"Harris!" he exclaimed, grasping

"Certainly; come right along; but,

good gracious! Van Vicet," he said.

as the street light shone on Forman's

face, "you look as if you had seen a

the concert," he replied. "A might's

tell the girl at the first opportunity,

never stopping to consider that it was

Not until Saturday afternoon did the

longed-for chance occur; then he saw

her take chair and mending basket out

into the garden to make the best of

time in his life that she was pretty.

"Kittie," he said bluntly, "I saw

"Oh," she said with the slightest

hint of triumph in the sweet voice,

"you've seen in yourself, have you?

Then, of course, there must be a

"There is," he answered solemnly,

"and I don't wonder you were fright-ened. I never knew what real fear

was until that moment," and then he

sat down on the grass at her feet and

told her the whole story.
It was little wonder that, as they

entered the dark hall together, Kittie

man, and leave us glone; I shall be so

"Please don't go out to-night, For-

"No, I won't," he answered, sooth-

That was the first of many pleasant

he did not like to think of the girl at

home frightened and nervous, and only business could succeed in get-

ting him to leave her. Even rehear-

sals were made as abort as possible,

ing reached them from the side of the

hill below the garden, where a group

of rough-looking boys had gathered.

she approached, "I am glad to have

you mustn't be so noisy.

ghost," was the reply.

here.

"Boys," said Miss Katherine, as

"We was just talkin' about the

"What ghost?" she asked, in amaze

"The ghost that haunts the hill up

"Nonsense," said Miss Katherine.

"Oh, yes, there is a ghoat," put in

"Pshaw," answered Miss Van Vleet,

'you know there is no such thing as

ghost."
"Oh, yes, there is," said Tom, star-

"Very well," she said; "if there is

gazed after her too astonished to re-

"Aunt Katherine was so annoyed

One evening as Kittie was return-

ing home she met one of Forman's

friends, who jokingly asked her what

"He says it's bad for his voice to

The remembrance of the secret be-

"He came here for his health, you

"And finds both health and happi-

There was no mistaking the woman's

tween them brought a hot flush to

go out much in the night air, but I

had become of him in these days.

know," she answered evasively.

ness," was the playful reply.

"It was awfully selfish of me

turned to him with the appeal;

the ghost the other night."

And so it did. It is remarkable

sleep will fix me all up."

with you?"

be wished.

ghost."

ingly.

to want to tell you."

ias slipped

p until there

dd-fashioned

trancing ad-

rn and take

n and the

in the profeshe came in in May Kittie Parkes, sat by g the flames. ossed in his Vicet had long

k, Kittie was

her own un-

rman missed

house," said

All her gar-

as if it must evenings that they spent together, for ask Miss Van ned Kittie. "I she was very as alone here and he harried home, knowing that either safe or she was listening for his footstaps, a story get and sure of meeting her glad face and r fell to telling warm welcome at the door.

Pressed yawn
Neither had again seen the apparition, but it was not forgotten. They

exclaimed Kitat once, but but in vain. The career of none of kitchen for a the family had been marked by crime or tragedy. But some one else had for the closet seen the ghost, for it began to be dark hall. A rumored about the neighborhood that

hed back into the house was haunted. One Sunday morning as Miss Van Vleetand Kittie inskily; "I saw were returning from church loud talkbut stood starthing is there.

believe anynething tall and g upstairs." " he said. turned nor

ghost so much

by the candle e of nothing ittte sank into ceping bysterifright was too

or reasoned along quick." the first faint red in the East o go upstairs. other in quick nd by she could ing in round-eyed wonder at such beorman teasingly lief; "why, my pop says in Ireland ---" And then there followed such though she in on did not and indubitable testimony that the lady the thing she stood silenced. a ghost up here it is my ghost, and I

n a concert with | don't want it interfered with, long walk, for then she walked away, while the boys vicinity were at so late. They ply.

ther and then Kittle repeated the talk to Forman red the garden, that evening. key.

