BE 'UMBLE

Oh de Fairersee dat went in de temple fur ter Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-

Hil' up his head like or ole blue jay-Be umble in de sight o' de Lawd. He were or new hat an had money in his cloze-Be umble in de sight of de Lawd-

Had wine on his bref an' er ring in his nose-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd. "Much er bleeged, good Lawd," he said, wid er DOW-

Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Dat yer thinks it er privilège ter bless me,

Be 'umble in de sight o de Lawd. But he went down outen dat house o' pra'r-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Wider rock in his heart an' tho'ns in his ha'r-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd.

> Oh, de time gwine ter come when de second birth Will gin more joy den de whole o' de White robes'll be tied wid de silken On dem what waz 'umble in de sight o'

Oh de po' man dat went in de temple fur ter

Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Didn' hol' up his head like er ole blue jay-He 'umble in he sight o' de Law!-But he bowed down his head an poured out his soul-

Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Without any thought o' jewelry ur gol' -Be'umble in de sight o' de Lawd. He felt dat at most er man wuz small-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Dat death comes erlong an' settles it all-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd. An' he went down outen dat pra'ful place-Be 'umble in de sight o' de Lawd-Wid love in his heart an hope on his face-He 'umble in de sight o de Lawd.

> Oh, de time gwine ter come w'en de second birth Willigin more joy den de whole o' de White robevil be tied wid de golden cawd On dem what wur 'umble in de sight o'

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

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CHAPTER II -CONTINUED. Dr. Dubette was an Elder, having received the Aaronic priesthood in the House of Enings often sought with flowery and vehement clauses to more deeply imbed the saered doctrines of tithing, polygamy, blood atonement and special revelation in their minds. He worked hard for the church and had been "prospered"; four wives and the in the big, square face, and Elchard put out best property in the town, save the Bishop's, being the result, which was not so bad. Surely out of grantude none should be more you can, sir; the pressure suffocates me." jealous of apostasy than he, or more alive in seeing that the church's pulse beat at least rapidly normal if, indeed, not rather high. His house was a story and a half one, very long, and standing with its broad side to the street. It was constructed of adobe, plastered and painted in imitation of brick, with a porch running along the front, and four entrances, one to each wife's apartments; in short the form of dwelling usual with the prosperous Mormon. Some. however, though this arrangement was quite convenient for the husband, found it scarcely permissible owing to the unnatural and heartbreaking conditions at work, and had small houses in different quarters of the town. But most often, for the poor when counted against the well-to-do were as a hundred to one, two or three wives with their children and husband were crowded into a single hut, and there sank through gradation after gradation of cal-

lousing terments to squalor and inertia. Trean Hartman, whom for this digression we left at Dr. Dubette's gate, sprang down from Elebard's horse and went quickly to each of the door-ways of the house. At the first a woman of middle age, pale, griefbroken, but patient-looking, appeared. At the second one of like age, haggard, unhealthy and with bitter curves about the mouth, and a glint of hate in the face-light as if her nature were curdled by a touch of never-cooking rage. At the third a somewhat younger lady but dull-eyed and cheerless, much as if the fire and light of life were dead in her, and at the fourth a pretty vanid little thing, almost a child in years. with a babe upon her breast. At all the doors, save the last, children thrust their eager faces out but about all the women here clung a visible heart-gloom and the spirit of blight. None of them knew where their husband had gone, but indicated with something like shame that he might be in the next apartment. The last one said. however, that she thought him over at the Bishop's: so the girl mounted and rode



"GOOD EVENING." SAID THE GIRL HASTILY.

away feeling that cloud which women of Mormonland see forever hanging over them darken and thicken as she went. In a moment she was before Bishop Parley's house, a structure like that in which Dr. Dubette lived, but of two full stories, longer, and with large barns and other buildings in the rear. Dubette and the Bishop were talking in subdued voices at the gate when the girl rode up, and when their eyes fell upon her they exchanged a meaning glance and

bowed obsequiously. "Good evening," said the girl, hastily. "Doctor, can you come to our house right sad, an she'll fix ye up a sr

about excitedly, "I will go directly, handy. The Lord don't of en send us any whispering it to me, and the birds have beep the oil cloths in good condition.

be was off for his instruments. "Is the young man a stranger!"

of medium height, florid, large of girth, and with a cunning, greedy eye. "Yes, sir," said the girl, "he was going from Gray's across the valley to Eagle's,"

of sight, where the street curved into the

shadowy lane. "She's got grit and go in her when she gets awake!" said the Bishop to himself, and he shook his head doubtingly, and stood she will have to!" he muttered, presently, lifting his head with a sinister, evil look, and closing his big jaw with something like a snap. "She will have to, that's all! with the company of his sixth, and last, yet

all but stale-grown wife. Meantime, up in the house among the cottonwoods, Burl Hartman, with a little throat. flare of sympathetic light shining in each his kind garrulous fashion. He seemed a very soft-hearted, simple o'd man.

