A collector of idols who died lately in San Francisco had a collection of 500 little deities.

An expert says that the easiest way to clean rubber shoes of any kind is to rub them with vaseline.

No Heligolander under sixteen years of age is allowed to go to a public house, dancing saloon or theater.

This is an age when the luxuries can be had cheaply. Typewriters are now sold for $1 and fountain pens for ten cents.

Here is a consistency for you. The proprietor of a Philadelphia cigar store has posted a sign in his place forbidding smoking.

The chief of police in Chicago is a reformer. He wants more light in the city, and says that light is a great preventive of crime.

People are never satisfied with their position. The fool in King Lear says: "I had rather be any kind of a thing than a fool!"

Helena, Mont., boasts that it is the wealthiest city in the union of its population. It contains 25,000 people and has 32 millions.

Philadelphia has a blue book, but many of the most fashionable people do not appear in it, having made a point not to be included.

Fiji is beginning to cultivate tobacco, the enterprise being assisted by the concession of government land to the planters on easy terms.

Air ships move, but they seldom reach the point where "distance lends enchantment to the view." They are short distance "birds."

The emperor of Germany has been reckless, but he has turned around and from being a spendthrift he has become a man of rigid economy.

Five hundred applications have been made to the department of the interior of Toronto for the privilege of boring for oil in the Kootenay country.

The German cavalry will try the horse shoe made of compressed paper. It is thought they will be better than the old iron ones so long in vogue.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

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Back Where They Used to Be.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great, big house, with cyarpets on the stairs
And the pump right in the kitchen, and the city! city! city!—
And nothing but the city all around us everywheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
An right here, in earshot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wigginses—the whole kit and bilin'
A drivin' up from Shallow Ford, to stay the Sunday through,
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to do!

I want to see the piece quilts that Jones girl is makin',
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke about the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
She's away safe in the wood around the old location—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Merindy and help her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried, for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy
As she reads all his letters over, writ from the war.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A SOCIAL SHOCK.

Dinner was announced immediately after Mrs. Washington Mostyn entered the drawing-room, and indeed it appeared that the party were only awaiting her arrival to put an end to classic bad quarter of an hour.

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Kendal, "I am going to send you down with a most charming young man, Algie Upham, a cousin of the duchess of Liverpool. I think he's quite one of the nicest men in London—and so artistic, don't you know."

Mrs. Mostyn raised her tortoise-shell lorgnette in the direction of the gentleman indicated, and was pleased to make an inspection and give an opinion in not more than two seconds.

"Charmed, I am sure. What a good-looking young man. Ah, I see—race and intelligence."

"Yes, both. But allow me to introduce you," said Lady Kendal. In another minute or so the women were trailing their silken and velvet skirts down-stairs to the dining-room.

Mrs. Washington Mostyn belonged to the "Four Hundred" of New York, if not by birth, at any rate by wealth. Her husband, who was content to pursue operations in Wall street most of the year round, was wont to leave the cultivation of society to his handsome wife. Their brown-stone mansion on Fifth avenue was as gorgeous as many of their richer neighbors, and no one understood better the art of "booming" an entertainment and getting herself talked about than Mrs. Washington Mostyn of New York. And then her "cottage" at Newport, was it not celebrated in every paper throughout the length and breadth of the continent? It was there that she entertained lavish migratory members of the English aristocracy in quest of amusement, wives, or sport—thereby forming connections which she meant to push vigorously now that she had actually arrived in London.

