The Plain Truth

Is that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of people who suffered severely with rheumatism. It neutralizes the lactic acid in the blood, which causes those terrible pains and aches, and also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus preventing the recurrence of the disease. These facts warrant us in urging you, if you suffer with rheumatism, to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

"I had rheumatism so that when I sat or laid down I could hardly get up. Hood's Sarsaparilla has almost cured me." P. CARNES, Galion, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Phonograph Between Lovers.

Lovers will soon carry on correspondence by phonograph, which, with a gross of wax cylinders and little boxes for mailing them, will become a conventional but useful accompaniment to the engagement ring. "My darling," when written, I am told, does not adequately express the lover's fervor. But when reproduced with the phonograph's mathematical exactness, there should be very passionate words, or at any rate, an index of the warmth of the speaker's passion.—Worcester Spy.

Marriages of the Prince of Wales.

Five hundred years have elapsed since England beheld the first marriage of a prince of Wales. Indeed, there have only been four marriages in England, and one abroad. The preliminaries of marriage have often been made, but these were in such cases carried out after the prince's accession to the throne.—Literary World.

When women vote it is to be hoped that they won't be allowed to bet bonnets on the election. Otherwise their husbands would certainly be ruined when the time to pay up came.

It is said that when a girl gets to be thirty-five she is fond of being called Daisy if that happens to be her first name. At sixteen she insists on being called Miss Smith.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black,
"For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back;
My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."
"Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White,
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;
I can tell you, in brief,
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles (100 doses) $1. Six for $5.

"Let's coalesce, and have less coal," said the coal trust.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-Ball?

Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets! Small, sugar coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

A man is known by the condition of the sidewalks he keeps.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

There promises to be a great deal of back talk in the phonograph.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but it most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists'.

An embankment caved in on some laborers near Oil City, and the verdict of the jury was: "Died of gravel."

Dropsy.

We call the attention of those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; it costs you nothing to do so

If there is anything in a name, Sioux City should be a good place for lawyers.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable.

A pretty girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking glass.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. The object can be seen through.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

The fourth marriage anniversary is now spoken of as the clover wedding. The term is probably the suggestion of some grass widower.

The old question—where shall I get my seed this year—presents itself again to thousands of our readers at this season of the year. If you will turn to our advertising columns you will find the announcement of John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis., who makes a specialty of Northern Grown Seeds. These are early, productive and full of life, and will increase every yield.

There are a good many cabinet makers, but the only mechanical work they can do is the boring.

Burns and Scalds are instantly rendered painless and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of Carbolisalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Corn is a maize and a dance is a maze, which is pretty conclusive proof that there is a bond between dancing and corns.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

With a view, possibly, to overshadowing the recent Whitechapel horrors, Mrs. Langtry will attempt to play "Lady Macbeth."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

FOR ALL THAT.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

A man is but a living lie,
Conceited, vain, and all that,
Tho' he may pose as virtue's own,
He's but a sham for all that,
For all that, and all that,
He's but a sham, for all that,
Go where you will, the wide world o'er,
He's but a sham, for all that.

Deceitful, rash, and full of whims,
Brimful of sin, and all that,
He still must be creation's lord,
Or the de'il's to pay, and all that,
For all that, and all that,
His credit's small, for all that,
Where might makes right, 'tis well we know
A man's a man in all that.

Yes, man's a vile, deceitful wretch,
But, 'tis a fact, for all that,
That women love these very men,
So full of sin, and all that,
For all that, and all that,
He's wicked, vile and all that,
'Tis passing strange, the more 'tis true,
They want a man for all that.

So we will wait until our time,
As come it may, for all that,
Regardless of his faults and whims,
We'll have a man, for all that,
For all that, and all that,
We'll bide his faults, and all that,
And think, with woman's logic rare,
He's a dear man, for all that.

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

No. 3, Netherly Road, N. W., was one of the prettiest little semi-detached houses in St. John's wood. With its garden full of lilacs and laburnums, whose blossoms hung over the low brick wall in the spring, temptingly within reach of the predatory butcher-boy, its coach-house and stable, its greenhouse abutting on the the studio, and its generally out-of-town appearance. It was as sweet a spot for a young married couple to nestle in as can well be imagined.

There were, however, certain signs of neglect about the outside of the house, which seemed to need repair rather more than its neighbors. The paint had blistered off the green door in the wall, and chalk marks upon it, evidently made by the tradesmen's "young men," showed a want of respect on their part which suggested to the passer-by that they had called for their little accounts pretty frequently without any practical result.

On the inside of the gate the garden bespoke the same state of things. Where there had once been a grass plat and carefully kept flower beds, there was now a bare patch of earth with a rudely erected swing upon it, denoting the presence of children; and with the exception of the full-grown shrubs, the only plants the garden could boast of were a few straggling flags and marigolds, which somehow had managed to survive neglect.

