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A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

How many times did I go over in my mind the one confidential interview there had been between Mr. Gascoigne and me? I had promised not to reveal what passed until my marriage-day, and I knew now that he must have resolved then, when he saw his intentions as to Hilda and Gilbert were finally frustrated, what should be his course.

The servants, the old clergyman, even the cousins, were fairly friendly and congratulatory. None of them had expected more than they had got, and I do not think any of them regretted greatly the peculiar way in which Mr. Gascoigne had chosen to settle the family feud. For the Thornes, too, were an honorable family, and the daughter of my father was no unfit match for the heir of St. Gabriel's Grange and the name of Gascoigne.

Gilbert himself was puzzled as much as any one, and even declared a doubt as to whether the accepted reading of the will could be correct.

"It seems to me," he said, "that my uncle rather intended to prevent you from marrying me by leaving more than I can ever offer you, and a house from which he exiled me."

I told him he had been a lawyer so long, he could scarcely believe in common-sense views of things; and then he laughed, and said my wealth had made me impertinent. But his brows remained knitted and his eyes grave.

I thought Mr. Gascoigne's nieces were wonderfully good to me, seeing that they must have expected to inherit the Grange. To be sure, Lord Martin Pomeroy had his own beautiful house, Lord Ormsby was exceedingly rich, and Ulric Gascoigne had not looked for so much as he was to get with his pretty wife, and would, I was sure, prefer that Gilbert should succeed to his rightful property. But still the house was so beautiful, the property so fine, and I myself such a mere stranger and interloper, that I wished a hundred times a day my kind eccentric old master had consented freely to forgive his nephew in the face of the world, and spared me this painful and anomalous position.

However, for a time there was no change in their manner, except that Annis was more affectionate and tranquilly happy than ever. Hilda showed no sign, and Gwendoline was strangely passive. I thought the calm was the calm of fair and settled weather; but the air was too still for that. It was like the stillness of the electricity-charged atmosphere, when birds are silent and the elements breathless before the thunder-storm.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first flash of the storm came upon me one day as I was sitting in the morning-room, the pleasant little room where I spent most of my time now with Lady Martin, Hilda, and Annis. I had been reading, but the book lay unheeded on my knee; I had broken off to watch a blackbird on the lawn, and had noticed at the same time that already the lime-trees were growing golden in tint and the chrysanthemums were coming into bloom. And as I gazed out on the terrace I pondered the wonderful thought that all I saw was mine—the room, the house—and I looked round at the dainty pictures and the furniture and the Japanese knick-knacks—mine only in trust for Gilbert, but mine as its mistress when it was Gilbert's. I thought how good Providence had been to me—how wonderful, how strange to have given me so grand and true and noble a lover!

Our marriage was not to be postponed very long. I was going home for a while first—home, where the news of my stupendous fortune had greatly fluttered the dove-cot. Lady Martin would, I hoped, join her husband. Hilda was to return to London, in care of the military cousin's wife until she became Lady Ormsby; and Gilbert and I were to settle down at the Grange, with Ulric and Annis at the Lodge. Did not life seem pleasant as it was unrolled before my eyes? Could my book be as enchanting?

So I sat dreaming, with a smile on my face, when Hilda came into the room.

She looked very fair in her mourning, and her pale gold hair shone in contrast to the long black dress that trailed after her. But during all the months I had been at the Grange she had never spoken to me pleasantly; the sapphire eyes had never softened, nor the proud curve of the mouth grown gracious for me. Now, as she advanced and stood opposite to me, she fixed those eyes on my face with a gleam like the glitter of bright steel; but there was a slight tremor in her bell-like voice.

"I think it fair to tell you, Miss Thorne," she began—she never called me Viola—"that you may possibly be resting on false security at present, and that in a short time you will find the scene changed. I tell you this that you may be prepared to hear from my lawyer, and also that you may know what I think, and that every one is not deceived by you."

I looked up at her wonderingly.

"What do you mean, Miss Farquhar?" I asked.

"I will tell you what I mean," she answered calmly. "Simply this. You came here, to find an eccentric old man and three girls you thought, I suppose, fools. You hunted up family quarrels, and spied into family secrets—No; allow me to speak."

For I was about to interrupt her with indignant anger; but I let her speak on, holding back my wrathful words; and the clear voice grew more passionate and intense.

