DISGUISES.

All wear disguises in life's drama,
Some are ugly and others fair,
A face may masquerade and claim
To be a heart.

A cynic's sneer may serve to hide
A tender heart of gold,
And in the sea very pearls
Beneath a surface cold.

Full many men whate to the eye
Are black as night within,
Are spotted as it which there lie
But bones and carbonized skin.

They say that when some death we wake
We know as we are known,
Each from his face the mask will take
And the truth be shown.

Inter Ocean.

SCARLET FORTUNE

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"The earl of Cleve presents his compliments to Lady Evelyne Wynter," he wrote, "and desires to explain a circumstance which, he is afraid, must have surprised Lady Evelyne. Lord Cleve is afflicted with loss of memory, the result of some wounds received in Egypt. It is, therefore his misfortune, and not his fault, if he did not recognize Lady Evelyne Wynter this afternoon. He hopes that this apology will be his excuse, and that Lady Evelyne Wynter will believe that Lord Cleve could not possibly have acted towards her in any spirit of discourtesy."

"It's just like a fairy story, isn't it?" Miss Lucy exclaimed, when the young gentleman had dotted all his "i's" and crossed all his "t's," "an' it's a little amazing like maple sugar, when you get too much of it on your spoon. I guess she's a bonsum young woman. Wal, it ain't no matter." With that she jumped away, apparently unburdened by thoughtfulness or care.

That was all outward show, however; a nervous determination not to show to the man she loved how much she loved him. If it had been possible for a prying eye to penetrate into Lucy's chamber that night, it would have found her walking up and down the softly-carpeted floor like a caged panther. Her bosom heaved, she swung her tiny hands with a nervous grip and big tears were flowing down her cheeks. At last she flung herself on her knees by the bedside, and buried her head in the coverlet, while in her sobs and in the masses of her hair fell like a glossy shower around her. She sobbed, and sobbed and sobbed, as if her heart would break.

On a sudden, she jumped up in a silent fury, both against herself and the fortune which oppressed her. She gnashed her white teeth, and tore at her hair.

"God!" she cried, "don't try me too severely. I'm only a woman after all, and I'll soon be more than I can bear. What have I done, how have I sinned, to deserve it all?"

The paroxysm of her grief prostrated her, and she gradually sank on her bed, and lay stretched on the floor, where her lissome figure lay extended, white and cold as the garments which sparsely covered her, while her trembling lips murmured: "What have I done? What have I done? What have I done? What have I done?"

Even the squalid ugliness of London architecture could not rob a summer morning of its early roseate beauty, and Lucy could see the first softly blushing light of day, creeping from the eastern horizon, through the aperture between her curtains, ere she recovered her wonted composure. She went into her dressing-room and splashed herself with cold water. The touch of the refreshing element seemed to bring back vigor of mind and elasticity of body, and the previously-mentioned prying intruder had seen Miss Lucy only at that moment would have deemed her the most hardened of cynics.

"Wal, it's just another slice of my luck, I s'pose," she said as she splashed and flung the water about her in all directions; "an' what can't be cured can't be endured. I've gone that far, an' I'll jest see it out, I reckon."

Five minutes afterward, her head resting on her sun-bronzed arm, and her bosom moving in as tranquil a sleep as a child might enjoy, Lucy's mind was at rest.

The first few days of Lord Cleve's sojourn in London passed swiftly amidst the stress of the ordinary occupations of a gentleman of fortune who has just inherited his possession of his property. Solicitors had to be consulted, interviews had to be granted to bailiffs, stewards and tenants; tradesmen's bills, left unpaid by the previous bearer, had of the title had to be checked and settled; and amid the hurry and scurry of all this matter-of-fact occupation, Lord Cleve found no little time to abandon himself to the round of gaieties temptingly baited for him by Belgravian society, much loth to follow the regular giddy whirl of fashion's daily rites. He would breakfast with Lucy, and then pass hours and hours with those who had business with him, and if a hasty luncheon would be succeeded by further work. He could barely snatch so much of the daily sunshine as to take Lucy for an afternoon ride in the Row. The fashionable equestrian promenade had seen few such horsewomen as that daughter of the Rockies, who sat on her horse as if she had been part of it, and, once when her mount, frightened beyond measure by such a trifle as a flaring yellow parasol poked into its face by a silly woman, plunged and reared, and wheeled, as if it would never recover its equanimity, Lucy seemed so little ruffled by its chafe that the lookers-on gave her a ringing cheer. People began to wonder, society began to enquire, who was the lovely girl in that quaint nefashionable habit who so often accompanied Lord Cleve.