Within the house signs of poverty were to be met with. The oil loth in the entrance was much worn, and the shabby coats and hats upon the pegs did no betoken prosperity. A large room, evidently built for a studio, was shabbily furnished as a sitting-room, for the present proprietor did not earn his living by the brush. Large diamond-paned windows at either end, a lofty ceiling supported by oaken beams, and a carved wooden mantel showed that some previous tenant had been gifted with artistic tastes. Now the room looked bare and dreary, for it lacked the pictures and the works of art for which it had originally been designed.

What had once been a pretty conservatory, no doubt well filled with flowers, was now quite empty, save for a few old flower-pots which remained to testify to its former grandeur. And so on through the house, all the apartments telling the same tale, and bearing evidence of bad luck or want of social success on the part of the present inmates.

Still, notwithstanding this stamp of poverty about the place, it must be owned that it was scrupulously clean, and a woman's neat hands had certainly done their utmost to make it as pleasant and presentable as circumstances would permit.

The shabby curtains in the sitting-room were neatly tied back with pieces of ribbon, a few bunches of lilac freshly gathered from the garden stood in some old cracked vases, and the furniture, though scanty and rather rickety, was arranged with such taste as to make at any rate the very best of it.

Such was the habitation of George Atwood and his wife. Their household consisted of two small children, one faithful servant, and a little girl who came in the daytime to act as nurse.

George Atwood had begun life with fair prospects. A son of a younger son he had received a fair college education, and, possessing abilities rather above the average, he ought to have succeeded in almost any branch of life, had it not been for his having inherited that common curse of so many young men—an utter want of stability of purpose.

Leaving Oxford without having taken his degree, and with the reputation of having been mixed up in several discreditable escapades, he decided that he would read for the Bar.

His reading did not last long, for shortly afterwards he inherited a small income by the death of his father and then he capped his follies—as he was in the habit of remarking to his intimate associates—by marrying pretty Blanche Merrivale, the penniless daughter of a country curate.

During the early days of their wedded life all seemed radiant and delightful. He took the lease of the pretty house in St. John's wood, he gave nice little dinners, and talked confidently of the hundreds a year he intended to earn presently by his pen. And so no doubt he might have done had he been differently constituted, and had he gone the right way to work. He could write fluently enough, and amusingly; but he had the misfortune to sell his first book—not for very much certainly—but he sold it, and the reputation he earned for having done so made him careless in his after attempts.

Thus, fully confident that he would some day astonish the world, he continued his expenditure just as if he were actually in receipt of the income he daily pictured to himself as almost within his grasp. His club, his little outings to Richmond with his old associates, his hansom cabs, his dress, and sundry other items, had become the necessaries of life, until, after some four or five years of staving off creditors, George Atwood had brought himself to his present poverty-stricken condition.

Occasionally, by a strenuous effort, he had earned a few pounds by writing some little sketch for a weekly periodical; but this only laid still further "flattering" unction to his soul, and more firmly established the opinion he already entertained, that he really was a gifted mortal and that the publishers were dense fools for not having "jumped" at the novels he had written. Never mind; he would make them smart for their impudence some day.

Beyond this, George Atwood was a confirmed gambler. The passion for gaming which possessed him was intense, and when luck was in his way he ceased to trouble himself about trying to write anything.

So, now and then gambling, and, when very much pushed for ready money, writing a little, he had contrived, with the small income which he received from his father's trustees, to eke out an existence and to keep up an appearance, however threadbare, before such society as still acknowledged him.

In a wicker chair, near the open window of the long studio, as it is still called, one fine warm evening in June, sat Mrs. Atwood. A handsome woman, with a sad earnest face, deeply intent upon manufacturing children's clothes out of some of her husband's cast-off garments, Blanche Atwood scarcely looked the age to which she really owned. Her five and twenty years had brought much trouble with them—the last six at any rate—and it was only her buoyant and determined disposition which enabled her to brave her trials and present a happy exterior to the world in general. Now she was alone, and there was no need to wear the mask.

Presently she dropped her work upon her lap, and, raising her eyes wearily, looked at the clock upon the mantle piece.

"A quarter past eight! How late George is to night!" she murmured. "He said he would be certain to come home at seven! Poor fellow—it is a dull home for him. I wonder if he has been fortunate enough to get his story taken?"

"If you please, 'm," exclaimed a middle aged woman, suddenly entering the room, "hadn't I better bring up your supper? There it is, all a getti'n' spo'lt! I can keep master's 'ot for 'im in the hoven. Do 'ave a little mouthful of somethin', there's a dear! It ain't good for you a-goin' so long without nothink."

"No, thank you, Elizabeth," replied Mrs. Atwood, smiling. "It is kind of you to think of me; but really I am not in the least hungry. I would far sooner wait until your master comes home. He won't be long now."

