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to the king than this:

king kindly: then, all at once, out of his hurt vanity and narrow self-will.

he added petulantly: "When he hath paid for the patent of his knighthood, then will we welcome him to us, and

Next day when Enderby entered the great iron gates of the grounds

of Enderby House the bell was ringing

with a fine tower in the center, and two

wings ran back, forming the courtyard,

which would have been entirely in-closed had the stables moved up to

omplete the square. When Enderby came out into the

broad sweep of grass and lawn, flanked on either side by commendable trees, the sun shining brightly, the rooks fly-

ing overhead, and the smell of ripe sum-

mer in the air, he drew up his horse and sat looking before him. "To lose it!" he said, and

a frown gathered upon his forchead. Even as he looked, the figure of a girl

appeared in the great doorway. Catch-ing sight of the horseman, she clapped her hands and waved them delightedly.

Enderby's face cleared, as the sun reaks through a mass of clouds and

lightens all the landscape. The slum-

brous eyes glowed, the square hea came up. In five minutes he had dis

mounted at the great stone steps and was clasping his daughter in his arms. "Felicity, my dear daughter!" he

She threw back her head with a gay-ety which bespoke the bubbling laugh-

"Booh! to thy solemn voice. Oh, hou great bear, dost thou love me

vith tears in thine eyes?" She took his hand and drew him in-

ide the house, where, laying aside his at and gloves and sword, they passed

hat and gloves and sword, they passed into the great library.

"Come, now, tell me all of the places thou hase been to," she said, perching herself on his armchair.

He told her and she counted them off be by one upon her fingers.
"That is ninety miles of travel thou

hast had. What is the most pleasing thing thou hast seen?"

"It was in Stickford by the Fen," he

this world. Ah, Dick, thou hast never been married.' 'Why, do you fear your wife?' asked Dick. 'Aw've been robbed

of ma horse and saddle and twelve skeins o'wool. Aw'm lost, aw'm ruined

and shall raise ma head nevermore. To ma wife aw shall ne'er return.' 'Tut

tut, man,' said Dick, 'get back to your

tut, man, said Dick, get back to your wife. You are master of your own house, you rule the roost. What is a wife? A wife a woman. You are a man. You are bigger and stronger.

Why, man, fear you the wife of your bosom?' The old man raised his head

"THE KING! THE KING!"

and said: 'The doost not know ma wife

or tha wouldst not speak like that. At that Dick laughed and said: 'Fellow

do pity thee;' and taking the old mar

own horse and took him to the vil-

lage fair, and there bought him twelve skeins of wool and sent him on his way

rejoicing, with a horse worth twenty

do say a happler and braver heart never wore the king's uniform."

'Indeed I should like to know that Sir Richard Mowbray. And, tell me now, who is the greatest person thou

hast seen in thy absence?"
"I saw the king—at Boston town."

"The king! The king!" Her eyes lightened, her hands clapped merrily. "What did he say to thee? Now, now,

there is that lark light in thine eyes again. I will not have it so!" With her thumbs she daintily drew down the

the shoulders, he lifted him on his

lads were making sport of him,

said, tenderly and gravely

in her heart, and said:

The house was long and lov

make him baron of Enderby.

John Enderby, a 'squire of Lincolnshire, is offered a knighthood by King Charles the First, while the latter is in Hostos on business. Enderby refuses the honor, on the ground that he cannot noffrd to pay the fee contingent to its acceptance. The king is very angry, as the fee is the main thing involved, and is encouraged in his displeasure by Lord Rippingdale, an old-nuty of Enderby's. Enderby persists in his refusal, and the king thereupon confiscates his estate. On the way home Enderby is warned by a stilk-walker of the fens to keep away from the king that night.

John," my lord added, half graciously, half sattrically—for the honest truth of this man's nature vexed him. "The king will thank you."

John Enderby wants no reward for being a loyal subject, my lord," answered Enderby with another glance at the king, in which he knew that his majest was recovered, he took off his hat, bowed, and, mounting his horse, rode away without a word.

At Sutterby the gentlemen received gracious thanks of the king who had significant.

PART II.

