A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

Naturally, Charlie Stuart was justified in believing the girl to be the child of some Flemish citizen. True, she was not dressed in the usual Dutch fashion, but her golden tresses and blue eyes, that shone like twin stars, made him take the fact for granted.

He was, therefore, considerably surprised when, springing to her feet, she advanced a step or two toward them, holding out her hands, a look of great joy illuminating her face, and in a voice which the echoes of her recent sobs still haunted, addressed them in purest English:

"Oh, sirs! Heaven has heard my prayer and sent you to my rescue!"

Stuart made up his mind then and there, strange as such a proceeding might be, that there was a deeper mystery about the presence of this young girl in these terrifying surroundings than had at first occurred to him.

Many things united to make him believe this—the fact of her not being missed by her party, her manner in avoiding any reference to the friends who should be so anxious—yes, then and there he became convinced that a story lay back of it as startling as any product of an opium smoker's dream. Charlie knew it would be well for him to divert the girl's mind as much as possible from the horrors she had so recently been forced to face. Thus as they walked along, he even grew somewhat merry, and his object was accomplished, since the girl's temporary trembling fit had passed away and she was now calm enough to ask questions regarding their opportune presence in the dismal place.

Several times Charlie knew she was looking at him intently.

He believed that he could guess the reason—that she had a story to tell, a story far out of the ordinary run, and was studying him when she thought herself unobserved, studying him to determine whether she dared entrust him with its astonishing details.

CHAPTER III.

Charlie Makes an Engagement.

Who was she?

This question came into Charlie's mind many times while they walked through those ghostly passages, seeking the worn stone stairs at the top of which stood the roughly hewn oak door studded with rusty nails.

At the foot of the worn stone steps the girl came to a sudden stop.

"Sir," she said, addressing Charlie as though he were the only party in sight, "unless I am mistaken these steps lead up to the museum of the Steen, and we have reached the exit of this horrible underground tomb."

"We can be in the light as soon as I unlock the door up yonder," he said quietly.

"One moment, before we ascend. I want to catch my breath—to tell you how grateful I am for your timely assistance—"

"Please don't mention it," said Charlie.

"Indeed, it was a great pleasure, fair lady," chirruped Artemus, eagerly.

"You overwhelm me with confusion. I have, as you may well suppose, received something of a shock, and hardly feel equal to the task of explaining to you just now what strange circumstances brought me into the desperate predicament from which I have been rescued by your assistance. But I trust I may see you again soon, when the explanation that is due will be gladly given. Forgive me if I say I have been studying you all this time, and something tells me I may safely trust you with my life. God knows I need friends!"

Her words thrilled Charlie.

"Pardon me, miss—I should have told you before—my name is Charlie Stuart. I am at present an exile from old London, in search of a mission. Perhaps I have found one," he said, with an amused smile.

A faint flush chased across her countenance.

"And I—am Arline Brand."

She had a small reticule attached to her girdle, as was the custom. Opening this, she took out a quaint little inlaid cardcase and handed him a bit of pasteboard.

"When you call, ask for me under that name, by which I am known. But let me say again—as a duty I owe you, Mr. Stuart—let me give you full warning that, while I appreciate the great favor you have done me, I must tell you I have enemies, and that if you should seek to continue the acquaintance so strangely begun, it might possibly bring you into trouble."

"I never yet have allowed fear of mortal man to influence my actions," Stuart said, proudly.

"But these men are cruel and unscrupulous. You can realize that after seeing to what a dreadful fate they would have condemned me because I refused to carry out their will."

"They are a set of precious scoundrels and cowards!" he declared.

"Ah! but perhaps they are all-powerful at court—men in touch with a dynasty that can shake the earth if aroused, to whom one poor human life is as a fallen leaf," she said, as if testing his loyalty.

"It is the same—I see no reason why I should draw back." Taking out his watch, he continued, in the most deliberate fashion: "It is now almost high noon. At eight, then, this evening, to the minute, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you at your hotel, and until I am convinced that it is unlawful for me so to do, all the police of Antwerp shall not stop me in my rights of a British citizen traveling under the protection of his flag."

Arline impulsively held out her hand.