Had not Lord Birkenhead the duchess of Liverpool's oldest boy, been one of these feted and flattered youngsters? And was not the dear duchess proportionately grateful and inclined to open the ducal arms in a manner that she was not wont to do with certain dear friends and rivals from New York and Washington? And as to the society of which this fastidious lady was so distinguished an ornament, was it not the most select and "high-toned"—as the transatlantic scribe would put it—to be found on the same continent? But Mrs. Washington Mostlyn had still one unsatisfied ambition, and that was to become as much of a Londoner as her fair friends and neighbors had contrived to make themselves. To London, of course, like every other self-respecting American, she had been, but it was with the London of hotels, parks, and theaters only that she was familiar. Into its society she had never penetrated.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Mostyn, leaving her husband to perform his vocation of bear in Wall street, caused several enormous trunks to be packed, and, arming herself with introductions to some of the best people in London, betook herself, her maid, and her courtier by the next steamer to Liverpool, landing on these shores by the beginning of May. Lady Kendal, who loved above all things a new face, had been one of the first hostesses to make much of her.

It was rather an amusing table; though it somewhat shocked Mrs. Mostyn's fastidious sense of the social proprieties. Looking round, she was struck with the familiar look of the faces, and, as a matter of fact, she could have seen most of the persons present by taking a walk down Bond street and glancing in the hotographer's windows as she went along.

Lady Kendal's parties were celebrated in their way, for she was what an irreverent modern journalist has not inaptly called a "mixer." She would send down a famous poet with an ambassadress, a cabinet minister with a pretty actress, or consign a great lady to a fashionable singer. It was a social salad, and people were pleased, once in a way, to meet celebrities of whom they had heard a great deal. Now Mrs. Mostyn, like others of the "Four Hundred," knew little, and approved less of "mixing." She would as soon have asked Li Sing, her laundryman, to dinner as some of the actors, journalists, and painters whom Lady Kendal liked to see occasionally at her table. To-night, for instance, across the banks of mauve and white orchids, Mrs. Mostyn could catch the profile of her grace of Liverpool smiling on a handsome Polish tenor who had turned half the women's heads in half the opera-houses of Europe; while opposite her sat the celebrated biologist, Prof. Lyndall, who was apparently delighted with his neighbor, a little Virginian beauty who had written some rather erotic novels.

"Why couldn't Lady Kendall have told me what his line is?" thought Mrs. Mostyn, glancing at her partner as she settled herself in her place. "I hate talking to a man I know nothing about! Sport—art—the Gaiety? What shall it be? I know—polo! All Englishmen play polo, and if they don't they like you to think they do."

But it was not, after all, of polo that Mr. Algernon Upham conversed. He had a hundred amusing stories to tell—stories of the theatrical world in London, of great people in Vienna, of the ateliers in Paris.

"You—paint, then?" asked Mrs. Mostyn, when the talk turned on the last subject.

"I used to," said Upham modestly. "I have almost given it up now; in fact, I think it gave me up. I spent five years working in the Paris studios, and at the end of that time I came to the conclusion that I knew almost nothing about it."

"Ah, that is your modesty. I am sure you do know all about it," replied the lady sweetly; and then there was a little pause, during which the young man smiled and hesitated, as if he were about to say more. Mrs. Mostyn, feeling that she had unwittingly touched on personal matters, adroitly turned the talk into another channel. The American was charmed with her neighbor. He was not only young, handsome, and amusing but he seemed (no slight virtue in the eyes of Mrs. Mostyn) to be connected with various smart and imposing English families. With the enterprise of her sex and nation she determined to annex Algie. "What a charming young man," she thought, "to take to the play, to square one in the park, and to had cups of tea on one's 'at home' day!" He had such perfect taste and such an eye for color, for when the talk, as it sometimes will, turned on chiffons, Mrs. Mostyn was astonished to hear her neighbbor give an almost subtly feminine opinion on some point in dispute.

"Why, I believe you know more about it than I do," declared the lady, laughing.

"Well, I ought to, I suppose."

Mrs. Mostyn was so mystified that, for a perceptible instant, she found absolutely nothing to say. He evidently imagined that she knew all about him. With the tact of her sex, Mrs. Mostyn promptly turned the talk into generalities again, determining to ask her hostess all about her fascinating neighbor as soon as the ladies reached the drawing-room.

