FOLDED HANDS.

Poor tired hands that have toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That one was dying.

Poor, rough hands that drained the live-long
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning
Off toiling on until we saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and look these tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And case with her across the twilight lands
Some whispered words tender.

I think to night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That enough tired, she would not wish to go,
And have me then cruelly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping,
How still it is to see here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil the highest duty,
That I gave for precious years as there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold,
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave her sweet.

—Albert Bigelow Paine in the Home Queen.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

But he had so much to tell her. He grew warm upon the subject of his newly recovered faculty, and she listened as if she drank life and happiness with every word. He was so glad to be able to tell her all he remembered, his boyish history, his days at school and afterwards, and he wandered on to his rovings on the prairies. Lucy's face became paler yet, and a hushed awe trembled on her brow.

He told her all that he remembered about their first meeting, and about his encounter with Dick Ashland. Suddenly, a look of horror crept into his features. He started up as from a fearful dream, and stared at the girl who sat in front of him.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it's come back to me! It's come back to me! It was David Maclane who murdered Dick Ashland, and who tried to murder me!"

He rose writhing his arms in the air, and with staring eyes, he retreated a step or two.

"I can see him as if it were now," he added, in nervous rapidity. "I can see him in the moonlight. I am lying there, and Dick Ashland is lying there." He pointed with outstretched fingers to two distinct places on the carpet. "We are both shot—blood streams from the wounds, the Maclanes, have shot us from the cliffs behind above. I can see David Maclane drawing a big knife across Dick Ashland's throat, and the blood is spurting all over him as he kneels, and fire at the mound from where I lie, and he comes rushing towards me, and grips me by the throat and takes my pistol from me and shoots me with it on the head—savagely, furiously. And I hear a woman's voice, crying 'Stop! stop! and I can see you, Lucy—you Lucy—coming down the gulch side."

He hot tears were streaming over his face. His breath heaved as if in suffocating agony, and his hands quivered by his side.

Lucy had risen also, and was standing there like a white statue of despair, wringing her hands in voiceless, tearless torture.

He gazed at her long and intently, drawing his breath in vain efforts to speak. At last he clutched his hair, and cried—

"Your father and your cousin murdered Dick Ashland—and you—you saved my life."

He fell down on his knees, and dragged herself to where she stood, and covered her cold hand with kisses.

"You angel of angels! Why did I not know one this what I owe to you? Why do I remember it only now?"

When the picture of that fearful scene was completed, and he had so pushed her from him in disgust as the daughter of an assassin, when he had only found words of praise for what she deemed but her duty humbly done, the warm fountains of her heart were loosened, and Lucy found relief in balmy tears. Her heart-strings, strained to breaking nearly, again made tender music. She stooped to him, and obeyed her gentle impulse, he rose to his feet.

They were both overstung in mind. Sir William had permitted them to walk in the garden, and they stepped out into the sweetly cool night.

How long they walked up and down there, with barely a word spoken now and then, neither of them knew.

The heavens glittered with their canopy of stars, and the ghostly light of the moon spread like a pearly foam over the sward and the flowering borders.

They walked around to the other side of the house, where a bench invited them to a momentary rest. It was now Lucy's turn to open her heart. He knew all, all that she had hoped to hide from him—her father's crime, her cousin's guilt. Her task was ended, his task of labor hands than hers would smooth his path, a worthier woman than she would bring him love and affection. All that remained to her was to pass out of his life, to be as happy as ever she could, far away from him and from the world, to some spot where, forgotten by those she knew, she might bring solace to some who were suffering.

He started up as if in fright.

"You want to go away, Lucy?" he cried. "You want to leave me because your father is guilty? You the truest woman on earth! No, Lucy, I know you better than I ever did, and your father's guilt can bring no stain to you."

At that moment, on a sudden, a fierce, deafening, resonant crash was hurled into a hundred deafening crashes not far from them. The very earth seemed to tremble, and their frightened eyes were blinded by a fiery glare. Thunder-crash succeeded thunder-crash, and a perfect hailstorm of iron and stone rained about them without doubting them.