"I thank you. God bless you, Mr. Stuart!" she said, in broken tones.

And Charlie, as he felt the little hand quiver and throb in his, found a strong indignation arising within his breast, directed against those unknown parties who had so mercilessly condemned so charming a young woman to a cruel fate.

It was Artemus who unlocked the heavy door and ushered them into the garish light of day, who gravely relieved Charlie of his brass candlestick and placed it, together with the rusty keys, where they belonged.

Charlie saw that his companion glanced hastily to the right and left through her veil. Once he was almost sure she gave a start, but by no word did she signify discovery.

"Could you get a cab for me?" she asked with a perceptible tremor in her voice.

"Easily, no doubt. There are usually vehicles waiting outside the Steen. This way, please."

Before the vehicle started, Arline Brand threw back the veil, and again Charlie was given the privilege of looking into those honest blue orbs, rivaling the heavens in their hue.

"I will release you from your promise if you regret making it, Mr. Stuart," she said, softly.

"Thanks; but I am a singularly obstinate man, I fear. At eight to-night, I said. Besides, I confess to much curiosity to hear what you promised to tell."

Those wondrous eyes beamed upon him; a little hand crept out to allow of a parting pressure; then the vehicle lumbered away, leaving him there in front of the historic Steen, watching its progress down the crooked thoroughfare, and wondering at the change that had broken into his quiet life.

When Charlie Stuart reiterated his rash promise with regard to seeing the owner of those marvelous cerulean orbs that same evening, he had but a faint conception of the magnitude of the task he had taken upon himself.

He was dimly conscious of a figure hanging from the rear window of a second old vehicle—a figure that made all manner of pantomime gestures, and in which he recognized his friend Artemus.

Remembering the quaint methods by which Artemus invoked the dramatic muse, he ended with a laugh.

"No harm done, I imagine," he said aloud. "To his surprise some one added:

"That remains to be seen, young sir."

Turning indignantly to see who had dared to thus address him without invitation, Charlie faced a middle-aged gentleman of military aspect, who was regarding him with much urbanity.

"I am quite ready to explain the meaning of those words! I uttered, young sir, on condition that you favor me with your name."

Charlie's first hasty inclination was to refuse point-blank, but he had up to this point of his existence never known the time when he found reason to be ashamed of his name. It belonged to one of the best families in Scotland, and his ancestry dated back to the days of Bruce and Wallace.

"That is a condition easily complied with, as I have never yet refused it to any man who felt enough interest in me to ask. It is Charlie Stuart."

The other bowed.

"Good! I see we shall get on together amazingly well. There need be no trouble whatever, since we agree so charmingly," he said.

"Ah! about what, now?" asked Charlie, once more keenly on his guard.

"Hm! Say, the pretty fraulein."

"But perhaps we do not agree on that subject, in fact, our views may be diametrically opposite. Tell me, why do you waylay me? I am a complete stranger; I never saw you before."

"Quite true, quite true, young sir," chuckled the other; "but I have seen you before. I know when you came to Antwerp, and just how you have employed your time since."

"The deuce you do! Then you must have known my name. Why did you ask for it?" with the light of suspicion and unbelief in his eyes.

"To ascertain how far you would have confidence in me. I see you are incredulous; but, young man, it is my especial business to know every stranger who comes to Antwerp, whether he be French, English, Russian, American or Turkish; also to discover as much with relation to his business here as is necessary to understand his status in society. Although you have never met me before, I doubt not you would recognize my name. Permit me."

A card was thrust into Charlie's hand.

Mechanically he glanced at it.

The result was peculiarly unpleasant.

It simply bore a name, but that name was as famous at St. Petersburg and Paris as in Antwerp—Baron Demetrius Peterhoff.

This wonderful man had been at the head of the famous Third Section in Russia; he had been the terror of Nihilists for years; an argus-eyed head of police; until, unfortunately, a cog slipped with fatal result, since the Czar Alexander was murdered through the instrumentality of a bomb, and from that hour Baron Peterhoff's usefulness in Russia was at an end.

"Ah!" Charlie said, very calmly; "I have heard of you very often, baron; but, really, I confess the prospect of meeting so renowned a character never entered my mind. To what am I indebted for the honor?"

