THE FAMILY STORY

PARTED ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Hattie Furman was a great favorite with the gentlemen, and her partiality for the sterner sex was as great as theirs for her. She was engaged to young Dr. Hartley, but he had one year more at the university before his studies were completed, and his fiancee seemed nowise inclined to mourn his absence. There were admirers in plenty ready to take his place, and she never lacked an escort to any of the neighborhood festivities, where she was always the life and mischief of the party.

Then she would write a full history of each affair to her absent lover, never forgetting to tell him how much she had enjoyed herself, how agreeable Mr. So-and-So had been, what pretty speeches Mr. Such-a-one had made when she accepted his escort for the next dance at the ball, "and he's such an elegant waltzer, you know," she added, tantalizingly. The young doctor's blood fairly boiled when he read these missives and imagined some other man's arms where he considered none but his had any right to be. Yet he dared not protest. He ventured once to assert his rights, on his last vacation home, and his ring had been offered him with such promptness that it fairly took his breath away.

"I don't want it. I won't take it," he gasped.

"Just as you like," replied Hattie, coldly. "I thought you were tired of me. If you are, just take back your old ring. Fred Fox offered me a nicer one last week.'

"Oh, Hattie!" was all the Doctor could say.

His grieved tone and white face touched the girl's heart, and she burst out with: "Oh, Frank! I didn't mean it. I'd rather have your ugly old ring than all the other rings in the world, and I'd rather have you than all"—here she threw her arms around his neck impulsively, hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

Then, of course, he begged her pardon and called himself a brute, and she forgave him, and when he went away flirted more than ever.

She was usually very prompt in fulfilling their compact of writing weekly letters to each other, but on two occasions the weeks had made a month before the longed-for letter came to the absent lover, and then she made no excuse but that she had been having so much fun she had quite forgotten to write.

The young doctor really believed she only meant to tease him, yet he felt indignant and mutually vowed that if the reins were ever in his hands she should repent her seeming heartlessness. It is a wonder the poor fellow could study at all, but he did at last graduate with honor.

Hattie seemed proud as he of the hard-earned diploma, and the young couple spent a delightful fortnight making plans for the future and trying to decide upon the most desirable location for a young physician to gain a lucrative practice and a home for his bonnie bride. He was far too manly to ask Hattie to link her fate with his until he could offer her a home that would in some degree approach the comfortable one she would leave, even if her parents had been willing for such a proceeding.

While still undecided a position was offered his as physician and surgeon with an exploring and surveying party that were making a tour to the far Northwest. There was money in it and the needed practice without fear of competition or failure. It seemed the chance of a lifetime and had been tendered him through the influence of one of the university professors, yet it would involve a three years' separation from Hattie, and what assurance had he that some of those other fellows would not win her from him? Even if they did not he felt as if he never could endure three such years of torture as that last one at the university had been. Still he could not refuse, especially when her parents urged him so strongly to accept.

Hattie seemed very sorry to have him go and promised very faithfully to be true to her troth.

"But you can't expect me to be an old woman, Frank," she said. "Why, if I couldn't have any fun for three years I'd be wrinkled and gray-haired when you came back, and then you wouldn't want me at all."

Frank laughed and said he'd run the risk, and if she'd only wait for him 'twas all he'd ask, but it was with aching heart he kissed her a last farewell, and a torturing fear of what that long three years might bring forth.

It was twelve miles from the pretty little village, where their childhood days had been spent, to the nearest railway station, and he arrived there at 11 o'clock one beautiful June night. He found that schedules had been changed and that he could make better time in reaching his party to wait for the morning express. He felt aggravated to think of waiting six long hours that he might have been spending with Hattie, who he knew was almost crying her pretty eyes out over his departure. The more he thought of it the more tortuting it became and with a sudden resolve he bought his ticket, checked his baggage, visited the nearest livery barn and in fifteen minutes a horse and buggy was making the best possible time over the home road.