"You shall hear me out, Miss Thorne. You are clever—I admit it. I did not think so at first, and I scorned to interfere with you; and so far you have been successful. You exerted your influence over a childish old man by telling lies about his nieces and betraying confidences you should have been the last to reveal. To be safe on both sides, you threw yourself into the way of his nephew, and managed him with brazen skill too. But I, at least, shall not tamely submit to your success. Gilbert is befooled, and you have charmed Annis, child as she is; but I can act for myself and fight against your schemes. And I tell you this—that I intend to fight my uncle's will to the last, and, whether lawyers and judges can or cannot be brought to see the influence you obtained over a decrepit, half-crazed invalid, you shall, at least, be better known than you are now!"

When she paused, her voice, still clear and steady, had in it the white heat of suppressed rage. I was startled, bewildered, confounded. But I tried to answer her quietly. I wanted to be at peace with them all, and Hilda was the last who held out against me.

"You do not believe what you have said, I am quite sure, Hilda. You know Mr. Gascoigne was as clear-headed as yourself; and you know, and I know too, that he left the Grange to me that Gilbert might have it. I did not want it; I have no wish for it now but for his sake. It is simply preposterous to suppose he would ever have bequeathed it to me, or that I could have schemed for such an outrageous thing. If I have done you any wrong, I am sorry; but you have no right to insult me by such words as those."

"Insult you!" she cried. "I am only preparing you for what every one will say before long."

"I have not sought," I went on, "to learn a single word of your private concerns. I asked for no one's secrets; once told me, I have betrayed none. For betraying confidences you can hardly impugn me, you who tried to injure me, even at the cost of your sister's happiness, by telling my secret, which you had learned, to your uncle."

She made no answer; but a faint color stole over her face.

"You have been very hard and very cruel to me since I came and put myself in some measure at your mercy, Hilda, and I thought at first you were unjust without intending to be so. You supposed me to be everything you had imagined I might be, and you never sought to learn whether your supposition was true or not. But you cannot believe in these accusations. Why are you so unjust."

"Am I unjust?" she said. "At least I am no hypocrite. Why did you come? Why did you stay when you knew we wished you gone, and allow yourself to be thought a spy and an informer?"

"You had no right, no excuse to think such abominable things of me. Ask your sisters if, a week after I came, they did not both ask me to stay. I came, innocent and ignorant of the persecution which you and Lady Martin had determined to subject me to, and I stayed to fight against your prejudices, since they had no ground in reason or justice. I know my position tempts you to say hard things; but it is fair and right that the Grange should come to Gilbert, and I hold it for him. Lord Ormsby's home is a hundred times grander, Hilda; you need not be envious of Gilbert and me."

I had thought that she was growing softer, and I did not speak angrily. I was wounded to the heart that Gilbert's cousin, should cherish such implacable hatred of me, and sorely grieved, but not angry.

Now, however her face was set more relentlessly than ever.

"Gilbert and you!" she echoed in bitter tones. "You talk well, Miss Thorne; you should have been an actress. But I know you too well to be deceived by evasion and clap-trap! You have heard what I intend to do. I have no more to say to you."

I did not attempt to say another word, and she left me.

I marvelled over and pondered what she had said, and for a time I was very miserable, wretched, and pained that any one should think so cruelly of me, and that one of Gilbert's relatives should be my enemy. But as I thought of her words I became more wroth, and the hot indignation dried up my tears. I had done no wrong. I had injured no one; it would not have been right that she should inherit the Grange. What was it to her that Gilbert had chosen me to be his wife, to share whatever fortune should be his; and how dared she thus insult his promised wife in what was already my own house?

I should have understood better her words and actions, which seemed to me then madly unreasoning, had I known that the lawyer she consulted was Crawford Carden, who had told her the lies invented by his own black heart, had told her that my promise was given to him—him whom I hated from the first moment I heard his false voice—and only broken when I learned that the old man I dissimulated to was relenting towards his nephew—had told her that it was I who had persuaded Mr. Gascoigne to leave the property as it was left, and that she, Hilda, had played my game in betraying the secrecy with which I theatrically enshrouded for a while my meetings with Gilbert.

"I do not doubt," Carden had said, "that you can get the will set aside on the ground of unsound mind or undue influence; but you will see how impossible it is for me to undertake the case. I believe she is marrying Mr. Gilbert Gascoigne now only to silence talk and stop such an action."

