Valuable Clerks.

Some one praised one of the girl clerks in a large shop to the head of the department, saying that she was so modest and so pleasant, while so obliging, that she seemed an ideal person for the place. "From your standpoint, yes," was the reply, "but hardly from our own. She has all the good points that you mention, and which I agree the perfect saleswoman should not be without. But she does not sell goods enough to suit us. I mean she does not help people to make up their minds and get them out of the way and some one else in their places. The ideal clerk does that without pushing or forwardness. You would scarcely believe how dependent most customers are upon others' judgment, and how much quiet assistance they require in order to facilitate business. The most valuable clerk is that one who can render this help without appearing to do anything more than offer the stuff for others' choice."—New York Journal.

The Roman Spade.

The spade used by the Roman peasant during the empire was a wooden instrument tipped with iron.

SHE—"I wonder if he has a ghost of a show now." He—"Who?" She—"P. T. Barnum."—Life.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Illuminating oil is made from grape seeds in Italy.

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Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Vinegar and sugar are made from cocoanut sap.

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Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

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But What

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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PNU 26 '94

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Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

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Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine

Urinary Troubles,

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture

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Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

IF LOVE COULD RULE.

If love could rule the universe,
How changed would all things be,
He would remove in language terse
All bars in his decree.
No rank could ever intervene
To stay affection's course,
'Twould bow its head with lowly mien
Before his gentle force.
The earth would be so bright,
The radiant sun
Would shed its warmth and light
For every one.

A king might then a peasant wed,
An empress love her page,
A seamstress with a princess bred
Might throw her winsome gage.
Sweet sentiment would rule the earth,
With banner high unfurled,
And happiness—no more a dearth,
Could Love but rule the world.
How happy all would be,
An Eden vale
Again the earth would see,
Could Love prevail.

—Rose Gautier, in Home and Country.

A LOST LETTER.

"OH! Jeanne, you quite forgot to put a rose in my hair!" exclaimed Lillys Forsythe, as she stood in all her queenly beauty before the long mirror in her boudoir.

"I should consider my toilet incomplete without it," she added, as the little French maid brought forth a crimson rose to pin in her mistress's hair.

Lillys made a beautiful picture in the full glare of the light, which caused her raven hair to seem the blacker against the delicate yellow of her evening gown.

"Mademoiselle looks beautiful—like a bride," remarked Jeanne.

"Do you think so?" said Lillys, glancing dreamily at her own reflection, then brightening suddenly.

"Jeanne, you are a flatterer—I do not believe you—besides, brides never wear red roses. The idea! Jeanne, only my third ball to-night, and to look like a bride! You may rest assured I am going to enjoy life now and shall not marry for many a year."

"Ah! Mlle. Lillys, you will be in love before you are aware," replied Jeanne, with a wise nod of her head.

Lillys laughed gaily, took a few last glances at herself in the mirror and was satisfied.

The clock on the mantel struck nine, and Lillys was buttening the last button of her long gloves, when the servant announced Mr. Crayton.

"Very well; I shall be down directly. Jeanne, throw my opera cloak over me; don't muss the lace—there, hand me the fan—I'm ready."

The next moment Lillys had reached the drawing-room and greeted Mr. Crayton, her escort for the evening.

Arrived at the magnificently lighted dancing hall of Mrs. Upton's handsome mansion, Lillys Forsythe was at once the centre of attraction.

It was a well-established fact that Kenneth Crayton was madly in love with the young woman, and that he was the favorite one of her admirers. I say "favorite," inasmuch as she accepted his invitations more frequently than others, but just this evening she became convinced that she not the least bit in love with him.

"Of course, I am to have my usual number of dances on your programme. Miss Forsythe?" said Kenneth Crayton.

"I think not, Mr. Crayton, as Mr. Barlow has already secured several, and—"

"Then I am to understand that I may take what is left?" questioned Crayton, not without sarcasm, for if there was one thing he could not endure it was to see himself eclipsed by another, so ambitious was he and so accustomed to success.

"No, not exactly," replied Lillys with a sweet smile, the instrument which had never failed in conquering him.

"Confound Barlow, anyhow!" he murmured.

