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SYNOPSIS

Toog Parmalee has killed the girl whom as has been courting unsuccessfully. Both are residents of Hatch's Clearing, in Georgia. The author suggests that, if you wish an explanation, you go to Hatch's Clearing and inquire for Mrs. Pruest. There you will find her and her husband. Jerd Pruest. Mrs. Pruest will tell you that Toog Parmalee was not crazy, and she will marrate a story which has some curious points of interest, and which bears directly on the case. Loorany Parmalee was the belle of Hatch's Clearing during the war. The fame of her beauty reached Hildreth, of Hall county, so that, when she came to the camp-meeting at Taylor's range, he made hiftself very attentive to her. He being considered the finest young fellow in the region. Loorany accepted his attentions and neglected honest John Wesley Millirons from her own place; so Millirons went off home.

PART III.

As may be supposed, John Wesley Millirons wasn't feeling very well when he rode off, leaving Loorany sitting close to Hildreth, of Hall, under the big umbrella. And yet, he wasn't feeling very much out of sorts, either. His patience was of that remarkable kind that mountain life breeds—the kind that bemountain life breeds—the kind that belongs to the everlasting hills, the overhanging sky. It can be best described (if you have a mind quick to draw parables) by a story that has been told on all the mountains in the world where people abide since—oh, since the year I.

The weather comes up and shakes hands with the mountain. "You are still here," It says. "Oh, yes," replies the mountain. "Well, I'm going off and warm up." the weather says. "I'll get warm here," the wountain rejoins. The next time the weather comes up and says: "I'm going on somewhere to The next time the weather comes up and says: "I'm going on somewhere to cool off," and the mountain answers: "I'll get cool here." It was the same as to taking a bath or getting dry. The weather went after it, while the mountain sat still and enjoyed it. At last the weather got mad and invented a thunderstorm, thinking to frighten the mountain, but the mountain was so tickled with this that after it made tickled with this that after it made friends with the weather it insisted on having a thundersorm at least twice a during the warm season.

So John Wesley Millirons, as he rode home, laughed to himself at the thought that he was the mountain and Loorany the weather. It was an uncouth thought that couldn't be worked out logically, but it pleased John Wesley to hug the idea to his bosom, logic or no logic. And so he carried it home with him and nursed it long and patiently as an invalid woman in a poor

houses nurses a sick geranium.

After the camp-meeting Hildreth of
Hall became a familiar figure on Tray mountain, especially in the neighbor-hood of Hatch's Clearing. As the year



"I SEED 'EM." REMARKED JOHN WESLEY, CHUCKLING.

1862 was a period of war, you will wonconfederate army, since there was such a strenuous demand for food for the guns, big and little. The truth is, it was a puzzle to a good many people about trary, it widens their field of operation and thus sharpens their wits. In the confusion and uproar their increased activity escapes attention. Thus it hap-pened that Hildreth of Hall was a com-missary. He had a horse and buggy at the expense of the government and the tax payers of the country had to pay him well for every trip he made to Trav ll for every trip he made to Tray

Under these circumstances, you un derstand, courting was not only easy and pleasant but profitable as well, and Hildreth of Hall took due advantage of the situation. He would have made his headquarters at Mrs. Pruett's, but somehow that lady, who was thirty odd years younger then than she is now,had

no fancy for the young man. She politely rejected his overtures, and so he made arrangements to put up at old man Millirons—of all places in the world. It was such a queer come-off that John Wesley used to go behind the corn crib and chuckle over it by the hour, especially on Sundays when he had nothing else to do.

It was plain to everybody except John Wesley Millirons that Loorany was perfectly crazy about Hildreth of Hall, but a good many, impressed by Mrs. Pruett's prejudice against the young man, had their doubts as to whether he was crazy about Loorany. On the other hand, there were just as many, including the majority of the young people, who were certain, as they said, that Hildreth of Hall loved Loorany Parmalee every bit and grain as hard as Loorany loved him. Between the two friendly factions you could hear all the facts in regard to the case and still never get at the rights of it.