They could do him little good, these wanton, deliberate lies; but he knew I hated him, and he sought but to injure me in any way he could, infuriated as he was by the slight put upon him by Mr. Gascoigne's will, for which he imagined I was partly responsible.

One or two, who know the story, say that they believe he loved me and wished in any way to break my engagement with Gilbert. But I do not credit it. There are many ways of loving, I have learned to know; but I do not believe one spark of real affection dictated his treachery. It was ambition—ambition which made him feign love for me when he watched my growing favor in Mr. Gascoigne's eyes, and disappointed ambition which made him anxious to wreak his vengeance on me, whether by so doing he might or might not think ever to obtain for himself the riches of the Grange. He was furious too with Gilbert, who frankly and steadfastly independent, had won what he had plotted and lied to win.

I can understand that jealous love was the mainspring of Hilda's cruelty; it filled her whole heart and mind, and perverted her reason so that she may have accepted as truth what she was ready and willing to believe. But he? No; there was not room for love in his self-absorbed and scheming life.

But of all this I thought nothing then. I guessed nothing of Hilda's jealousy; it never for a moment occurred to me that she would consult Mr. Carden, and I fell to wondering what would come of her threat, whether she could do anything, supposing others thought as she did, to dispossess Gilbert and me of the Grange. I never imagined it was I only she wished to drive away. My every thought was bound up in Gilbert.

I told Gwendoline of the threat, but of Hilda's insulting words I told no one. She only laughed sarcastically.

"You need not be afraid, Viola. Hilda can do nothing. No one else will ever accuse you of influencing my poor uncle. Is there any other will?"

"I don't think there is one in existence."

"Then what can it matter? Without a will, everything, Hilda's fortune and my own also, goes to Gilbert; and I do not suppose Hilda can dispute existing arrangements without Gilbert's aid. So long as you two love each other, child, you need not care."

"Are you sure?" I asked her wistfully.

"Are you sure," she said, in return, "that she cannot make Gilbert believe as she does? If accusations are made, will he stand by you through them all?"

"I hope so," I faltered. "I think he would."

She put her hands on my shoulders and looked me keenly in the face.

"There should be no 'thinking,' Viola," she said earnestly. "Don't marry him unless you can trust him wholly, and he you. Take my word for it, nothing will make marriage bearable but confidence in one another."

And then there came before me the honest handsome face of my lover and his clear true eyes.

"We do trust each other," I answered proudly and fondly.

She turned away with a little sigh.

"Happy child!" she murmured softly. "Don't fret over Hilda's words," she added aloud, in gentle accents. "Believe me, it is only empty talk."

And I did believe her. If I grew sad sometimes as I remembered them, I feared no evil result.

CHAPTER XVII.

A letter came from Lord Martin Pomeroy to tell his wife when he should be in England, and expressing a hope that she would return with him to India in October.

"I suppose you will go?" said Hilda.

"I suppose so," answered Gwendoline, in those dull inanimate tones she always fell into when speaking of her husband.

As the time of his coming drew near—for he was to follow closely on his letter—I fancied she grew restless and agitated; but that was natural enough, seeing how long they had been parted.

One morning I came upon her unexpectedly in the drawing-room. She was sitting by a low table, one elbow resting on it, and the other hand raising the large photograph album on which she was gazing earnestly. She shut the book hurriedly and rose from her seat when she saw me, and a crimson flush dyed her face.

"Do you want me?" she asked quickly.

And when I said "No," she left the room.

Half heedlessly, I took up the album, marvelling at her agitation. One silver clasp had, unnoticed by her, caught the leaves and marked the place at which she had held the volume open. There was only one portrait in the page, within a border of painted flowers and leaves—a large photograph of Martin Pomeroy.

Why should she rise in confusion from looking at her husband's portrait? And there was a tear-drop on the page. Was she afraid of him, or anxious, now that he was coming back to her? I looked intently at the picture. It was a good face—not handsome, but what some people would call cold and stern. Yet there was a thoughtful look in the deep-set eyes and a kindly expression, I fancied, about the firm mouth. He looked a man to respect and esteem. He was a good deal older than Gwendoline; but he was barely forty, and she was six-and-twenty.

