Miss Rhody

By Harriett Prescatt Spofford.

something like it. But surely, if there was a fire down under the equator spiritualized, but none the less sweet. The children recognized it, for it was Miss Rhody how it blows?"

(In the consolation herself, it may be. "My, bow it blows?" spicitualized, but none the less sweet. The children recognized it, for it was Miss Rhody who put the buttered brown paper on their bruises and consoled them for their bumps, now with an apple when no one eise had about his being safe?"

"Well, you are roft, Rhody! For my part, give Will a stick and string and I'd trust him against any storm that blows."

"While you are and now with a shaining square of loaf sugar from the great coue wrapped in purple paper which seemed to them a part of the wonders of the outlandish them a part of the wonders of the outlandish."

"Or thereshouts," snswered Ann, suppling Will Mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies, since she had heard Will Mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies since she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little chinese she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little Chinese she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little chinese she had heard will mather relate some legend of the vast. "They are little chine them a part of the worders of the outlandish countries on the other side of the world where people walked head down as the flies do on the ceiling. And now and then she do on the ceiling. And now and then she changed. All the same, I don't believe but a momentary sleep, Sally had just gone to what, you be a little stirred up, an' that's him. It was just before dawn, and a great the same of the tenderest and dearest. with a kiss instead, which the little thing endured for the ake of the cudding on the soft shoulder, the agreeableness of the half-guessed scent of dried roses that sho as never without, and the deli-baby rags that came afterward. And the young girls recognized it, for it was to Miss Rhedy they came with the weighty confidences of their hopes and their grie's and hesitations, their gusten and blushes, and it was from her hat they had the excellent advice which they never followed. The mothers recognized it, for it was not only that Miss Rhody came to them In their illnesses and the Il messes of their children, nor that she brought them the bunch of peonles for the friendliness of feeling toward it; for it was ber Miss Rhody, who so long had dressed their dear ones for the last long rest, that they new she was the one likely to perform that office for themselves, and that flower-like of the quality of the flowers blessoming on

There was only one person on all the shore really indifferent to this poor charm of Miss Rhody's, and that was Will Mather, who never perceived any charm at all about her, and who looked on her with a goodnatured indulgence as he would have looked or Ann Mather's capary, had it escaped and come across his way, and who never thought of her when he did not see her. Her pale, thin personnity was such a colories thing beside that of her cousin Ann, the blackeyed, red-checked beauty, or even beside the tender, smiling loveliness of the pretty Sally. whom Tom Brier would have died for, and whom Humphrey Lavendar had made his own. She was in fact, to Will Mather only like the shadow of some one else, and Will Mather was the only one whose feeling in regard to herself had any vital significance

nothing of the sort; Humphrey less nature, even before he climbed the outside of the meeting house steeple to rescue a pairot that had taken a flight of funcy to was thrashed for it. "And deserved it."

"I'll teach you to frighten your mother again, you ship's monkey" cried his futher. But Will saw the twinkle in his father's eye, for all the blows, and knew there was a fulbling gride over the boy's achieve-ment in the old sailor's heart. "A chiof the old block," the father was mutter-ing to himself as he put up the strap, and that ke spits of the fact that he had been died young than live to follow his father's

Horge and the rect of them, to whom the thrashing was an affair of every day, but the climbing set their nerves to thrilling and their blood to spinning. They held council among themselves and knew that sooner or later it was decreed in tate that Will Mather would run away to sea. And he was as good as their word. To sea he went, and when he came back, breezy and brown and rolling in this gait, he could have had any girl on the shore for the asking—except Sally. It is hardly any coerifice of her maiden modesty. Hodge and the rest of them, to whom the thrashing was an affair of every day, but bardly any coerifice of her maiden modesty to say be could have had Rhody, although I do not know but the asking would have surprised her out of the possibility, for she did not look on him as girls look upon a lover, but as a subject looks upon a king, as a slave upon a master; he was the hero of the long, unwritten romance she was mell-ing out and reading every hour. But Will Mather hardly knew that poor Rhody existed. other than as part of the dim outlines and phantasmagoria that fill out the background of all people's memories. Her clusin Ann's rich color, her flashing eyes and sparkling teeth, her ringing laugh and gay spirit, all that, indeed, filled up the foreground of Will's fancy, and when he could stay at home and

Gid help me, save I take a part of danger on the roaring sea. A devil rises in my heart Par worse than any death to me,

heart was beating.

out being a post, knew the tune Will Mather's

and her thoughts followed him along the wide sea ways and into storms and into calms and into strange ports of the Orient.
"O. Ann!" she would say, running in at the close of a lowering day, or when such a tempest of rain and sleet was beating that o one who could stay at home ventured broad. "I thought I'd jes' step over; you ust be so sort of dismal. But you know it aln't blowing any such way as this down on the other side of the globe."
"Well, Rhody, you must think! As i? I didn't know that!" was the reply, with a toss of the sleek black head.

