THE DOCTOR EUDOR.

"Yes, yes," replied he— But still he did not turn from his glowing

But still be did not turn from his glowing farnace.

"So ill, so very ill, doctor, that I fear"—

"Go to the devil with your fears! Do you not see, good woman, that I am busy."

"Busy!" replied the old woman, "How do I know what at! Trying to discover the great secret, perhaps, and while you are thus crasily tempting the devil, the poor dear lady is dying."

"Turn secunda elapsa hora, et aqua incandescente, camdem iterum injicies pulverem."
The doctor threw two handfuls of white powder in the vase, and went on reading some old parchments.

The old woman drew a long and deep sigh. The doctor was a young man, twenty-eight years of age, perhaps, but it was difficult to guess at it from his pale and emaciated countenance. You could only see that hard study, or perhaps grief, anything but years, had imprinted on his forehead a deep, solitary, and premature furrow; and to look at his hollow cheeks, sallow complexion, and long and tangled hair, one could not but feel regret that the bloom of health did not now animate his regular and beautiful features.

He was bending over the vase; sometimes rekindling, with his breath, the dying coals, or else interrupting his reading to throw powders and herbs into the water.

"The great secret—old goose—better, much better than that. A right of life and death!" And suddenly he exclaimed:
"That is it—admirably, admirably done," "Now, old mother, I am at your service," added he, as if the old woman was still there—but she had gona.

The doctor poured into a small bottle his chemical preparation, a blue liquid which produced a sweet perfume; he threw his dark

chemical preparation, a blue liquid which produced a sweet perfume; he threw his dark mantle over his disordered clothes, and left his laboratory, holding in his hand his precious vial, carefully wrapped in the folds of his mantle, to hide it from the curiosity of others or to preserve it from the accidents.

others, or to preserve it from the accidents of a long and rapid walk.

It is twenty minutes' fast walking from the Quai de l'Horloge to the Rue des Tournelles; in twenty minutes the doctor had reached his destination. He stopped before a large and handsome botel; the walls that surrounded the courty ard were high and thick, the door solid and bordered with iron—a precaution not to be forgotten—for all this took place in December, 1584, during the reign of King Henry the Third.

He knocked, and from behind a barred

indow a servant recognized and admitted

"Alas! Sir Eudor," said a man of about 60 years of age, "I have but very little hope."

The doctor hardly restrained a smile, but
the old man did not perceive it—his eyes were

filled with tears.
"You must not give up entirely, M. le "You must not give up entirely, M. le Comgre; nature and science have so many resources." These consoling words were uttered in a sneering manner, and the count continued to weep. Eudor shrugged his shoulders as if the husband's grief struck him as absurd or ridiculous. Without adding aword, he drew aside a covering of thick tapestry, and entered a large and somber apartment. The count followed him.

It was the patient's room. In the background, surrounded by curtains, stood the bed. The doctor approached and motioned to the count to open the window. The beautiful face of a female then became visible; suffering had sorreely altered her delicate and perfect features. Her sweet face was, indeed, pale, and beneath her long black eye-

ndeed, pale, and beneath her long black eye ashes was a small blue circle—but who would

lashes was a small blue circle—but who would not have preferred her appearance, ill as she was, to the most blooming beauty?
Euder gazed fixedly at her. The count threw himself on the foot of the bed and fixed his eyes on the doctor, who, wrapped up in his own meditations, thought neither of encouraging nor discouraging him. After a few moments of silence, Eudor gently lifted the coverlid and took the arm of the patient to feel her pulse.

A shudder indicated that the counters was on the point of waking; the doctor looked

on the point of waking; the doctor looke "The crisis will take place when she awakes

the least emotion may prove fatal. You must retire, sir."
"I will hide behind this curtain," said the "I do so long to see her open her

count. "I do so long to see her open her eyes."

