

Dr. William O'Meara, one of New York's new Coroners, stood the annoyance of his office just two days. He lost his time, his sleep, his patience and concluded the work was not worth \$5000 a year. He had eight deaths the first day and twelve the second.

Sport and slaughter are nowhere more synonymous terms than in Austria. During the last six seasons Prince Camillo shot with his own gun on his estates in Austria 1009 bucks and 529 does.

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its vaults whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund—we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *wholesome* flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced below a healthy standard. What is required is an increase in our *own* strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

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WORLD'S FAIR
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS THE
FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL
WEAK CONDITIONS, DIGESTIVE ORGANS
FOR
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and
AGED PERSONS
THE SAFEST FOOD IN
THE SICK ROOM FOR
INVALIDS
AND CONVALESCENTS.
PURE DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
FOOD
OF NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS
CHILDREN
THE
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS SOLD BY
DRUGGISTS.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

LINENS
The "LINENS" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides lined with soft and being very fine, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name and address.
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A man and boy can make from 40 to 50 rods a day. Over 60 different styles.
KITZELMAN BROS.,
Ridgely, Ind.

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HOLLIS BERRY
Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which holds the rupture larger or smaller to suit changing conditions.
HOLLIS BERRY, 1115 E. 11th St., S. D. City.
Patented. Sold by G. V. House Mfg. Co., 244 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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One-third more butter and of higher quality than by other known systems.
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Saves from 1 to 1,000 Cows. Pamphlet Mailed Free. Agents Wanted.
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Treated free, with Vegetables.
Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Have cured in ten days at least two-thirds of all cases are removed.
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DR. J. M. GREEN'S TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail.
PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successful Prospects of Claims. (Law Principles) Pension Bureau. (Legal) Pension Bureau. (Practical) Pension Bureau.

THE FOUR WINDS.

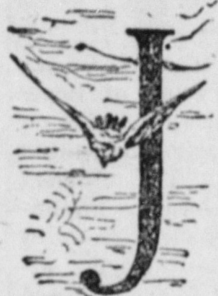
The wind of the West
I love it best;
The wind of the East
I love it least.
The wind of the South
Has sweet in its mouth;
The wind of the North
Sends great storms forth.

Taken together, all sorts of weather,
The four old fellows are sure to bring
Hurry and flurry, rush and soury,
Sighing and dying, and fitting and flying
Through summer and autumn, and winter
and spring.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Young People.

THE CRIME OF JANE.

BY EVELYN THORP.



JANE caught her breath; then she was fired with such a resolve as never before had possessed her. She was out of the room, up the stairs and in the shabby, picturesque old bedroom of faded chintz that she shared with her sister, before her quick heart could take twenty beats. There she paused and she spread open the note that she held. Let her read it once more—carefully—and make no mistake. Yes, Mrs. Demayn said distinctly that she could not be at the hunt ball that night owing to dear Eddie's croup. But she would send the carriage and sweet Elinor must be sure to go, all the same, as Mrs. Demayn and the other patronesses had been apprised of her coming and no other introduction would be necessary.

She flung upon the bed lay the gown, a soft fluff of yellow, a cloud of chiffon and ribbons, which Elinor was to have worn, and Elinor was several miles away by this time, hurrying with poor, bewildered Mrs. Voss to the bedside of old Miss Voss, her aunt and godmother, who had doted on the girl's dark, cameo-like beauty all her life, petted and bullied her in turn and announced her intention of leaving her at her death all that she owned. And she was dying now. The telegram had come almost simultaneously with Mrs. Aspinwall's note. There had been an hour of untold confusion, drenched with tears of terrible disappointment—why not acknowledge it?—from the eyes of Elinor, that the life of the hunt ball—the hunt ball which was to have introduced the beautiful but obscure Miss Voss at last; to "society"—had been relinquished, and Elinor and her mother had driven in the dilapidated one-horse Voss buggy to the station, leaving Jane in sole possession of the old house.

