

HOLDING THE REINS.

The night was clear, the shining moon. She snuggled close beneath the robe. To her fond lover's side. The horse was spirited and jumped. With frequent quips and strains. Until she innocently said: "Do let me hold the reins!"

MRS. DUSENBURY.

URLED like a kitten in the depths of Mr. St. Maur's great easy chair, she looked up at the crimson cushions, and a frown was distorting papa's brows at sight of her. Mr. St. Maur looked the image of shocked dismay and profound indignation as, coming to the library for a book which he wanted to show to Miss Dusenbury, he found the very young lady whom they had already waited dinner fully three quarters of an hour, dozing comfortably in his study-chair, and not even dressed for dinner yet. It was some moments before he could articulate for amazement.

"Upon—my—word, really, upon—my—word," he managed to say at last. She started up at the sound of his voice, her dimpled cheeks pink with blush, her dark fringed eyes bright as two green suns, and her soft black curls in a pretty disorder.

"Way, papa, is that you?" she said, yawning behind rosy-tipped fingers, and lazily dropping her white lids again, as though disinclined to be roused from her nap just yet.

"Miss—St. Maur." He never called her St. Maur except on very extraordinary occasions, and she resented a little at the words.

"Are you aware that dinner has been waiting for you full three-quarters of an hour?" "Miss—St. Maur," she replied, without opening her eyes.

Mr. St. Maur grew slightly red in the face. "Disobedient and contemptuous girl! Are you aware, Ruby St. Maur, that your affianced husband is waiting in the parlor to see you?" "Affianced who?" Ruby exclaimed, suddenly sitting up very straight, and opening her bright eyes to their utmost dimensions.

"Mr. Dusenbury, the gentleman I expect you to marry, awaits you in the parlor. Repair at once to your dressing room, and join us in the shortest possible space of time."

"I dare say I shall, papa; but what's become of the old cormorant's son?" "Mr. Dusenbury's son was a bad fellow," Mrs. St. Maur said, and he's well rid of him."

"I don't believe he was bad a bit, son. His father just wanted to make a withered old hunk of him like himself, and because he couldn't do it he disowned him. Ruby exclaimed, with frigate emphasis and a rosy pout. "I know one thing: If I ever get the power Hunt Dusenbury's father shall do him justice."

Miss Ruby St. Maur was a somewhat indolent, luxurious little body. She was very fond of curling herself away among cushions and dreaming sometimes waking vision. She was occupied precisely thus one morning, of which I am going to tell you.

"Now, then," she murmured, bringing her little rosy palm emphatically down upon the cushions, "if I could bring that fastidious Hunt to the point, I'd fix matters in a twinkling. What is it to him if papa has got money?"

"I wish I dare!" The lips of the fair sleeper moved lightly, and bending to catch a faint utterance, he heard something that sounded wonderfully like his own name, much wonder that Mr. Hunt Dusenbury might his breath, and murmure it. "I wish I dare!"

"Do you take this man for better or for worse, Ruby St. Maur, I minister. I can't tell until I have had him for a little while," returned the bride. "Harper's."

"Well, Hunt, what if you do? You know papa has got over and ever so good money, and I'm all the girl's got, and I don't know how you can have the audacity to tell me that, under the circumstance?"

"You—did!" Hunt looked horrified incredulity, and made a movement to withdraw his arm, but the little hand back upon the cushion, muttering something that sounded like, "The young coquette!"

"I'm going to be bribed," she said, sweetly, "it must be with something more than a ruby necklace."

A speckling of water. It is said a watchmaker of Geneva, Switzerland, named Casimir Lenoir, has just completed a watch which, instead of striking the hours and quarters, announces them by speaking like the phonograph. The mechanism of the watch is based on phonographic conditions, the bottom of the case containing a phonographic sensitive plate which has received the impression of the human voice before being inserted in the watch.

Electricity for Farmers. The electrical papers published great possibilities for country towns and quarters, and twelve more those of the hour and second and third quarters. If the hand on the dial shows the time to be 12.15 o'clock, one of the fine needle points of the mechanism crosses the corresponding groove and the disk, which turns simultaneously, calls out the time, just as the phonographic cylinder. The lowlier side of the case is provided with a tiny mouthpiece, and when the watch is held to the ear the sound is all the more plain.—Jeweler's Circular.

Laugh and Grow Fat. A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS. Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read While Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Bedtime.

