A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

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

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CHAPTER XI.

Hot Shot.

One look told Charlie that his friend had good news.

Artemus was fairly bubbling over with the intelligence he had picked up.

Such a smile upon the face of Barnaby looked bad for Capt. Brand and his great game; the foundations of his Spanish castle were getting shaky, and possibly the whole tremendous structure must come crashing down, engulfing him in the ruins.

"What's the word?" asked Artemus.

"All goes on serenely, so far as I know."

Artemus shut one eye.

"There's some high old fun in prospect."

"Well, yes, I suppose so; St. Patrick's day is always coming with good cheer in New York."

"Ah! I mean for us, for our friend the captain."

"That strikes closer home. Now, I knew you were the bearer of good news when I saw you enter."

"I always said I was born under a lucky star, and this settles it beyond peradventure."

"Well, tell me your adventures, and how good fortune attended you. All of which shall be to the glory of our cause, the vindication of truth and right, and the utter demoralization of Capt. Brand."

"Come over here, where comfort and velvet chairs await us, and prepare yourself for a surprise that will, I guess, surpass anything you ever heard."

So they settled down.

Charlie endeavored to retain his composure and possess his soul in patience.

He knew Artemus of old and that a ceremony had to be gone through with ere he would disgorge the secrets he possessed, such as would not disgrace the cross-questioning in one of the higher courts.

"Well, now, you know what hopes I had with regard to the fellows on the Rialto; how I built up air castles concerning the finding of one or more among them who knew Macauley to heart, and would, for a proper consideration, take pleasure in denouncing him to his face.

"I only can across one man who had played upon the boards with the great Macauley; he declared he would know him under any disguise; that his mannerisms must always betray his individuality even though he represented an Arab or a heathen Chinee."

"Ah, that's the man we want," said Charlie.

"And that's the man we won't get. You see, he had one experience with Macauley, and to this day he declares the mention of the man always sends a chill up and down his spinal column. In a word, he fears him worse than the devil fears holy water, and neither bribes nor pleading could induce him to say he would open his batteries on Brand. The most I could get him to promise was to see the other from a safe hiding-place and then secretly give us his opinion, with the iron-bound proviso that his name would never appear in the matter."

Charlie elevated his eyebrows.

"I should say that man was a little bashful."

"He admitted the soft impeachment, and confessed to a ghastly fear. No Macauley for him, thank you. A burnt child dreads the fire, you know."

"It might be some satisfaction to us if he added the weight of his secret testimony to our own strong convictions in the matter; that is, it would perhaps influence Lady Arline."

"No doubt, no doubt."

"Will it pay to summon him, then?"

This direct method of questioning was the best way of assisting Artemus along.

It compelled an answer, and thus necessitated the unmasking of his strong batteries.

"I hardly think so."

"You know best, but I should like to hear your reasons for refusing what small favors the gods throw in our way."

"And you shall, Charlie, my boy. In the first place, it would hardly pay us to depend at all upon such secret testimony. If we could inject some alcoholic fluid into this low comedian, to give him backbone, so that he would face Brand and finish the game in a blaze of glory, it would do very well; but I fear the only thing that would give the poor devil artificial courage would at the same time steal away his senses, so that our cause would hardly make much progress. Don't you agree with me?"

Charlie nodded in the affirmative.

"That is one reason, you see. It wouldn't pay to bother with such a witness; time and labor and good point I wish to make. His evidence isn't needed."

"Ah!"

"Since I have found another way of ensnaring the wonderful Capt. Brand in a net which must render him utterly helpless. When the Rialto prospects grew dim, I had in my mind another alternative, by which I meant to make one last, desperate move, you know. It was suggested by something you said a long time back, in case business took us to London.

"First of all, I began to make diligent inquiries among the various shipping houses down in the region about Fulton market, and soon struck oil.

"One man remembered the Hespasia and her sad fate perfectly. He had sailed a voyage on her, and was later on connected in some clerical way with the American branch of the house in whose interests she was sailed up to the time of her loss.

"That branch house is still in existence and only a block away from where we stood talking at the moment; if interested in the Hespasia or her gallant captain, I could not do better than to turn in and make inquiries there.