"Mr. Crayton," as she looked at him with a tragi-comical expression, which was very fetching, "how complimentary!"

Later in the evening, as the strains of a dreamy waltz floated on the air, Lillys, leaning on the arm of Herbert Barlow, walked into the library and there in a secluded nook they sat down on the divan.

Lillys had a peculiar way of making herself effective; she did not pose, but, being graceful, every one of her attitudes was picturesque and pleasing. Herbert Barlow's eyes even were dazzled by her entrancing loveliness as she sat there against the rich Oriental tapestries, with her sparkling, brown eyes scanning his face.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten; this is the waltz I promised Mr. Crayton. Do take me back to the ballroom, Mr. Barlow, before it is too late."

"Miss Forsythe," began Barlow, in measured tones, looking steadfastly at the girl with his penetrating gray eyes, "can you not give up one dance with that man for me?"

"Yes, but"—Lillys tried not to notice or understand the last words.

"Mr. Crayton was already complaining of being treated unfairly by me to-night, and so—"

"So it would serve him right to suffer a little for such a remark," put in Barlow.

"No," with a little pout, "not exactly; he has been very kind to me all along."

With that the girl arose, and there was nothing for Barlow to do but escort her and to wonder why she treated him with such exasperating indifference.

Lillys Forsythe was an orphan, and the heiress of her father's enormous wealth. For a year or more she had made her home with a married cousin several years her senior. Dorothy Kirk and Lillys Forsythe, beside being cousins, were the best of friends, and Gordon, Dorothy's husband, greatly appreciated the presence of his wife's relative at his home.

As for Lillys, she was perfectly happy when Dorothy gave her permission to have the apartments adjoining the nursery, for she was exceeding fond of her cousin's children, and in turn was their idol. Of the three, rollicking, romping, four-year-old Teddy was the especial favorite of "Aunt Lillys." In her rooms he was monach of all he surveyed, and not a morning went by that he would not slip quietly into Aunt Lillys's room to see if she were up.

The morning following Mrs. Upton's dance Lillys was the first to reach the dining-room. When Dorothy came down and saw Lillys she said anxiously:

"Why, my dear, how tired you look! An evening's dissipation does not usually tell so plainly on your face."

"Tired? Yes—I did not sleep after I came home; now don't begin to worry about that. I can make up for lost sleep all day, if I wish. By-the-bye," changing the subject to avoid other questions, "did you ever meet Mrs. Upton's niece?"

"Miss Deane—Mildred Deane? Oh, yes, she visits this city every winter. They say Mr. Barlow is quite taken with her," said Dorothy, carefully scanning her cousin's face.

"Young Barlow is a man of splendid make-up," put in Mr. Kirk, who had just seated himself at the table.

"You danced with him last night, of course?" asked Dorothy.

"Why 'of course,' Dorothy?" questioned Lillys with a faint smile.

"Well, my dear, I have seen him pay you marked attention and hear he is Kenneth Crayton's rival—"

Mr. Kirk laughed.

"Rival!" interrupted her cousin, "That is a misnomer, I am afraid. What would Miss Deane say to that?"

At this point Teddy came up to Lillys, declaring that "Doggy Jack want to tome in, auntie; he's s'ying for 'oo," and gave her no peace until she went to the door with him to let in the whining animal.

This practically broke up the conversation at the breakfast table, but Dorothy's words rung in Miss Forsyth's ears for some time.

She knew very well that Herbert Barlow was in love with her—how could she help it. There are certain things in life which need not be to'd; they are felt. But it was her wish that no one should talk to her about it.

Since Herbert showed his affection for her she had quite neglected Kenneth. But she was a proud young woman, and was bound not to show her love for a man who was spoken of by all society people in connection with Mildred Deane.

That evening, while Lillys was out at a dinner party, Mr. Barlow called to see her. When Dorothy informed her of the fact the next morning she flushed slightly, but said in firm tones:

"I am sorry to have missed him?"

She slept longer than usual that morning, and, noticing this, Teddy made it his task to find out the reason. In passing through the library he saw his mother put a letter on the table, saying: "A letter for Lillys."

Teddy's little nose just touched the surface of the table and his eyes peered at the white missive for a moment, and, his mother having left the room, he said to himself as he stood on tiptoe and reached his chubby little arms across the table: "Dess I'll take it to her."

