DINNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"You frighten me," she cried, trembling still. "And I am so alone now. I used to have Auntie. I could have borne anything then, but now I feel like a poor little rudderless boat going out to an unknown sea."

"Not rudderless while I live," he replied tenderly.

"Well, Dorothy, my darling, I may as well make a clean breast of the worst at once and get it over. Don't be frightened, dear, but my name is not Harris at all."

"Dick!" she cried, then sat staring at him as if she could not believe her own ears. "Dick!"

"Yes, I know. But wait till you hear all, dear, and then you will see that it was not my fault, to begin with, and that I never meant really to deceive either of you."

And then he told her everything—how Lady Jane must have mistaken him for his friend Haines; how unconscious he had been that the mistake had been made until she—Dorothy, that is—had called him Mr. Harris; how that fellow Stevenson had passed just as she spoke, and he had forgotten until he got back to Lady Jane's, nearly, that he had parted from her leaving her under a wrong impression about him; how, oddly enough, almost the same thing had happened at Lady Jane's. Then he told her all about his uncle's letter—gave it to her to read, in fact—and told her how he had come to call on Miss Dimsdale, and had been prevented from giving his real name to Barbara by Dorothy's coming to meet him and introducing him to her aunt as "Mr. Harris," and, finally, how he let the mistake pass, feeling that the whole situation was a very awkward one for him, but having always the full intention of making a clean breast of it to Miss Dimsdale sooner or later. "And the fact was," he ended, half apologetically, "I thought if you both got to like me you wouldn't care whether my name was Tom, Dick or Harry."

"But it is Dick?" she cried quite piteously.

"It is Dick—Dick Aylmer, at my darling's service," he answered, "and, after all, Aylmer is a better name than Harris any day."

"And you will be Lord Aylmer one day!" she said, her soft eyes filled with wonder to think of it.

"Yes, always supposing the old savage does not contrive to carry his

"DICK," SHE CRIED.

threat about an heir of his own into actual fact," Dick replied. "But then you won't like me any the less for that, I hope."

"Oh, no, I was not thinking of that," she said. "I was only thinking how wonderful it was that you should want to marry me. But, Dick, what will your uncle say when he finds out about it?"

"He will cut off my allowance promptly," Dick answered.

"Oh, Dick!" she said.

"Well, now, my darling, that is what I want to talk to you about. You see, nobody about here, not even Lady Jane, knows me except as Harris, regiment vague. And if the old savage finds out that I am married he will make it a necessity for me to go to India, which I don't want to do if I can help it. But if you would consent to marry me privately under the name of Richard Harris, we should be perfectly safe, so long as you were not known by any of the people in the regiment—that is, if you lived a mile or two away, or in the next town."

"It would be quite legal?" said Dorothy, in a trembling voice.

"It would be perfectly legal," he answered. "Oh, my dear!" he burst out, "do you think I would be such a villain as to make a suggestion which would not be legal, while your aunt, who took care of you all her life, and who left you in my charge, lay dead in the house? Listen—I have thought it all out. We shall be married, if you consent, as soon as we possibly can be. Barbara will witness the marriage, but will not know my real name. I will at once make a deed declaring that I was married on such a day, under the name of Harris, and leave it sealed in some place of safety, so that there can never be any trouble about the identification of the Richard Harris who was married to Dorothy Strode. We will tell Barbara that it is necessary the marriage should be kept secret for a time, and she will live with you and take care of you when I am absent. There, that is my idea. I know that it is a great sacrifice to ask of you, and I hardly like to ask it, but you see I am in this old savage's hands, so to speak. Then, on the other hand, if you don't feel that you ought to do this, or that your aunt would have objected very strongly to it, I will write at once and tell Lord Aylmer what I have done, and he must make himself as disagreeable as he pleases. Only, my dearest, that will mean India."

"Dick, dear," said Dorothy, slipping her hand within his, "we will be married privately. I don't think Auntie would have minded a bit. If she knew a thing was right, she never cared what the world had to say about it."

