we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play. our love was sweet and certain till gray sorrow dropt the curtain. we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day. There were bads within our garden, but

they never came to flower; There were birds among our bushes, but they only sang an hour, we laughed to see the swallow, but the summer did not follow; were buds within our garden, but they never came to flower.

Tis a garment white and silken, 'tis white and misty veil, "Tis a pair of little slippers—O dear love!
—so white and frail. the fact that the old man had been Is the manhood in me dying that I'm sit-

ting here and crying
O'er a garment and a slipper and a neverpened veil?

Dear, the world is empty-empty as the gemless golden band. The token I had fingered and that never found your hand. They've been telling me the story of an of the crimson hand. Of all San An

Ab, we wakened at the dawning, but we was that of Raschal Quito. And we spoke our little prologue, but we in his own grounds, for no money could never reached the play. But our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow dropt the curtain.

ever understand.

Hark! a single bell is calling this should have been the day. -Waverley.

AVE you ever strolled in the quaint old city of San Antonio to where the river cuts like a steel knife blade through the fruitless and at last was given up. hills? It runs in a rift between the in the dark, and tangled it all up, like a silver-blue ribbon in the forest of mesquite fringe.

standing high above the river's brim. and seen, dark upon its moldering walls, the print of a bloody hand? No? Then I will tell you the story;

it happened many years ago. It was New Year's Eve, and a raw wind swept through the clefts between the hills and dashed the spray of the San Antonio River in a monotonous swish against the steep, overhanging bank. What with the rush of the wind through the trees and the beat of the turbulent waves, minor sounds were swallowed in the general discord of na-

On the bridge spanning the river stood Pitro and Juan Tasca, their sombreros drawn low over their faces, their throats muffled to keep off the cutting wind. Pitro dashed his hand against the bridge rail and cried: "I tell you, Juan, if Raschal Quito

should never marry my daughter. A proud, lazy, trifling-

the sound of a cry, shrill and far away, which chilled the blood in the veins of "What is that?" he cried, grasping

away the imprint of the scarlet hand death agony. Tasca drew his muffler down from beside the door, nor turned the love of the beautiful Monita into another one ear. "I hear nothing," he said. "It was course.

the cry of a panther you heard. doubt. You are excited enough to hear anything." "Perhaps," assented Pitro, "yet it

seemed to me there was something in the cry I recognized."

Tasca moved forward. "You were talking of young Quito." be said. "Yes, the boy is wild-apparently trifling-but there is an element of good about him. The way that old uncle of his treats him is enough to drive the energy out of any spirited Tasca. young fellow; he has never had a chance to show what is in him, good or bad. Now, there was the time "I want to hear no praise of a Quito,"

interrupted Pitro, harshly. "Here my daughter might have made a fine match with Senor Rocca: true, a little old for so lovely a girl, but a man of standing -of wealth! Yet, what can I say? Who knows what sums of gold that old man Quito has hidden? One cannot overlook that. And when Monita throws her arms about my neck and vows that she will marry no one but Raschal, only Raschal, what can I say? She is my only one, my little Monita." "No fairer, sweeter child ever blessed

a father's home," added Tasca. They were over the bridge now and nearing Pitro's home. From a different direction-who may say just when?a tall young figure had left that home.

"Good-night, Monita mia," he had said, folding his beautiful fiancee in his arms; "you will not have long to wait. If my uncle will not support me in decency, nor allow me to support myself, we will marry anyhow. I have a plan, and I will not tarry long in accomplish-

Monita's soft, dusky eyes flashed a closed like a rosebud. "I will never marry any one but you,"

she cried; "It is only you I love." With these words ringing to his ears Raschal drew his cloak about him and disappeared in the gloom of the mesquite shadows

Some distance down the river Miser Quito, as he was called, sat muttering Quito's cry when he fell. I ran down in his home. The fire was bright that warmed him; he did not have to spend | chal passed me and went up. I heard money for fuel; the room was comfort- him cry out: able; his family had been well to do: all that they left was his.