"Really," said Eudor, with a distainful and angry amile. "Well, count, enjoy that pleasure, and risk your wife's life for such a pleasure."

The count, after a moment's hesitation, gave in; the doctor promised to call him as

A flash of joy brightened the features of the young man when he found himself alone in the room, and his countenance, animated by strong emotion, appeared singularly beautiful. He no longer stopped to gaze; but, kneeling by the bedside, he covered with ardent kisses the hand of the young woman—he fondly passed his fingers through the light and dishevelled curls, and even dared to press her burning and parched lips.
"Oh!" exclaimed he as he gazed at her

"How much courage is necessary! But I will have it; and in a few hours five years of anguish and labor will be rewarded."

These last words awoke the countess.

The doctor did not change his posture; he remained on his knees, and still held the patient's hand; she turned her beautiful eyes toward him and started with mingled surprise, fear and joy.

There was a moment of silence. Neither

one nor the other spoke. Perhaps they were afraid that a word might end their happiness, which seemed like a dream.

"Emma," said Eudor, "we are alone, alone for one hour. This is the first time since I have attended you; it is the first time in five

The emotion of the countess prevented her answering except by tears.
"I will not tell you," continued Eudor, "all

the difficulty it has occasioned me to get into your dwelling; still my title of doctor is not a disguise. I was a student, you remember, when I saw you for the first time. What a

The countess pressed the hand that held hers, and raised her eyes to heaven. "Since then, Englat—but I have witnessed your struggles, your tears, your resistance, and I repreach you with but one thing to have thought I had forgotten you,

because I no longer sought your presence."

"And why," continued Eudor, vehemently,
"why should I have sought you! It was both
too soon and too late. Besides, I needed solitude and meditation to conquer a deep seated corrow and to perfect a great plan-a diffi cult, bold and decisive enterprise.

"Emms," added be, solemnly, "if the day before your fatal marriage I had asked you

to be mine, to follow me, you would have consented, for I am not ignorant of the influ suce I had over you, devoted as you were to me, your first love; but I would not, for it would not have been acting fairly toward you. But now, when for five years you have enjoyed rank, fortune, bonors, you know what they are worth. You also know the happiness I can offer you, poor and obscure as I am, and it will no longer be deceiving you to say, 'Emma, will you change-will you follow mer"

"Eudor," replied the counters, with a faltering voice. "perhaps you are right in taining that in past days your power would have conquered my reason; then I might have been yours without crime; but now"—

true," replied Eudor, abruptly. "Ah, it is clear enough we were not made for one another; we have not the same way of lov-leg. Miserable fool that I am, I was sacrificing to you honor and conscience! But what can I do! I have one of those weak minds, over which love reigns like a tyrant; a crime would be of no consequence in my eyes if it would make you mine. Do you ar met a crime-if it but free you! An exclamation of horror burst from the

"You seed not be frightened," returned Eudor, hastily; "you do not understand me."

After a minute of silence, the countess said
is a sweet and melancholy tone of voice: "Eudor, why do you thus torment a poor suf-fering woman! Is this a time to talk thus to me! Probably you know even better than my-self that it would be no longer in my power scoopt of the guilty happiness you offer me. ill be over-fears and sorrows, and this oben heart will be at rest."

"Why these and thoughts?"
"Bad! oh, no! they are happy ones. How
my have I prayed to Goddo take me from bas heard me."

" replied the counters calmiv.

Endor's countenance was lighted up, as he spoke, with an almost infernal expression of joy; he gazed for an instant on this beautiful

joy; he gared for an instant on this beautiful young woman, who seemed to be almost dying, and then, he continued:

"Well, then, since you are prepared, I will tell you the truth. When I just now spoke of a future, of joy and love, I wished to deceive you, and to give you a hope that I myself have lost!— He stopped; it seemed impossible for him to articulate another word, she fixed on him such a look of love and melancholy; and in her beautiful black eyes, there was such an expression of tenderness and regret at leaving this world, that the young man seemed deeply moved.

