The rosy wings of fancy
Are folded now in rest,
And hope has hushed her dreaming
To sleep within my breast.

Has whispered unto me—
If hope and fancy vanish
What life would surely be.

If dreams be dead, no matter, If hope should linger still, Sweet peace will fan her pinion And soften ev'ry ill.

But if the hope should perish, And slip from life away, A cloudy day this life, then, With morn and eve of gray.

With no bright sun at noontime To pierce the heavy pall, To brighten with its glowing The shadows over all.

And life would be undoubted, A living but to be: Existence in all phases

Then wake, my sleeping fancy, And hope awake to smile, And slumber not forever, But soothe my life awhile.

Sweet fancy, plume your pinions,
To soar the rosy sea,
Fly forth, O blessed hoping,
And bring my joys to me.
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FREED PRISONER.

"I consider it the only hope for him iudge," said the doctor.
"It will establish a bad precedent. The

ers will think all they have to do estily.

"It is but a question of time, and a very even than you will give him his discharge, and not only him, but a good many others besides," said the doctor, much provoked. "Eh, is that so?" said the judge, ignor-

ing sarcasm, "is there really so much sickness in the jail?" "A good deal, and chiefly confined to the United States prisoners. Spotted fever rages with fatal effect among

them."
"That is strange. How do you account for it? Is illicit distilling an unhealthy

occupation?"
"When it reaches its natural result of "When it reaches its natural result of landing the operator into jail, there to sicken, it may be called decidedly unhealthy. But, jesting aside, these mountain fellows suffer more than the other prisoners for the reason that they have always lived a free life in the open air; therefore the close confinement of the therefore the close confinement of the jail proves very irksome and they sicken under it. This spotted fever is, I think, the result of lack of proper circulation of the blood. It is a sort of epidemic among the mountaineers. Some of them have died of it and others are very low, and they will die too, if they stay in that jail. The thought of going home is all that will save them now—Jack Big-by, especially; release is the only hope

"He has no one to thank but himself," said the judge. "Why did he meddle with illicit distilling?" "I grant all you say; but death is a severe sentence for a few gallons of mountainder." "said the "said the said servere sentence for a few gallons of mountainder." "said the said servere sentence for a few gallons of mountainder." "said the said servere sentence for a few gallons of mountainder."

"True," said the doctor.

"True," said the judge after a pause.
"I will suspend sentence in his case, and let him go home. Here is his release," said he, as he filled out a blank; "take it to him—a new sort of physic, truly! But tell him he won't get off so easy the next time he meddles with the reseque." time he meddles with the revenue.

"Thanks," said the doctor as he took the paper. "It will be many a day, if ever, before he will feel like playing with edged tools. Judge, this is the first time I ever envied your high position-

The sick man lay on his bunk in his cell; his fever scorched tongue was stiff and blackened so that he could scarcely and blackened so that he could scarcely speak. It was difficult to recognize in the wan shadow lying there the stalwart mountaineer of a few months ago. His blue eyes were sunk deep in his head; his matted hair and beard were bleached from a sunburnt yellow to a sickly straw color, and over the hellow cavers of his color, and over the hollow caverns of his cheeks the white skin, blanched by pris-on dank, was tightly drawn. On its bloodless surface the red blotches of the spotted fever showed with startling viv-

Could this be Jack Bigby, the man

who could outshoot, outride, outjump and outdance any of his comrades? Old Bigby, otherwise Pap, as he sat by the bedside of his sick son, felt dazed and stunned by the change. He had only arrived that morning, and, in the few hours that had passed, failed yet to realize it. Could that be Jack? He was changed in his ways as well as in his looks. How strange he talked!

'Set whar I kain see ve. Pap." said, when his father had arrived. "The sight of ye is good fer sore eyes."