"When I opened my business with a little gray-headed chap, who was resident agent, I wish you could have seen him jump about six inches off the floor, while the look of astonishment on his face was quite killing. For, as he presently informed me, as luck would have it, I had come asking about a vessel lost many years ago, about which no vestige had ever been discovered, in the very hour that the sole survivor of the luckless Hespasia had been sitting there in the same chair I occupied, and telling the most thrilling tales of his adventures in the deserts of Africa—the most exciting that ever fell from the lips of mortal man."

"That was quite a unique situation—to sit in the same chair and this survivor of the Hespasia wreck had occupied within the hour. How it must have stirred your blood and set your nerves tingling! And then, just to think what rollicking adventures he had to tell of his life in Africa. By the way, haven't we heard something in that line before? I have an indistinct recollection of listening to some very entertaining reminiscences that rivaled the feats of old Munchausen. Perhaps, after all, it was only a dream."

"Plainly, then, you think the old boy has been up to his tricks, and spinning his yarns to a fresh audience," Artemus remarked.

"I confess that thought came to me."

"Well, it struck me that way at first."

"Ah! then you found occasion to change your mind?"

"I did."

"And it wasn't the ogre?" breathlessly.

"Not a bit of it."

Then Charlie gave vent to a whistle.

There were two Richmonds in the field.

The man they knew as Capt. Brand had a rival for the honors.

It was growing decidedly interesting, and Charlie Stuart realized that his friend had certainly stumbled upon news of importance.

Here, then, was Mate Ben Hazen, come to the surface after his long eclipse.

Yes, it was a grand stroke of luck.

They could doubtless easily prevail upon the mate to meet the impostor face to face, and tear away the mask with which he had all this time concealed his identity.

Surely he would be willing to do this for the sake of his old captain's daughter.

No wonder Charlie felt pleased.

"Well," he said, at length, "it begins to look like business, I declare."

"Very much so," remarked Artemus.

"I can readily see there is some great fun in prospect if we can bring these two wonderful African travelers into contact."

"Oh! glorious!"

"And if we can get the mate to denounce this old ogre, our end is gained."

"Who is to denounce him?"

"Why, Ben Hazen, the mate, of course."

"Ah! where will you find him?"

"I thought—that is, I understood, or, at least, I took it for granted, you had found him."

Artemus slowly shook his head in the most tantalizing manner.

"I never said so."

"Then I jumped at conclusions, and was wrong?"

"You were."

"If Ben Hazen is out of the question, I suppose this is one of the crew who has turned up?"

Artemus lay back in his chair, with thumbs in the armholes of his vest. His attitude was consequential and triumphant; it plainly gave warning that he was about to fire a volley.

"Guess again."

"I am at my wits' ends."

"How about the genuine Simon Pure captain?"

Charlie caught his breath.

"Good Heavens! that would be the most stupendous thing on record—coincidence without a parallel. But see here," as he detected a quizzical gleam in the other's twinkling eyes, "this is too serious a thing to joke about, you know, my dear fellow.

"You bet it is."

"And you are in dead earnest?"

"Never more so in all my life—cross my heart if it isn't so."

Then Charlie realized that he could believe him.

"Tell me," he said, eagerly, "were you incredulous at first?"

"Rather."

"And how did you set about proving matters?"

"I saw only one way—that was to look up this new claimant for the honors."

"You did it?"

"I had to. You see, I couldn't rid myself of the idea that it might after all be Macauley, our ogre, spinning his spider web."

"That would have struck me the first thing."

"Well, with me it was somewhat different, for the case stood out so clearly. You see, he came to the agency in company with the captain of the English steamer that picked him up in a small boat off the coast of Africa—he having at last escaped from the Arabs who held him prisoner so many years.

"This steamer was bound from Cape Town to New York, and had been thrown out of her regular course by a series of terrible southern storms.

"They wanted to put him aboard some vessel bound for London; but, strange to say, spoke none during their subsequent voyage, so that he has been landed here."

"Most remarkable. What a surprise for Arline! I truly hope this papa will prove more acceptable than the ogre has been," said Stuart, reflectively.