"Ab! you are not as much weaned from this life as you said!" A smile played on the pale lips.

pale lips, "Yes," said she, "I own it, I felt, I do not know why, my beart sink; but my courage is returning. I am ready now," added she, taking Eudor's hand and putting it on her

heart; "now repeat those words, and you will feel it beat neither faster now slower."

"Well, then," said Eudor, disengaging his hand; "let the will of heaven he done?" He retreated a few steps, and soncealing himself behind the curtains, he drew from his bosom the vial he had placed there on entering! An instant more, and he calmly presented to blue liquid.
"What for!" said she; "will it prolong my

"Wo," replied Endor.
"Well, then—why must I take another bitter potion!"

"This one is not bitter, Emma; and if it cannot conquer your fever, it will, at least, save you from all sufferings in your last womenta." The countess put the cup to her lips, and, while she slowly drank it, Eudor continued: "You will sleep as if after a ball, quietly rocked with the sounds of sweet music, your flowers and your dress before your eyes,"
"Yes," replied the countess, returning to

"Yes," replied the countess, returning to him the empty cup, "yes, all my happy recol-lections will assist me at this moment, since you are there, you with whom all the joys and pleasure of my past life are connected." One hour had passed, and ever since she had taken Eudon's prescription the countess had been hopelessly weak. She asked for the consolations of religion. Priests and Levites soon arrived carrying the

sacred Host. It was a sad sight, a room full of kneeling persons, repeating in a low voice the prayers for the dying, which only sols of anguish occasionally interrupted; here and there yellow lights throwing their flickering rays over the kneeling crowd, and bending over the bed an aged priest ministering to a youthful female.
Soon the crowd dispersed and again Eudo

was left alone with Emma, but the interview was not long. Her last book, her last prayer, her last sigh were for the only one she had ever loved, and death-setzed his prey.

Did Eudor display grief at her mournful

end! He gazed at her calmly; but now and then, as if to quiet some importune thought, he

repeated:

"She wished to die. The worst can only be that her wish has been granted." He called the count and led him to the bed.

"You are the person to close her eyes."

"You are the person to close her eyes."

The despair of the old man was heart rending. He fell senseless by the body of his wife.

When the count was come from the chamber Eudor returned to the bedside. He seemed to feel an exquisite pleasure in watching the body. The closed eyes, the stiffened limbs, the features once so beautiful, now pale and sunken. He gazed and murmured with a stule: with a smile: Tis right, no breath, no life-cold-rigid

-dead."
The room soon filled with domestics, all with tears in their eyes and grief at their hearts and on their lips; all prayed for the soul of the deceased—sho will go straight to paradise, said they, she was so good. "Without reckening that she had her purgatory in this world," half murmured the doctor, who alone did not bend his knee or pray for her who had died. There was in the room an old relation. Eudor addressed

said he; "her disease is contagious, and if you wait more than two hours, your lives will all be in danger." Half frightened to death, the old woman gave her orders, the church bells began to toll, the crosses were raised, the lights prepared, the rooms hung with mourng, and slowly the funeral procession came

from the church. The body had been dressed in her handsomest garments-adress of brocade with a pearl necklace, rich lace around the neck, and her feet covered with stockings of silk and gold, and shoes of white velvet,
"It is her bridal dress," said some one to

"That is right, for the same occasion, same

The coffin was there, but the countess was still on her bed. The old aunt approached, scissors in hand. One would have thought her the representative of fate severing the thread of life. A golden tress was already the instrument-Eudor rushed for ward. "Are you mad? Do you wish to join her?

This bair, still wet with the death sweat, bears the seeds of death. Leave it alone, or rather, think of burning the bed, the garments, all that she touched. Relics, indeed! remember her words and her deeds." He then placed it in the coffin; four men lifted it on their shoulders, and the funeral

recession moved.