But the fates were against her. Lady Kendal was monopolized by an elderly matron, who never let go her hostess till the men appeared from the dining-room, and when they did so it was Algie Upham who slipped into the vacant chair by Mrs. Mostyn's side. This was a maneuver that is not in the nature of woman to withstand.

"Come and dine with me on Friday night," she said, as she at last rose to go; "100 Lowndes square 8 o'clock. Don't say you can't; one or two nice people are coming."

"I shall be more than charmed," replied the young man, bending, in his pretty, half-foreign way, over the lady's hand; "but you'll come to my place one day, won't you? Lady Kendal is coming to-morrow."

"Why, yes, I think I could go to-morrow," said Mrs. Mostyn; and so the thing was settled.

On the following day Mrs. Washington Mostyn, who had put on her most gorgeous attire—not having been long enough in London to know that here women do not bedeck themselves in the afternoon—tripped down to her little coupe, and directed the man to drive to Lady Kendal's, thoroughly pleased with herself and the world in general. She was going to see the charming young man of the night before, and the charming young man was going to dine with her on Friday. Moreover, she had on her most becoming bonnet.

The two ladies chatted cosily as the carriage bowled along.

"I'm so glad you could come," said Lady Kendal; "I'm sure you'll think his taste perfect. He has such lovely things."

"Lovely things?" inquired Mrs. Mostyn, with rising enthusiasm. She was one of those women who like the heroes of the moment to be set, as it were, in a framework of luxury.

"Yes; brocailes, such as you can't get for love or money. He has them specially manufactured from his own designs."

"He must be very rich," said the American. "That's the sort of thing our millionaires do at home."

"Well, Algie must make $3,000 or $4,000 a year, I should think," rejoined Lady Kendal, thoughtfully. "You see, he's so well connected. All the smartest women in London go to Algie."

If Mrs. Mostyn wondered for an instant how the society of smart women justified such reckless extravagance she said nothing, having a horror of appearing ignorant of London or the ways of London.

"You get on capitally," continued Lady Kendal. "Algie is so fond of Americans. You see they don't mind what they spend."

"No?" said Mrs. Mostyn, who was now thoroughly mystified; and just then the carriage drew up at a smart-looking house in a Mayfair street—the house all painted white with yellow silk curtains and blinds, and daisies and spiræ in the window-boxes.

The door was opened by a man-servant in livery, and the ladies were shown up-stairs into a large room like a studio. The walls were of golden leather, with draperies and curtains of dull gold silk, and here and there a touch of torquoise blue or faint pink, inwrought with gold, added another note to the harmonious picture in which the wood mantlepiece, the soft Persian carpet and the exquiset old mezzotints on the walls each played their part. One or two Chippendale cabinets displayed specimens of rare Nankin, the easy-chairs and lounges invited you to chat, and on every table and in every nook stood flowers and palms.

His master was engaged for the moment, the man announced, but would be with the ladies in a few minutes.

"What a perfectly charming studio!" cried Mrs. Mostyn, peering round in her pretty, short-sighted way, "only I don't see any canvasses or the usual artistic mess."

"Canvasses? Why should there be, my dear?"

"Well, but, isn't Mr. Upham an artist?"

"Artist!" cried Lady Kendal; "what an idea! Why, don't you know—I thought everybody knew—Mr. Upham is the fashionable dressmaker. His professional name is 'Eugene,' but we call him Algie. Why, I'm going to try on my new court bodice directly, and the dear boy will tell me exactly what's the matter with it."

For a moment Mrs. Mostyn's head almost reeled. She hardly knew if she gave a scream, or if she moved instinctively to the bell.

Whether her murmured excuses conveyed any notion to Lady Kendal it is difficult to say, for in another moment she had slipped down-stairs.

A dressmaker! Her charming young man—a man with whom she had already had almost a flirtation—was a dressmaker! It was preposterous—it was impossible. Why, there were a dozen odious journalists who were capable of telling the whole story in the American papers; and as Mrs. Mostyn threw herself into her coupe she fairly groaned as she remembered that she had herself insisted on the presence of this imposter at her first smart dinner in London.—*London World.*

The question of what shows the real gentleman is under discussion in the society journals. But the old, terse definition of the Kentuckian still abides, viz.: "A gentleman is the man who turns his back while his guest pours out the whisky."