"Why does that wretched boy stay so Monita, must I leave you?" late?" he muttered. "Always anxious to leave me, when any one might come steadled my brain. I went home no in this lonely place and rob me. Always anxious to work for his living- derer, safe to live on with my family. reb! as if I could trust a bireling to Now." he ended, spent with the exerprotect me as Raschai's presence does. tion of his recital, "I am ready to die." Ah. I will make him suffer for this de-Ley, wretch that he is to leave me thus

A heavy step sounded on the stair outside, and the door was pushed open as the old man unbolted it, and a tall cloaked figure, stepped into the room. What followed during a bitter alter cation belated passers-by who heard the raised voices could not say. Was men saw excuses for Raschal's unso not Miser Quito forever quarreling with ciability in the past. He was tied to a Raschal, and now that he had forbid- miser-how could he find time or money den Raschal to marry, was not the for friends or society? They remen quarreling likely to be worse than bered it was pity that kept Raschal

It was in the gray light of New Year's him when he returned before a week morning that Marco, the woodcutter, a man with a resolute face, his black looked up as he passed Miser Oulto's house and saw the print of a bloody hand on the wall beside the door. Marco grew psle through his swarthy skin. Bloody deeds were not uncommon sights about San Antonio, Marce had no horror of them. But who ever of her beauty, and it was a right royal saw a seal like that upon the wall of a wedding they had, while the plaza man's home? Marco turned with a round the church was gay with a joysudden weakness in his knees and hur ried back to town.

Among the rush of people who hastened past Marco on his return to the above the brim of the river, the decay-

Quite house were Tascs and Pitro. As if answering an unspeken accusation.
Tasca turned at the door, crying: This is not the mark of R.

and; the fingers are too short and No one noticed him as the crowd pushed its way into the miser's living room and looked down with a sort of norror upon the battered remains the old miser lying in a pool of blood. The old man's nephew had many more enemies than friends, and from them burst a cry like the yelp of bloodbounds upon a murderer's track-

"Raschal!" They scattered in every direction in a self-instituted search for the murderer. He was nowhere on the prem ises and their search here only revealed

robbed as well as murdered. Monita lay sleeping through the early morning hours, the fringe of her long lashes lay on the rounded flush of her cheeks, and blotted out that crimson shadow that had fallen with the New

Year dawn upon her life. Of all San Antonio she was the only one who did not go to look at the print But you were the only preacher I could could not see that the contour of the could not see that the contour of the red palm and blood dripping fingers

The next day Miser Quito was buried be found for burial elsewhere, and the expense that the town went to was and paid out of the sale of some of his handsome effects. They were sold for a mere triffe, for, the people said, "Raschal will never come back to be hanged." and they did not scruple to make THE MISER'S HOARD, good such a chance for acquiring the etricoms of the Quito family, though Miser Ouito's avarice had not left any too many for sale.

The hunt for Raschal was savage but "He must have drowned himself." the hills, as if nature had carved its course people said; "perhaps when the river is ow in the fall we may find his bones." "You remember that cry?" asked Pitro of Tasca; "at first I thought i Have you ever followed its windings was old Quito's voice; now I know it and looked upon the haunted house was that of Raschal as he plunged into the river."

"Perhaps," assented Tasca. The miser's house was locked, and time wore on until the wild flowers of Texas made a coverlet of blue and gold over old Quito's grave, and the mark of the crimson grew less vivid in hue.