In the meantime, Lord Cleve had endeavored to learn from Lucy, why she had held no communication, and wished no communication, with her father and cousin. Her reply was simple enough. She said that she hated her cousin, and that she had "a deadly quarrel" with her father, and had vowed never to live with them again. In answer to more pressing enquiries, she turned up her blue eyes at him and looked into his eyes with such a tender pleading, that he had not the courage to persist.

"Don't ask more," she begged, and he who was the most deeply indebted to her was happy to look into the face that bore such a heavenly stamp of truth, and, by one deep gaze, to silence the promptings of curiosity.

On the other hand, the Maclanes, George and David, seemed to take no trouble to reopen intercourse with Lucy. When they got the first distant glimpse of her from the hut in the mountains, they explained Lucy's absence by the statement that she had gone off with a young man, "d'ye know, whether, and that Dick Ashland had gone away with the pair.

Lucy's many admirers came to the conclusion that the girl whom they had thought unconquerable had, after all, turned out a woman like the rest of the prairie wenches, and had fallen a prey to the insinuating speeches of a handsome young stranger. From that moment, the interest in her welfare disappeared. There was an imposing pretense of a broken heart, but George bravely asserted that his daughter, having left the parental roof without his authority, might lie on the bed she had made for herself, for all he cared. The result of this line of conduct was that but little enquiry was made after the fate of the supposed fugitive.

The Maclanes had been wise enough in their generation to allow a sufficient stretch of time—more than a year, in fact—to elapse before proclaiming their discovery to the world. In the meantime, they had taken all necessary steps to secure all immediate profits and undisputed possession of the land that had teemed with wealth. The red-handed Fortune smiled, and, by her guilty lieir, Lucy was, and remained, forgotten.

Nearly three weeks had passed since Lord Cleve's arrival in London, and he had not, for a second time, set eyes on Lady Evelyne Wynter, the Maclanes.

He had taken part in none of society's ceremonials, until, one afternoon, in company with Mr. Quentheim, he strolled into the Royal horticultural society's grounds at South Kensington, where a charity fete was being held. The lovely gardens were gay with the choicest bloom and green, and filled by a fashionable throng. Delicate, high-born ladies hawked trinkets and trifles, which others had, for the nonce, transformed themselves into stall-tenders and barmaids.

Lord Cleve and Mr. Quentheim sauntered up and down the broad walks, stopping here and there to purchase or to chat, for, although the young earl knew few persons, his companion had some measure of acquaintance with most. Quite a buzz of excitement followed their footsteps, as everybody wanted to have a look at the young nobleman, whose romantic career, and perhaps, also his bachelor condition, made him so very interesting. Eye-glasses were raised, and opera-glasses were pointed, till the stiff ceremony, and Herbert, to escape, if possible, from the well-bred rudeness which dogged him, walked leisurely with his companion into a more secluded part of the grounds. He thus managed to free himself from the starers, who blobbed him, and was about to express to his companion his satisfaction at the result, when he heard himself addressed by name.

"Lord Cleve, won't you buy something from me?"

He turned and found that the speaker was no less a person than Lady Evelyne Wynter.

"Do buy something, Lord Cleve," the lady chatted on, exhibiting Saxe's wife a heterogeneous profusion of oddities and uselessnesses. "It is for a charity, you know—a hospital—most deserving."

With that the young lady dipped into her assortment of wares, and produced a hand-emproidered cigar case.

"Only five pounds, Lord Cleve, and it is such a deserving charity. I know you won't refuse me."