Once Mrs. Pruett took John Wesley to task in a kindly fashion. "I never know'd you was so clever, John Wesley tell I seed you give the road to Hild'eth o' Hall—an' Loorany a-standin' right spang in the middle waitin' to see which un 'ud git to 'er fust. Oh, yes, John Wesley, you er e'en about the cleverest feller in the work."

come, Mis. Pruett?" he in quired blandly. "Why, bekaze you was so quick to give way to that chap from below."

"Shuske! that feller hain't a bother "Shuske! that feller hain't a botherin' me," exclaimed John Wesley.
"Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Pruett;
"the Lord knows I do. Fer ef he ain't
a-botherin' you, I know mighty well he
ain't a-brotherin' Loorany. Ef you
could'a' seed 'em a swingin' in the bullace vine, as I did yestiddy you
wouldn't a thought Loorany was bothwouldn't a thought Loorany was both-ered much. Well, not much!" Mrs ered much. Well, not mu Pruett added sarcastically.

"I seed 'em," remarked John Wesley, chuckling.
"You did?" cried Mrs. Pruett. She was both surprised and indignant.
'Lor,' yassum! I these sot up an' laughed. S., I: 'The feller thinks bekaze he's got his arm 'roun' Loorany that she's done his'n! I laughed so I was afeared they'd hear me'

Mrs. Pruett said afterwards that her heart jumped into her throat when she heard John Wesley talking in such a strain, for the idea flashed in her mind that he was distracted-and it so imshe was overtaken by fear.

"Well," she said, trying to turn the matter off lightly, "when you see a fellow wi' his arm aroun' a gal an' she not doin' any squealin' to speak of. you may know it's not so mighty long tell the weddin' Yassusm." responded John Weslay,

still chuckling, "it may be so wi" some folks, but not when the gal is Loorany Parmalee. No, ma'am! You thess "Oh, it hain't no trouble to me to

wait," said Mrs. Pruett; "but what'd I do ef I was a-standin' in your shoes?" "You'd make yourse'f comfertuble, thess like I'm doin'," remarked John Mrs. Pruett was so much disturbed

that she told her husband about it, and d that he look into the matter to the extent of making such inquiries as a man can make. But Jerd shook his head and snapped his big fingers. "Oh, come now, mother," he said, "it's other to soon er it's too late. An' that hain't all, mother-by the time I git done tendin' to my own business an' your'n I feel like drappin' off ter sleep.' Matters went on in this way until late in 1862, and then there came a time when Hildreth, of Hall, ceased to visit Hatch's Clearing. Some said she had been "conscripted into the war," as Hatch's Clearing. Some said he had been appointed to another office that took up his time and attention. But, whatever the cause of his absence was, Loorany seemed to be satisfied. She went about as gay as a lark and as spry as a ground squirrel. John Wesley, too, continued to take things easy. He that time, but there was no secret at all about it. The Hildreths, both of Hall and Habersham, had a good deal of political influence. If you think war shuts out politics and politicians you are very much mistaken. On the contrary, it widens their field of operation and thus charpens their wits. In the disappeared from the field, than he had gone before. As Mrs. Pruett remarked, he was the same old John Wesley in fair weather as he was in foul. Patient and willing, and good-humored, for all his seriousness, he went along attend-ing to his own business and helping everybody else who needed help. Thus in a way he was very popular, but somehow those who liked him least had a pity for him that was almost contemptuous. John Wesley paid no attention to such things. He just attention to such things. He j rocked along, as Mrs. Pruett said.

It was the same when, one day in the spring of 1864, Hildreth of Hall came

riding up the mountain driving a pair of handsome horses to a top buggy.