Suddenly the man's words began to Suddenly the man's words began to repeat themselves in Enderby's head; "Tonight the king sleens at Sutterby on the Wolds, 'Tis well for thee that doost not bide wi' his majesty," Presently a dozen vague ideas began to take form. The man had come to warn him not to join the king at Sutterby. There was some plot against Charies! These still-walkers were tools in the hands of the king's foes, who were received and the still-walkers were tools were tools in the hands of the king's foes, who were received as the still-walkers were tools in the hands of the king's foes, who were received to the still-walkers. growing more powerful every day. He would sleep tonight, not at Spilsby, but at Sutterby! He was a loyal subject harm that he could prevent should

come to the king. Before you come to Sutterby on The Before you come to Sutterby on the Wolds, as you travel north to the fenland, there is a combe through which the highway passes, and a stream which has on one side many rocks and boulders, and on the other a sort of hedge of trees and shrubs. It was here that the enemies of the king, that is, some still walkers, with two dishonorable gentlemen who had suffered from the king's oppressions, placed themselves to way. oppressions, placed themselves to way-lay his majecty. Lord Rippingdale had published it abroad that the king's route was towards Horneastle, but at Stickney by the fens the royal party separated, most of the company pass-ing on to Horneastle, while Charles, Lord Rippingdåle and two other cav aliers proceeded on a secret visit to a

gentleman at Louth. It was dark when the king and his company came to the combe. Lord Rippingdale suggested to his analysty that one of the gentlemen should ride ahead to goard against surprise or ambush, but the king laughed, and said that his shire of Lincoln bred no brigands, and he rode on. He was in the



LORD RIPPINGDALE WAS AT ONCE BESIDE HIM * * FIGHTING GALLANTLY.

coach with a gentleman beside him, and Lord Rippingdale rode upon the right. Almost as the hoofs of the leaders Almost as the hoofs of the leader plunged into the stream there came th whinny of a horse from among the boulders. Alarmed, the coachman whipped up his team and Lord Rip-pingdale clapped his hand upon his

Even as he did it two men sprang out from among the rocks, seized the horses' heads, and a dozen others swarmed round, all masked and armed, and called upon the king's party to surrender, and to deliver up their valuables. One ruffian made to seize the bridle of Lord Rippingdale's horse, but my lord's sword came down and severed the fellow's hand at the wrist. "Villain:" he shouted, "do you know whom you attack?"

whom you attack?"
For answer, shots rang out; and as
the kirg's gentlemen gathered close to
the korg's gentlemen gathered close to
the coach to defend him, the king himthe coach to defend him the coach to self opened the door and stepped out. As he did so a stilt struck him on the hend. Its owner had aimed it at Lord Rippingdale; but as my lord's horse plunged, it missed him, and struck the og fair upon the crown of the head. swayed, groaned and fell back into the open door of the coach. Lord Rippingdale was at once beside him, swore drawn, and fighting gallantly "Scoundrels!" he cried, "will you kill

We will have the money which the king carries," cried one of his assail-ants. "The price of three knighthoods and the taxes of two shires we will

One of the king's gentlemen had fallen, and another was wounded. Lord Rippingdale was hard pressed, but in what seemed the last extremity of the king and his party there came a shout from the other side of the stream: "God save the king! For the king! For the king!"

A dozen horsemen splashed their way across the stream, and with swords and pistols drove through the king's as sailants and surrounded his coach. ruffians made an attempt to rally and resist the onset, but presently broke and ran, pursued by a half-dozen of his majesty's defenders. Five of the assailants were killed and several were

As Lord Rippingdale turned to Charles to raise him, the coach-door was opened upon the other side, a light was thrust in, and over the unconscious body of the king my lord recognized

John Enderby,
"His majesty"—began John Enderby,
"His majesty is better," replied Lord
Rippingdale, as the king's eyes half
opened. "You lead these gentlemen" This should bring you a barony, Sir



arm shampoo with Cuticura Soap tment), the great Skin Cure, clear the ruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stim-ulate-the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp. throughout the world. Porren Dave a Cana

le Was Not Going to Be Beaten by Any body Getting Ahead of Him in Style. From the Chicago News. Justice Underwood this mornin brought a mysterious-looking bundle

into the Armery court and hid himself from view in a side room for severa minutes. When he emerged he closely resembled one of those large, superabundant moths which flit around a gasiight on a summer evening.
On each arm was a huge blue polkadotted, widely-expanded sleeve, as big

jibboom of the Defender, and containing as much air as the fire balloon at the siege of Vicksburg. With these gigantic appendages on his arms his honor floated to his chair, everybody "Excuse me, your honor, but what een here delivered from the first act of violence made against him in his

"Excuse me, your none, are those?" asked Lawyer Lucas, are those?" asked Lawyer Lucas, "Why. Of the part which Enderby had played Lord Rippingdale said no more "Sir John Enderby was of these gen-tlemen who saved your majesty's life. that the little ginghams that I had been to keep the ink off my clothes Might it not seem to your majesty body beat me out on the fashions."

