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CHAPTER I.

S the tale which I am about to tell is my own; or myself am the hero—if these pages, I shall, bye and bye, be forced to say so much about my own affairs that I may well begin by sparing a few lines to those of another man, a man on whose grave the grass has been growing for many a long year.

His name was Julian Loraine. His home, from the day when I first knew him to the day of his death, was Herstal Abbey, a fine old house in that part of wooded Somersetshire where railways have not yet come.

Although Mr. Loraine was a man of wealth, and, moreover, by education, and, I believe, family, fully entitled to take a high social position, Herstal Abbey was not his ancestral home. He had acquired it by simple right of purchase, having bought out an old, improvident, but popular county family—bought it, that is, not so completely but that if he did not literally step into its shoes, he sat in its very chairs and used its very tables.

Such a wholesale buying up of one of their own class by an unknown man always annoys, perhaps frightens, county people, and Julian Loraine's neighbors for some time looked at him askance. He took none of the steps by which a new-comer may occasionally gain access to the magic county circle. He brought no introductions. He gave no large subscriptions to local charities—indeed, there was not much hunting in that part. He did not, in a covert way, let his willingness to give grand entertainments be known. He simply completed the purchase of Herstal Abbey and its contents; took up his abode in the old house, and troubled nothing about his neighbor, which no doubt annoyed them all the more.

Little Julian Loraine cared for this. The truth is he was one of the most unsociable men alive, and his cynicism, if distributed through the county, would have made Somersetshire a region in which life would have been unbearable. He was—I pen the words reluctantly—an utter disbeliever in humanity. Perhaps the life which he had hitherto led brought him to this state of mind.

For in a very short time his neighbors found out that he was by no means the unknown man they thought him. People who knew London life had much to say about this Julian Loraine. It was soon made clear to the country-side that the new man's social claims to the right hand of fellowship were indisputable, but other things were also made clear.

Loraine had led a terrible life—the very fastest of the fast. The wonder was that he was still wealthy. At one time it was thought he had run through everything, for he had disappeared, and no one saw anything of him for two years. But it turned out he had only been leading a roving life in far countries. Repenting, let us hope— No; Julian Loraine was not a nice man.

But, nice or not, no one had any longer the wish to keep Mr. Loraine at arm's-length. Had he cared for it, he might have enjoyed mixing with the pick of the county society. But he treated civility almost as he treated coldness, with complete indifference; and it soon became understood that the owner of Herstal Abbey was a man who no longer cared to mix with his kind.

It was, of course, incomprehensible that any one should buy a fine property and settle down to the life of a recluse, the more so as the man was still in the prime of life, handsome and wealthy. But Julian Loraine was an incomprehensible man. I, for one, have never been able to determine his true character. Perhaps I have shunned investigating it. Perhaps, had I tried, I should have been unable to gather trustworthy information as to his true nature, from the fact that tales afloat concerning his early life would reach me last of all.

When he bought Herstal Abbey he was a widower with one son, a boy of seven. This boy he petted and neglected alternately. There were days when the child was with him from morn to eve; there were weeks in which he never saw him from Sunday morning to Saturday night; there were months during which Mr. Loraine went wandering off, Heaven knows where, leaving the child to the care of servants.

Whether at home or abroad, he kept up the establishment in a lavish, wasteful manner. His three his money about in a cynical way, as one who cared not how it went. He expected his servants would rob him—no doubt they did. This he considered but human nature, and troubled nothing about it; but woe to the man or woman who let the slightest degree neglected anything which his comfort or whim demanded! His dependents soon understood their master's peculiarities, and by the exercise of due care managed to keep their places for years and years, and no doubt grew rich upon the money he wasted.

As will soon be seen, I have related all, or the greater part of the above, from hearsay. The following incident in Mr. Loraine's life, I can vouch for, as I heard it from his own lips.

In the year 1853 he was returning from Australia. He did not tell me what had taken him there, but I suspect he went in search of health. He was in a sailing vessel called "Black Swan" was her name. There were other passengers—men, women and children. One night there was a crash, a horrible grinding sound, a recoil, and the "Black Swan" quietly settled down to the bottom of the ocean. Whether the disaster was due to a collision or to a sunken rock was never known. All was over in five minutes, and Julian Loraine found himself swimming for life, yet without a hope of saving it.