Lord Cleve naturally neither could nor did refuse. He counted out the five sovereigns, and he did so he looked into my lady's languidly smiling eyes. They were big, and they were blue, and although they were not Lucy's, they were as blue as Lucy's. Lord Cleve thought them very beautiful. Lady Evelyne was not as pretty as Lucy—that she could not possibly be—but Lord Cleve thought she was handsomer. The young woman—next to Lucy—as he had seen in his life. As he placed the coins on the young lady's extended palm, the finger tips barely touched the soft and velvety hand, and whether it were from unison of feeling, or just for the fun of the thing, both Lady Evelyne and Herbert smiled.

The young lady had no difficulty in admitting that the young earl was a handsome example of distinguished manhood, and harmony of sentiment between the pair was quickly so far established that they began to chat, apparently in fun, of their, as they called it, past and forgotten engagement.

The engagement was not so far forgotten, however, by the young lady at any rate, that she did not open all her batteries of witchery to rekindle in the young earl's heart the kindly memory which he had so unfortunately lost. "For shame," Mrs. Grundy will say, "that brazen young woman is engaged to Mr. David Maclane," and Mrs. Grundy is perfectly right. It was wrong. The young lady herself stated that fact to Lord Cleve, with a sly glance at him and another at Mr. Quentheim, and a faint pretense of wishing to leave Lord Cleve, however, found Lady Evelyne a society so charming, and a young lady, on her side, had forgotten all about her self-imposed duties as a vender on behalf of charity. She thought the young man had much improved by his long residence abroad, and his manner towards her simply delightful. In the result, the conversation degenerated into a too harmless flirtation, which was kept within bounds by the opportune presence of Mr. Quentheim. As it was, they became so interested in each other's converse that they did not notice the approach of Lady Gwendale, who, accompanied by Messrs. George and David Maclane, stopped for some minutes to shot the little group without either of the three being aware of her presence. Lady Gwendale acted as a cautious general, she dispensed nothing save approve or to rebuke; she did not even evince astonishment. She was, nevertheless, just a trifle afraid that a would slight escape from her daughter's lips which could be misconstrued by Mr. Maclane, and therefore ended the slight temporary embarrassment by saying—

"My dear, Mr. Maclane has been looking for you all over the garden." Then, seeing that the young earl rather shrinked, she held out her hand. "Lord Cleve, you must be a naughty man, to introduce myself, for I am aware that you have most likely forgotten me. I am Lady Gwendale, your mother was one of my earliest and dearest friends."

The young man, taken aback by her laughing and sudden appearance, and even more by the presence of the two Americans, whose cold face seemed to penetrate him like something uncanny or inexplicably loathsome—he knew not why—stammered a few incoherent words. The moment afterwards he chided himself for his seemingly unreasonable dislike to the Maclanes.

"Now that you know me," continued Lady Gwendale, in her brightest mood, "you must allow me to introduce to you my future son-in-law, Mr. David Maclane."

At these words Lord Cleve discovered a new, and to him reasonable, excuse for disliking the young Westerner. He who should be Mr. Maclane, Lady Evelyne Wynter, and, strange as it may seem, the young earl suddenly considered this a personal injury.

David Maclane, in return, looked at the young Englishman as if he could have poisoned him.

"I have an idea," said Lord Cleve to Mr. Quentheim, as they were walking back, "quite a confused idea, but still an idea, that I have met these men before. I wish Lucy were not so reticent on the subject. The pity is that the more I try to think the less my brain will lead itself to the work, and I generally break down helplessly in any attempt of the kind."

"Why don't you go and see Sir William Cuthbertson?" suggested Mr. Quentheim. "He is a great specialist in cases of this sort, and some of the cures he has made are nothing short of marvelous."

"I don't think there is much chance for me," Herbert answered. "My injuries, I am afraid, are permanent."

"It cannot possibly do harm to try," the friend replied. "It is surely worth while."

"I will take your advice," exclaimed Herbert, with a hot and sudden determination. "I will go and call upon Sir William Cuthbertson to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Heart Is His Stomach.