In the upper corridor in front of Miss Forsythe's door, Teddy encountered Jeanne, the maid, who placed her index finger to her lips with a significant "sh-h," which danger signal Teddy did not appreciate, however.

"I'se doin' to Aunt Lil, I is."

"No, Teddy; she is sleeping; not now."

From the moment he saw Jeanne the little chap had hidden the letter he carried under his skirt.

"But I say I'se doin'; dot somefin' for Aunt Lil." And he made an effort to open the door with one free hand.

"Let me see. What have you for auntie?" questioned the girl.

Teddy looked up at her defiantly. "Won't tell 'oo." And when his attempts to get in were again frustrated by the hard-hearted Jeanne, Teddy set up a frightful howl, all the while clutching the letter within his little fist, so that the maid carried him off in all haste to the further end of the house.

When at length she had set down the obstreperous young man he ran away as fast as he could and hid in a closet where Jeanne could not find him.

As she started down the stairway for the nurse Teddy came out of his retreat, after having tucked away the letter in an old box in the closet.

Then he called down the stairs triumphantly: "Now I do tell auntie on 'oo," meaning the innocent Jeanne.

The night after the dance at Upton's Herbert Barlow had made a resolve to find out as soon as possible whether or no Lillys Forsythe loved him. He was a man of great determination and decision, and consequently he set out for the Kirk mansion to call upon the young lady. What was his dismay to find her out! He surely could never screw up the necessary courage again to face Miss Forsythe with the intention of proposing to her—to her who had never given him the slightest encouragement.

But he was in love, and men in love are often desperate. Never before had a woman made so deep an impression upon him, for he was not the young man to have the picture of a different girl enamelled on the inside of his watch every three months.

Lillys Forsythe's face was enameled on his heart, and nothing could efface it. Now that fate had not been propitious, he decided to write a letter pleading his cause — how stiff the phrase sounded. How cold his thoughts stood out in black and white. He could wait no longer. He felt that he must ask her that very night or never. He had not loved before (the talk about him and Mildred Deane being a fabrication of her own), and he would never again have faith in womankind if Lillys did not accept him.

Miss Forsythe arose at about noon the next day, and upon reaching the sitting room was informed that a box had arrived for her. As she opened it the sweet, heavy perfume of a superb bouquet of American beauties greeted her, and she searched in vain for a card of the sender.

"No name," she said to herself. "It cannot be Kenneth Crayton's peace offering! He is too stubborn for that. Perhaps"—and the color crept into her cheeks at the thought—"perhaps Mr. Barlow sent them. Pshaw! Lillys Forsythe, you silly girl!" and she jumped up suddenly as if to shake off the fond illusion. She did not know how near the truth she had come in her suspicions.

Six weeks later Lillys Forsythe bade her friends farewell, as she started on her trip to London, where she intended to visit an old uncle who was occupying a fine house on the outskirts of the great metropolis. There she hoped to find some diversion, for her heart was heavy and she was greatly perplexed. Dorothy was dissatisfied with her refusing "that splendid Mr. Crayton," besides two other men of good standing.

Since Herbert Barlow had treated her so coldly and finally left the city altogether Lillys felt as if life in her native town would be unendurable.

In London she was received with open arms by her uncle and his family, who were quite proud of their American connection. She became so enchanted with her new life and surroundings that she almost forgot her former home, all but the one person whose image often came before her.

One day early in September she and her cousin were taking a hurried trip downtown on the underground railway.

At one of the stations, as the conductor suddenly slammed the door of their coupe, Lillys looked around, and, as she caught sight of a familiar face opposite her, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Barlow, how stragne to see you here!"

The gentleman addressed smiled, and, extending his hand in greeting said:

"Yes, strange, indeed. Whoever would have thought that we should meet here, actually under English soil?"

Then followed an introduction to Lillys's cousin.

"When did you leave home?" querried Barlow.

"Oh, I have been here ever since last spring," answered Lillys, "and how long have you been traveling abroad, Mr. Barlow?"

"For the last seven or eight months," he answered, his face clouding; "home had no more charms for me," he added; "so I have been 'doing the Continent,' as the English say."

