

PART AND COUNTERPART.

The infant soul made up of imaces
Is like a lake, itself almost unseen.
But holding pictured in its "puro
serene"
The sky above and the surrounding trees:
Till o'er the surface creeps a rising
breeze.
And slowly ruffles into silver sheen
Those depths of azure fringed with
branching green.
A flame that follows on a form that flees.
As intermingled with the flow of being
It loses sight in gaining sympathy.
So action quenches all our primal seeing:
We cannot be both part and counter-art.
Of outward things, and that passively
A poet praised is half the poet's part.
—Alfred W. Bean.

LADY CHRIS' LOVER.

"Mother!"
"Chris!"
A swirl of silken skirts across the
rose scented Mayfair drawing room,
the absorption of a creamy chiffon
frock in a dark blue serge embrace,
the juxtaposition of two pretty heads,
one copper red and the other soft
brown, made up in Lord Tregenna's
memory the general effect of the
meeting between Lady Christine
Mainwaring and her daughter
Christabel. After a moment the
copper hair and the chiffon frock re-
assumed a separate existence, and
Lady Christine Mainwaring, a little
flushed and disturbed from her usual
serenity, turned to the privileged
witness of the scene.

"Lord Tregenna, you must forgive
me, but I have not seen my daughter
for a very long time." She took the
young girl's long, slender fingers in
her own small, white hand.

"Let me present to you my little
girl."

Miss Christabel Mainwaring deigned
his lordship the slightest and shyest
of bows, then turned to her pretty
mother, and, holding her at arm's
length, cried: "Little girl! Why,
dear, I'm head and shoulders taller
than you are, and you're so lovely
and so well you make me feel quite
old."

Lady Christine raised her fingers
and patted her daughter's cheek.
"Nonsense, you foolish child. Now,
run up stairs. Henriette will show
you your room and unpack for you.
I will come to you directly."

From her slender height the girl
dropped a kiss upon her mother's
brow, then left the room.

"What do you think of her?" were
Lady Christine's first words as the
door closed.

Lord Tregenna picked up his hat
and gloves before he answered: "She
is very lovely."

"She is not like me, eh?"

He let his eyes—big, gray, rather
cold eyes—wander over the mignon-
ne form before him. During all her
fifteen years' undisputed position as
a leading beauty Lady Christine had
never looked so lovely as at that
moment, with her sweet, red lips
apart, her sapphire eyes aglow with
excitement and curiosity.

Lord Tregenna looked a second
time. "No, Miss Mainwaring is not
like you. But I must be going. You
will want to go to your daughter."

"Au revoir, then, until this evening.
You will come to the opera?"
"If you will grant me hospitality
for the second act of 'Romeo' I shall
be delighted."

She waved him an airy acquies-
cence and moved to the door by his
side. Yet, after Lord Tregenna had
left the house Lady Christine seemed
in no hurry to join her daughter.
She sank into a low chair and drew
her penciled brows together in an
unaccustomed effort of serious
thought. From her twentieth birth-
day, when Marmaduke Mainwaring
had left her a widow, the whole world
had conspired to take all need of
thought or care from her baby dim-
pled hands and curly auburn hair.

Relatives quickly decided that her
only child could well be educated in
a foreign convent; and society, find-
ing her beautiful, sweet natured and
very wealthy, at once cast her for
the role of beauty and caressed and
feted her accordingly. Life ran on
very well geared wheels for Lady
Christine Mainwaring, and she did
not permit even her lovers to trouble
her. Scores of men burned incense
at her dainty shrine and swore ar-
dent vows at her arched feet. Some
loved her for her beauty, others de-
sired her for her wealth. But she
had neither taste nor sympathy for
either one of them. A thousand
times she had eagerly protested that
neither her position nor fortune could
be bettered by a second marriage,
and, unlike most women under iden-
tical circumstances, she had really
meant what she had said.

But lately, after fifteen years of
adulation and coquet, when a 17
year old daughter was looming on
the horizon of her career, little
Lady Christine sometimes caught
herself watching for a certain hand-
some face at the opera, waiting for a
particular tall, square shouldered
figure in the park, longing for the
tones of a deep voice at routs and balls.
She grew as capricious as a spoilt
baby, ridiculously cheery one hour,
absurdly depressed the next. She
would laugh at nothing, and twice
within the week that preceded her
daughter's return, she—oh, fie! that
such a confession should have to be
made—she had caught herself in
tears.