aimed, "I don't about it that I am sure she knows nust wake Kath-something about the ghost," she added. med, "I don't after twelve,

astant, glancing did so, and was ee a light in the nding. He could the light, but it | guess there are other reasons, ch? ion grow bright going up stairs. ward, meaning Kittie's face. he saw who was Was so as if chained to

up the stairapery of white; meaning, and poor Kittie's mind was chets and an in- in a tumult. She was sure that Forg, pluched and man's attentions to her were prompta look of gro- ed by mere kindness, and she was not ssed, the light sure but she wished they meant more, ha stood there and she blamed herself for being so house, shaking blind to what people would think, She would stop it that very evening

front door. Hurrying from the room he faced Kittie, who stood in hat and wrap, with her hand upon the knob. "Where are you going?" he asked.
"I am going over to Helen's," she
answered, half apologetic and half de-

the chain and bolt that fastened the

"And leave me," he said, rebukingly, "when I have remained at home to keep you company?"

"Really, Forman, you must not do that any more," she said quickly. "You have been very kind to me and I am grateful for it, but I will try not to be such a goose and you must go out more. Your friends are asking about you, and people will talk, you know.

She talked on, too embarrassed to stop, but when she pansed from sheer lack of words he stooped toward her and said gently:

"No one but you, dear, shall have the right to say whether I shall spend my evenings with you or not, I am sure you will stay home with me to-

Miss Katherine heard them talking in the hall and then enter the sitting room together. They were still there two hours later. Miss Van Vleet believed in the golden rule and, although she would not "dmit ever having had any experience that would have acquainted her with the proper course of conduct to be pursued by a third party under the circumstances, she had, novertheless, cufficient tact to withdraw to her room.

It is a trifle unusual, but every one

seemed pleased with the match, and Miss Katherine insisted that, as the little romance had begue under her roof, it was fitting that she should have the privilege of managing the

simple wedding.

One morning just a week before the important day Miss Katherine's attention was called to a disagreeable ccuption rapidly spreading over Kittie's chin.

"I guess we can soon heal that," said the lady briskly. "I had something of the same sort a few months ago, and I made up some of grandmother's ointment and wore this every night until it disappeared." And from her bureau she produced a face mask made of white cotton, and held it up to her face.

"Mercy, Aunt Katherine, what do you look like?" exclaimed Kittle, for she instantly recognized in the hollow eyes and queer-shaped nose the apparition she had seen on the stair-

way. "I was a fright, that's true," was the reply; "but you may be sure I was careful to let no one see me. On two occasions I was almost caught. After I had the thing on and my face got warm I was afraid to take it off and go into a chilly place for fear of taking cold. The first time I went into the kitchen some one passed through the hall while I was on the stairs, but I hurried to my room very much relieved to get away unnoticed. The second time I did a still bolder thing. It was about the time our pears were being stolen that I heard voices out ie the garden. It was about 12,30. Forman was not home, so I took the dog and went myself. I saw no one, but some one must have seen me, for just about that time there began to be talk about a ghost, and I must have looked like one in a white dress and shawl and that mask."

When Forman came home that evening Kittie told him the story, but he was not to be convinced. As it Katheriue in that ridiculous rig could feeze him into the awful terror he felt that night. She might be what Kittie subjected Miss Van Vleet to a series of questions about their ancestors, tradict or argue, but, looking up at was either permanently or temporarily him, her soft brown eyes full of tender feeling, she said:

"Never mind, dear; it was a good ghost, since it brought us together.' -Chicago News,