"I think he will," remarked Artemus, calmly.

"What grounds have you for believing so?"

"The evidence of my judgment as brought to bear upon the matter by eyes and ears that are at least equal to the average."

"Then you have seen him?"

"Oh, ay."

"And talked with him?"

"Spent three hours in his company and he was very loth to have me break away, then."

Really, that should settle it.

In three hours Artemus could learn scores of things that would go to prove matters were as the new claimant declared.

"And the captain—what of him? Is he anything like—well, our ogre?"

"Not a whit in manner, and very little in appearance. These long years on the desert have darkened his skin and whitened his hair, but they could not destroy his noble nature. It shows in the determined and kindly glow of his eyes, in the almost heavenly smile, and warm clasp of the hand."

"H'm! Well, I hope he'll be friendly," said Charlie.

"Oh, he's wild to see you—to thank you for all that has been done. Don't worry a bit about that part of it—I've fixed matters," significantly.

Charlie blushed a little.

"Hope you haven't overdone it and made me out a heroic sort of figure. By the way, what did he think of the other?"

"You mean—the ogre?"

"Yes, Capt. Brand Number One we may say."

"Well, I wouldn't care to stand in his boots when those two meet. There's going to be war to the knife, I can tell you."

"Just as I thought."

"All these years he has lived on the hope of seeing his dear ones again, and to find an usurper in his place makes him furious."

"Could he cope with the rascal?"

"His wild life among the Arabs has hardened his constitution like iron. Besides, he isn't an old man, although his hair is white. God help the ogre if once he falls into the avenger's hands."

"Then we must see that this happens as soon as possible. There is need of haste. Such a romantic story as the captivity and escape of Capt. Brand can't long be hidden under a bushel. Some enterprising reporter will get hold of it, and the affair can be spread out over a whole page of a yellow journal."

"Correct. And for that reason I thought you had better see my captain at once, so I took the liberty of fetching him along, and if you will kindly take a little walk with me, I'll introduce you to—papa."

(To be continued.)

WOULD BUY JERUSALEM.

Dowie Tells His Followers of His Object in Life.

For the first time in his career John Alexander Dowie has announced to his followers what his real aim in life is. Before a gathering of 1,000 persons in Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion City, he said that his only purpose in building Zion was to make enough millions of dollars to buy outright the city of Jerusalem and lead his people there to await the coming of Christ.

"From the present outlook it will not be many years before we will have several Zion cities," said Dowie, "and we will make enough to accomplish our great purpose."

The theme of Dowie's talk and every remark were to show that Zion City is the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah. He spoke upon "The City of God," and told of the great things Zion was to do in the world.

Dowie averred the millennium is closer at hand than people imagined. The recent volcanic eruptions, he believed, are warnings to prepare for the end of the world. He cited the Lake Shore as particularly susceptible to seismic disturbances and declared that when the world is burned up in the awful fire that is kindling for it Zion City will stand alone, unharmed.

"The theocratic party," declared Dowie, "will before long rule the world. Zion City will be the leading city of America in education, religion, commerce and finance. It will have a fleet of vessels plying between the continents."

Cities like Zion are to be established in other places. Already offers of land have been received.

WILL BUY BACK RAILROAD.

Ottoman Government Has Designs on Damascus Line.

According to an imperial trade just issued, the Haifa-Damascus railroad concession, including the five or six miles already constructed, will be bought back from the English company, in whose hands it is at present, by the Turkish government, for the sum of 155,000 Turkish liras ($682,000). It is intended to make Haifa the port of arrival for pilgrims arriving by ship across the Mediterranean, and the Haifa-Damascus railroad is to be connected with the proposed Damascus-Mecca railroad now being built at Irbid.

Dr. Schumacher (the United States consular agent), the engineer in charge of the Haifa-Damascus railroad operations, has not as yet received instructions to hand the property over to the Turkish government, but the latter's representative (Hamdy Pachas) has arrived on the ground with his staff, and a transfer may be looked for any day on payment of the money. It is intended to enlarge the harbor facilities at Haifa. Already Beyroot has a protected harbor.

Crowning a Queen Consort.