"Very well, 'm," remarked Elizabeth aloud. Then she added to herself as she went back to the kitchen, "Drat 'im and 'is ways, that's wot I say! Always a carryin' on with 'is grand airs and 's fine friends, and 'er a starvin' of 'erself and workin' of 'er finger-ends off to keep them blessed babes! It's a shame, that's wot it is, and for two pins I'd up and tell 'im so! But no; 'e'd give me my month, I suppose; and to 'eave er as I've known since swaddlin'-closes, and 'er cherubs, is wot 'Lizbuth 'Awkins could never bring 'er 'eart to face."

And Elizabeth Hawkins, having thus far relieved her mind, sat down with her feet upon the kitchen fender and had a good cry.

When she had given full sway to her emotions she got up and walked into the scullery, and, having rubbed her face severely with the wet corner of a rough towel, she began to feel herself again.

"Now I feel better," she exclaimed. "There ain't nothing in this world, to my mind, as does one more good when feelin' low and upset than a cry. Not that I'd let her see a sign of it on me—not me—bless 'er 'eart no! She's plenty to try 'er and worrit 'er, without 'Lizbuth 'Awkins a-upsettin' of 'er. A lamb, that's what she is—a blessed lamb but for im——Oh, my, if that ain't 'is blessed step; and there 'e comes up the garden path, with 'is 'andsome face and 'is 'eartless inside, just as bold as brass! 'Ansom cab too to-night—'ansom cab; and 'er a stintin' of 'erself of the worry food she eats! Fah, I'd 'ansom cab 'im if 'e belonged to me! Yes, sir; supper's quite ready, sir; I'll bring it up in a minute, sir."

Elizabeth's last remark was in response to a manly voice shouting down the stairs to inquire if there was anything to eat in the house.

It was characteristic of George Atwood that his first thoughts upon his return home were not for his wife who had spent the day in slaving for his household's comfort, nor for his children, as to whether they were well or ailing.

"I wonder what on earth Blanche has got fit to eat," was the sole idea that occurred to him as he opened the front door.

Whether Blanche had had anything to eat herself all day was not likely to trouble him much.

Mrs. Atwood had not heard him come in, but, when he called out from the top of the stairs to Elizabeth, she sprang up from her chair, with an expression of joy upon her face, and hurried out to welcome him.

"Dear George," she cried, "how tired and hungry you must be!"—and she made a movement as though she would have kissed him.

"Tired—yes. There, there—that will do, Blanche! Can't you see when a fellow doesn't care about quite so much affection? Get us something to eat, for goodness' sake. Embraces will keep. I am hungry."

"Yes, dear you must be. I did not mean to annoy you," replied his wife submissively. "You said you would be home by seven, you know, and I had such a nice little supper ready for you. There is some beef-steak pie, and——"

"Very well, then. Let us have it up without any more palaver; We can talk about it afterwards."

Mrs. Atwood waited patiently until her husband had eaten his supper. She pretended to eat also, but whatever appetite she may have had before had gone from her now.

By degrees he seemed to recover his temper, and after he had pushed away his plate and lighted a cigarette he said—

"Well, you don't ask me how I got on to-day? I saw old Morton about that story I sent him. He has had it nearly two months. Of course he will not have it. I need not tell you that—my luck's dead out—that's what's the matter with me. The old beggar had the cheek to find fault with it, in a sort of half-hearted way. At last I asked him straight out what was the matter with it? Then he began to mutter something about tautology. I did not quite catch what he did say. Tautology indeed! I'll tautologize him some day, and pay him out jolly well for his impudence."

"Never mind, darling!" said his wife, rising from her chair and resting her hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "We shall have some good fortune soon perhaps."

"Good fortune! Ah, I've been looking out for that many a long day! By the bye, Blanche, is there anything to drink in the house? Captain Sturgis said he would look in to-night."

"Captain Sturgis? I don't like that man, George: I do so wish——"

"Never you mind whether you like him or not. He is my friend, and I desire that you will be civil to him. Not only civil, Blanche, but pleasant—pleasant, do you understand? That is, if you have not yet forgotten the art of how to do so. I asked you if there was anything drinkable in the house. Is there?"

"No, George, I am afraid not—only beer."

"Well, then just be good enough to send Elizabeth round to the 'King's Head,' and tell her to fetch a bottle of whisky. The best mind—and—and"—fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for the coins he well knew were not there—"tell her to say it is for me—and put it down, d'ye hear?"

"Yes George!" answered Mrs. Atwood as she left the room.

Then hurrying up stairs, she felt about in the dark for the pocket of one of her old dresses. Finding it, she took five shillings from a little hoard she had secreted there.

Poor little hoard! She had earned it by painting fans and doing fancy work, and had hidden it away until she should have saved a sufficient sum to purchase some children's clothes. They did want new frocks so badly, she thought, as she took the money from out her slender store. Still if George wanted it more why of course he had the most right to it.

Then she gave the order and the money to Elizabeth.

How could she send her old servant out upon such an errand, she argued to herself, without the money even wherewith to pay for it?