Of a certain New York clubman, the Recorder tells that he became desperately enamored of a charming country widow. She was not unmindful of his passion, and invited him down to dine at her place. He was something of a gourmet, and as she was richly endowed with the accomplishments of a good husband's trade in some patent medicines, the suitor anticipated a delicious little dinner which should make him appear at his best. But when it came to putting the question. But when they were at table, and she served him only cold beef, jelly, tea and lemonade, he felt cold. He had never made love after a dinner like that, and he could not rekindle the flame. It was no go and he gave it up. As he was making his adieux, the widow said, with seeming simplicity, "My dear Mr. W., how does one get into New York society?" His opportunity had come. It was a mean business, but he took it as he replied: "By not serving lemonade at dinner!" And he hurried to the station.

Humor in the Cemetery.

The Saunteres has a washerwoman who is an interesting creature in her way. This Katy has nothing to do, however, with her duties at the tub. The other morning the Saunteres happened to meet Katy on the street.

"Good morning, Katy," said the Saunteres.

Katy made a courtesy.

"The top of the mornin' to ye," she answered.

"Where have you been this morning, Katy?"

"To the cemitery, yer honor, and oh it would amuse yer to see how dead place has growed."—Boston Budget.

One King of Gold Bugs.

The gold bugs which were so popular as ornaments a few years ago were most of them manufactured. There is a genuine gold bug, or beetle, existing in nature, but it is found only in the tropics, and is not plentiful even there. The gold bug of commerce is simply the common June bug dipped in shellac or some other gum and rolled in very fine gold dust. After the dust has dried in the shellac, the bug, except in weight, would pass for a piece of genuine gold jewelry.

Origin of Closure Rule.

This word closure, about which we are hearing so much, came into legislative use in the British house of commons in 1882, and is applied to a rule which cuts off debate and prevents further discussion or motion by the minority, bringing the question to a direct and conclusive vote. The French word cloture is often employed to express the same thing. It is really an emphatic and delusive way of saying, "Come, we have talked enough about this matter, we must decide now."

From Different Standpoints.

"And this is the state penitentiary, is it?" inquired the stranger who was strolling about the grounds at Joliet. "It's a pretty fine piece of architecture."

"It depends a good deal on how you are looking at it," replied the man spoken to, giving slyly at the bystanders.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it does," resumed the stranger. "How does it look on the inside?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Production of Wool.

Wool, Wooler, Woolman, Tarrier, Sacker, Stapler, Stapler, Carder, Comber, Spinner, Reeler and Toter, Spindler, Weaver, Shearer, Webster, Lister, Tainter, Dyer, Wooder, Maderman, Tucker, Fuller, Walker, Beater, Baiter and Bates, Sherman, Draper, Shearer, Weaver, Blacker, Blaker and Blackster are all names derived from various operations connected with the manufacture of wool into cloth.

Relics of Washington's Battles.

Relics of the battles that accompanied Washington's retreat through New York are still found in the Washington Heights region. A police officer long stationed in that part of the city made a very interesting collection of cannon balls and military buttons and buckles picked up on the battlefield.

Encouraging an Author.

Manuscript Reader—Here is a manuscript from some writer I never heard of.

Great Magazine Editor—Well, we are discouraging the poor fellow. Kick it around the floor, so it will look as if it had been carefully read and send it back.

Ironclads of the British Navy.

In 1866 an experimental cruise of all the ironclads in the British navy, thirty in number, was made during very rough weather, to ascertain how they would behave during a storm; result deemed successful.

No Longer Fresh.

Knight—You ought not to complain now; before we were married I told you how bad I was.

Mrs. Knight—Yes; but you never told me how you'd be able to alter it afterward.—Puck.

OF GENERAL INTEREST

NEWS GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES.

The Russian Imperial Coronerial Treaty Signed—Write Man Drowned by a Yacht Capsizing—Other Items.

Emperor William Says Something.

Berlin cable: Emperor William attended the dinner given by Chancellor Von Caprivi to members of the senate and delivered a speech. In this he announced the fact that the treaty of commerce with Russia had been signed. His majesty said that never before had the reichstag to make a decision fraught with such imperious consequences as this treaty. Its rejection, he said, would be inevitably followed by a lasting and at a time when the world's peril by a real war. "Let every deputy," he continued, "realize his responsibility. The favorable terms of the treaty were entirely due to personal intervention of the czar and his strong love of peace. The treaty is marked throughout by love of peace. The czar had been compelled to overcome a vigorous resistance on the part of the manufacturing and commercial interests of Russia."