There is quite a little difference between the ceremonies attending the coronation of queen consorts and those in connection with the crowning of reigning sovereigns. Thus while both are anointed with the holy chrism and invested with the crown the words accompanying these acts differ. When the crown is placed on the head of the queen consort, it is called "the crown of glory, honor and joy," and in the same way the sacred oil is described as "destined to increase her honors," but not to "set her apart for dominion."

Where Carnations Thrive.

The carnation likes a sunny situation, and should be free from the immediate neighborhood of taller plants. A little soot and ashes may be scattered between the rows and worked into the soil with benefit to the plants. They should be cultivated thoroughly during the summer and abundantly supplied with water. Carnations from seed grown in the open ground will not give many flowers the first season, being properly a biennial.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monuments Being Placed Along the Brandywine

Like Anarew Carnegie John G. Taylar, of West Chester, Pa., intends to dispose of a large share of his wealth while he is yet alive; but instead of investing it in libraries or schools, he is building monuments on the Brandywine battlefield. He refused to tell how much he has spent in this way, but competent judges say the statues and shafts that he has erected have cost fully $40,000. He has just completed his most elaborate monument, a memorial to Gen. Lafayette, built of granite at a cost of $8,000. Already he is planning other designs to honor the various commanders who participated in the battle.

Mr. Taylor has pointed out that in the conflict waged along the Brandywine the American flag was first unfurled in battle; that in this fight Lafayette, who had just joined the Americans, received his baptism of fire; that, being at the opening of the Pennsylvania campaign, it was one of the most important battles of the Revolution, and for the first time the American troops, by their determined resistance, won from the British in official reports a tribute to the efficiency of the patriot arms. Mr. Taylor deplores that in spite of the many historic associations of the vicinity the noted sites near the old meeting-house were neglected. The meeting-house itself remains almost as it was when it served as a hospital after the fiercest part of the conflict had been fought about its walls, but all traces of the graves of the hundreds of soldiers who were buried nearby have disappeared. The farm houses that were used as headquarters by Washington, Lafayette and Howe also present practically the same aspect now that they did 125 years ago, and along every road and on every hillside are places replete with stories of the civil and civic struggle for freedom.

It is time that in 1895 the school children of Chester county collected about $300, with which the Historical Society of the county was commissioned to erect a marker at the spot where Lafayette was shot. For this sum a monument was secured that was rather imposing in design, but it was constructed of terra-cotta. Dedication exercises were held on Sept. 11, 1896, the anniversary of the battle. Not long afterward, under the influence of the storms that swept the exposed hillside, the terra-cotta monument began to crumble, and it is now in ruins.

Last year Mr. Taylor endeavored to enlist the co-operation of the State legislature in erecting a monument to Lafayette on the battlefield. He offered to bear most of the expense, merely asking the state to give a share so that the project might not appear to be entirely an individual enterprise. The appropriation, however, was not granted. Undismayed, Mr. Taylor proceeded with his plans, and under his supervision the monument has now been completed. It consists of a column of granite cubes, reaching the height of twenty-five feet. The granite was quarried at St. Peter's, in the northwestern part of Chester county. The monument is so arranged that it is desirable a statute of Lafayette may be placed on the top. On the sides are inscribed two extracts from an address delivered by Lafayette at West Chester on the occasion of his visit in 1825. One is the following toast:

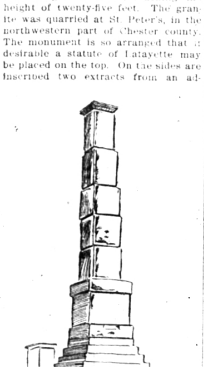
"May the blood spilled by thousands with equal merit in the cause of independence and freedom be to ensuing generations an eternal pledge of unalloyed republicanism, federal unity, public prosperity and domestic happiness."

The other quotation is as follows:

"The honor to have mingled my blood with that of many other American soldiers on the heights of Brandywine has been to me a source of pride and delight."