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Monica," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is now "golden September," and a few days later. For the last fortnight Florence has been making strenuous efforts to leave the castle, but Dora would not hear of their departure, and Florence, feeling it will be selfish of her to cut short Dora's happy hours with her supposed lover, sighs, and gives in, and sacrifices her own wishes on the altar of friendship.

It is five o'clock, and all the men, gun in hand, have been out since early dawn. Now they are coming straggling home, in one or twos. Amongst the first to return are Sir Adrian and his cousin Arthur Dynecourt, who, having met accidentally about a mile from home, have trudged the remainder of the way together.

On the previous night at dinner, Miss Delmaine had spoken of a small gold bangle, a favorite of hers, she was greatly in the habit of wearing. She said she had lost it—when or where she could not tell; and she expressed herself as being very grieved for its loss, and had laughingly declared she would give any reward claimed by any one who should restore it to her. Two or three men had, on the instant, pledged themselves to devote their lives to the search; but Adrian had said nothing. Nevertheless, the bangle and reward had remained in his mind all that night and all to-day. Now he can not refrain from speaking about it to the man he considers his rival.

"Odd thing about Miss Delmaine's bangle," he remarks carelessly.

"Very odd. I dare say her maid has put it somewhere and forgotten it."

"Hardly. One would not put a bracelet anywhere but in a jewel-case or in a special drawer. She must have dropped it somewhere."

"I dare say; those Indian bangles are very liable to be rubbed off the wrist."

"But where? I have had the place searched high and low, and still no tidings of it can be found."

"There may have been since we left home this morning."

Just at this moment they come within full view of the old tower, and its strange rounded ivy-grown walls, and the little narrow holes in the sides they show at its highest point that indicate the position of the haunted chamber.

What is there at this moment in a mere glimpse of this old tower to make Arthur Dynecourt grow pale and to start so strangely? His eyes grow brighter, his lips tighten and grow hard.

"Do you remember," he says, turning to his cousin with all the air of one to whom a sudden inspiration has come, "that day when we visited the haunted chamber? Miss Delmaine accompanied us, did she not?"

"Yes"—looking at him expectantly.

"Could she have dropped it there?" asks Arthur lightly. "By Jove, it would be odd if she had—eh? Uncanny sort of place to drop one's trinkets."

"It is strange I didn't think of it before," responds Adrian, evidently struck by the suggestion. "Why, it must have been just about that time when she lost it. The more I think of it the more convinced I feel that it must be there."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; don't jump at conclusions so hastily! It is highly improbable. I should say that she dropped it anywhere else in the world."

"Well, I'll go and see, at all events," declares Adrian, unconvinced.

It is some lingering remnant of grace, some vague human shrinking from the crime that has begun to form itself within his busy brain, that now induces Dynecourt to try to dissuade Sir Adrian from his declared intention to search the haunted chamber for the lost bangle? With all his eloquence he seeks to convince him that there the bangle could not have been left, but to no effect. His suggestion has taken firm root in Sir Adrian's mind, and at least, as he frankly says, though it may be useless to hunt for it in that uncanny chamber, it is worth a try. It may be there. This dim possibility drives him to his fate.

"Well, if you go alone and unprotected your blood be on your own head," says Dynecourt lightly, at last surrendering his position. "Remember, whatever happens, I advise you not to go!"

As Arthur finishes his speech a sinister smile overspreads his pale features, and a quick light, as evil as it is piercing comes to his eyes. But Sir Adrian sees nothing of this. He is looking at his home, as it stands grand and majestic in the red light of the dying sun. He is looking, too, at the old tower, and at the upper portion of it, where the haunted chamber stands, and where he can see the narrow holes that serve for windows. How little could a man imprisoned there see of the busy world without!

