## CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE.

raves finch with a p

dips deep in a seasily white, the sea-gods strive with the god

steam. rill wind sings in the cordage high, rill wind sings in the slanting deck, so only star in the cloud-swept sky so gimmering shore light's waraing this.

ptain stands on the swaying bridge sight glass held in his sturdy hand, sething hollow and foam-capped as a ghost. She had heard, too.

watched that twinkle that marks

te land: ow to the speaking tube he bends gives the word to the engineer, he great steam whistle wakes and

obbing shrick through the atmos-

the in the village far away. To the light looks out on the ocean"

ople listen and smile and say: captain's sending his message

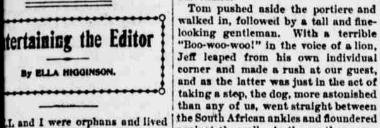
woman, gaming across the dark, a soft as the faint notes rise and

children listen and whisper: he children listen and whit Hark! er's saying he's safe and well."

ring engines whirl and grind

boring engine on in her ocean race, ship drives on in her ocean race, e captain looks at the light behind a tender smile on his sun-burnt fe and children may sleep a

ne'er a fear in a gentle breast; voke has spoken across the seas-the captain's message has brought em rest. incoln. in L. A. W. Bulletin.



ith our brother Tom. Tom was phan, too, of course, but then covered his equilibrium and his selforphans are never the recipients athy and motherly advice from him. dear old lady in the neighboro that by-and-by they really forat they are orphans.

was 20, and he kept a stationery and we lived in four small rooms rear of the shop. This was one of v towns that spring up in a night et Sound, and although the town was rough, bustling and noisy, re very happy there, for our were within 100 yards of the waters, and the shore sloped green as emeralds the whole through.

ssisted Tom in the shop, and I. being housekeeper, contributed al magazines, which helped fully in the way of new gowns, bonnets and all the dainty which delighted our souls, for me with kind but amused eyes. d I liked pretty things.

ere quite the noisiest and most rather flat, and hearing Tom giggle in carum household you can . As I have said, we had only ns. In one of these Tom slumhe dreamy hours away nightly, was "the meanest, darkest, riest room in the whole she-Tom was given to declaring looking chair that was at heart one base me he entered it on slumber Then there was a room wherein

d I slept, and from whose winone of exaggerated emotion, while we could see at dawn dear, white all stood shivering in agonized sus-Baker towering into the primpense. "It's the chair with the broken y. Then the kitchen, and lastly lor, which Nell called the drawm, and which also served as din-m. Between the parlor and the as a tiny cubby-hole of a room, ix feet square and dark as a n, in which Tom kept surplus and in which we likewise smugay sundry bags from the greens, trusting to the friendly darkconceal them from the inquisis of our visitors.

my threat, and thumped there so fast I could scarcely breathe. I shock with nervous excitement. that\_\_\_\_" Here her eye wandered again to the hat. "So\_that\_\_\_" she

lownright mean of her, but I didn't

have time to remonstrate. I heard Tom

tell our guest in a very loud tone-for

our benefit-that he would show him in

just as soon as he had finished a little

matter then claiming his attention in

the shop. This was to give us time, God

bless him! And we improved it. The

way we did set chairs to their right-

reau drawers! Nell got hold of the

trunk, but there was too much of it.

"Put it behind the trunk." I gasped, and as she obeyed, I added: "There's

one consolation. He can't hear us, be-

cause he's as deaf as anything; he told

"Well, that is bliss," responded Nell,

lapsing into slang in her agitation.

We had barely begun to get things to

rights, it seemed, however, when we

heard them coming, and with hopeless

glances into the mirror we sank into

possession, Tom lamely introduced

Nell came forward, looking as cool

and sweet as a lily, and gave him her

hand, telling him how really glad she

"Oh, fudge!" said Tom, making a wry

face at her over Mr. Everett's shoulder;

"if he's deaf, that's all Greek to Mim.

For one dreadful moment I thought

Nell was going into one of her convul-

sions of laughter, but she pulled herself

"So this is our little contributor,"

said he, taking my hand and looking at

shouted out "Yes," but as that sounded

"Have a chair?" cried Nell, her voice

rising to a little squeak as she proffered

the best and really safest chair in the

house. To our consternation, however,

he showed a preference for a guileless-

"Great guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a

the background, I limply subsided.

fairly shouted the introduction.

was to welcome him.