Gwendoline still never alluded to his return, nor in any way betrayed how she would welcome it. If I tried to draw her to speak of him, she answered, with a quietness almost amounting to restraint, always in the same dead voice. I knew this was a morbid unhealthy state, and longed even for a return of her old petulance. But she passed her days, and walked and talked, apparently only half knowing what she did, half conscious and wholly callous. Her sisters never noticed this strange phase. Hilda had wrapped herself in her impenetrable pride, concentrated on her own plans; Annis was too happy, full of dreams of Ulric and her future; and I was even yet little better than a stranger, ignorant of her past life, entitled to none of her confidence.

My thoughts, too, were very busy with my own life. I was going home very soon, and Gilbert was preparing for an early marriage; and I was very happy in his love, very peaceful and glad in my great unmerited fortune, very thankful to Heaven for a good man's love.

I had no fear of Hilda since Gwendoline had known her threat. I thought she would and could do no more, and I so shrank from deepening disunion in the family that I did not tell Gilbert what she had said. It was nothing to me whether St. Gabriel's Grange was mine or Gilbert's, seeing that nothing could part us.

* * * * *

One Sunday evening Annis and Hilda had gone to the village church, and Gwendoline and I were alone together.

She had not been well all the day, pleading a headache, and she sat now silently in her low arm-chair, a book in her hand, but its pages never turned. I had been writing to my mother; and, when I finished the letter, I turned to Gwendoline and offered to read to her. A sting of self-reproach shot through me for not having offered sooner, for doing so little to relieve her pain, as I saw how terribly white her face was, how heavy were her hazel eyes. The dull black dress and the dark velvet chair intensified her pallor, and the red-gold hair, turned back from the broad forehead, shone brighter by contrast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STUFFING LIVE HENS.

A Process by Which Any Flavor or Color May Be Imparted.

The curious and envious competitors of a Massachusetts avenue produce dealer may now turn in and advertise that they have the fattest and most delicious poultry that the American market affords, says the Indianapolis News. They have discovered the secret which has heretofore enabled their competitor to monopolize these claims. And so has the reporter, who has often remarked the fat and overgrown appearance of the fowls which lazily strut in the dealer's side yard or adorn the frontispiece of his place of business.

Twice daily the fowls are driven into a shed on the premises. From this they always emerge stuffed until their hides will hardly hold them. Now a hen is much like a monkey in that it has a false and true stomach. A monkey will eat voraciously for hours, filling up a paunch in his neck. At his leisure he draws from this sack and masticates his food. A hen will fill her craw, and when that is reasonably well done she is satisfied. Monkeys never get enough to eat, but a chicken will often leave a portion of its food untouched. The secret of fattening chickens is to induce them to eat more than they want. This is not done by offering extra inducements in the way of superior viands. It is done scientifically by force.

In the shed in question is a contrivance that might be taken for an infernal machine, a patent ballot-box, or an automatic corn-sheller. But it is none of these. It is a chicken feeder. An unsuspecting fowl is driven on a trap-door. The level floor holds up and incloses her, except at the top. An operator then comes forward, puts the hen in a straight-jacket that stretches the gallinaceous neck and holds the head erect, mouth open, beak pointed toward the ceiling. Then a spring of automatic action is touched. It sets in motion a light metallic arm acting as a lever. Starting from a box overhead, it descends to the open beak of the fowl, drops in a small quantity of prepared food and forces it far down into the throat. This operation is repeated until the hen is "chock full." An apparatus may also be attached by which liquid food may be put into the bird. Stuffing stupefies a bird, but it does not interfere with the workings of its digestive apparatus.

"Birds fattened by the stuffing process," said the manager of this apparatus, "may actually be made to order. We can vary the food so as to produce the desired flavor. The foods are prepared to suit the demands of our patrons. By fattening a bird in ten days or less it is made very tender, as all the new flesh is the product of rich, clean food, and is not toughened by age or exercise."

"Do you mean to say that you can control the question of the quality of the bird's flesh?"

"Certainly; that is the glory of this method. We can impart a dainty pork flavor, mingle the extract of bustard with the delicious dream of quail on toast, throw a touch of mint or celery into the meat, or imitate the delicacies of reed birds, canvas back ducks, or frog hams. Besides, we can make the meat black or white according as we want to represent delicate white flesh or the dark meats of wild fowl. Of course, prepared chicken like this is worth more in the pea-green market than the ordinary barn-yard chanticleer. We can also 'feed' turkeys and ducks to good advantage, but we have had the best results with chickens."