He could hardly tell just when the momentous thought did occur to him, but as he rode along, dwelling upon Hattie's earnest assurance that she would marry him "this minute," if he could only take her along, a possibility flashed across his mind that made him urge the horse to still greater speed. He could not take her with him, but——

His heart seemed lighter already and the horse fairly flew along the smooth turnpike. Within a mile of Mr. Furman's there lived a justice of the peace. Dr. Hartley paused long enough to arouse this worthy functionary and held a hurried consultation with him; then he drove on.

Hattie's parents were somewhat surprised at being disturbed in their slumber, but not so much surprised as when, after a short conference between the young doctor and his fiancee, who had needed no waking, they were summoned to give their consent to an immediate marriage. They could think of no valid objection if the young folks wished it, and an hour later Justice Evans pronounced the couple man and wife.

It was then 3 o'clock and the young husband had only time to leave his wife in her parents' care again, bid her another loving farewell and hasten to reach the train that was to bear him so far away from his native Pennsylvania village and her whom he had loved since his earliest recollection.

His three years' trip was one of mingled hardship, excitement and pleasure; in all a very enjoyable one to Dr. Hartley. A part of every Sabbath day was spent in writing long, loving letters to Hattie. And although he often longed for a sight of the dear face he felt no anxiety on her account, knowing that when he did return she would be watching for him.

For the young wife the time did not pass so pleasantly. Poor girl! Her "fun" was spoiled. She could not accept other escorts now, and as she had no brother to act as such she was forced to remain at home, and there she moped and pined for Frank until her parents bitterly repenaed the hasty step they had allowed her to take. And it is doubtful if in that first long, lonely year she did not herself regret it, but if so none were the wiser, least of all the absent husband.

She had never really meant to grieve her faithful lover as she had in that last year, and now that she realized what heartache meant she would not have him suffer as she did, and so she exerted herself to write cheerful, contented letters. Frank almost believed she did not miss him and wished that she might feel just a little of what he had once on account of her thoughtless flirting, yet he was too honorable to give her any reason for distrust and too true for deception of any kind.

Home did not seem home to Hattie any more. She herself was so changed that unconsciously her parents' demeanor changed toward her. Generous checks from Frank much more than supplied her wants, and what she did not positively need was carefully hoarded to furnish the lovely home that seemed yet so far away, and many hours were passed in making pretty trifles for the same purpose. Much of her time was spent at Frank's home. His mother was dead, but with his father, aunt and cousin she seemed best content.

One day a gossipy neighbor bantered her about her strange widowhood and remarked that likely Dr. Hartley was having a fine time playing agreeable to other ladies, for of course no one would suppose him to be a married man. The shot struck home, for only that very week he had mentioned in his letter a lady that reminded him of her. To be sure, how did she know in what manner he was spending his time. And could she blame him if he did sometimes forget his loyalty to her? And then she thought with shame of her own promiscuous flirting of the past.

That night she hunted up the piece of paper that was legal evidence that the twain was one. In that last year that little paper was one of her greatest comforts, and thankful she was that she was bound to Dr. Hartley, for that same contract made him hers.

"He's mine. He will be true to me. He will come back," she often sobbed to herself in the wee small hours when haunting thoughts would not let her sleep. And thus that last summer approached its zenith. If Frank had dreamed of the torture she was undergoing he would never have planned the little revenge that was so foreign to his nature. He wrote that he hoped to be home to celebrate their anniversary, but the party was unavoidably detained, and he yielded to the impulse to repay her for her old tormenting tricks and "forgot to write." Her letters of late had been brief and unsatisfactory, but little he imagined that it was because the poor girl could not write cheerfully and would not write any other way. She seemed to care so little that he thought a little anxiety would make his welcome the warmer.

The wedding day was a fair counterpart of that other one, and Hattie was feverish with alternating hope and fear. She started with every sound and listened at every footfall, but the day and night came and went and no Frank come. Worse yet, the week went by and did not bring the missive that never before had failed her. Another week went by and still no tidings. Poor Hattie was almost wild with despair. She was fully convinced that some terrible accident had happened on the homeward journey, and she was indeed a widow.