Speak up, my little girl."

together and presented me.

me himself."

our chairs.

me himself."

leception.

repeated, absently. I had contributed regularly for some time to the South African Review, "So-that-a-" mimicked Tom, a and my correspondence with the editor had grown very friendly, indeed, but never, never in my wildest imaginings had I foreseen such a catastrophe as which I laughed weakly and helplessly. Nell gave him-both of us, in fact-a furious glance, and returned to her charge.

All this time Mr. Everett had behaved admirably. He must have ob-I cast a glance of frenzied, but speechserved our hysterical nervousness, but less, appeal at Nell. She nodded, pale presume he attributed it to the dire confusion and disorder of our surround-"'Cl'ar up,'" she whispered briefly, ings. and then she began to laugh, noiseless-ly and hysterically. I thought this

but she broke down flatly with: "Bo,

When he finally arose to take his departure, Nell put her 'kerchief to hes lips with a shameless pretense at coughing-she, who had the strongest lungs in the family-and said rapidly: "For heaven's sake, Kate, pick up his hat and wipe the chocolate off tefore ne sees it!" Then louder: "I'm so sorry we did not know you were coming, so we could have made your visit pleasabouts and jam things into those buauter." "By jingo," said Tom, making a dash

for the cubby hole. "That reminds me muslin and struggled to get it into the I'd better be getting his coat before ne investigates and finds it between the potatoes and the coal oll can! My!" he jaculated, sniffing exaggeratedly, as he returned with it, "it smells of coal oill

"By the way," said Mr. Everett, turn-ing to me kindly, "here's a letter for you from my brother, which I should have given you before. I shall tell him how greatly I enjoyed my call." And as he bowed himself out there dawned upon his face a slow smile of such intense and uncontrollable amusement that it made me feel as if an icy hand was clutching my heart. We all stood

transfixed until we heard the door close behind him. Then-"His brother!" exclaimed Nell, in a low, terrible tone. "Wretched girl! Who is his brother?"

"I don't know," I faltered, almost in the South African ankles and floundered tears, tearing open the letter. "Ten to one," said Tom, strutting against the wall. As the gentleman re-

around with his thumbs in his buttonholes, "it's a proposal of marriage. "Or a \$100 check for that last story,"

aid Nell, laughing nervously. "Speak louder, Tom," said I, conceal-They came behind me and looked over ing the motion of my lips behind my my shoulder, all reading together. It kerchief. "He is awfully deaf; he told was not a proposal of marriage, but it "Is that so?" said Tom, and then he was a check-an effectual one-to our

spirits. "My Dear Miss Orne: We have long de sired to make your acquaintance, and as one of us must go to your town on business I shall let my brother have that pleas-ure, denying myself because I am so deafure, denying myself because I am so deaf-as I have told you-that you would find conversation with me embarrassing. My brother is so fortunate as to enjoy perfect hearing. I am sure you will like him, al-though I believs I have never mentioned him to you. He is associate editor of the Review. I am "Yours very sincerely, "HUGH A. EVERETT."

For a moment that seemed a year there was deadly silence. Then I began to sob childishly, and Nell-I regret to be compelled to tell it-Nell went into regular hysterics of mirth, and laughed and cried alternately. Nor did she entirely recover for weeks, but would go into convulsions of merriment at the mere mention of that evening. Tom neither laughed nor cried. He just sat down on the edge of the organ stool and twisted his faint presentiment of a mustache and swung his long legs to and fro, and reflected. When his thoughts had had time to travel down to the bag of potatoes and the coal oil can, I imagine he concluded that he could reficet more clearly if alone, for he arose

#### THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

The heavy art linens in colors of to-day furnish beautiful and durable grounds for embroidered wall hangings and framed panels. Such embroideries may be handed down, like those of medieval times, as heirlooms to posterity.

A new field in decoration will be opened up by the invention of liquid paints, which, it is claimed, are impervious to the infinence of light and air, and will bear frequent washing? These paints, styled "Helios," are not yet introduced into this country.

"Helios" will be invaluable to the decorative workers in household art, because they take beautifully on linen, netton, silk and wool. By associating these liquid colors with embroidery, not only may fine effects be obtained, but much time saved.