Again the distinguished gentleman uttered the word that had startled Charlie before.

"To the pretty fraulein."

Charlie frowned.

"See here, baron—I know this lady as Mlle. Arline Brand. Surely there must be a mistake."

"She has golden hair?"

"Yes."

"And eyes so blue"—holding up his hands in a dramatic manner that would have delighted Artemus—"that they shame the lovely skies of the Riviera."

Charlie groaned an assent. A crushing weight seemed to press upon his brain and he felt as though tottering on the verge of a precipice.

"As to the name," continued the baron, coolly, "what does it matter? Mlle. Arline Brand is as good as another—indeed, when you come to examine it, there is something of the adventuress stripe about so delightful a cognomen, don't you think, young sir? To my knowledge that is only one of a score of different names the lady has adopted within the last few years."

"Adventuress!"

How like the shock of a rattlesnake's stroke the mention of that word fell upon Charlie's hearing.

"Since you have been so kind as to give me warning, suppose you tell me who this wonderful lady of many names is?" he asked, coldly.

"You must have heard of the Countess Isolde Brabant."

It was a name he had often seen mentioned in London and continental papers, a name belonging to a beautiful Russian young woman, given over heart and soul to the cause of Nihilism, connected with high families in the Land of the White Czar, banished through royal decree, and now turned adventuress in Vienna, Paris and other capitals of Europe.

He shuddered at the picture.

"At least I am under favors to you, baron, for your kindness; and if I make a fool of myself it will not be for lack of warning."

"Well, young sir, I owe my life to your father. Before Sebastopol, when a fierce engagement was in progress, I had been cut down and lay there helpless, when a squadron of British dragoons charged. They would have crushed me to atoms, but that a wounded Highlander captain, crawling over, shielded my body with his own, and, raising himself, waved his tartan in the air, at which the dragoons separated, sweeping past to the left and to the right. That brave Highlander was your noble father. For years we corresponded; but in my eventful life the memory of the debt I owed him—mere shame to me—became obscured by other issues. Young sir, for his sake I have sought to save you from the snare of the fowler. Be warned in time."

A cab, doubtless previously signaled, dashed up, the busy baron jumped in, waved his hand to Charlie, and was gone.

He left a very puzzled and deeply worried young man in front of the Steen.

Charlie seemed wrestling with the problem, and drawn first this way, then that; but his natural obstinacy finally won out.

"Well," he muttered, through his teeth, "I said eight o'clock to-night, and, come what or who may, I shall keep the appointment."

(To be continued.)

QUESTION DEVIL COULDN'T ANSWER

Unable to Predict Action of a New York Jury.

While waiting for the verdict in the Patrick case a few days ago somebody remarked to Mr. Van Diver of the District Attorney's office, that he thought the jury would acquit the lawyer who had conspired with William Marsh Rice's valet to gain possession of the Texas millionaire's fortune. Mr. Van Diver, who had followed the case closely for several months, doubted this, but added reflectively:

"Of course, nothing is more uncertain than the action of a jury. I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy in Alabama. The story was of His Satanic Majesty and a plain citizen who met one day on a narrow pathway cut in the edge of a cliff. On side there yawned a precipice. On the other side was the solid rock. There was only room for one to pass, and of these two, one must lie down and let the other walk over him.

"'If you'll propound three questions I can't answer,' suggested Satan, 'I'll lie down and let you pass over my body.' The citizen asked:

"'What is whiter than snow?'

"'Cotton,' was the answer.

"'What is sweeter than sugar?'

"'That's easy again; molasses.'

"'What will be the next verdict rendered in this county by a petit jury?'

"'Pass on your way,' said the Devil, as he made a carpet of himself."

PENN WAS NOT THE GODFATHER

Keystone State Not Named After the Early Settler.

Many people are under the impression that Pennsylvania owes its name to William Penn's vanity. In point of fact, it is not named after him, but after Admiral Penn, his father, and the only accepted by the name under protest. This fact is proved by this paragraph in a letter written by William Penn under date of Jan. 5, 1681. "This day, after many writings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king would give it in favor of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country, and when the secretary, a Welchman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I was much opposed to it and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past and he would not take it upon him, nor would twenty guineas move the undersecretary to vary the name, for I fear it might be looked on as vanity in me and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

Two Cents a Swear.