CHAPTER X.

AND so it was settled. When Dick had gone again, Dorothy rang the bell for Barbara. "Come in here Barbara," she said, "I have something to tell you. Listen—sit down, Barbara, and promise me that what I tell you shall be a dead secret for ever until I release you from your promise."

"Miss Dorothy," said Barbara, sniffing, "I promise, but surely you know it isn't necessary."

"No, Barbara, no," soothingly, "but it is best to say all first, isn't it? First, do you know that this house all belongs to Mr. David Stevenson?"

"To David Stevenson!" burst out Barbara, indignantly (she had known David from a liittle boy and detested him always). "But, Miss Dorothy, surely the dear mistress never let him get round her to that extent?"

"No, no," cried Dorothy, "but Auntie had to sell the Hall to somebody, and she sold it to David, and I never knew it till he told me yesterday."

"Then I think, Miss Dorothy," cried Barbara, in dignified disgust, "that he might have had the decency to wait a day or two before he told you."

"No, Barbara, you are too hard on David. He has been very kind and considerate to me—most kind and considerate, indeed. But he just had to tell me, he couldn't very well help himself. Of course, he does not want to turn us out—he—he wouldn't mind if we stopped here for years; but then, you see, Barbara, I am engaged to Mr. Harris, and—and this no place for me."

"Does Mr. David know?" Barbara inquired.

"Not yet; and that is what I wanted to tell you. You see, Barbara, Mr. Harris is very awkwardly placed. He has a relation who insists that he does not get married because he would not marry some rich girl or other that they wanted him to marry. And, of course, he wants to marry me, and he means to."

"Yes?" said Barbara, intensely interested in this very romantic situation. "Yes, Miss Dorothy; well?"

"Well, Barbara dear, we are going to be married quietly," said Dorothy, edging her chair a trifle nearer to the elderly woman's chair, "without letting anybody know, do you see?"

"Without any of the folk round about knowing?" Barbara asked.

"Just so. It won't be for always, you know, Barbara—only until Dick comes into his property; and he hasn't asked me to do anything but exactly what he had made up his mind to explain to Auntie, and ask her to give her consent to. And I feel sure she would have done so, dear Auntie, for she did get so fond of Dick."

"Yes, she did," Barbara agreed. "But Miss Dorothy, you are sure it will be done properly—that you'll be married in church and have your lines, and all that?"

"You are to see me married, Barbara," Dorothy answered, simply; "Mr. Harris says so."

And after that Barbara gave her consent, so to speak, and promised to be true to her trust and stand by her dear Miss Dorothy as long as she lived. "I think the dear mistress would be glad if she knew, Miss Dorothy."

"She did know, Barbara," said Dorothy, with a tender smile shining through her tears.

So the two sat together for a long time, talking long, and now and then weeping as some word brought back the memory of their loss. And Dorothy told the faithful servant all the plans that Dick and she had made for the strange and almost unknown future, which seemed so terrible to her who had lived all her life—all that she could remember, at least—under the same roof and guarded by the same tender care.

It was so sad to have so little joy in her engagement and her coming marriage, and yet, "You mustn't think that I don't love Dick," she cried to Barbara, when she had another passionate burst of grief over the dead woman

A BURST OF GRIEF.

lying above. "I do love him with all my heart, and I know that I shall be quite, quite happy by-and-by. But it is all so sudden, so strange and new; everything is going from me at one stroke, and after we go away from Graveleigh I shall have nothing but you to remind me of the past at all. Why, I don't know. I am not at all sure that everything here does not belong to David. Perhaps he can even take my Lorna Doone away and—and even drown her."

"Nay, nay, Mr. David won't want to do that," returned Barbara, soothingly. "Besides, Lorna never did belong to the mistress. Her ladyship gave her to you—the dear mistress had naught to do in the matter. Then, Miss Dorothy, dear, aren't you going to tell her ladyship about it?"

"Lady Jane last of anybody," cried Barbara—"last of anybody."