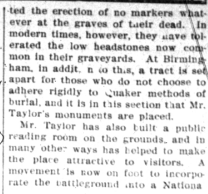
Mr. Taylor's monuments, remarkable in themselves, are the more conspicuous because they stand in a Quaker cemetery. Originally the Friends' doctrine of extreme simplicity permitted the erection of no markers whatever at the graves of their dead. In modern times, however, they have tolerated the low headstones now common in their graveyards. At Birmingham, in addition to this, a tract is set apart for those who do not choose to adhere rigidly to Quaker methods of burial, and it is in this section that Mr. Taylor's monuments are placed.

Mr. Taylor has also built a public reading room on the grounds, and in many other ways has helped to make the place attractive to visitors. A movement is now on foot to incorporate the battleground into a National park, and a bill appropriating $50,000 for that purpose is pending in Congress.



Ruins of First Lafayette Monument.

The Lafayette Monument.



Birmingham Meeting House.

CHESS PLAYING UNIVERSAL.

One of the Requirements of Inhabitants of a Hungarian Village.

There is in Hungary a village probably unique among the world's towns in that it not only encourages chess as a pastime, but insists that the king of games shall be played by every man, woman and child in the place.

It is just as necessary this outside world spot for the inhabitants to be proficient chess players as it is for them to be able to read, write and count. Prizes are given to the school children, independently in each of the three classes, and those that are expected to take hour and work out in their spare hours in addition to their other tasks.

Hungary has long been famous for its chess players, and Tesed, this little village has as can be well understood, produced more than one player who has been considered fit to rank with such giants as Tasker, Steinitz or Tchigorin.

Every Christmas a great tournament is held in the village, and the burgomaster gives prizes for the best juvenile and adult players.

A Pigtail Party.

The Philadelphia Record relates: A pigtail party was given in his studio the other night by an artist from the west. The arriving guests were very curious to know what on earth this sort of party is, and they found it to be one whereof the fads of pies are the main dish of the supper. As resources there were served, of course, sauerkraut, sausages, cheese and pretzels, but the delicious pigtails lorded it easily over their neighbors. They were fried, and each guest found he could eat a dozen without difficulty. "In St. Louis," the artist said, "pigtails are as common an article of food as pigs feet or headcheese. Every butcher has them on sale, and they cost about twenty cents a dozen. Here in the east they seem to be unknown. I had a great deal of trouble to get them; that you are eating to-night, and had to order them two weeks in advance. Several men got the recipe for their cooking and told me they would have standing orders with their butchers for pigtails with their dinners."

Moral Effect of Diets.

An exclusively pork diet tends infallibly to pessimism. But if persevered in for months, makes a man strong, energetic and audacious, says Pearson's Weekly. A mutton diet continued for any length of time tends to melancholia, while veal waters gradually lose energy and gayety. The free use of eggs and milk tend to make women healthy and vivacious. Butter used in excess renders its users palegnatic and lazy. Apples are excellent for brain workers, and every body who has much intellectual work to do should eat them freely. Potatoes, on the contrary, render one dull, invidious and lazy, when eaten constantly and in excess. To preserve the memory, even to an advanced age, nothing is better than mustard.

Royalty Expected at Newport.

Society in Newport is all in a flutter over the fact that representatives of three royal families are due to visit that seaside resort within a month. They are Grand Duke Boris of Russia, closely related to the czar, and fourth in line of succession to the imperial throne; the crown prince of Siam and Prince Chen of China. Duke Boris is coming by way of San Francisco, the others are expected to sail from England immediately after the coronation. It is possible all three may graciously shed the light of their royal countenances on Newport at the same time, hence the tremendous flutter there.

Governor Pardons Chinese Desperado.

Gov. Gage of California has roused storm of disapproval by securing the parole from San Quentin prison of Mah Noon one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty highbinders ever caught red-handed. Mah is a fine cook and the governor has installed him as chef in his own home. The Chinaman was sentenced not long ago to fourteen years for attempting to murder another celestial. He also shot and dangerously wounded an officer who went to arrest him.

Traits of Queen Wilhelmina.

Queen Wilhelmina, when in health, insists on knowing the contents of every document she signs. In case of doubt she summons an expert to explain the matter to her. Herein she follows the example of Queen Victoria, who always acted on this principle, though she had to sign an average of 200 documents a day.

A WOMAN UNDER THE BED.

