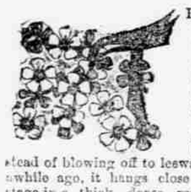
WHEN DAY IS DONE.

The sinking sun;
A mass of gold and purple in the West;
The drowsy twitterings of birds at rest;
A long, low house that silhouetted stands,
Silent and lone across the meadow lands;
A broken silver ring against the sky—
Then one belated thrush's far-off cry,
And day is done.
—Charlotte L. Seaver, in the Cosmopolitan.

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

BY R. L. RETCHUM.



THE pull up uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish-yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try to keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:

"See them two big rocks—road run. b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was holt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes!" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this-a-way. That morn in' th' 'xpress box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyards—we hed gyards them days—turned up missin' 'bout th' time we was ready t' start f'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an' fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer bottle—he'n scrappin' night b'fore.

"Th' agent an' me was thinkin' pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place of he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin'.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser go plunked with a bottle las' night, an' is layin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it b' my lonesome, I got Hauser's sawed-off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min', an' was boun' t' hev' his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev' no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on th' box, an' we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep' our peepers skun right sharp, but ev'rythin' went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' for us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' 'twa'n't nothin' but a hawk, crossin' the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks, somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails th' leaders, an' they was so many guns starin' intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed-off shot-gun, an' then begun wi' th' Winchester, gittin' two fellers an' skinnin' up some more—but they was too many of 'em, an' they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev' shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—more nerve 'n sense. I uset'uh say, Mac—'"

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the road side—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat all!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant-faced, boyish-looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, withal, relieves us of our spare change—and, more, too.

* * * * * *

This is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it what I tried to say was that that is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois insole, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should be suddenly called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunder-struck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. It was the first time I had heard from him in a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man, I should have decided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar c[illegible]raphy, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and, one day, came one for him who sits here, burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight, figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair, breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow. Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble—"

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot; the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

Hallegan spoke:

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up, two years ago?

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago, a young fellow, named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage and Express Company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and, on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Canon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble, and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself and existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of ill health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold-ups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times there was only one road agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed; the road agents were too sharp, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent hold-ups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. Company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fe. He's where he should be—at Canon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Mule-Shoe Trail is! Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now, that the famous bandit, known as 'Foxey' was only a woman.

She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother and the result was that next dry the road agents missed their leader, and, inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. Company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which 'Foxey' had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxey's' disappearance, and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is——"

Hallegan's eyes twinkled. "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.
—Argonaut.

LEPER VILLAGE OF SIBERIA.

MODEL ON EXHIBITION IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING AT JACKSON PARK.

An exhibit in the woman's building which appeals strongly to the heart of the philanthropist is the model of Kate Marsden's Siberian leper village.

Miss Marsden is a professional nurse of the order of the Red Cross, an English girl whose heart was moved with pity for the sufferings of the lepers in the lonely depths of the forests of Siberia. Of her own accord she started on the mission which has become her life-work.

She traveled 7000 miles, 2000 of them on horseback. Even after she reached her journey's end her search for the unfortunates was long and tedious, but at last she found them in the heart of the forest, living in rude mud huts, in the deepest degradation and despair. Her appeals for help touched the heart of her queen, Victoria, and reached the ears of the Empress of Russia. They are rendering her assistance.

In Russia and Siberia she raised money enough to erect temporary habitations for the lepers, and she is now in America for the purpose of raising more money with which to complete her plans. She is at present in Chicago, and can almost any time be found in her section.

The exhibit at the Fair consists of photographs and autograph letters, and a model of the village, or rather leper station, which will stand in the northeast portion of Siberia, in the province of Takulsh. There are two immense hospital buildings, for the use of those utterly incapacitated for work, surrounded by a village of smaller houses, where leper families can live as happily as it is possible for those so afflicted to do.

Where It Thunders Most.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms on ninety-seven days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with eighty-six days; Hindustan, with fifty-six; Borneo, with fifty-four; the Gold Coast, with fifty-two; and Rio de Janeiro, with fifty-one. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with thirty-eight days of thunder, while France and Southern Russia have sixteen days, Great Britain and Switzerland seven days, and Norway only four days. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard on only three days in the year; and is extremely rare in Northern Turkistan and the polar regions. The nothern limit of the region of thunder storms passes by Cape Ogle, Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the coast of the Siberian Sea.