"I see," said Barbara, with an air of wisdom; but all the same, Barbara did not see anything. She thought the whole arrangement very strange and unusual, and she reminded herself that she had never been mixed up with anything of the kind in her life before, and now that she was being drawn into something distinctly clandestine she did not at all like it. Still, on the other hand, there was only the prospect of remaining at Graveleigh Hall under David Stevenson, and Barbara cordially detested David, as she had always done. So, between her dislike of David Stevenson and Dorothy's promise and Mr. Harris' wish that she should see the marriage take place, Barbara graciously gave her sanction to the private union, and did not try to place any obstacles in the young folks' way.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS DIMSDALE was laid away in Graveleigh churchyard three days later. Everyone, high, low, rich and poor for several miles around the Hall, came to pay the last token of affection and respect to her, and bitter were the tears that fell that day for the just and kind friend who was gone.

Naturally a good deal of curiosity was felt about Dorothy's future, and many were the speculations as to whether she would remain at the Hall alone with Miss Barbara or whether she would eventually decide to go to Holroyd, or to take the good-looking officer who had been so frequent a visitor at the Hall for three months past.

With regard to Dick, there was almost a quarrel, for Dorothy, as a matter of course, had invited him to the funeral, as indeed she had asked all her aunt's friends who would be likely to attend it.

Now, Dorothy had not a relation in the world, excepting one cousin, at that time wintering in Egypt, and therefore unable to attend the ceremony. She did not enter the large drawing-room until the last moment before starting, and then only spoke a few words to those nearest the door. And when the time came for them to go, David Stevenson came forward, and, with a very authoritative air, solely due to the presence of his rival, offered Dorothy his arm.

(To be continued.)

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

Life Made Easy by the Cultivation of a Happy Disposition.

"Perhaps there is nothing that adds more to the happiness of a home than the habit of cheerfulness," writes Mrs. F. M. Colby in the December Woman's Home Companion. "It is a potent factor in the secret of housekeeping, and the housewife who has always a pleasant smile and a soothing word has already acquired one of the most valuable accomplishments. As long ago as the days of the wise man a merry countenance had its recognized value. It is a duty to be pleasant. Yet how many neglect this important requirement. Some women are constitutionally cross and morose; others are weak and nervous, and are made fretful by the exactions of their household cares. But there is no excuse for much of the friction that exists in many households. I have been in some where the atmosphere seemed actually to bristle with hostilities. Everybody was in a fret, and frowns and cross words were the rule and not the exception. How uncomfortable life in such a home must be to the inmates, as well as to the passing guests. One learns to shun such homes as one would a pest-house.

"All women cannot be beautiful, but it is the duty of every woman to look as well as she can, and nothing adds more to a woman's good looks than a cheerful countenance. 'I have always,' said the good Vicar of Wakefield, 'been an admirer of happy human faces.' The sentiment is universal. The pleasure thus derived compensates for the absence of beauty, and supplies the deficiency of symmetry and grace.

"Cheerfulness can be cultivated and acquired as well as other qualities. If one's work is exacting and tiresome, it makes it no easier by being fretful. Form the habit of being cheerful under adverse circumstances. 'Our happiness,' observes a standard writer, 'is a sacred deposit for which we must give account.' A serene and amiable temper is among its most efficient preservatives. It is a virtue not to be gainsaid. Admiral Collingwood, one of England's great naval heroes, in his letters to his daughters, says, 'I never knew your mother to utter a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life.' What loftier eulogy could a woman have than that?

"Some women are naturally cheerful, but allow themselves to be put out by little things. Suppose the servant has broken a dish, or the butter doesn't come, or your husband comes home to dinner late, does it mend matters by any impatient complaint? Preserve your equanimity. The world was not made in a day, nor was it made all flowers and rippling sunshine. Your work will go along much smoother, you will accomplish more, and you will make others happier by being cheerful."

An Unexpected Answer.

A boy had been up for an examination in Scripture, and failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any texts in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered and then repeated: "'And Judas went out and hanged himself.'" "Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.'" There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated.—Figaro.