"There's nothin' like alkerhol to rub onto we when yo'r bad hurt," he was saying. said: Brandy air a pore makesheft fer rubbin' onter the outside. It air pert 'nuff fer drinkin', though I don't tetch it of en' an' pever would on'v fer my weak lungs, but on the outside it air too weak, it don't git see a heap of whisky usted to be aguzzled an' agot away with when I was a youngster.but I couldn't never bear the pizen stuff! A tetch of alkerhol in case of bad hurts er sickness, er mebby a sup of brandy, was aplenty fer me. There, ye'll be easier now with them there wet things of en yo'. Now | ward streaming valis of radiance down and I'll jest slip this clean sheet under yo'; out of the long vale after it, the daughter Treany air good at washin' an' ironin' pears to me I never got in between sheets of the house, and sat down to sew that seemed ser sweet an' pure-like as hern do. Yes, Treany air a mighty good worker an'no mistake, but she never talks much. She always hes been a sort of still person sence | rents of her life had quickened. Was it the we crossed the plains, when she was born an' her mother was lost. Yes," he said. softly, "she was lost, an' I was broke down, too, an' every thing is changed sence; but the Lord led His select to these here mountings of His'en fer their good; it was His ways, an He will pervide. Now, I'll jest put this ere blanket over yo'; the nights in Utah in June air mostly cool, but ye'll be bester fer it."

Thus he rambled on, falling into a fit of coughing now and then, and soon Trean came into the kitchen by the back door and began building a fire. A glance through the door showed her the injured man lying quietly with eyes closed, but breathing hard. and with a soft but anxious expression on her face, she went about her work. Presently Dubette came bustling in, and with him a slow-treading, ox-like young fellow of good form and features, whose eyes lit up a little when Trean stepped to the door and soberly admitted them.

"Orson Beam, he have become my pupil. help me, for he is very strong."

downents at Salt Lake City, and at meet- heartily and then turned to the couch. gravely through the film of darkness. poor Morman wife and daughter before and "Yes: now let us see' now let us see! Ah." which seemed always hanging over her since. began the little doctor. bustle, "is it bad?"

Elchard, with pain in his eyes, gave him a searching look, then turned them on the oxlike Beam by his side. An honest light was | Beam, unevenly. his hand and whispered, hoarsely: "Get these broken ribs off from my heart soon if

Yes, sir," said the young fellow, with eager kindness, and all set to work. Two hours afterward, Elchard, with the broken parts adjusted, for Dubette was something of a surgeon, despite the lameness of his nature, sank into that deep slumber which follows exhaustion. Then the hours flowed on in silence, the moon rode slowly over, the rythmic concert of the crickets beat the stillness sleepily, and, at last, a faint glimmer began to grow upon the mountains. Beam, who was watching beside the injured sleeper, saw it and stirred in his chair. A moment afterward, the sound of a dress, sliding down the little stair, touched his ear, and Trean entered. She glanced at an old clock on the mantle: it was five o'clock.

"I will get you some breakfast now, Orsen, before you go," she said.

"No, Trean, I will go down home, I guess. I will come up in the evening again: he will get along I think now," and their eyes turned to the sleeper's face. A pale film of dawn was creeping over it as they looked and made clear the delicate chiseling of the nose, the refined outline of the forehead and the strong under portion of the face; then their eyes met, and a film of light like the dawn, save that it was ruddier, rose into the girl's face, and the ever-present blood in the young man's cheeks seemed to die back and leave them gray. Yet, perhaps it was only from his all-night vigil, and really the dawn striking its first faint color against her lineaments.