The penalty for swearing in some of the London hotels and bars is now a penny per swear. Directly language of a comminatory or profane character is heard the barmaid or waiter passes to the offender a small collecting box, with a polite request for a penny.

In some establishments gentlemen with a luxurious tendency to swear are indulged as season ticket holders. They put in a sum which carries them for a fixed period without paying forfeit.

Season ticket holders, however, are not encouraged, because the knowledge of having paid for their swears in advance encourages men to take out their money's worth.

THREE AMERICAN DUCHESSES ATTEND AN ELABORATE DINNER IN THEIR HONOR AT PARIS

The Baroness Von Andress, sister-in-law to Chauncey M. Depew, gave the most elaborate dinner of the season in honor of three American duchesses. No other hostess in the American colony has ever succeeded in getting these three together.

There were the Duchess de la Rochefaucauld, nee Miss Mattie Mitchell; the Duchess of Manchester and the Duchess of Marlborough. Other guests were the Duchess of Devonshire, W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Harriman of New York.

Mrs. Von Andree encountered difficulty deciding the question of precedence between the Duchesses of Marlborough and Manchester. The Duchess of Marlborough won because of the antiquity of her title.

Proud Record of a Negro School.

Of the fifty colored boys who were graduated from the Richmond Colored High School in the decade 1873-83, twelve have died. At the time of death one was a contractor, one was a professor of ancient languages in a college, three were postal clerks, and others, respectively, were an internal revenue collector, a candymaker and a preacher. Of the thirty-eight still alive thirteen are teachers, three are lawyers, two are doctors, two are journalists, five are postal clerks, one is a civil engineer, one is a clerk, two are bookkeepers, one is a bank president, and so on. Not one of the thirty-eight now living has ever fallen into disgrace.

Frogs' Eggs for Complexion.

Two young girls of Berlin found their eyesight failing and their parents sent them to a doctor, where they had to undergo a cure lasting for some weeks.

Questioned by their parents as to what they had been doing to bring their eyes to such a condition, the girls confessed that they had washed their faces in water mixed with frogs' eggs in order to secure a delicate complexion.

Perfumes in Ancient Days.

The records left us by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

WEALTHY PHILADELPHIA NEGRO WHO LEFT AN IMMENSE FORTUNE TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

COL. JOHN MCKEE.

The will of Col. McKee, who died a few days ago at Philadelphia, gives his fortune, the largest ever possessed by a negro in the United States, to Archbishop Ryan to be used in the construction of a Catholic Church, rectory and convent at McKee, N. J., and the building and maintenance of two schools for white and colored orphans, one, in Philadelphia, to be modeled on the United States Naval Academy. Col McKee, who was a member of the staff of the Governor of Pennsylvania and influential in politics, was converted to the Catholic Church by the ministrations of two Sisters of Charity who were sent to nurse him in his illness. His only living child is a daughter, Mrs. Abbe A. Spyhax, who is given an annuity of $300.

Godless Florins.

Florins were first placed in circulation as a British coin in 1849. The first issue was speedily called in, however, for it omitted to declare that Victoria was queen dei gratia, "by the grace of God," or F. D. (fidei defensor), "defender of the faith." Even the threepenny bit and the farthing made this confession, and it was felt to be a shame that the bigger and more valuable silver coin should be so wanting in decency. The oversight was easily made right, but those florins became known to fame as the "godless" or "graceless" florins. Of course, examples of them are now rare, and worth far more than two shillings.—English Exchange.

No Tax Levy This Year.

No municipal tax levy will be made in Peterborough this year, the first time when such an incident was recorded in England.

New Line of Torpedoes.

The Portsmouth (England) torpedo school has devised a line of torpedoes to prevent submarine attacks.

Men vs. Women Dressmakers.

An old bachelor, who is supposed not to have a too kindly feeling toward women, is certain that there is nothing that they do that a man does not do better, and if we are to believe him the gentle sex gets most of its best ideas in the way of the toilettes from the sterner sex. We certainly find the presiding genius at many of the largest houses where articles of dress are sold to be a man, and some of the largest dressmaking, millinery and tailoring establishments are managed by them, and not by women, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. How we are to divide the work of the world into a man's province and a woman's has not, up to now, been decided.