BURR'S LOST CAUSE.

PROPOSED SEPARATION OF THE EAST AND WEST.

Active Operations Were Begun—Condition of Things in the Kanawha Valley in the Autumn of 1806—The Government Became Alarmed.

(Parkersburg, W. Va., Letter.)

I WRITE from one of the most interesting and historic localities in the Ohio Valley. A century ago there came here from a cultured town across the ocean a lady and gentleman of refinement, education and distinguished family. What allurements brought them into an almost trackless wilderness, remote from home and friends, far from the pathways of civilization, may never be known. Crossing the Alleghenies, they discovered La Belle Rivierre, of the French voyageur, 190 miles below the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny, and selected for their future home a beautiful island two miles below the Little Kanawha. The island is nearly two miles in length, with a variable breadth of a third of a mile; is highly fertile, deeply wooded and picturesque, amid the high hills and spreading meadows which environ it. The climate is salubrious, atmosphere clear and invigorating. Here came Herman Blennerhassett and his accomplished wife in the closing years of the last century. Here they made their happy home, and here were born children that brought hope and happiness to the young couple. Herman Blennerhasset was descended from distinguished parentage; born in 1767, educated with care; at 22 was called to the bar; having received his certificate he traveled extensively. At the home of his brother-in-law, Admiral de Courcey, he met the brilliant and beautiful young lady who become his wife—to share the hardships and rough fortune which befell them in the wilds of the New World! She was Miss Mary Agnew, daughter of Lieut.-Gov. Agnew, of the Isle of Wight, and granddaughter of Gen. Agnew, who fell in the battle of Germantown. She has been described by early citizens of Marietta—Dr. Hildreth, Mr. Woodbridge and others—as extremely beautiful, of much culture and queenly bearing. She was of medium stature, graceful form, Grecian features, hazel eyes, auburn hair, clear, faultless complexion—a brilliant, superb woman in every respect. The writer saw in possession of a person in New York some years ago a miniature of this beautiful woman, painted upon ivory, set in a frame surrounded by diamonds. This corresponds with the description received from Dr. Hildreth, who personally enjoyed her acquaintance.

Blennerhasset brought from abroad library, chemical and philosophical apparatus, portraits, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc., to establish his new home. He selected a site for his dwelling and grounds at the upper end of the island,

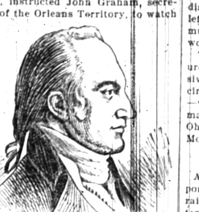
BLENNERHASSETT CASTLE.

where the view was commanding and prospect most inviting. Here he erected a commodious and handsome edifice, at an expenditure of over $50,000, and laid out the grounds in ornamental and tasteful style. Native forest trees embowered the home, and peace, plenty and unalloyed happiness pervaded all. This was Blennerhasset's ideal home on a picturesque isle in the Upper Ohio. To-day, as I walk over the ground and reverted in fancy to those halcyon days the descriptive lines of Moore came up before me. Not a semblance or stone remains to mark the spot where the ideal home stood, save the curbing of a well. All has disappeared. Sic transit gloria.

Let us now pass from the romance to the reality of this Island Utopia. In the early spring of 1805, when the dog wood and red bud shed their efflorescence over valley and hill, when feathered songsters filled the wild wood with vocal chorus, there came to the Atlantic home of the Blennerhassetts an American statesman whose name was everywhere heard; who had filled the highest offices in the land, save one. Whose military prowess was recognized and related by all, but whose sense of honor and morality was not savory. There was blood upon his escutcheon and danger in his glance. Aaron Burr, disappointed and thwarted in the East, sought separation and new honors at the West. He crossed the mountains to Pittsburg, sought Col. George Morgan at Morganza, near the latter city, and then descended the Ohio to Wheeling, Marietta and Parkersburg. Here he crossed, as tradition runs, to the island, accompanied by a companion of questionable reputation. The ostensible object of the visit was to admire the beauties of the island. They were invited to the mansion and hospitality extended. The "Lord of the Manor" being about the visit was brief. Correspondence subsequently grew up between Burr and Blennerhassett, which was continued during the next twelve months.