Awful Possibilities Which the New Century Has Brought Forth.

Beyond all possibility of a reassuring doubt to the contrary, the terrifying story developed by the arrest of May Willard, a St. Louis young woman, who confesses that she has been in the habit of burglarizing houses, disguising herself in man's attire, will strike a panic to all masculine souls, says the St. Louis Republic.

Waking in the dead of night to espy the ordinary housebreaker, a burly, low-browed, heavy-jawed ruffian, in one's room is sufficiently frightful to curdle almost any man's blood into a dish of living bluewurst or crimson schmierkase, goodness knows.

But to merge from sweet sleep and fix the startled gaze upon an intruding shape which all the disguises in the world cannot prevent from betraying its femininity—oh, brothers, who among us shall undertake this experience and not feel his reason tottering from the shock?

May Willard, professional burglar and male impersonator, has materialized a terror of appalling portent to the masculine soul. For generations we have laughed at women because of their timorous bedtime habit of looking under the couches for a possible man. It is safe to say that hereafter no St. Louis man will be able to retire tranquilly without first having satisfied himself that there is no woman under his bed.

Even then, his sleep will be fitful and feverish because of the fear that ere daylight the woman who failed to hide herself under his bed will come to him through the window!

VALUE OF WOOD FOODS.

Said to Contain More Nourishment for Cattle Than Straw.

Wood is to be the newest food, says Heinrich Reh, a professor of chemistry in Berlin. He has secured a patent upon a form of animal fodder which has sawdust as its chief ingredient. He argues that animals have a decided liking for young shoots, roots of shrubs, tree bark and other heavy food of the same nature, and, since experiments have proved that the nutriment contained in such growth remains in it even after it has become wood, he observes that, with a little salt and water added to it, the sawdust will prove to be a highly nourishing diet.

He has statistics to prove it. Pine, birch, poplar, alder, acacia, beech and walnut woods and straw have been analyzed chemically by him, and he finds that the wood has vastly more albumen, nitrogen and fatty substance than the straw. The inventor claims that a very cheap cattle food can be prepared in this manner, to which may be added potato peelings, corn husks and shells of grain, and the residue from the sugar beet after the sugar has been extracted."

BACK TO NATURE'S BREAST.

Reasons for Exodus From Cities in Summer Time.

Every summer the exodus of the well-to-do American from the city is larger and begins earlier. Every year the return from the country is later in the season. At the present rate it is only a question of time before he and his family will come to town for only a month or two in winter. His home will be in the country; he will visit and do business in the city. The cause of this return to the soil is complex and presents a number of interesting features. One cause is that every man with red blood in him feels at intervals the impulse to get back to nature's breast, "far from the madding crowd." He may never have heard of the fable of Antaeus, but he has an instinctive feeling that he gains fresh strength every time he touches old mother earth. That is his heritage from primeval man. But we do not have to go far back; only a few generations away at most is an ancestor who helped conquer the wilderness. So this longing in our blood.

The University of Cairo.

A queer university this at Cairo with its 10,000 students! Its central square is open to the sun; about it are separate "riwaks," or porches, for each of the twenty four recognized nations of Islam; in each riwak, youth from all the Moslem world study to chant the Koran, to write beautiful Arabic script, and in the end to be doctors, lawyers, kadis, rulers. Each nation has its own ceremonial way of doing so simple a thing as drinking water. Nor are sect differences a trivial matter. The schism between the Suuni and the Sufi is so bitter that each deems it duty to pollute the holy wells and sacred places of the other, though if detected the penalty is death. Minor variations in belief and customs are numberless. There are Moslems who wear the fez, the turban, the tarboosh, or no head covering at all; those who do not; those who reek of garlic and those who hold onions accursed, because, as they claim, Mohammed never ate them. And the plain man needs guidance.—Era.

Big Price for a Pen.

Lively bidding in Vienna occurred the other day at the auction of the late Count Falkenhayn's relics, especially when the pen with which the holy alliance was signed, on September 26, 1815, was offered for sale. On that occasion the pen was used by Emperor Francis J., Czar Alexander I. and King Frederick William III. The bidding started at 125 florins and quickly rose to 500 florins, at which price the pen became the property of Count General von Lindhelm.