And, as he said it, all at once the fa-

ther had choked up and felt like crying; he didn't know why. But he hadn't

'Hit war powerful cur'ous. Jes' ter

"Hit war powerful curous. Jes ter think o' Jack a-sayin' sech a thing! Rough an' ready Jack ter wanter lay thar an' look at his ole pap!"

Mr. Bigby, it is true, was not a very beauteous object, nor one on which most people would crave to feast their eyes. He looked as if the summer sun had above men him very het and the winter. shone upon him very hot and the winter rain had beat upon him very hard. He could, in fact, be called weather beaten. His long, iron gray hair and beard were guiltless of barber or comb and brush either, for that matter. The seams and rucced lines of his face caused his counrugged lines of his face caused his countenance to look like a bit of rolling land. scape. But all seamed and rugged as it was, to the homesick eyes of his son it was more beautiful than the face of

Mountaineers are not emotional people and so old Bigby sat there, his throat swelling queerly under the strange gaze of his son. Mingled with his emotion was a feeling of wonder and horror at

his changed appearance.
"His hands," thought the father, "air like chicken claws!" Could that pale, shadowy thing be Jack's muscular fist? "Is the sun shinin' outside, pap?" asked

Jack, for his father's presence had bright-

ened up his cell.
"Yes," said the old man, "hit's a-shinin' right smart, but hit's so dim in hyar,
ye kaint see hit."
"Hit."

ye kaint see hit."
"Hit air dim in hyar allus," said the

prisoner, "tell for a leetle taste o' sun-shine, 'pears like I'd perish."

"Ye'll git better now," said the father, taking the invalid's thin hand in his brown, horny one, and awkwardly strok-ing it. "Why, yer hand," said he by way of a joke, "is so thin an' white hit looks eenanos! like a streak o' light." ing it. "Why, yer hand," said he way of a joke, "is so thin an' white looks eenanos' like a streak o' light.'

"I low I looks like a streak o' light."
"I low I looks like a afternoon shadder, anyhow," said the invalid, feebly,
"I kaint hold out much longer."
"Yer mouth's dry, honey," said the
anxious father, unconsciously going back
to his childhood's way of speaking to
him. "Hyar, let pap gin ye a lettle sup
o' water ter wet it."

o' water ter wet it."

But the prisoner closed his eyes and slightly shook his head.

"Jest a drap," coaxed the father; "jes the matter o' a drap, Jackie, honey."

"Not thet thar water," said the prisoner rousing up. "Thet thar prison water makes me heave. Oh, fer a drink outer the spring at home! seems like I could drink hit dry."

Old Bigby felt frightened; he was no part of a nurse, and the changed appear.

part of a nurse, and the changed appearance of his son still shocked him.
"Hit looks like good water," said he,

"hit looks like good water," said he,
"hit does. Try a sup."
But the sick man refused, and his
father welcomed the entrance of the

"Here, Jack," said that official, "my wife's sent you some soup; try and take

But the invalid still refused. "I kaint eat hit," he said.

"What do you crave?" asked the jailer "What do you crave: asked the plants of "Sunshine an' fresh a'r," cried the prisoner, rousing up. "Ef I could only git out whar the sun'd shine on me, an' the mountain a'r would blow on me, an' what I could see the peak o' old Baldface, a-rollin' up behin' pap's house, seems like I could git up an' run a mile." "You should ha' thought of all o' that

afore you went to monkeying with the revenue," said the jailer.
"I never thought ez how I'd be

otched," said the prisoner, sullenly. "But hit does seem hard," said old Bigby, apologetically, "fer a man ter suffer so much—eenamos' pay with his life fer makin' a few gallons o' wild cat

liquor liker that."
"The government don't want it," said "The government don't want it, sand the jailer, undertaking to explain the revenue system, "but it don't want you to have it, neither."
"Well, now, thet does look cur'ous,"