At church the service for the dead was per-

formed, a long and sad service composed of cold and grave words, and of solemn and melancholy chants. A priest then gave a sponge dipped in holy water to each of the mourners, the assistants one by one sprinkled the coffin, and, wet with this sacred sew, It was taken to the tomb.

Three hours had elapsed since the last cere-

monies had been performed, and the church presented a striking and imposing scene, cal-culated to impress on weak and wavering -minds the terrors of religion. The rays of the moon striking on the painted window panes threw strange figures over the white and lofty walls, while the different effects of light and shadow gave to the images of the saints a fantastic and unusual appearance. The altar was still bung with black, in the middle of the church yet stood, covered over with black cloth sprigged with silver, the stools on which the coffin had been placed, and from the pillars around still hung the escutcheons of the late countess. It was a olemn spectacle, and occasionally the moon, hidden by a cloud, sleft the whole in dark-ness, which was only relieved by the flickering and uncertain flame of the lights around the altar.

Suddenly a slight noise was heard, a footstep, a man carrying a lantern and long ex-tinguisher appeared. It was the sexton. He went his rounds in silence, and as he returned suddenly dropped his extinguisher and uttered a loud exclamation.

The cause of his surprise and affright was a man leaning against a pillar, immovable, and so weak, so suffering, that apparently he had not strength enough to drag him from the church when the last bell had toiled; his dry and sunken eyes were fixed on the face of the sexton, and his right hand supported his aching brow

"Bountiful providence, is it a ghost?" said Maitre Arnoux, the sexton; and as he pro-nounced these words he let his lantern shine

full upon the stranger.

"What are you doing here, sir !" said he, when he found he had to deal, not with a ghost, but with a young and handsome man. The church is closed.

The person to whom these words were addressed, answered only by a half suppressed groan; his limbs gave way, and he fell on the

"May my good saint, St. Anthony, help me," exclaimed Maitre Arnoux; "what am I to do with this man! I verily believe he is As he uttered these words, he shoot him

viciently by the sleeve, and filling his hands with holy water, bathed his temples. The young man opened his eyes.

"I am very weak indeed," said he, in a low and faltering voice. "My sufferings have overwhelmed me. * * Have you no cordial, good man?"

"I have but one," replied the sexton, "which is everillent for cognition one to see

which is excellent for recalling one to sense

good wine."
"Yes, I think a little wine might restore

"Well, then, my friend, you must crawl up to my cell; for it would be offending the saints to drink here." Assisted by Arnoux, the young ma

reacnes a ntile door that opened into the church, and, having ascended a winding staircase, found binself in the rooms of the sexton, who immediately poured out some wine for him.

staircase, found himself in the rooms of the sexton, who immediately poured out some wins for him.

"Well, friend, do you feel better now?"

"Much, much better," replied Eudor, while his companion emptied a large glass.

"True Burgundy," exclaimed Arnoux, striking the table with the cup he had just emptied.

The cups were again filled; but one merely raised his to his lips, while the other threw himself back, and scrupulously swallowed the last drop of the nectar.

"His excellency the archdeacon does not drink any to compare to it," exclaimed the sexton in his bacchanalian enthusiasm; "I will tell you the whole story."

Eudor listeyed with imperturbable sangfroid to all the stories of his companion, which became more and more obscure after every cupful. The enormous face of the sexton shone with a color of the brightest red; his eyes wandered; he smiled stupidly. At last, after emptying his cup for the thirteenth time (fatal number), the joyous drinker burst into a loud fit of laughter, threw back his head and stretched his cramped legs. This motion was too rapid; his feet alipped on the floor and he fell flat.

The doctor immediately sprang on him, as a dog on the wild boar just wounded by the hunter's ball; quickly and silently he drew from the sexton's belt a bunch of keys, seized his lantern, cleared with one jump the winding staircase and found himself in the church.