He wore a gray uniform, and the coat had a long tail to it—a sure sign he was an officer of some kind, for Jerd Pruett had seen just such coats worn by the rs in the village below. To be sure there ought to have been some kind of a mark on th sleeves or shoulders; but no matter about that; no-body but officers could wear long-tailed coats. That point was settled with

And the buggy was new or had been newly varnished, for the spokes shone in the sun, and the sides of the body glistened like glass. What of that? Well, a good deal, you may be sure; for some people can put two and two together as well as other people, and the folks on the mountain hadn't been living for nothing. What of that, indeed! Two fine horses and a of that, indeed! Two fine horses and a living that it is a living to the mountain hadn't will be a living and that was a weeding.

Everybody was certain of that except

John Wesley Millirons, When Mrs. Pruett twitted him with this overwhelming evidence he had the same old answer ready: "You all thess wait." "Well, we hain't got long to wait."

wen, we hant got long to said Mrs. Pruett. "You reckon?" exclaimed John Wes-ley, with pretended astonishment. Then he chuckled and went on his way. apparently happy and unconcerned. Hildreth, of Hall, remained in the neighborhood about a week, and was with Loorany Parmalee pretty much all



"BY THE TIME I GIT DONE TEN-DIN' TO MY OWN BUSINESS

They took long buggy rides together. and everything seemed to be getting along swimmingly. But one morning early Hildreth, of Hall, hearnessed up his horses with his own hands and went off down the road leading to Clarks-

It was noticed after that that Loorany was not as gay and as spry as she had been. In fact, the women folk could see that she was not the same girl at all. She used to go and sit in Mrs. Pruett's porch and watch the road, and sometimes her mind would be so far away that she would have to be asked the same question twice she'd make any reply. And she had a way of sighing that Mrs. Pruett didn't like at all. You know how peculiar some people are when they are fond of Well, that was the way with Mrs. Pruett.

PART IV.

Nearly two months after Hildreth, of Hall, went away with his two fine horses and his shiny top-buggy, Tray mountain got wind of some strange news. The word was that conscript officers were coming up after some of the men, both old and young, who were of the lawful age. The news was brought by a son of Widow Purvis, Jerd Pruett's sister, who lived within a mile of Clarksville. She had gone to town with butter and eggs to exchange for some factory thread-"spun truck." Mrs. Pruett called it—and she heard it from old man Hathaway, who was a

particular friend of Jerd Pruett's.

Word reached the mountain just in time, too, for within thirty-six hours four horsemen came riding along the road and stopped at Mrs. Pruett's. And who should be leading them, but Hildreth, of Hall! Mrs. Pruett saw this much when she peeped through a crack in the door, and she was so taken aback that you might have knocked her with a feather. But in an instant she

was as mad as fire.
"Hello, Mrs. Pruett!" says Hildreth,
of Hall, "Where's Jerd?" "And who may Jerd be?" inquired Mrs. Pruett, placidly. The young man's face fell at this, but he said with a bold voice:

"Why, don't you know me, Mrs. Pru-"I mought 'a' seed you before, but "I mought a seed you before, but folks is constant a-comin' an' a-gwine. They pass up the road an' down the road an' then they pass out'n my mind." "Well you hoven't forgotten me, I know; I'm Hildreth of Hall."

"Is that so, now?" remarked Mrs. Pruett, with just the faintest show of interest."

Pruett, with just the faintest show of interest. "It 'pears to me we hyearn you was dead. What's your will and pleasure wi' me, Mister Hall?"

The unconscious air with which Mrs. Pruett miscalled the young man's name was as effectual as a blow. He lost his composure, and turned almost helplessly to his companions. If he exexpected sympathy he missed it. One of them laughed loudly and cried out to the others: "We'll have to call him Blowhard. Why, he declared by everything good and bad that he was just as thing good and bad that he was just as chummy with these folks as their own

kin. And now, right at the beginning they don't even know his name."
"Where's your husband?" inquired
Hildreth of Hall. "If he don't know

me he will before the day's over."
"He may know you better'n I do,"
said Mrs. Pruett, "but I hardly reckon
he does, bekaze I'd mos' likely 'a'
hyearn on it."
"When the same and the same a "Where is he?" insisted the young

man.