Lillys felt as if she had been stabbed—his words were strangely significant to her.

A few more remarks were exchanged before they reached their destination, and Barlow left them after promising to call the following evening.

The remainder of that day was like a dream to Lillys Forsythe. Such an unexpected meeting was enough to upset any one, she said, excusing her numerous blunders that afternoon.

When the appointed evening arrived, Mr. Barlow was announced. Lillys was the first to welcome him, and as Barlow grasped her hand in greeting he held it firmly, and as their eyes met a mutual understanding seemed to have grown between them.

"Let us abolish all formalities, Miss Forsythe," said he, seeing that they were alone; "before I leave you again I must know why you never answered my letter in which—in which I asked you to become my wife?"

"Letter?" asked Lillys, with trembling lips, as a bright crimson colored her cheeks, "I do not understand!"

"Is it possible," as a faint gleam of hope lit his gray eyes, "that you never received it?"

"I know nothing about a letter," said Lillys, almost inaudibly, for her heart was beating violently.

For a moment all was still. Herbert Barlow eagerly scanned the girl's face—a terrible feeling of doubt crept over him—had she ignored the letter? The thought was suffocating him. He burst out:

"Miss Forsythe—Lillys—tell me why you never answered it?"

"Mr. Barlow," as she looked him in the face, "I never received such a letter from you—I—"

"Then I ask you right here—will you be my wife?"

"Yes," was the simple answer, which came from the very depths of the girl's heart, and came gladly.

"But," she said suddenly, "what will Mildred Deane say?"

Barlow laughed. "Married a month ago to Kenneth Crayton, you foolish little woman," and he sealed her mouth with a kiss.

The proposal, to be sure, was laconic enough, but that was characteristic of the man—the love-making followed and continued indefinitely. Soon after a quiet wedding took place in London—Herbert would have it so—and their wedding journey took them back to their American home.—Chicago News.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Italians have the most holidays.

The treadmill and crank are still in use in English prisons.

Natives of Ceylon believe the cocoanut tree will not grow out of the sound of the human voice.

A sea bass weighing 475 pounds was caught in the Pacific Ocean a few weeks ago, thirty miles off the California coast.

S. D. Mitchell, of Greene Lake, Mich., has in his possession the petrified remains of a duck recently dug up at Marquette.

The Chinese have a flower resembling a lily in shape, which is white in the shade or at night and assumes a light pink tinge on exposure to the sun.

A Higginville (Mo.) farmer has captured seven young foxes this season. He treats them kindly and they are as frisky as kittens and nearly as tame.

The tallest company of soldiers belong to the Scots Guards. Not a man among them is under six feet, and some of them reach six feet seven inches.

The lowest natural temperature on record was registered in Eastern Siberia in February, 1892, when the thermometer stood at 157 degrees below zero.

The London Stock Exchange has an orchestra composed of members of the exchange, accounted one of the finest amateur musical organizations in that city.

The Earl of Dufferin has in his possession the smallest book in the world. It is half the size of a postage stamp, and is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs.

A Chicago paper says that it has been figured out that a man who shaves regularly until he is eighty has cut off about thirty-five feet of hair from his face.

Both the ancient Greeks and Romans wore wigs. In Rome the light hair from German heads was most fashionable for such purposes, and it was imported in large quantities.

In the middle ages it was considered injurious to the complexion to wash the face with water. Ladies used a few drops of milk and a soft rag to remove any traces of dirt.

Dr. James McNeal, of Pittsburg, Penn., made a wooden leg for his fox terrier, after the animal had been run over by a street car. The terrier stumps along quite contentedly, but he can't trot as of yore.

A sturgeon weighing 1440 pounds was caught in the Caspian Sea a few weeks ago. The head alone weighed 228 pounds, and the fish furnished about 120 pounds of roe for caviare. The fish was sold for $160.

Nashua, N. H., has a resident named Hiram Goodpudding. His father's name was Constitution Goodpudding, and he lived to the age of eighty without ever having been more than thirty miles from his home.

The seal hunters' kiak is simply a piece of boat-shaped costume. The occupant stows his legs away beneath something like a carriage apron, tucking it tightly around his waist. He can take his skin canoe under his arm and walk away with it.