And now Jane—who was the youngest and had always been called plain and turbulent, and who had ever been an irritating enigma to her weak, vain mother and her lovely sister, the beauty of the family—stood in the gathering dusk of the dingy country house with thoughts flaming and unhalloved in her brain. Elinor had all ways had everything—everything! She had the loveliness and accomplishments and such pretty clothes as could be afforded, and the friendship respect of society people who would "laugh" her and lead in time to a brilliant marriage for her. And what had Jane? Nothing! Why, indeed, should any effort have been made for her? For her, with her touzled mane of ungovernable tawny hair, her green eyes, her mouth that was too large, her nose that was too short? She had grown up almost in isolation, and happiness was not for her.

She knew that. And yet, how would it taste once—just once—to be like Elinor? To be pretty and admired and loved of men?

Oh, loved of men! Jane was nineteen, and no man save the country doctor and the country clergyman had ever crossed her path.

The hunt ball had fallen on a night of full moon, and one whose breath was unprecedently, unaccountably balmy, and warm as that of a night in May.

As the cotton went on, figure after figure, the long windows had been opened, and, couples, straying from the dance, wandered under the Chinese lanterns, and amid the plants of the encircling piazzas. Asketh leaned in a doorway and looked at the maze within and breathed heavily. Impossible! Impossible! And yet he could have sworn that that which had not happened for years had happened to him to-night. That which had not happened for years! Bah! Nothing like this had ever happened before in his life; a life of thirty-five years. He could have believed that he had been dragged; had drunk a philter. In his veins was an ardor that was that of a wild boy, but in his brain and heart were voices that no boy's heart or brain could have harbored. That absurd thing that people still persisted in writing and talking about, the flash of divine fire, exalting and consuming at once, had struck him to-night, or else he was going mad or some fever was upon him, and to-morrow he should be in his bed with a trained nurse at his pillow.

He laughed at these things in wardly to cheat himself, even while his eyes followed ceaselessly the girlish figure in the yellow gown—followed the girl with the mass of tawny hair and the green-gray eyes. He caught a few chance phrases about her now and then. Some man had asked her name of Mrs. Demayn. "Oh, a great protegee of Mrs. Aspinwall. She was to have chaperoned

her here to-night; but one of her children was ill, so Miss Voss came alone. Extraordinary looking girl, is she not? I never saw any one quite like her. I was almost certain that Mrs. Aspinwall said that she was a great beauty." "So she is," said the man. "H'm—do you think so?" Mrs. Demayn coughed a little. "I thought, too, that I had heard that she was dark. But evidently that was a mistake."

"Evidently." Asketh had a movement of intolerable impatience. What time of the night was it? The moon was not yet set, though it was setting; and the hunt-ball guests had come at 9 o'clock. So few hours since he had first seen this girl? Why, he felt as if he had known her ages, as if they had talked together of all things under heaven and in earth. That men should stare at her as Mrs. Demayn's interlocutor was now doing, that these worldly women should have, in speaking of her, the tone of patronizing condescension adopted by that lady, was something not to be borne.

He pushed forward through the dancers. The last figure had spun its motley whirl through the ballroom. One more waltz, and as Paul confronted Miss Voss's partner, about to relinquish her, he offered his arm without a word. Without a word she took it.

He led her to the piazza, then he said: "Get something for your head and shoulders—a wrap."

"I am going home now," she replied. But a moment later she issued from the cloak-room, shawled and hooded, and when again he offered his arm, she took it without protest.

"Where are you taking me?" she said in a loud voice. "On the lawn? Sea, the people are going, and the moon is almost set."

But there was no real concern in her tones. She walked on with him carelessly, as if they two had been alone in the world.

"You do not mind? Surely, you do not mind," he murmured, deserted by his usual fluent readiness with women, only conscious of her nearness, of the touch of her bare hand on his sleeve, and all his pulses throbbing.