"But he's mine—he's mine," she moaned, clasping that piece of precious paper to her heart. She was at Frank's father's. The other inmates of the house were sound asleep that lovely July night, but poor heart-broken Hattie sat by her bedside, with her face buried in the pretty covers—some of her own handiwork—brooding over her desolate life and wondering how many years she would have to live before death would reunite them. And, wondering, she fell asleep only to dream of an ominous yellow envelope being placed in her hand. It was a telegram, and her nervous fingers refused to open it, for she knew but too well what it contained.

A sharp rap at the door roused her from her half stupor, and instinctively she rose and started to open it, thinking of naught but the dreaded messenger boy with the yellow envelope.

"Who's there?" demanded the old gentleman, wakening from his slumber by a second rap.

Her hand was on the knob when an eager, living voice from the outside exclaimed: "Frank Hartley. Is Hattie here?"

The door opened, and after three long, weary years of waiting husband and wife were reunited.

It needed the clasp of loving arms to assure Hattie that she had not slept her last sleep and waked in heaven.—Philadelphia Times.

Clothing for Milch Cows.

A few days ago the residents of the southern portion of the county had their attention directed to a herd of thirty-five cows which were being driven out Mission road to San Mateo County. On each of the animals was a covering consisting of four ordinary barley sacks sewed together. The blanket was fastened by cords to the legs of the cows and tied about the neck. The cows belonged to Koostri Brothers of the Holstein dairy, near the Five-Mile house. They were being driven to a ranch in San Mateo County, about five miles south of Colma, near the ocean shore. George Koostri, one of the owners of the cows, said the idea was common in the cold countries of Northern Europe. "The ranch we own in San Mateo County," he said, "is situated very close to the ocean. The climate is cold. The breezes which blow from the sea are very penetrating. Our cows would be chilled and we would be unable to allow them to pasture if we did not provide them with some covering to resist the cold. In some of the European countries the cows are blanketed in the winter months and kept in a large inclosure. They are not allowed out, but are fed in a stable. This lasts in some places from Nov. 1 to May 1. We have thirty-five cows out on the ranch. Every one wears a blanket, which will not be removed until they return to the city, about three months from now. The climate here is much warmer in comparison to what it is along the seashore in San Mateo. The people who watched us driving the herd to the ranch thought that the cows were sick. They were very healthy, I can assure you."—San Francisco Examiner.

Former Slave Market.

On benches so placed as to command a good view were the buyers, coarse-looking Turks, whose calm, searching gaze seemed to take in every detail. The merchant conducting the sale stood before them, talking and gesticulating with great vehemence. He turned to one of the pens, which was filled with young Circassian women, most of whom were very handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, in an attitude of listless despondency, their white garments flowing around them, and as they gazed up at me with their sad, dark eyes, I felt painfully how they must envy the free and happy stranger who came to look on them in their infamy and misery.

The slave trader came forward, followed by a phlegmatic-looking Turk, and, seizing one of the women by the arm, forced her to stand up before this man, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He proceeded to inspect her, very much in the same manner as he might have examined a horse or a dog, and his decision was unfavorable; he turned with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave merchant, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate girl, who sank down trembling among her companions in activity. This scene was as much as we could stand, and we left the place hurriedly at once; it is well, indeed, that such sights can be witnessed no more, at least in Europe.—Blackwood's Magazine.

More Pie for the Money.

A French journal tells a story of a lady who with a maid went to purchase a still-life picture for her dining-room.

She selected a canvas on which were painted a bunch of flowers, a pie cut in two and a half-penny roll, and was paying 500 francs for it when the maid approached to whisper in her ear:

"Madam," said the servant, "you are making a bad bargain: I saw a picture very much like this sold the other day for 400 francs."