Aged French Scientist Dead.

Emilien Renou, who died last week in France at the age of 87, was the oldest of French meteorologists in active work, if not the oldest in the world. Since 1878 he had been the director of the St. Maur observatory. In 1852 he was one of the founders of the French Meteorology society.

CERTAINLY DESERVED THE CHECK.

College Provost Catches Philadelphia Broker in His Own Trap.

The University of Pennsylvania has not a large endowment, and that it finds the means to pay its current expenses and put up new buildings is due in great measure to its provost, Charles C. Harrison. His little black subscription book is well known in many a down-town office—too well known, a prominent broker told him not long ago. Mr. Harrison was pleading persistently with him for a subscription, but in vain. Finally the broker said:

"See here, Mr. Harrison, I will give you something on one condition."

"Very well, Mr. T——," said the provost, "name it."

"The condition is that you promise never come into my office again until I ask you to do so."

"Certainly, Mr. T——, I agree to that," said the provost promptly, and walked out smiling with a check for $1,000.

A month or so later the broker heard a knock at his door. "Come in," he called, and in walked Mr. Harrison. He had his black book under his arm.

"Good morning, Mr. T——," he said; "I want you to help me with a little university matter I am—"

"Look here, Mr. Harrison," the broker continued, "when I gave that last thousand dollars wasn't it on the express condition that you wouldn't come into my office again until I invited you?"

"Why, yes," returned the provost, "I believe that was the understanding. But didn't you say 'Come in' just now when I knocked?"

They say the check this time was for five thousand.—Philadelphia Times.

WAS NOT WORKING WITHOUT PAY.

How One Boy Declined to Blow Glass and Make a Bottle.

Thinking to please the visitors who come to look round his works, a certain glass manufacturer allows them all to try their skill at bottle-making, an experiment which the majority of them are very eager to undertake. It is only necessary to blow through a specially prepared pipe, and a bottle or glass in its smooth state can be produced by a mere child.

Some hundreds of school board boys were in the works the other day, and only one youngster refused to put his mouth to the blowpipe. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, watching the others with a comical air of contempt.

"It's a rare fine dodge," he remarked to his bosom companion, as they left the works together, "but the old rascal didn't take me in by it."

"Why didn't you have a go at the pipe?" queried the other, is astonishment.

"I wasn't such a fool," was the scornful rejoinder. "Don't you see his little game? You chaps have been cracking your cheeks and wasting your breath all the afternoon, and you've blown as many bottles as a man can turn out in a week. Talk about saving labor! Why, he'll make his fortune in a year if he goes on like this."

Put Up a good "Bluff."

The Rev. Alexander Allison, Jr., pastor of the Southwestern Presbyterian church, in a recent sermon on the subject of "Lying," illustrated his text with numerous stories, and one of these showed how, even in church, a man's false pride sometimes leads him to prevarication. A young man took his girl to church and, when the time for "collection" came round, rather ostentatiously displayed a $5 gold piece. Presuming upon the engagement to marry that had been made by her, the young lady placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiance. "Why, don't be so extravagant, George," she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing, I always give $5 when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate, and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister made the announcements for the week, and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection.

"The collection to-day," said he, "was $3.75."

George hadn't much to say all the way to his fancee's home.

Immate Sarcophagus.

The most remarkable specimen of Punic art which has ever come to light was discovered recently at Carthage by P. Delattre, a well-known archaeologist, which is fashioned of white marble and beautifully ornamented with engravings. That it served at one time as the tomb of some Carthaginian ruler all obtainable evidence tends to show.

M. Heron de Villefosse gave a graphic account of this discovery at the last meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Letters and maintained that it was by far the most notable specimen of ancient Carthaginian art which has yet been found.

It was while excavating in the Punic necropolis near the hill of Saint Monica that P. Delattre came across this royal tomb. As to its future destination various rumors are afloat, but it is most likely that it will be removed to some French museum.

Value of Encouragement.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval of praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagrely given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing, and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation; but how mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large-minded men who treat their employes as members of a family committed to their care.