"You seem so unlike other girls, somehow."

She stopped, and by a quick movement took off her outer glove. She raised both arms, that gleamed palely in the waning moonrays, shaking back from them her enveloping wraps. She breathed deeply, twice, three times.

"No, I do not mind," she said, in the same tone. "And, it is true, I am not like other girls. I never have been, never. Ah, how glorious it is to dance, to live, to enjoy, to feel, as I have to-night, and as other girls do so often—so often! I mind nothing to-night. Time enough for me to will not think of it now. Let me be happy just a few minutes more—just a few minutes! It will end soon—soon—soon—"

The stately form of Mrs. Demayn, flanked by two footmen, was visible on the piazza behind them in the glare that streamed from the now deserted ball room.

"Ah! it has ended now!" breathed the girl, and she turned toward the house.

"I was looking for you, Miss Voss," remarked Mrs. Demayn icily, and the glance she gave Asketh was almost as withering as that which she bestowed on the girl.

"Yes, I know; I'm going now. Don't mind my being the last one. It won't matter to-morrow."

"Is that girl mad?" excitedly queried Mrs. Demayn of her husband an hour later in the privacy of their own apartment. "Did ever you hear of such amazing conduct? And the way in which Paul Asketh flirted with her all the evening was disgraceful—disgraceful. What can Lucy Aspinwall be thinking of to take up such people? She told me that this Miss Voss was very sweet and quiet and modest and ladylike. Heaven knows where she sees such qualities in her! I thought her prodigiously bad form lingering out there, when everyone had gone, alone with Asketh, whom she had never seen in her life before to-night! That is what comes of picking up persons not in society. The girl is a savage."

"A mighty handsome one, then, and one not too slow to have obviously emmeshed the best parti in town," said her lord and master, but he said it to himself, having acquired wisdom in twenty years of matrimony.

"You said two nights ago that you were not like other girls! You need not have told me. To me you are like no one on earth. I am coming to your home to tell you this and other things. If I hear nothing from you I shall know that I have your permission."

The note was signed Paul Asketh. Jane had received it, and three hours later Mrs. Voss and Elinor had returned from the bedside of old Miss Voss, who this time had concluded, after all, that she would not die.

In the course of the afternoon a card was brought to Elinor. She was unpacking her satchel in the room with her mother, and at sight of the name she flushed a vivid crimson.

Paul Asketh! She had not for some months known Mrs. Aspinwall, and some of Mrs. Aspinwall's friends, without being intensely conscious of what that name represented. Why, here was the man whom she had burned to meet, whom she had hoped to see at the hunt ball, because of whom her disappointment at her inability to attend that function had been keenest! How had he happened to come there that day? Excited anticipation ran riot in Elinor's charming head while she put an improving touch to gown and hair, aided by the fluttering fingers of poor Mrs.

Voss, a-tremble with eager matrimonial hopes for her idol. Asketh rose slowly at the young lady's entrance. "Miss Voss?" "I am Miss Voss?" "Miss Elinor Voss?" "I am Elinor Voss." "Ah—a thousand pardons! I fear that there is some mistake. You have a cousin, a sister, perhaps." "A sister," murmured Elinor, bewildered.

"Ah!—whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the hunt ball—"

"The hunt ball! Impossible!" She turned as the door was flung open. Asketh stood transfixed. It was Jane. It was the girl who had wowed him in inextricable coils, and yet it wasn't? The marvelous mass of tawny hair was drawn straightly back; the strange, wonderful life had gone out of her green-gray eyes; the noble, alluring curves had left the lips closed tightly, and almost as pale as the cheeks.

"Not impossible. Elinor. I was at the hunt ball, and Mr. Asketh met me there. I wore your gown and I played the part of the beautiful sister—for once, I deceived everybody—the patronesses, who were expecting you, all those great ladies and the club men and all. And I deceived Mr. Asketh. Don't look at me as if I were mad, Elinor. Perhaps I seem to be, but I really don't think that I am."