"Get the best you can, Elizabeth," she whispered: "and—don't say whom it is for."

"No, 'm!" returned Elizabeth. "Pity it isn't a bottle of strikenine," thought that faithful dependant as she wended her way to the public house. "It'd do 'im far more good than whisky: and, for all the use 'e is, it's a wonder 'e don't go and get 'imself gremated or wotever they calls it. No one wouldn't cry their eyes out, not if they took and done it to 'im this 'ere blessed night—leastways not 'Lizbuth 'Awkins."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Atwood's skilful hands soon made the sitting-room look quite snug for the reception of her husband's friend.

The curtains were drawn, the gas was lighted, and the refreshments placed ready in an adjoining room, and so far at any rate as outward appearances went, the house seemed the abode of domestic bliss.

George Atwood had seated himself in an easy chair at a writing table, and, having scattered about some manuscripts on the floor, he succeeded in giving quite a literary air to the apartment.

"I wish you would sing something Blanche," he said presently. The arrival of the whisky, and the prospect of a pleasant evening—whereby he meant a game at cards and some drink—had put him into a complacent humor. "Sing 'Masks and Faces;' I rather like that, it's sentimental and touching."

As he lounged back in his chair, pipe in mouth, with a lazy look of contentment upon his handsome face, he looked as if 'Jolly Dogs,' or 'Hop Light, Loo!' would have suited him equally well.

Mrs. Atwood had a full rich soprano voice, and was not only a thoroughly accomplished musician, but sang with that deep feeling which never fails to rouse even the most uncultivated listener to a sense of admiration and delight.

Sitting down, as he desired, to the piano, she had scarcely finished the second verse when Elizabeth announced the arrival of Captain Sturgis.

"Now, pray don't let me disturb you, Mrs. Atwood," he remarked in a drawling high-pitched tone. "I really must apologize for looking in upon you at this time of night. It is all Atwood's fault—it really is. He asked me to come up and smoke a pipe."

"Pray do not apologize, Captain Sturgis," returned Mrs. Atwood, somewhat coldly, as she rose from the piano. "Friends of my husband's are welcome at any time."

"I am sure such a scene as this," lisped the Captain, affecting to regard the room and its occupants with the greatest interest, "makes me seriously meditate upon changing my condition—if I could only drop across the lady who would have pity on me! Now just look at Atwood! There he is, hard at work with pen, industriously earning his mite towards paying the butcher and the baker."

"And the candlestick-maker," suggested Atwood.

"No, no; you are ridiculing me," said Sturgis. "I really mean what I say. And there is Mrs. Atwood, with evidences of her industry scattered around upon the work tables, soothing his labors with sweet song. Pon my honor, it is really too delightful! And then to think of my having to go home to my lonely chambers—dreadful!"

"Never mind, old fellow!" cried George Atwood. "Soothe your perturbed spirit. Make yourself happy while you are here. Have a smoke, a drink, or do something to dissipate your sorrow."

Captain Sturgis seated himself in an easy chair, and sighed, as if the thought of his lonely chambers was too much for him.

"Blanche, my dear, bring us some whisky there's a good girl," exclaimed Atwood. "This man's very bad, ever so many 'pegs' to low. Then you can give us a little more music."

Captain Sturgis was what is generally termed a fast man. He had seen some little service in India in a crack cavalry regiment, but had retired from the army upon inheriting a good income from his father. Without being possessed of any landed property in which to interest himself, and his tastes leaning entirely towards town life, he found himself at the age of five and forty even more wedded to dissipation of every description than he had been at five and twenty.

George Atwood had come across this man several years ago, but had not known him at all intimately until quite lately. Sturgis was fond of dropping in upon men at their chambers, visiting their little suburban retreats, and "spying out their different modes of life. It amused him to do so, and he probably knew more of the inner life of queer characters about London than did most men. It was only a few weeks before this particular evening that he had been asked by Atwood to his house to smoke a pipe and have a quiet game, and he had gone away very much impressed with the charms of George Atwood's wife.

Atwood was in Sturgis's debt—Sturgis liked men to be in his debt—not that he lent them small sums of money from any kindly feeling or allowed old gambling scores to stand over because he did not wish to inconvenience his debtors; but he liked to feel the power he had over the men who owed him money.

"Don't bother yourself," he would say; "wait till you are 'flush,' and then you can pay me, you know, old chap. Wait till the ship comes home—I am in no immediate want of it."

Though Captain Sturgis was proclaimed by his debtors to be "a jolly good fellow," there was not one of them but hated him in his inmost heart. The glance of his eye, the contemptuous speech, the sneer he knew so well how to employ, were all smarts which he daily inflicted upon them; and many a poor wretch longed for a fifty-pound note or so, that he might free himself from this tyrant's clutches, and assert his manly independence with his fists.

Mrs. Atwood played and sang as she was requested, and the two men settled themselves down to a game of poker.