In August, 1806, accompanied by his daughter, Feodoria, wife of Gov. Alston, of South Carolina, Burr again visited the island, as guests of the Blennerhassetts. Prominent citizens of the neighborhood were invited to meet the distinguished visitors. Burr embraced the opportunity to advance his theories and unfold his schemes. He cautiously promulgated his views; spoke of the widespread disaffection throughout the West and South; that separation of the West from the East was no new project, but had been discussed at Washington; that there was no community of interest between the two sections; that in the event of foreign war the West must, in defense of her own interests, separate from the East; that they would be at the mercy of three powers—England, France and Spain. This was the old argument of Wilkinson and others. Burr promulgated it with earnestness and zeal. Blennerhassett was drawn into the scheme by the allurements of argument and blandishments of prospective power and affluence. Burr made favorable impressions upon visitors and soon his scheme began to materialize. Active operations commenced; contract with Woodbridge, at Marietta; Avery, at Belleville, and others for fifteen large batteaus sufficient to carry five hundred men and one barge for provisions, munitions of war, etc.; flour, bacon and other provisions contracted for. Money was plenty, credit good; activity prevailed and a martial spirit pervaded the quiet valley near the Kanawha and Muskingum. This was the condition of things in the autumn of 1806.

The question has repeatedly been asked, who furnished the "sinews of war?" Mr. Madison, Secretary of State, instructed John Graham, secretary of the Orleans Territory, to watch



AARON BURR.

Burr. Mr. Graham replied that Burr had a credit of $200,000 with Daniel Clark, of New Orleans, and friends at Lexington had furnished $40,000 additional. Notwithstanding this, the writer possessed direct information that Blennerhassett paid for most of Burr's contracts at the island. He was promised indemnity by Gov. Alston, who was there, but the promise was never fulfilled. During the period of active preparations at the island and building of the boats, Burr visited Chillicothe, then the seat of government of Ohio; Pittsburg, Morganza, Wheeling, Lexington and Cincinnati, conferring with friends and spreading dissension everywhere. Blennerhassett had general supervision of the island and was active in promoting the enterprise. He wrote for the Ohio Gazette, at Marietta, articles disseminating his views and elaborating the theories of antagonism between the East and West; that the land laws were unjust to Western states, etc.

In October Burr, Blennerhassett, Mr. and Mrs. Alston and others left the island for Lexington, descending the Ohio to Lewistown (Maysville). Meanwhile the government became alarmed at the military movements on the Ohio. Jefferson, suspicious of Burr's movements, dispatched secret agents to confer with the Ohio authorities and suppress any military movements. Gen. Wilkinson, commanding the department West and South, was ordered to watch and be ready. That officer, who has been suspected to have been in compilicity with Burr, proved treacherous, as believed, to both Burr and the government. His behavior has been subject to severe criticism. The Ohio authorities, acting under advice of Jefferson's secret agents, watched the completion of the boats and attempts to load them, when Gov. Tiffen ordered the militia, under command of Gen. Buck, of Marietta, to take possession of the boats and stores and arrest all suspected persons.

The boats were accordingly tied up; Blennerhassett and others arrested, but released by his adherents, when, on the night of October 10, he, with most of his men, having retaken one of the boats, escaped down the Ohio. Bedlam now reigned on the island; the militia raided the house and grounds; broke into the cellars of the mansion, and finding liquor, all were soon in drunken revelry. The house was pillaged, furniture broken, pictures, curtains and valuables destroyed, bullets fired into the walls, shrubbery and grounds trampled down, and Mrs. Blennerhassett even threatened with violence. These disgraceful scenes occurred before the arrival of Col. Phelps, whose presence restored order and succored the unfortunate mistress of the once beautiful home. Colonel Phelps offered her every protection, and on the following day she bade farewell to her Utopia, forever! She descended the Ohio river with her little family, and joined her husband at Bayou Perie. Did the kaleidoscope ever work great marvels? The arrest and trial of Burr and Blennerhassett, the utter ruin of the once beautiful island home, mark one of the historic epochs of the West—one of the futile attempts to separate the West from the East.

