

MEMORIES.

As a perfume doth remain In the folds where it hath lain...

Other thoughts may come and go, Other moments I may know...

Only thoughts of you remain In my heart where they have lain...

IN A TEACUP.

Never was the soubrette of a farce or comedy livelier, wittier or more provoking than Julie Maran...

One bright spring morning in the month of May, Julie found herself standing in the center of Madame Blainvall's charming boudoir.

Again Adalbert returned to the window, and this time his eyes were turned toward terrestrial objects.

"The distance is great between us," thought the poet, "I must lessen it."

As we have said, it was spring. Madame Blainvall had drawn her piano near the open window, and every morning was devoted to the practice of her music.

"I have an idea," she exclaimed, and with these words, she ran hastily from the room and returned in a few moments with a stone, with which she proceeded to break a pane of glass in the casement.

Julie knew the contents by heart, and could therefore well afford the sacrifice. Quickly was the epistle wrapped around the stone, the entire arrangement promising great success.

That which most offended Madame Blainvall was the impertinence of the style—the freedom of expression.

"At any cost I will discover the name of the man who has dared thus to address me in such language," she said.

The window through which Madame Blainvall imagined the missile had been thrown opened upon the garden.

Opposite was a large and elegant house, with the inhabitants of which the lady was personally unacquainted.

"I have brought you my manuscript," said Adalbert, in reply to his request respecting the nature of his mission.

"It is strange," thought Madame Blainvall, for the instant forgetting her annoyance, "and it must be that man; it can be no other."

Having attained the ninth month of her widowhood, the moment was propitious for a new fancy—not that Madame Blainvall did not mourn, but her heart was softened by affliction and naturally yearned for sympathy.

Chance favored Adalbert, and served him as a passport. Even the insolence of the letter was a problem which excited curiosity and awakened interest.

The more she thought of the matter the more deeply interested she became; and Julie, much amused, watched in silence the result of her silly scheme.

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"I know of your talent, and esteem it," continued the stranger, "and as a proof have come to order some of your verses. You will not be surprised when I tell you that I am an editor. I wished to publish an album for the New Year, an album entitled 'Baden and Its Environs.'"

"Did you say Baden?" inquired Adalbert.

"Yes, Baden. It will be filled with illustrations of this department; a fine artist has charge. Will you, my dear fellow, undertake the poetical matter? If you accept you will be obliged to commence without delay, as there is no time to lose.

Hasty preparations were made for his departure, and soon the young Frenchman had left the gay city far behind him.

Adalbert was much surprised at this streak of good fortune. He could not imagine how his talent, which was scarcely above mediocrity, could have obtained for him this fine offer.

"Is it possible," she murmured, "that people dare intrude thus upon my affliction—dare write me such effusions? I can scarcely believe that it is for me, and yet it must be intended for me, since I find it upon the floor of my boudoir."

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Adalbert; "but I hope my poems will please you."

"Do! Why, have you forgotten that you ordered me to write verses for the new album?"

"You will excuse my momentary oblivion," continued the publisher, as he received the manuscript and immediately paid the sum due on receipt.

The volume was published shortly after, but without vignettes, and was wonderfully successful. Encouraged by this good fortune, Adalbert now dared to again turn his eyes toward the Hotel Blainvall, and to gaze fixedly upon the young and beautiful woman, so much the object of his thoughts, and who had long been the recipient of his most ardent love.

Madame Blainvall, who was now only in slight mourning, gave a ball to celebrate the marriage of a near relative. Through the kindness of a mutual friend, Henry Adalbert was invited, and, for the first time, the widow and her admirer spoke.

On seeing Madame Blainvall near, and observing her very apparent agitation when he addressed her, Henri was surprised and pleased, and soon his conversation warmed into a tender and passionate avowal of his ardent admiration.

Mathilde Blainvall listened to what seemed to her but the reiterated expression of all that had been written months before.

"At last he has told me in person," she thought, "and in listening to the words I am happy."

Encouraged by her smile, Adalbert spoke on, and she in no look or word chided the utterance of so much love, or even the stealing of a kiss. The simple exclamation of "Oh, Henri!" alone greeted the impulse.

To Adalbert this love was new; to Mathilde Blainvall it was an old story, for, in the letter she still treasured, she believed the heart of Adalbert had first found utterance, Adalbert, unconscious of the existence of said letter, looked with surprise upon the easy conquest of the woman.

"I must see to it," he thought. "May it not be imprudent to marry a widow who can so readily forget her dead spouse, and seems to absorb with avidity an avowal which the sex are apt to receive coyly, even if that coyness be assumed?"

Having determined to solve all doubts, and loving while doubting, Adalbert requested permission to call on the following day. When he arrived Madame Blainvall was alone. Adalbert approached a small table, on which were placed some fragments of china, a stone, and a note tied with a blue ribbon.

"Well, and how about the letter?" "Letter! What letter?" "The letter you set me."

"I never sent you a letter." "Not tied to a stone?" "Tied to a stone? No, upon my honor."

"I will refresh your memory. Look at this stone and then at this letter, which was thrown by you through that window. I understand your unwillingness to acknowledge the authorship of the letter, which is by no means a creditable effusion; but I have long since pardoned the offense for the sake of the offender."

This explanation at once cleared all doubt in the mind of Adalbert, according the lovely widow a fresh charm in so much as her love had been his, even before he himself was aware of the fact.