"Who? my ol' man? Oh, him an' a whole passel of the boys took their guns an' went off to ards Hillman's spur bright an' early this mornin'. They said signs of a b'ar had been seed thar. but I allowed to myse'f that they was thess a-gwine on a frolic." Mrs. Pruett took off her spectacles,

remarked Hildreth of Hall.
"I don't care where you go, so you don't lead us into a trap," remarked

one of the men.

They turned away from Mrs. Pruett's and rode farther into the settlement. But they soon discovered that Tray mountain had practically closed its gates against them. The women they saw were as grim and as silent as the mountain. Bulkersh of Hall had been mountain. Hildreth of Hall had been telling his companions what a lively place (considering all the circum-stances) Hatch's Clearing was, and this added to his embarrassment and in-creased his irritation. So that you may well believe he was neither gay not good humored when, after passing sev-eral houses, he came to Millirons', where he had been in the habit of making himself free and familiar.

Everything was as grim and silent as the grave, and John Wesley sat on the

e as grim and as silent as any of

"There's one man, anyway," re-marked one of Hildreth's companions.
"Be blanked if I don't feel like going up and shaking hands with him—that is, if he's alive," For John Wesley neither turned his head nor stirred. "How are you, Millirons?" said Hiidreth of Hall, curtly.
"Purty well," replied John Wesley,

without moving. "We are going to put our horses under the shed yonder and give them a handful of fodder." Hildreth of Hall de-clared. John Wesley made no reply to this. "Did you hear what I said?" asked the young man, somewhat petu-

"I hyearn you," answered John Wes-

Whereupon Hildreth of Hall spurred his horse through the open lot gate, followed by his companions. They took off saddles and bridles, made some halters out of plow lines, and gave their horses a heavy feed of fodder. Then they returned to the house, and found John Wesley sitting where they had left him, and in precisely the same position. "Can we get dinner?" asked Hildreth

"I reckon not," replied John Wesley.

"Why?"
"Nobody at home but me an' the tom cat, an' we're locked out. Maybe you can git dinner at Parmalee's when the time comes. They're all at home. But it hain't nigh dinner time yit." John Wesley slowly straightened himself out

John Wesley, pulling a small piece of bark from the tree. "It matters not to me who you mean." remarked Hildreth.
"I just wanted to find out," John Wesley went on, fitting the piece of



MRS. PRUETT SAW THIS MUCH.

oark between thumb and forefinger as if it were a marble. "I allers allowed you was a d— dog." The bark flew into the face of Hildreth of Hall and left a stinging red mark there as John Wesley, with a contemptuous gesture turned away. Hildreth's hand flew to his hip pocket.

"Watch out there!" cried one of his companions, in a warning tone. "He'll "I reckon not," said John Wesley

without turning his head. "The fact of the business is, gentlemen, they won't narry one on you shoot. A buildog 'll fight, but you let him foller sheep-killin' houn' to the pastur; an' a bench-legged fice can run 'lm. You all mayn't believe it, but it's the fact-truth."

But John Wesley would have been shot all the same if the thought hadn't flashed on Hildreth's mind that the house was full of armed mountainers. This stayed his hand—not only stayed his hand but, apparently, put him in a good-humor. He followed John Wesley and said:

'As you are so brash about it, we'll go and see the young lady. Come boys."
"What about the horses?" asked one

of the men.
"Come on," said Hildreth of Hall in a low voice. "The horses are all right. These chaps don't steal. Come on; that house is full of men. "I told you you were leading us into a trap," growled one of his compan-

When we were out of sight. John Wesley went into the lot and looked at the horses. Ue was so much interested



SPIL'D MY GAME, HE REMARKED. in their comfort that he loosed their

halters. Then he cast a glance up-wards and chuckled. A wasp nest as big as a man's hat was hanging between two of the rafters, teeming with these irritable insects. John Wesley went outside, climbed up to the top of the shed, counted the clapboards both ways, planted himself above the waspnest, and with one quick stamp of the foot knocked a hole in the rotten plank The noise startled the horses, the wasps instant they were going down the road the way they had come, squealing, whickering, kicking and running like mad.