The mansion was destroyed by fire, despoliation rapidly followed in the train of evils, and to-day the visitor finds naught to recall the splendor of that island home. Blennerhassett did not attempt to reclaim his beautiful island, but purchased a plantation in Mississippi, which proved an unsuccessful investment. Discouraged, dissipated and ruined financially, the family left the United States in 1822, and lived for some years with one of his sisters in England. Finally, they went to Germany, where, in 1831, Herman Blennerhassett died, his faithful wife devoted to him even in death.

In 1842, Mrs. Blennerhassett, accompanied by her son Dorrelone, returned to the United States, and for some time was the guest of Robert Emmet. She petitioned Congress for indemnity for injury and ruin of her island home. The memorial was forwarded to Henry Clay, who supported it with all his eloquence and power; but death came before Congress acted. The invalid son, destitute and forlorn, became an inmate of a mission, where he died. The writer found in possession of the secretary of the mission many personal ornaments and mementos which he had obtained from the ill-fated son. The irony of fate has rarely exhibited more striking illustrations. Another son, Joseph, equally unfortunate, lived obscurely, and died neglected, in Missouri. A distant branch of the family lives in St. Louis. The beautiful island in the Ohio is owned by different persons, cultivated as farms. Some interesting archaelogical discoveries have recently been made on the island, indicating that long before the advent of the cultured family from abroad there dwelt here in prehistoric times, in large communities, a people who have utterly disappeared from the earth; who have left no history, but great abundance of mute witnesses in the form of artistic workmanship.

Twelve miles above, at the embouchure of the Muskingum river, an extensive system of earthworks—mounds, circumvallations, elevated squares, etc.—were found by the early settlers, and many are still there. This part of the Ohio Valley was thickly settled at the Mound period.

W. DE H.

To Change Ocean Currents.

At Vladivostok, a prominent Russian port and the terminus of the Siberian railway, for over four months of winter the port is blocked up with ice, rendering shipping traffic impossible. For many years the Russian authorities have been endeavoring to overcome these natural difficulties, and some time ago ice-breaking ships were introduced to break open the ice, an operation, however, which has proved practically useless. It is now reported that a "certain engineer" has proposed a plan for reclaiming the narrowest part of the Tartar strait between Saghalien and the Russian mainland. The theory of such an undertaking is that, if this is done, the cold current which enters the Japan sea from the Arctic, via Behring strait, will be checked, and the passage of the warmer tide, coming from the south through the Tshuma strait, will make the water on the coast of Japan as warm as Vladivostok, and the latter will be warm all year round. The expectation is entertained that this remarkable engineering work will be entered upon after the completion of the Siberian railroad.

A Wagon Load of "Prayers."

A country pastor was sick and in financial straits. A number of his flock met at his house to offer prayers for his speedy recovery, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer there was a loud knock at the door. When it was opened a stout boy was seen wrapped up comfortably. "What do you want?" asked an elder. "I've brought pa's prayers. They're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

Canada's Mineral Wealth.

Canada's mineral wealth is gradually being developed, and in the near future this development is likely to be carried forward much more rapidly than in the past. The reports received from the Cheticamp gold districts of Nova Scotia lately are to the effect that very rich has been uncovered in large quantities. The assayed value is over double that first found, and it was considered rich. Sinking on the lead continues and the footwall has not yet been reached, although the company has penetrated eighteen feet of ore body.

Wonderful Underground City.

The "City of the Salt Mines," which is situated several hundred feet below the surface at Wielicska, Galicia, is a wonderful subterranean city, with a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day or the earth's surface.

New Anaesthetic Discovered.