"Yes, I'll remember," he says jestingly. "When the ghosts of my ancestors claim me as their victim, and incarcerate me in some fiendish dungeon, I shall remember your words and your advice."

"You don't mean to go there, of course?" asks Arthur carelessly, whilst watching the other with eager scrutiny. "It is quite a journey to that dismal hole, and it will be useless."

"Well, if it distresses you, consider I haven't gone," says Sir Adrian lightly.

"That is right," rejoins Arthur, still with his keen eyes fixed upon his cousin. "I knew you would abandon that foolish intention. I certainly shall consider you haven't gone."

They are at the hall door as these words pass Arthur's lips, and there they separate, Sir Adrian leaving him with a smile, and going away up the large hall whistling gayly.

When he has turned one corner, Arthur goes quickly after him, not with the intention of overtaking him, but of keeping him in view. Stealthily he follows, as though fearful of being seen.

There is no servant within sight. No friend comes across Sir Adrian's path. All is silent. The old house seems wrapped in slumber. Above, the pretty guests in their dainty tea-gowns are sipping Bohea and prattling scandal; below, the domestics are occupied in their household affairs.

Arthur, watching carefully, sees Sir Adrian go quickly up the broad front staircase, after which he turns aside, and, as though filled with guilty fear, rushes through one passage or another, until he arrives in the corridor that belongs to the servant's quarters.

Coming to a certain door, he opens it, not without some difficulty, and, moving into the dark landing that lies beyond it, looks around. To any casual observer it might seem strange that some of the cobwebs in this apparently long-forgotten place have lately been brushed away, as by a figure ascending or descending the gloomy staircase. To Arthur these signs bring no surprise, which proves that he, perhaps, has the best right to know whose figure brushed them aside.

Hurrying up the stairs, after closing the door carefully and noiselessly behind him, he reaches, after considerable mountings of what seem to be interminable steps, the upper door he had opened on the day they had visited the haunted chamber, when Ringwood and he had had a passage-at-arms about his curiosity.

Now he stands breathing heavily outside this door, wrapped in the dismal darkness of the staircase, listening intently, as it were, for the coming of a footstep.

In the meantime, Sir Adrian, not dissuaded from his determination to search the tower for the missing bangle, runs gayly up the grand staircase, traverses the corridors and galleries, and finally comes to the first of the iron-bound doors. Opening it, he stands upon the landing that leads to the other door by means of the small stone staircase. Here he pauses.

Is it some vague shadowy sense of danger that makes him stand now as though hesitating? A quick shiver runs through his veins.

"How cold it is," he says to himself, "even on this hot day, up in this melancholy place!" Yet, he is quite unconscious of the ears that are listening for his lightest movement, of the wicked eyes that are watching him through a chink in the opposite door!

Now he steps forward again, and, mounting the last flight of stairs, opens the fatal door and looks into the room. Even now it occurs to him how unpleasant might be the consequences should the door close and the secret lock fasten him in against his will. He pushes the door well open, and holds it so, and then tries whether it can fall to again of its own accord, and so make a prisoner of him.

No; it stands quite open, immovable apparently, and so, convinced that he is safe enough, he commences his search. Then, swift as lightning, a form darts from its concealed position, rushes up to the stone staircase, stealthily creeping still nearer, glances into the room.

Sir Adrian's back is turned; he is stooping, looking in every corner for the missing prize. He sees nothing, hears nothing, though a treacherous form crouching on the threshold is making ready to seal his doom.

Arthur Dynecourt, putting forth his hand, which neither trembles nor falters on its deadly mission, silently lays hold of the door, and drawing it toward him the secret lock clicks sharply, and separates the victim from the world!

Stealthily even now—his evil deed accomplished—Arthur Dynecourt retreats down the stairs, and never indeed relaxes his speed until at length he stands panting, but relentless, in the servant's corridor again.