When they were out of hearing John Wesley went into the house by a back door, got his rifle and went off through

Hildreth of Hall and his companions must have had a cool reception at Parmalee's, for in about an hour they came back in some haste. If they were alarmed, that feeling was increased ten-fold at finding their horses gone Their sadles and bridles were where they had left them, but the horses were gone. They held a hurried consultation in the lot, climbed the fence instead of coming out near the house and came off the fence with an apologetic smile on his face. "Ef these gentermen here don't mind. I'd like to have ed the road near Mrs. Pruett's, moving a word wi' you, sorter private like." He looked at Hildreth of Hall, still smiling. A half mile farther the road for answer, Hildreth of Hall walked turned to the left and led through a

followed by John Wesley. "What do you want?"

"I s'pose you've come up to marry the gal?" suggested John Wesley.
"I have not," replied Hildreth of Hall.
"I mean Loosen." his right knee and placed his left foot forward as an additional support. Then he raised his gun, struck the stock lightly with the palm of his hand to shake the powder down, and held him-self in readiness. When the men came in sight Hildreth of Hall was slightly in advance of the others.

John Wesley slowly raised his rifle and was about to bring the barrel to a level with his eyes when he saw a flash of fire on the opposite bank, and heard the sharp crack of a rifle. He was so taken by surprise that he raised him-self in the bushes and looked about him. Hildreth of Hall had tumbled forward in a heap at the flash, and the other men jumped over his body and ran like rabbits. Before the hatful of smoke had lifted to the level of the tree tops they were out of hearing.

John Wesley crossed the road and went to the other side. There he saw Loorany Parmalee leaning against a tree, breathing hard. At her feet lay

"You sp'iled my game," he remarked.
"Is he dead?" she asked.
"E'en about," he replied. She threw
her head back and breathed hard. John
Wesley picked up the rifle and exam-

"Was you gwine to kill him?" Loo-Well, sorter that away, I reckon." "Did you have the notion that I'd marry you afterwards?"

wan't a-gwine to ax you," said "Will you take me now, jest as I am?"
"Why, I reckon," he replied, in a

matter-of-fact tone.

In course of time a boy was born to Loorany Millirons, and the event made her husband a widower, but the child was never known by any other name than that of Toog Parmalee—and Toog was the chap that shot his sweetheart.
All these things, as Mrs. Pruett said. were the cause of the difficulty you read about in the newspapers the other day. "Thribble the generations," she added. "an' sin's arm is long enough to retch through 'em all.'

(The End.)

CELEBRATED DIAMOND TRAIL

Vain Efforts to Stop Smuggling from Canada.

UNCLE SAM'S AGENTS PUZZLED

Although the Smugglers Take Well-Known Rouies, It Seems Almost Impossible for the Treasury Officials to Convict Them,

From the New York Sun.