David and George Maclane's hellish scheme had brought retribution on their own heads.

CHAPTER XII.

The Morning News, of 18th July, 1860, contained the following paragraph:

"A terrible, and up to this moment inexplainable explosion of gunpowder occurred about 1 o'clock this morning at Reedon Lodge, a small house standing in its own grounds, on a lane between Shepperton and Halliford, and about about nineteen miles from Charing Cross. Samuel Bond, the proprietor of the "Grey hound" inn, at Shepperton, a few weeks ago, let the house to Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, who lived in it with a sick friend, whose name is unknown, and an elderly servant. Mr. Thompson was not in the house at the time of the disaster, but it is feared that both the other men have become victims to the explosion. The house was completely destroyed, and fragments have been found a quarter of a mile away. Considerable damage has been done to the neat building. The Nest, belonging of Sir William Cuthbertson, but, luckily the earl of Cleve, and a young lady, and an attendant, who were staying at The Nest at the time, escaped without injury."

The "Morning News," of 20th July, contained the following:

"We can now amplify the lengthened and detailed account given in our issue of yesterday about the explosion at Reedon Lodge, by some startling and horrifying discoveries. Upon the removal yesterday, by the workmen engaged in the task, of the debris of the gutted place, a shaft about ten feet deep was discovered in the center of the floor of the lower room. The men who descended found that it communicated by an excavated narrow tunnel with a small dug-out chamber underneath the room in which the earl of Cleve has lately been confined. This, in addition to the discovery of the shattered remains of exploded fuses, and the large amount of gunpowder that had been stored at Reedon Lodge, points inevitably to a deadly, but happily for Providence frustrated, attempt upon the life of the young earl. The matter is now in the hands of the authorities, and Scotland Yard active researches are being made for Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, who has not yet shown himself, and whose whereabouts are now totally unknown. We understand the earl of Cleve has offered a reward of a thousand pounds for the discovery of the perpetrator or perpetrators of this crime, and we are happy to add that Lord Cleve, who, as our readers are aware, has only just recovered from a dangerous illness, is none the worse for the accident."

The Morning News of 23d July, published the following:

"The accumulated evidence concerning the explosion at Reedon Lodge, Halliford-on-Thames, becomes more and more appalling. It has now been incontestably proved that the horribly mangled remains of the two men killed by the explosion are those of Mr. David Maclane and Mr. George Maclane, two American millionaires, residing at The Holtons, South Kensington, who had lately rented at a very great deal of attention in London society. Mr. David Maclane having been engaged to be married to Lady Evelyn Wynter, the daughter of the marquis of Gwendale. The awful crime has spread consternation in fashionable circles, and people are asking with bated breath whether the Maclanes are the victims or the originators of an attempted dastardly crime."

The Morning News of 27th July said:

"No doubt whatever remains at the present moment that the wretched men, George and David Maclane, became, by the intervention of an avenging Providence, the victims of their own fiendish scheme to assassinate lord Cleve. The earl has informed the authorities that David and George Maclane were the men who had tempted to murder him in the Rocky mountains, and that it was David Maclane who had inflicted upon him the terrible wound, which had brought about his total loss of memory. The motive for this second attempt on lord Cleve's life was the fear of discovery and conviction, resulting from the earl's newly-regained faculty of memory."

"The Morning News, of 16th September, 1861, said—

"The English consulate at Paris has received information that a very large sum of money in the notes of the bank of England and bank of France has been found, upon the body of Herbert Vavasour, an English gentleman, who has died of delirium tremens, at the Hotel des Etrangers. No papers or documents of any kind were found giving a clue to the deceased's friends or relatives, and the money remains in the possession of the French police."

From the Morning News, 26th September, 1860—

"The body of the man calling himself Herbert Vavasour, lately deceased in Paris, has been recognized as that of Edward Wy, a convicted thief. The numbers of the notes found upon him proved that they were issued by the bank of England to David Maclane who was killed in the Reedon Lodge explosion."