"I will go now. Trean," he said, quietly, and passed out and down the lane and saw, yet did not wholly see, the morning stirring among the eastern peaks, and stopped to watch it surge like a froth of gold across the beights, but fell instead to gazing at the ground. When he looked up it was gushing into the valley through all the gorges, rimming their wide mouths with silver and strewing their dripping Good-night," and he tramped heavily out. sides, where visible, with pearls. The sun itself, a round and open furnace door into a great cloud of fire, was heaving over

Grav's Head, and he turned and went on. When Elchard opened his eyes a curtain had been lowered that the rising flood of light might not come in upon him, and Trean was moving softly across the room toward the kitchen. For a moment he turned his eyes enquiringly about, then, remembering the time and place, a smile and shlutation came to his lips, but the girl had passed into the kitchen, and he lay awhile looking out through the open door at the which, like a giant's bulging, muscleknotted breast, rose hairy with sage brush and vines across the stream. The day's beginning, like most summer mornings among the Utah mountains, was beautiful; cool, lammous, balmy, the climate of Naples, the

scenery of Switzerland. It was quiet in the house a little time, for Trean had gone through the orchard and was milking in the dewy strip of meadow that came from the vailey and ran a short way into the canyon back of the house. After a time the father came into the room where Elchard was lying. "Good mornin'." he said: "how air the

hurts by this time!" "Much better, thank you. Of course I been moved by the Holy Sperrit to make ve am very sore, but I hope I shall not have his wife. It's His will, but it's hard. O. to remain here troubling you long," with a it's hard to give ye up!"

The old man flung out his hands depreciatingly. "Don't ve be oneasy; we hev mo" house 'an what we need, an' vo'r welcome. I her know what it air to be sick Bishop's told you a lie. It's the Evil Spirit and bad hurt, an'yo'r welcome. Treany has moved him, if any thing! The Holy air good an' handy, if she air so't of Spirit has been revealing itself to me the quick! A young man was hurt bad across thin 'at 'll coax ve to eat, so don't ye git "Oh, it has been sneaking to me in the air charged with nicotine. ing the ford, and needs you."

nettly about goin' furder, but lay still an' silence that drops from the stars, the

Certainly," said the doctor, stepping enjoy yourself tell you're well 'nuff to move flowers round there in the yard have been A coar of good varnish each season will

madam," and, with a kind of twisting bow, good of much size to do here among these mountings of His'en, an' when it do come we air. I am hopin', ready for it. Trean!" quired the Bishop, affably. He was a man and he went to the kitchen door, while a smile of amusement and gratitude crept over Elchard's face. "Trean!" but she had not come in yet, and the old man lit his pipe and, with line ments grown benignant and she turned the horse and melted out

from the mild intoxicant, talked on. After a time the girl's footsteps could be heard moving about the kitchen, and presently she called her father quietly and he went in to her. In a moment he came back, bearing a square kneading-board covstaring at the gloom-hidden ground. "But ered with a white cloth, and upon which in clean dishes rested a baked trout, baked potatoes, stemming coffee, toast, a saucer of fresh lettuce, a tiny dish of yellow butter, a tumbier of cream, and by the plate a and he turned through the gate, and went bunch of flowers. The injured man's eyes in to comfort himself as best he might, turned gratefully toward the kitchen door when he looked at this.

"Your daughter is very good." he said. with something like a lump rising into his

"Yes, few are more so, I hev an idee. one of his shaggy eye-caves, had been busy She ken fix z snack of vittles 'at a'most rubbing the sufferer, and talking to him in any body ken eat. I guess," and he placed the kneading-board carefully on a chair by the couch and helped Elchard to the food. When he had eaten what he wished, he

"Thank you, Mr. Hartman. Please thank your daughter, too, for me. Words are not much to give in return for such kindness." "They are plenty, they are plenty! The one what does good gits his pay in acoin' of holt like alkerhol. Lor', back in ole Tennes- it; besides, in the hereafter, if there's some still acomin' to us, there'll be plenty to pay us with," and the old man went into the

kitchen and ate his breakfast with Trean. That evening, as the sun through the jarged mountain gaps in the west rolled slowly out of the valley, drawing its backclimbed to a seat among the pine trees back and rest. But she had no heart for the needle, and sat with her fine, strong head thrown back a little, as if the sluggish cursetting sun that lit two tiny fires deep back in the blue darkness of her eyes, or were they sparks that her heart sent up! All day her blood had stirred with a faint and sweet delight, and now, when she thought of the grateful, approving look in the stranger's eyes, the same soft delight seemed to spread through all her being. For a moment the poverty of her life, the shadow of a dreadful future, and all her heaviness of spirit, seemed to sink away from her. But there below her in the valley were the gubies of Bishop Parley's house gazing angrily toward her, and beyond them two open doorways in the house where Orson Beam lived with his widowed mother looking sorrowfully up to her, and the night and the old darkness flowed over her again.