Emperor William was exceedingly gracious and complimentary in his speech at the soiree for three hours. Herr Levitzow, the president of the reichstag, submitted to that august body a petition of the farmers against the financial reform bill. He listened attentively and then replied that the passage of the bill was of high political necessity. Bypassing it the reichstag would wire the lasting gratitude of the Germans, he concluded by saying that patriotism and responsibility forbade its rejection.

THE MURDERER CAUGHT.

Kalamazoo Officials Think They Have the Man Who Killed Butcher Schilling.

March 21, 1893, at noon, Louis Schilling, prominent Kalamazoo, Mich., butcher was murdered in the office of his meat market. Five shots in succession were at dinner. Robbery was the motive as money he was known to have was not found. The murderer was committed with a knife; his throat having been cut. Although the officials have worked very hard on the case no clues have been discovered.

Last week Deputy Sheriff Tefft received a tip that Wm. Algiure, of Kalamazoo, could give some information and he was promptly arrested. He at once turned state's evidence. He said that at the time of the murder he was employed as cook in Horace Mansfield's restaurant; that Anna Wood was also employed there; that he had seen the woman in her room and on one occasion heard an unknown man plaining with Mansfield who, he thought, to secure certain papers "old Schilling" had. On the day of the murder Algiure was in the office of the room where Mansfield entered and took a bloody knife from his pocket; the woman washed it and handed Mansfield a bloated Algiure if he didn't keep mum. Algiure asserts that the man who planned the job was arrested in Miss Wood's room for two days before the murder.

GEORGE W. CHILDS DEAD.

The Celebrated and Beloved Editor Philanthropist Goes to His Reward.

On January 9 died George W. Childs, the well-known philanthropist and editor of the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, was stricken with a second attack of apoplexy. Multitudes of friends made anxious inquiries from all parts of the country, and were told that Mr. Childs was conscious, but not withstanding this he slowly sank until 3:00 a. m., February 3, his spirit fled.

George W. Childs was born at Baltimore, Md., May 12, 1829. He entered the United States navy at the age of 14 and served two months in the service. He then settled in Philadelphia, where he obtained a clerkship as a shop boy in a book store. At the age of 21, having saved from his earnings, he began up in business for himself, and with his brother-in-law, Jerome Jones, purchased the E. K. Peterson & Co. Catterwards Childs & Jerome, and was successful in business. In 1864 he retired from the firm, and on December 1, 1864, purchased the stock of the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia. When he became owner of the paper it was a struggling one, and its circulation was small, but it soon became a great success. Under the lead of Mr. Childs it has made splendid use of its vast wealth. He was philanthropic in the best sense. He was a close friend of Gen. Grant, and presented him with a home, one of the finest in the city, and his hospitality was proverbial. He and his friend, Mr. Drexel, gave a sum of money to the International Typographical Union as a nucleus for a fund, which to found the home for superannuated craftsmen, which, was built at Colorado Springs, Col.

FIVE MEN DROWNED.

Some Were Michigan Men—Their Yacht Capsized Off Florida's Coast.

Seven men left Pensacola, Fla., in a small sailboat to go to Big Sabine, in Santa Rosa Sound, about 12 miles. They were A. H. Rollins, foreman; G. M. Washburn, turner; Ed. Moberly, finisher; Musick, a machinist, all employes of Harwell's furniture factory; a Mr. Rounder, an unknown man and William Brown, the latter sailing the boat. A strong norther was blowing about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as they started to return, and the boat capsized. The survivors clung to the boat for hours, but Rollins, Washburn, Moberly, Musick and Brown became exhausted and sank one after the other by one. The other two men held on and were rescued about noon the next day almost unconscious, by a lumber lighter. They were almost insensible. The men were recent arrivals having come from Michigan and Iowa to work in the furniture factory. All of them were single men, except Rollins.

Rumors From Rio.