And his honor called time on the first "Was he of them?" interrupted the

(To be continued.)

IUSTICE'S BALLOON SLEEVES.

case, which was that of a tramp who senator could wish for. ad been sleeping on the lake front. The tramp took one look at his honagain all day.

FRUIT AS MEDICINE.

One of the Pleasantest and Most Healthful Adjuncts to the Table. From the Popular Science Monthly.

Why for ages have people caten apple sauce with their roast goose and suck-ing pig? Simply because the acids and pectones in the fruit assist in digesting the fats so abundant in this kind of food. For the same reason at the end of a heavy dinner we eat our cooked fruits, and when we want their digestve action even more developed we them after dinner in their natural, uncooked state as dessert. In the pas today science tells them why they did it, and this same science tells us that fruit should be eaten as an aid to digestion of other foods much more than it is now. Cultivated fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, grapes etc., contain on analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients which are about 1 per cent, of malic and other acids, and 1 per cent, of flesh-forming albuminoids, with over 80 per

cent, of water. Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach upon the food, which is greatly aided by the acids of the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids and the bile from the liver. Now, the acids and pectones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach. Only lately even royalty has been taking lemon juice in tea instead of sugar, and lemon juice has been pre-scribed largely by physicians to help weak digestion, simply because these acids exist very abundantly in the

SLAVE NOW EMPRESS.

The Dowger Empress of China When Girl Was Sold to a Famons General. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

answered, after a perplexed pause.
"There was an old man upon the road-There is no more dramatic story in side with his head bowed in his hands. the world of fiction than that of the Dowager Empress of China. She was the child of poor peasants living in the suburbs of Canton, and was remarkable for her beauty and intelligence. away, then going to the old man, he said: 'Friend, what is thy trouble?' her parents were actually starving she proposed that they should sell her for a slave. This course was followed, and she became the property of a famous The old man raised his melancholy face and answered: 'Aw'm afeared, sir.' What fear you?' inquired the young general, who was so delighted with her beauty and wit that he adopted her as What lear you, inquired the young gentleman. 'I fear ma wife, sir,' replied the old man. At that the other cavalier sat back in his saddle and guffawed merrily. 'Well, Dick,' said he his daughter. ruffawed merrily. 'Well, Dick,' said he to his friend, 'that is the worst fear in

At Pekin she came under the emper-or's notice, and his majesty made the former slave his wife. So highly did he value her intelligence that at his death he left her regent of the empire, and she is accredited with administering the affairs of state better than almost any her predecessors. Her views in regard to the mission question in China are most sensible. Her majesty thinks that if the missionaries would interpret the teachings of Confucius in accordance with Christian principles they would have great success among the people. But to tell the Chinese that everything they have heretofore believed is all wrong results in Confucian worse con-

POE'S PARODY.

A parody on "The Raven"—the parody written by Edgar Allen Poe himself—has just been discovered in a collection of Poe manuscripts. It is owned by a Boston genteman, and its authenticity is unquestioned. It is printed for the first time!

Leave us not so dark, uncertain! lift

Doth his shade thy floor still darken?-Doth his shade thy floor still darken?—
dost thou still despairing hearken
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the
oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting? Does he
give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting when he answers "Nevermore?"
Tell me truly, I implore?

Knows he not the littlenesses that poor human nature presses? Knows he never need of slumber fainting Stoops he not to eating-drinking? Is he never caught in Winking When his demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?

Tell me this, if nothing more! Is he, after all, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil?"

Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friends' meaning bore?

When thy sad tones were revealing all the loneness o'er thee staaling.

Did he not, with fellow deeling, vow to

times his own."

With her chin in her hands the girl leave thee nevermore? Keeps he not that outh he swore? had listened intently to the story. When it was finished she said: He, too, may be vainly praying--vainly What didst thou say was the gen-He, too, may be vainly praying-vainly earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate beloved yet lost for evermore.
He hath donned a suit of mourning, and all earthly comforts scorning.
Broods alone from night till morning. By the memories of Lenore.
Oh, renounce him nevermore! tleman's name?"
"His friend called him Dock. He is a poor knight, one Sir Richard Mowbray. of Lelcester, called at court and else-where Happy Dick Mowbray, for they

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another!