A new anaesthetic, which relieves at once the pain of deep burns, of ulcers, and of cancer, has been discovered by Drs. Eichorn and Heinz of Munich. It is a preparation of benzomethylic ether, in the form of a powder, to which the name of orthoform has been given.

The Proper Place.

Giles—"I'm looking for a silent partner to invest some money in my business." Miles—"Well, why don't you apply at the deaf and dumb asylum?"

PEN POINTS.

The man in the honey-moon is not a myth.

The mother-in-law often proves too much for the newly wedded lawyer.

It is one of fate's decrees that lovers must fall in love before they can fall out.

Dry books cannot always be depended upon to satisfy one's thirst for knowledge.

Some people are not satisfied with the milk of human kindness—they want the cream.

It is said that nations move by cycles. A great many people also move bicycles nowadays.

The sins of omission are probably those we would have committed had we thought of them.

A banana peel on the sidewalk is a nuisance and the man who steps on it usually tumbles to the fact.

The average girl knows enough about photography to retouch her negative when she says "no."

Overstudy sometimes makes men mad. An understudy often has a similar effect upon an actress.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The subject of this sketch is fifty-six years of age, and actively engaged in farming. When seventeen years old he hurt his shoulder and a few years after, commenced to have rheumatic pains in it. On taking a slight cold or the least strain, sometimes without any apparent cause whatever, the trouble would start and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

He suffered for over thirty years, and the last decade has suffered so much that he was unable to do any work. To this the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells were added, making him almost a helpless invalid.

In All Sorts of Weather.

He tried the best physicians but without being benefitted and he used several specific rheumatic cures, but was not helped. About one year and six months ago he read in this paper of a case somewhat similar to his which was cured by Dr. Williams Pink Pills and concluded to try this remedy.

After taking the first box he felt somewhat better, and after using three boxes, the pains entirely disappeared, the dizziness left him, and he has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former trouble and enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

He is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His post office address is Lorenzo Neeley, Horton, Jackson County, Michigan.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

When a man settles down to do his duty, and quits wasting time in idle talk, he gets a reputation for being either cross or bigoted.

To live for others is greater than to live for self; a benefactor is greater than a despot; integrity is better than gold or genius.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place.

Best Route to Klondike.

The quickest and cheapest route is via St. Paul or Minneapolis, the Northern Pacific Railway, Taiya (Dyea) and Chilkoot Rail & Tramway, or via Skaway and wagon road to Summit of White Pass. The lines over these Passes we are assured will be in operation in February, 1898, by which time the worst storms will be over and the snow packed down fit for traveling. The ice goes out of the upper Yukon basin lakes May 15th to June 1st or simultaneously with the opening of the Stikeen River 300 miles south, but you can reach the Salmon, Pelly, Stewart and Klondike country from three weeks to a month earlier by properly equipping your party and sledding your outfits, Lake Lindeman to open river at foot of Lake Le Berge, 160 miles, thus avoiding possible portages at Miles Canon and White Horse Rapid.

Send two cents postage to Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., for latest illustrated Alaska map. The Northern Pacific is the only railway running its trains (all equipped with Dining Cars, Standard, Tourist and free Colonist sleepers) through to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland.

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Truth and fidelity are the pillars of the temple of the world; when these are broken, the fabric falls, and crushes all to pieces.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Sold by druggists, 75c.

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A brush dipped in salt water should be used in cleaning bamboo furniture.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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An absolute cure for **ASTHMA** has been discovered by Dr. Taft, 4 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y. He is so sure that it will cure every case that he will send a trial bottle **absolutely free** to any one afflicted.

The best beef is moderately fat and the flesh of a bright red color.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5 cts.

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A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)

Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 612 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of sterling integrity, and whose word is beyond dispute. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incidents connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groins, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so badly that I could not pull my pants, over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up; and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to unlock my men. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him. But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly urged by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented. After the first week I commenced to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which had such a pronounced and radical effect, and yet not affect the system generally and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better now than I ever did. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone. I regard Doan's Kidney Pills as a most wonderful agent in the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name *Doan's*, and take no other.