A field for embroidery which attracts but little attention in view of its case and importance, is the working of wall hangings. Many years ago young wom-on spent great time and labor in executing Berlin wool pictures for the wall. To-day truly artistic effects are to be obtained by the working of wall decorations to be hung up bannerwise.

A handsome wall hanging is of heavy ecry linen, wrought with a design of an ancient galley with emblazoned sail, riding the waves. The waves are shown in the stiffly conventional equi-distant curved lines shown in very ancient wave-drawings. The galley and waves are wrought in stem stitch and running stitches. The colors employed are shades of green, dark cyprus red, olives and dull citron yellows .- Ladies' World.

#### CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTES.

English Catholics are hoping that the new Westminster cathedral will be finished in time so that within its walls may be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England. This event occurred on September 29, 1850.

Eishop Harkins, of Providence, has consted a burial place for Catholic soldiers in St. Francis' cemetery, and it is now proposed to erect a suitable monument on this lot, a proposal which the bishop warmly encourages. To secure funds for the monument, a lecture by Archbishop Ireland is contemplated. The monument, it is estimated, will cost \$5.000.

The well-known Maestro, Gaetano Copocci, died in Rome recently at the age of 86. 'He was taken ill on St. John's day, while conducting vespers at St. John Lateran, of which basilica he had been maestro since 1854. His death will be much regretted, for he was still vigorous. His compositions are very much admired in Rome, and he has been for many years a most familiar figure at ecclesiastical functions.

The United States Catholic Historical society was organized in New York recently. Archbishop Corrigan presided. The membership is made up of Catholic clergy and laymen, including well known writers and theologians. The object is to publish historical matter and biographical sketches of Catholics who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, law, medicine, theology, charity, philanthropy or missionary work, together with portraits, flustrations and fac-similes. Several valuable paintings have been presented to the soniaty. A Soft Reply.

"Oh, tell me, good publisher, say as you read, Do you think that my book is the kind to



"Emhureel buiel elsabt un Uem Cjush bus \$20, bur mieicls fibore rmel we ut unn um ub cjums colirt anfrauwi leit-semaliem."

#### THERE YOU HAVE it, Clear as Mud.

The original of the above, written with a pen, when deciphered was seen to be only an order for a type-writer. It reads: "Enclosed find iraft on New York for 90 for which please send me at once one of your latest improved type-writer."

writer." He is purchasing a machine some too soon, you say. HOW ABOUT YOURSELFT You may not write so poorly as he does, and your letters may not be illegible, but a type-written communication has a business like appearance which a pen-written one has not.

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tioned not to meddle with the same : 1 threshing machine, 1 sleigh, 1 plough, 1 harrow, 1 cultivator, 1 horse gear, 2 collars, 2 tubs, 2 batter churus, sauage stiffer, 1 iron kei-tle, flour chest, excelsior cook stove, bread cup-board, 3, 5 ton hay, 2 empty cans, vinegar barrel, wood chest, 20 yards carpet, 1 clock, 6 kitchea chairs, bedstead, bureau, corner board, 6 acres cori in the ground, one-seventh acre potatoes in the ground, one-seventh acre potatoes in the ground. EMMA A. RIEGEL, Giobe Mills, Pa., May 27, 1898.

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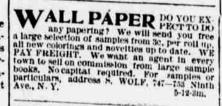
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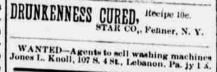
Morris Gross Co., Dry Goods and Clothing ; W.

10-28-1vr.

G. Rowland, Outfitter; Hugo Felitz, Tents







parlor was a thing, having once en, to be remembered. It was 11 de and 16 feet long, and in it e stove, one organ, one sewing (we made our own gowns). ree-ply carpet, one big, black y the name of Jeff, who was a and the object of our devoted af-), one dictionary and stand, one table, four chairs (more or less one trunk (deceptively cre-and cushioned up to allure un-ing guests into the rashness of upon it), one bookcase, some , and, alas! that I must chrona parlor! a bureau! "A really ly bureau in a parlor," as a litsaid once, to the hysterical f ourselves and the speechless ation of her mother, who had her to call. However, the size s of size-of our bed-chamber the introduction of a bureau,

he parlor it went. utumn evening Tom was in the d Nell and I were making ourery comfortable in the parlor, ack in our rocking chairs, with thocolate in our hands, and our he low nickel rod that encomhe stove. We had been sewing. room was in the wildest disormachine was in the center of , its box was upside down, the was littered with yards and embroidery, spools, scissors, and buttons; there were muslin uncut, and dozens of ments in various degrees of ated and sewed" all over the irs, organ and trunk. The was really immense.