The door opened; Eudor was in the damp repository of the dead. Amidst all the splendid monuments there was one place where the earth had been newly turned up and a wroath of flowers thrown over it. That was it. Eudor pushed aside the wreath and dug away at the last resting place. The cofflu

it. Eudor pushed aside the wreath and dug away at the last resting place. The coffin appeared; the lid was broken, and once more he contemplated his victim.

At this instant the clock struck; the doctor counted the slowly proceeding strokes with terror—he counted ten. "Well! 'Opportunum post duodecim horas momenitum permane-bit.' There is still plenty of time."

Having pronounced these mysterious words he raised the corpse as carefully as if it had been a sleeping woman he was afraid of dis-turbing, and laid it on his cloak. The coffin was empty, but when the monument would be finished they would find it lightened of its contents, and what might then be suspected! A few years before a horrible profanation had taken place. A young and beautiful girl having died, was buried, and the next day her body disappeared. It was afterward known that the lover of the young girl had stolen the corpse and embalmed it. The young man was burnt alive on the Place de Greve.

The grave must be filled. The coffin must have its weight. Eudor threw in It the statue of a saint, worm eaten and abandoned, and carefully nailing it up once more, placed it

under ground.

Eudor then bent over the body of the countess, and after an auxious examination raised it in his arms and left the church yard, and through dark and out of the way streets, at

length reached his dwelling.

In 1011, seventeen years after this adventure, a duel took place one night on the Quai de l'Horloge, between the Chevalier de Comminges and the young Marquis de Jaques. The latter having received a wound in the side, was carried by his attendants to the Dr. Eudor's, whose dwelling was near and repu-tation great. Recalled to life by the skillful care that was taken of him, the marguis was struck with the remarkable likeness, astwith-standing a great difference of age, which ex-isted between the wife of the doctor and the late Countess de la Jaques, his aunt, who had died at the age of 22, and of whom he had only seen the portrait.-Translated from the

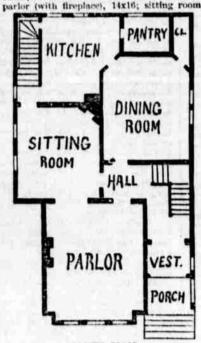
A \$2,500 HOUSE.

Plans and Elevation of an Attractive, Inexpensive Structure.

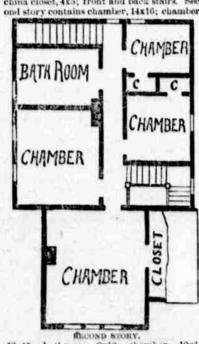
These designs are from the National Building Plan association's Artistic Homes, and the house is briefly described as follows:



Stone or brick foundation. Height of stories-first, 10 feet; second, 9 feet 6 inches; ceilar, 6 feet 6 inches. First story contains



GROUND FLOOR (with fireplace), 12x15; dining room, 13x15 feet 6 inches; kitchen, 10x12; pentry, 5x6 china closet, 4x5; front and back stairs. Sec



12x15; bathroom, 9x12; chamber, 10x11; chamber, \$x10; all chambers have closets. First story, clapboards; second story, shin

Estimated cost of building, \$2,500. A Dog Guards the Crossing. Passing along West Fourth street the other the ratiroad crossing, I saw an English setter rush in and take his stand by the track. When rush in and take his stand by the track. When the gate was down he rose on his haunches and, resting his front paws against the gate, he stood in that position until the train had passed. Turning his head he saw the last car go by, when he dropped on all fours and walked slowly away. I was told that it was his custom whenever he saw the gate being lowered to rush in and gnard the crossing, and that he would allow no one to get beneath the gate until the train had gone past. Why he does it I don't know, but he made a very noticeable and pretty picture as he stood there, guarding the gate.—Boston Advertiser. COZY NOOKS AND CORNERS.

Little Retrents Where One May Enjoy

Little Retreats Where One May Enjoy Quiet Moments.

