

AUNT ELVIRA'S BUREAU.

"I am afraid," said Robert Dawson to his wife, as he took his place at the daintily spread dinner table, "that John Archer is finding out that marriage is a feat where the grand is sometimes better than the dinner."

"Why, my dear, are you not rather hard on Mrs. Archer? What has she done to deserve such severe censure?" "Well, you see, John wanted her to take in his old aunt, Elvira Brown. She is the only one belonging to him now living and has been like a mother to him. It seems he had made all the arrangements necessary, then her high mightiness kicked over the whole plan and would not allow the old lady to come there. I suppose I am not a very good man, but if my wife's way too good for my folks, it would be too good for me," said Mr. Dawson with decision, and when his wife looked at him perhaps she was relieved to know that her mother-in-law was sleeping the sleep of the just.

"It certainly does seem hard, but there are always two sides to a story. Did John tell you?" "He told me? Not he. I found it out by accident."

"Perhaps, then, you have not heard the whole of it?" "Perhaps not," replied Mr. Dawson, sentimentally, and at the matter dropped. John Archer had been the friend of Robert Dawson for years. He was a simple, quiet fellow, some years the senior of his wife. He was fond of the quiet life, of the quiet side of the world, he had seen very little, as he was left an orphan at a tender age, his sole surviving relative being the Elvira Brown in question.

John had not been looked upon as a marrying man, but from the first he had been greatly taken with Miss Smith, who was a new light on the firmament of the society of Waterville, and had lured his suit with such vigor that he had carried off the prize from the younger and wealthier men. Miss Smith had not always moved in the class of society which she at present graced. She had during her early years vegetated with the rest of her kindred upon a farm, and not a fertile farm, either.

But the tide which is said to be in the affairs of men had swept mineral oil beneath the stony level of soil which her father and brothers had hitherto tilled with such scant returns, and with the discovery of oil, she had been taken to the family estate, and the members all forgot that they had ever been poor.

All Waterville considered the match between John Archer and Miss Smith a very suitable one. Mrs. Archer's father had been a lively, busy man, his house, charmingly furnished with his daughter, and with health and a fair income they certainly ought to have been happy.

Mrs. Dawson was fully as fond of John Archer as her husband was, and therefore took a great interest in the match. She did not like the thought of outside gossip getting about concerning the young wife, and because of this made up her mind to investigate the story for herself, and to do what she could to smooth down the rough places. It was at a charming little drawing-room in which Mrs. Archer received her callers, beautiful and costly things filling every nook and corner. There was not much in common between the society Mrs. Dawson, who was old enough to be Mrs. Archer's mother, and that of a young matron, who evidently had made up her mind to carry things with a high hand.

Mrs. Dawson found too much good sense to broach the subject herself, but Mrs. Archer was a great talker, and soon came around to the matter, which was evidently uppermost in her mind.

"John and I have had our first quarrel," Mrs. Dawson said. "A week or two ago he quite insisted upon the propriety of offering his Aunt Elvira a home with us. It seems that the old people who have always cared for her place are going out west to their married children. John does not want to put the old lady into the care of strangers. I gave only a reluctant consent for I cannot understand why she should be taken to a place where she had a van load of personal property, a cat and a parrot. I agreed to the five stock, but I drew the line at the old furniture. Then John went to see her, and she consented to come with only her trunk, but at the last moment she stuck to a most desirable old bureau, and I would not allow it to come into my house. I told her I did not have a single article of old furniture in my house, and I could not think of allowing that old bureau to come. That made her mad, and she

said: "More shame for you. That old bureau is worth a dozen of new-fangled ones." Anyway, she wouldn't give it; neither would I, and so the whole thing is off. John is very angry, I am afraid, but I don't care."

"Oh yes, you do. I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Archer. It is evident that the craze of the antique has not struck you, or you would be wild to have that old bureau."

"No, indeed. I never could abide old things. I like new, bright, expensive furniture. But when going to get the old lady a beautiful new chiffonier. But it is all off now."

"Well, I must say I think it is a pity. You know, my dear Mrs. Archer, that Mrs. Brown is all the mother your husband ever knew, but we must all grow old in time."

"That's true; but she never did anything extra for John. Besides, I am under no obligation to her. I would rather have her room than her company at any time, and why should I give it when she is so angry?"