Ah, perhps the world has scorned him for tht luckles hue he wore

No such narrow prejudices, can he know

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he Not a bird of evil presage, happily he some message

From that much-mourned matchless maiden-from that loved and lost Lenore. In a piligrim's garb disguised, angels are but seldom prized.

Of this fact at length advised, were it strange if he foreswore.

The false world for evermore?

STORIES ABOUT STATESME

"Thou art young, but day by day thy wisdom grows, and I can trust thee. It is better thou shouldst know from my own lips the peril this knighthood brings, than that trouble should suddenly fall and thou be unprepared."

Drawing her closely to him he told her the story of his meeting with the king; of Lord Rippingdale; of the king's threat to levy upon his estates and to issue a writ of outlawry against him.

(To be continued.) Humorous Incidents in the Careers of Pamous Men.

VEST AND A BOARDING HOUSE

Reasons Which Finally Impelled Illu to Seek Quarters New - Stewart and the Prince-Senator Teller's Prayer-One on Jesse James.

"When I first came to Washington," said Senator Vest, "I was entirely unacquainted and didn't even know my way about the city. About all I did know in Washington was Joe Black-burn, of Kentucky. I felt that I might rely on Blackburn and the first day I was there I hunted up the Ken-tucky senator and placed myself in his hands as a sacred trust to find me a

boarding house "'Why certainly,' said Blackburn his honor floated to his chair, everybody come right along with me to my board-getting out of his way to avoid any ing house. It's a splendid place and chance of mashing the wondrous near at hand, too, Right here on F

"Well, Blackburn and I didn't go to are those?" asked Lawyer Lucas.
"Those?" responded his honor. "Why. the boarding house right off. In fact, we didn't get around to the caravanthose are sleeves. I read in yesterday's sarie in question until about 10 o'clock papers that large sleeves were to be at night. It was dark and I had no op the rule this winter, and I saw at once pertunity to study the outward evi dences of my proposed home. All I knew was that Blackburn lived there, wouldn't de. I'm not going to let any- and that convinced me that it must be elegant and sumptuous and every-thing else that a gentleman and s

"Come right in, said Blackburn, 'you'll feel in a week as if you were in or's get-up, and then asked if this was your own home.'
the new woman or the bearded lady. 'Then he led me up a pair of stairs'
The court fined him \$25, and didn't smile and I saw that whatever the boarding house was, it at least was in a stor

> "The next morning I arose and after paying the landlady for a month in advance I walked out on the street. I found with some accession of gloom that the lower floor, that, is the store floor of the block, was an undertaking establishment, and that right under me for my room was on the second floor was as elegant an assortment of cof-

fins as any dead man could ask. "That night when I was alone in my room I got to thinking of those coffins under me and every night after that while I stayed my mind would revert to the undertaking business down in the room below, and I must admit that my reflections in no wise bright

ened the joys of our boarding house "The undertaking business didn't serve to depress Blackburn-coffins had no terrors for him, and he didn't care any more about a corpse than he did about a cold. But mine was a different case. Those coffins preyed on me I felt lonesome and homesick enough without them, and at the end of tw weeks I had fully made up my mind to get out at the end of my month and hunt a new place for myself. I was getting the worst of the boarding house, anyhow: Blackburn was get ting fat and I was getting the bone right along.

It was on Sunday night at the end of my second week and I was sitting alone in my room, folorn and sorrow-ful, and brooding over that stock of burial cases just under my feet, when in came a young friend of mine from Missouri. He had been in Washington several years, however, and work-ed in one of the departments. He was a light, easy talker, and had begun to cheer me up a little, when he suddenly looked about the room with a birdlike air and remarked:

Your room here is very familiar to me, senator. I used to be up here quite often.' 'How was that?' I asked

"'Why,' went on my this room used to belong to Jones You knew Jones-young Jones of Se-dalia-used to work here in the war department. Committed suicide, and all Yes indeed, committed suicide right here in this very room." My interesting young friend gabbled

"Certainly, I came up here one night and lights were burning; the door was ajar, but no one answered when I rapped. After rapping a while I pushed along in. Here was Jones hanging by the neck to that chandeller. Yes indeed, cold dead. We cut him down. I remember the incident clearly, and how his head rested on that figure on

"It was at this point I interrupted him. I told him I had business to transact with my landlady. I called that good woman, and simply told her that she might send my trunk the next day to an address I would mail her. As for myself, I would change my boarding house that night, and I did. To live over a coffin factory, and in the actual room of a suicide, was more than my nerve could bear."