Cable from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Admiral Da Gama has given notice that he will soon blockade Rio, and has disposed his forces accordingly. This step is intended to assert belligerent rights for the insurgents. The action of the foreign commanders is awaited with anxiety.

President Peixoto received United States Minister Thompson. No foreign diplomat has been received by Peixoto since the breaking out of the revolt, and Thompson's visit was made in the case of Minister Thompson in recognition of the attitude of strict neutrality which the United States government and its representatives have preserved during the troubles in Brazil.

Admiral Benham is about to send the cruiser New York to Desterro in the south to look after American interests there which are menaced by the insurgents.

Admiral De Mello has formed a plan by which 2,000 men, landed in Rio Grande do Sul and land them outside the harbor of Rio Janeiro and to make a combined attack on the city.

Admiral da Gama had prepared to land his forces and attack Nictheroy, believing that the national guard there would support him. His plans were discovered and he abandoned the scheme.

England's underhanded methods have again been manifest. Mello and the Insurgents allege that the nationality have been supplying them for some time with rifles and ammunition. The English tug Cardiff was captured by President Peixoto's orders shortly after she left the city. Her manifest showed she had to be laden with dynamite, which she was to deliver to the imperial warship Trajano, lying outside the harbor in Rio bay. The tug was returned to the wharf and the explosives removed. The captain of the Cardiff then complained to be British officials. The English are indignant and revert to the "highhanded outrage" with considerable heat.

Martin & Campbell have nearly completed the erection of a $12,000 cold storage warehouse at Marquette.

EXPERIENCE OF A DIVER.

A Succession of Fits of Fear and Hope on His First Assay in Armor.

The great Russian diver, who was put on my shoulders, and the upper folds of the India rubber collar were drawn through it and screwed up with small screws to make a water tight joint. The helmet, with the bulls-eye glass in front uncovered, was then put upon the brassy plate, given an eighth of a turn and secured. Dressed up in full diver's dress, leaving only the bulls-eye to shut me off completely from the air which is life. He who held the glass then put it in its place and gave it a turn, screwing it tight.

I was completely boxed up, and as well as my heavy boots would allow me I stepped on the ladder, and the heavy weights on my chest and back were adjusted. The life-line looped round my waist was brought up in front of my body and caught again at my waist, and I had also a belt at my waist with my knife at my left hand side. The moment had come for me to descend the short ladder, and I took a single hope which led to the sand down below the North Sea.

Now, you wonder, what I felt like as I descended the ladder grating? I will say that I felt like a man who, after having started on a rash and hazardous exploit, must carry it out to the bitter end. I felt the great difficulty in breathing, and remembering the advice given to me, I stopped when I had descended a few feet and came up a step coughing and spitting out the lungs.

The result was good for I could breathe freely and thus encouraged I descended again, and clutching the rope at the end of the ladder I slid down it and was on the sand in the very bottom. Then an overwhelming sense of inability to help myself and of fearfulness on me, and I stood for some moments helpless as a child. This stiff fear soon passed, and I attempted to walk, but with the most ridiculous results, for I rolled about like an intoxicated man and could not keep my balance, do what I would.

This was so marked, and I found it progress so difficult, that I spoke up the tube and asked what I should do, says a writer in Chums. They told me to turn the cock on my right hand and to let some of the air in the helmet escape. I did so and with immediate and happy results, for I regained my balance, and, despite the eighty pounds of lead on my shoulders and thirty pounds on my boots, I could walk freely and easily.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

Professor Mehan Relates a Striking Instance With Some Hens.

A few years ago the person who might give utterance to the idea that any but human beings possessed reasoning powers would have been considered guilty of rank heresy. But with advanced enlightenment there are thousands who have been driven to the belief that the creator has bestowed the gift of reason upon man alone, but upon animals as well, even insects coming in for a share of that force which is a grade higher than instinct, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Close observers are continually making public examples which show that that class of animal life which has been dubbed as "the lower orders" when compared with human kind accomplish results the working out of which can scarcely be explained on instinct alone. The reasoning faculty is especially noticeable among dogs, while many other animals evidence a power of thought, of ability to reason, really remarkable. In a recent address before the Academy of Natural Science some time ago Professor Mehan related an instance that came under his own observation, which, while not conclusive evidence of reasoning power in insects, yet is strongly indicative of it. During a light spring shower the professor took shelter under a large linden tree in full bloom.