A vague fear, an unformed appre-
hension, was driving a tiny lump
into her white throat now as she sat
musing over Lord Tregenna's words:
"She is very lovely. She is not like
you." What did he mean? Christabel
was young and slender, and had
great dove like eyes. "I wonder
which of us he will prefer." Then

she laid her cool hands against her
burning cheeks. "What a fool I am
to even dream such things. I've been
spoilt. I think that every man must
be in love with me if he carries my
prayer book two Sundays running at
church parade or comes to my opera
box once a week. Chris must have
her chance, and if he—"

Then her thoughts trailed away
into vague imaginings, till a low voice
murmured: "Mother, may I come in?"

"Of course, dear. Ring for tea.
Now sit down here and tell me all
about everything till it's time to
dress for dinner."

When Lord Tregenna went round
to Lady Christine Mainwaring's opera
box that evening he found it crowded
with a fluttering mob of moths, all
dying to tinge their wings in the
rays of the new star.

"By jove, Lady Chris? Introduce
me, please. Your daughter is charm-
ing," drawled Lord Shoshire in a
stage whisper.

"The prince has already asked who
is with you, Lady Chris."
"And says he won't believe she is
your daughter."

"That Chicago girl, Emilia Potts,
'guesses she's real mad, and has just
reckoned the game is up for her,"
sniggered Talbot Hurst, who de-
lighted in fostering social squabbles.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried Lady
Christine. "I shan't bring my
daughter here again if you're all go-
ing to spoil her at once. Why, she's
only a little schoolgirl. Ah! there
goes the curtain. Now run away, all
of you; and you need not come back
again this evening."

"Is Lady Chris going to ride jeal-
ously of the girl, do you think?" asked
Talbot Hurst of Lord Shoshire, as
they strolled down to the omnibus
box.

"Don't know, I'm sure, and don't
care, either," growled his lordship,
who hated Talbot Hurst for a "mean
little sneak."

But Mr. Talbot Hurst's charitable
suppositions were baseless; for, in
spite of countless defections from
her banner, Lady Chris—as her world
called her—did not "ride jealous" of
the new beauty, as Christabel quick-
ly became. And yet—and yet there
were moments when she would have
given a year of her loveliness, a half
of her fortune, to read the heart of
the man she loved. For little Lady
Chris had to confess to herself that
she loved a man who, as likely as
not, had fixed his fancy on another
woman, young, fresh, eminently de-
sirable in every way.

"If I only knew! If I only could
find out!" she cried to herself in her
dressing room one night. "He is
the same as ever, courteous and kind,
but always a little cold. And appar-
ently he is the same to Chris. If
I could only guess how he speaks to
her, looks at her, when they are alone
together! He sat out three dances
with her at the state ball on Wednes-
day and rode with her an hour this
morning in the row. I wish I knew!

I wish I knew!"
And upstairs in the pink and white
nest that framed the new beauty's
loveliness, the words "I wish I
knew!" were breathed to the dawn.
Christabel stood, slender as a May
lily, before her mirror, her white
hands clasped above her tumultuous
heart, as she sighed: "I wish I
knew if he loves me." The next day
the girl thought she had found the
solution to the riddle. It was the
last function of the season—a ball at
Malplaquet house. Leaning on
Tregenna's arm Christabel drifted
down the low steps that led from the
drawing room into the coolness of the
quiet garden. Lanterns danced in
the soft night air and the swish of
women's gowns trailing over grass,
the cool of distant voices came gently
to ears still ringing with the final
crash of the finished waltz. Christa-
bel sighed as she nestled into a
cushioned chair.

"Tired?" queried Lord Tregenna.
"No, sorry," and she sighed again.
"You and sorrow should not meet
so soon," he said, gravely. "What's
the trouble?"

"We are going away to-morrow,"
answered Christabel.
The girl's naivete made him smile.
"But there's plenty of fun ahead.
Are you not going to be the belle
on Shoshire's yacht at Cowes? Then
you're to have three weeks at Hom-
burg, supplemented by—how many—
visits in Scotland? Miss Mainwaring,
you are growing insatiable."

She gave a little laugh of self
deprecation. "I dare say it will be
pleasant enough, but—I—mother—
shall miss you."

Tregenna leaned forward and strove
to pierce the mystery of her sweet
violet eyes. "Lady Chris—and you
—will miss me?" His voice took a
fuller tone, his eyes a deeper light.