"Well, now, thet does look cur'ous," said old Bigby. "What kain hit matter ter the gov'ment? En what," he continued, as the jailer was unable to answer that question, "en what's a man to do with his extry crap o' corn when he kaint git hit to market? We unslives on the side o' old Baldface, en ter haul our crap ter narket, costs youth nich og crap ter market costs purty nigh ex much ez the crap is wuth. En this year owin' ter one accident en another, the crap piddled out o' the small een o' the horn. Hit didn't pay ter haul thet leetle bit ter market fer the mite o' money they'd pay fer hit. En we uns war hard up; we had mary sugar nor coffee—jes' bread en a little bite o' meat; en Jack sez. sezzee. 'I hain't agwine ter stend hit, I hain't; I'll jes haul the corn over ter Stillinger's still en turn hit inter bug juice. Hit'll fotch nuff ter buy sugar

juice. Hit'll fotch nuff ter buy sugar an' coffee.'
"So he hauled hit over thar ter the still, every bit o' our crap we had to spar en the stillers stilled hit on sheers. The shotes, they followed Jack, en the rev'nue they followed the shotes en busted up the still, en throwed out the mash en the beer en the whisky en away went our year's crap at a lick. En wussur an all, they cotched Jack. Stillinger he got er way—he's a ole hand at the business—en the rev'nue took en brung-Jack ter At

lanty."
"Then you didn't git no sugar nor cof "Then you didn't git no sugar nor cof-fee?" said the jailer, as old Bigby paused. "Nary drap," said he mournfully, shak-ing his grizzled head, "en we lost our leetle crap besides. But what's sugar en coffee ter Jack bein' tuck? Me en his ma en the gals wish we uns never heared tell o'sugar en coffee. What's sugar en coffee ter Jack's a lyin' thar a-perishin' away, weaker 'an a baby?" cried the old man in a tremulous voice.

Here the sick man's nerves gave way under a flood of self pity, and he began

to weep.
"Thar—thar—honey," cried his father, trying to soothe him, "don't ye cry." He thrust his hand into the pocket of his copperas jeans coat and drew out a gaudy red and yellow cotton handkerchief.

"La! La!" he ejaculated, "ef I hain't clean disremembered all bout hit! Why, honey, ef hyar hain't anew henkercher noney, et nyar hant a new henkercher yer ma sent me. She saved up all o' ole Speck's aigs en sol' 'em Chris'mas, en buyed hit fer ye fer a present, en she's been a-keepin' hit fer ye ever sence."

But the gaudy handkerchief, far from comforting the prisoner, overwhelmed him with home sickness.

"Taka bit awar" be sokked. "Taka

"Take hit away!" he sobbed. "Take hit away! Oh, ma! Oh, ma! I'll never see ye agin!' The stalwart mountaineer dashed the

gay handkerchief under the bed, and kneeling beside his son, cradled him in his arms as if he were a baby.

"Thar, now; thar, now; don't ye take hit so ter heart. Ye'll git well en see her yit. Pap'll nuss his boy tell he sees her.

Don't! don't, my Jackie, my baby! Oh, my Lord!" he moaned in sudden terror at his helplessness to comfort. The unhappy father's tears mingled with his son's, and he vainly strove to dry them in his blue checked handkerchief.

The friendly isilar's eyes filled, and his in his blue checked handkerchief.
The friendly jailer's eyes filled, and his
throat swelled, and fearing he might be
swept away in the sea of woe, he hastily
retreated to the door, and nearly knocked

ver the doctor, who was entering.
"What is the matter," said he. "Come,

come, this won't do!"
"He won't hush," said the father. "Ef his ma was only hyar ter nuss him he'd

"Well, he must get well and go to her. "Well, he must get well and go to her. Here's something that will cure him faster than all my medicine," and the doctor held up the paper. "See, the judge has sent you a release," and he read it aloud. "Now, Bigby, you must get well, so you

"I'll never get well in hyar," said the prisoner, trying to stay his sobs. "All l crave is a leetle sunshine en fresh a'r." "Well, you shall have it just as soon

'Pap, ye say the sun's a shinin' out-e?" said the prisoner. 'Well, hit's a-shinin' right smart,"

as you can travel.

