INDIAN SUMMER

e clouds that dot the heavenly meads nd fish within the suggist tan Might now be heard to play, to butterfly is on the wing. No crickets sing or leap, nd in the welrd and tender light The languid valleys sleep.

fore the blaze the farmer basks, From harvest toll set free; nd in the wood the squirrel peeps From out the hollow tree. Thile one complains of scanty yield, With all his barns agint, Contented, cracks a nut.

w-whistling qualls still haunt the field, Where late the waving grain preared its myriad golden spears-The glory of the plain. long the roofless woodland isles The robin faintly calls; and monkish rabbits leap and stare At every leaf that falls.

w forests gleam through amber mists, dke pilgrims gray and old; d cliffs and barren hills are changed To temples roofed with gold. sch morn doth seem a sibyl's dream, And when the days expire. e west is filled with phantom ships, that sail on seas of fire.

soon the ruffian winds will take The cedars by the throat; d rain, and hall, and deadly frost Per field and forest gloat; I fog, and damp, and glittering tee, Il things in ruin merge, id crows croak out on blasted pines universal dirge! ugustus Watters, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Mary Constitution of the C A STORY OF EGYPT.

[Copyright, 1897.]

T WAS an ill-chosen night for such an experiment; I had forgotten that

was Halloween. But it is easy to forget European lidays in Cairo. They seem quite out place in the land of the Pharaohs the city of the Arabian Nights-a er anachronism. Yet I subsequent- forward with incredible swiftness. Yet it cried, "false to his plighted love." had reason to conclude that the chery of Halloween loses none of its ency there. Why should it in the ne of magic and the haunt of mum-

had ridden my bicycle far up the ski. Bicycles are no longer a noveln the Egyptian metropolis, but they ely invade the native quarter; and I slowly pedaled through the tured throng I found that I attracted siderable attention. A vociferous meddlesome mob pushed after me; ce I was forced to dismount by donboys who thrust their superfluous mals across my track, and once I nost fell under the feet of a bagga camel whose bulging pack swept a narrow way. At last, vexed and t and thirsty, I stopped at a small

The place was brilliantly lighted and owded with Arabs. At one end, on a sed platform, sat a story teller, anging on a sort of one-stringed . itar and reciting, I suppose, some dern variant of the Thousand and e Tales. Soon a waiter approached. ndeavored to order a sherbet, but ald not make myself understood; at gth, however, he set before me a neglass brimming with some transrent liquid. I sipped at it gingerly; taste was sweetish and spicy. I in the experimental mood; and as began by saying, I had quite forgot-n that it was Halloween. "It's harm-, anyhow," I thought-"Here goes!" d I drank it down.

have no memory of remounting my icel, but I presently found myself on it. The streets were empty now ingularly empty-and I flew on with stic touch and effortless speed down erminable lanes of darkness. I had rted homeward, but already I was t in a gloomy labyrinth of unknown eys. I was becoming alarmed but med unable to abate my speed.

dge; the pyramids loomed in shadow

ty that the sand seemed unaccountdisturbed in many places. Just fore me I discerned something strugng up out of the ground. As I passed stood erect. It was a mummy.

fled on in choking horror. But the not unfriendly. I was not afraid. in was full of black figures; they "O, Anubis," I entreated him—and ain was full of black figures; they nd me. I flung all my strength upon | hall of Osiris?" pedals and cut the wind like a

the mouth of a tomb-Egypt is full helper."

these rock-hewn tunnels-but terror, or was swept down its throat the mysterious force that appeared animate my wheel, I cannot pretend say. I only know that in an instant y and plain and dusky ghosts had nished, and I was darting down a ep incline through cavern darkness. I knew that in a moment I should ach the end-a dead wall of solid ck. My machine was brakeless; my et were powerless on the pedals. It -a terrific shock, a concussion at seemed annihilation; and wheel d rider lay together in mingled ruin.

fter an interval occupied with inde-bable sensations, I rose to my feet. as amazed to find myself unhurt—I thought that I was dying. I noted, with some surprise, that the place to larger dark—though the light

was dim and gray, like that which fil-ters through a thick mist. Perhaps it was only that my eyes had grown ac-customed to the gloom.

I picked up my wheel from the tangle of debris at my feet. It, too, was uninjured. I sprang to the saddle; never had my pet machine seemed so light and responsive. I started onward-not homeward. Why? I cannot tell you. I was still dazed by the crash; my actions were merely automatic. I passed over the dusky, huddled mass at the end of the passage; it offered no resistance. I rode on through the solid rock of the terminal wall with no more obstruction than when a sunbeam passes through a plate of glass.