"Indeed, we shall," she answered,
slowly. "You know, Lord Tregenna,
I always think of you as my first
friend in London. You were in
the drawing room when I came
home that afternoon."

"And you will be sorry to lose
your first friend for even a few
weeks?"
She nodded the reply her trem-
bling lips could not speak.

"Chris"—he laid one strong, firm
hand upon the girl's nervous fingers
—"Chris, if I ever left you, if I
were always with you in the future
as your friend—your—would you be
glad?"

"Very glad!"

The words scarcely stirred the air,
but he caught them. They were
enough, for he rose and led her back
to the house.

It was late next morning, almost
midday, when Christabel came dan-
cing down stairs, her feet like feathers,
her eyes like stars.

"Lord Tregenna has been here,
miss," said a servant. "His lordship

asked for mi lady or for you, but not
seeing either left a note in the draw-
ing room. His lordship will come
back to luncheon."

Singing a waltz tune Christabel
ran into the drawing room. How
happy she was! He had been to see
her, to speak with her mother. He
would return presently and stay
by her side, never to leave her again.

Where was the note? She saw at
once the tiny corner of the envelope
sticking from her mother's blotter.
With fingers that grew cold with ex-
citement she drew it forth. "Chris"
was scrawled boldly across it. She
read the letter:

"Before we part to-day, my darling
Chris, I must know my fate from
your own lips. I have longed to tell
you of my love the whole season
through, but dared not. Dearest,
will you give your sweet self to me
and make me the happiest of men?"
"TREGENNA."

With cheeks from which excess of
joy had chased the pink Christabel
flew to her mother's dressing room.
"Mother!" she cried, holding out
the precious letter, "read this, dear.
I found it in the drawing room. He's
coming for an answer in an hour. I
—hope—promise me—that you will
say yes!"

She had flung herself at her moth-
er's knees and laid her radiant face
above her mother's heart.

Taken suddenly her hope and love
died within her and she was struck
with the silence of stone. The light
that gathered in Lady Christine's
lovely eyes, the tender little smile
that curved the corners of her
childish mouth, the faint blush that
slowly formed over the flower like
face, forced the bitter truth home to
the girl's breaking heart even before
her mother dropped the note into her
lap and murmured:

"Dearest Chris, certainly I promise
you I will say 'Yes!' I have hoped
for some time that Lord Tregenna
would be your father."

White and a little dizzy, Christabel
stumbled to her feet.
"I hope you will make him very
happy," she said, softly, and then
pressed her clay cold lips upon
her mother's brow and slipped from
the room.

"And the note was meant for me,"
said Lady Chris an hour later, nest-
ling within the curve of her lover's
arm.

"Of course, dearest. Why, who
else could it have been intended
for?"

"I thought—I some times won-
dered—Christabel is such a pretty
girl—"

"Nonsense! She's a mere child
still. Beside, didn't I say the very
first time I saw her that she was not
a bit like you?"

"And you think me?"—
"Perfection!"

Beneficial Effects of Sugar.
There are certain medical authori-
ties who have for a long time been
arguing in favor of a more general
use of sugar as an article of diet.
They claim that a liberal use of sugar
increases the power of resisting
fatigue and enables the individual
to perform much more labor than is
possible without it. A report made
to the Royal Society of England
shows the influence of sugar in this
direction. As an experiment, a labor-
ing man fasted one day, taking nothing
but water. His conditions,
strength, fatigue and labor performed
were carefully noted. On another
day 500 grams of sugar were added
to the water, and the same account
was taken of the man's physical
state. It was found that the sugar
increased the muscular strength
about 70 per cent, and greatly pro-
longed the period before fatigue was
noticeable. In another experiment,
sugar added to the food was ob-
served to produce a surprising in-
crease in muscular energy; 200
grams with a meal gave a maximum
of 39 per cent, more strength than
was discoverable in its absence and
250 grams of sugar to a meal greatly
increased the resistance against
weariness, and enabled the man to
perform, without undue exertion,
an average of 12 per cent, more work
than he was able to do without it.

There is a growing opinion among the
best scientific authorities that the
craving of some persons and almost
all children for sugar is not only
reasonable, but in direct accord with
natural law. Pure sugar is not only
wholesome but necessary, and when
growing children crave it should
never be denied them.