Lord Randolph Churchill's Proplicey. When the Duke of Marlborough was married to Mrs. Hammersley by Mayor Hewitt he met soon after the ceremony several distinguished men, of one of whom he asked if he had ever his brother, Lord Randolph you come up here if you enjoy it, but Churchill, Upon being told that Lord Randolph and this gentleman had been brought together by Mr. Jerome, Lord Randolph's father-in-law, th Dake spoke quite freely of his brother's political career. Ho was asked by one distinguished American why it was that Lord Randolph had so suddenly resigned his office as the head of the British War Department. Bob O'Leary; "my pop he see it. It was tall and wite and had big holes The Duke of Marlborough hesitated a where it orter have eyes, and it went

moment, and then said: "My brother discovered things there that were appalling. If ever the cover is taken off that box and the inquiry and incompetence that are inside of it are revealed, it will not only destroy any administration that may be in power at the time, but may bring England dangerously near something like revolution. My brother could not face the grave responsibility, and my only hope is that there will come a purification before Great Britian is

entaugled in a desperate war. That confidence revealed by the Duke has been brought to the mind of the gentlemen who heard it many times of late. -Philadelphia Press,

New York Letter. To Fly in Your Dreams. There is a peculiarity about the flying dream that seems to be con-Of all those whom I asked stant. about the matter, and who are conscious of the flying dream at all, not one has ever known himseif to make any high flights in his dreams, One always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly but only slightly above the heads of the pedestrians. And one's critical attitude in a dream toward one's own performance is always interesting to note, both in regard to this particular class of dream and even more toward one of the classes. It is an attitude that is well brought out in "Alice in Wonderland," where Alice is made to exclaim or to think while she is falling, How brave they will all think of me at home not to mind a great fall like

The Telephone Service. he whispered, by going out herself.

A hewspaper in a dichigate that a figure of the former, when the curtains in says of its local telephone service that had After dinner, when the curtains in says of its local telephone service in the thing and the sitting room were closely drawn it is comething like the horse that had the thing and the sitting room were closely drawn it is comething like the horse that had nd fled till he and Forman sat there in the cheerful only two faults—the first, that it was he had left a few glow of the fire, waiting for Kittie to bard to catch when in the pasture, and diculous position light step in the hall and the rattle of was caught.—Electrical Review

this!"-Longman's Magazine,

A SPRING DAY IN WINTER.

Warn't a cloud in all the skies-Not any wintry warnin':
Sun riz up an' rubbed his eyes
An' peared to say "Good mornin':
Jest bring yer roses to my sight
An' I'll jest kiss 'em red and white'"

The river went a-crawlin' long, the river went a-crawin' long,
So drowsy an's o lazy!
A mockin' bird broke out in song,
A dewdrop found a dalsy,
An' nigh the water lilles swishin'
A foller sorter dreamed o' fishin' Peared like the worl' wus drowned in

light.

An' in the blue above you

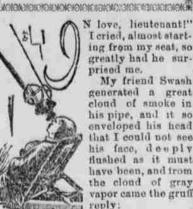
You saw yer sweetheart's eyes so bright,

An' heard her say, "I love you!"

'Twus spring in winter—flower an' song.

Sunshtne an' love the whole day long!

NORGED STOLENGE SECRETARISM SE Lieutenant Swash's Love.



generated a great cloud of smoke in his pipe, and it so enveloped his head that I could not see his face, deaply finshed as it must have been, and from the cloud of gray vapor came the gruff reply: "Yes, in love,

My friend Swash

confound it!" "Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed my wife dropping her magazine and looking up at my friend and myself, whom she had always previously declared to be the most uninteresting when we got together over our pipes

"It is not very pleasant for me," nuttered Swash. He was greatly emparrassed and fixed his eyes pensively on the floor. 'What is her name?" I saked.

"I don't know," he answered "Where does she live?" ventured my wife, "Don't know that."

"Where did you meet her?" said I. "Can't tell that either, Dockboy. Don't think me disagreeable. If I could I would gladly answer your questions. Indeed, I wish that I was able to.

"Your case is truly a strange one, I said. "Is this young woman purely an ideal, a mental creature of your own? You have been melancholy enough of late to have been sighing for something more material."

"She is not a mere creation of my imagination," replied the lieutenant solemnly. "She exists—where I don't know. I saw her once a great way off, and she realized all my ideals of the woman I would make Mrs. Swash. And when I saw her, for an instant though it was, I cried to myself: 'Here, Swash, is the woman you have dreamed of all these years. That soft, intellectual face, those soulful eyes, they belong to the woman you have been waiting for.' Then she was gone, from where and whither I don't know, for I can't tell where I saw her.