Several times she glanced towards them, and felt sad and heavy at heart as she watched her husband and this man whom she so loathed both intent upon their cards. What good could come of knowing such a man as this? He was rich, and ostentatious in parading his wealth. Why did he not find his amusements amongst his rich acquaintances? What charm could there be for him in their shabby little house?

She shuddered, as a dreadful thought crossed her mind. Could it be that she herself was the attraction? Then she thought of his over politeness and the many little fulsome compliments he was in the habit of paying her.

No, surely he could not be so vile as that. Yet, as she regarded his face, with his pale gray eyes, his long fair moustache, and the perpetual sneer, which had become an habitual expression to his features, she felt there was nothing too mean for this man to contemplate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The "S. S." On a Man's Hand.

In the city cemetery at Muskegon, Michigan, there stands a plain, solid granite monument, sacred to the memory of Capt. Jonathan Walker, who was born in Harwick, Mass., in 1799, and died at Lake Harbor, Muskegon county, April 30, 1878. On the shaft there is a relief of a man's hand branded with the letters "S. S."

Beneath that shaft lie the mortal remains of the man whose memory was made immortal by the pen of the "good gray poet," John G. Whittier, in his poem entitled "The Branded Hand." Jonathan Walker was known for many years, especially in the advance circle of the abolition sentiment as "The Man with the Branded Hand." An ardent anti-slavery man, he embraced many opportunities to assist escaping slaves, and while engaged in the coasting trade on the Atlantic he became the object of the vengeance of the slave owners. In 1844, while on his way from the coast of Florida to the Bahama Islands with several slaves on board, whom he designed to set free at Nassau, his craft was overtaken by the United States steamer Pensacola. He was taken to Florida, tried in the United States court, fined $600 and the cost of prosecution, placed in the pillory, and with a red hot iron branded on the palm of his right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave states). He was also kept in prison about a year.

After his release he devoted his life to the cause of freedom for the slave, lecturing and assisting the operators of the great American underground railway. In 1863 he came to Michigan and bought a small fruit farm in Muskegon county, where he died in 1878. Later that year his monument was erected, chiefly through the generosity of his friend, Chaplain Photius Fisk, of the United States navy.

Many illustrious men attended the unveiling of this monument, among them being that brave old son of freedom, Parker Pillsbury, who delivered the oration. Whittier and Fred. Douglass sent sympathetic greeting, and there beside the grave of the Man With the Branded Hand, for the first time perhaps, was told the story of his life, full of daring deeds and suffering for the lowly ones held in serfdom in the south.

Rich Men of the World.

From statistics just published, dealing with the richest men living, we learn there are about 700 men worth over £1,000,000, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India and 125 in other countries. The richest among these millionaires are the following: Jay Gould, the American railway king, worth £55,000,000; annual income, £2,800,000; Mackay, £50,000,000, £2,500,000; Rothschild (England), £40,000,000, £2,000,000; Vanderbilt, £25,000,000, £1,250,000; J. B. Jones (United States), £20,000,000, £1,000,000; Duke of Westminster, £16,000,000, £800,000; J. J. Astor (United States), £10,000,000, £500,000; W. Stewart (United States), £8,000,000, £400,000; J. G. Bennett (United States), £6,000,000, £300,000; the Duke of Sutherland £6,000,000, £300,000; Duke of Northumberland, £5,000,000, £250,000; Marquis of Bute, £4,000,000, annual income, £200,000.

SOLD TO STRANGERS.

The worn-out blinds hang loosely,
The paint is nearly gone,
The creaking gate swings idly,
The old place looks forlorn;
The myrtle mound is grass-grown,
That blossomed years ago,
And one by one have vanished
The flowers I used to know.

The ancient tree whose cherries
Rejoiced my childish heart
Stands leafless, grim and groaning;
The arbor's dropped apart—
That arbor in the garden
Where honeysuckle twined;
The once broad path that led there
Is now but ill defined.

The dear, quaint, old mansion,
It held our kith and kin
For eighty years and over,
Till they were gathered in.
And now it goes to strangers;
Its glories all are fled
Since those who built the hearth-fire
Are numbered with the dead.

While we who loved it fondly
Must give a parting sigh,
A farewell look, and sadly,
Forever pass it by.
And still the fragrant lilies
May bloom beside the door,
But strangers' footsteps echo
Across the oaken floor.
—Boston Transcript.

A Trifling Mistake.

It was a very busy day at Storrs & Jackson's. All the country customers had come in to make their purchases for the week, which they always did on Saturdays, rain or shine. The five overworked clerks were rushing here and there, striving to be in half-a-dozen places at once, and old Storrs himself, smiling and obsequious, was bowing in the carriage customers, and giving a more familiar greeting to the plainly-dressed people who were not likely to run up a long bill.

"Just look at old Storrs bowing and scraping to Mrs. Walton," Tom Jarvis whispered to one of his fellow-clerks. "Wonder if he won't have a crick in his fat back to-night."