The newspapers of the year 1860 do not show that any further evidence was adduced to prove who was the actual perpetrator of the Reedon Lodge outrage. I am therefore inclined to believe that it remained one of those mysterious crimes which the London police have been so fond of.

L'ENVOI.

"Mr. Quentheim has settled it all, my dear Lucy," said the earl of Cleve to the beautiful young countess, "and his wife, not touch one copper of these blood-stained notes. He has a hundred thousand pounds go to Ford Ashland, and three-hundred thousand pounds are divided among his three children. The rest of his charities get a million; twenty-thousand pounds go to the Staffordshire hospital, the rest is distributed amongst charitable institutions in America. Are you contented now, my dear?" he asked.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Yes, darling, she said, with a tear brimming in her big blue eye. "I shall be quite as happy as ever I hope to be in this wicked world."

THE END.

A New York Wayfarer's Lodge.

A new wayfarer's lodge, opened in New York, contains beds for 200, unlimited bathrooms and an impressive wood yard. An applicant must saw one-sixteenth of a cord of wood for a luncheon, one-eighth of a cord for dinner and lodging, and as soon as the wood is ready he is obliged to take a bath before he can receive his reward. All clothing is put into the fumigating rooms at night. The building is to be constructed, that the rooms can be daily flooded with the hose.

Trains of 100 Cars.

The air brakes on railroads are being built with a view to their use on trains of 100 cars. The plant on each train is being built so that it can be used in such a way as to bring the speed down from eighty to thirty miles per hour within five seconds. Great power, has to be used and every part of the apparatus has to be perfect to stand the strain.

An Advertisement.

This announcement recently appeared in a Kirschevz, Bavaria, paper: "Lost on the 22d of November, my wife Annie. Whoever has found her is begged to keep her. He will be handsomely rewarded.

THE NEST OF THE LOVE LOST.

WAS searching for something in a unused closet, and quite accidentally dislodged a garment from its hook, that fell in a noisless, shimmering heap about my feet, and when I bent to pick it up, a faint feeling of horror, such as I had not experienced before for many years, crept suddenly through my veins.

It was my wife's white India silk shawl, that had hung on that particular nail for the long years, but strangely enough, it was as spotless and white as it was ten years ago, when it formed the shroud of that murdered girl—but I would not allow myself to think about that—only been hurriedly, and seizing it gingerly, between my thumb and finger, held it out at arm's length, until I had fastened its again securely on the hook.

Then I closed and locked the door with a deep breath of relief and turning abruptly, stood face to face with Elsbeth, my beautiful wife, who had crept up softly behind me, and was now standing, like myself, with an expression of positive relief gradually paling the place of horror on her fair, young face.

She too, had seen the garment fall and witnessed the repugnance with which I handled its dainty, silken fabric, and she, too, had gone backward by a mental journey to that fatal night when the ghastly spirit of misery and remorse took shape within our souls.

"Just ten years ago to-day she was here," my darling whispered fearfully, "Oh, Harold, will she come again to-night," she murmured piteously, as she gazed with frightened eyes into my face and grasped my arm with her slender, nervous fingers.

"Pshaw! sweetheart," I answered carelessly, but with a somewhat trembling voice, "why should the past haunt us? It is over and gone forever. So calm your fears, my Elsbeth, and try to think of happier things." I added cheerfully as I led her tenderly back to the ruddy fire and seated her in her own low chair.

"But you know, Harold, she said she would come back 'after an integral of years, and upon the anniversary of her death—do you not remember, my husband, if it should be to-night?" she exclaimed, trembling from head to foot. I feel as though the dropping of that shawl were an omen of evil," she whispered again after a paroxysm of bitter weeping.

I soothed her as best I could, but the truth was, too, I was nervous and distressed at the simple phenomenon of the silken shawl falling from its nail, on this day of all others. For ten long years it had remained untouched, for the closet was one we seldom entered and contained but a few old garments that were rarely brought to light.