Her eyes turned to Asketh. "You see how plain I am. You took me to be pretty the other night. It was the nice dress and the excitement and the determination that was in me to feel once as Elinor feels every day. She is lovely as you can see, too. She is sweet and good also. But I am altogether horrid. If you ever thought that I was nice you will think differently now. I am criminal, for isn't it criminal to lie and misrepresent and deceive people? And that's what I have done. And I am criminal in another way. For I was envious of Elinor, who is so lovely and has always been made much of, because she was good and deserved it. But I deserved nothing. Oh, I am quite bad. Forget me, please." And she went, stonily from the room, before speech returned to the other two.

A scandal? There never had been a greater in that part of the country, given over to the "hunting set." Mrs. Demayn blamed Mrs. Aspinwall for taking "up any such people as the Vosses" at all. It had, she said, all come from that Mrs. Voss, on the other side, was ill in her bed with mortification and Elinor pale with chagrin. Mrs. Aspinwall, irritated, turned upon Asketh.

"Why did you flirt with that unlucky younger sister, anyway? Not but that I have changed my opinion of her looks within the last day or two. Some new life seems to have come into her. She has great possibilities, if only she and her mother and sister would give them a chance. They say that she was beautiful at the ball. Perhaps the ugly duckling will outshine the white swan of the family yet."

Asketh made no immediate reply. Then— "You ask me why I flirted with her? I did not flirt. It was dead earnest."

Mrs. Aspinwall stared. "Not really? Good heavens!"

"Really. As earnest as anything on this earth will ever be for me."

"You will forgive that chit's maquerading. I think it showed horrible duplicity."

"I judge more leniently." He laughed. "Yes, I forgive it, because I understand it. I am going there to-day. And I may as well tell you, I shall ask her to marry me."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Aspinwall again.

He kept his word. Three days later Mrs. Aspinwall met the criminal face to face in one of the country lanes. She was driving and leaned far out of her carriage. Asketh and Jane were walking.

"Call that girl an ugly duckling!" exclaimed the lady to herself. "Well! well. See what love and happiness can do! Elinor, poor child, will never hold a candle to her. I prophesy that Mrs. Paul Asketh will be in time the greatest beauty in town. So much for the crime of Jane."—New York Mercury.

Amusing Form of Misspelling.
In the Contributors' Club, in the Atlantic Monthly, a writer speaks of a form of misspelling to which most of us are occasionally subject—the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking.

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend towards the village postoffice of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said, in her peculiarly gracious, snave manner. "Are you straying out for your mole?"

The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity, she gasped, "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was strolling out for her mail?"

The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend. "Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property and home at one swell foop!" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.

A Merchant's Decline.
He started a six-story store. Then dropped to five and then to four; could scarce believe his eyes. And now he has a store no more. He peddles goods from door to door. He didn't advertise. —Boston Courier.

A Roadless Empire.

As might be expected, the roads in Southern China are not remarkable for their excellence. In a town the streets is seldom wider than from five to fifteen feet. Between great cities there runs what is called a "great road," kept in moderate repair and sometimes exceeding eight feet in width. Half a day's journey from Amoy lies the "great road" that runs almost straight from Peking to Canton. The peculiarity of it consists in no consecutive thirty yards being of the same description. One part is composed of loose shingle, another is paved, here it mounts on the top of a mudbank, there it descends into a narrow ditch. The farmer plows up the highway to increase the size of his field, or he will take into his head to construct a pond for irrigation purposes where the road used to be.