While there he noticed an unusually large number of bees at work among the flowers of the linden, while a tree of another species close at hand, also in bloom, had no bees about it. The reason was quickly apparent to him. The deserted tree was light foliage, and the rain poured through it freely, while the linden had heavy foliage and in such abundance that the rain was shed almost as perfectly as from an umbrella. The bees were evidently aware of this, for they came and went directly two and from the linden, ignoring the other tree entirely.

He assumed, and seemingly correctly, that this could not be purely instinct, but was the result of reasoning. Of a higher order, perhaps, but still a line above an "inverted impulse, unconscious and involuntary, which guided to the performance of an action without thought of improvement in the method."

Never be without it. Mr. Chas. Vlacher, Druggist, Hot Springs, Ark., says of Kidney-Wort: "Five doses of Dr. Hull's Couch Syrup cured me of a severe cough. I shall always keep it."

The daguerreotype was invented by Daguerre, in the first months of 1839, and subsequently improved.

Best remedy for sprains and pains: Mr. J. Spring, Bentonville, Ohio, writes: "I have used Salvation Oil and have obtained great relief from its use. My family have tried Salvation Oil for the best for sprains and pains in the back, and it sells all pink.

Air Brakes were invented by George Westinghouse, Jr., in 1868, and subsequently improved.

Man's Fall.

Since the original fall of man we have had every variety of fatal mishaps, which include Niagara or the immense fall in the Yellowstone park, and everyone is liable to the nature of accidents which may lay us low at any moment. Such was the case with George W. Lord, Olanta, Pa., who says he fell down a flight of stairs and hurt his back with a strained back. The use of St. Jacobs Oil soon cured him. Mr. Lord, Roeder, O., Eight street, Omaha, Neb., writes: "I was troubled with a lame back for years, and tried everything I could hear of, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Never fail with so good a thing.

Krupp employs 21,000 people.

There are 5,000 species of bees.

In Norway men have to be vaccinated before they can vote.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurity, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel St., Phila., says—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. I was cured, and my face is all smooth and clear, and I sleep splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ASSORTED NOTES.

See Colchester Spading Doubleboot, in other column.

The next door neighbor to pride is shame.

Love can live where all other good would die.

Spiritual Dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at cloudy weather.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

If some of our heads were not so big our hearts would grow faster.

When people are hired to be good they will stop as soon as the pay stops.

When you want to walk straight yourself don't watch somebody else's feet.

Truth needs no policies nor stratagems nor licensings to make her vigorous.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

The man who seeks his reward in this world never gets a price that suits him.

Some people who are over sensitive in feelings are underly sensitive in conscience.

Students at Yale represent twenty-seven states and six foreign countries.

The largest theater in the world is the Chicago opera house, which covers three acres of ground.

The fashionable cat at the national show in London this year was blue and long haired.

A neatly printed swinging sign over a Philadelphia door reads: "Repairing Kliner and Diang Neatly Done."

An interesting case was finally decided by the Boston supreme court lately. A law was passed not long ago forbidding the sale of fowl for certain seasons of the year, the purpose being to protect the natural breeding of this fish in the streams of Massachusetts. Walter S. Gilbert of Plymouth raised trout in an artificial pond on his own land and makes a business of selling them. He thought a law forbidding him to carry on this business as well as others, just as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.

Carbuncles Large as Hen's Eggs!

Mrs. Nannie Goulman, of Sesinbaugh, King William Co., Va., writes as follows: "I had carbuncles for 7 years. My father, Col. T. U. Fogg, of West Point, Va., was laid up with carbuncles, the word that, I dared. He tried everything he heard of, his doctor could do nothing for him. Had six or seven carbuncles at a time, as large as hen's eggs, and suffered so much he could not walk a step. In 1873 he had his leg taken off in the middle of his room and he died within a month. No one expected him to live. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, expected for all kinds of disorders. Before he had taken half a bottle of Discovery he was able to go away. Two bottles entirely cured him." Col. T. U. Fogg.

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