It was the first time I had touched the shawl since it was hung there by my sweetheart's hands on that fatal night when Lunetta Travers, masquerading, I thought, in my darling's clothes, had stolen from the house to meet her lover in the shadow of the grove that grows about our home.

Lunetta was of gypsy blood—beautiful as an angel, but passionate and vengeful in her moods, like one of almost demon passion. She was Elsbeth's friend, but not a favorite to my liking—this when the breath of slander touched her name I was the last to reason with and chide her. But the fiery blood rebelled against my words and openly defying our entreaties, Lunetta met her dark-browed knight at stolen hours as well as unflitting places.

At last her visit neared its end and even my promised wife could plainly see Lunetta bore its bitter feeling. She seemed to feel she was misjudged and yet refused its honest dealing. Then, when one dark night just ten years ago, she ventured out, arrayed in Elsabeth's clothes, an angry demon filled my soul and quietly I watched and followed.

Step was so quiet and stealthy—the man, Lunetta and myself beneath the guarding branches, and when our passions burst to sudden flame we drew our weapons, aimed and fired with deadly and deliberate purpose.

But Lunetta sprang between me and the man she loved, and when I saw her lying, stretched upon the ground, remorse and horror seized my heart, and I bent above the ghastly form, half dazed at what wrath had permitted.

The wide-strained, dusky eyes were fierce with pain, as Lunetta whispered through her pallid lips:

"Husband and friend, ye have done your worst. I leave you now, but I shall return, after an interval of years and upon this date, to claim my rightful vengeance."

Then, as she breathed her last, my Elsbeth, guided by the shots, came running through the grove and knelt beside the prostrate body. Breathless she tore the soft, white shawl from off Lunetta's shoulders, and although the rich blood trickled to the ground not a sacred spot was found upon it.

Verily, it seemed as if the blood of the reckless girl was powerless to smirch the garments of her gentle sister, but the pure white silk seemed ghastlier after that, and of the very ghost of the murdered woman had taken its abode within it.

My wife's apprehensive words recalled the scene until in my over superstitious mind I really seemed to live again the horror of that fatal night and all the incidents, so dark and sad, passed plainly in my mental vision.

The lover vanished—I was left to bear the burden of the crime our united hands committed. But when four years rolled by and I was free, for the other perished in a drunken brawl and after one short year had flown, my sweetheart, Elsabeth, and I knelt well with the closet of horror lowering about our paths, and strangely enough, to both our souls the cloud took on the curious shape of a dainty, snow-white, silken shawl, with blood stains beginning all about, but not a spot upon it.

And thus, for nine long years, we lived, with the cloud growing dimmer and dimmer, until to-day, when my reckless errand jarred the wall and caused the shimmering shroud to fall so unexpectedly about me. I had never cared to show my wife, neither had my wife—probably as much for the reason that we did not care to handle it always other.

And now, as the twilight grew deeper and darker, we sat hand in hand, before the fire, and, ignoring other light, talked low and earnestly of that dreadful night so many years ago.

"Lunetta was very beautiful," my wife sighed sadly as she stroked my hand. "And how she must have loved," she murmured half unconseiously.

"Through love for him she lost her life," I answered plunged in bitter thought. "But how came she to wear your shawl on that nightof all others," I asked with sudden dread.

My darling paled and trembled as she answered low. "It was my wish, she longed for it, and never dreaming what her purpose was I wrapped her in my shawl—and sent her to her death."

Again her pale face pressed my arm and tears rolled from the gentle eyes, but while I kissed the tears away my heart was at rest with its wife weight of woe and painful thoughts oppressed me.

And then the dreaded presence came—the omen was fulfilled in substance!

Some one stood knocking at the outer door, and going thence I found a child—a boy with wide-strained, dusky eyes, standing alone within the porch and begging for admittance.

He entered gladly at my wish, and, seeing Elsabeth, doffed his cap and bowed low to her hand.

And now the mystery was all explained. The poor, dead girl had been a wife, and this—her son—had come to my vindicate his mother.