CHAPTER IIL

A BIT OF HISTORY. In the evening, after the lamps were Mr. Hartman, said Dubette. "I have Hartman home. On the threshold he bring him that he may see the injury and stumbled slightly and hesitated, then, with deepening color, nodded to Trean, who, imploring, had her dark hour there alone The old man shook hands with them from her sewing by the lamp, looked up under the stars, as many and many another face, and bent her advanced, and offered his hand to Elchard. who took it eagerly.

"How do you feel by this time!" asked

"Oh, much better, much better, thank you," said Elchard, with his face lighting "Let me thank you for your kindness UD. last night, and for the pleasure your coming again gives me. Miss Trean has been doing wonders for me," flashing his large eves in her direction, with an admiring smile, "and I have really begun regretting already the necessity of getting well, and losing so much that is pleasant. "You must not hurry." stammered Beam, while Trean's eves were fixed upon

ble color fleeting up through the shadowfilm that saddened her face. "Yes, the doctor, who was here this noon, says I can not safely go on for two or three weeks," he answered. "I am afraid they are already growing uneasy over at there were some way by which I could let mother's garden.

her work with a tremor of almost invisi-

"I will go for you," said Beam, taking up his hat.

"Thank you. Oh. not now, sir." catching him by the hand in a grateful protesting way. "You are very good indeed, but in the morning wid do quite as well." "If they are anxious I guess I had better

go to-night," he said, half doggedly, getting "Oh, it will never do; you slept none last

night; it is altogether too much! "I slept some to-day," going toward the door with a feeble sort of laugh. Elchard reached out his hand. The other came and took it and stood looking down at his hat "You are a very good friend," said Eichard, with a fine warmth in his face, "you have me at a disadvantage now, but sometime I hope I may find a chance to return your kindness. My horse is at your disposal, as I. also, shall be in the future. Tell them. please, that I have a cracked riber two, and that as soon as they knit a little I shall be over on the range. You had best wait till morning.

"No; it's moonlight. I shan't mind the ride. I have work to do in the morning. When he had gone Elchard said, softly without turning his eyes from a great milky star that from over a far mountain top looked in through the open door: "I like him. He is a good, honest fellow and

seems like a brother." "Yes," said Trean, quietly, and silence fell between them. After a time the girl's father came in with a weary sort of step. He sat down and said a few words almost with his customary childish cheerfulness, then fell to gazing moodily at the floor. He did not light his pipe as usual, and Trean went to the mantel and filled and brought sunshine vellowing along the canyon's side. it to him. She said nothing, only laid her hand on his shoulder with a fond and pity ing movement as he looked up in a haif surprised and trembling, tender way. Then his eves filled and he sat a long time looking through the open door into the soft darkness with his pipe unlit in his crumpled hand. Soon Trean arose and went droopingly about the duties common to the retiring hour, and ere long the old man went out through the kitchen and found her standing on the back steps looking saily up at the untroubled stars.

> "O, my pore darter," he sobbed out, and he put his arm about her shoulders, "it's come out at last! Yo'r to be tuck away from me, my pore, purty gal! The Bishop's

The girl seemed to sink down for a mo ment, then she suddenly flung him off and stood erect.

been singing it up there in the pines! Oh, father. I can't marry the bishop now!

The old man looked at her with dumb amazement in his tear-wet eyes. He seemed to be feeling feebly after her drift, then suddenly he came toward her with outstretched, trembling hands. "Don't ye, darter! Don't ye sin agin the Holy Ghost!" he gasped. "Ye know that air the unpardonable sin, an' ken on'y be atoned for by the sheddin of vo'r own blood! That air revalation, darter. Don't ye bring it down onto ve. The Bishop hes seen it in a vision that we was to be his seventh wife, an hes prayed over it, an' desires ye, an' hes been counseled to it by the twelve elders of the Stake. It air the will of Heaven, darter; don't ve turn agin it! Don't ve turn away from the truth es revealed through the Lord's anointed, er, es ye well know, no



sacrifice but the spillin' of yo'r blood here among these mountings of Zion ken save ve from eteral burnin's! Don't ye turn agin the will of the Lord's chosen priesthood, darter, er, es the Bishop said last Sunday. vo'r lost! Yo' kent marry no man but one of the Lord's Saints an' be saved! O. darter, be keerful! be keerful!"

She stood almost within his trembling arms looking dumbly up at the silver surges of stars, but not seeing them for utter misery. Then a quiver ran through all her frame, and her eyes filled slowly.