CONDEMNED IN MISSOURI AND CONFISCATED IN NEW YORK.

Judge Clarke of St. Louis has convicted and fined heavily a number of grocers for selling baking powders containing alum.

The week before the Health Department of New York seized a quantity of stuff being sold for baking powder which they found was made from alum mixed with ground rock, and dumped it into the river.

The Health Authorities are thus taking effective means to prevent the introduction into our markets of injurious substitutes in place of wholesome baking powders.

As alum costs only two cents a pound, there is a great temptation for those manufacturers who make substitutes and imitation goods, to use it. Alum baking powders can be detected by the health authorities by chemical analysis, but the ordinary housekeeper, whose assistance in protecting the health of the people is important, cannot make a chemical examination. She may easily know the alum powders, however, from the fact that they are sold at from ten to twenty cents for a pound can, or that some prize—like a spoon or glass, or piece of crockery, or wooden ware—is given with the powder as an inducement.

As the people come to realize the importance of this subject and consumers insist on having baking powder of established name and character, and as the health authorities continue their vigorous crusades, the alum danger will, it is hoped, finally be driven from our homes.

JACK WILSON'S ONCE GREAT GRAFT.

Way of the Piute Indian Who Started the Ghost Dance.

"Jack Wilson, the famous Piute Indian who started the ghost dance craze among the Indians all over the United States a few years ago, lives in Mason Valley, Nevada," said an official of the Indian bureau the other day.

"He does not have the influence among the Indians now that he had ten years ago, although he is more than the ordinary Indian intellectually. His success as an apostle was due to his superior intelligence, combined with low cunning and an utter lack of conscience. To secure the influence and power he wielded over his followers in the early days of his notoriety he resorted to numerous tricks and deceptions.

"On one occasion when he had been lecturing on the new religion he told his audience that on the next day he would make ice from the river and invited all to see him perform a miracle. It being August he knew that to make them believe he had made ice would give him greater prestige. He selected a point below a bend in the river, and after securing a trusty accomplice, who took from a neighboring icehouse a generous lump, and deposited it in the current above the bend, Wilson, with wild gestures and weird incantations, placed himself at a convenient point where he lifted the floating ice from the water when it reached him from above, and thus made the Piutes believe he had supernatural power. By such trickery he made his associates believe that the ghost dance would drive the white man away from this country and bring back the buffalo."

An Honest Man's Opinion.

Vermont, Mo., April 28th.—If what Mr. J. S. Tillery of this place says is true—and none who know him doubt his honesty—the new remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills is a wonderful medicine indeed. Mr. Tillery says:

"I had Kidney and Liver Trouble for years. I had used many medicines but could get nothing to cure me.

"I heard of a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and began a treatment with the result that I was very soon on the mend.

"I kept on using the pills and am now entirely better. I honestly do believe that they are the greatest remedy the world has ever seen.

"I am always willing to help a good thing and I cannot say too much for one that helped me so much.

"If I didn't know that Dodd's Kidney Pills would do all that is claimed for them I wouldn't say a word of praise for them."

New Federal Building.

Jacksonville, Ill., special: Jacksonville will have a new federal building. An appropriation passed during this session of congress will be divided between four Illinois cities, of which Jacksonville is one.

$33.00 TO PACIFIC COAST

Chicago & North-Western R'y; during the months of March and April $30.00 from Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Ogden and Salt Lake City; $30.50 Spokane; $33.00 Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria and a large number of other points. Tourist Sleeping Cars daily to the Pacific coast. For maps and particulars apply to nearest ticket agent or address W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Freight Sheds Burn at Buffalo.

Buffalo special: The freight sheds on Green street below the New York Central Railroad Company's Exchange street station were burned. The loss will exceed $150,000.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color silk, wool or cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Experience is such a costly teacher that it keeps a man hustling to pay the tuition fees.

A thimbleful of theory to a pound of practice is about the right proportion.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

It frequently rains on the just because the unjust has carried off his umbrella.

Drive Rheumatism Away

by the use of MATT J. JOHNSON'S oil. It cures thoroughly and quickly.

Probably the tide has something to do with the number of knots made by a vessel.