Wilmer Waxham, of Wraggles, Wash., is the owner of a land tortoise which has been taught to stand on its hind legs and waltz to the music of a fife. The intelligent testudo græca has a most intense aversion for the air of "Die Wacht am Rhine," and champs its jaws in impotent rage whenever that beautiful hymn is played.

Luke Lorrimer was an employe in a vinegar factory in Detroit, Mich., for seventeen years, and at the end of that time was obliged to give up his job and go into a dime museum. The fumes of the acid had so softened the lime in his bones that they became mere cartilage capable of being tied into knots. He can now touch his right knee with the toes of his right foot.

How a Chinese Official Lives.

"In China little time is devoted by the natives to amusement and recreation," said Lieutenant C. P. Florence last night. "To the poor, who form an immense majority of the population, life is a never-ending struggle against starvation. The middle class are extremely busy, but take life more easily. Many of the officials have leisure time, but those who are high in office and in favor with the Emperor are sadly overworked. I once asked a member of the Chinese Cabinet for a statement of his daily routine. He told me that he left home every morning at 2 o'clock, as he was on duty at the palace from 3 until 6. As a member of the Privy Council he was engaged in that body from 6 till 9. From 9 until 11 he was at the War Department, of which he was President. Being a member of the Board of Punishment, or Supreme Court, he was in attendance at the office of that body daily from 12 till 2, and as one of the Senior Ministers of the Foreign Office he spent every day from 2 until 6 in the afternoon there.

These were his regular daily duties, and, in addition to them, he was frequently appointed to serve on special boards or committees, and these he sandwiched in between his other duties as best he could."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Don't Walk Against the Wind.

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's books the doctor in the man comes to the front with a suggestion that we all might well profit from. It is, in walking for pleasure, or for the sake of exercise, never to go against the wind. Walk in the prevailing current of air, is his advice, and then take a covered car back again.—Rochester Post Express.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Smuggling a Corpse.

"Of all the queer articles smuggled across the Rio Grande, the queerest I ever heard of was a corpse," said James Murray, an old railroad conductor, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "In Mexico, when a foreigner dies and his friends desire to send his body to his native land, the government exacts a tax of $250 for the privilege of shipping it over the railroad. In 1884 Larry Flaherty, a brakeman, died at Silao, on the Mexican Central. He was a poor fellow. His mother, who lived in Colorado, but who had come on to nurse him, wanted the body shipped home. She couldn't raise the money and the boys took up a collection, but could only raise $72. Then Tom Williams, a jovial conductor, put up a scheme to get the body to the States. The funeral was conducted in the usual manner and poor Larry's body was placed in the ground. Two pesos fixed it with the gravediggers and they neglected to fill in the grave until after dark. In the Interim Larry's body was taken from the coffin and placed in an old sack, and carried to an obscure hut, where it was placed in a trunk and taken to the depot. The boys had secured a pass to El Paso for Mrs. Flaherty and Tom Williams went along to carry out the scheme. At Paso del Norte the trunk was taken to a casa de huespedes, or boarding house, and the corpse was again transferred to the sack. Mrs. Flaherty went to El Paso and secured an undertaker, who, with a plain box in his wagon, drove up to the river to a point designated. About 10 o'clock Tom, with his peon cargedore, managed to get across the river without attracting attention. Larry's body was tenderly placed in the box and taken uptown to the undertaker's, where it was properly prepared, placed in a casket, and shipped to his old home. Tom Williams returned to Siloa safely and was ever afterward known as the 'cadaver smuggler of the Rio Grande.'"

THE more money you loan people, the more they want to borrow.

MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

MISS CRAWFORD.

MISS G. F. CRAWFORD, of *Limestone, Me.*, writes: "For years I suffered monthly from periodic pains which at times were so acute as to render life a burden. I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I used seven bottles in as many months and derived so much benefit from it and the home-treatment recommended in his Treatise on Diseases of Women, that I wish every woman throughout our land, suffering in the same way, may be induced to give your medicines and treatment a fair trial."

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint," it is the only remedy so sure that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't cure, you have your money back.

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bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

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