Where Pensioners Live.

Not all of Uncle Sam's pension money is spent at home, for 427 pensioners live in Ireland, 328 in England, 102 in Scotland, 13 in Wales, 610 in Germany, 72 in France, 9 in Russia, 15 in Norway, 27 in Denmark, 7 in Spain, 6 in Portugal, 33 in Italy, 7 in Turkey and 13 in Africa. They all deserve well of the country whenever they are.

When a man acts like a mule the latter is justified in giving him a kick.

CLEVER PARISIAN DRESSMAKER.

Humble Beginning of Gay City's Leading Man Milliner.

Paquin, the leading female milliner of Paris, was a clerk on the bourse a few years ago, with no knowledge of dressmaking. He is a very handsome man and when he met a pretty dressmaker who had a small shop he married her. Gradually the two extended their establishment until to-day they are the joint aristocrats of fashion, standing easily at the head of all dressmakers in the French capital. Once thoroughly established in a prominent way, the clever and ornamental young couple inaugurated a new regime. No haughty seclusion, no barred doors at the Maison Paquin. Madame was met at the door by monsieur himself, and to be met by Paquin was a treat. The most beautiful of Parisian ladies, elegantes and the homeliest old dowager received the same flattering welcome, the same tender interest. The charming woman, the handsome man, both so deeply interested, both so deferential, both so intelligent. This was a new experience and the Parisienne smiled and purred, bought more than she intended and came again.

Taking a Man Unawares.

Bland, Mo., June 30th.—F. B. Crider describes very graphically how he was overtaken by an enemy and his narrow escape, he says:

"For years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease which came on me so gradually that I did not know what it was until the pains in my back warned me that it was Kidney Trouble.

"I began treatment at once and used one medicine after another, but without help, till at last I was just about to give up in despair.

"Just then I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and bought a few boxes and began to take them. They helped me from the first and now I am completely cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine that ever did me any good. They are worth their weight in gold."

Glasgow Old-Fogyish.

"Glasgow is quite free from corruption, but there is considerable bosh about the ideal municipal government of the city," said a Glasgow man now touring this county to an interviewer the other day. "The public improvements are far behind those of many cities in the United States. The electric lights are queer, old-fashioned things, and the city permitted the construction of overhead wires for the street railways. Commissions were sent to various cities to look into electric light systems and electric railways system. You can't imagine where they went, for they brought back a lot of very old-fashioned ideas."

What About Your School Houses?

You may not this season be able to build a new one, or make the radical changes in the old one that you had in contemplation, but there is no school district in the United States that cannot afford to tint with Alabastine the interior of their buildings, thus making them more attractive, getting colors made with special reference to their effect on the eyes of the pupils, getting a sanitary and rock base cement coating that will not harbor disease germs.

The closely crowded school rooms need all the safeguards to the health of the pupil that intelligent officials can surround them with, and all sanitarians unite in saying that Alabastine is the only proper material to be used on such walls.

The first recorded eclipse of the moon was observed in Babylon, B. C., 721.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The man who finds it hard to serve God has not yet got to work for Him in earnest.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

No man is so ignorant that he doesn't know what he would do if he were in your place.

A widow is always trying to make a man believe she thought he was going to kiss her.

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES

Tells How Hospital Physicians Use and Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Twelve years continuous service at the sick bed in some of our prominent hospitals, as well as at private homes, has given me varied experiences with the diseases of women. I have nursed some

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES,
President of Nurses' Association, Watertown, N.Y.

most distressing cases of inflammation and ulceration of the ovaries and womb. I have known that doctors used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when everything else failed with their patients. I have advised my patients and friends to use it and have yet to hear of its first failure to cure.

"Four years ago I had falling of the womb from straining in lifting a heavy patient, and knowing of the value of your Compound I began to use it at once, and in six weeks I was well once more, and have had no trouble since. I am most pleased to have had an opportunity to say a few words in praise of your Vegetable Compound, and shall take every occasion to recommend it."—MISS VIRGINIA GRANES.—$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has stood the test of time, and has cured thousands.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.