And then at last I understood. It was not that the rock had lost its hardness! it was I that had no substance. I was now as immaterial as the all-pervasive ether. I need no longer fear the flitting ghosts-for what was/1?

On through the stony bowels of the earth I flew—onward and downward. I amid the maze of columns like a forest could see about me only to a little distance, as when one moves through a heavy fog; but I could perceive the irregular structure of the rock as readily as one detects the flaws in a piece of cloudy amber. Yet I pierced it like a vapor; to me it was less than air-for I felt not a breath upon my face.

At length I had passed far below all the strata known to the geologist, deep into the region of igneous rock; which I had noted, but with strange lack of interest, was seamed with jagged, gleaming veins of every metal, and cracked with many a sparkling gemencrusted fissure. Then all this ponderous substance seemed to melt away, and a broad, cavernous plain opened before me. Its roof was lost in gloom and distance; its floor was ashen; in beneath it, all its vast expanse there was no trace

Then I cried out-but my voice was Amenthes. The ancient tale is true. There is, indeed, an underworld of ghosts, and the men of old were not deladed. I, too, shall stand in presence of Osiris."

Now a strong wind had arisen-or what seemed a wind-which swept me

strangely modern phrase. "Now see !: or scorch forever.

The flery furiace of the Babylon king was but a spark to this. Yet the was no evasion. I bent to my tsk my phantom wheel responded wit as arrowy rush; and before the serin; heat could lay hold upon me the I'm roofed avenue was passed.

"Well done," barked Anubis, clar by my side.

And now we rolled through the tals of a mighty temple. Its pyions were lifted up like mournins under the skyless gloom; no sue mendous musoury was ever reard at Karnak or Memphis. Then came derness of painted columns each one like a eastle tower-and amid bem colossal figures, with faces veiled in the sombre shades that hung like a canopy in the upper spaces. The way seemed like the dim, unending avenues of a dream, that still lead on and tre still the same; but at length, I was in the midst of a vast chamber; it opered glade. The light that illumined it was ruddy as the morning sky, but whence it was reflected I could tot distinguish; there was neither lanp nor torch. The whole place was vibrint with a ravishing but soul-quelling melady-a wailing echo of far-off agory, no loader than a whisper. The hill seemed empty, but as I glided slowly forward it was suddenly full of figures, gigantic, monstrous, towering on every side. It was in verity the judgment hall of Death.

Far before me sat Osiris, enthroped more huge than rocky Memnon, with scourge and scepter. Beside him quivered the dread scales in which tre weighed the souls of men. His look was not unkindly, yet my heart quaked

Then out of the whispering, moaning melody there rose a clang of accusing voices, naming my every fault, both as soundless as a thought-"It is deed and thought, forgotten or remembered. I burned with shame, for I knew that all was true. And the face of Osiris grew stern as I made no answer, but still his look was full of pitying kindness.

Then came a voice that was like the hiss of an angry serpent. "He is false,"



"IN THIS THOU SHALT NOT JUDGE ME"

mmered above me; they glinted in in black outline. Its form was vagueblack Nile as I sped across the long ly human, though of more than human deep humiliation, but now, with sustature; but the eyes shone redly; the preme effort, I sprang up and strode nose was long and sharp; the head was toward the throne. and now I was whirling along the the head of a jackal-or a fiend. I ge of the fringe of desert which knew the monstrous form at once, for was I untrue to Her. And she herrywhere skirts the valley beneath it is painted on the walls of every tomb cliffs. I noticed with uneasy curi- in Egypt. "It is Anubis," I cried- thou shalt not judge me. "Anubis, conductor of the dead."

Auubis gave a little yelp of assent. It was the first sound I had heard in Amenthes. Something about this weird It was no longer Osiris; it was the face creature seemed strangely familiar, and

reexhuming themselves everywhere. now my voice seemed to break its fetthe dim light I could see them strip- ters and issue in articulate sound-"if ng off their balsamed bandages; I felt indeed you are Anubis, wither do you at they were gathering in hosts be-

And again the monster yelped assent "But this place is strange and full of suddenly I saw in front of me an terrors," I cried, "and I am so newly I think I should have died if you had ky opening. I knew at once that it dead! O. Anubis, be my guide and

To this there was no reply. And even ether I fled into it from mere excess as I spoke a long, black, sinuous line truly love me. For you lay staring it is weakened and tortured. Think of appeared in the distance. Soon we were close upon it, and I recognized the undulating coils of the huge serpent which bars the path of every soul as it seeks to cross this dreary interspace. The frightful shadow raised its head; midnight darkness seemed to drip from his open jaws; but Anubis smote it with the mysterious emblem which he bore in his hand, and the foul monster sank down as if dead. We passed in safety.