South of the Yang-ste-Kiang a wheeled vehicle is out of place. In the North the roads are better, and among a variety of methods of traveling the wheelbarrow plays a great part as a means of locomotion. The labor of propulsion is assisted by hoisting a sail when the wind is favorable, and on ordinary occasions by attaching a mule in front. There is no more ludicrous sight than that of a pompous Chinese gentleman bumping along, his round cheeks quivering like a jelly, while a perspiring coolie pushes the shafts behind, and endeavors to keep the wheelbarrow balanced. The springless one-horse cart, which has to encounter roads of the roughest kind, makes no provision for bodily comfort. It is staked on good authority that the servant of a British Ambassador actually got concussion of the brain from lying down when ill in the body of a cart of this kind.

The writer had a somewhat similar experience when riding on a mail cart over a corduroy road in British Columbia. Being sleepy, he left the spring seat, fixed in front and holding three persons, and lay down behind. It was impossible to stay there long. Bumping over the round tree trunks of considerable diameter, which formed the pavement, the hard, wooden cart seemed to rise up and smite every portion of his body. A rougher system of making a road can scarcely be imagined.

Not less remarkable than the wheelbarrow was the method employed in Nepal in the time of Tavernier, the traveler, and prevailing in some out-of-the-way places still, of carrying passengers up and down mountain tracks. The women of the country offer themselves as porters. On their shoulders they wear a strap, to which a large cushion is attached, where the traveler seats himself. It takes three women, relieving one another from time to time, to carry a man in this tough district.—London Standard.

The Modern Baby.
It seems that the dense, round-eyed baby, content with its thumb in its mouth, has given place to the highly-organized, nervous, emotional, end-of-the-century infant. The stamp of the epoch is nowhere more distinct than on the baby. The first sign of this difference is in its cry. This translated is not the healthy, open-mouthed yell of pain, or reasonable anger, accompanied by fists doubled, uncertain of aim, which are the natural expressions of an infant's feelings. Distinctly heard in the cry of the baby of to-day is a vague, uncertain note which may be variously interpreted by "it doesn't know what it wants," or as an inarticulate yearning, the cry of the unsatisfied soul, rather than of the unsatisfied body. Such is the plain digest from a monograph recently read before the French Academy of Medicine on "Hysteria in Babies." Parents who are called up nights to heat bottles of milk and make catnip tea should know that the cry of babies is neither hunger nor colic, but hysteria. This peculiar cry, so unnatural to our ears is accompanied by tremors, rolling of the body and other symptoms of hysteria. Here the learned doctor leaves off. He gives no remedy in a situation where bread pills would be of no avail and a dash of cold water too heroic.—New York Advertiser.

A Portable Telephone.
The Cincinnati fire department is making arrangements to add a portable telephone outfit to every fire engine, and it believes the scheme will vastly increase the efficiency of the department. The plan is very simple. When the engine arrives at the fire one of the firemen will connect the telephone outfit, which only weighs a pound, with the fire alarm line. In this way immediate reports of the fire can be sent to headquarters, additional engines ordered where the occasion does not justify calling out an entire relay of apparatus and thus uncovering additional territory. The use of the telephone will transfer the active management of the whole fire department to the scene of the fire at which the department is at work.—Chicago Herald.

Justice Lawrence, sitting in Supreme Court Chambers, yesterday, was asked to pass the accounts of the late William T. Lawrence, the Judge's brother, as receiver. The Justice, after hearing the application, denied the motion, adding:

"My brother John was a practicing attorney in these courts for years, and in the twenty-one years that I have been on the bench I never appointed him a receiver or referee. I do not propose to issue an order, therefore, to pass the accounts of another brother. Make the application before another Judge, and he will probably grant it."—New York Times.

Scotland's Roman Catholic churches have 352,000 members.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Birmingham, N. Y.

Java is the Malay word for land of meetings.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and so constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from two drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Not an Experiment.
The use of Ripans Tablets for headaches, dyspepsia and other stomach disorders is not an experiment but an assured success. They will do all that we say they will.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle for 25c.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, etc. etc. 50c. A bottle.

Acorns, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Would Not Pass a Brother's Accounts.

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