"I suppose," Rhody continued, "the sun's

Where who his? O. Will? I do' know.

Why, Ann do you mean to say you don't feel all sorter worked up with the wind roaring down chimbly like this, and you hear the pounding of the big waves reling in acrost the bar? I know better a spent nothing, the bar is bar nothing in a part of the bar and a part of the ba know how hard it seems, an' I made shift to run over, because I guessed your heart was in your throat every time the wind put its great shoulder to the house."

"My, greious! Then you'l better make shift to run back. The idea! In this Mis. Rhody shut her eyes ant screamed weather! And I'll be bound you ain't any pubbers on..."

"Bout nothing, till she cried, also shout nothing. It is shout nothing, till she cried, also shout nothing, till she cried, also shout nothing, till she cried, also shout nothing. It is shout nothing, till she cried, also shout nothing till she shout nothing till she cried, also shout nothing till she cried, also shout nothing till she passed to she shout nothi

"As if rubbers-"

anything of the rose about Miss Rhody, it "for you suppose that's where he is?"

The you suppose that's where he is?"

And yet a certain hint of the aweetness of the rose always hung about her, perhaps having been occasioned chiefly by her want-

why I come over to keep you heartened like. I suppose she went on dreamily booking into the fire, "if one was high enough to see, the earth would be like Mina Brier's blue changeable silk, here a bit of hand! Somebody! Lead me!" blue sea, and there a bit of gray storm, and there a bit of green field, and there clear elver blue again, all soit o' changeable and shining, and you're here in the bit gray storm, an' Will's out there in the

I should like to know the good of sech of schuld like to know the good of such again, and took Polly's head on her breast, of the peemy muslins Will will fetch home. "Why," said Polly, "it isn't dark at all now. You brought the light in with you. 'I should think 'twas a plenty if he now, brought himself home, if I was you, Ann. - ma.

"Yes, yes," subbed Rhody, I; O, I remem-

tness of hers had to them something to stay that night, to keep Ann's trem company with her own, which, after all, was why she came over.

But when it was sunny, and only a soft southwest breeze sighing through the eld that she was not good enough to see it hergarden Rhody's heart was as light as the self. She was bereft; but looking at Humwings of the birds that had that old garden phrey she did not grieve for Polly. all their own way. It was a spacious place, long since run wild, here and there a hed of old-fashioned flowers or pot-herbs that Rhody gave the little care they needed, saving the bunches of sage and mint and balm and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because of the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because of the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because of the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because of the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and pennyoyal, for she was already because the same and the grade of the same and the grade of the same and the same and the grade of the grade and pennyroyal, for she was already becom-ing the village nurse; and here at odd times she sat in the back porch at her sewing, the breath of the undying old roses and honeysuckles blowing about her, and all her soul as tranquil as the summer seas where mained at home it went hard rescul as tranquil as the summer seas where mained at home it went hard with Rhody her fancy went out and hovered over Will if she did not get in to see Ann—and the

Every time that he some bone from a voymore binff and burly and trumpettimed than before, all the suggestions of
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the vane and had hurt its wing and feited which Will was to be master; or now she last news of Humphrey and his old behavior to try its fate downward. To be sure, he was collecting bright strips to make the carpet for Ann's new parlor; or best of all she was having Will's portrait painted and hing up in a big gold frame in the same splentid room, for all Ann's belongings partook of the character with which Will had took of the co-racter with which will had been invested. And dream as she would been invested. And dream as she would Rhody could do Ann no wrong, for in reality Rhody would accept the fact of Will Mather's the being of her thoughts differed from the loss. He had been so full of life and vigor the being of her thoughts differed from the rude sailor that followe dide sea and drock she could never make him dead. She was his jorum of grog and swore his round always expecting to see him step down

the world would be poorer without. The sitst, a poor, wandering fellow of an uncertain talent, stayed with her during the progress of the work, and one and nother came to assist with great frankness, both came to assist with great frankness. concerning the painting and the sitter, but, on the whole not with unkindness. She could never quite understand why Iry Hodge alone looked with a cruel criticism upon that painting, making uppleasant remarks but the angles of the eyes, and saying that "Weather de-did, as you may say—coasen the color of a man's skin." To her eyes the colors werd Will Mather's,