have our chocolate," Nell had then we'll have a 'cl'ar'n'-up' fix things before Tom comes

enly we heard the shop door then a gentleman's volce-of roles we did not hear fre-in that rough town. If was courteous. In another mo-ad introduced himself to Tom

Before our guest could seat himself. however, Nell had a happy inspiration. "Do-do take off your overcoat!" she

ried, and then in a rapid aside to me: And Kate, do substitute another chair while I'm talkin' sweet to him! Tom. take his coat. Hurry, Kate, or you'll be too late."

For one instant I thought a flash of uncontrollable mirth swept across Mr. Everett's face, almost as if he had heard. But a second glance assured me of my mistake, for his expression was sphinx-like.

"Now that I have his coat," put in Tem, with cold irony, while I deftly changed the chairs, "what shall I do with it? Toss it on the trunk?" "Heavens! No!" said I, sternly.

'Put it out in the-in-the-" "Cubby-hole," suggested Nell, giving

as a brief, innocent glance, and then adroitly continuing her conversation with Mr. Everett.

"Sure enough," said Tom, giggling as he went out. "I'll put it on the bag of potatoes. He'll think we have a hundred-dollar hatrack concealed in the darkness."

Tom, I may say right here, was in his element. A guest who was deaf, and two sisters who had been caught in a dreadful plight! What more could the imp ask? He took the tide at the flood, too. He came back and seated himself

in the shadow, so he could fire funny remarks at us without the motion of his lips being observed by Mr. Everett.

Nell behaved like an angel. She sat quite close to our guest, and carried on with him in an animated conversation in a clear, high, flute-like tone which seemed to carry every word to him dis-tinctly, as he did not hesitate once in his replies.

Suddenly my alert car heard something dropping, or, to be more accurate, running. Nell gave me a startled, mystified glance.

"My guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of fairly diabolical mirth. "You hid your chocolate cup on the organ, didn't you? Well, Miss Brilliancy, it's upset, and it's meandering down right into his silk hat!"

We would have been more than human could we have kept our borrified eyes away from the fatal spot. I even thought poor Mr. Everett gave a startled giance toward the floor, but, of course, I must have been mistaken. The unfortunate man had deposited his hat, with sublime trust in its safety The unfortunate man had deposited his is writed to hear no more, is my feet, overturning the and the dog with a dreadful by lips; my heart jumped into the set of a sentence,

silently and stole into the store, nor did so much as a murmur emerge from him during the remainder of the evening. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever saw Tom squelched.

-Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. IRON BUILDINGS ON FIRE.

### Practical Answer to a Much-Dis-

puted Question Lately Given In Chicago.

It has long been a matter of speculation how steel and iron buildings would withstand the effect of a serious fire. At the recent burning of the Shoeneman building in Chicago, a new steel frame building, having iron wrought pillars and steel girders and beams, a practical test of the question was afforded. The building was seven stories in height and adjoined the Old Colony building, 17 stories high, on the north, and the Manhattan building, of 16 stories, on the south. The wall beween the Shoeneman and the Manhat-

tan buildings was a party structure. When the burned building collapsed

t pulled the party wall one inch and a half out of plumb where the greatest strain was exerted; but otherwise the Manhattan building suffered no injury from heat or fire, except that some window casings were burned and 50 or 60 <text><text><text><text><text><text><text> windows were broken. The effect in

succeed? Because if its contents you do not ad-

mire, I've some other irons, you know, in the fire.

And the publisher smiled as he lifted his head: "You'd better put this with the others."

he said. -Harlem Life.

#### Suspicious.

Edwin loved Angelina; Angelina ditto Edwin. , But Edwin was poor, and so went to Klondike, where he has probably taken to drink.

And Angelina sits alone and worries her poor little head over letters like

are so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen."-Pick-Me-Up.

# Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult

to get rid of. There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

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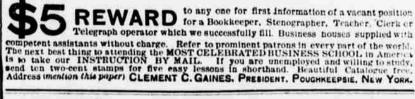
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