In swimming, as indeed in every manly exercise, Loraine was all but unto a small boat, which, it appeared, was gone when he felt a hand on his collar and was pulled all but insensible into a small boat, which, it appeared, was the only one lowered, for at any rate, was the only one that had succeeded in getting away from the wreck.

The sea, fortunately, was comparatively smooth or the tiny boat could not have outlived the night. When the morning broke Julian Loraine saw all that survived of the ship and her freight.

Himself, four sailors, two women, and a baby in arms!

The sailors were pulling, not from the hope of reaching land, but to keep the boat's head to the waves. The mother with her child clasped to her breast, and the two other women, were crouching in the stern sheets.

In the boat were a dozen biscuits and a small keg of water.

With the light all turned to Loraine for advice and aid. He was a man of commanding presence, to whom people in a lower organization would naturally turn in difficulties. He assumed the responsibility.

He told the men to step the mast and hoist what sail they thought safe, and then to steer as close to the wind as possible. He assured them that land was not far off. His only reason, he informed me, for taking this course was that he hated the labor of rowing. Any hope of their lives being saved he scouted.

However, before night-fall, they did reach land—a bare rock, but land. By this time one of the women was lying in the bottom of the boat, moaning, like one in agony. Her companions of the same sex were exchanging frightened glances. Her corpse was carried ashore, and the true state of affairs communicated to the men. A tent or screen was by the aid of the sail and the oars hastily rigged up, and in the hour's time that followed two human beings instead of nine on that barren rock. But not for long. Before morning the number was the same as when the night ended; only that the place of one of the women was taken by a crying, prematurely born infant.

The rough men and women did what they could for the poor little wretch. The woman with the baby in her lodge, it a portion of what was rightfully her own child's.

This, in Julian Loraine's opinion, was the most rash and misplaced expression of false sentiment he had ever met with.

Toward the evening of that day they scraped a grave for the mother. They did not bury it up at once, thinking that bye and bye the child must be laid in her arms.

At one time it seemed that it must be so. The sailors and the women, no doubt, thinking that a gentleman is nearer heaven than themselves, brought the poor little wailing atom to Loraine, and asked him to christen it.

With death so close at hand to all, it was not worth while making any demur, but I can fancy the man's quivering lip as he sprinkled water from a tin pot on the child's head. He, Julian Loraine, doing a priest's duty, and doing it for the pleasure of other people.

However, so far as he knew how, he baptized the child, and thinking that a name was indispensable, with a kind of grim humor, christened him; for it was a boy, Julian.

After all, no one else died, not even the strangely born baby. The next day a sail hove in sight. Such signals as the shipwrecked party could make were seen, and men, women and babies were soon in safety on board a homeward-bound ship.

No one, not even her fellow passengers, knew the name or anything about the woman who had died. Of course a gentleman, such as she wore, bore no mark. Her husband, if on board, had gone down in the "Black Swan." What was to become of the child?

Loraine settled this. Perhaps he thought the child had a certain ridiculous claim upon him. He was no nigard with his money. He told some one—he would not like the trouble to see about it himself—to find a comfortable home for the child, and to apply to him when money was wanted. Then he went his way, and lived for years as he chose.

Every now and then, when her paymaster was in town, the woman who had charge of the child ventured to bring him to see his benefactor. Sometimes the benefactor scowled, sometimes smiled his cynical smile and took notice of the little boy, who was called by his baptismal name, Master Julian. When the boy was seven years of age, Julian Loraine sent instructions that he was to be forwarded to Herstal Abbey, Somersetshire. Having been told by the good people about him that the grand gentleman he now and again saw was his father, he addressed him by that endearing term. Julian Loraine, no doubt, stared and laughed, but he said nothing forbidding the application being used. So to himself and the world the boy was Master Julian, only son of Julian Loraine, of Herstal Abbey.

What strange freak induced the man to present a nameless child, of humble and unknown parents, to the world as his son I shall never know. I have tried to think if was from affection for the child—from the need even his own nature felt of something he could love and call his own—but I cannot think so. I may have been quite wrong. He may some day have wanted to turn round and say, "What is birth? See, I take this low-born brat, bring him up as a gentleman, and every one thinks him born to the station!" It may have been a baser motive, that of revenge. I shall never know.