Old Bibles.
The first bible printed in America
was in 1633. It was translated by
John Eliot into the Algonkin lan-
guage, for the Indians. The following
facts relating to the present value of
this and other old bibles will prove
interesting. At the sale of the Brinley
library in New York, March,
1879, an Eliot New Testament of 1661
brought \$700. At the same sale a
bible of 1663 sold for \$1,000. At an
auction in 1884 a bible of 1685
brought \$950. The Bement copy of
the Eliot Testament of 1661 sold in
London in 1829 for less than a dollar.
The same copy, at a sale in New
York in 1890, brought \$610. The to-
tal number of Indian testaments and
bibles of this period now known to
exist is 125. The first bible printed
in America in a European tongue is
The Saurbibbe. This was printed
in German, by Christian Saur, who
came to this country in 1724.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.
"Sayin' de right thing at de right
time," said Uncle Eben, "am er
great gif'. But not sayin' anything
at de right time am mos' ez good an'
er heap mo' reli'ble."

A GREAT OTTER TRAPPER

He Wore a \$325 Overcoat When Out Hunting.

A generation ago the otter was
still plentiful along the streams
in the vicinity of Roulette, Pa.
Probably the greatest otter trap-
per that ever lived in this region
was the late Larry Lyman, of Rou-
lette. He bagged hundreds of them
in his day. Otter pelts were worth
from \$8 to \$15 apiece during the
time Lyman trapped for them. When
they were at their greatest value he
saved fifteen of the finest skins
from those he had trapped and had
them made into an overcoat by a
famous New York city furrier. He
refused \$15 apiece for the green
pelts, and the making of the coat
cost him \$100. He was undoubtedly
the only professional hunter and
trapper at ever lived who wore a
\$325 overcoat on his winter excursions
to the woods. The coat is among
hundreds of other rare relics this
great hunter left to his family, and
it is to lay as magnificent a specimen
of otter fur and of the furrier's art as
there is in the country. No money
could buy it.

But otter disappeared from the
waters of Pennsylvania years ago.
Not one, nor the sign of one, had
been seen in the part of the State
where Lyman trapped his game for
some twenty years. Mink, however,
are as plentiful as ever, and the de-
mand of recent seasons has made
trapping for them worth while once
more. Bennett's creek, one of the
head waters of the Sinnemahoning,
was always one of the best
streams for mink anywhere in the
region, and so trappers have been
busy along it for many months. One
morning recently Miron Brown, a
mink trapper, went out to look over
his traps and found one of them oc-
cupied by a bewiskered, fierce look-
ing animal, a good deal bigger than
a mink.

Brown had never seen an otter,
but he instantly knew that this was
one. He didn't know exactly how
to handle his rare prize, but while
he was considering the proper course
to pursue his dog undertook to solve
the problem right there, and pitched
into the strange animal. The otter
was held by one leg in the trap, and
the trap was held fast by a short
chain to the root. But, in spite of
being thus handicapped the otter
whipped the dog in less than half a
minute and stretched him out dead
than a stone. The otter's dander
was now up and he sprang at Brown,
and with such furious determination
that the chain was loosened from its
fastenings. Brown fled, followed by
the otter and the trap. Brown dodged
behind a stump, where he found a
heavy club. As the otter rushed
around after him he finished the animal
with two or three blows on the
head. The otter was over four feet
long. The body proved a great curi-
osity in the locality, for it recalled
to the older residents of that part
the hemlock belt the time when
others were common, and it was a
revelation to many of the present
generation who had never seen an
animal of this kind. Brown sold the
otter to a representative of a Buffalo
fur house for \$11.

Cure for Snake Bites.
At a meeting of the members of
the Academy of Sciences recently
Professor Vandenberg read an un-
usually interesting and instructive
paper on "Snakes," especially the
rattlesnake, and suggesting various an-
tidotes to counteract the venomous
virus of this species. He stated that
the great majority of the poisonous
reptiles of California belong to this
species, scientifically known as
crotalus. Both the king snake and
crotalus, which are very like the
crotalus, were characterized as harm-
less and non-poisonous. There are
live species of rattlesnakes to be
found in California, differing in movement
and appearance somewhat, but
inflicting wounds in the same
manner.

The rattlesnake bite, always dis-
astrous to smaller animals, is rarely
fatal to man, death following in less
than 10 per cent of the cases. Each
of the five species in California has
chosen a certain part of the State
for habitation. The tiger rattler oc-
cupies the desert regions at a higher
elevation, the sidewinder in the
lower desert regions—the latter
species being almost white and thus
enabled to escape discovery in the
white sand. In San Diego county
there are two other varieties, while
the coast is inhabited by the common
diamond rattler, which attains a
length of from six to seven feet. The
smaller sidewinder is the fiercest and
the diamond rattler the least ag-
gressive.