The gipsy father stole his child from out its mother's very arms, and all these secret meetings between the two had been but an attempt on poor Lunetta's side to once more clasp her darling.

For years the boy had followed gipsy friends, but learning our abode had stole away and brought to us his only dowry.

Then when the truth was understood and Lunetta's boy installed, for ever within our hearts and home, I looked into my Elsabeth's eyes and seeing there a mirror of my thoughts stepped fearlessly and dragged the shawl down from its hook and put it away.

Then, tossing it upon the fire, I stood with one arm round the boy and held sweet Elsabeth's hand in mine until it shrivelled in the blaze, and as it burnt both she and I could not help thinking how old and yellow it had grown—as if the ghastliness of death had in some mysterious way quite recently deserted it.

SHE WANTS THE EARTH.

ENGLAND MAKING SUSPICIOUS MOVES IN NICARAGUA.

In Violation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty They Land Troops in the Mosquito Country.

The report of the landing of the British at Bluefields in the Mosquito reservation has been confirmed by the arrival of the steamer Elliott, Capt. A. Brown, from Savannah. The Elliott, which a British steamer, left Bluefields March 6. Capt. Brown says the Nicaraguans entered Bluefields on Feb. 25 and 26, about 500 of them, with only small arms. They hoisted the Nicaraguan flag over the custom house and over the other public buildings. There was no fighting. The Mosquito people considerably terrified by the presence of so large an armed force, as they were practically without protection in the city, and fearing they might be attacked by the Nicaraguans appealed to the British steamer Thomas for protection. March 1 the Thomas, "without any authority from the British government, sent three boat loads of British men ashore. They were armed with carbines and cutlasses, and the men went ashore in the steam launch of the Thomas, of war, carrying with them two Gatling guns and three field pieces. They did not land at Bluefields, but at Bluefields bluff, and then went into Bluefields from there. There was no fight of any kind between March 1, the day the men landed, and March 6, the day the Elliott sailed.

The Nicaraguans, of course, objected to the landing of the British troops and charged the British officers with a gross violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Thomas went to Colon for the purpose of calling to England for advices. In the meantime the troops were left in camp on the fields bluff. The Thomas returned two days later, but Captain Brown did not hear the result of the conference with the English department of foreign affairs.

Washington special: The question of the territorial aggrandizement of the British empire on the continent of North America may now be said to be a bone of international diplomatic concern. The state department, will more deliberately weigh the matter, and will give the whole history of the controversy over the Mosquito country, through investigation of the communications with the British minister or dispatching gunboats to the Caribbean sea to look after the interests of the Monroe doctrine. While "the Monroe doctrine is not yet codified in the law of nations, it has been established, and its principles steadily and successfully maintained by the United States since its promulgation. Under this position will not be departed from does that the intruder is great Britain.

The Mosquito country has an area of about 7,000 square miles, three thousand inhabitants, and is bounded by Honduras, Nicaragua, and the Pacific. Its most fertile and valuable part is Central America.

The city of Bluefields, which British have seized, is the only town of importance in the disputed territory. Its importance is the result of the great development of the trade in tropical fruits, and the fact that it has regular steamer connections to the United States. Bluefields is assuming a position of prominence as a port. It is located on a lagoon that has an area of 100 square miles.

The Mosquito Indians, from which the country takes its name, have practically disappeared, although the Indian is very old, but was never conquered by the United States or Nicaragua, and has apparently never been fully surrendered by Great Britain as well. The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "The Mosquito people had enjoyed a semi-independent position under the nominal protection of Great Britain, which, by the treaty of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 England resigned all claims, to the Mosquito coast, and by the treaty of Managua in 1860 ceded the protectorate absolutely to Nicaragua.

EFFECTIVE DENTISTRY.

How a Southerner Relieved One of His Darkies From any Aching Tooth.