STEWART AND THE PRINCE. "Governor Stewart." said Representative Hatch, one day toward the close of last session, "was, when I was a boy, one of the greatest characters in Missouri. He was the brightest and best of the political talkers of the day. Leave us not so dark, uncertain! lift again the fallen curtain!

Let us ome again the mysteries of that haunted room explore!

Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visitor (sic) nocturnal.

Earnesdy we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore.

Oh, then, tell us something more!

best of the political talkers of the day, and on the stump nobody was a match for Stewart. He was governor of the state when the prince of Wales, as a boy, visited this country, and there is a story often told of how Stewart at the reception in St. Louis given in honor of the Prince of Wales, became exuberantthe Prince of Wales, became exuberantly happy. In those days everybody drank, and so far from being any exception. Governor Stewart rather emphasized the rule. They had gotten up a grand ball in St. Louis in honor of the prince, and Governor Stewart at-

tended to add grace and glory to the occasion. The opening of the festivities found Stewart and the prince on a raised platform at one side of the hall, while the valor and beauty of St. Louis and the regions round about swept by in brilliant procession. Both Stewart and the prince had not for-gotten to take an occasional drink, and both were feeling good—the governor especially so. At one crisis Stewart's admiration of the scene, as well as his entire satisfaction with his own posi-tion as governor of the state, was evi-denced by his suddenly bestowing upon his royal back, which almost knocked him off the platform into the midst of the festivities.

"'Prince,' remarked Stewart, hilar-iously, 'don't you wish you were governor of Missouri?"
"The prince said he did, and it in

The prince said he did, and it in no wise amazed Stewart.

"As I have remarked," continued Representative Hatch, "men did a great deal of drinking in the days of Governor Stewart. During one of Stewart's campaigns he had entered upon a series of joint debates with his opponent, and belong a much better in opponent, and being a much better de the enemy, he was getting away with him. I was a boy in Hannibal at the time. I recollect how the opposition of whom love possesses,
Whom one spark of freedom blesses,
not spurn from thy door,
Lest Love enter nevermore!

time. I recollect how the opposition of
my town put up a job on Stewart
which they thought would save their
candidate from annihilation at his hands when they met in Hannibal. They picked out three of the best drinkers in town, all of whom were acquaintances of Stewart. Their mission was to be at the hotel in the morning and meet Stewart as soon as he got in Of course they would drink. The were to keep on drinking, and as Stew were to keep on drinking, and as Stewart was never known to decline a libation nor set down a glass which wasn't empty, they argued that by 1 o'clock, the hour set for the joint debate, the dangerous Stewart would be drowned in drink. Well, the Hannibal drinking committee met Stewart all right, and they drank unceasingly. But unfortunately for the plans of Stewart's op-

position, when it fell 12-30, two of the committee were helpless in a back room o the hotel, while the spectacle was presented of Stewart tenderly assisting the third to his own room, where he was to be safe until Stewart returned from the meeting. This gentleman was an especial friend of Stewart—at least so Stewart said—and he wanted to continue his visit with him when he got through talking. Stewart's opponent had the first hour at the meeting, and talked from 1 o'clock until 2. Stewart sat there on the platform as rigid and decorous as a judge. When it came his turn at 2 o'clock he was never in better shape to make a speech in life, and he simply tore the opposition to pieces. The plot failed, and Stewart was triumphantly elected."

JESSE JAMES' SON. "There was a curious little page in

the history of Jesse James, or rather that of his family," said Representative Hall, of Missouri, when the for-mer was recently in this city, "which was never written. Governor Critten-den, now consul general to Mexico, was chief executive of Missouri at the time the redoubtable Jesse James was killed. Bob Ford, who shot Jesse and afterward plead guilty to a charge of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to be hanged by the St. Joe court, was immediately pardoned by Governor Crittenden. This, of course, was by agreement made long before to cover just such a contingency and ex-cited neither surprise nor comment at the time. Why did Ford plead guilty." Because he wanted a record of once in jeopardy as a bar to any future indictments which might have been pre-ferred, after Crittenden had ceased to be governor, and when a chief execu-tive might not have been so prompt with his pardon.