"And was it as good as this?"

"Yes, madam, it was better; there was a good deal more pie in it."

Perpetual Motion?

Perpetual motion has been the dream of the inventor almost ever since the first invention of any kind was perfected. Pliny says that in his time there were machines which the inventors claimed would work, without stopping, for an indefinite length of time, and in the patent office of every government of the world there are hundreds of devices for securing this end. One authority states that in the patent office at Washington there are over 1,000 such apliances, for each of which the inventor hoped success. The perpetual motion machines, however, have never succeeded, and never will until men succeed in overcoming friction, the inertia of matter and gravitation and also in finding material that will never wear out.

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man. "It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute."—Indianapolis Journal.

HIS BUSINESS.

First Concessioner—"What do you do on the Plaisance?"

Second Concessioner—"The public."—Chicago Record.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has **"Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."**

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

MUSIC OF ST. PETER'S.

The Choir Sings It at Sight Without Rehearsal.

Opposite the Chapel of the Sacrament is the Chapel of the Choir. St. Peter's is a cathedral, and is managed by a chapter of canons, each of whom has his seat in the choir, and his vote in the disposal of the cathedral's income, which is considerable. The chapter maintains the choir of St. Peter's, a body of musicians quite independent of the so-called "Pope's choir," which is properly termed the "choir of the Sistine Chapel," and which is paid by the Pope.

No musical instruments are ever used in the Sistine. In the choir, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two whole tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ-builder is in attendance during every service to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to "cypher," and the pedal "trackers" unhook themselves unexpectedly. But the canons would certainly not think of building a new organ.

Should they ever do so, and tune the instrument to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great; for the music is all written for the existing organ, and could not be performed two notes higher, not to mention the confusion that would arise where all the music is sung at sight. This is a fact not generally known, but worthy of notice. The music sung in St. Peter's, and, indeed, in most Roman churches, is never rehearsed or practiced. The music itself is entirely in manuscript, and is the property of the choirmaster, or, as is the case in St. Peter's, of the chapter, and there is no copyright in it beyond this fact of actual possession, protected by the simple plan of never allowing any musician to have his part in his hands except while he is actually performing it.

In the course of a year the same piece may be sung several times, and the old choristers may become acquainted with a good deal of the music in this way, but never otherwise. Mozart is reported to have learned Allegri's Miserere by ear, and to have written it down from memory. The other famous Miserere, which are now published, were pirated in a similar way. The choirmaster of that day was very unpopular. Some of the leading singers who had sung the Miserere during many years in succession, and had thus learned their several parts, met and put together what they knew into a whole, which was at once published, to the no small annoyance and discomfiture of their enemy. But much good music is quite beyond the reach of the public—Palestrina's best motets, airs by Alessandro Stradella, the famous hymn of Raimondi, in short, a great musical library, an archivio, as the Romans call such a collection, all of which is practically lost to the world.

It is wonderful that under such circumstances the choir of St. Peter's should obtain even such creditable results. At a moment's notice an organist and about a hundred singers are called upon to execute a florid piece of music which many of them have never seen or heard; the accompaniment is played at sight from a mere figured bass, on a tumble-down instrument two hundred years old, and the singers, both the soloists and the chorus, sing from thumbed bits of manuscript parts written in old-fashioned characters on paper often green with age. No one has ever denied the extraordinary musical facility of Italians, but if the general musical world knew how Italian church music is performed it would be very much astonished.

It is no wonder that such music is sometimes bad. But sometimes it is very good; for there are splendid voices among the singers and the Maestro Renzi, the chief organist, is a man of real talent as well as of amazing facility. His modernizing influence is counterbalanced by that of the old choirmaster, Maestro Meluzzi, a first-rate musician, who would not for his life change a hair of the old-fashioned traditions. Yet there are moments, on certain days, when the effect of the great old organ, with the rich voices blending in some good harmony, is very solemn and stirring. The outward persuasive force of religion lies largely in its music, and the religions that have no songs make few proselytes.—Century.