Monita clung to the belief that Raschal was innocent; that he would send for her some day when it was safe for him to do so, and she never questioned her intent to go when the time came. Tasca alone learned her belief, and it was wonderful how, after Tasca had assured her that it was also his own, she bloomed again into the lovely, merry maiden she had been before this tragedy had swept across her life. The roses came back to her cheeks, and she no longer refused to see her friends But she grew quiet and staid as year after year went by without a sign from were not the old miser's only heir, he Raschal; and the people talked about the voices heard at night in the Quitc house, and every New Year's Eve along Pitro caught his breath sharply as the river side there rang a muffled cry from the haunted stream. Time never Tasca's arm. "Some one cried as if in husbed these cries; years never wiped

> It was Christmastide, and as they filed into the open door of San Fernan do a man waiting beside it stepped for ward at the approach of Juan Tascs

"You are Sheriff Tasca?"

"Yes." "You are wanted at once to take the deposition of a dying man." "That is not my business," began

"No matter," urged the latter; "he says you are the only friend Raschal Quito had, and-" "I will come," cried Tasca, growing,

white at the sudden thought of Raschal within reach, living!

He hurried the man on his way till he paused at the door of a ranchman's house on the outskirts of the town Fritz Van Melster, a man of unsocia habits, but not lacking friends. "Here?" cried Tasca, as he followed his guide into the house.

"Yes, here." The man ushered him into Van Meis ter's room and pointed to the form upon

The shock of seeing the unexpected rendered Tasca dumb. "I am dylng," montred Van Melster "I must confess. The priest has shrived

me-but you are Raschal's friend-I murdered his old uncle. He does not know it." "What!" yelled Tasca, with a tiger-

like jump toward the bed. The dying man cowered. "Yes, I killed him, but I never mean

to. He owed me money and refused to pay it. That night he was alone. I threatened him-I struck him-and-he love-light up into his face; her red lips fell dead at my feet. You know how I crushed him. I took all the money I found-not much, for he had hidden his wealth well. When I got out into the fresh air I grew weak to think what had done. I leaned against the wall to keep from falling. I heard the sound of Raschal's voice humming a love song-I hear it now-also old stairs and hid in their shadow as Ras-

"'Nobody will believe I did not do it. They will hang me without shrift. Oh,

"I heard no more. Those words longer fearing the brand of the mur-Tasca looked at the men who had followed him into the room.

"You heard all?" "All," they responded

"Then help me to find Raschal," he said, and left the house without a back ward look at the man who had wrought so much evil.

It was strange to find how many near the miser. They remembered his kindnesses. What a welcome they gave hair threaded with gray, with a comfortable business in another State where he had assumed a name and prospered.

If Monita was not in the first flower of her youth, she was in the full bloom ous crowd.

Raschal uncarthed his uncle's treas ure; but to this day you may see, high

Bequest of Valuable Engravings, Schultess von Meles, a wealthy citi-sen of Zurich, Switzerland, who recently died, left a valuable co of Eurich. It comprises 12,000 pieces, all of the first rank, and some of them CHILDREN'S COLUMN. extremely rare, such as "The Betrothad Jewess," by Bembrandt. The great Dutch master is represented by 291 pieces, Lucas de Leyde by 158, Albrecht Durer by 111, and Schoengauer

The Telegraph in Ireland. Ireland's telegraph department re ently proved that it could manage Gaelic by taking the speeches delivere at an Irish festival at Letterken County Donegal, in the native tongu and receiving them at Dublin so that they could be printed in Gaelic char acters in the Freeman's Journal.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown N. J., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I cannot be gin to tell you how I suffered before things are as pretty as new." taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, Nora's piles and indigestion. Before I had better, and after taking two and onehalf bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would

have to suffer so much.' Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., looked real mean to her after that. Warren, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:- I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen

years. I had inflammation, enlarge- we must remember the beatitudes. ment and displacement of the womb. do not read. "Blessed is the one who had the backache constantly, also has a new dress."-Union Signal. headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anv-

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's VegCtable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.