"But about the curious page in the James history to which I referred: Jesse James had a son about 13 years old. After Crittenden had ceased to be governor he opened law offices in Kansas City. After organizing for business he needed an office boy and put an advertisement in one of the local papers. In response a well dressed, handsome, intelligent boy put in an aphandsome, intelligent boy put in an appearance. There had been a score of responses, best Governor Crittenden was much attracted to this particular boy. After talking with him a bit Governor Crittenden decided to employ him. The boy said he lived on Seventeenth street in Kansas City with the mathematic actions and the seventeenth of t his mother, who was a widow.
"'What is your name?' asked Gov

ernor Crittenden 'James,' replied the boy. "At that point somebody came in to distract Crittenden's attention, and he simply adopted the boy into his business without further inquiry. The boy turned out to be a very energetic and valuable youth, and the governor was delighted with his choice. He sup-posed all the time that the name 'James' given him by the boy was his first name. At the end of a week Governor Crittenden had occasion to draw a check for his office boy's salary.

'What did you say your last name was?' asked Governor Crittenden, he dipped his pen in the ink bottle. "'James,' replied the boy,
"Is that your last name?" inquired Crittenden.

"'Yes.'
"'Well, what is your first name, then,' asked the executive, somewhat

surprised.
"'Jesse,' answered the boy. 'My name is Jesse James.'
"To say that Criftenden was astonished would be a mild way to tell it. He began an inquiry into his office boy's antecedents, which developed the fact that he was the oldest son of the

dead outlaw and bore his father's name. No, there was no plot in it. The whole thing was one of those accidents which now and then astonish men. I seem strange that the office boy whom Crittenden selected, as it were in the dark, should be the son of that celebrated robber, whose bloody taking off the energy of Crittenden had brought about. No, Crittenden didn't keep the boy, but he did what was bettion where he got a better chance to

SENATOR TELLER'S PRAYER. It was many years ago in Glipin county, Colorado, so the story ran, and

salary.

ver excitement. Mining operations were going on up every hillside and along every gulch. Teller was in the thick of it. While there was a great deal of silver mining there wasn't much law, but the denizens of those regions were a very earnest set and maintained reasonable order and a degree of safety to both life and property by that prompt method of justice known as lynch law. One day a Mexican was caught robbing the sluice boxes. was not the first time this Mexican had betrayed this sluice box weakness. In fact, he had a very bad record in Gil-pin county and the public had long beong before come to a conclusion that the world would be better off without him. So, taken as he was in the very act, it was readily decided to be the proper thing to hang him. Teller took a prom-inent part in the debate which preceded the Mexican's stringing up. he very much regretted the stern necessity which suggested the suspen-sion of this Mexican, but like the rest he was vigorously in favor of it. saw no safety in anything less. To let him go was to encourage others of the sort, and these sluice box depreda-tions were certain to finally lead to killing in which honest men might get the worst of it. So a rope was brought and arrangement's were made for choking the life out of the Mexican. A pinon tree nicely arranged for a gallows was selected and everything was made ready to shove the robber into eternity. At this crisis Teller, who was a man of profound religious convic-tions, called a halt in the proceedings to give the condemned man a chance to pray. The Mexican declined to avail himself of this advantage, so Teller offered up a prayer in his place. It was a very honest petition, and Teller asked forgiveness for the Mexican from on ed forgiveness for the Mexican from on high and urged that all punishment in his case hereafter might be averted. Then they swung him off. After the lynching Tom Bowen, who was present, and who was afterward in con-gress from Colorado, went up to the coming senator and said:

"Old man, that was a great prayer you put up. That Mexican ought to have felt flattered and would if he had understood you. I couldn't help but think, however, that there was a cer-tain amount of sarcasm in it. It struck me that you displayed a fashion of effrontery in urging the admission to heaven of a Mexican whom you had already condemned as not good enough for Gilpin county, Colorado."

NOTHING TO SAY. A lover once pondered an amorous plea

A lover once pondered an amorous plea
For many a day;
Resolved that the tale of his passion
should be
Told in a neat way.
The tenderest terms of the language he
sought,
And conned them till all were arranged
as they ought
To be, "I know what I'll say!" so he
thought,
"Oh, what will she say?"

But, strangely enough, when he knelt by her side
It chanced to befall
That none of the eloquent speeches he
tried
Would come at his call.
His cowardly tongue could say little, nt
best.

best,
But his brave eyes said much, while a kiss said the rest;
And she—she only hid her face in his breast. Saying nothing at all.

They Are Marked This Way ! TRADE -mro MARK-INTERLINED

TULO [MARK-INTERLINED

relx times longer than linen, keep a longer, and when solled, you clean them yourself. TRADE LULO





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