Coginess in the decoration and arrangement of our homes, says Laura B. Starr in The Decorator and Furnisher, is the one condition we are all striving to attain at the present moment. No more the long, spacious parlors, no more the large chambers, and the larger sitting and living rooms. Everything must be "cozy and homey" now. To this end, as we cannot all rebuild our houses, we break the long spaces by the liberal use of screens and portieres, and make of vacant corners the most tempting, cozy nooks imaginable. aginable.

The idea is a pleasing one, and it is to be

The idea is a pleasing one, and it is to be boped that it will not prove a mere passing fancy. One of the simplest of these arrangements, and one which an ingenious woman may accomplish without help from the carpenter, consists of two large cushions stuffed with excelsior; they should be from a yard and a quarter to two yards square, and at least a foot and a half thick. They should be stuffed very full and hard; the bottom of the lower one should be covered with a piece of oilcloth to protect it from wear and tear. Blue denim may be used for covering, or any of olicloth to protect it from wear and tear. Blue denim may be used for covering, or any handsome upholstery goods that matches or harmonizes with the general tone of the room. When finished, they will fit into any cant corner, the special advantage of these being that they are easily moved about. Three or four down or feather pillows, covered with bright colored China silk, arranged against the wall will make a very comforta-

ered with bright colored China silk, arranged against the wall will make a very comfortable lounging place.

A canopy of long, hanging drapery may be arranged, if desired, but usually these are not covered, although a Japanese umbrella raised over one gives a good effect. These large cushions are especially useful in a chamber not provided with a lounge of some sort; many a tired body would be stretched out for a little rest during the day were it. out for a little rest during the day were it not for the trouble of taking off the shame and undressing the bed. In this cozy noo one may find rest without extra work. Still another way to bring about the sam

effect is to have a three cornered shelf built about a foot from the floor, put a full valance around this and a large cushion upon it, and the thing is finished. The space underpeath will be found useful for storing boots and shoes, etc.



A more pretentious corner though not so large, was arranged in a room which had a dado of Japanese matting. A triangular box about the height of an ordinary chair was made to fit and fastened there securely. The hinges should be put on the front, or the lid will not open well. The box made a convenient receptacle for newspapers, work bas ket, slippers, or any of the necessary debris of daily use, which is sometimes unsightly. A cushion was made to fit the top, and covered with furniture plush; a piece of the same was tacked on smoothly across the front. Another straight piece to the wall behind the sent to the height of the dado. Above this was stretched a piece of Chinese storm coat-plain matting will do as well-upon which was painted the follow

Oh, for a booke And a shady nooke Either in a doore or out.

On a line with the bottom of the frieze was a three cornered shelf; below this was a foot and a half of lattice made of reglet sticks. On a line with the lower edge of the lattice was stretched a small brass rod, from which hung soft silken curtains. On the shelf were jars of Mexican pottery and other large bricbrac that could stand the height. A small cket set in the corner, and here was placed a small lamp with rose colored shade which tempered the light to the tired eyes.

A square nook may be arranged by placing a curtain pole four foot long securely against a curtain pole four foot long securely against the wall, at right angles with it; a long brace is necessary for this. A Bagdad curtain of handsome piece of drapery is thrown over this and allowed to hang in careless folds. A permanent seat may be arranged like the one just described, but a very good one may be improvised by using one of the old fash ioned tete-a-tetes and adjusting half a dozen pillows thereon. This sort of a corner will be found very useful and tasteful for evening parties where only temporary arrangement are desired. A very jolly corner, seen in a New Yorl

studio, had a canopy of sailcloth, with fish net drapery. A dats, five or six feet square, was built in the corner. This was covered with plain drugget, with a handsome rug stretched



A COLY CORNER. through the center. Dozens of pillows and small cushions filled the space and made it look restful and repose-inviting. A solemn owl perched on the ridge pole and kept guard

over the unconscious sleeper.