United States Commissioner Shields discharged from custody a few days ago Alvin S. Strasburger, a Maiden Lane diamond dealer who was charged with attempting to bribe James H. Heffernan, a United States deputy col-lector of customs, stationed at Mon-treal. The dismissal of the charge was nade entirely upon the weakness of the testimony offered by the complaining witnesses and the failure of the case marks one more futile effort in the endeavor that United States Treasury agents have been making for over welve years to prevent the flooding of he country with smuggled jewelry by way of what has become known to them as " the Great Diamond Trail." The failure of Heffernan's case caused not a little amusement among the older government agents, hearly all of whom have had experience with this line of frauds upon the customs revenue, and nearly all of whom have seen their best laid plans for the capture of smugglers go wrong. Heffernan who is stationed at Montreal for the special purpose of protecting the customs revenue on the northern frontier, be-came convinced that a man named Baxter, who was making frequent trips between Montreal and this city, was engaged in diamond smuggling. He followed Baxter to this city and to the place of business of Louis Stras-burger & Co., dealers in diamonds at 16 Maiden Lane. There he saw Baxter take from his pocket a waller containing twenty-two unset diamonds. This wallet the officer possessed himself of, but he did not arrest Baxter. It was at this point, Heffernan says, that Strasburger offered him a bribe of \$100 to settle the matter. The official's testi-mony was so unsatisfactory that Commissioner Shields discharged Strasburger, and doubts are expressed whether the stones seized by Heffernan can be held. FEW CATCHES MADE.

An occasional brilliant seizure of An occasional brilliant seizure of smuggled jewels by Treasury officers always gets into the newspapers; the failures the public seldom hear of; yet the records of the Treasury department are full of the history of months and even years spent by the brightest of the government agents in efforts to catch and convict diamond smugglers, and nearly every ease has ended evertly as nearly every case has ended exactly as this latest endeavor of Heffernan's. For years thousands of dollars' worth of gems have come into the United States without paying duty, and by far the greatest number have come by way of Plattsburgh. Governmentagents have devoted thousands of dollars and their best energies to trapping smugglers only to fail, and today the older agents fight shy in detail to this class of work, and look upon attention to it as time thrown away. To the younger men in the service there is always a temptation to take up this work. In addition to the glory of making a brilliant capture the seizing officer gets 25 per cent, of the value of the goods seized, when they are forfeited and sold. Diamonds are staple, and when sold at auction, generally fetch sor where near their value. Urged these considerations, the officers new to the service enter upon their investi-gations with ardor and zeal, only to

able obstacles at the end. The key of the whole situation is found in the fact that diamonds are on the free list of the Canadian tariff schedule. Under the Canadian customs regulations the importer is presumed to make a declaration of his imports, whether free or otherwise, but this ule is not rigidly enforced as regards goods free of duty, and many importers of precious stones take advantages of this laxity. The diamond dealers in this city have brokers in London, Paris, Vienna, and Amsterdam who purchase from them regularly. By far the greatest number of the purchasing houses are located in Parts. Dealers in this city who make a business of evad-ing the customs laws and the duty have a regular system of running their goods a regular system of running their goods into the country. The jewels are sent to Montreal by parcel post, and held at the post office until called for. There the agent or the purchaser or consignee in this city secures them, and takes what seems to him the best and safest method of running them across the border. In the long run the smurglers have found the cheere and smugglers have found the shortest and most direct route the safest, although they must run the gauntlet of the custom house at Plattsburgh, and of late years the customs force on the New York frontier has been greatly strengthened. In ten years there have been half a dozen notable seizures of smuggled through Canada into the United States.

THE HOWELL CASE.

In 1885-6 the Treasury authorities made a determined effort to stop this smuggling of diamonds by way of the Montreal postoflice, and the Canadian customs officials extended to this Gov-

ernment every aid in their power. The case was placed in the hands of Special Agent F. D. Howells, now dead, who was then stationed at Plattsburgh. He bread-shouldered, energetic was then stationed at Plattsburgh. He was a big, broad-shouldered, energetlo feilow of great courage and considerable detective skill. A special agent attached to the New York office with a wide acquaintance among Maiden Lans jewelers was detailed to work up the case in this city. One diamond importing firm, with branches in London and Paris, was then doing an extensive business in precious stones and underselling its competitors. Reputable imbusiness in precious stones and underselling its competitors. Reputable importers who paid their duties suffered
greatly from the competition of firms
which smuggled half their stock and
evaded the 10 per cent. duty, and they
were always willing to aid the Government with any information obtainable.
From these firms and from
special agents stationed in
Europe, information came that the
diamond firm referred to was consigning large quantities of precious stones diamond firm referred to was consigning large quantities of precious stones to Montreal. The agent of the firm was followed to that city by Howells, who visited the postoffice and saw him receive a package. It was consigned to the firm, was "declared," and was said to contain precious stones valued at \$20.000.