Swash sent a beautiful ring of smoke circling upward toward the ceiling, and on it he fixed his eyes, watching it as it swung away into the air, besame thinner and thinner and finally disappeared, and where it had been he kept his gaze fixed so that it seemed that he was looking off into space, unconscious of our presence. My wife was either permanently or temporarily deranged.

"Your case is really most remarkable," I said. "Explain. Don't surround yourself with such an air of mystery. It would relieve you to conide your troubles in us. Perhaps we could help you."
"Yes, indeed," cried my wife en

husiastically. "Perhaps we can help you."

Swash started. "Ah, yes. Where did I leave off? Perhaps you can-indeed, yes. "Perhaps we can assist you," I re

"I think not, Dockboy," he said, having recovered himself. "For my case is truely remarkable. I have swept the skies with a telescope and cannot find her. I have walked the streets day and night, scrutinizing thousands of windows, and still have not a trace of her. You see, I saw her under the most peculiar circumstances, but see her I did, and lost my heart. From a satisfied bachelor of fifty I have been metamorphosed into a lovelorn, disappointed, unhappy-I can't get a word to fit my case.

"Your use of a telescope is queer," I interrupted. "I have suspected all along that you saw her in the skies.' "You have guessed my secret," said mournfully. "It happened that one night about a month ago I was walking down Broadway on the way home to my boarding-house," con-tinued my friend. "It seems to me that I had been up here to see you. At Fortieth street, as ill luck would have it, I ran across one of those itinerant astronomers who had set up a telescope on the pavement and hung out a small sign calling attention to the fact that Saturn and its rings could be seen for five cents. ness looked dull and I kind of pitied the poor fellow. It had never been her rings, so I stepped up, gave him a nickel and fixed my eyes on the end of the instrument. At first all was blackness. 'I can't see any rings, The lens is not adjusted, said I. replied the astronomer. And with that he began to turn a lot of screws. The blackness gave way to a hazy, gray light, that I suspected was from nothing and strained my optic nerve use. I withdrew my eye and complained. The astronomer then diswrong, and he looked through it, lowered one end and gave it a turn.

"My eye was at the instrument the make-up of the heavens beyond a marked increase of light. Once more I complained, and the man declared I must be nearsighted. 'Look harder, twist, And I looked harder, but instead of Saturn I saw clearly a wom- regulations than to pay the tax.'

am-my ideal, she whom for years I had pictured in my smoking moments. There she was, sitting at a window, one arm resting on the sill, her hand on her chin, her eyes looking directly into mine. Even in the half light every feature was clearly discernable. There was the soft black bair waving across a white forehead, the eyes deep and full of immeasurable good things, the nose, the mouth-everything that I had been seeking for. I gave

an exclamation of joy. "You see her now, sir? Does the rings show up good?' This remark from the astromer brought to mind a forgotten fact. I saw her through a telescope. Where was that window that I could seek her out? I had found her. Better never to have seen her than under such appalling couditions. There she was gazing calmly at me from the other end of a long tube. I could almost touch her, and reached out my hand.

"'Hold on, there!' cried the as-tronomer. 'You'll upset the machine." "My involuntary movement to em

brace what was not there did indeed disarrange the apparatus, and so badly that she disappeared, and where she had been a star was winking at me. As if I cared for stars!

"I paid for one more look at Satura, but could find nothing. In vain I swept the skies and the housetops and windows with the telescope and with my naked eye. She had vanished, I went home disconsolate. As surely as I sit here, Dockboy, I saw her. It was not a hallucination. She was sitting in a real window within the range of that telescope, but where I don't know and perhaps never will know. My ideal has become a reality, but under what trying circumstance. Do you wonder that I am miserable?"

were at the corner from which he hall readiness for use. He greated my companion pleasantly and apparently been expecting him.

Planet! rather," muttered the lieutenant, nothing but darkness now. Lower the other end just a little-there. than he.