A Little Point Decided it.

A juryman at Ashland, Wis., made a startling disclosure as to the small incident which led to the conviction of Baker in the Hurley Bank robbery case. The envelope in which Baker swore he received the bills found on his person could not hold the amount of money he had or claimed he had when arrested. No amount of compression could have reduced the package less than two inches. This fact, brought out in the jury room, quickly determined the verdict.—St. Louis Republic.

BRITISH NURSING EXHIBIT.

LAY FIGURES ILLUSTRATE THE METHOD OF HOSPITAL WORK.

No room in the woman's building is attracting more attention than that in which the British nursing exhibit is displayed. This is under the control of the British royal commission, under the presidency of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who is herself a practical and professional nurse. The exhibit is in charge of Mrs. Bond at one time one of her Majesty's nurses. Mrs. Bond has, for noble service rendered in her profession, been the recipient of four medals, noticeably that of the Royal Red Cross, conferred by Queen Victoria.

The exhibit is divided into sections and is placed in large glass cases against the walls. The first section is devoted to specimens of all sorts of ligatures and bandages used in binding wounds in hospital service. The bandages are of all materials, from gauze to oil silk, and are in infinite variety. A model of a rack for holding bandages is in this collection. Below are the surgical instruments used by nurses in their profession, including everything from a cambric needle to syringes and cases of scissors. Every sort of thermometer, from the wall thermometer to that used for testing children's food, is here.

The second section is devoted to hygienic clothing designed by Miss Franks, of London, the different articles being such as are worn by British professional nurses and by them recommended to their patients. Of course all articles displayed in this section are for underwear, and consist of flannel undergarments, ventilated corsets for summer wear and knit ones for winter, stockings, and the hygienic shoe invented by Mrs. Fenwick. This shoe is adapted for the sick room, and is modeled on the human foot. It is well ventilated, has steel springs over the instep and a rubber heel, rendering it perfectly noiseless.

The next section is devoted to splints, padded in various materials, and to different baskets and bags used by the nurses. The first to attract attention is Mrs. Fenwick's ward basket, which is stocked with everything in daily use by nurses, and the wonder is how so much can be packed in so small a space. The bag used by the Queen Victoria jubilee nurses in their work among the poor is also on exhibition, and is like the ward basket, very complete in appointments, containing enough one hundred articles. This is of oil silk, but instead of toilet articles, it contains necessary articles for the sick, antiseptics, etc.

Another section contains dolls to simulate patients undergoing surgical operations of various kinds, in which the use of the most perfect surgical appliances is illustrated.

In the centre of the room is a case in which are models of nurses from all the leading hospitals of London. Very pretty nurses, too, the majority with flaxen hair and great blue eyes; "but," whispered a young Englishman in the room, "the nurses themselves are much prettier than the models."

The Sisters of St. Thomas stand arrayed in gowns of blue striped cotton, with long white aprons and caps of white lace. Above them stand nurses from the royal naval hospital in scarlet and navy blue, the male nurse, from one of her Majesty's battleships, being in plain uniform and cap.

The nurses from the Gordon home, home hospital have particulary pretty gowns, the one of crimson, the other of pink check, both in aprons and caps.

From the King's college hospital are nurses in dark green, with linen caps and collars, and probationers in gray and black.

The outdoor costume of the Thrall Hospital is exceedingly pretty, consisting of black brilliantine gown, long black silk cloak with lining of changeable silk, and bonnet of Mary Stuart design.

Her Majesty's nursing sister wears a gray uniform indoors, with red cape and white kerchief, while her going-out costume is a long gray cloak, with close-fitting bonnet and veil.

The maternity nurse is in pure white with not a touch of color to mar its spotlessness.

Sweetest of all, because quaintest of all, are the native Indian nurses who are in hospitals in Cairo and Bombay. In Cairo is the Arab nurse in blue striped gown, white apron, and native headdress. Nurse Amina, in the Gama hospital, Bombay, is in pink trousers, with overdress of white, and white headdress.

The Hindoo nurse, Rukhal, in holiday attire, stands resplendent in robe of changeable green silk with golden bordering, while next to her stands the nurse Dosabar in blue and silver. Another Hindoo nurse is in holiday garb of crimson and gold with gayly flowered vest. Nurse Premabai is in blue and ecru, while marshaling her line stands English Sister Mary in white, with bow of blue at the neck, her blond hair half covered with lace, a charming contrast to her black-browed assistants.