sent to Ann at last, feeling as II she had given her the worth of a kingdom. be happy with her, Ann could never imagins, but Rhody understood it all. She too, withtints, to bleach her pale hair, to leave her the wraith of herself for thioners, to settle her in her vocation as the village nurse. But she would have told you that she was happy. She enjoyed her evening meeting her preparatory lecture, her call from the cider, her little tea gatherings. Sometimes, when she was off duty, she had a children's party in the old garden, with real ten im an many of her eggshell cups no remained, with tiny sandwiches, with honey, after which repast there were games and forfeits, the children adoring Miss Rhody on these cocasions, although when they met her in Mather's wife." the street going about her business with her basket on her arm they ree guized the basket with a slight sensation of awe as the one in which she first brought them to their mothers, and were persuaded that a nip place at the feet of the garden where the quince bushes grew, and that was barrel shining enough to ton melons down there against them by a tangle of briers, in some where he is." of that basket. But in these pienicking tea parties Miss Rhidy was as much a child herielf as any of them, except, perhaps, little Polly Lavendar, who, after all, was more a sprite than a child, new whirling

do what Polly did. And then Polly, as Miss Rhedy's reproof, would burst into pas-

It was through the love of the children for that cometimes great spiritual renewal and within the law. Iry says so."

joy came to Miss Rhody. If she had her "But there was Robinson Cruste-"
superstitions, you must pardon her; for it "O, Rhody, you'll be the death of me By Harriell Prescalt Spollord.

By Harriell Prescalt All Spollord.

By Harriell Prescalt All Spollord.

By Harriell Prescalt S and fluttered there until it ceased; if Miss Rhody saw a great white butterfly poised in ing flight above that faltering lip, so far as she was concerned she really did see a white

butterfly, and it meant whole gospels to her. She had never let the children chase the white butterflies since she had heard

"O, it is dark, it is dark. I am afraid!" she cried presently. "Take my hand! Somebody! Lead me!"

"It's all right, Polly, darling. I'm here," cried Miss Rhody. "You're only dreaming, dear. Don't you see the lamp? Here's my And then Sally came running back and went out. She threw herself on the bed Did you bring the people, too? brought them the bunch of pronies for the parter places, but she scened to have an insight into experiences which she had never shared, and gave them silent sympathy at unexpected moments when they would have then last to confess they needed it. And the old people recognized it, too; but, plainly as she ever saw anything in her ife that girl with the sweetbrier, in one light lovely as youth and joy, in another with the look of age that Sally's little And they I cked their arms about each grandmother had-saw, too, that cloud of other, both crying together. And Rhody had cherub faces, a wall of them, like roses thick upon a golden trellis, before Sally's desolate wail brought her back to pain and grief and her consoling work again. For Sally believed that Rhody saw it all, and grieved

-there seemed to Rhosy much danger of the portrait's getting mouldy or mildewed or something. Rhody used to let the sun in plowing his ship along under full-flowing picture—every afternoon for just a moment snowy sails. Rhody's father had been the lawyer of the shore, but he had not been particularly she could look out at the stars and wonder obcident to law himself, that is, the law of if Will saw them, too, and if he was think-

one in distress and she went to him just as she went to the hurt creature, out of the abundance of her heart's tenderness. But as for Will, he would never be one of those in any distress for even before she was a dozen years old she had felt all that was potent and fortunate, and that captivated all the girls in tewn in his strong and reckless that it was the sat in the porch body, she took her pleasure with her neighbors as she had always done. If her wash was out before Mrs. Burns' whitened the yard behind, if her baked beaus were pronounced one atom erisper than Mrs. Dennis' in the recipe for her rule of fruit cake was her no more than if she were the silver aspen which had sprung up wild in one of the old paths.

It is some virtue of her terressored the silver as the first along, the shore, if her least rules of the sold paths. the old paths.

By some virtue of her temperament there was hardly any trait of selfishness in Rhody's dre ms. Now she was building a bark of tion in Iry Hodge's admiration of her still

oath on occasion, as a piece of sculptured marble differs from a lump of soil; exceptor a bit of flashing color, a big stature, and a name, they had nothing in common.

a name, they had nothing in common. path in blue water.