Remorse he knows not. But a certain sense of fear holds him irresolute, making his limbs tremble and bringing out cold dews upon his brow. His rival is safely secured, out of all harm's way as far as he is concerned. No human being saw him go to the ill-fated tower; no human voice heard him declare his intention of searching it for the missing trinket. He—Arthur—had been careful before parting from him to express his settled belief that Sir Adrian would not go to the haunted chamber, and therefore he feels prepared to defend his case successfully, even should the baronet be lucky enough to find a deliverer.

Yet he is not quite easy in his mind. Fear of discovery, fear of Sir Adrian's displeasure, fear of the world, fear of the rope that already seems to dangle in red lines before his eyes render him the veriest coward that walks the earth. Shall he return and release his prisoner, and treat the whole thing as a joke, and so leave Adrian free to dispense his bounty at the castle, to entertain in his lavish fashion, to secure the woman upon whom he—Arthur—has set his heart for his bride?

No; a thousand times no! A few short days, and all will belong to Arthur Dynecourt. He will be "Sir Arthur" then, and the bride he covets will be unable to resist the temptation of a title, and the chance of being mistress of the stately old pile that will call him master. Let Sir Adrian die then in his distant garret alone, despairing, undiscoverable! For who would think of going to the haunted room in search of him? Who will even guess that any mission, however important, would lead him to it, without having mentioned it to some one? It is a grewsome spot, seldom visited and gladly forgotten; and, indeed, what possibly could there be in its bare walls and its bloodstained floors to attract any one? No; surely it is the last place to suspect any one would go to without a definite purpose; and what purpose could Sir Adrian have of going there?

So far Arthur feels himself safe. He turns away, and joins the women and the returned sportsmen in the upper drawing-room.

"Where is Dynecourt?" asks somebody later. Arthur, though he hears the question, does not even change color, but calmly, with a steady hand, gives Florence her tea.

"Yes; where is Sir Adrian?" asks Mrs. Talbot, glancing up at the speaker.

"He left us about an hour ago," Capt. Ringwood answers. "He said he'd prefer walking home, and he shoveled his birds into our cart, and left us without another word. He'll turn up presently, no doubt."

"Dear me, I hope nothing has happened to him!" says Ethel Villiers, who is sitting in a window through which the rays of the evening sun are stealing, turning her auburn locks to threads of rich red gold.

"I hope not, I'm sure," interposes Arthur, quite feelingly. "It does seem odd he hasn't come in before this." Then, true to his determination to so arrange matters that, if discovery ensues upon his scheme, he may still find for himself a path out of his difficulties; he says quietly, "I met him about a mile from home, and walked here with him. We parted at the hall-door; I dare say he is in the library or the stables."

"Good gracious, why didn't you say so before?" exclaims old Lady FitzAlmont in a querulous tone." "I quite began to believe the poor boy had blown out his brains through disappointed love, or something equally objectionable."

Both Dora and Florence color warmly at this. The old lady herself is free to speak as she thinks of Sir Adrian, having no designs upon him for Lady Gertrude, that young lady being engaged to a very distinguished and titled botanist, now hunting for ferns in the West Indies.

"Markham," says Mrs. Talbot to a footman who enters at this moment, "go to the library and tell Sir Adrian his tea is waiting for him."

"Yes, ma'am."

But presently Markham returns and Sir Adrian is not in the library.

"Then try the stables, try everywhere," says Dora somewhat impatiently.

Markham, having tried everywhere, brings back the same answer; Sir Adrian is apparently not to be found!

"Most extraordinary," remarks Lady FitzAlmont, fanning herself. "As a rule I have noticed that Adrian is most punctual. I do hope my first impression was not the right one, and that we shan't find him presently with his throat cut and wallowing in his blood on account of some silly young woman!"

"Dear mamma," interposes Lady Gertrude, laughing, "what a terrible old-fashioned surmise! No man nowadays kills himself for a false love; he only goes and gets another."