And now an angry glow lighted the wild scene before us. A wall of bloodred fire raged right across our track, tossing its roaring flame jests high in the darkness. A single gap appearedso narrow that the fleree conflagration

closed above it like a gothic arch. "Now a rint for it," growled Anubia, Cuthbert (with conscious pride)

I was conscious of something speed. And the brow of Oriris darkened in At length I issued from the city and ing at my side; I could not escape it, wrath; the light of pardon faded from t out under the open sky. Stars Soon I was able to perceive it plainly, this awful eyes; his scourge was lifted.

I had sunk upon my knees in my "The charge is false," I cried. "Never

self, Osiris, shall be my judge; in this

As I spoke these words the features of Osiris softened. They slowly melted into a dream of beauty and sweetness. of my beloved. She was bending over me with tearful eyes.

"My darling," she whispered, "how could you be so reckless. You shall ever taste any of their dreadful drugs again. We never should have found you if it hadn't been for Carlo. The stuff had made you crazy, and you rode down an alley straight against a wall: raved so strangely any longer. You didn't know me, dear-not even meuntil at last I cried out that you didn't in my face as if I were a flend, and it seemed as if my heart would break. But you do love me, dear."

A Phenomenal Lake.

An Alaska traveler recently described some extraordinary phenomena connected with a small lake named Selawik, situated near the seacoast. Tides rise and fall in the lake, perhaps on account of an underground connection with the sea. At the bottom, he says, the water is salt, but on the top there is a layer of sweet water.

Reflected Glory. Visitor-And who are you, my little



When the little ones have finished their play, they should be taught to remove their shoes and stockings and put on dry ones. House shoes of soft leather or felt are inexpensive and comfortable, and they last a long time, besides being a great saving in noise and the nerve irritation that is often harder to bear than fne laborious work with which the housemother has to struggle.

As soon as the shoes are taken off they should be filled to the very tops with dry oats. It is a custom of one of the most provident women who ever raised a family to prepare stocking feet of the sizes of the various shoes worn by the children. These are numbered and hung up on a nail in the entryway, where the little ones keep their wrappings. These stocking feet have short tops; in fact, they are shaped more like a baby's sock than anything else. They are filled with oats and sewed up at the top. A couple of inches of extra room is allowed at the top, and when the shoes are to be-filled, the oats are shaken loosely through the stocking; then it is put into the shoe and adjusted as nearly in the form of the human foot as posible. A few gentle raps will settle the oats into the shoe; then a strong cord is tied around the stocking top as close to the grain as possible. The oats being perfectly dry occupy a given amount of space. As they absorb the moisture, which they begin to do immediately, they swell a little and keep the leather from shrinking.-Buffalo Express.

How to "Look Indian."

When you drop a small object on the floor, "look Indian," and you're sure to find it. Here is the modus operandi, according to a Pittsburg exchange.

Somebody dropped a stickpin in the hall the other day and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low and on her hands and knees, and with a candle specially procured for the purpose, but it was no use; the pin was very tiny and unperceivable, its value being that of association rather than size or brilliancy. The somebody, after a final shake of the rugs, was about to give it up forever, when one of the children chanced to come along. "Why don't you look 'Indian' for it?" he asked. Before the somebody realized what was meant, down dropped the youngster on the floor, his bend just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor. "I have it," he outed presently, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor, in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stickpin. The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between himself and the horizon. "They do it on the adays; we just 'look Indian' and find who died 14 years ago, his widow takit right off."

The Sin of Worrying.

It is care that kills. One who deliberately cultivates a disposition to throw care to the winds soon decomes an indispensable person to his friends. Care is worry, pure and simple. The burden that causes us to worry is heavy enough to bear, in all probability, without adding to it that of allengrossing care, which never lets the mind rest for an instant. Suppose you do "have troubles of your own." Can you cure them by worrying? One's best effort to overcome the trials and tribulations of this life is all that is demanded. If that effort surmounts hated by our friends, the care that wears deep furrows on the brow do not help one out of the slough of despond, but rather bury us the deeper. The world gets very tired of men and women who placard their woes on their faces and moan it in their voices in hourly conversation. But the world dearly loves those people who are merry and companionable. We owe something to society, to the world of people about us, and have no right to make ourselves public nuisances because the clouds obscure our sun.-Washington

Veils Considered Injurtous. Paradoxes are in fashion-a woman pays \$7 for a dotted veil and \$70 to her oculist to to correct astigmatism. An occulist once said that every dot in a woman's veil was worth \$5 to the gentiemen of his profession. The eye is being constantly strained to avoid these obstacles in its way, and, of course, a woman paying \$1.50 for something that will, in time, destroy her eyesight just as sure as fate. But women uo And she stooped again and kissed my these things in spite of everythingexcept when the overworked eyes begin to pain, and then they're glad chough to do most anything for quick Co., Atlanta, relief.