It Was Not Appreciated.

It was a mean trick that two young fellows played on a neighbor who had a penchant for flute music.

"What say," said one; "let us hire a hand organ to play for four hours in front of his house."

"Agreed," replied the other.

The hand organ, of a very squeaky tone, was hired and for several hours doled out a mournful tune in front of the residence of the gentleman, who much to the disgust of the two young men, stood it with a great deal of patience.

The job was creditably performed and the organist had received the sum agreed upon for the work. The two young men had watched the proceedings very patiently from a neighboring door-way. The postman passed them at this juncture and was let into the secret.

"The gentleman for whom you are giving this entertainment will not appreciate the joke," said the postman.

"And why not?" observed one of the jokers.

"Why because his family and himself left home early this morning for a trip to New Orleans.—Chicago National.

Beaconsfield as a Linguist.

The Quarterly Review admits that Lord Beaconsfield was "deficient in a knowledge of foreign languages." I should think he was! I suppose the reviewer never heard the story about him which still lingers among the waiters at Kaiserhof. During the Berlin congress he was breakfasting alone one morning, and he rang the bell. He knew not a word of German, but he had a sort of smattering of French. So it was in that language that he asked, or imagined he had asked, the waiter to bring him a footstool. Some time elapsed; there was much disputatious whispering among the waiters in the corridor, outside. At length there entered waiter No. 1, bearing ceremonially a footbath, followed by waiter No. 2 carrying towels.

The Lawyer at Home.

"Amelia, be sure and put away at once everything that is of any value because the thief who has just been acquitted on my eloquent defense is coming to-day to thank me."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A DYING TRADE.

The Art of Weaving Rag Carpets Fast Disappearing.

Among the lost arts, such as the tempering of bronze, making flexible glass and the manufacture of Tyrian purple, we will soon have to number another, namely, the weaving of rag carpets. To be sure, you can still buy the factory-made article, but that is not the sort that we associate with recollections of an old-fashioned room, with its high-post bedstead, white-washed wall, diamond-pained windows and a claw-footed cheval glass in the corner. In those days the rags were cut and sewed by the fire in the long winter evenings, and often the carpet was woven on the old wooden loom up in the garret, but usually the material was sent to the old town weaver, who was as important a personage as either the butcher, the baker or the candle-stick-maker.

The old weavers are dying out through lack of patronage, but recently a Washington Star reporter found where one still works down by the waterside. It is a queer old one-story house with squares and panels of carpet hung tapestry wise over the front by way of advertisement. The proprietor is a little, dried and withered specimen much bent by stooping over his loom. He came from the low countries in Holland near fifty years ago. There he was a flax weaver by trade, but American machinery threw him out of work years ago, and he has been carpet weaving ever since.

It used to be a good trade, he said to the Star man, but now it is dying out. He still has work enough to keep him, but Americans do not use many rag carpets now. He sells the most to his own countrymen. He works twelve hours a day, winter and summer, and turns out about sixteen yards a day. Weaving costs twenty-five cents per yard, and he furnishes the warp. If he furnishes the rags, too, it costs about twice that amount. Bags of rags were standing around under the shelves, and in one corner was a pile of balls made from strips his wife and children sewed at night.

The loom was the most primitive model known; yet on one but little ruder the Navajos make their famous waterproof blankets, and upon one but little better the Hindoo produces the "woven wind" of India. It was really so ancient looking that it was disappointing to find that it was built as late as 1855. The working parts, from much handling, had taken on the rich tints of seasoned meerschaum and the rest was smoke browned to deep sienna. With the background of dark shadows and the bright warp threads running through the center, it made a study worthy of an artist.

There are no longer any apprentices at the trade. No one wants to learn hand weaving now. The old man said the last pupil he had was during the spinning-wheel craze several years ago. One society girl came down and insisted on learning to weave, but her enthusiasm soon gave out and since then the old man has had his trade to himself.

THE CURE-ALL FIEND.

Quite as Much of a Nuisance in London as Here.

"This is a very bad cold you have, Codling," said Bloobumper.

"Awful code," replied Codling.