\$20,000.

Certain that the agent would leave for New York. Howells watched the outgoing trains, and entered the sleeper for New York attached to the night express to find his man the only other occupant. As the train left Plattsburgh, Howells stepped over to the agent and demanded the package. The man, without any appearance of surman, without any appearance of surman, without any appearance of sur-prise, blandly denied having any con-traband articles about him. He declined to be searched, however, and dared the special agent to touch him at his peril, Howells, whose resemblance to Grover Cleve-land, both in face and figure, was marked, took the agent by the shoul-ders, laid him on his back in the alsle, and sat on him while he searched him thoroughly. The man had no sign of a diamend about him.

Horrified. Howells lifted the man to his feet with the most profuse apolonis teet with the most profuse apolo-gies. A suit for damages against the government and himself stared him in the face. Strangely enough, the agent accepted the apologies without further protests and did not pursue the case. Later it was learned that the firm had been advised of Howell's movements by an employe of the Montreal postoffice. an employe of the Montreal postoffice, and the agent had passed the package of stones to another man, who had car-ried them to Windsor, crossed the river, and shipped them by express from De-troit to this city.

ONLY AN ANNOYANCE.

For eighteen months work on these cases was continued without diminishing the influx of smuggled stones. Two or three arrests and seizures were or three arrests and seizures were made, but the impossibility of identifying absolutely individuals and unset gems rendered all efforts nugatory. Two or three times what was considered good cases were worked up, but while it could be ascertained easily that lewels consigned to a firm entered that while it could be ascertained easily that jewels consigned to a firm entered the postoffice at Montreal, all trace of them wa lost after that. The government finally relaxed its efforts, and only spasmodically since have efforts been made to head off the inflow of diamonds by way of the Plattshurch trail. When by way of the Plattsburgh trail. When pursuit on the Plattsburgh route be-comes too hot, the trail changes to St. Albans: to Niagara Falls, to St. Stephens, and at times to Detroit. It nev-er leaves the settled lines of travel, however. There are no detours through woods and swamps, no hiding by day and traveling by night. The dangers of the customs service are less dreaded than the perils and discomforts of unknown routes. In short, as an old, well trained smuggler put it in a day or two ago, "the customs service is looked up-on as an annoyance, not a real danger."

NEW WOMAN IN CHINA.

Fin de Siecle Femininity Even in the Celestial Hingdom.

From the Saturday Review. Thoe who labor under the common impression that eastern women are nonentities, and that their western sisters monopolize energy and wisdom, may be enlightened by a story told in the North China Herald, of a certain "new (Chinese) woman" in Shantung. This young lady, who is a daughter of a magistrate, acts as treasurer in her father's yamen—a post usually considered suf-ficiently important to require an experienced accountant. She keeps the books, looks up accounts, reckons with all who have payments to make, pays the bills, and sees that her father is not cheated by such as think that a chit of a girl— she is not yet out of her teens— can be hoodwinked. Woe betide such wight, for he soon finds himself arrested and tied up to receive proper punishment. No wonder the mandarin is reported to have made 50,000 taels in six months. No wonder, either, that enemies have multiplied around him, and that every effort is being employed to oust him from his berth. A Chinese gentleman, in conversation lately with a foreigner at Chungking, expressed himself hea. at Chungking, expressed himself hes-itatingly as to the wisdom of educating women. The Chinese have accumulated vast experience during the millennia of their national experience. Can they have experienced the new woman?

Overheard at the Portrait Show. D'Auber-"Who is that homely woman rhapsodizing before the picture of the handsome society matron." D'Angelo-"She's the original of the painting."-New York Herald.