The lecture was followed by an
informal discussion of feasible anti-
dotes for snake poison. The lecturer
suggested the prudent use of alcohol
or brandy. The use of the great
cactus as an antidote in southern
California was described. A piece of
the cactus is heated and applied to
the wound. Dr. Behr stated that in
Australia a popular remedy consisted
of subcutaneous injection of strychnine.

A Stubborn Vicar.
At Hennock, in Devonshire, Eng-
land, says the Guardian, the vicar
refused to allow a grave in the
churchyard to be covered or a stone
set up on it because the undertaker
employed at the funeral was a dis-
senter. The family of the buried
person had tried every means to
make him yield in vain, when one
man knocked him down. For this
the vicar summoned him to court,
where he received one shilling dan-
ages.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS

Epitome of News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

Mrs. Mary Parks, a red 69, of Plains, was
instantly killed by a Lehigh Valley passen-
ger train. She had left her home to go to
the post office and was crossing the track
when the whistle of the train, which was
100 yards away, was blown. This seemed
to confuse her, and before she could move
she was run down.

At 3 o'clock in the morning Mr. John
Buchanan, Reading, was aroused by the
groans of her two children, who slept in
an adjoining room. When she entered the
room she found it filled with coal gas from
a par or heater and the children were uncon-
scious. The little sufferers were not restored
to consciousness until ten hours later. They
are now out of danger.

James Fisher and Jacob Henrick were
arrested, charged with the murder of Barney
Beick, a commission merchant of Wink
Barre, in November, 1893.

Plans are afoot in Pittsburg among miners
to form a State organization, similar to the
one among Ohio miners.

Jesse Alshouse, of Sharpsburg, it is be-
lieved, has been abducted and is being held
for a ransom.

J. C. Wentworth, a traveling agent of
Cleveland, committed suicide at Pittsburg.
At Indiana, in the Blair-White contest,
much rebuttal testimony was given in Judge
White's favor.

Secretary I. G. Brown, of the Department
of Internal Affairs, has compiled statistics
regarding the railroads of the State.
Attorney General McCormick, at Harris-
burg, dismissed the petition of Judge Dur-
ham for a writ of quo warranto against
Judges Archibald, Searles and Rice.

Seventeen new cases will come up before
the new Board of Pardons at its next meet-
ing, in Harrisburg.

Somewhat of a sensation has been created
in Reading by the announcement that sev-
eral hundred dollars' worth of school sup-
plies including postal cards, stationery, pen-
cils, etc., have been abstracted from the
store room in the Boys' High School build-
ing and that the theft has been traced to
some of the members of the Boys' High
School. It is said that it has been found
that the supplies have been sold at a cheap
price to small dealers around town by con-
federates of those who took them. An in-
vestigation is being carried on by the proper
authorities, but the names of the culprits
have not been disclosed.

Fourteen years ago George Shank, a
prominent resident of Penn Township, was
kicked in the stomach by a vicious horse.
At intervals he suffered greatly from the
injury, but was able to manage his farm.
His misfortunes of the wound occurred and
his death resulted.

Armor plate for new warships was tested
at Reddington, with remarkably successful
result.

Two men were killed and a foundry de-
stroyed at Pittsburg through a gas ex-
plosion.

Charles W. Mank, manager of the Over-
head Distillery at Bradford, was badly
beaten by thugs near McConnellsville.

Arrangements are being made for the re-
moval of Thell College, now located at
Greenville, to Greensburg. A farm of about
100 acres will be purchased for the purpose.
The removal was agreed upon at a recent
meeting of the Pittsburg synod. The idea
was brought about that this town is the
center of Western Pennsylvania's Lutheran-
ism, and more easy of access than Green-
ville.

Daniel Finnanigan, who lives near Bu
Head, has been arrested, charged by his
wife with having caused the death of their
11-month-old son. On January 31st, Mrs.
Finnanigan says, her husband came home
at night and threw her down the steps at
the back porch. She had her child in her
arms, and when she fell the child was under
her. Two days later he died. She alleges that
the fall she received caused the child's death,
but Dr. Sarreth, who attended the child, says
death was caused by bronchial trouble. At
a hearing before Alderman Roberts, Finnanigan
was committed to jail.