When Sovereigns Confer.

The innumerable banquets which are offered to the royal persons on every occasion are exact emblems of the many valuable and pleasant days which are, at their instigation and by their command, wasted in senseless formula. Once, when costume was beautiful, pageantry was so also, and ceremonial was so also; but now both are unsightly and grotesque. Two bearded men in helmets, or caps, kiss each other on a railway footboard; old ladies in paterproof cloak toddle through two lines of policemen; a fat gentleman, in a round hat, with a cigar in his mouth, walks over a piece of red carpet, nodding to a bending human hedge of supple spines; faces beam inanely, throngs outside the station door cheer they know not why, troops are massed in readiness, for nowhere are these personages safe from attempts upon their lives; the whole thing is unlovely, absurd, anomalous, a caricature of what was once both intelligible and respectable, but in which there is no longer either prestige or symbolism. Without dignity in its object loyalty is a mere boneless bundle of wornout robes, and dignity perishes at the scream of the railway whistle.—Ouida in the Forum.

Imports Most Japan Teas.

Chicago is the largest importing center of Japan tea in the United States. Up to this year the record was held by New York. The annual report of Appraiser Hoyne shows that Chicago has run ahead of New York. There were last year, ending with June 30, 275,353 packages of teas invoiced at the port of Chicago, weighing 31,145,596 pounds, or 15,573 tons. In addition to the direct importation there passed through the Chicago office over 2,000,000 pounds of teas imported at other places and sent to Chicago for examination and classification. The four merchandise examiners report 26,324 cases examined, and 2,133 seized and detained for explanations. There were 844 cases of cigars imported and 12,685 bales of tobacco. There was a heavy increase of Havana tobacco, owing to the depletion of Cuban warehouses on account of the insurrection. There were 781 bales of Sumatra wrappers imported by Chicago dealers. During the year 615 protests against classifications were made by importers, and 600 of them answered.—Chicago Tribune.

The people who have seen you in an embarrassing situation never die or move out of the neighborhood.

First

Last and always advertised as a true blood purifier, the most wonderful cures on record are made and the greatest sales are won by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get Hood's, only Hood's

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

Intoxicated Bees.

It is believed that bees possess an immunity against the poisonous effects of certain flowers from which they obtain nectar. But while this may be so, it is certain that bees are not proof against the narcotic and intoxicating properties of plants, for they have frequently been seen to fall out of gladiolus blossoms in a state of helpless intoxication.

The Senses of Insects.

With reference to a recent paragraph in the Nature and Science column, a correspondent writes to us that the brilliant color of a wall paper in his house attracted bees, which found that they had been fooled when they tried to get the honey from the flowers pictured on the paper. This does not contradict the paragraph referred to, which only asserted that the odor is even more powerful than the sense of color in attracting insects. Probably both senses play their part in the case.

A Strange Explosion.

A singular accident, the cause of which is somewhat obscure, occurred recently in Brooklyn, New York. Two men were busy in a steam engine factory breaking up an old brass "plunger" from the water cylinder of a steamship. The plunger was two feet long and six inches in diameter, and its walls were five-eighths of an inch thick. It was first placed in a red-hot oven to soften the metal. Then one of the men struck it a violent blow with a sledge hammer. It exploded with a noise like the discharge of a cannon. The workmen were so badly mangled that both were compelled to undergo amputation, one losing both legs and the other one leg. The accident was ascribed to the absorption of moisture in the pores of the brass, and the subsequent turning of the moisture into steam by the sudden heating in the oven. The blow of the hammer, it was thought, released the pent-up force of the steam, and thus caused the explosion.

A New Metal in Brisk Demand.