The boy grew up. He passed from the hands of Master Julian to those of Mr. Julian, or young Mr. Loraine, yet his reputed father kept the secret—kept it until the boy was nineteen, and like many other boys of that age who are only sons of rich fathers, began to give himself airs. Then one summer's evening, when the man and the boy were sitting over their claret, Julian Loraine bought it to relate, more fully than I have given it above, the story of the wreck and the history of the child born on that rock.

And I—for I was the boy to whom he told it—turned deadly pale and gasped for breath. I believe I had never really loved the man whom I supposed to be my father; his was not a lovable nature. Often and often I had reproached myself for lack of filial affection. But now, as I turned my glazed eyes to his face, and saw the sardonical smile with which he regarded me, I all but hated him.

"I must go and think all this over," I stammered out.

"Certainly, go and think it over," he spoke carelessly and returned to his claret, while I rushed wildly into the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

### Stanley Pays a Tribute to the Great Work Done There.

I was the only white man during 1876 in equatorial Africa, but in 1877, when only a short distance from the Atlantic, the first missionaries landed on the east coast. In response to an appeal I had written in 1875 from Uganda, says Henry M. Stanley in the Century. During the years from 1879 to 1884 missionaries followed closely one upon the other to Congo, and a hundred infidences were in the course of a few years enlisted in the cause of Africa, Nyassa Land and the eastern and southern part of central Africa became studded with Christian missions, and missionaries have continued to enter Africa ever since, until now there must be about 300 of them, and the number is still increasing.

They are not all reputed to be first-class men, but it is wonderful what earnestness and perseverance will do.

We have only to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and chapels and its 50,000 native Christians, read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land and glance at the latest map of Africa to be convinced of the zeal, devotion and fidelity of the missionaries.

Mission houses do not grow of themselves. Gospels are not translated into African tongues, nor are converts spontaneous products of human nature. I am somewhat familiar with African facts and to me these things represent immense labor, patience and self-sacrifice, but others expect Africans to fall in love with the Bible at once.

It is true, though strange, that for the first six years or so very little visible effect is produced by the missionary teaching and influence. The mind of a pagan descendant of immemorable centuries of pagans appears to be for some time impenetrable to the Christian doctrine, and no matter how zealously a missionary may strive with him he comes to grips with a human mass of dullness, until by and by there is a gleam of interest he catches the idea, as it were, and the interest becomes infectious and spreads from family to family and converts multiply rapidly. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

I have in my mind, as I write, the examples furnished by the Waganda, Wanyassa and Bakongo. At the town of Banza Manteka, for instance, one day 900 natives came to Mr. Richards, the missionary, and requested to be baptized by him. He had labored among them many years, but hitherto converts had been few. The missionary imposed conditions on them. He said that they must first assemble youth, "cell the idols and stores of gin and destroy all in the market place. And they went forthwith and did it.

## HIGH WAGES BUT NO WORK.

### What Fifteen Hundred Men Have to Wonder Over.

Our "working-man's burden," when they are tired of bringing libel actions and getting a farthing damages, would do well to study the remarkable statement made by Lord Londonderry to his tenants at Seaham on Saturday last, says the Saturday Review. He proposes to shut Rainton colliery, and the unfortunate men who will be thrown out of work cannot find the reason. The owner produced a complete and detailed balance sheet, showing that the last year's working cost 72,000 pounds while the receipts were only 56,000 pounds, and even Lord Londonderry cannot go on indefinitely losing 16,000 pounds a year. But the analysis of the figures is even more instructive than the totals. The cost per ton of coal raised. The total cost per ton at the pit's mouth is 8s 10 1-2d, and the selling price only 6s 11 1-2d. Of the cost, 6s 6d goes for wages. Now, in 1857, just nine years ago, the pit was paying the "wages cost" being 4s 5 3-4d. The result to the men has been a gain of 2s 1-4d per ton in wages—and the closing of the mine.

The reporter adds that the statements of Lord Londonderry caused a "profound sensation," and well they might. We should think the sensation will spread. Strikes, shorter hours, higher wages, heaven-sent labor leaders with snug seats in parliament, Hyde Park demonstrations, and all the rest of it are of no help to the fine things, but if the men all over the country who, like the 1,500 at Rainton, have been thrown out of work, could be got to speak, we fancy they would cry out for lower wages and regular work rather than higher wages and no work.