"Oh, he's bowing to the $100 bill he expects to get out of her," the other answered. "She talks big about her indifference to expense, but all the same she holds on to her money with a tight grip. Those newly rich people always do. But I'll bet the boss is more than a match for her."

Mrs. Walton, a stout, vulgar, pretentious woman, sailed into the store with her head thrown back, and what she considered a haughty carriage. She had been wealthy a very short time—not long enough to forget the value of the dimes, which were scarce enough in her days of poverty, and to keep a sharp look out over them, but yet striving to impress others with her indifference to expense. Parsimony and ostentation waged a perpetual battle in her mind.

"I do hope you're goin' to wait on me yourself, Mr. Storrs," she said loftily. "The last time I was here I had a stupid fellow who didn't know real valenshun lace from imitation." She did not add that she was ignorant of the difference herself, until one of the other clerks pointed out the mistake. "Yes, sir, that's just what he did. I never wear any but the real thing, but I don't care what it costs."

"Oh, of course, of course, madam," Mr. Storrs answered, obsequiously. "A lady of your fortune wouldn't be seen with that cheap stuff on you. Most people can't afford the price of real laces, so we're obliged to keep all kinds on hand. You shall have the best clerk in the establishment to-day. I only wish it was in my power to wait on you myself, but I am compelled to give my personal supervision to a large country order. Here, you,"—to one of the cash boys—"tell Mr. Allen to come here immediately. I don't care whether he's busy or not, I want him.

In a few moments a bright, intelligent looking lad of about 18 hurried in.

"Here, Mr. Allen, I want you to wait on Mrs. Walton. Show her the best qualities of our goods. Those handsome lace fichus, and the velvet mantle we opened to-day. It will suit your figure to perfection, madam! None but a stately, queenly person ought to wear that style of mantle."

Henry Allen checked a smile as he glanced at the portly figure of the lady. She spoke to him in a peremptory tone, as Mr. Storrs bowed himself off.

"You needn't show me no velvet mantles, young man. I got mine from New York, and it cost me $100. I reckon yours isn't a patch to mine. I want to see them new silks Mr. Storrs said you have got in. You're mighty young, seems to me, to know much about the quality of goods," she added, with a suspicious look.

"I have been clerking ever since I was twelve years old, madam," he answered, respectfully.

"Be you any relation to old Wm. Allen, who died round here three years ago?" was the next question.

A hot flush crept up into the boy's face, and his voice faltered a little as he answered, "I am his son, madam."

Would he never get over the shame of being his father's son? Would his years of hard work and strict honesty never outweigh the chance circumstances of his birth? Because his father had been a drunkard, and only by a lucky accident had escaped conviction for forging his employer's name, was he innocent, to bear through life the burden of another's sin? Henry Allen's eyes were cast down, but he could feel the woman's contemptuous look, and her tone was more arrogant than usual when she spoke:

"I wish you'd hurry with those silks, young man, and don't you go to snow me any that ain't all silk. You can't cheat me in goods. I'm up to all your trade tricks. Does old Storrs allow you a precentage on the goods you sell, or pay you a salary?"

"He gives his clerks a regular salary," was the answer.

"Well, then it ain't so much to your profit to cheat as if your living depended on it," with a coarse laugh. "When I hear of a clerk getting a percentage, I keep my eyes open, I tell you. I don't like those dingy colored silks. Show me something brighter."

"But these browns and grays are very handsome and fashionable, madam," remonstrated Henry Allen.

"They're too grave for me. I'm not a Quaker."

Henry, looking at her brickdust-colored skin and shapeless figure, thought that the gravest colors were needed to tone down such marked imperfections, but it was his business to sell to his customers, and not to cultivate their taste.

After a deal of tossing and turning over the goods, pulling them to see if they were strong, pleating them to see if they cracked, Mrs. Walton chose a bright shade of mauve. The very shade to show off her defects of complexion and figure, but she was jubilant over it until it came to paying the bill. Then she haggled over the price, and it was useless for Henry to remind her that he was not the owner of the store, and could not deduct from the stated price.

"Here I've gone and bought laces, and embroideries, and a silk dress, run up a bill of over a hundred dollars, and you won't take a cent off! It's just a swindle, that's what it is; but when people have money everybody takes a turn at cheating them. Well, I suppose I've got to pay."

She felt in her satchel for her pocket-book, but changed color when she found it was not there.

"I'm sure I put it in my satchel," she said nervously. "But no, I remember when I was lookin' at them lace fichoos yonder, I took it out and put it out on the counter."

"You'll be sure to find it there, then," said Henry, going to the next counter. "No one has touched these laces since I showed them to you."

The counter was piled with laces and embroideries. Piece after piece was lifted, but no pocket-book was visible. Mrs. Walton's broad face grew redder and redder as the search progressed.