French inventions frequently call into use natural products which had previously possessed no practical value. This is illustrated by the rare metal, thorium, discovered by the great chemist, Berzelius, early in the present century. When burned, the metal emits a light more brilliant than that of burning magnesium, but until the recent invention of incandescent gasburners, in which the flame is encased in a metallic mantle, no use was discovered for it. Upon experimenting with various substances it was found that the oxide of thorium, called thoria, makes the best mantle for such burners, and a demand being thus created for it, the value of thoria suddenly sprang from almost nothing up to $250 per pound. Then a search began for new sources from which thoria could be obtained, and this search is not yet finished. Originally the new metal was found only in certain rare minerals in Norway. Recently it has been discovered that the mineral "monazite" contains a liberal quantity of thoria, and monazite is found in North Carolina, Canada and Brazil. The price of thoria is now much lower than it was at first, although it still commands $15 or $20, and even more, per pound, the price fluctuating with the supply.

Welcoming a River.

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is some 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers, Major A. F. Sears says, disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March when rain falls in the Cordilleras. One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks. About the time when "the coming of the river" is expected, eager inquiries as to the progress of the water are put to all persons who chance to come from the head of the valley, and when the water approaches the town of Piura processions go out to meet it, and escort its first trickling stream down the dry river bed with music and fireworks. At the outskirts of the city thousands of people greet its arrival. The valley of the Piura is said by Major Sears to produce excellent cotton, although its possibilities in this respect are not well developed for lack of systematic irrigation. Once in a period of from five to seven years rain falls upon the coastal plain, whereupon, with magic quickness, grass and flowers cover it, and cattle browse in its pastures, but in a few weeks everything withers, and desolation reigns once more upon the barren sands.

Take the First Rank.

A certain Alabama register in chancery takes first rank as a lover of abstract justice. Recently in stating an account as master when the evidence showed that a large quantity of corn bargained to plaintiff had been lost by the defendant's agent, whose duty it was to deliver it to plaintiff, the Register announced his decision as follows:

"While, perhaps, the law and the evidence are on the side of the plaintiff, I think it would be unjust that the defendant should lose all this corn. I, therefore, charge the plaintiff with the corn."

Wouldn't you rather take a whipping than go to a party? And why do you feel so badly when you are not invited?

Good Cigarettes.

Googooly—Try one of these cigarettes, I think they're better than yours.

Beebooly—You do! In what way?

Googooly—They kill slower.—Roxbury Gazette.

"Odd, but Rather Nice."

Readers will perhaps be amused by a bit of "society" gossip overheard at some "function," and reported by the New York Tribune. Two young ladies were talking.

"Fancy what a shock I had last week," said vivacious Miss B., who had been visiting in a large Western city; "and yet it was rather nice, you know.

"The people I was stopping with are railroad kings—always travel in a private car, step over to Europe with less effort than New-Yorkers make in going to Brooklyn, and all that.

"Well, the day after my arrival they gave me a tea, and the prettiest girl in the room was a red-haired creature, with a ravishing figure, and a gown which fitted worlds better than mine. I was immensely taken with her, and we chatted, and she was jolly and clever and most fascinating. Finally, as we were drinking tea together, the butler offered me some cake—a blow-away, melt-in-your-mouth concoction of sugar and chocolate, utterly delicious.

"I said at once I had never tasted anything so delicate, whereupon the beauty calmly remarked:

"'I'm glad you like it; I made it.'

"I thought she was joking.

"'Why, you are not a relation, are you?' I asked.

"'No,' she said, with a little laugh; 'I must have looked bewildered. No, I am a professional cook. I make almost all the fancy desserts and cake for the swell set here.' And it was true.

"She belonged to a poor family, good enough as to birth, the father incapable of earning much, and as she grew up it became necessary to do something. She liked cooking, and began with this sugar cake, making it occasionally for a few friends. When I met her she was on the top round, had two rooms at the back of the house, with a telephone, an assistant cook and errand boy, and bought her flour and sugar and things at wholesale.

"The remarkable thing was that she remained the intimate friend of these rich girls with whom she had gone to school, dressed better than a good many of them, and after making the cakes and creams for a big reception, would dress and go and eat her own wares.