Having gained by the error, and fearing to dispel the illusion and perhaps recall forth a rival, Adalbert accepted the proffered pardon, and it was not until Mathilde Blainvall was the wife of the poet that she learned, through the confession of Julie Maran, that she had been deceived.—From the French

WORLD'S COTTON SUPPLY.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Great Staple.

It may be profitable to mass together here some facts about cotton which will give to manufacturers and general readers information concerning one of the greatest of the world's industries—an industry, in fact, which is in touch in one way or another with practically every human being who wears clothes.

The American cotton crop of 1894-95 was the largest ever produced, being 9,839,860 bales, as against 7,532,350 bales of the preceding season. The consumption of cotton (including that produced by other countries) was as follows, in the year ending September 30 last: Continental Europe, 5,000,000 bales; Great Britain, 4,080,000 bales; United States, 3,148,000 bales.

In 1893-94 the United States exported 75 per cent. of the total European supply. But we are also importers of cotton. Last season we took 59,418 bales from Egypt, 24,000 bales from Peru and 210 bales from China.

India cotton is inferior even to our poor American cotton. The largest crop ever raised in that country was in 1890-91, and it amounted to 3,225,000 bales, of which 1,657,000 bales were exported. India sent to Europe last season only 462,000 bales. There has been a wonderful development of cotton manufacture in India under the stimulating influence of the protection afforded by silver demonetization.

Mexico grows cotton. Her product is usually about 60,000 bales, all of which is spun at home, in addition to some 40,000 bales, more or less, imported from the United States.

Table with 2 columns: Region, Bales Produced. Includes Europe (60,000), United States (8,925,000), Egypt (1,220,000), India (3,000,000), etc.

Cremating the Killed in Battle.

Recently the German Emperor called for the opinions of the medical staff of the war department on the question of using cremation to disencumber a battlefield after a sanguinary combat.

Died on the Same Day.

After seventy years of married life together, Snowden Giles and his wife Edna, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., died on the same day, within a few hours of each other, recently.

A Sensitive Understanding.

"I do not know just what opinion to form of that woman," said the Boston lady.

"I hope she doesn't mean just what she says."

Gloucester's Fishing Fleet.

The Gloucester (Mass.) fishing fleet comprises a total of 435 vessels and boats above twenty tons burden, with a tonnage of 32,010 tons, a decrease of 18 vessels and 618 tons from last year.

CABLE SPARKS.

The Spanish Cortes has been dissolved. The elections in Vienna passed off quietly.

The second reading of the evicted tenants bill was rejected by the House of Commons by a vote of 271 to 174.

Nicaraguans are said to be generally arming, and the struggle between the Leonists and the government supporters is likely to be bitter.

The Congress of Honduras has ratified the treaty of union which was celebrated in June last between Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua.

The Manitoba Legislature by a vote of 31 to 7 has protested against the interference with Manitoba school laws by the Dominion government.

M. P. de Smet de Naeyer minister of finance, has been appointed premier in succession to M. J. de Burlet, who resigned the presidency of the Belgian council of ministers.

It is thought in Paris that the coming debates on the proposed income tax will determine the fate of the government. The outlook is not considered bright for the ministry.

Rev. Thomas Grace, rector of the Cathedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Sacramento, Cal., has been appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Sacramento, in succession to lit. Rev. P. Monogue, D. D.

The choice of Mr. Alfred Austin as poet laureate of England, leaving such noble and in many respects incomparable singers as Algernon Charles Swinburne and William Morris out of the reckoning, is an act which will call forth much criticism.

As you advance further in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will come to think of the great poets of the past as I now appreciate the great musicians of former times.

A Lesson in Humility.

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MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes CITY STEERS, HAMS, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes POTATOES, ONIONS, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes BUTTER, CHEESE, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes EGGS, LIVE POULTRY, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes TOBACCO, BEEF, SHEEP, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes MUSKAT, BEEF, SHEEP, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

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Rats Are Clever Pupils.

Rats, according to a Russian showman who exhibits a tame troupe of the beasts, are more easily taught than dogs; they have a more retentive ear for language and greater adaptability than any other animals.

French Blue Laws.

One of the most curious applications of a Sunday law is reported from a French town, where a wheelman was arrested for repairing the tire of his wheel on the road on Sunday and condemned to pay a fine of 25 francs (\$5).

What's a Bump?

In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump another one would call a thump.

To clean the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family, and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

A Sore

Two inches across formed, and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on, and I thought I should have to give up at every step.

Foot

It is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists, \$1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. This and other similar cures prove that

Hood's Pills

The best family cathartic and liver stimulant. Etc.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. E. M. Cross, a special Associated Press reporter, who lives at 1916 Maple Avenue, Huntington, W. Va., has knowledge of the remarkable cure of Mrs. Martha Gilkison, the wife of a carpenter of the east end of the city, who, on the 23d of September, 1895, related her experience as follows: "For a good many years I have been bothered an awful sight with my stomach. I got so I couldn't eat anything at all without souring on my stomach. Lots of times while working I would spit up great mouthfuls of stuff bitter as gall. I kept getting worse all the time and took piles of doctor medicine, but I might as well took that much starch for all the good it done me. It ran into neuralgia of the stomach and worked itself all over me. Dr. Gardner, the new doctor up on Twentieth Street, told me when I saw him it was my stomach that caused all the trouble and gave me an order to the drug store. I took it there, and the boy gave me a box of Ripans Tablets. I began getting better, and have used a little over two boxes, and am now sound and well. (Signed), MARTHA GILKISON, No. 1820 Fourth Avenue, Huntington, W. Va."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price 25 cents a box is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample via, 10 cents.