The wall of the room in which is placed this exhibit is hung with portraits of distinguished and philanthropic women. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, adorns the eastern wall. Directly under her portrait is a statue of Florence Nightingale. To the left is a bust of the Princess Christian, president of the Royal British Nurses Association, and who has taken an active part in organizing professional nurses into bodies and in instituting reforms. To the right stands Miss Nightingale. A bookcase is filled with mementoes of Sister Dora, her chains, keys, scissors, and letters from men of distinction. There also is the life of Sister Dora, written by her cousin, and a portrait of Miss Amuesley Kennelly, the noble Irish girl who last year volunteered her services in Hamburg cholera hospitals. Photographs of Miss Nightingale, of Sister Dora and of many prominent British nurses also adorn the walls, while a case of medals is of particular interest.

A Good Appetite

is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the digestion so that all symptoms of Dyspepsia are removed. Mr. Robert W. W. Denvir of 238 Franklin Street, Long Island City, N. Y., say: "For two years I suffered with dyspepsia, and could find no cure for it. A trip abroad did not improve my health. But I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in one month I was perfectly well.

Mr. Denvir.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. * The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

27 843

Relieved of Worry.

Adorer (feeling his way)—I—er—suppose your sister does not like my coming here so often, does she? Little Brother (confidently)—Oh, you needn't worry about sister. She can stand 'most anybody.—Exchange.

Asphalt pavement was first laid in Paris in 1834.

Nothing makes the world seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

Self-help is the best kind. It develops us and eases the community, which is thus left free to aid those who cannot help themself.

—In true kleptomania the victim does not always distinguish between articles of value and those which have none. Some will pick up chips of wood or bits of gravel rather than nothing.

A luminous idea for the employment of luminous paint: Use it for the names of streets and the numbers of houses.

Aluminum can be hardened by rapid cooling in water, more especially if it be alloyed with a small percentage of titanium or tungsten.

Thunder storms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the world, there being an average of 97 days in each year upon which they occur.

In Sweden and Norway the peat bogs cover many million acres, the depth of the turf varying from three to 37 feet. It is used in iron works, wood-pulp factories, glass works, brick works and as fuel for steam engines.

—More than $70,000,000 have been sent out from the United States since the first of January last. The gold kings of Wall street are taking care of themselves, and the people will be "left with the bags to hold."

The following pretty experiment is suggested by Charles Wetterer in the *American Machinist*: If iron or steel filings be corroded in a damp atmosphere, and this rust added a little at a time to a jar of diluted sulphuric acid, the crystalline carbon particles[] that existed in the metal unite to form large crystals; these same will be of the hard diamond form.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price $1; by mail, $1.10.

There is a man in Griffin, Ga., who is hoarding a million dollars of Confederate money.

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

The Life-saving service in 1890 cost $1,000,000 and saved 800 lives and $5,000,000 of property.

If Dobbins' Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you *can not afford* to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can *decide for yourself* very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

The island of Attu the most western point of our territory, is 2900 miles west of San Francisco.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The first white child born in the Colonies was Virginia Dare at Roanoke Island, August 18, 1587.

"I can heartily say to any young man who is wanting good employment, work for Johnson & Co., follow their instructions and you will succeed." So writes an agent of R. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and that's the way all of their men talk.

An officer of the Brazilian Army bears the name of Captain Antonio de Albuquerque O'Connel Jersey.

Rich, red blood as naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum and all other impurities.

Hood's Pills are easy, yet efficient.

There is an apple tree near Wilson, N. Y., planted in 1815, that once yielded thirty-three full barrels of fruit.

Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of overeating. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Charles Allard of Missouri has 100 buffaloes on the Flathead reservation, the only live herd of such magnitude in the world.

If afflicted with soreeyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Though many British naval officers of high rank are young men, there are five admirals living in England, at an age of more than ninety years.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary of Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a, $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The English skylark has often been introduced into New England, but all attempts to domesticate it have proved futile, for the climate is too severe.

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McClave, Schoolteacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath. 25c.

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REMARKABLE BEDS.

