARSAPARIL LA." MADE, Boot and Shoe dealer, I Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, bilousness, jaundice and sick headache. Try them-



kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rheumatism.

aumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

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