But, when the dinner-hour arrives, and no host presents himself to lead Lady FitzAlmont into dinner, a great fear falls upon the guests save one, and confusion and dismay, and anxious conjecture reign supreme.

[*To be Continued.*]

Getting Particles Out of the Eye.

A locomotive engineer tells the easiest way to get particles out of the eyes, thus: "The greatest difficulty the young engineer has to contend against is in getting particles of sand and dust in his eyes. When I was firing I found this bad enough, but the engineer's eyes are more exposed than the fireman's as he has to lean out of the cab more frequently, so as to get a good view ahead. It is hard to say what a man should do when his eye has something in it. He cannot use his greasy hands to rub it, and even if he did it would not help him. After trying a variety of plans I was recommended to try and keep my eye open. I did so and do it yet. When you feel a particle of something in your eye just try and keep it open. The effort seems to force out the intruding particle and prevent irritation."

A Thief in Hard Luck.

At Chengkiatuan, China, while a thief was engaged in robbing a house during the absence of the family the watchmen, hearing a noise, entered, but, failing to discover the intruder, proceeded to enjoy his pipe. He fell asleep and set fire to the building. The frightened thief was caught by the villagers as he essayed to escape, and, as many houses were consumed by the devouring flames, they proceeded to lynch him as an incendiary caught in the act. He was bound hand and foot, saturted with oil, buried into the burning mass, and speedily cremated, a victim to the blind fury of a Mongolian mob.

When winter's wind, with mad turmoil,
Sweeps over hills and plains,
'Tis then you need Salvation Oil
To heal your aches and pains.

Walking gloves bear heavy stitching on their backs.

"Down on your knees, and thank Heaven fasting," not for a good man's love this time, but because you have cured your cold so easily with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Use tepid water for washing white silk handkerchiefs.

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

"Looking Backward" has attained a sale of 371,000 copies.

Garfield Tea: harmless herbs, acts on liver, kidneys and bowels, creates an appetite, cures dyspepsia and constipation.

The winter in Spain has been one of the severest ever known.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

In Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets $8 a month.

A physician recently said: "probably Lydia E. Pinkham has done more for womankind than all the doctors combined, a woman understands those matters better than we do."

It is affirmed that in Gunnison county, Col., there are three hills of solid iron ore.

For Coughs and Throat Troubles use **"Brown's Bronchial Troches."**—"They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly." A. Fatch, Miamisville, Ohio.

Black hair is now the most chic shade, and fortunate are those whom nature has placed in the fashion.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week, and their name is legion, save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday sure. Ask your grocer for it.

It is claimed that the largest lumber mill in the world is located at Port Blakely, twelve miles from Seattle.

Completed to Deadwood.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln, Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to Newcastle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Professor Bell, of Bell telephone fame, has given $25,000 to the association for the teaching of speech to the dumb of New York.

Lovers of the Beautiful

Will be pleased to learn that a collection of twenty of the finest scenic views in Wisconsin and Minnesota may be obtained, free of postage, by the sending of an address and fifty cents in postage (or otherwise) to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

In Chicago a fine of [illegible] is imposed upon the company which sends out a car for public use without having it warmed by a stove or their heating apparatus.

Money For Everybody.

Mrs. Wells asks "Is it a fact that a person can make $30 or $40 a week in the plating business?" Yes. I make from $5 to $8 a day, plating and selling plated ware. W. H. Griffin & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, will give you full instructions. In this business there is money for everybody.

G. W. RUSSELL.

For balls and evening parties the hair is worn in the Greek fashion, with varied but small ornaments.

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 American saddle is now used by the British cavalry.

James T. Kyle, senator elect from South Dakota, sawed wood to pay his way through college. He is a prohibitionist.

Let's reason together.

Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers' good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, *so much faith* that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their *guarantee* is not indefinite and relative, but *definite* and *absolute*—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "*on call.*"

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Doctor Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost $1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, *they cost nothing!*

Nothing Else Will Do It.

We have volumes of evidence to prove that S. S. S. is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Taint.