LADIES AND MORE LADIES. Some Instances of the Various Uses of

word lady still has about it a Won't stand 'at, an' he punished certain halo which ought to prevent its Nen when he wuz gon' that day indiscriminate use. In this country we I slipped out and runned away, can hardly expect to see social dis I took all my copper cents tinctions reflected in the use of the And climbed over our back fence word; and yet we might, perhaps, ex. In the jimson weeds at growed pect to see it employed more equitably Nen I got out there, an' nen than it was by a certain dry goods store I runned some, an runned again keeper in a Massachusetts town not When I met a man 'at led

very long ago. United States drove one day from her Where was little pigs a-playin father's summer cottage to a store in a An' a great big pig went "Booh!"

City near by and ordered some articles An' jumped up an' skeered me, to be sent to the house.

Nen I scampered past, an' they

to be sent to the house. Wuz somebody hollered "Hey!"
When the goods were sent a mistake An' I just looked ever where, was made, and the Senator himself An' they wuz nobody there. stopped at the store to correct it. The I want to, but I'm 'fraid to try proprietor called the saleswoman, and. To go back * * * an' by an' by

after consulting with her, apologized for the mistake.

"You see, sir," he explained, "the lady who took the order didn't quite under who have the didn't quite under the lady who took the order didn't quite under the lady who took the order lade."

stand what the girl said." A somewhat similar story was told But I couldn't 'ist but tell of a remark made by a Yankee servan: What's my name, an' she says "Well," of the family of John Lothrop Motley An' 'ist tooked me up and says, the historian. On one occasion, when the historian was at home on the an cestral estate near Boston, and when his brother James was also there, at purp soon I'm home agen. ntimate friend of the family who was An' my ma, when she kissed me ojourning at the house came out from Kissed the big girl, too, an' she oston on a late afternoon train. The Kissed me-ef I p'omise shore 'amily coachman met him with a car I won't run away no more! riage at the station. On the way to -James Whitcomb Riley. the house the guest said to the driver "Did any one come on the earlier

train?" was four; the' was John and Jim and of the humble earth-worm and its ser wo ladies."

The guest knew that "John and Jim" ord of is related from England. The fruits and abundant grains and grasset house surgeon of a London hospital, we grow would be barren deserts but for are told, was attending to the injuries the little gray worker? of a woman who had been badly bitter Darwin watched the ways of this on the arm. As he was dressing the

orse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir." said the patient, "it wasn't hanimal-it was another lydy!"-Youth's Companion.

How Insects Hide.

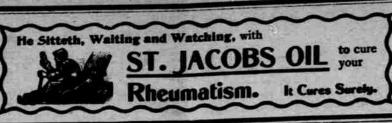
How many have ever noticed th skillful way in which many insects dis guise themselves when in danger from some larger animal or bird? Probabl you have all observed that the cate pillar "plays dead" when he is disturbed and that many insects choose for their homes some tree or shrub who

There is a certain variety of moti quite common around elms, which fixed its wings so that they closely resemble spots or lichens on the bark of the tree and can only be detected by a traine eye. Another moth, whose principa colors are pink and yellow, arrange itself on the blossom of a primrose. as to wholly escape notice. In the East Indian islands there is a spider which ses on the upper side of a large leaf in such a shape that it perfectly r

sembles decayed matter. A hunter in tropical regions tells seeing a cricket pursued around the been seen a great six-foot specimen of trunk of a tree by a lizard. Suddenly the insect settled itself in a small depression, in the bark, spread out its wines slightly and flattened itself a that the lizard actually crawled ove it and went away without ever know ing what had become of it.

Mrs. Read-Isn't it strange Mr. Read-What, my dear? Mrs. Read-There never yet has be strike in an alarm clock factory. Jewelers' Weekly.