Market Report. The flour market is very firm, and the wheat market is very active. The corn market is very quiet, and the cotton market is very active.

Butter, which is almost indispensable to the meal nowadays, was formerly used solely as an ornament.

Can's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart Urinary of Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A bottle for \$2.00 or drugists, 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

German Syrup. I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years. It cured me of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Fains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones, Jr.

Rising Sun Stove Polish. Do Not Be Deceived. With Patents, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, floor and furniture.

Purges the Blood. It is certainly unlucky to have thirteen at table when there is only dinner enough for twelve.—Life.

Hood's is a Blessing. Since I was in camp in 1862, when I caught a severe cold, I have suffered with kidney troubles and severe pains in my back, and have been unable to do any heavy work. After I had tried all sorts of medicine, I was told to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and in a few days I was completely cured.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness, and all ailments of the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Catarrh Remedy. MELTING IRON IN WATER.

An Electric Experiment Which Opens Up Large Possibilities. Among recent electrical experiments made on either side of the Atlantic, that of melting a bar of iron immersed in cold water has, perhaps, excited more popular interest than any other.

When Nature Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedy in which the body is naturally renewed every seven years, said "Thos. M. Jones, in seven years you will no longer be Miss B."

Medical doctors considered chips for the gallows on which someone had been hanged a good remedy for leprosy.

Swing in Air. In an interesting account of a journey through the great canyons of the Colorado River, Mr. Hobert Brewster Stanton gives in the Cosmopolitan a lively impression of the danger of scaling those marble cliffs, which stand from one to two thousand feet in vertical walls, with scarce a bench or ledge wide enough for a mountain sheep.

Does Protection Protect? Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well its name of the best blood purifier.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME. SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS! Couldn't Eat or Sleep. Dyspepsia and Heart Trouble. Dr. Kilmer and Co.—I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and heart trouble. I lived mostly on milk, as everything I ate hurt me. My kidneys and liver got in a terrible state. Could neither sleep or eat. I had been treated by the best Chicago doctors without any benefit whatever. As a last resort I tried your SWAMP-ROOT, and now I can eat anything, no matter what, and can go to bed and get nothing but a good night's sleep.

Swamp-Root Cured Me. Any one doubting this statement can write, I will gladly answer. Mrs. Germain Miller, Dec. 20th, 1892. At Druggists 50 cents. Beware of cheap imitations. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. STUFFING FOR FOWLS. It is one of the easiest tasks to stuff a fowl if one goes about it in the right way. The first necessity is somewhat dry, home made bread. It is all very well to talk about baker's bread, but there are many cooks who claim that really excellent stuffing cannot be made from it.

Select a well dried loaf or little scraps cut off from any burnt portion, but not the crust. Butter the slices and sprinkle them with salt and pepper and a little sage, thyme or summer savory, according to one may like the seasonings; then dust over these pieces the finest speck of baking powder. Cut the slices into dice and fill the bird with these until no more can be pressed in.

The Bruce Telescope. The conditions have not been good for making practical tests with the big Bruce photographic telescope since its completion recently, but the tests thus far have proved very satisfactory.

Why the Leaves Trembled. While Mr. Hudson was in Patagonia he became much interested in a sect of the natives of Sosa, who were famous for the almost perfect knowledge of his senses.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS. THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS. CLINCH RIVETS. No stock necessary. One a hammer will cut them in ten minutes.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT. WATERPROOF COAT. WATERPROOF COAT. WATERPROOF COAT.

RUPTURE. RUPTURE. RUPTURE. RUPTURE. RUPTURE.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME. SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS! Couldn't Eat or Sleep.

EXTREME, CHRONIC, TORTURING CASES OF NEURALGIA. ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE. SURGERY EXTRAORDINARY. There is a truly noble way of man over man; one which is earned by well-doing which is a chief requisite of virtue.

"I see that a doctor down in Virginy is about to furnish a couple of arms on a diet that had his arms taken off," said the man with the ginger beard, with the air of one who was sure of his position.

"That there's no business," "What there's no business," "What there's no business," "What there's no business."

An Ex-Liberty Tom. We see it stated in three or four papers (and of course it must be so) that a man at Rio has a toasty time in his place that is fifteen feet high and with such a spread of oranges that it made the house.

Young Mothers! We Offer You a Remedy Which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child. "MOTHER'S FRIEND" is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the young mother.

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