A long, narrow room may be divided and improved in appearance by building a dais a foot high across one end and carpeting it like the floor. A low casel with picture, a work basket, small table, two or three large cush ions strewn about, will make this end of the room a favorite lounging place for the whole family.

The Nationalists. It was a very enthusiastic gathering that celebrated the anniversary in Bos-

ton the other day of the formation of the first Nationnlist club. The Nationalists are a body of theor-G. C. ists who are working hard to put into practice the ideas described so graphically

by Edward Bellamy in his now famous book, "Looking Back-ward." These GEORGE D. AYRES. ideas are really identical with the socialistic ideas promulgated by Laurence Gronland and already partially crystallized in the Kaweah colony, California, but they have gained headway much faster since the publication of Mr. Bellamy's book than they were before able to make. The president of the original Boston Nationalist club, George D. Ayres, of whom a portrait is given, was of course an important figure at the recent Boston celebration. A HOUSE IN STERLING, ILLS.

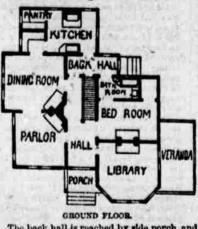
The rear extension of this house was the previous residence of its owner, containing but two rooms, and was put in the present position to answer the purpose of kitchen and pantries—the roof, etc., being entirely new to correspond with the new house.



The rooms on the first floor have all open fireplaces, each being provided with a neat ash mantel. The library is an excellent room, with good front and side views, and the veranda is reached in an easy manner by windows from this room, making it a pleasant retreat in hot weather.

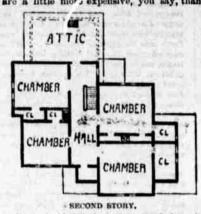
There is a variety of outline in the exterior of this house which cannot fall to give a picture-que and pleasing appearance to the whole. The chamber above library projects slightly beyond the face of the octagon bay, and the peculiar manner in which the sides are supported is odd, but gives the appearance of stability and firmness, the construction being perfectly sound.

The upper sashes are filled with stained glass, all round the sash being very small lights of different colored glass, and the center light has the figure of a flower in white on blue ground. This manner of treating windows must be seen to be appreciated, and no blinds are used except on the lower sash, and when the blinds are closed it gives a mellow tone to the light of the interio



The back hall is reached by side porch, and the bathroom is placed so that any one coming into the house can step into bathroom, and prepare the toilet before entering the main house; the second story rooms are full height, and there is a well lighted attic above. A laundry is provided in the cellar; also provision is made for the storage of fuel, te. Cost, \$2,500. There are no blinds on this house, and some

hold that outside blinds are neither useful nor ornamental. They are forever rattling on the outside and always in the way of curtains on the inside, and where we have multion windows, they must be kept closed or they are in the way; and if we use outside blinds, they are forever in the way of adding a bit of detail here and a hood or a balcony there, which would add greatly to the effe of the whole, Rolling Venetian blinds should be used; they slide up and down and are ou of the way, and will cover the whole or s part of the window, as required; but thes are a little mor, expensive, you say, than



ordinary inside blinds, but we can flud a sub stitute which is equally as good—we can make a shade of heavy cloth, to roll up by pulling a cord, or, better still, slide it with

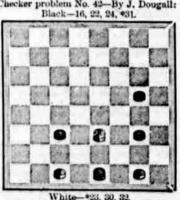
rings on a bar.

The shades should fit the window, and hang flat and straight, or nearly so. The ma-terial may be cheap and coarse, and offers an excellent opportunity for embroidery, where it would show to good advantage. Rich browns are the most available colors, which might be either coarse jute cloth or burlaps. Then there is an endless variety of materials which may be used, according to taste and depth of pocket.—Palliser's American Archi-

CHESS AND CHECKERS. Chess problem No. 42-a fine end game: Black-8 pieces



Checker problem No. 42-By J. Dougall: Black-16, 22, 24, •31.