It is regarded as perfectly legitimat by some men to rob a stran



DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

ing that Will Interest the Ju ventile Members of Every Househo Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children

Nora came in with a bright face, say ing, "It will be done; mother says she'll finish my dress to-night, anyway; she wants me to have it for the party. "She'll have to work late to do it, I hould think." "Yes, I s'pose so, but she won't mind

and I should feel mean to have to wear my old one. My new one is a beauty I don't believe there will be so hand some a one there. I shall have a splen did time, I know. Mary Brown has got to wear her old muslin, and she seems to think it is all the style. She don't seem to know but what old

eems as happy as any of you." Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. "Yes, but I am not like her; I want and such a bearing-down feeling; also to look as well as any of 'em, or a little

Nora's dress was finished, and she went to Evailne's party quite pleased, taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's but she told me the next day that Min Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal | nie Reed had a dress just like hers, and the girls were all admiring it and tool no notice of hers until she said here was just like it; then Jennie Dole sald, take your medicine they would not "Yes, but yours isn't all trimmed with lace like Minnle's." Then she said hers So poor Nora found there was a "fix in the ointment," trouble even with a new dress on. If we want to be happy,

The Kunaway Boy.

What the Farth-Worm Does In the St. Nicholas, Myrta Lockett Avary has an article entitled "Om "Oh, yaas," said the coachman, "the Little Gray Helper," in which she tells

vice to man. The author says: Now, do you want to know what vere the historian and his brother, and work it is our little gray helper does pearl oyster in order that the animal, e wondered who the ladies were for us? To look at him you could never fterward he found out that they were dream how important it is. Perhaps seamstress and a new chambermaid we might call him a farmer, since he The most extraordinary use of the tills the soil. Do you know that lands rm that we are likely to find any rec where trees and plants and flowers and

little gray worker for years and years | true pearl of a small size, through the and found that his office was to prepare and fertilize the soil. He carries creature bit you. It is too small for a down layer after layer of stuff, and of time covered with nacre by the oys brings up layer after layer of loam, ter, and a fine large pearl was the rethus giving each layer its chance at suit. Dealers cannot distinguish it sunlight and air. That which he car from an Orient pearl. The question of ries down into Mother Earth's work | making pearls in this way was recently shop is bits of dead leaves, decompos ing matter, and unsightly stuff; and Mother Earth feeds with this the roots of flowers and trees and vegetables and grain and grasses. To do this impor ant work well, there is needed a great number of little gray workers: about 57,000, it is said, to an acre of pasture land, and more to keep a garden what t should be. For every acre the little gray workers turn up from seven to eighteen tons of earth annually.

Mistakes of Poys. One of the most common mistakes s oy makes is his ideas in regard to size. This he hankers after most of all. You vill see him stretch himself, trying to atch up with his big brother or playcated for the production of pearls, as nate, measure bimself and scratch the the spider is for silk. Pearl divers may vall, count the days and almost the ours when he will be a "man." Boys, there is something else these

tivs that counts for manliness more than size or strength. He is most man ly who makes most of his time, who has the best heart and brain. It is not size that makes the man. There has humanity do a weak, cowardly act that night to make any rightly bred 7-yearold boy blush for him.

Johnnie's Version. Johnnie was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday school concert. Of ourse, it must be short, and in simple vords, so his mother selected this for ilm, "I am the Light of the World," epeating it to him a number of time intil he was sure of it. The evening o he concert came. Johnnie came out, nade his best bow, and proclaimed in 1 loud voice, "My mother is the light of he world."

Lucky for Tommy, Perhaps. Jimmy-Didn't you bear the

scholl teacher say your conscience what tells you when you do wrong? Tommy-It's a good thing it doesn't ell your mother.

Of Course, She Has "Have you an ear for music?" asked caller of 4-year-old Mamie. "Why, of ourse I have," she replied. "Only yesterday I heard a man two blocks away playing a tune on a grind organ."

Cause for Grief.
"Why, Gracie," asked a mother of her little daughter, aged 3, "what makes you cry so?" "I is cwyin'," sobbed Gracie, glancing at her feet, "c-caus' l dot mud on my new w-wubbers."