"I can swear on a stack of bibles I laid it right here, young man," she cried in a shrill, angry voice. "I was lookin' at this here valenshun fichoo, and I laid my pocket-book under it. There was three hundred dollars in it, and it's got to be found."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Walton?" said Mr. Storrs, who had hurried up, hearing her raised angry voice.

"Matter enough, I reckon. I'm willin' to spend my money freely, but I ain't goin' to lose three hundred dollars in bank notes. I laid my pocket-book right here, and it's gone."

"Has any one been to that counter since you left it, Mr. Allen?" asked Mr. Storrs sternly. The young man was pale with indignation at the woman's tone and looks, but he answered quietly:

"No one, sir. We only left the laces a few minutes ago, and I think it possible Mrs. Walton is mistaken as to the place she left her pocketbook."

"I tell you, Mr. Storrs, I put it right here," she cried, vehemently. "I never forget where I lay my money. It's my opinion you needn't look futher than that young Allen to find it. I can't understand what you meant by takin' him as a clerk after all his father's disgrace. I'm going home now, but I want you to understand I ain't goin' to lose that money quietly."

"The whole place shall be searched, madam," Mr. Storrs said, nervously rubbing his hands. "I'm confident if it has been left here it will be found."

"I guess if you go the right way to work," with a contemptuous look at Henry, "you'll be pretty apt to find it." She swept away, her head higher than usual, and Mr. Storrs turned furiously upon the young man, who stood pale and silent before him.

"Come to my office, sir, and we'll investigate this matter," he said.

"Now, hand over that money without a word," he said, when they reached there.

"Why, do you believe I stole it, Mr. Storrs?" he cried. "I swear to you I never saw the pocket-book. I don't believe she ever brought it to the store. Surely, surely, knowing me as well as you do, you cannot really think I would commit such a crime!"

"How do I know when bad blood is going to crop out?" his employer answered, brutally. "I ran a risk in taking you on, and now I'm going to suffer for it. You've got to be searched, sir, and to avoid scandal in my establishment, I'll do it myself, instead of sending for a policeman. You needn't resist!"

"Resist!" the unhappy boy drew himself up proudly. "I would have insisted upon a search even if you had not proposed it."

He said no more. In the agony of his humiliation he uttered no protest, made no assertion of innocence, but when the unavailing search was over, he said to his employer:

"I hope, sir, you are satisfied!"

"Satisfied! no, I'm not. You haven't got the money on your person, but perhaps you dropped it somewhere in the store when you were suspected. You'll stay in here while I have the place searched.

For hours Henry Allen sat there, his face buried in his hands. He knew that the mere suspicion of the theft was quite sufficient to ruin him in the community where he lived, and his father had sinned.

He thought of his mother and little sister, and how he would be forced to leave them to make a living among strangers, and another home for them, for they could not live without him. But could he do it? Would not this base suspicion cling to him like leprosy? The terrible burthen of an inheritance of shame seemed to crush out all hope and strength from his sore young heart, and yet he had tried so hard to do right!

The entrance of Mr. Storrs roused him, and he looked up inquiringly.

"No, the money has not been found," his employer said, harshly, "and I don't say you took it. Dare say the woman dropped it in the street! But all the same, Allen, I can't keep you here. It would ruin my business, and she's got an awful tongue, and would go about saying all kinds of things about my establishment, where I keep thieves as clerks.

"Tell Mr. Nally to pay you the balance of your month's wages. I've no fault to find with you as a clerk, and I dare say you'll get another situation. But not in this place. You'll have to go away. Good-bye."

It was a curt farewell, but selfish, and hard as old Storrs was, he felt a twinge of remorse at this summary dismissal of a young man who had served him faithfully and honestly for years, and whom he knew in his inmost soul to be guiltless of any wrong doing. But the idea of keeping him in his store, and thus acknowledging to the world his faith in his clerk's innocence, never crossed his mind for a second. He was not going to run the risk of losing a single customer for a foolish sentiment.

It was a cruel ordeal for Henry Allen to carry the bad news to his mother. She met it as good mothers do all over the world, thank God for them! She felt it acutely, but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully, dwelling on his innocence, and trying to make him feel that only a sense of guilt should crush a man and humiliate him before his fellow-men. She succeeded, and it was with a brave heart Henry turned his back on his old home and went to seek employment in a city in another state.

About a month after the occurrence I have related, Mrs. Walton drove up to the establishment of Storrs & Jackson, and, seeing Mr. Storrs in the door-way, beckoned him to her. He went with a sinking heart, believing that she was going to annoy him about her missing money. Perhaps, to avoid a scandal, he would be forced to pay it. But, to his surprise, she turned a gracious and smiling countenance to him.

"Got in your fall goods, Mr. Storrs?" she called out. "I haven't been here for an age, have I? Why, I do believe the last time was when I made such a fuss about my pocketbook! Would you believe it," with a loud laugh, "the very first thing my eyes lighted on when I got home was the pocketbook, lyin' on my dressing table. I thought of sending you word, but then it was a triflin' mistake, you know. You'd hear it all in good time."