As the Eskimo sleeps on furs and skins, so even wealthy ancient Romans were content to repose on leaves and straw. Ere long they improved on hints taken from conquered nations, filled beds with delicate down, or stuffed them with the finest wool, till they attained the highest pitch of luxury in the appointment of their couches. Richly-carved wooden frames inlaid with ivory or silver, and finally with gold, sustained cushions, pillows, and counterpanes of gold and purple—a striking contrast to the flock-filled trusses of their plebeian brethren. The old Greeks used beds supported on iron frames; while the Egyptians had couches shaped more like easy-chairs with hollow backs and seats.

Climatic considerations must be taken into account by different nations in their bed-making arrangement. The Russian day and night hugs sheepskins round him; and the Pacific islander finds in palm-leaves a sufficient coverlet. In the tropics, mats of grass answer the same purpose. The East Indian unrolls his portable mattress, and in the morning literally takes up his bed and walks off with it. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often well carved; while the Jap, with an uncomfortable wooden rest for his neck, stretches himself on a matting, and has a lighted paper lantern for company.

German beds are furnished with large quilts filled with feathers or down, which answer the purpose of ordinary bed-clothing. Travellers agree that there is not enough of the Continental bed—that, in fact, it ends too quickly.

Europeans living in the East soon become acquainted with the slender iron bedsteads with tall iron rods, designed to support the mosquito curtain which seldom really answers its purpose.

On view in one of the early London Exhibitions was a Chinese bed ornamented with all sorts of curious and elaborate cabinet-work, the greater part of which consisted of inlaid mother-of-pearl. How useless and extravagant ornaments may be heaped upon a single domestic article was proved by the grand bedstead exhibited in the Austrian department. The enormity of its bedposts, of which there appeared to be at least a dozen rising in spires of different heights, with the high relief of the carving, and the massive magnificence of the whole design, and the finish of the carving in all its parts, made this bed appear not unlike a great model of a Gothic cathedral.

Chamber's Journal tells us that some of our wealthy American cousins appear to be puzzled in what new form to lavish their money. A brass bedstead inlaid with real pearls was recently made for a lady in New York. On a brass rail which runs across the top the owner's name is wrought in pearls. Still more of a curiosity is the "Silent Alarm Bedstead, to turn any one out of bed at a given hour," the production of an inventive genius in London some years ago. This amusing contrivance assumes a degree of density in the sleeper which no alarm can affect, or else a singular amount of luxurious weakness of purpose. The bed therefore acts the part of Resolution for the sleeper; and having been set overnight for a given hour in the morning, the said incorrigible sleeper finds the bed revolve so as to tilt him out; and a bath being placed by the bedside, he may at once be relieved of all need for summoning a resolution either to get up or take a plunge.

Another remarkable and, we should say, more generally useful bedstead—exhibited in the Workmen's Exhibition at Paris—was made so that it can be taken down and put up again in the short space of half a minute. By a curious combination of springs, the bed can be instantaneously surrounded with curtains, a washstand wheeled inside, and the occupant go through his or her toilet without being seen. By another spring the bed is turned into a canopy suited for invalids, who have no need to stir to perform the transformation.

We are told that M. Thiers died in a little iron bed scarcely larger than a child's, which he had used for fifty years. It was wheeled into the small drawing-room where he had breakfast. He took it with him on his tour through Europe in 1870.

An interesting historical relic will be familiar to all who have visited Holyrood Palace, where may be seen the four-poster bedstead of Scotland's beautiful and luckless Queen, in its faded splendor and melancholy suggestiveness of misfortune and decay.

The darkness and secretiveness of Richard III.'s character has an illustration, strange as it may appear, in the construction of his bed. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a cumbersome wooden bedstead, which he averred was the only couch he could sleep in; but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. Quite a romance could be made out of its subsequent history. After the battle of Bosworth, Richmond's victorious troops pillaged Leicester; but the royal bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house, afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich without any visible cause, and became Mayor of Leicester. Years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this culprit the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed a public print of 1830 states "about half a century since the relic was purchased by a furniture-dealer, who slept in it for many years and showed it to the curious. It was well preserved, being formed of oak, and having a high polish."