"Well, hit's a-snimm right smare, said Mr. Bigby, winking the tears off his eyelashes. "Yes," said he, qualifying, as it were, his assertion, 'I mought say hit's a-shinin' right peart."

"En hit's a-gittin' warm, hain't hit?"

asked he. "Spring's a-comin', hain't it?"
"Spring's a comin' on," assented Mr.
Bigby. "The snow's done melted and gone, the peach trees air a-bloomin', the buds o' the ellums en the willows air a-swellin', the red buds en maples air a-bloomin', the bees air a-playin' in the sun afore the'r gums, en the young calves air a-bleatin' in yander pastur'," he said, adding bit by bit to the rural picture as his son's hungry eyes seemed to devour him. "The jaybirds air beginnin' ter sing, en soon the voice o' the turtle will be heared in the land," he concluded.

"Then I'll go," said Jack, homesick for a sight of what his father had told him. "It will be a great risk," said the doc-

"Well, I'll risk hit. What's the use o'dyin', like a rat in a hole, in this hyer

jail?" said the prisoner. "It is almost certain death to venture. "Wait till you get

insisted the doctor. "Wait till you ge a little better."
"Ef I mus' die, lemme die at home, cried Jack. "'Pears like I could die easier thar."

Seeing that he was determined to go

the doctor ceased to urge him. "Have you the means to take him home?" he asked the father, who had arisen and seated himself on the side of the bunk. "Well, yes," said the old man, "I sold

my critter afore leavin' home ter git the money ter come hyar on." "If you sold your horse, how are you

going to make your crop?" asked the friendly jailer. "Well," said Mr. Bigby, undaunted by wen, sand Mr. Bigoy, "I thought as how I'd sell my cow en calf, arter Jack is well nuff to do 'thaut the milk, en buy a steer. Only lemme git him back ter his ma in the mountains en we'll scratch

long somehow."

The sun shone bright and warm; the air was sweet and balmy; spring was coming fast, and April seemed to have hastened along the road to meet March and strewed a few of her days in his calendar. The sun beamed into the car where Jack Bigby lay on two scats, ap-parently half asleep. For the first half of the journey the excitement, the change, the thought of home, had kept him ere.

"The sun—the a'r," he cried, delightedly, "hit's powerful good, pap!"
"Hit's mighty peart," said the old man, sympathetically.

But now, his little strength exhausted, Jack lay in a state of collapse that his father mistook for sleep, with the sun shining full into his face, though he did

it seem to know it.
"Wake up, Jackie," said old Bigby,
eerfully. "We air outer Canton now, cheerfully. en gwine in ennong the mountains. Look at 'em."

The sick man roused up, and with his

father's assistance raised himself so as to look out of the window. As far as the eye could reach range after range of mountains met the view rising one above the other. The invalid gazed upon them as if he could never get his fill and drank in the mountain air as if it was an elixir.

"Thar, thar, Jackie," said his father

"I'm afeard you'll cotch cole."

"The sight er them is good for sore eyes," said the released prisoner. And language could go no further in his case. Old Bigby laughed. "What'll ye say when ye see Baldface, en thet thar big

pine thet's growd on the tip top er hit war we use ter go a coon huntin'?" "Ef ever I gets able ter climb up thar, I'll never wanter come down again," said

Jack.

Again his father laughed. "Is thet thar ole pine all ye're hankerin' arter, sonny?" he asked.

"In course I wanter see ma and the gals," said the tick man. "When I see ma agin I"—his voice failed him and he broked own.

broke down.
"Thar, thar," said the old man hastily,

"don't bother bout ma en the gals—not but what they'll hev' er shout en go roun' when they see ye. Lie down en He laid his son back on the seat, and ck wearily closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. Absorbed with his unaccus

tomed surroundings old Bigby did not notice his heavy breathing, which was deadened by the noise of the train. At last, glancing out the window, familiar objects came in view.
"Jackie," said the old man, "Jackie,

wake up, honey. Thar's old Baldface. Look up. En thar's yan pine." The sick man unclosed his eyes, but

they wore a strange look. "I see no pine," he said feebly.