Black to play and win.

Black to play and win.

Black.

SOLUTIONS.
Chess problem No. 41: White. 1..B to K R 6 x 1...K to Kt sq 2..B (on Kt 5) to Q B 4 x 2..Kt inter. 3.. B x Kt x 4...Q to K S mate. Checker problem No. 41: Black-6, 10, 17*, 18, 21, 22, 23. White-5*, 8, 16, 24, 29, 30, 22

1.. 6 to 9 1.. 5 to 7 2. .23 to 26 2.,30 to 14 3...17 to 28 and wins. Notes on House Building.

White.

A reception room may be the one room is the house which is always in order for receiving calls. The parlor has its outgrowth from the social life of the time, and its use in the larger entertainments which go there with. A reception from may be small; a parlor is essentially a large room.

A dining room should be a long room, say not less than 17 feet, and from 12 to 1814 feet

in width in moderate cost houses. Such a shape conforms to that of the table A grate fire is out of place in a dining room. It is always too warm on some one's back. If a grate be placed in the middle of the wall space, it limits the availability of

the vall.

Cellings are lower than in times past because of the rational spirit in modern building which has such high regard for utility. A high story is expensive to build, furnish and decorate, to say nothing of the warming of the house in winter. Stories from nine to ten feet in height are as common as those o'cleven and twelve of a few years ago.

There is no reason why the second story should be lower than the first story. If any difference it should be higher. The bedroom, are occupied constantly for a longer period than the other rooms of the house, and usually are not provided with the smeans of natural ventilation which belong to the rooms of the lower floor.

The kitchen pantry is the proper place in which to place the refrigerator. It should have a sinc drain to carry the drip water to the outside of the building, not to the sewer or drain, as is sometimes done. Such a connection may contaminate the contents of the refrigurator.

A Scarred Editor.

A scared Editor.

A rugged farmer staiked into the sanctum with a big whip under his arm.

"Be you the editor?" he asked. "I am," was the half apprehensive reply.
"Here's two dollars—send me your paper, for life," he said.
"You see," he went on, "our daughter was sick and liked to die; she drooped and grew weak and pale, had headaches, no appetite, back ached, feet and hands like lee, couldn't sieep, hacked with cough, and we thought she had consumption. No medicine helped her till we tried that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription mentioned in your paper, when she began to mend in no time and is now well and handsome as a rose—put me down as a life subscriber."

to mend in no time and is now well and nand-some as a rose—put me down as a life sub-scriber."

Now the editor is looking for another scare.

The medicine has cured scores afflicted as the farmer's daughter, restoring the female func-tions to healthy action, and removing the ob-siructions and suppressions which caused her trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or price (\$1.00) refunded.

F.84 w

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Jesse Middleton, Decatur, Ohlo, says: "Had
it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for
Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in
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miruge, and she passed 177 worms. Next morning on repetition of the dose she passed 113 more.

Japhet C. Allen, of Amboy, gave a dose of the genuine Dr. C. McIane's Celebrated Vermifuge to a child six years old, and it brought away 31 worms. He soon after gave another dose to the same child, which brought away 30 more, making 188 worms in about 12 hours.

Mrs. Quigby, No. 182 Essex 8t., New York, writes us that she had a child which had been unwell for better than two months. She procured a bottle of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge and administered it. The child passed a large quantity of worms, and in a few days was as hearty as ever it had been. Parents with such testimony before them should not heating when there is any reason to suspect worms, and lose no time in administering the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge. It never halls and is perfectly safe.

This is to certify that I was troubled with a tape worm for more than six months. I tried all the known remedies for this terrible affliction, but without being able to destroy it. I got a bottle of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros. Pittsburg, Pawhich I took according to directions; and the result was I discharged one large tape worm, measuring more than a yard, beddes a number of smail ones.

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