"'It used to sound very droll,' she said, 'when my hostess would call through the telephone: "O Betty, dear, can you send me two quarts of biscuit Tortoni for dinner to-morrow night?" And "Betty, if you are going to the dance Friday, I'll take you up in the carriage." But, you know, it seemed rather nice, too.'"

He Was Disappointed.

She opened the door to her father's den, but hesitated on the threshold.

"Well?" he growled inquiringly. Then, as he saw her indecision, he said in a more kindly way: "Come in. What's the trouble?"

She entered and stood before him with downcast eyes and cheeks suffused with blushes.

"I have a confession to make," she said slowly.

"Fire away!" he returned cheerily, his whole manner having undergone a change when he saw she was perturbed. "I guess it's nothing very serious."

"Oh, but it is," she protested; "it's very serious, indeed. You know Harold——"

"Well, what about Harold?"

"——has been coming to see me for quite a long time," she continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "and last night——"

"Well?"

"Last night he proposed that we—we—should run away together, and—and be married."

The old gentleman frowned.

"And what did you say?"

"I refused," she replied promptly and proudly. "I refused absolutely, and told him that he must go to you and ask for my hand properly if he wished me to be his wife."

The old gentleman still frowned.

"I recalled all that you said about our aristocratic ancestry," she went on, "and insisted——"

"Um—yes," interrupted the old gentleman, musingly, "that's all very pretty and very creditable, but far from business-like. It seems to me you might have given your poor old father the best of it once, and saved him the cost of a wedding when times are so hard. If he brings the subject up, just have your bonnet handy so that you can make a quick trip to Milwaukee and let the old man down easy."—Chicago Evening Post.

A curiously old-fashioned military caricature appeared in a recent number of Punch, and the artist wrote to explain that it had been drawn, accepted and paid for 25 years before.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Mary Keiffer, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been eleven years suing the Grand Trunk Railway for $5,000 for killing her son. The case is now before the Supreme Court for the second time.

SEND TEN CENTS, Silver, for sample box Dr. Bailey's Celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty Pills for 25c. Agents wanted. EXCELSIOR CHEMICAL Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

It is figured that the London newspapers take in over $20,000,000 a year for advertisements.

Ever since 1855 there have been women (*more each year*) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There *must* be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

In the mountains of Italy there is a superstition that young vipers eat up their mothers.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine—MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

A woman in Norway, Mich., coughed so hard that she broke one of her ribs.

Merit Wins and that is why Hood's Sarsaparilla holds the abiding confidence of the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made. It is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

The London census has been somewhat of a disappointment to England, inasmuch as the rate of growth has slightly fallen off in the last five years.

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

There are patents for scrubbing brushes and brooms to the number of 3184.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Kenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

Lotta, the actress, is living in absolute retirement in Northern New Jersey. Though she is in her fiftieth year, she looks only about forty, and is as cheerful and merry as ever.

There is no mystery about

Sunlight Soap

it is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use, made by the most approved processes, and being the best, it has the largest sale in the world. It is made in a twin bar for convenience sake.

This shows

The Twin Bar

Use will reveal

The Twin Benefits:

Less labor
Greater comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., New York.

Man wants but little here below,
As someone said before,
But when he gets it, don't you know,
He wants a little more.
—Truth.

He—I fear the worst. She—What's happened, George? "Your father has paid back that $10 he borrowed."—Life.

Muggins—Is your son in business? Buggins—He's a contractor. Muggins—What line? Buggins—Debts.—Philadelphia Record.

Homekeep—Ever drink any of these substitutes for coffee? Dayboard—I haven't drank anything else for seven years.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hedges—Sappy is continually falling off his wheel. Rose—What can you expect from a fellow who isn't well-balanced.—Philadelphia North American.

"Summer is a tough season on us parents." "Why so?" "Our daughters who have been graduated try to make us talk grammatically."—Chicago Record.