"Is duty greater than love!" she said,

hoursely. "Yes, it air, darter! Yes, it air! The Prophet in the book of Doctrines and Covenants say it air!" and she turned away among the trees, and down at the foot of the orchard fell upon her knees and stretched her arms up in the moonlight toward Heaven. "Father! O. Father! have we women no souls" she cried, brokenly "Have we not hearts! Are we but beasts of burden, Father, that Thou hast thus loaded us with shame! Why didst Thou put love within us if its voice must be disobeyed! Is not love Thy voice, Father! lighted, Orson Beam, with his honest, ox- What shall we follow, then! Clouds of like tread, came in at the doorway of the misery! Man's mean wishes! Pain and mockery, up to Thy throne?" and she fell forward upon her face, and, sobbing and

> looking as one might who had been beaten down and trampled under by the passage of some strange life-draining tempest of invisible influences. Elchard was asleep, his face looking pale and spiritual in the little halo the poor lamp made about it, and the girl paused and turned her haggard visage toward it an instant. Then the sleeper stirred and muttered as from the fight across him of a prickly dream, and she crept away and up the little stairway to her room, feeling bent and weary and old.

In the same hour Orson Beam was riding with foreboding heaviness through the mountain aisles beyond the valley. huge shadows were all about him with dark crags thronging into the moon above, then he was on the mountain side with a glinting, jingling stream below, as if the chasm were shaking a trough of melted silver; then, after hours, he was riding back again along the silent mountain side and down through the dark aisles into the valley. Eagle's on account of my absence. I wish and when the sun arose was working in his

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAINT WINIFRED'S WELL

A Bomantic Lexeud of Wales, the Country of Strange Romances.

One of the most romantic stories of that romantic country. Wales, and one which finds its counterpart in almost every country in the world, is the story of St. Winifred and her well. It is a story of licentious love and crime and the story of the miraculous power of a holy man. Tradition, rather than history, has handed down the fact that Winifred, a transcendently beautiful maiden, was the daughter of Temice ap Elwedd. On a certain day in the year 630 A. D. her parents went to church to hear St. Beune preach, leaving their daughter at home by a bold, bad man and ruler of North Wales, came along, and, seeing Winifred, became enamored with her. She, to escape him, ran with all her speed toward the church. Caradoc followed and succeeded in overtakng the maiden, whose head he struck from her shoulders with the sword he carried. The trunkiess head rolled down the bill, right into the church, to the consternation of the people assembled. The good Bishop Beuno jumped out of the pulpit, picked up the head, and, running to the trunk, fastened the head on again, when Winifred became as right as ever. At the place where the head ceased rolling a little pool of blood was left: but from some miraculous agency this was transformed into a stream of sparkling water, which exists at the present day under the name of St. Winifred's well, and is noted for the remarkable cures which in times past have been wrought there. Caradoe, tradition asserts, died on the very spot where he had committed the foul crime, and his body was borne away by the evil one. Winifred, on the other hand, was so rejoiced at the miracle wrought on her behalf that she took the vail and ultimately became abbese of Gwythern, Denbighshire, and died in the odor of sanctity. Subsequently she was canonized by the reigning Pope, and the 3d of November was appointed as the day on which to commemorate her virtues. The spring is undoubtedly one of the finest in Wales, and will throw up twenty-one tons of water per minute. It never freezes, and is always the same in quantity, whether in rain or drought .- Ail

THERE is a popular notion that the pape wrappings of cigarettes do the mischief. The paper perhaps does burn the mouth The wrappers of some Turkish cigarettes are impregnated with opium, and these, of course, do harm; but that is not the fault of the cigarette. The trouble with cigarettes is that people will smoke cigarettes at times when they will not smoke gigars, and that cigarette smokers thus use more tobacco than other people, and that cigarette smokers inhale tobacco, and take into the lungs

MISCELLANEOUS.

-A lady in Grant County, Va., aged seventy, recently had an attack of measles, whereby she was cured of rheumatism.

-The depth of snow on the mountains of Colorado is illustrated curiously by stumps of trees. Instead of being out close to the ground the stumps are from six to ten feet high, since the trees are cut when the snow is upon the

-A Georgia farmer who lives near Kenesaw mountain, with a small branch running through his farm, which you could dam up with a couple spades of dirt, has the following sign stack up: "Hunting positively forbidden on this place, but you can fish as much as you please.'