"Why, indeed, thought Mrs. Dawson, though she did not give expression to her thought. Nevertheless, she did say what she could to the young woman, and she left that night, and she left in vain, and that if John took the right way his wife would finally consent. It was evident, however, that John Archer did not follow the lead that Mrs. Dawson had given him, for his aunt did not become an inmate of Mrs. Archer's pretty home, and about three weeks afterward Mr. Dawson brought home word that the old lady was dead.

"And the funny part of it all is," said Mr. Dawson, with a chuckle of amusement, "that she left that house of contention, the old bureau, to Mrs. Archer, her beloved niece, by will. Her real estate goes to John; she made provision for her pets and her old servants, but the bureau without a scrap else, goes to Mrs. John. The old woman had a strong sense of the humorous. I wonder what my fine lady will do with it, now?"

"I wonder, too," said his wife. "The bureau, however, with some natural curiosity to see what she would do with it, more upon her young friend, whom she found in a high state of indignation."

"Spiteful old thing! She was just determined to make trouble between me and my husband, and I don't like her. I insist that the bureau must come here. The idea! But I shall not allow the old rattletrap to come into my house. I am on guard—have been for days—and when it comes I shall send it off again, as a surprise to her nephew and niece, never thinking of her death, but the bureau would still prove unacceptable."

Tim Flaherty and his sister made no secret of their find. They were the finders, and according to the decision of the lawyers, they were to have the sum total of the amount to be ten thousand dollars in bills of large denomination. Besides the money was a queer little will containing the childish phrase, "Finders are keepers."

The simple little will was legally drawn, properly signed and duly witnessed, and bore such a recent date that it must have been executed a few days before the old lady's demise. She had evidently planned it as a surprise to her nephew and niece, never thinking of her death, but the bureau would still prove unacceptable.

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CARELESSNESS.

Often Causes no End of Suffering. Probably half the people who seek this article suffer from Piles. It is one of the commonest diseases and one of the most obstinate. People have it for years and just because it is not immediately fatal they neglect it. Carelessness causes no end of suffering. Carelessness about so simple a thing as piles has often caused death. Hemorrhages occur during surgical treatment, often causing death.

Piles are simple in the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even in the most advanced stage, without pain or loss of blood, quickly, surely and completely. There is only one remedy that will do it—Pyramid Pile Cure.

It allays the inflammation immediately, heals the irritated surface and with comfort and freedom induces the swelling and puts the membranes into good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent. Drug-gists sell the Pyramid Pile Cure at 50 cents. Send for Free book on cause and cure of Piles by addressing Pyramid Co., Marshall, Mich.

But his words fell upon dull ears. Something about the package claimed his sister's attention, and she stopped down and picked it up. "We'll take this in first, Tim," she remarked, "and if you push that chest back there out of the room, Tom will get some oil to help him in with it. The night, I never was much on the lift."

"All right, Maggie. But I must be off now. I have a good job waiting for me to haul a trunk. By the power, I ought to be there this minute." "Not till we see what's in this old bit of paper. Fair, Tim, me boy, 'tis mine, I think."

"Faith, Maggie, you were always a caution for thinking things. But let us see, a jewel." In a moment Tim's strong hands had rent the paper, and then an exclamation from the both.

"Holy mother! What a sight!" When the flat parcel was spread open upon Mrs. Connelly's clean kitchen table it proved to be a lawyer's folder for holding legal documents, and it contained such a pile of treasury notes that it fairly bulged and took the breath from Tim O'Flaherty and sister to even try to count them. But later, when they grew calm they found the sum total of the amount to be ten thousand dollars in bills of large denomination. Besides the money was a queer little will containing the childish phrase, "Finders are keepers."

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would be cavalry, as a matter of course. They had had horses enough to mount even when they were young, were 1,000 or thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the day they had a company of Grant sent to me for those very men; but what he wanted to know was whether he could disband 'em or turn 'em into infantry. I was a little of a specialist for him, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."