Even old Storrs felt a movement of righteous indignation.

"Not such a trifling mistake, madam. It has cost me my very best clerk, and driven him out of the place. It was hard on him and his mother, you see."

"Oh, well!" with another laugh, "you're rich enough to hire as many clerks as you want, and I guess it's best old Allen's son should leave here, anyway. He didn't take my pocket-book that time, but I reckon he wasn't too good for it. Come, show me your finest cashmeres."

I am happy to say that old Storrs called on Mrs. Allen that evening, and related the conversation.

"Not that I ever believed that he had taken the woman's money," he said, "but I dare say he will be glad to hear it is found. You can write to him that I'm willing to take him back."

"He will not return," Mrs. Allen said, quietly. "He has a good situation, and I don't think he will be willing to run the risk of another such 'trifling mistake.'"—Youth's Companion.

HERE AND THERE.

The London *Times* advises all Europeans to leave Zanzibar.

The past month has been the coldest October for eleven years.

The Catholics of Australia have sent $1,000,000 to the Pope.

New Jersey turns out nearly $7,000,000 yards of ribbon a year.

The illness of the King of Holland is regarded as very critical.

Another bridge is to be built across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

A woman at Worcester, Mass., recently gave birth to four girl twins.

Baron Hirsch has donated $2,500,000 for the education of Jews in Galicia.

Two "green goods" swindlers in New York city were convicted last week.

Foreign Jewish farmers have been ordered to quit Poland within a month.

More than $40,000,000 worth of American refined lard is exported every year.

The coal mines of Washington Territory produced 825,000 tons of coal last year.

A mill has been built at St. Simon's Island, Ga., to cut cypress timber for furniture.

Verdi, the musical composer, is something of a politician. He is an Italian senator.

The New York grand jury urges a reduction in the number of saloons in that city.

A number of negro colonists sailed from New York last week for the west coast of Africa.

The cotton prospect in the Memphis district has been unfavorably affected by heavy rains.

An oil expert says there is more oil under the soil of California than there is in Pennsylvania.

The potato crop for this year is estimated at 216,640,000 bushels, the largest grown for several years.

The total world's production of raw silk in 1887 was 25,762,000 pounds, against 23,386,000 pounds in 1886.

A Russian Imperial decree has been published to protect Caucasian naptha producers from foreign competition.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that coloring butter with cotton seed oil makes it oleomargarine.

The total production of steel rails throughout the world is 3,713,000 tons annually. Of these the United States produces 1,764,000, or nearly one-half.

Work will soon commence on the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river from Port Huron to Sarnia. It will be a mile long and will cost $2,500,000.

Mr. Vassar, one of the founders of Vassar College, and who recently died, left his property estimated at $1,500,000 to educational and benevolent institutions.

A case has been decided in Allen county, Kan., by which 5,000 settlers will lose their homes, their lands having been found to belong to a railroad company.

A land flowing with milk and honey would be a bad land to live in. Milk makes seven out of ten people bilious, and honey gives eight out of ten people the colic.

A family named Hodges lay claim to a tract of land comprising 600,000 acres in Colfax county, New Mexico, under a grant alleged to have been made by Spain in 1685.

The canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, Greece, is just approaching completion. It was first planned 2,500 years ago, and work was done on it 1,700 years ago. It is 4 miles long.

Dr. Chorcat, the eminent French physician, says that the brain of those under 16 years of age must not be over worked and that up to this time no forcing of the mind should be permitted.

A hired man in Missouri killed his emloyer for forty-seven cents in change. It is only justice to the murderer, however, to state that he expected to get fully seventy-five cents when he made his plans.

A Wisconsin Norwegian who got into a fight received thirteen knife wounds and a bullet in the shoulder, and yet he walked nine miles and worked three-quarters of a day before he even had his hurts dressed.

A Pennsylvania paper says that the women of that state are gradually returning to garters. If they also gradually return to stockings and shoes they may yet know something of the comforts of civilization.

"Sewing machines repaired," reads a sign on a house in Tennessee which is nine miles from any other cabin, and thirty-seven from the nearest machine. The owner wants things to look like business around him.

The English sparrows were driving the mocking-birds and orioles out of the south until the different localities interfered and made war on them. Not a sparrow can now be found in some of the southern cities.

A Boston real estate man wants you to save $3,000 by buying a $5,000 house this fall. Don't you do it. It's a mean thing to take any such advantage over a real estate dealer. He wouldn't have a dollar to his name by spring.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

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"How's business since election?" asked one base ball club manager of another. "Mighty dull," was the discouraging reply. "I've only sold two players this week."

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Pitcher's Luck. Detroit, Mich., June 9, 1888. Pitching ball sprained and bruised my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. LOUIS RUSH.

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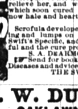

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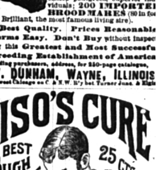

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