The fight for a new county is waxing
warm in Luzerne and Schuylkill counties.
The Wilkes-Barre people are practically
alone in their opposition.

The funeral of Judge John Handley, the
millionaire, of Scranton, was held there, and
it was attended by 4,000 persons. It is said
that he has left much of his estate to char-
ity.

Mrs. Alderman, at Lancaster, had \$4,500
in cash and securities mysteriously returned
to her. They were stolen some days ago.

Deacon Ogden, of Port Elizabeth, while
engaged in carrying on a revival meeting at
Millville was stricken with paralysis while in
church.

John Watson, at the south Millville glass
works, met with an accident when wild dis-
figure him for life and probably destroy the
sight of one eye. While at work he was ac-
cidentally struck in the face and over the
eye by Thomas Fowler with molten glass on
the end of a red-hot iron. The glass stuck
to the boy's face for an instant, and when it
was removed the eyeball was nearly torn
from the socket.

Joseph Peck, of Eldorado, was sent to jail,
charged with shocking cruelty to his wife.

The Fayette County Commissioners report
for 1894 shows the expenditures of the county
to have been \$161,117. The principal items
are County home, \$17,000; jail, \$14,754; in-
teriors, \$12,229; roads redressed, \$9,000; w. r. k-
houses, \$574; Pennsylvania Reform School,
\$542. The tax levy amounts to \$183,087, as
follows: County, \$ 69,875; State, \$ 9,025;
dogs, \$3186.

Word comes from Belfast, of the great-
ravages of diphtheria there during the last
two weeks. The bilzard was a potent factor
in spreading the disease aided by the care-
lessness of some of the families in whose
mist cases occurred. Six children lay dead
in the village during the bilzard.

J. F. Trout, alias Zellers, alias Dixon, alias
Graves, was taken to York from Lebanon by
Deputy Sheriff Bayard, of York county, to
answer six separate charges of illegally prac-
ticing medicine. Trout was arrested after
he had been plying his vocation professionally
as an expert oculist, at Paimry, Ansville
and Myerstown for nearly a month. W. A.
Groomer, of York, who was associated with
Trout, was also apprehended, but was a ter-
ribly released.

EAGLES IN NORTHERN OHIO.

They Live on Fish Almost Exclusively and Are Protected by Law.

At the fourth annual meeting of the
Ohio State Academy of Sciences, E. L.
Morely read a paper entitled, "Notes
on the Bald Eagle," says the Ohio
State Journal. Mr. Morely resides in
northern Ohio, and his paper gave a
description of this American bird,
which has nests at Kelley's Island, Put-
in-Bay, on the peninsula, and at vari-
ous points in northern Ohio. He gave
the result of personal observation of
a pair of eagles which have an eyrie
near a country postoffice in the vicinity
of Sandusky, which they have occupied
for nine years, rearing two and some-
times one eagle each year. He said
that the eagles occupy their nest for
years. Some have been recognized by
old fishermen as having been sixty
years in one nest, and others forty to
fifty years. He stated that on the
islands the eagles are decreasing in
numbers, but on the peninsula they
are increasing, notably some sixty hav-
ing been counted on the west harbor
and some thirty more on the east har-
bor near the peninsula.

In the remarks following Mr. More-
ly's paper it developed that the people
of that part of Ohio are very fond of
the birds, and that a fine of \$20 is laid
for shooting one of them. The eagles
eat fish almost exclusively, the strong
taking them from the water, and also
stealing as elsewhere from the osprey.
The question was asked whether it
were true that when the male bird was
shot another male came along and con-
soled the disconsolate widow eagle in
the same nest and assisted to rear fam-
ilies, and if the female were killed the
male would desert the nest and never
return, nor would any other pair occupy
such nest, except by accident. Mr.
Morely stated that he had never had
the opportunity of observing, having no
method of distinguishing the sexes, as
they were about the same size and
plumage. He had noticed that when-
ever one bird was away the other
generally stayed at the nest and watch-
ed for the return of the mate, some-
times going to meet him. He had also
noticed that on Kelley's Island some
years ago there were four nests, and
now there was but one. Why the other
three were abandoned he never knew,
but the suggestion in the question
might account for it. He had noticed
also that a bird which might be a
grown-up son or daughter had been
seen to domicile with the old birds for
some weeks and then fly away.

The Populist.
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is true they disturb the smooth running of
the regular organizations and sometimes
overturn elections, but what is popular is
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