"Allow me to try the glass," I said.
"My dear fellow," he cried, "it is of no use. If I can't find it, after

assistance of the astronomer I got the instrument in the desired position, fixed my eye to it and focused it. "Pshaw," eried Swash, impatiently,

'you're looking right down Broad-'Them's electric lights, sir, not

planets," ventured the astronomer politely.

"It's she again," he cried before he had his optic thoroughly adjusted. "You're right, Dockboy, we've got her. Now mark where the telescope

window?" said I. "Jove!" he muttered. " 'Miss Mary Mumps, the actress, writes, "I have

"We've got her Swash. We'll spot a window with that sign-why, confound it, she's gone!" Swash straightened up and seized

"I've found her, thanks to you. I can the actress --

tell me what you see."
Once more he looked, but only for a second.

under it letters saying that if you bike

'Gentlemen," interrupted the as tronomer, "I'm afraid you ain't seen Saturn nor no other planet. You was looking at that advertising cauvas down Broadway.

country for a few days.

Modern Paris Unspeakably Lovely. "In the Latin Quarter and in the Faubourg St. Germain winding streets, my fortune to gaze at Saturn and dingy old houses, narrow footways and finely carved portals and ments give a hint of what old Paris must have been," writes a traveler, from Paris, to the Ladies' Home Journal. "Old Paris may have had its attractions, but modern Paris is unspeakably lovely. The French are essentially classical in their taste, and love order and form, and straight, a theatre across the street, but I said strong lines. No Quesn Anne houses, skysorapers, nor gingerbread work for to make out the planet. It was of no them! The houses are all of gray stone, all of one height, and every one of them is almost equally as fine covered that the telescope was pointed as its neighbor. One reason for this wrong, and he looked through it, low-uniformity is that the French mind cannot endure irritating inequalities, but a more cogent reason is that when but no change was visible in Louis Napoleon was rebuilding his capital he wanted everything very splendid, and so he put such an enor mous tax on all buildings that did not conform to a certain standard he said, giving the machine a little height and elegance that the builders found it cheaper to follow the royal

HUMAN HIBERNATION IN RUSSIA. The Poorer Peasants Sleep All Winter

Like the Bears. It has been recently brought to light that the Russian peasant, in certain districts, suffers from a chronic state of famine, which occurs annually and is more or less severe, according to circumstances. In the official report given by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Pskov, some intoresting facts are brought out, which seem to show to what extent mau adapts himself to diverse external conditions in the struggle for exist-

In those districts suffering from a lack of crops, which has become almost a chronic state, the inhabitants have einborated a method for adapting themselves to the want of provisions which is perhaps unknown in other parts of the civilized world. This means is called in Russia "lejka," signifying lying down or state of repose. It is in fact a kind of hibernation, as will be seen from the description which has been given.

In those cases where the head of the family sees, toward the end of autumu, that by a normal consumption of his supply of wheat it will not last him until the end of the agricultural year, he makes arrangements to diminish the ration as much as possible; but knowing that in this case it will be difficult to preserve the functions at their normal height and to maintain the health and especially the physical force necessary for the work of the spring, he and his family plunge themselves into the "lejka," which means that everybody simply goes to bed, lying down upon the flat stove, according to the proverbial Russian custom, or in the warmest corners, during four or five mouths. He gets up only to replenish the stove, or to water. The peasant tries to move as little as possible and sleep as much as he can. Stretched out upon the stove, mobility. His only care during the long winter is to expend as little as possible of his animal heat, and for that reason he tries to cat and drink less, move less, and to diminish in superficous movement is translated into a corresponding diminution of energy, which in turn increases the appetite and obliges him to exceed the minimum of his rations; this minimum being regulated by the quantity of provision that will carry him over until the next harvest. Thus instinct commands him to sleep as much as possible. Obscurity and silence reign in the hut, where in the warmest places, either singly or crowded together, the members of the family pass the state of hibernation.