"Now, the last time I had such a cold as that," went on Bloobumper, drawing a memorandum book from his vest pocket and consulting it, "you advised me to take a Turkish bath for it. Have you tried that remedy yourself? I think you said it was an infallible cure."

"No. But I—"

"Of course you haven't," proceeded Bloobumper as he searched for another entry in his memorandum book. "The cold I had before that you recommended me to cure by the application of mustard plasters applied plentifully to my chest and the small of my back. Of course, you haven't tried that yourself."

"Why, you see—"

"Oh, yes, I see," Bloobumper interrupted; "but when I had a cold a few weeks before the last one I mentioned, you said a gallon or two of good hot herb tea would fix me up, if I would take it on going to bed, and so get into a perspiration. Have you done that with yourself?"

"The fact is, Bloo—"

"Oh, no doubt! But here is another cure for a cold you told me about six months ago. Take a teaspoonful of ground cayenne pepper every hour until well. Have you tried that?"

"Blubumper, you—"

"Certainly, I know! Well, on the 5th of last January you told me that six grains of quinine, taken just before retiring, would break up the worst cold that ever got into a man's system. Why don't you try the quinine pills?"

"I couldn't—"

"Perhaps not. But in December you suggested a few electrical shocks from a powerful battery. I'm curious to know why that hasn't cured your cold."

"Well, I've been—"

"Doubtless that was it. But when I had a severe cold in November I jotted down another remedy you told me of, and for which I was very much obliged, although I neglected to take it. You told me to stuff a tablespoonful of paregoric up my nostrils and the cold would be gone in ten hours. Suppose you try that now?"

"But I'm under the doctor's care, now—"

"Oh, that doesn't make the slightest difference. You told me so yourself in the early part of October, when I was under a physician's care myself. You said that doctors didn't know any thing about colds, but if I would just wrap myself in a wet sheet and pile blankets on top before morning the sweating would drive every particle of cold from my system. Do you remember that advice? I think you might give it a fair trial." But Codling was gone.—London Tid-Bits.

Instead of Fish-Hooks.

In some parts of the world the remora, or sucking-fish, is used in fishing instead of hook or line, but the natives of the dreary country known as Tierra del Fuego employ a more strange device still. The people possess no fish-hooks, yet since they largely feed on fishes, the question is how do they catch them? It is said they use the limpet instead. To whatever object this sea-snail fastens itself, it holds on with enormous force. The natives, therefore, tie a limpet to a line, and by this means succeed in capturing big and even heavy fishes.

Received Into the Tribe.

Since Lord Onslow has been governor general of New Zealand he has had a son born, to whom he has given, among other names, the Maori name of "Huia." The Ngatiahuia tribe have formally received the child into kinship, the chief rubbing noses with him and the women singing the customary accompaniment and all the chiefs casting their offerings at his feet.

FEMININITIES.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

It is the unmarried lady who can give her sisters points on the art of how to manage a husband.

Most people wouldn't have so many troubles if they didn't spend so much time in talking about them.

A Boston lady has invented a spoon for measuring medicine, by which a dose can be administered without spilling.

Two dishes of the same color must not be served in succession any longer. At least that is the social edict in Vienna.

Cora: "What did Jesse say when he threw himself at her feet?" Dora: "Ouch! Murder! That's my favorite corn!"

Emma Abbott used to have her shoes fitted over three pairs of stockings in order to make quick changes in her footwear.

Gaiters are becoming quite fashionable for ladies. These tightly fitting leglets of cloth or Suede are now generally worn.

Impulse is the little fellow who sometimes hits straight at the "bull's eye," but whose random shots often count against him.

Housewives should go to South America for their meat. There butchers never sell the bone with any cut. But it must be said they do not know how to slice a steak.

Teacher: "Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing how to use the word." Small girl writes: "Our new baby is anonymous."

Every minister who has had even five years of experience knows that it is no earthly use for him to try to convert a woman who has to wear her last year's hat to church.

Artist: "Now, in posing do not forget that you are a young girl who refuses disdainfully a wealthy old man." She: "Oh, that would be too foolish! I never could do it!"

There is a time in every boy's life, when he is about 16 years old, that he needs one good licking. If he doesn't get it he will believe for the rest of his life that he can lick his father.

A female brigand is being tried in Servia charged with an endless number of robberies, fourteen murders, and unspeakable cruelties.