Old Bigby grew frightened. He passed his arms around his son and lifted him by main force; terror gave him strength.
"Look, look," he cried anxiously.
But his son's head fell back against his

shoulder, the cool mountain breeze played with his hair, the sunshine beamed in his face, but the dying mountaineer saw nothing. In vain his glazing eves turned

toward the distant mountains.
"I kaint see hit," said he feebly, "I'm going fas'. Bury me on top er ole Baldface, pap, yander pine—thar I'll sleep free forever."

His struggling breath ceased. No more his darkening eyes could see the sun for which he so craved. The judge's sus pended sentence now availed him naught Summoned before a greater judge, the moonshiner was free.—Paul Grant in At-

She Was Not Over Pretty.

Giles—What did your friend mean when she said she was used to standing? Surely she can't be a saleslady.

Jennie--No, indeed. She meant that she rides in the elevated so much.— Epoch.

MEMORY OF SNAKES.

The Shining Stone Which the Cobra Carries to Attract Firefles.

The cobra are perhaps the only serpents which will eat insects. They feed on ants, grasshoppers, a variety of beetles, etc., but seem to have a special preference for fireflies, perhaps because the latter can be caught at night much more easily than any other kind of insect. I have often for hours watched cobras in the grass catching the fireflies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion on the part of the serpent. Now, every entomologist knows that the flying lampyrida consists entirely of males. The females, which are not very numerous, are much larger and cannot fly, as they have only rudimentary wings. They sit quietly in the grass, emitting a greenish light, which is much stronger than that of the males, and fades and becomes brilliant at regular intervals. If a glow-worm be watched for a time, a steady current of male insects will be observed flying towards it and alighting in close

flying towards it and alighting in close proximity.

Now it so happens that the naja-kallu, this little pebble of chlorophane or fluor-spar, emits in the dark a greenish light, which is so much like that of the female lampyris that it is an easy matter to deceive the male firefly with it by setting it up as a decoy. The cobras have grad-ually come to take advantage of an ex-perience made by them, accidentally, I dare say, thousands of years ago. It may frequently happen, for instance, that a cobra finds one of these shining stones in the gravel of dry river beds (where they are by no means uncommon), being attracted to it by its glow at night, and taking it for a glowworm. It would, then, at any rate, notice that the fire-flies could be caught much more easily and quickly in the neighborhood of that shining object than anywhere else, and would habitually return to it. Severa cobras might thus come together, and there would be competition, and from there would be competition, and from this moment to the finding out that suc-cess in capturing fireflies depends on the possession of this phosphorescent pebble, and to the seizing of it in order to pre-vent another snake monopolizing it, is, in my opinion, no great step, and in-volves no exceptional powers of reason-ing. The other carries it about and volves no exceptional powers of reason-ing. The cobra carries it about, and soon learns to treasure it, for it affords it an easy means of getting its living. All it has to do is to deposit the stone in the grass at night, and the obliging in-sects literally fly down its throat. There are even reasons for believing

that no individual experience is nov necessary to cause any cobra to act in this manner, but that even a young cobra, on finding such a stone, will in-stinctively take it up and use it in the manner I have described. For it must be borne in mind that there is an inherithe mory among the lower ani-h is often far stronger than by gathered during the short the individual. What causes ed race mals wh en to spit and put up its back rought near it? It never saw saw anything, yet it knows a danger ahead. Thus the dexperience of the cobra's aring countless generations a do. s it to act in a manner which

now causes it to act in a manner which we refer to instinct.