## Women Buy Whittier Homestead.

The first work of the Elizabeth H. Whittier Woman's club, just organized in Amesbury, Mass., in memory of the poet's sister, will be the purchase, to be held in trust forever, of the old Whittier home at that place. The estate belongs to the poet's niece, Mrs. S. T. Pickard of Boston, who has more than once announced her refusal to sell it except to some society designing to hold it as a memorial of her uncle. There seems, therefore, every reason to believe that the new woman's club will succeed in its design. The home is a pleasant, rambling, two-story house, and in it Whittier wrote almost all the important poems of his middle and last years.

## A Queen with Scientific Tastes.

Queen Amelie of Portugal, to the great delight of the king and her court, has discontinued experimenting on them medically, in order thoroughly to study the Roentgen light, and now her majesty spends her time in photographing King Carlos and the infants, in order to discover what their skeletons are like. The queen, as is well known, has during the last two years devoted herself to the study of medicine and has shown herself an apt pupil; but, unfortunately, her majesty is too enthusiastic in the pursuit of medical science, and by her experiments has reduced some of her ladies-in-waiting almost to death's door, so that now the queen has a new hobby the Portuguese court rejoices, especially the king, as the queen was always insisting upon his trying new methods discovered by herself for reducing his growing corpulency. It is even said—perhaps maliciously—that in consequence of the king's gratitude to Roentgen, the professor is to be invited to the court at Lisbon and will receive a high order from his majesty. —The Gentlewoman.

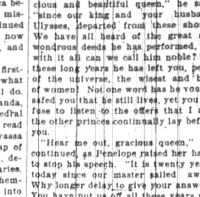
## A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—It, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.—New York Weekly.

## RETURN OF THE KING.

IN THE PALACE of Penelope, in Ithaca, sounds of laughter and loud cheer were heard. The queen was seated on the throne and round about her were the courtiers and noblest, the gentlemen and beautiful damsels.



Before the throne stood one of the great princes who had propounded for Penelope, seeking her hand in marriage.

"It is now twenty years, most gracious and beautiful queen," he said, "since our king and lord, husband, Ulysses, departed from these shores. We have all heard of the great and wondrous deeds he has performed, yet we still can say with him noble? All these long years he has left you, peerless of the universe, the wisest and best of women! Not one word has he vouchsafed, youthful he still lives, yet you refuse to listen to the offers that I and the other princes continually lay before you.

"Hear me out, gracious queen," he continued, as Penelope raised her hand to stop his speech. "It is twenty years today since our master sailed away. Why longer delay, to give your answer? You have put us off all these years under the pretense of completing the funeral robe for Laertes. But we have heard that while you work at the web in the daytime, the night sees the unwinding of the carefully-wrought figures. Oh, queen, do not rebuke me for this speaking! I voice but the sentiments of all your followers. We implore you to settle our hopes and fears this day; we beg you to fix your choice upon one of us!"

For a moment the queen sat there as if stupified by the impertinence of the prince, then drawing her regal figure to its full height she looked around on her fair overspread with dignity and benign pity.

"You know not what you say," she said, in a low, firm voice; then, turning to a maid in waiting, she passed from the presence-chamber to her own apartments.

In the meantime, a very different scene was being enacted in another and more lowly part of the kingdom. Eumaeus, a swineherd, had found at his door that morning a poor beggar praying for succor. And the man himself in need, gave shelter to the stranger. While they two were together Eumaeus suddenly started up at sight of Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, who had just returned unperceived from a long and fruitless search for his father.

"How now, Eumaeus!" cried the youth, "tell me how progress things at the palace!"

"Alas, master," answered Eumaeus, "all is not well. Since the nobles tried to take your life before you went in search of your beloved, that they might more readily lay siege to our queen, the land has seen sorry sights. Day after day, the palace rings with laughter, the king's substance is squandered, and the queen is not free from the impudence of the nobility. They molest her continually and desire her to marry one of them. But she, noble soul, is true to her lord, and will have none of them. You know the web she has been making for Laertes? This very day, I hear, your aged father will be rebuked for never finishing it. And they declared last night that this day should see the settling of the hand of Penelope on one of the princes.

"Enough, enough!" cried the enraged prince. "Do they dare to insult my mother in her own house, in her own kingdom?"

And he hurried to the palace had not the beggar suddenly interposed.

"Slowly, slowly, rash youth," he said, laying his hand on the shoulder of Telemachus.

"What wilt you, poor man?" said Telemachus gently.

"Look!" answered the beggar.