Many great personages seem to be careful that their importance should be reflected, as it were, in the luxurious appointments of their sleeping apartments. True, it is said on one occasion when a Persian ambassador was shown into his bedroom in a certain hotel, where a grand canopied state-bed had been prepared for him, he supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room. But Eastern potentates show as a rule a much greater appreciation of costly beds. A remarkable bedstead was made in Paris for an Indian Prince, who paid thousands of pounds for it. It was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate-looking fan. The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion which causes the figures to keep the fans gently in motion—an ingenious luxury in a hot climate. By touching a spring, a large musical box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber. Another bedstead made of silver is said to have been occupied by the German Emperor during his visit to the Sultan. It had Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold. What a contrast this presents to the simple iron camp beds affected by Prince Bismarck, Moltke, and other renowned dealers!

Among numerous presents sent to a Shah of Persia by one of the Russian Emperors was a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence. It is said to have been entirely made of crystal, and was accessible by steps of the same material all worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusted in a solid frame. On each side there were spouts made to eject scented water, which by its murmuring invited sleep. It was crowned by a large chandelier, which spread light around, so as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. This unique piece of furniture was produced, we are told, at the imperial manufactory of St. Petersburg.

In these days, royalty does not seem to concern itself so much about such magnificent sleeping-couches. It is well known that England's gracious sovereign always includes a bed among her travelling belongings, which is sent from Windsor Castle whenever Her Majesty goes anywhere. It is said to be a perfectly simple bedstead of maple wood, with plain hangings arranged as a tent, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress. Two beds were manufactured at the Castle works, one of which was placed in the Queen's cabin on board the *Osborne*, and the other sent in advance to the Schloss occupied by Her Majesty in Darmstadt. The royal visitor is said sometimes to leave her bed as a sort of souvenir. One, we are told, is at Dunkeld, and others at Baden and Coburg.

NO BETTER PROOF.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE BEST

Milroy, Mifflin Co., Penna.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

Mrs. John Gemmill, of this place, was thrown from a wagon, sustaining a most serious injury to her spine, and was

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE FOR 19 YEARS,

unable to walk. Her daughter providentially procured two bottles of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

which Mrs. Gemmill used. Before the second bottle was exhausted, she was able to walk about, and has been

COMPLETELY CURED."

Very truly,

M. THOMPSON, Postmaster.

OUR GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO COOK.

BY AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL.

"Lives here a man with soul so high
He never in his heart doth cry—
'Learning is good and beauty fine;
But lighter in my eyes doth shine
The lustre of the housewife's eyes,
When know I she can make good pies'?"

It is a trite saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Plenty of well cooked food properly set before him will extort as much good nature from a morose temperament as any one thing we can mention. A woman is far short of being thoroughly educated who has not been thoroughly instructed in the science of cookery. Good taste in adornment, a well cultured mind, and skill in the fine arts are admirable in their ways, but none of these will atone for bad bread, sodden vegetables, and ill cooked meat.

The art of cooking after the best approved methods of the best cooks, should be studied and practiced by all young girls who expect to become housewives; and this not only if the man who woos her is depending on his own hands to lift him into the ranks of the successful.

Men without fortune are ill prepared to employ skilled cooks. The rich who have more money than they know what to do with, may fancy that they can dispense with this knowledge on the part of their wives, but even they may have abundant occasion to wish that they had married sensible women, to know how to order and direct their households.

The example of Queen Victoria is a good one for all mothers. Her daughters were required to learn how to do housework of all kinds, and her sons were taught trades. There was a world of wisdom in her ideas of training the coming generation for the duties of life.

It is well to understand the preparation of all dishes that are served from the simplest to the most elaborate, so as to be able to gratify all tastes. One can make a dish of gruel so delicious that it would please an epicure, or a plum pudding so bad that all would turn away from it with loathing.

To make a minced pie so that it is not too moist, or too dry, too sweet, or too sour, requires great skill in the blue of cooking. Many a man of politeness has been tempted to swallow the most indigestible of food rather than run the risk of wounding the pride of the good lady of the house by refusing her viands.

The proper serving of meals is intimately associated with the culinary department, but is often neglected. In some families where too much work falls to the wife's lot I have noticed that he will try to save herself labor by cooking a great deal at once, and then putting it on the table until it is used up. I have seen a large jar full of doughnuts that were delicious when first put upon the table for successive days, and as no new ones were provided until all there were used, and these soon became dry, they lasted a good while. This may have seemed like economy, but it was certainly unpleasing.

If a husband be a gentleman in the true sense of the term he will appreciate all the skill and tact his wife shall manifest in providing for him, and will never stint his wife in the praise she deserves and which—coming from the lips of the man she loves—is above all price to her.

No doubt