But nothing of that mattered to Rhody and to the little public, to Ann and Flora and Humphrey, to Sally and Tom Brier and Jey Hodge and the rect of them, to whom the

To her eyes the colors were Will Mather s. and so were faultless, and she had the thing the heart that the brone, were published she heard that the brane were published for Ann Mather and Iry Hodge; for somehow Ann had not been able to bring he self to break the news to Rhody. She hurried over, as you may suppose. "Ann!" she over, as you may suppose. "Ann!" she cried. And then she softened the reproach what does it mean? Aun, dear, Priow what they are saying about you Really, you must not let Iry in so much it is naking no end of talk. They sayther do say-that-you are going to

it was only to whisper, "You are Will Mather's wife." sat frozen to stone. She could not

"O, you be still, Rhody," said Arm, biting off the threal with which she was ru-thing up the breadt's of a fine wedding garmen and showing all her handsome teeth. "Why, I can't be still," whispered Rhody, who for the life of her could not move. "What will Will say?"

"Nothing, I guere," "But if he should come back, Ann," gathing atlength. "What a simpleton you are, Rhody, After

all these years an the insurance paid and all. You're a perfect death's head at the feast. An look here, I won't have you talking so to me. And Iry wouldn't like

'lry's well crough. I ain't nothin' to

there had been a Mather child, but fortu- a right to think scame of yource f. And to tops can be cut off and an almost level surnately for the other children there never was think what if Will-" face of stumps be secured. "The Man-o'-Mull bean't ben heard from more'n seven years. And I'm quite

for you."

I don't know," said Acm, glancing up at the dark and dashing likeness. "It looks good on the will. "Ive kep the frame "It looks the well. "Ive kep" the frame ht. There ain't nothin' mean about real bright. Iry; he wouldn't put Will out'n his place. But there—you allus did set by it. An' you paid for it, anyway. An'—" Perhaps some tender memory swept over Ann. "Yes." she went on, "I guess it belongs most to you. But then Ann began to cry, and Rholy kissed her-she couldn't help it It was Ann. And then she ran home as if

ghost pursued her. One day the picture came, and Rhody put it upstairs in the spare room. It was not for all the world to see. And she made case for it as tenderly as ever Elaine wrought on that for Lancelot's shield, if it were not so beautiful-it was a crazy patchwork, a thing of silken shreds and patches. She made herself a black gown, too, in those days. She had always worn light with fine scorn, "Why, there's no dignity colors about the sick; she said it was more in that amount of work. It's more child's cheerful for them; and rainy afternoons she had made a point of putting on a bit of bright all the control of bright all the contr bright ribbon or a flower, or a gay apron, do 1? Well, what do I do? I work twenty four hours every day, and every householder thing were expected. But she slipped into in the city knows it. Yes, sir. her black gown now, saying nothing to any If it had been cloth of gold and sewa precious, for to her it was the symbol of something she was doing for Will. But no one on all the shore, except perhaps Sally Lavendar, had an idea that Miss Rhody was wearing black. Days and nights, away at her work, she

felt that her house held something sacred now. To go home to it, to that picture. was to look forward to a loy. She seldom allowed herself to gaze at it. Sunday mornings sometimes, before meeting—com-munion Sunday mornings—she stole in and let the sun fall through the open shutter a moment, and leoked at the bold, black eyes that followed hers, the hair like a mass of carved ebony, the ruddy cheek, the laughing mouth, and Will was then more alive to her than ever. When the great quinoxes blew, she comforted herself again y the assurance that it gave a robust life: And summer Sunday nights she sat a little while before it, a moonbeam slanting over and refining it and giving it an air almost of unreality. And in those moments she felt a deep peace in her heart. Ann was the happy wife of Iry Hodge-but there was a life to come-and in that-who knew To be sure in that life they neither marry nor are given in marriage—but love, servlog, companionship, those things must be long to all lives! Only, only—if Wi

Methods by Which the Modern Maga-

zine is illustrated. Since in probably ainety-nine out of a hun-Since in probably affects out of a nun-dred of our illustrated books the pictures are either line-plates or "half-tones," it may be well to give an idea of their pro-duction, says the New York Independent. Generally specking the zine plate can be mployed to reproduce any picture in which he effect is produced by lines or by solid masses of black. A thin sheet of fine zinc or copper is very highly polished, and upon this smooth surface is applied a sensitizing solu-tion (bichromate of potash, distilled water and the white of an egg), upon which light acts chemically. A careful negative is then made of the object to be reproduced. This I se negative, white, of course, where the black lines were in the original, is placed in frame with the sensitized zine plate on to it, face down, and the whole is exposed to ne sun's rays for a few moments, when th ight acts upon those portions covered by he white lines of the negative, and upon hem only. The zinc being removed and 'rubbed up' with greasy lithographic ink. e latter adheres to those portions of the te surface which have been thus acted on that after a washing with a piece of we otton-wool the original drawing appears to lack lines of ink on the flat surface of the late. Upon this is sprinkled finely powdered ragon's blood (a red resin), and the whole splaced in an oven where the heat causes he pawder to combine with the ink. asphalt varnish, and it is placed in a bath or nitric acid, where the surf cc is eaten away, except along the lines protected by the ink and dragon's blood. This leaves a metal date, with the picture in relief, which can be blocked upon a piece of wood or meta; and printed from.