I suffered for five years with the worst form of blood poison, during which time I was attended by the best physicians I could find, and tried numbers of proprietary medicines without any beneficial results. I continued to grow worse all this time, until my whole system was destroyed by the vile disease, my tongue and throat having great holes caused by it. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S.S.S.), and in a few months I was entirely cured, and to this great medicine do I attribute my recovery. This was over two years ago, and I have had no return or any effects of the disease since, and my skin is to-day as smooth as anybody's.—William Bowers, Covington, O.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC
S.S.S.
Is as near infallible as it is possible for a medicine to be in the cure of Blood poison.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Jim Preston's Bicycle

A Story for Boys

BY

ELLEN LE GARDE

A STORY of real pluck and enterprise. How Jim worked against obstacles, early and late, as a newsboy, express boy and a *business* boy, to earn sufficient money to pay for his Bicycle. *Finely Illustrated.*

This Story sent Free of Charge to any boy (or girl) who will send us the names and addresses of five other boys (or girls). Address

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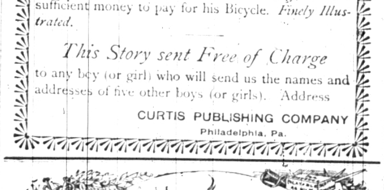


A State of Siege

How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out *against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases,* until the siege is raised. *It prevents wasting in children.* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES PERMANENTLY
SCIATICA. LUMBAGO.

N. Ogden, Mich., May 17, 1890. "My brother—Rev. Samuel Porter, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of excruciating sciatic pains in his thigh." J. M. L. PORTER.

410 Kearney St., San Francisco, Cal. April 28, 1890. My wife and I both have been afflicted with lame-back and sore throat, and have found permanent cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil. E. J. IMRA.

IT IS THE BEST.

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.

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

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

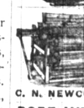
CHEAP FARMS, Fine climate, free fuel, rich soil and best stock country. Nebraska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

TACOMA $100 or $1000 Carefully Invested here bring ANNUALLY from twenty to 100%. Tacoma Investment Co., Tacoma, Wash.

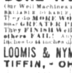
WANTED! A LADY
To send out circulars, do pleasant, paying steady home work, few hours daily; send 10c (silver) for book of instructions in our NEW ART, with terms. SYLVAN CO., Box N. Port Huron, Mich.

YOU CAN MAKE $5 PER DAY
No Capital required. Circulars free. DUNLAP PEN CO. BOSTON, MASS.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq. Box 3390, N. Y. City.



This universal favor accorded Tillinghast's Puget Sound Cabbage Seeds leads me to offer a P. S. Grown Onion, the finest Yellow Globe in existence. To introduce it and show its capabilities I will pay $100 for the best yield obtained from 1 ounce of seed which I will mail for 50 cts. Catalogue free.
Isaac F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Pa.



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Rag Carpet LOOM.
Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Send for circulars.
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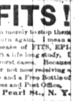
BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!



Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL! They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, - OHIO. Catalogue FREE!

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

VASELINE.
FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

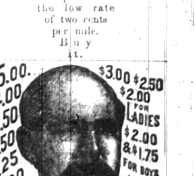
One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade	15 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream	15 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice	10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented	10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented	25 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline	25 cts.
	$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.
CHESEBROUGH M'F'G. Co., 24 State St., New York.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The hope of the traveller is realized in THE new mileage book of the C. H. & D. that is sold for Twenty Dollars. The UNIVERSAL ticket between Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Niagara Falls, St. Louis, Salamanca, Ann Arbor, Buffalo, Ft. Wayne, Cadillac, Peoria and Cleveland. A MILEAGE BOOK to a thousand best points at the low rate of two cents per mile. Buy it.



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$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
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All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertised price or a postal for order blanks. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
WANTED—Shoe Dealer in every city and town not occupied, to take exclusive agency. All agents advertised in local paper. Send for illustrated catalogue.

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