During the course of the famine of this year, the press has several times noted cases of this kind, but up to the present time it has been generally unknown that the lejka was not a temporary or accidental affair, but a regular system elaborated by a series of generations of peasants, who are accustomed to consider the half-ration as the rule, a sufficiency as an unattainable ideal, and hunger as an inconvenience to which he can "adapt" himself by the winter's sleep. would be interesting to obtain further details as to this state of hibernation, as, aside from the moral question involved, it is of interest from a physic logical and psychological point of view.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man's faith is true only as he obevs it. Conscience tells us to do right, but

it does not tell us what right is. Our belief in the future is false i proportion as it is circumstantially

exact. Commercial morality and society's morality are each a compound of vice and cunning.

The church's business is not to accuse sinners nor to excuse sinners, but to save sinners.

A purely intellectual belief is immoral; the true belief is the assent of the moral instincts. The function of faith is to purify

the conscience and the function of the conscience is to purify faith. No man gets good treatment from his wife unless he almost breaks her

heart about once every three weeks. The object of religion is not to regulate conduct, but to develop the con science so that conscience can regulate

conduct.

To see the truth, to believe in the rath, to obey the trath, these three hath God joined together, and let not man put asunder.

An honest conscience is the best orthodoxy; it clears away the nonessentials and will not believe simply for the merit of believing.

When a girl thinks a man looks like he wants to kiss her she covers up her eyes so she can't soo whether he really is going to or not till it is too

It's a funny thing that a woman often knows a man who reminds her of her husband, but a man never meets a woman who reminds him of his wife.

Lord Rothschild has just celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday. His lordship is the male heir of old Meyer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the wealth of the family. 'The latter's son became an English subject, and the father of Lord Rothschild was the grandson of old Meyer. For twenty years Lord Rothschild sat in the House of Commons as member for Aylesbury, and in 1885 he was proto receive the honor. It was Mr. tion, but Lord Rothschild is now a

A Very Young Foreman. A boy of twelve, though he looks older, in Chicago, who is named George Stern, is foreman of a huge workshop in a manufactory, and has control over some eighty men and boys, none of whom seems to resent the youth of their responsible foreman; indeed, it says much for Stern that he is greatly respected by the small army of work ers under him, and that his employers are perfectly satisfied with their somewhat daring experiment of placing so young a lad above so many fully grown men. There is only one boy in his workshop who is his junior.

AN AUSTRALIAN PIGEON POST. The Pigeongram System Has Practical Benefit.

Of all the accomplishments credited

to the homer, probably none has been

of such practical benefit as that of a

number of birds of the Great Barrier

island Pigeongram agency, says Forest and Stream. These creatures are trained to carry messages to and from the Great Barrier island and Auckland, New Zealand, and the system has expanded so much that it has now become a very important means of intercourse between the inhabitants of the island and their friends and bustness connections in the city. At the time of the wreck of the steamer Wairarapa on the Great Barrier island, it was four days before news of the calamity reached the capital and this fact gave rise to the pigeongram system. At first but a few birds were available for the purpose, but in 1896. with the increasing population on the island, it was found necessary to reenforce the feathered army, and at the present time large numbers of messages are daily sent from the island to the metropolis and vice versa, by this means. In the first place, 2s. per message was charged from the island to the city and when a team of birds had been trained to fly from Auckland to the Island, messages were sent at a cost of is., and the messages to the city were reduced to 6d, each, The reason of the extra expense from Auckland to the island is the difficulty excity on their journey across the water. No messages for the island are sent from the city after 10 a. m., as the island is often enveloped in a fog after that hour. Some idea of the disputch with which the birds deliver their messages may be gained from the fact that they average (bad weather and head winds taken into consideration) from sixty-five to seventy minutes, which journey is about fifty-seven miles. One bird will carry as many as four messages at a time. The messages are written on tissue paper (quarto size) with carbon leaf the tissue paper being perforated down each side, and on being folded is sealed with the pigeongram stamp, which secures the privacy of the message. The messages are then wrapped round the pigeon's leg and covered with a water-proof legging. This protects it from wet in case of bad weather, or from the bird pecking it off during transit. To open the message the receiver cuts through the perforation. There are just 100 birds engaged in the service. At both termini the usual trap for homers is used, on entering which the wires fall back and strike an alarm. This notifies an attendant, who removes the messages. and the bird is permitted to enter the Shape Trees When Pruning.