As stated above, the process cannot be used for drawings with a brush or for photographs-inything in which there are various nes and shades. For these it is necessary to make the negative through a glass screen upon which there are very finely ruled lines or dots which break up and enable the plate to hold the dark and light portions of the picture. A moment's examination will en-able one to discern the nature of this screen n the gray background of the ordinary half one and even over the figures thems There, then were the substitutes for wood-ngraving, which were suddenly offered to he bookmaker; and he was not slow to disern their advantages. For, whereas, an ordinary full-page woodcut by ; competent ngraver required several weeks in the ex-cut on, and cost anywhere from \$75 to \$290 zinc plate or half-tone the same size coule rushed through on a pinch in a few ours and normally required only a couple f days, while the former would cost only couple of dollars and the half-tone from aree to five times as much. That is to say for the same expenditure, to leave out th twenty times as many pictures, photo-graphically reproduced and in no way desendent on "the fancy of the engraver;" is ton developed so magically?

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best in the market. A single bottle will convince you of its excellence. Try it.

TRACKS ON A TREE TOP.

Wonderful Piece of Pacific Slope Rail-

In these days of sdvanced engineering railroads have sought and conquered many emarkable places. Here in the United cates we can ride up and down mountains, ast as if they were little hills, and hurry just as if they were fittle fills, and the land along the brinks of gorges that make us shiver when we look down. From California, however, says the Baltimore Heraid, comes the strangent railroad story for a comes the stranger; railroad story for a long time. It tells of a train that actually runs over tree tops. -What a singular sensation it must be to

realize that one is following a faming, spiting locomotive over the very places where kind notice intended birds should nest, and that delightful quiet found among dense foliage reign supreme. This railroad, down in Clipper Mills and Stewart Point, is not ex-actly a passenger line, but it is a railroad serse of the word.

It so happens that when the railroad comes to a place about equi-distant from the two points mentioned, a huge ravine is en-countered, the sides and bottom of which are "Yes, Iry. I always liked Iry. An' he's countered, the sides and bot om of which are the lawyer of this village, an' 'tisn't every heavily wooded, two giant redwood months is the lawyer. And every one archs of the forest towering far above the archs of the forest towering far above the archs of the forest towering and imparting an less pretentions growth, and imparting an air of almost regal impressiveness. say against Iry. I've allus liked him, too.
But Iry ain't no business here."
"He sin't comin' here. I'm goin' to his house."
"Ann! Weli—I do' no' how you can stan' where real goning came to the respect the often of the "As if rubbers—"You're allus so in the clouds, Rhody, the state of the country of

face of stumps be secured.

This is what genius saw, and hence the rail-And I'm quite road across the treetops. In the first place so." the big redwoods were sawed off seventy-five feet from the ground, this being the

olgo." the piers and superstructure of the d
"Then," murmured Rhody, the tears pour bridge. To the lumbermen, even the veined hands with which she tried to hide them. 'the day you marry lry-0, my! I do' no' how you can-I should think you would be You needn't ask me to come to the wedth't ask me to come to the tree to the would be— You needn't ask me to come to the weddin'—I shan't countenance it. But you will send me over Will's picture, then, won't you? You won't want it for then, won't you? You won't want it for span several famous rivers, and many of us span several famous rivers, and many of us have seen these triumphs of engineering genius, but who is there that ever heard anywhere else of a railroad bridge over the tops of trees? It is by long adds the queerest of the whole lot.

TWO LABORERS MEET.

But the Gas Meter Was Modest and Therefore Unrecognized. They were very animated. The discussion was evidently a warm one, relates the Washington Star, and the parties to it had at tracted a number of listeners, who strangers to the participants, were evidently

deeply interested. "So you are a Knight of Labor, and be lieve in working only eight hours a day? said one. "That's what I am," returned the other

with emphasis. "Eight hours a day!" repeated the first sun is shining overhead I am diligently la boring, when evening comes I grow more jewels it would have been less active, and when night falls then I get in

> The other party looked dubious and crest At last he said: "Would you mind telling me who you

mere bagatelle."