One of the guests of the Riggs house, Washington, D. C., recently was complaining of an aching tooth, and inquired at the office where he could find a good dentist. He secured the information and went for relief, when Proprietor De Witte smiled at a funny reminiscence. "I shall never forget a tooth-pulling incident that occurred when I was a youngster," he remarked to a writer of the Boston Post. "My uncle, who was a physician, had a great, big, stalwart colored man for a servant. His name was Buck, and one day he went into his master's office, and complained that one of his teeth was nearly killing him. My uncle invited him to go and have it taken out. Buck objected. 'Naw, indeed, Boss,' he exclaimed, 'hit will dess fairly kill me perfectly, if I had ter yucked out.' My uncle then told him he would fix it for him by using a little magic. Buck was equipped with all the superstition of his race, and he readily acquiesced in the suggestion, for he thought the doctor could do anything. The old gentleman took the shaft of a chair, a piece of twine, and making a loop, dropped it over Buck's aching tooth and drew it taut. Then he led Buck out to the hitching-post and made him stand on his tip toes, which brought his tooth on a level with the top of the post, and tied the twine around it. Upon the flat surface of the post he poured some gunpowder, and then solemnly warning Buck not to move he returned to the house. Suddenly he came rushing out of the house with a glowing coal of fire held in a pair of tongs. Buck saw him coming and backed for all he was worth. But he left that tooth in front of him."

ABOU BEN ADVERTISER.

Abou Ben Advertiser, merry man,
Awoke one night to a lovely vision of a plan.
When lo! a vision lighted all his room,
Making it dim and bright as the moon.
And he saw outlined in the presence there
The face of a man of angelic mien,
Who, ere he had put on his beauty sleep,
Had advertised his wife to be a queen.
The vision now wrote in a book of gold,
Exceedingly nervy had made Ben Abou gold,
Then to the advertiser's soul he said,
'Still writing, sah?' The vision shook its head.
And answered with a look which ravished just
The names of the advertisers wealth hath blessed.
"And what one?" asked the nervy Ben Abou.
With a frown came the answer, "Nay, not so!"
Then Abou spoke more low, as he felt the nerve,
Because the presence really broke his nerve,
"Write me as one of those illfated men
Who ne er let up, O vision truly wise,
Who never stop advertising, advertise."
The vision wrote and vanished. The next night
Came again with a great brakeman light,
And showed the names whose fame hath wealth and
And lo! Abou Ben Advertiser's name led all the rest.

—Printer's Ink.

Her Chief Pleasure Gone.

"Mrs. Guggins is feelin' mighty miserable."

"You don't say so! I thought she was looking in illegant health."

"Yes, that's just it. She's feelin' so well that she can't think of nothin' to take patent medicine for, an' she jest sits an' reads the advertisements an' pines.

Worms in the Flour.

The millers of the Northwest are greatly annoyed by worms which appear in the flour from time to time and then mysteriously disappear. The Norfolk & Western Railway company is negotiating for the purchase of the Ohio Southern railroad.

HUNTING IN GEORGIA.

A Spunky Old Darky Guided the Party and Climbed Trees.

"We got tired of bird shooting down in Georgia not long ago, when the Pinkton statesman to a New York Sun man, and after a day's rest we hired a darky to take us coon hunting in the evening. The darky had a pair of good dogs, and by 9 o'clock they ran a coon into the swamp and up a tall cypress tree, at the foot of which they were yelping when we came up. The thick, moist vegetable mold of the swamp was as springy as a sponge under our weight, and when the colored man had joined the dogs and lighted pine torches for us he peeled off and climbed the tree. It was close onto fifty feet to the limb the coon was sitting on, and the darky was puffing like a porpoise when he reached it. After he had got his wind he gave us very minute orders where to shoot, and then he crept out on the limb to shake the coon loose.

"The coon had faced about, with its nose toward the trunk, and it was sitting as still as still the darky tried to cuff it when it sprang at his head, and the next instant both negro and coon demonstrated the law of gravitation in a way that would have delighted Sir Isaac himself if he had seen it. The darky and the coon made a hole as big as a tub in the 10-foot bottom of the swamp when they struck, and the next sound we heard was the darky yelling 'Long go dat war!'