Such are the remarkable facts connected with the naja-kallu, the cobra's shining stone. Who can tell whether the old traditions of snakes carrying precious stones, of which we still find traces in our fairy tales, may not have their sources in our fairy tales, may not have their source in some such fact as the Professor H. Hensoldt in Harper's.

Improved Dumbbell.

In athletic exercise, which now plays such a prominent part in hygienic cult, the old notion of severe laborious exertion at the outset has been utterly exploded, and modern science has decided that light and very gradually increasing tasks are productive of the best and most tasks are productive of the best and mos lasting results. In dumbbells of the usual construction the athlete must have a large assortment of gradually increas-ing sizes, and unless a great many are kept the transition to a heavier pair can-not be made in the moderate gradation that is advisable. To meet this contingency an improved dumbbell has been devised. It consists of two hollow wooden shells through which the handle en shens through which the handle passes. These balls can be the receivers of a large or small quantity of sand or shot as may be desired, and thus the weight of the dumbbell can be graduated with the greatest nicety.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Cotton in the Air.

The players form a ring and join hands. A small bit of jeweler's cotton or a light feather is then thrown into the air, and they try, by blowing it upward, to keep t from falling If they blow too hard the cotton is driven away: if too gently, it falls, and the game is finished. The interest consists in directing it, if possible, to one or other of the players, who pays a forfeit if it falls before her. All this must be done without letting go of hands. The game may also be played sitting round a table.—Ladies' Home Journal.

No Excursions in Cuba.

A friend of mine, piloting a party over Cuba, applied to one of the railways for a dozen tickets. He was told that as a a dozen tickets. He was told that as a special favor he would be given the tickets at regular tariff rates—"but," continued the officer, "hereafter when you want to make the trip we shall have to charge you extra rates when you bring a party" bring a party.

bring a party,"
"Why so?" demanded my friend.
"Because," explained the officer, "so
large a party necessitates our putting on
another car."—Eugene Field in Chicago

A Distinction Without a Difference Auctioneer—And now, ladies and gen-tlemen, what bid do I hear for this massive gold mounted Carrara marble Eiffel

sive gold monthed Carrara mariot Emer tower movement mantel timepiece, worth at the lowest, paltriest figure one hundred —did I hear seventy-five dollars? Man in the Crowd—I said five dollars. Auctioneer — Going — going—gone!— Jewelers' Review.

Why Some Cheap Books Do Not Sell. "Since I have been in business I have learned a great deal about the public taste in reading matter," said a prominent newsdealer, "and if the publishing houses would follow the hints we could give there would be fewer unsuccessful books put upon the market.

"The paper georged yeard has been

"The paper covered novel has been very successful for some years, and now there isn't a publisher in the country who doesn't issue a 'series.' Inasmuch as several of these books are published every day, of course very few attain a sale of any consequence. In most cases this is the fault of the book, but I could cite

instances where the failure was due to cupidity or lack of foresight on the part of the publisher. "These novels sell for twenty-five or fifty cents, according to the length. There is no intermediate price. Some publishers, taking advantage of this, have padded a twenty five cent novel and charged fifty cents for it. This padding is all done in the printing. Extra heavy paper is used and the type is set in narrow columns. The book seems to contain a good deal, but the purchaser soon sees that he has been humbugged, and afterward: always examines more than the cover of the novel he buys. The wide margin, so dear to the heart of the book lover, is frowned upon by the novel lover, is frowned upon by the novel reader. Often when he opens such a book in a hurry the wide margin gives him the impression that it is 'poetry,' and he drops it in a hurry. Nothing could exceed in intensity the novel reader's dislike to 'poetry.'"—New York Evening Sun.

