

HER NAME

How shall I tell you? She has so many.
As for her soubriquet, how could I know
In naming that baby, their worship may be
Entitled of woman a score or so?
When I see her with flowers are blooming,
Another blossom so fresh as a daisy,
I can compare her to nothing fairer,
(Call her my "Daisy," my "Marguerite,"
When I see her with hands so busy,
A fustie maiden in homespun dressed,
A household fairy, with steps so airy,
Homely "Maggie" describes her best,
When she greets me with mirth and laughter,
"Meg," I think is the sweetest name,
Of rosy-lipped and cheeks so rosy,
Then she is "Meg," my merry dame.

Ah! there are hours of gloom and sadness,
When hearts are sore with cold, gray rain,
When hearts are weary and life so dreary,
One scarce dare hope for the sun again,
Then she comes with her mien so gentle,
Calm, serene 'mid a mad world's whirl,
Of jewels the rarest, the purest, fairest,
I know why they named her "Margaret."
"Pearl."

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and
Vengeance of Harmachis, the
Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
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"She," "Allan Quatermain,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD-
VILLE and JERIPFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER XX
OF THE REPROACH OF HARMACHIS; OF THE
STRUGGLE OF HARMACHIS WITH THE
GUARDS; AND OF THE SECRET SPEECH OF
CLEOPATRA.

At length, all being
gone, I, too, turned
to go, when a cunch
struck me on the
shoulder and roughly
bade me wait on the
presence of the Queen.
An hour past and this
fellow would have
crawled to me on his
knees, but he heard,
and now he treated me
so brutally as the world treats the
fallen, with scorn. For to come low after
being great is to learn all shame. Un-
happy, therefore, are the great, for they
may fall!

I turned upon the slave with as fierce a
word that, cur-like, he sprang behind me;
then I passed on to the Alabaster Hall, and
was admitted of the guards. In the center
of the hall, high to the fountain, sat
Cleopatra, and with her were Charmion
and the Greek girl Ira, and Berotha and
other of the waiting ladies. "Go," she
said to these, "I would speak with my astro-
loger." So they went, and left us face
to face.

"Stand thou there," she said, lifting her
face for the first time. "Come not near
me, Harmachis; I trust thee not. Per-
chance thou hast found another dagger.
Now, what hast thou to say? By what right
didst thou dare to break in upon my talk
with the Roman?"

I felt the blood rush through me like a
storm, bitterness and burning anger took
hold upon my heart. "What hast thou to
say, Cleopatra?" I answered, boldly.
"Where is thy oath, sworn on the dead
heart of Menkara, the ever-living? Where
now thy challenge to this Roman Antony?
Where thy oath that thou wouldst call me
'husband' in the face of Egypt?" And I
choke and ceased.

"Well does it become Harmachis, who
never was forsaken, to speak to me of
oaths!" she said, in bitter mockery. "And
yet, O thou most pure Priest of Isis; and
yet, O thou most faithful friend, who never
didst betray thy friends; and yet, O thou
most steadfast, honorable, and upright
man, who never didst harbor thy brawling,
thy country and thy cause for the price of
woman's passing love; by what token
knowest thou that my word is void?"

"Thy taunts I will not answer, Cleopatra," I said, holding back my heart as
best I might; "for I have earned them all,
though not from thee. By this token, then,
I know it. Thou goest to visit Antony;
thou goest, as said that Roman knave,
'tricked in the best attire,' to feast with
him whom thou shouldst give to vultures
for their feast. Perchance, for aught I
know, thou art about to squander those
treasures that thou hast looted from the
body of Menkara, those treasures stored
against the need of Egypt, upon wanton
revels which shall complete the shame of
Egypt. By these things, then, I know that
thou art forsaken, and I, who, loving thee,
believed thee, tricked; and by this, also,
that thou wouldst but yesterday swear
to wed me, dost to-day cover me with
taunts, and even before that Roman put me
to an open shame!"