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Massage Treatment, \$2.00.

Greatest Offer in the World to Summer bathers. I have reduced the price of my plunge bath to 25 cents so that all can enjoy the comforts at this extrorrinary low rate. Can you swim? If not come and learn. You can receive instruction and enjoy a bath for 25c. Fathers come and bring your

sons or send them and we will instruct them and help keep them healthy. Happiness, Health, Luxury, Refinement. --- OPEN DAY and NIGHT. SUNDAYS to 12. TUESDAYS, LADIES' DAY ONLY .--- Happiness, Health, Luxury, Refinement

Tuesdays are for Ladies and Misses. On those days we have a force of expert lady attendants who thoroughly understand the ladies' wants.

Announcement.

Mr. M. J. Purcell wishes to announce to the public that he has opened new

ir. M. J. Purcell wishes to announce the public that he has opened new which. Bussian and Roman Baths at Linden street, Scranton, with a view meeting the increasing demands of public modern improvements. This alignment is under excellent manifold in the way of circulars or pamphlets to induce them to continue the use of the baths; they know the beneficial effects they receive from them and use their influence in getting others "to go and do likewise." It is those who have never enjoyed the pleasure and benefit that we must give our attention. We are often asked by those who have never enjoyed the luxury of these baths, will the business.

To those who are in the habit of using those baths nothing need be written, printed or distributed in the way of revulars or pamphlets to induce them to continue the use of the baths; they know the beneficial effects they receive from them and use their influence in getting others "to go and do likewise." It is those who have never enjoyed the luxury of these baths, will thur us; does it weaken a person; what do you do?" Such questions to us seem ridiculous. Yet it should not be so when we reflect how little is generally known of the baths in this coun-

the alleviation of pain must satisfy the most sanguine expectations.

To those who are in the habit of us-

Description of the Bath. The baths are comprised of one of the finest cooling rooms in the state, every attention having been paid to proper ventilation, the lower floor comprising the Russian, Turkish and Roman baths, together with the electric and other scientific treatments so highly recom-mended by physicians. All that car-be done has been done to secure the perfect comfort of the patron and the visitor is assured of the utmost privacy.

quenting them.

It is common to associate profuse perspiration with debility, and to imag-Ine it to be weakening to the system.

This is a mistake, perspiration induced by passive means cannot weaken. Travellers resort to the Baths for refreshment and invigoration. Perspiration as it is a great and powerful remedial agency requiring care and judgment in its use.

An inspection of these baths is desired poisonous matter that is highly injuri-by the proprietor in order to appreciate ous to the system and in the loss of the advantages to be gained by fre-which the bather is the gainer in many

eminent clergymen and physicians, the Perspiration Not Weak- press and public to be the greatest re-lief and cure for all bodily aliments. The frequency with which the Baths may be taken, depends on the object in view. For those in health once a week may be sufficient. For invalids the fre-

The Baths are endorsed by the most

Effects of the Bath

fect the respiratory function of the skin—to give a living and healthy cuticle.

The skin is thus fitted for imbibing the oxygen of the atmosphere throwing off the carbon from the blood-two most important processes—when we consider that the skin is provided with no less than seven million pores, designed to assist the several secretive organs in discharging refuse matter from the system. Some idea can be formed of the importance of keeping it in a perfectly healthy state. To a person liable to take colds from exposure to slight drafts, the feeling of defiance to cold imparted by the Baths is one of the important processes-when we consider

most striking results. The habitual use of these baths remedy this, giving at the same time beauty to the skin and health to the body. Its first physiological effect is to per-

Attendants.

In connection with the baths will be found the best attendants as well as a skilled chiropodist, also a first-class barber. The Baths confer benefits in-calculable, intensify health, melancholia is driven away, and removes the craving for artificial stimulants. It has become a question with me not what the Baths will cure but what they

M. J. PURCELL, PROPRIETOR, 503 Linden Street, Court House Square.