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, L.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & U.o., deing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred Dollains for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my this side day of December. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sth day of December and presence, this sth day of December and presence, this sth day of December and presence and presence are all the state of the system. Send for testimonials, free, F. J. Cherry & Co., Toledo, C. Sald by Druggists, 75c.

Castle building may be a useless vocation, but it gives us a pleasant occupation and harms no one.

Educate Your Bowels With Case Candy Cuthartic, cure constipation forever In this life anticipation of joys in store, gives more pleasure than the realization of the most matured plan.

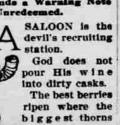
RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR J. B. MAYER, 1013 ARCH ST., PHILA. PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians. ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Absolute peace exists only when time ceases to be. Approximate peace can be enjoyed in cheerfulness of

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag etic. full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men . All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it. Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine-Mrs. W. Ploxant, Van Siolan and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1894.

TRUMPET CALLS. Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note



ripen where the biggest thorns

house of eternity. F Anger closes the eyes of reason as soon as it opens the mouth.

Faith sings on, when reason sighs or savs "God doesn't care." God gives us mountain views that we may discover lowland dangers. Blessing comes from doing what we don't want to do for Christ's sake. In proportion as you say, "I am not my own," all things become yours. Ananias warns every man who is anxious to get a reputation for liberal-

MAKING PEARLS TO ORDER.

Mussel and Oyster Being Domesticated and Taught the Jewelry Business Diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sap phires have all been produced in the laboratory, and it is now the turn of the pearl, says the New York Times. The chemist, however, is not himself en?-New York World. the maker of the new artificial pearls; he is only the collaborator. It is true that false pearls are made from mother-of-pearl, but their luster is not up to the mark. The Chinese have ong introduced grains of sand and little knots of wire into the shell of the to relieve itself from the irritation so caused, may coat the foreign substance with pearl. If this matter be inserted between the shell and the mantle the oyster can eject it by contractions of his body. To prevent this M. Boutan a French experimenter, has trepanned the shell and introduced a small bead of nacre, which might, however, be s hole, and fixed it by means of cement to the shell. This bean was in course discussed at a meeting of the Acade mies des Sciences, Paris, and M. Berthelot, the famous chemist, observed that such a pearl could only be considered s true pearl if it had at least a hundred layers of the pearl nacre; otherwise it would only be a foreign substance covered with nacre. Of course, if the foreign matter is a pearl itself this ob jection disappears, and we have the means of producing pearls at will. Ac cording to M. Lacaze Duthier, some two years would be required for s haliotide to produce a big pearl. The artificial pearl of the trade, fabricated from nacre, could also be coated in the same way. Evidently the pearl mussel and oyster are about to be domesti-

become a legend of the past. Faved Her Conscience. "What do you think of your new 'sweet" old lady who was calling. "You know that I never speak unkindly of any one. I have nothing to say of her; but I will say of her husband "ut I feel very, very sorry for him."

A Winning Way. Algy-Well, old boy, I've just touched Reggy for another tener. Chapple-What! And got it? How on earth do you do it? Algy-Ob, it's very easy. I just casually mention his resemblance to the Prince of Wales.-Tid-Bits. The Difference

ween fame and notoriety?" "When the crowds see a far approaching they whisper, 'Here he comes,' but when the notorious man appears they say, 'Got on to 'lim?'

THE RUSE OF A DETECTIVE How a Bleuth Managed to Get an Ad-

"I had to resort to a queer ruse once to get an admission from a man I was after," said a private detective. "There had been some trouble at a club between two young men. One threw a glass of wine into the other's face. The other did not resent the insult as he should have done. When his father heard of it he threatened to disinherit hie son unless he whipped the man who had thrown the wine in his face. The father was a member of the same club and he made a wager of a wine supper that his son could and would whip the other fellow. Soon after this the son met the man who had insulted him and whipped him. The fight occurred on a prominent street, and as two of the young man's friends were with him at the time, there was talk of an action against them and his father for con-