And suddenly the old man stood up and towered in majesty over Telemachus. His eye flashed—his strength and vigor of manhood, and his noble carriage bespoke him a hero and a king. Eumaeus fell down to worship, feeling sure that Zeus himself had thus revealed himself, and Telemachus was mute with astonishment.

"My son do not know me? I am Ulysses, your long-absent father!"

Then father and son fell into each other's arms and wept for joy. When they were calmed once more Ulysses told them all his adventures.

"When the Phaeacians," he concluded, "so kindly sent me here in the wonderful ship that needed no guide, no pilot, I slept. And when the vessel touched the strand I still slept. And so they carried me and laid me on the banks, and when I awoke this morning I knew not my own land, which for twenty years I have not seen. But the wise Minerva appeared to me as a shepherd, told me where I was and led me here disguised. She told me how she had warned you to destroy Telemachus, and thus I find you here. Now listen how we shall avenge ourselves on the base marauders and disturbers of the queen's peace."

A long conversation ensued, and Ulysses finished by saying that he would appear at the banquet that day disguised as the beggar, and he commanded Telemachus to pay no more attention to him than he would to any stranger seeking help. Then Telemachus went to the palace, and when he had seen the queen he went to his rooms and remained there. So no one knew he had returned.

Then suddenly a loud shout was heard. It was only the princes, greeting what the herald had just proclaimed:

"To Penelope, Queen of Ithaca, to the lords within my domain:

"This day I will give myself in marriage, with my crown and lands as dowry to him who shall prove himself worthy in the feat of strength that I shall decide on."

That was all. But it filled the nobles with rejoicing, and when the time for the banquet drew near all were gathered in the great hall. Their joy rose to receive a check, however. When Penelope entered, radiant in all her jewels and her robes of finest spun silk, there a murmur of admiration ran through the assembly. But the next moment it was changed to one of chagrin, as they saw Telemachus walking with his mother. They had hoped that he was dead, since it was so long since he had been heard of in the kingdom.

When all were seated, Ulysses entered, his tattered robe barely covering his worn figure. As he crossed the threshold, his dog, now grown feeble with age, lifted its head, and giving a yelp of joy tried to drag his old form to his beloved master's feet. And then he fell dead; his worn-out heart having first been rewarded for his long watching and waiting. No one noticed the incident save the beggar, who, seating himself by the hearth, drew his hand before his tattered eyes.

In those days the poor were treated differently from what they seem to be now. Ulysses was received into the banqueting-room of the queen, and served with a portion from her table.

When the guests had been served, they grew even merrier than before, and it was not long before Ulysses became the butt for their coarse jests. One even went so far as to raise a stool and strike Ulysses with it, and Telemachus could scarcely control his anger and indignation at seeing his father so treated within his own hall. But a look from Ulysses quieted him and things went on as before.

Then, at last, they called for the feat of strength. Penelope smiled, and commanded first that all weapons should be removed from the room, since in the excitement they might be put to a wrong use. When this was done, twelve rings were arranged, several feet apart, in a long row down the hall. Then a large bow and a quiver of arrows, which Ulysses had won in one of his heroic deeds, were brought out.

"Whosoever can string this bow and shoot an arrow through the twelve rings at once, may have me for his bride," said Penelope.

Telemachus first took the bow and tried to bend it to fit the arrow to the string. But struggle as he would, he could not so much as move it.

"He is only a stripling," cried a burly noble. "Give it to me!"

And they tried, one after another. They greased the string with tallow and with oil, but no one could bend the bow. When all had tried, Ulysses stepped forward and begged permission to try. How they jeered, and forfeited him for his daring even to ask so high a favor. But Penelope cried out:

"Let him try. Though he is so old, he says he was once a soldier. Let him try."

Then they made way, and Ulysses, taking the bow, bent it as easily as if it had been a willow wand and sent the arrow flying through the twelve rings, where, at the end of its course it struck into the wall, and then remained fast.

And then Minerva took the disguise from Ulysses, and he stood revealed.

"Behold me—Ulysses!" he cried in thunderous tones. "Now see how I shall reward you all for daring to affront your queen; for daring to make my house a place of revelry!"

Then, with unerring aim, he shot an arrow at each intruder—till all were dead. There was no chance for defense, for all their weapons had been taken away; there was no chance of escape, for all the doors had been secured.

And so perished the men who had abused hospitality and failed to defend their queen, and so did Ulysses return to his kingdom and his queen after the toil, the hardships and privations of war and the accomplishment of heroic deeds.