"The dogs pitched into the coon in great shape, and the darky jumped up, grabbed his right rear, and sang out, 'Boss, I ain't hurt.'

"We found that the fall hadn't injured him any, but his rear was bleeding profusely, for the coon had torn it into three parts with its claws. We bound the car up, and by that time the dogs had killed the coon. Then the darky remarked:

"Don't know what de stock'd done of ef de coon hit dem a sslag.'

"What sslag, Sam?' we asked.

"Ol' Sam's young uns,' he said.

"How many are there?"

"Eighteen, Boss, ef I kin remember.'

"We forced the darky home, but he wouldn't consent, and before midnight the grizzly old fellow climbed three more trees and shook out four coons for the dogs to kill."

A Valuable Bronze.

It is well known that the bronze made of nine parts of copper and one of aluminum is of the color of gold and will not tarnish. It is of a greater strength than copper, and is almost equal to steel. At this time this metal is used for bearings in castings for about the same price that crucible steel costs, and the castings can be made very true to pattern. Why do not some one save the expense of working forgings to shape? And why do we not use it for the improved articles? Its color will give it—Engineering Magazine.

Heroic Measures.

Mamma—Why don't you get rid of the attentions of that persistent Mr. Harvey?

Daughter—How, I should like to know?

Mamma, firmly—By resorting to heroic measures, of course.

Daughter—But, mamma, I don't want to marry him.

Men of all professions and trades, mechanics, farmers, merchants and mechanics, should read the Sun. It will be found invaluable to them. Every mechanic and farmer should read the Sun, as the best household and family newspaper.

Corn does not shed blue some other grasses.

Men and officers of the police force, who are exposed to all kinds of weather, in all sections, should know advertisement in the Sun, of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which is an unfailing remedy. Every family should be supplied with it.

Leather belts are now used by the Kansas City street car conductors.

The Famous Flathead Valley.

Investors and home seekers should investigate the opportunities for making homes and money in Western Montana. Flathead valley offers unsurpassed surroundings and interest with unsurpassed climate, fertile soil, abundance of pure water, fruit, grain and coal, opportunities for all kinds of business, and high prices. Flathead valley is well known and appreciated by people who have lived in it. Write for information address C. E. Conrad, Kalispell, Montana.

A windmill in the right place is a good thing.

Smaller farms and intensive farming would bring more profits.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

France has the highest land assessment, the French landed property being valued at $2,685,000,000, that of the United States coming next, according to Mulhall, it being $2,500,000,000.

Abraham Lincoln's Stories.

An illustrated book, unmarred by advertising, containing stories and anecdotes told by Abraham Lincoln, many heretofore unpublished, will be sent free to every person sending his or her address to the Lincoln Tea Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

In the colony of Natal tea continues to be largely grown in the coast districts, chiefly in Victoria county and the lower Umzimkulu division. The area under cultivation may be put down at about 2,200 acres.

"Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more wholesome and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Fagotters sell pet snakes.

Vancouver is flooded with Japanese silver.

False oars and jaws are manufactured.

Mirages are the most perfect in Texas.

Typhoid bacilli will not pass through filters.

A talking umbrella has been invented.

Violet farming is a Philadelphia industry.

San Francisco has five Chinese newspapers.

Allahabad, India, is to have a Pasteur institute.

Clams are used as legal tender at West Sorrento, Me.

The cockroach is a sacred insect among the Chinese.

Poisoned arrows have been in use time out of memory.

ANYONE would be justified in recommending Beecham's Pills for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

Tey better feeding and see if your cows are doing their best.

YOUNG AT writers claim that the success and remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, free of foul application, and one that will reach the remote nores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh is proof positive that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant and efficient remedy has mastered catarrh in nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact.

Pictures of lobsters appear on the Egyptian dinnerware in vogue.

That old established cough remedy, Brown's Bronchial Troches, is in high repute. Its efficacy is well attested by the testimonials of those who have used it.

Sticking hay reduces its value one quarter.

THE COCKROACH is a sacred insect among the Chinese.

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