Travel as an Educator. From Scribner's. The usefulness of travel for rightly trained and constituted minds is generally recognized that it is not at all unusual for parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending several years in Europe or going to college at home. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in this way, and we are used to compare them with their college-bred equals and find no reasons to which method of intellectual development resulted best. Every year there are men who were fitted for college and, perhaps, entered, but who broadened their minds by six or eight, or ten or twenty years later with their schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency of the two methods; and it seems safe to say that, according to that test, the educational fruits of travel and study abroad compare very well with the products of the domestic tree of knowledge.

PRETIUM LIBERTATIS. For The Tribune. Evening, and the sun was setting. With his gold and crimson glow, 'Till day had faded from the sky, 'Listening to its gentle flow—Smiling as the glinting sunlight Fell upon a small gold band. 'Till day had faded from the sky, 'Listening to its gentle flow—Smiling as the glinting sunlight Fell upon a small gold band.

In the hush of April twilight, With a blue sky and a sunset, Round me close an arm came stealing; On my ear fell tones of love. Little need I to question Who it was that loved me so; For no other's touch could thrill me With a joy so sweet and rare.

Long we lingered, till the sunset Faded to an amber light; And the stars, o'er joy peeping, Led the path of coming night. Lingered till the amber faded, From the silent, shadowy west, And the new moon in her beauty Rose above the mountain's crest.

We were talking of the future And the joys it held in store; 'Till day had faded from the sky, 'Listening to its gentle flow—Smiling as the glinting sunlight Fell upon a small gold band. 'Till day had faded from the sky, 'Listening to its gentle flow—Smiling as the glinting sunlight Fell upon a small gold band.

Laughingly I called him "Lover," and he thought me fair, Told him that I thought my presence Ought to banish every care. Then in accents of compassion, "You're not so much to be beams, He, my lover, rudely shattered. All my fond and happy dreams.

Telling me that very evening He had joined the patriot band, Who would meet the Spanish forces And for Right and Justice stand. "You're not so much to be beams, He, my lover, rudely shattered. All my fond and happy dreams.

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FICKLE AUTUMN DAYS.

No Danger if Warner's Safe Cure Is Used



A chill air and a lowering sky in the morning, a sudden gust of heat in the middle of the afternoon, then a cutting wind after sunset—such is the history of an autumn day in the north temperate zone. This is the weather that threatens not only the avowed invalids, but many who fancy themselves stronger than they are. It strikes them in the back. It stops the free action of the kidneys.

Then come feelings of cold, headache, nervousness, and, worst of all, the grinding, cutting rheumatism which may last for years, defying common remedies, ointments, liniments, etc. The worst of diseases begin in the kidneys, and in the fickle autumn weather the seeds of danger are sown. Avoid the saddest consequences of these uncertain days. Strengthen your kidneys with Warner's Safe Cure.

"I had been confined to the house for months with sciatic rheumatism, not able to get into or out of bed without help, and had despaired of ever being able to walk again. A friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure. I told him I had been lame so long I had no hope of getting well. But a drugging man will grasp at a straw, so I sent for two bottles, and when I had taken them I walked to my barn, with the aid of two canes.

"I got more Warner's Safe Cure, and it served the sciatic rheumatism as Admiral Dewey served the Spanish ships at Manila. It also knocked my old enemy, kidney trouble. I was soon able to dispense with my canes and to go about my business."

The connection between the kidneys and the rheumatism was probably obvious to Mr. Lewis, but it may not be to everybody who reads the story of his recovery. The diseased kidneys, sluggish and incompetent, instead of taking dead tissues from the blood and hurrying it out of the body, acted as a dam. In such a case, with every beat of the heart, the blood is laden with a substance as truly poisonous as arsenic or strychnine. But it is a lingering poison, except when the rheumatism touches the heart; then it kills like lightning.

There is no hope for the rheumatic unless he attend to his kidneys and, by making them sound and strong, fix the system of the enemy. There is more than hope; there is certainty of renewed health in Warner's Safe Cure. Can any fair-minded man, or woman, doubt this, after reading Mr. Lewis' letter?"

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

Gallium Sells for \$3,250 an Ounce—Other High-Priced Metals.

"The majority of people when asked to name the most precious metals usually mention gold as first, platinum as second and silver as third," said the proprietor of a large assay and refining establishment in New York to the writer recently. "If asked to name others some might add nickel and a few aluminum to the list. Now, let us see how near the truth they would be. Gold is worth about \$250 per pound troy, platinum \$130 and silver about \$12. Nickel is worth about 60 cents and pure aluminum from 50 cents to \$2 to the troy pound.