## A Judge's Witty Wife.

A distinguished American judge has a habit which is not altogether uncommon—he frequently brings friends home to dinner quite unexpectedly. This habit is certainly hospitable, but it is not popular with wives. In court day the judge invited a number of his legal brethren to dine with him, serenely oblivious of the fact that his wife was totally unprepared for such an incursion. The lady, however, was equal to the occasion. She did not fuss and frown and make things unpleasant all around. On the contrary, she accepted the situation with a good grace and made the best of it. The modest meal was served as promptly as possible and though it was not a sumptuous banquet it was at least agreeable to guests and host. When dinner was over, just before leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, the lady rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to say one word. You have dined today with the judge; will you do me the honor of dining tomorrow with me?" A chorus of applause greeted this speech and not only the lady welcomed her husband's friends to a dinner worthy of such an accomplished hostess.—Buffalo Commercial.

## Religion Against Standard Time.

A novel argument against standard time is made by Col. W. W. Bruce, of Lexington, in a communication to the Argonaut. Col. Bruce says: "Believing in the Lord, and trying to obey His commandments, I cannot believe in standard time. The Lord made the sun overhead at 12 o'clock (noon standard time, but the good Lord's time). I don't think, as a Christian, I have the right to go against His will by adopting standard time. I asked my cook the day the clock in the rear of my residence was changed to why dinner was so late, and she replied, 'Why, boss, it is only 2 o'clock.' But, says I, that is standard time, twenty-two minutes slow; I want my meals on God's time."

## Climbing Down the Golden Stairs.

"You know what enemies Wilson and Watson were? Well, when Watson died old Wilson sent a beautiful floral piece ajar——"

"I'm glad to hear it. I hate to think a man could not forgive——"

"Wait till I get through. Behind the gates was a stairway—leading downward."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Youthful Resentment.

Aunt Maria—Now, Johnny, don't be naughty. Because Lily wouldn't play horse with you this morning is no reason why you should not play school with her this afternoon. Remember the golden rule——

Johnny (from the rear)—What're yer talkin' about? I ain't no goldbug.—Boston Transcript.

## Curious Advertising.

Quite a profitable business is done in some large towns by lending turtles to restaurants. They are permitted to remain in the windows for a few days and are then taken to different parts of the town as advertisements for other eating houses.—London Sketch.

A house divided against itself makes lots of room for neighbors.

## UNCLE SAM IS RILED.

### Protests Against the Proposed Execution of the Spanish Murderers.

Havana dispatches say that by a court martial the crew of the American schooner Competitor, which was captured with the filibustering expedition on board going to help the Cuban insurgents, have been sentenced to be shot, without civil trial. When this news reached Washington, with the information that some of the men were American citizens the state department at once protested against such summary action and demanded that the prisoners be given a civil trial and be given the Americans according to treaty provisions. This soon stirred matters up at Havana and at Madrid, as much so in fact as the latter place says there are evidences of growing popular excitement in Spain over the attitude of the U. S. government towards the execution of the filibusters captured on board the Competitor. The news of the capture of these men was received with great satisfaction and rejoicing. It was but the first capture of importance that had been offered to make an example of those engaged in feeding the insurrection. The popular demand for their execution is general, and is likely to become vociferous. Little account is taken of the refined questions of treaty interpretation involved in the protest of the United States government. The people clamor for the men to hang in a few moments. Simple enough, isn't it?

The financial success of breeding the trotter depends upon the financial prosperity of trotting sport.

### Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The poultry keeper who does not furnish a dust bath deprives his chickens of a necessity.

FITS—All fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is a pretty well established fact that a profitable hobby grow is a profitable consession.

I believe my present use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 17, '96.

Table cloths and napkins were unknown in France before the thirteenth century.

**Cox's Cough Balsam**
Is the oldest and best. Has given relief when all other remedies failed. Cures when anything else. It's always reliable. Try it.

The heaviest alone that is given away—Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart always handled their meat with their fingers.


When Nature
Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

If we keep well and cheerful and the mind constantly active we never grow old. By and by we quit the road of the journey, but we never grow old.—N. Kirk.

"I had a bad cold which developed into grip. Physicians gave me no relief, and I finally tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle cured me completely. It is a wonderful medicine."—Jacob Hanmies, Lyons Station, Pennsylvania.

Religion is the basis upon which all free civil governments rests—from which power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their sanction.—Webster.