In pruning trees, especially if they are young ones, the one who is doing it should always prune so that the tree will have some shape. In pruning while the tree is dormant and before the exhaustive process of pollen secretion takes place in the tree, one can hardly go amiss by cutting the branches so that the tree will have a well-rounded shape and free from useless "suckers," which not only destroy the symmetry of the tree but absorb a great deal of the tree's needed strength.

No doubt the main reason why quince trees do not bear a larger amount of fruit than is their average is this lack of pruning, for the quince needs this perhaps more than any other variety of fruit by reason of its tendency to grow so many laterals.

MARKETS.

FLOUR-Batto, Best Pat # High Grade Extra WHEAT—No. 2 ttell.... CORN—No. 2 White.... Outs—Southern & Penn... Outs Source BYE No. 2. HAY — Choice Timothy. Good to Prime 6TRAW- Bye in car ids. Whent Blocks H 00 0 50 3.00 TOMATOES-Stud. No. 3.9 PEAS—Standards CORN—Dry Pack..... Moist nipra CITY STEERS..... City Cows ...

POTATOES AND VEGETABLES. POTATOES-Burbanks . . 9 ONIONS..... HOG PRODUCTS-shis. 3 694 · 40 Cient ribsides
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Mess Pork, per bar....
LARD—Crade 1016 12 75 Dest refined. BUTTER-Fine Crmy 9

27 26 27 Creamery Rolls. CHEESE-N. Y. Fancy... ? N. Y. Flats Skim Cheese North Carollua..... EGGB-State TREE BOULTES. Onicke, per th

TOBACCO-Md. Infer's .. ? Fancy LIVE STOCK BEEF-Best Beeven 5 - 420 .70 SHEEP.... Hogs.... FURNAND SELECT. MUSERAT.....

FLOUR-Southern.....\$
WHLAT-No. 2 Hed.....
RYE-Western.... CORN-No. 2 OATS-No. 3 BUTTER-State

CHEESE-State..... PRILADEL PRIA.

moted to the peerage—the first Gladstone who created the innovafollower of Lard Salisbury.

eat a piece of black bread dipped in "I surely do not," I said, "if what you have said is true and not a mere imagination." "How romantic!" cried my wife, he preserves the most complete im-Lieutenant Swash sighed. "Come," I said, rising from my chair, "we will go together, and per-haps I can help you. I will have a look at Saturn. Not long afterwards my friend and I fact the vitality of the body. Each viewed his ideal in the flesh. The itinerant astronomer was there, too, with his telescope pointed heavenward in

> "Maybe you'll see that planet you've been looking for to-night," he said. "I've cleaned off the lenses so they'll work better." Beautiful Iuminary

> stopping and screwing his eye into au end of the telescope. "I can see He began adjusting screws with the skill of one intimated into the mysteries of the heavens. While he searched the skies above and the housetops for miles about I scanned the heavens, the housetops and the windows with my naked eye, and with my naked eye I accomplished more

> searching every night for weeks, you can't. There is nothing in sight. It's only a question of patience, of waiting until it again appears."
> "Let me try," I said peremptorily.
> He accoded to my request. With the

These remarks had no effect on me. I bided my time. At length it came. "Swash, don't be excited," I said, "but just fix your eye here."

points to. Don't lose it. Get the direction." "Have you read what is below the

used Dr. Hoaxer's harmless half tonic and find it perfection." "

my hand. "Dockboy," he whispered so the astonished astronomer would not hear.

spot her window by that sign if it's within ten miles. Miss Mary Mumps, "Look again," I said quietly, "and

"Confound it!" he cried. "Am I crazy? I saw a girl on a bicycle and

you should ride a Duster."

Lieutenant Swash has gone to the