A Human Stone Eater. At Avignon, France, in 1760, a human stone eater was on exhibition for some time. He was not a "freak" or "fakir," but a real wild masticator of stones, found on an island between Iceland and the Swedish coast. He not only swallowed flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth. Royal society physicians exful teeth. Royal society physicians examined him and found his gullet very large and his saliva strong and corrosive. He would eat raw flesh with the stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals. He would drink water, but much preferred brandy, and while under the influence of the liquor required twice his usual amount of stony food. When not eating or sleeping he smoked continually, sit ting with one leg over the other, giving no heed to those passing around him. The flints he swallowed were, when voided, corroded and much diminished in weight, the rest of the excrement re sembling pure mortar. He never learned to pronounce but a few words and soon died .- St. Louis Republic.

Says a La Salle street agent: "I am Says a La Salle street agent: "I am going to make an innovation which I think renters will appreciate. I am going to have all the houses and flats for which I am agent photographed. These photographs will be in my office. They will give the applicant some sort of an idea of the premises before he goes to make an investigation. Whenever, I have a house or flat for rent I will arrange to have the key to the premises convenient and will pay the man who keeps the key a percentage of the first month's rent to answer all questions regarding the premises. A man who rents garding the premises. A man who rents a house to live in has some rights. The time is about at hand when the unac-commodating landlord who cares for nothing but his rental will have to adopt some other business. The old fashioned house and flat must give way pretty soon. There is too much in the way of modern improvements for the old style houses."—Chicago Tribune.

When Mr. Greeley lived at Chappaqua he wrote his celebrated book on farming, and insisted that his friend Jones should purchase a farm adjacent to his own. When he had ceased picturing the de-lights and advantages of such a resi-dence, Mr. Jones asked him what he had

dence, Mr. Jones asked min what he had a raised that year.

"Well," said Mr. Greeley, "I had a good crop of hay."

"That is encouraging," said Mr. Jones.
"I suppose you realized a profit from it."

"Not a great profit," was the answer.

"You say I had the hay cured and got it. You see I had the hay cured and got it into the barn all right before the came, but that did not save it." "How was that?"

"There wasn't any roof on the barn!"
-Harper's Weekly.

The Use of Arsenic A woman of ordinary intelligence ought to know without being told that arsenical toilet preparations are danger ous to the health, and yet not a week passes that I am not in receipt of letters, passes that I am not in receipt of letters, most of them showing thought and ability, asking me to recommend some cos metic for the elimination of pimples, and requesting to be told if arsenic is as safe for an internal medicine as it is for a complexion wash. These correspondents know that arsenic is a deadly poison, and yet they talk about its use as if it were the simplest and safest drug in the world. Arsenical doses will put an end to pimples, and, what is more, an end to the life of the person using them.—Eleanor Kirk in Atlanta Constitution.

A Magnificent Water Plant.

The leaves of the Victoria regina attain a diameter of six feet. They are circu-lar, with a raised rim like the rim of a shallow tin pan. The largest flowers are twenty-three inches across. They are white, with a yellow center, and exhale a wonderful perfume. The stems and leaves stretch out twenty feet from the plant. A board has been placed on one of the floating leaves, and a child 6 years of age has been sustained upon the board. -Pittsburg Dispatch.

Should Be Well Cared For. Baboony — Aw, that's awful! The ideaw of a man smoking a pipe with a

silk hat on the stweet! Wiggins—That's so, Algy. Pipes with silk hats ought to be carefully preserved in museums.—Texas Siftings.

B. & B.

An Advantageous Trade.

It is to your advantage to trade with us. You may not have thought so here-tofore. But here are a few points for your consideration:

The assortments in the fifty-two departments of these large stores is the largest. The qualities are the best, as we handle no low grade, trashy goods, and
The prices are reliable, just and lowest—always the lowest.

We want you to hold us to a strict accounting for all these claims.

At 90 cents, 24 inch, extra quality Black Gros Grain Dress Silks. You may think it strange that we claim these Silks are equal in quality to most \$1.15 and \$1.25 ones. But compare them.

At 75 cents

100 pieces Colored l'egence Silks, the new and most popular weave in all the new Spring colors. We claim the in-trinsic value of this special bargain is \$1 25 per yard. Get a sample of it also.

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