Every day symptoms of digestive disorders—acid stomach, distress after eating, burning at pit of stomach, dull, heavy feeling—Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to correct any troubles of this sort.

Much of the failure of seeds to germinate in the spring is due to the fact that they are planted too deep.

Why continue to pass your nights in scratching and your days in misery? Doan's Ointment brings instant relief, and permanently cures even the worst cases of Itching Piles. It never fails.

When hens or hogs get weak in the legs it is because they have been fed too much corn and cornmeal.

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W. N. U., D.—XIV—20.

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## THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

| | Cattle | Hogs | Sheep | Lambs | Hogs |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | $4.25 | $4.50 | $3.60 | $5.40 | $4.60 |
| Best grades | 4.00 | 4.00 | 3.35 | 5.00 | 4.00 |
| Chicago— | | | | | |
| Best grades | 4.00 | 4.10 | 3.90 | 4.80 | 3.45 |
| Lowest grades | 3.00 | 3.50 | 2.25 | 3.25 | 3.35 |
| Detroit— | | | | | |
| Best grades | 3.75 | 4.00 | 3.85 | 4.40 | 3.55 |
| Lowest grades | 2.00 | 3.50 | 2.25 | 3.25 | 3.35 |
| Cincinnati— | | | | | |
| Best grades | 4.10 | 4.15 | 3.65 | 4.75 | 3.50 |
| Lowest grades | 2.00 | 3.75 | 2.00 | 3.50 | 3.30 |
| Cleveland— | | | | | |
| Best grades | 3.75 | 4.00 | 3.70 | 4.75 | 3.60 |
| Lowest grades | 2.00 | 3.50 | 2.25 | 3.25 | 3.40 |
| Pittsburg— | | | | | |
| Best grades | 4.10 | 4.30 | 3.80 | 5.00 | 3.75 |
| Lowest grades | 2.50 | 4.00 | 2.75 | 3.90 | 3.60 |

GRAIN, ETC.

| | Wheat | | Corn | | Oats | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | No. 2 red | No. 2 hard | No. 2 mix | | No. 2 white | No. 2 mix |
| New York | 70¼ | 69¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |
| Chicago | 66¼ | 66¾ | 38¾ | 38¾ | 30¼ | 30¼ |
| Detroit | 69¾ | 69¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |
| Toledo | 68¾ | 68¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |
| Cincinnati | 69¾ | 69¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |
| Cleveland | 69¾ | 68¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |
| Pittsburg | 69¾ | 68¾ | 39¾ | 39¾ | 31¼ | 31¼ |

Detroit—Hay No. 1 timothy, $13.50 per ton. Potatoes, new southern, $1.25 per bu; old, 30c. Onions, $1.25 per bu. Cabbage, $1.50 per doz. Eggs, fresh, 20c per doz. Butter, fresh dairy, 15@16c per lb.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

That exports of $7,850,00 gold have produced no material advance in the actual price of the soundness of financial conditions and one of the most considerable factors in the case. Much of the hesitation at present is due to the fear that the recent decline in wool, distilleries, iron and steel, the general irregularity of prices and business demand for these and other products do not present the marching up of prices by combinations, but are largely due to doubt whether such prices as are fixed can be maintained. Fig prices in wool and other finished products are heavier with a remarkably small decline, and prices are indicated for textile manufactures the situation is trying. Cotton has been a puzzle for months, though not equal to the normal output. Trade in wheat have often proved a trial, and yet nobody questions the correctness of western reports that the spring wheat crop is ahead of winter wheat, and material progress in the planting of spring. With the harvest more usual at this season, a speculation for advance has not been indicated, but with western receipts are still 40 per cent larger than last year, while exports are 40 per cent behind, are for the week 300,000 bu against 1,180,000 bu a year ago, and for the season 7,000,000 bu against 20,000,000 bu. Corn is made over by without definite reason. Woolen manufacturers find prices of wool lagging and have advanced goods.

Northville has discovered that the village ordinance book is lost, strayed or stolen. A lawyer was consulted who finds the village in a bad box as it has no law to back on. It was agreed that a competent attorney be employed to compile an entire new set.

The senate committee on foreign relations has agreed to a compromise bill for a cable to Hawaii or Japan. The bill authorizes the postmaster-general to enter into a contract with any company which may lay the cable, to pay a subsidy not exceeding $100,000