Compressed air is used in the Union Pacific company's shed at Portland for removing dust in railroad cars. It is delivered from a flexible hose with a small nozzle at a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. It is very effective in cleaning plush cushions.

Even vinegar has to work in order to be worth anything.

A peep into the sanctum of a managing editor at night will reveal some funny things. The editor will call out "boil down Gladstone;" put a head on "Tug Wilson;" "make a display of Mrs. Langtry," and "bring me my Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, as I fear I have taken cold."

None can be called deformed but the unkind.

The apple you musn't have always looks the sweetest.

Once upon a time the course of true love never ran smooth. The young lovers would meet in the gloaming, would hang on the gate late, and catch rheumatism. Now, they do likewise, but the pains they get from cold, are all rubbed out with Salvation Oil. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.

Resignation is the name of the angel which carries the most of our soul's burden.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The law is always written on stone, but grace comes to us through a loving heart. The man who undertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will find that he can't do it.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink.

Riches lie in self-sacrifice.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

"I serve," is a truly moral motto.

Shorthand by mail. Good Positions secured all competent pupils. W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

True freedom stands in meekness.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

Ignorance never settles a question.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

No man is who knows himself proud.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Every man is some kind of a coward.

Don't fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

Any work is hard work to a lazy man.

Though the McKinley bill has a bad name,
Its effects cannot yet be forseen,
But the effect of headache is still the same,
And the tariffs no higher on Coaline.

The cross can only be seen from a cross.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION (monthly) with its hundreds of superb illustrations makes first, 30 cts. yearly, with free 35 ct. pattern of any style. Send 2 (2 ct.) stamps for sample copy. Beadworth & Co., 46 E. 14th st., N. Y. City.

Every good man builds his own monuments.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Cultivate not only the corn-fields of your mind, but the pleasure-ground also,

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In nature there is no blemish but the mind.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To The Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, 800 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

Pride, generally, is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

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.

Evil shall hunt the violent man, to overthrow him.

"*How do I look?*"

That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

"Times have changed." So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They *help* Nature, instead of *fighting* with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

SICK HEADACHE — CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

"DO YOU COUGH — DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE"

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

SHORTHAND and BOOKKEEPING thoroughly taught by mail. NATIONAL INSTITUTE, Detroit.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$500.00 can be made by you selling Nursery Stock. ALLEN NURSERY CO., Saginaw, Mich.

OPIUM MORPHINE DISEASE, GUARANTEED CURE.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, N. Y. City.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Asthma. CHARLESTOWN, Mass.

$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New portraits just out. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED. Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c., Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

"ORANGE BLOSSOM" Cures all Female Diseases. Sample sent free. Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 and 4 Panorama Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FOR SALE, RENT OR EXCHANGE. A three story brick Hotel unfurnished, with a two story brick barn 40x80 feet. All in good condition. Situated in the best city in Michigan of seven thousand inhabitants. Address, N. C. DUSTIN, 140 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

AUTOMATIC LACE BACK. U want the best, the best is M. Every sense is embodied in the Lace Back Suspender. But be sure you get the genuine, without above trade-mark. You couldn't be hired to wear any other after using it. If your dealer doesn't keep it, send us a dollar and we'll mail you a pair, but try the dealer first. They will be in all the leading stores. Lace Back Suspender Co., 82 Prince Street, N. Y.

500 PARCELS OF MAIL FREE. ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD TO-DAY. COMMON ADDRESS CO. 127 S. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

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W. N. U. D.—10—1.

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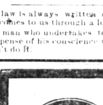
MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine-room when one said: "How was it Tom?" "I was caught up, slapped 'gainst the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained. I was cured in one day."



ST. JACOBS OIL with equal facility and certainty, has cured promptly and permanently worse cases. Here is one after suffering half a lifetime.

In 1851 sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1880, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JACOB KITZENBERGER, 14 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., August 11, 1888.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

DOES THE PRICE SUIT YOU? The Poor Man's Friend. Offers you almost a $1 size bottle of FORESTINE COUGH SYRUP and a 25c FORESTINE PLASTER all for 50c Net. Even Consumption can be cured by this wonderful combination. Put the plaster on the Chest, Change with each new bottle, and take the Syrup as directed. It fights the Disease both ways at once and guaranteed to cure in less time than any other known treatment, or money refunded. All Dealers.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

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Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

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