-It has been estimated that a man would have to consume in every twentyfour hours sixty-seven feet of a sausage nine feet in circumference in order to eat as much in proportion to his bulk as the red-breast, whose daily food is considered as equivalent to an earthworm fourteen feet long.

-A countryman, who had been on a visit to London, on returning home. remarked that he never saw so many rees in his life as he saw in Piccadilly. This led to a dispute and a bet, when the countryman, being called upon to name the trees he saw, replied, "Axletrees."

-A young man in Caribou, Me., gave two voung ladies a ride to singingchool and left them there to get home the best way they could, while he returned with his best girl. The next time the two slighted damsels met the fellow they gave him such a flogging hat he was laid up for several days.

-The latest freak in wood fires is the pine cone blaze. No self-respecting open fireplace is now without the woodsy relies of the past summer, and he quaintest gilded baskets come to hold them. A hostess welcomes her visitor by throwing a handful of pine ones into the fire, and then, inspired by their cheery blaze, the gossip and he chatter flow merrily on.

-A traveler in Japan was recently hown the interior of a native printing flice. He found a "case" four feet vide by sixty feet long, where twelve compositors worked. They did a wonlerful amount of rushing about in earch of the types needed, for over ifty thousand different characters reposed in the divisions of this vast contruction.

-A French provincial lawver recenty died. In his will he directed that an innuity of \$400 a year be paid to the ervant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who had performed the office jumped with joy, but his delight was speedily lampened by the nephew and heir of be dead man who reminded the servant that his master only had one eye, and he servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.

-A recent funeral in Louisiana was announced by handbills reading as folows: "There will be a large funeral at Frogmore, the grandmother of -- 's wife. All are invited to attend. Ice Cleanses the water in abundance, free to all. Come one, come all." The paper contained the date of the funeral services, the names of six "managers," three of whom were clergymen, and the time of arrival and departure of trains from neighboring stations, with a list of rail- Senses of Taste road fares.

-A Cape Colonist who had been guilty of indiscreet remarks publishes Try the CURE. HAY-FEVER this card in a local South African newspaper: "I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, C. son, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself Stomach, Liver an infamous liar, and striking my month with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth, why did you lie so?" I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

-Frederick the Great was not only herself. In the meantime Prince Caradoc, wise, but also very witty. On one occasion a Catholic priest refused to allow an officer who had not complied with all his religious duties, to be buried in consecrated ground. Frederick sent for the priest and asked him: "You say that the graveyard is consecrated?" "Yes, your majesty." "How far down does your consecration go?" The priest, somewhat puzzled, replied, "Five feet." "All right, then, the officer shall be buried six feet under ground. He will then be one foot outside your jurisdiction."

-A Buffalo professor the other day was enlightening his class on the subject of geology, when one of the pupilcame forward, handed a piece of rock candy to the professor, and asked what it was. The professor suggested that it was probably a quantity of crystal line quartz, whereupon the bor won dered at its being so crumbly. The sci entist then ventured the opinion tha the substance was carbonate of lime Some of the boys could not refrain from giggling outright, but the professor remained in blissful ignorance of

-Some ingenious individual has or ganized a "Book Exchange" in Pariwhich might possibly be imitated with profit in this country. Membership costs & francs and 50 centimes (70 cents); that is, the reader buys a bool -not in paper covers, but a well-bound volume-and pays this amount in eash On a fly-leaf he will find a list of "sub agencies." principally in large hotels restaurants, etc., where he may upor payment of an additional 50 centime: (10 cents) surrender his book and ge another, and so on, ad lib. It is op tional at any time for the subscriber to surrender a book definitely and receiv. a part of the ch I france in payment therefor.

S:JACOBS OIT

RHEUMATISM.

The Case Stated.—Jan'y 17th, 1883. Mors. George C. Osgood & Co., drugg sts, Iwell. Mass., wrote to the undersigned as fows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moodvireet wishes to recommend St. Jacobs & and

desires especially to say that:
"Ours Robinson, of Grantville, 198., a boy of 12 years, came to his hou in the mer of 1881 walking on crutes, his left leg being bent at the knee for er two months, and could not be bent be. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in e house, and gave it to him to rub on his see. In six days he had no use for his crubes, and went home well without them, s he be been ever since.'

Corroborative and Conclusive Istimony. Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887, _entlemen Mr. Lewis Dennis has just calls upon me, and informs me that the boy Or R binson, who was a poor cripple on atches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oila 1881; the cure has remained permanent The young man has been and is now at wik at manual labor, the case certainly provide efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil .- Dr. GEO. C. SGOOD, M. D.

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