"We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well-known metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore, baryta, in 1808, sells for \$500 a pound when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth \$1,800 a pound. Cerium is a shade higher; its cost is \$100 an ounce, or \$1,200 per pound. These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point, chromium being \$200, Cobalt falls to about half the price of silver, while didymium, the metal isolated by Masander, in the same price as calcium. Then comes gallium, which is worth \$3,250 an ounce, with this metal, the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

"Gallium is worth \$250 per ounce, indium \$150, iridium \$625 a pound, tantalum \$175, and lithium \$150 per ounce. Niobium costs \$25 per ounce, osmium, palladium, platinum, potassium and rhodium bring, respectively \$640, \$400, \$130, \$22 and \$12 per pound. Strontium costs \$18 an ounce, tantanum \$14, thorium \$3, thorium \$27, vanadium \$29, yttrium \$14 and zirconium \$29 an ounce.

Thus we see that the commonly received opinion as to what are the most precious metals is quite erroneous. Barium is more than four times as valuable as gold, and gallium more than 162 times as costly, while many of the other metals mentioned are twice and three as valuable. Aluminum, which cost \$8 and \$9 a pound in 1880, is now produced as cheaply as iron, zinc, lead and copper."

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.

From Tit-Bits. The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The scientist, however, has counted 290 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 2,000 which may be regarded as dialects.

Admittedly, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after the number of languages, it is more than four times as many as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor dialects; for almost every province has a language more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

One now running in Scranton, N. J., is the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand such other. Of the 300 distinct languages enumerated by Haldi, 88 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 121 to Asia, 117 to America, 117 to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindustan and South America.

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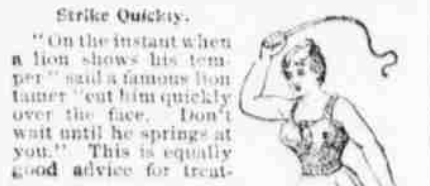
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MADE ME A MAN AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE ALL Diseases of the Urinary System, such as Gleet, Stricture, Catarrh, etc. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. For sale in Scranton, Pa., by Matthews Bros. and H. C. Anderson, druggists.



Strike Quickly. On the instant when a lion shows his teeth, you must strike him quickly, or he will bite you. Don't wait until he springs at you. This is the best advice for treatment.

These severe coughs, bronchial affections and wasting diseases which emerge into consumption would never get their message teeth into the constitution if their early signs were heeded off by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It provides such an abundance of rich nourishing blood that tuberculous germs have no chance to get any lodgment in the lungs. It clears the skin and purges all the impurities from every organ. It invigorates the liver to expel all bilious poisons from the circulation. It creates healthy tissue, vitalized nerve fiber and gives solid strength.

"I have thought for a long time," writes Rose Fetter, of Lockville, Chatham Co., N. C., "that I would not do you justice if I did not write and tell you how I was cured of that dreadful disease called consumption. I had taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had measles and pneumonia both at the same time, and came near dying, and as soon as I was able to get out I was taken with grip, and then followed consumption. My physician did all he could for my relief, but I recovered none. I tried everything that I could hear of that was good for a cough, but grew sicker, and would have died had I not commenced using the Golden Medical Discovery. I felt improved before the first bottle was finished. I took six bottles, and after that I felt better and stronger than in ten years before. That was six years ago, and to-day do not feel any symptoms of a return of the disease. I remain cured, and I think I am the cause of a friend being cured by using the Golden Medical Discovery as I was, and after every thing failed to cure him he took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was cured."

Lincoln's Fondness for Grant. From the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "You see, when you read of Lincoln's fondness for Grant, you are reminded of the fact that Lincoln and Grant were not only friends, but they were also political allies. Lincoln's fondness for Grant was not only a personal one, but it was also a political one. Lincoln was a great admirer of Grant's military genius, and he was also a great admirer of Grant's political abilities. Lincoln's fondness for Grant was not only a personal one, but it was also a political one. Lincoln was a great admirer of Grant's military genius, and he was also a great admirer of Grant's political abilities.

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