"Me? Why, everybody ought to know me.

I'm a city gas company meter."

The Knight of Labor bowed low. "Pardon me," he said, "for not recogniz-ing you, but the modesty of your claim deuded me into thinking you were some else. I always believed that you put in thirty-six hours a day."

Don't across others by your coughing, isk your life by neglecting a cold. One Min ute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, or griope and all throat and lung troubles.

Receiver for Chestnut Street Bank. PHILADELPHIA, Jan 28,-Comptrolle of the Currency Dawes came here today from Washington to confer with the man from Washington to confer with the man-agers of the plan for the voluntary liquida-tion of the affairs of the suspended cheer-nut Street National bank. The comptroller declined to make any modifications in or amendments to the plan proposed by him a few days ago. The comptroller thereupon appointed a receiver. To show his confi-dence in the ability and integrity of the managers of the plan he selected one of them, George H, Earle, jr, as the receiver,

For Family Use

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Perhaps in your family you use but little whisky, but you want that little good-of the best. The United Age and Purity of every bottle of

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Burton Harrison shows, in an article capacious one of the chief, who, raising it The Stately President Danced at the in the Ladies' Home Journal, that the above her head takes the first ste "father of his country" was fond of dancing. I im but graceful old dance. F not giving up the pastine until some time practice, and through the continual use of after he had retred to private life. Describing the first inaugural ball at New York in prisingly pliant in the repeated bows and May, 1788, Mrs. Harrison pictures the susceptible awaiting Washington's selection of a His feet ret in scuething of the arch of partner for the minuet, each belie carnestly youth as he directs them with precision though the honor should come to her.

The chief, however, male his choice without a second's hesitation, and appeared the end like a mathematical problem in leading up to the flisk of shining parquetry, order to insure success. A murmur of appeared and ingenious young matron—the plause runs around the crick of elegant britis of a year. Mrs. Maxwell, born a Van females, who follow him rather than his a sweet and ingroupes young matron—the plause runs around the circle of elegant bride of a year, Mrs. Maxwell, born a Van females, who follow him rather than his Zudt, daughter of Jacobus Van Zandt, chair- partner, in the slow windings and steppings man of the so-called Revolutionary Com-mittee of Patriots in New York. And now.

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Zimboe, an inland trading city that flourished in the heart of Africa 3,000 years ago, and peopled by the Phoenicians, is the scene of the story. To this city comes Prince Aziel, a grandson of King Solomon, accompanied by Isaachar, a priest of Israel, and Metem, a Phoenician trader, who brings a caravan of mer-

In Elissa, daughter of Sakon, King of Zimboe, the prince meets his fate. King Ithobal, lord of many 🏰 legions of savage warriors, is already a suitor for her 🏶 🗱 hand. He sues in true barbarian fashion, seeks to 👯 carry her off by force, and is foiled in the attempt by Prince Aziel. The story unfolds itself around the feud between the Prince of Israel and the savage King Ithobal. Elissa has already given her heart to Aziel, and loaths the barbarian monarch. Isaachar, the priest, is determined that no prince of the house of David shall 🐞 wed a heathen maiden, whose people worship Baal. 🏂 As a result of his intrigues, Elissa is elected the high

priestess of Baal. This fixes an impassable religious gulf between her and Aziel. Their passionate love seeks to surmount all barriers. Meantime Ithobal draws his huge 🚜 🗱 army of savages around the fated city, and demanding 🗌 Elissa in marriage, prepares to destroy it if he is refused. How Elissa violates her oath as high priestess and prepares to fly with Aziel; how they are both discovered and threatened with death by the priests of Baal; how, to save each other, she, by her right as the shigh priestess of Baal, names him her husband, while 🏶 he renounces his faith and offers incense to Baal; how 🏶 Ithobal's horde of savages storms the walls of the city, and both Aziel and Elissa fall into his power; and how, at last, Aziel escapes with his life by Elissa's feigned submission to Ithoba', she, in turn, escaping Ithobal by killing herself, is all told in Mr. Haggard's

most fascinating manner. The awful ceremonies in the temple of Baal, the weird rites in the sacred groves of Zimboe, and the barbarous battle scenes of that far-off time, are described with all the author's marvelous wealth of imaginative resource.

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