"Fame," said Uncle Eben, "am jes' like swingin' in er hammick. Hit am mighty good fun ef somebody doan' cut de string an' drap yer."—Washington Star.

"Does your family sympathize with you when you have insomnia?" "Yes. When I can't sleep I sit up all night and practice on my accordion."—Chicago Record.

Though you may not take vacation
On your very slender pay,
There is rest and recreation
In the bores that go away.
—Chicago Record.

Willie—Grandpa, tell me a story. Grandpa—Once upon a time, before people thought of marrying for money—— Willie—Oh, I don't mean a fairy story.—Norristown Herald.

"Ellen," said old Borderkeep, "here comes them York folks. Give the children a little more snuff an' get 'em ter sneezin'. We've got ter make 'em think it's cool here somehow."—Judge.

One bitter drop spoils rapture's cup;
When ice sells by the splinter
We cannot can the hot waves up
To use them in the winter.
—Chicago Record.

"I suppose you're fond of Shakspeare," said one legitimate actor to another. "Of course I am." "Then why in the name of humanity do you insist on acting his plays?"—Washington Star.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. John M. Clay, who owns the Henry Clay farm in Kentucky, has willed $50 to each of the animals on her farm, to provide for their comfort in their declining years.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to Pink Pills, P. O. Box 1592, Phila., Pa.

Compressed air has been successfully applied to the signals of the lightship in Vineyard sound, off Cape Cod. Hitherto the signals have been blown by steam.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1013 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Beinald Renault, the French scientist, has discovered fossil microbs in the earliest geological formations.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The members of the Boston Aeronautical Society have decided that the kite is an instrument of value.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A gallon was originally a pitcher or jar, regardless of the size.

Wickwire—Have you noticed that Mudge has quit cigars and taken up a pipe? Yabsley—Yes; I wonder what is the cause—has he been playing the races or getting engaged?—Indianapolis Journal.

Just like our hopes,
Which oft vanish in vapor;
Are the candidate's promises
Strong—on paper.
—Philadelphia North American.

Salvation Army Apostle—If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven. Teamster (humbly)—I knows it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tonawanda.—Buffalo Times.

Mechanic—"I have just been married and would like a raise in my wages." Employer—"I am sorry, but the company is only responsible for accidents that happen to the men while in the factory."—Brooklyn Life.

Wiggles—"There's one good thing about Hicks. He is always willing to admit it when he is in the wrong." Waggles—"I don't think it is a good thing. It doesn't seem to trouble him a bit."—Somerville Journal.

I summered on the Jersey coast,
And I am puzzled still,
As twixt the skeeters and hotels,
Which has the longest bill.
—Louisville Truth.

"It seems to me, Mr. Stillson, that your new house is lacking in a judicious use of fretwork." "Well, my wife will fill that deficiency just as soon as she gets her eye on those measly closets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"I am going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." She—"This is so sudden." He—"I know it, but I came away without my pocketbook—can you lend me a dollar until to-morrow?"—New York World.

"And how is your papa, Eddie?" "Papa is feeling ever so much better to-day." "I suppose it's the change in the weather?" "No, ma'am, 'taint the weather. Mamma has decided to start for the seaside to-morrow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No," said Dismal Dawson, in answer to his benefactor's question, "hard times is not the best for our business. Nor yet good times. The times that suits me best is about medium—when the work ain't too plenty, nor money too scarce.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

A little 4-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Course I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth's Companion.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache and pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said it was only indigestion, but his medicine did not help me any. I began the use of the Pinkham Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles are cured.

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers."—BELLE S. THOMPSON, New Bedford, Mass.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

Sick Headache
Female Complaints
Biliousness,
Indigestion
Dyspepsia
Constipation
—AND—
All Disorders of the Liver

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all of the above named disorders.

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TELLS YOUR FORTUNE, with picture of your future husband or wife. Send 10c., date of birth. ASTROLOGER, Box 1772, Boston, Mass.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
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