spiracy. Our agency was retained to get the evidence needed. "It was decided that it would be necessary to get an admission from the father of the young man who had made the assault. I was told to get it. I tried many ways and failed. He did not know I was a detective. He had known me for a number of years, but thought I was engaged in other work. I had another plan to get from him what I wanted. I told him a New York publication was having the affair written up and illustrated. I said I had seen the picture of the fight which had been prepared for it. He was pleased at the publicity that the fight was to get, for the story of the affair at the club had been printed and he wanted it known that his son had avenged the insult. I intimated that if he cared to see it I thought I could get him the picture that had been prepared for publication. He was eager to

"I had a friend, a newspaper artist who made me a picture. He made a faithful copy of the street scene where the fight occurred and he made a fair likeness of the figures in it. The picture showed one man stealing up be hind another and striking him from the rear. Behind him were two other men. who were supposed to have accompanied him to see fair play. The father was thought to have been in the neighborhood, but as he wasn't seen he was left off the picture. I took the picture to the father. He examined it care-

fully. "Who are these two men?" he asked, pointing to the two onlookers. "They are the two Blacks who went

along with your son to see that he got fair play.' I told him. " 'That's all right,' he said; 'but who is this? pointing at the man who was striking at the other from behind.

'Why, that's your son,' I told him. "'That's a lie!' he exclaimed. 'My son stood right in front of him and hit him squarely in the face. I told him to do that and stand up in front of him all the time. I went along to see that he would do it. I was right across the street and the two men who were with God does not that happened. They will tell you that he didn't hit him from behind. He my son were close enough to see all faced him fairly and whipped him fair-The best berries ly. That was the way we made it up to do. If that's printed I'll whip the

man who made It.' "It wasn't printed. Nor was there Life is the busi- any court proceeding taken on account ness of building of the alleged conspiracy. The men the dwelling concerned in it on both sides got to-Pittsburg News.



Jenny-Do you believe that there marrying in heaven? Johnny-Certainly not. Isn't it heav

Your heart beats over one hun dred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain.

Which is it? If bad, impure blood, then your with drowsiness yet cannot sleep.
You are as tired in the morning as at night. You have no nerve power. Your food does you but little good

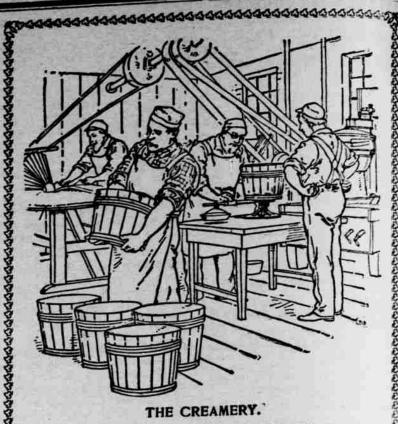
will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all im-purities from the blood. And it

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Mud and dust can be easily cleaned Philadelphia Press. from the inside of blcycle mudguards by a Connecticut man's device, consistback, which is gripped on the face of the tire, the wheel being then revolved and the brush engaging the guard. Eggs can be quickly beaten with a

new kitchen utensil, which has a number of wire fingers, carried on two reciprocating frames, driven by a crank, ing Cascarets, I feel tine. My wife has also used to cause the wires to slide past each them with beneficial results for sour stomach.

Jos. Khenling, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo. other rapidly and churn the contents , of the dish in which it is suspended. A Florida inventor has designed a steamboat to run on the ice in winter, runners being mounted on the under side at the proper depth to bring the ends of the paddle blades to the level of the ice, each blade being tipped with a steel point, which sticks into the ice

and propels the boat. A Canadian has invented a car-mover for shifting railway cars, which is formed of two steel bars fastened together with a double hinge, with a lever bolted to the two bars to move them in opposite directions, one bar esting on a tie and the other bracing against the car to push it along.

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