A Suggestion for Corn Bread.

Put the milk that the recipe calls for on the stove, and when it is hot stir in the cornmeal and let it cook for ten or afteen minutes. An easy way to prevent it from burning is to set the dish an asbestos pad. Then proceed with the mixing in the usual way. The extra cooking removes the raw taste of
the meal and greatly improves the flaground to be been and bedding. vor of the bread, besides making it entirely digestible.

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ESTABLISHED 1871.

A New Jersey junk dealer a few days ago lost what would have been the best bargain he ever had in his life when he tried to beat down the price he was asked to pay for a barrel of old iron The iron belonged to a queer old her mit who lived alone near Phillipsburg for many years, and who died a short time ago. The man who was settling up his affairs after his death found a barrel containing a lot of old iron in a shed. and when a junk dealer came along, offered it to him for one dollar. The junk man demurred at the price, claiming it was worth only half that, and during the discussion which followed they tipped over the barrel, and there, present generation as is offered in the Klonwith the old iron, was found a lot of gold and silver coins which counted up over \$600. That junk dealer will here and his whole body lying sidewise and after take barrels of scrap iron unques-

The handsomest dwarf this country has ever seen, Countres Magni, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, is still a well-preserved woman, and has just been giving demonstrations of cookery at a food fair in Boston. She wore a small white apron, and while preparing the dishes | Tacoma Hardware Co. on a raised platform lectured entertainingly about the cooking she had ening. But it works in houses just as chusetts 50 years ago, and her real name Philadelphia, I a well as on the plains. Why, we never was Mercy Lavinia Bump. She was lose anything in the nursery now- married in 1863 to Gen. Tom Thumb, ing another husband, not a dwarf, several years later.

Is a blood disease and only a blood remedy can cure it. So many people make the mistake of taking remedies which at best are only tonics and cannot possibly reach their trouble. Mr. Asa Smith. Greencastle, Indiana, says: "For years the difficulties, well and good. If it I have suffered with Sciatic Rheumafalls, the fret that wears wrinkles in tism, which the best physicians were unone's soul, the worry that makes us able to relieve. I took many patent medicines but they did not seem to

reach my trouble. I gradually grew worse until I was unable to take my food or handle myself in set c any way; I was absc lately helpless. Three bottles of S.S.S. re-lieved me so that 1 was soon able to move my right arm; before lieved me so that 1 my right arm; before long I could walk

across the room, and when I had finished one dozen bottles was cured completely and am as well as ever. I now weigh 170."

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. cures Scrofula, Cancer, Eczema, nd any form of blood troubles. have a blood disease, take a blood medicine-S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetatable) is exclusively for the blood and is recommended for nothing else. It forces out the poison matter permanent-We will

send to anyone our valuable books, Address Swift Specific

Caution Notice

At the constable's sale recently I purchased the following named articles and left them in the possession of John C Mayer. All persons are hereby cautioned not to meddle with the

Klondike Manual Way nor

to be realized from the wonderful discoveries already made and to be made in this New Klond-lee-Alaska-Eldorado" THE WASHING TON GOLD FIELDS EXPLORATION COM-PANY under its character is authorized to propect for and acquire Mining Claims and Propertics in the wonderful gold fields of Klondike and Maska. Immelise fortunes have already been realized and millions more will be made there. Will you allow this golden exportunity to pass you by? A few dollars invested in in this undertaking may be the foundation to our fortune. The rish to the wonder and necessitates immediate action. The first in the field the first in fortune. No such opportunity has ever been presented to the people of the dike-Alaska Gold Fields. All shareholdees get their full proportion of all profits. No dixiends are made on Block remaining unsold Send your orders emplosing time Dullar for each share of fully paid-up and non-assessable stock desired to the WASHINGTON GOLD. FIELDS EXPLORATION COMPANY, Tacoma, Wash

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and the horizon. "They do it on the plains all the time," he said. "That's why they can always tell who's com-

flon's fobsero Spit and Smoke Year hills Away.

To quit tabacco such and forement must be the field of the received of signs, the No To-Day, the would reach that makes weak mensioners. All drams states that makes weak mensioners. All drams states are the anomalist of the such that the su



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