"To wed thee! And I did swear to wed
thee! Well, and what is marriage? Is it
the union of the heart, that bond beautiful
as a gemmer and than gemmer more light,
which binds soul to soul as through the
dreamy night of passion they float, a bond
to be, perchance, melted in the dews of
dawn? Or is it the iron link of enforced,
unchanging union whereby if sinks the one
the other must be dragged beneath the sea
of circumstanced, there, like a punished
slave, to perish of unavoidable corruption?
Marriage? I am weary! I to forget
freedom and court the wretched slavery of our
eyes, which, by the selfish will of man,
the stronger, doth still bind us to a bed grown
hateful, and enforce a service that love
mayhap no longer believes! Of what use,
then, to be a Queen, if thereby I may not
escape the evil of the meanly born? Mark
thou, Harmachis: Woman being grown
half two to four, death and marriage;
and of these twin is marriage the more
vile; for in death we may find rest, but in
marriage should it fall us, we must find
hell. Nay, being above the break of com-
mon slavery that would bind those who of
true virtue will not consent to stretch af-
fection's bonds, I love, Harmachis, but I
marry not!"

"And yesterday thou didst swear that
thou wouldst wed me and call me to thy
side before the face of Egypt?"

"And yesterday the red ring round the
mouse did mark the coming of the storm,
and yet the day is fair! But why knowest
that the tempest may not break tomorrow?
Who knows that I have not chosen the
only path to save Egypt from the Roman?"

Who knows, Harmachis, that thou shalt not
still call me 'wife'?"

Then no longer could I bear her falsehood,
for I saw that she but played her falsehood,
and so I spoke that which was in my heart.
"Cleopatra, I erred, 'thou didst swear to
protect me, and thou art about to betray
Egypt to the Roman! Thou didst swear to
use the treasure that I revealed to thee
for the service of Egypt, and thou art
about to use them to be her means of shame
—to fashion them as fetters for her wrists!
Thou didst swear to wed me, who loved
thee, and for thee gave all, and thou dost
mock me and reject! Therefore, say—
with the voice of the dread Gods I say it—
that on thee shall fall the curse of Menka-
ra, whom thou hast robbed, indeed! Let
me go, O, thou fair shame! thou living Lie!
Whom I have loved to my doom, and who
hast brought upon me the last curse of
doom! Let me hide myself and see thy face
no more!"

She rose in her wrath, and terrible she
was to see.

"Let thee go to stir up evil against me!
Nay, Harmachis, thou shalt not go to build
new plots against my throne! I say to thee
that thou, too, shalt come to visit Antony
in Cilicia, as there, perchance, I will let
thee go!" And ere I could answer, she had
struck upon the silver gong that hung high
to where she was.

Ere his rich echo had died away there
entered from one door Charmion and the
waiting women, and from the other a file of
guards—four of them of the Queen's body
guard, mighty men, with winged helmets
and long, fair hair.

"Seize that traitor!" cried Cleopatra,
pointing to me. The Captain of the guard
it was Brennus, saluted and came toward
me with drawn sword.

But I, being mad and desperate, and little
caring if they slew me, flew straight at his
throat, and dealt him such a heavy blow
that the great man fell headlong and his
armor clashed upon the marble floor. And
as he fell I seized his sword and target, and
meeting the next, who rushed on me with a
shout, caught his blow upon the shield, and
in answer smote with all my strength.
The sword fell where the neck is set
into the shoulder and showing through the
joints of his harness I saw him, so that his
knees were loosened and he sank down
dead. And the third, as he came,
I caught upon the point of my
sword before he could strike, and it
perved him and he died. Then the last
rushed on me with a cry of "Taranis!" and
I, too, rushed on him, for my blood was
afire. And the women shrieked, only
Cleopatra said naught, but stood and
watched the unequal fray. We met and I
struck with all my strength, and a mighty
blow it was, for the sword sheathed through
the iron shield and shattered there, leaving
me weaponless. With a shout of triumph
the guard swung up his swords and smote
down upon my head, but with my shield I
caught the blow. Again he smote, and again
I parried; but when a third time he raised
his sword I saw this might not endure, so
with a cry I hurled my buckler at his face,
glancing from his shield it struck him on
the breast and staggered him. Then, before
he could regain his balance, I rushed in be-
tween his guard and grappled him round the
middle. For a full minute the tall man and
I struggled furiously, and then, so great
was my strength in those days, I lifted him
like a toy and dashed him down upon the
marble floor in such a fashion that his bones
were shattered so that he spoke no more.
But I could not save myself and fell upon
him, and as I fell the Captain Brennus,
whom I had smitten to earth with my fist,
having once more found his sense, came up
behind me and smote me sore upon the
head and shoulders with the sword of one
of those whom I had slain. But I being on
the ground the blow fell not with all its
weight, also my thick hair and brodered
cap broke its force; and thus it came to pass
that, though sore wounded, the life was yet
whole in me. But no more could I struggle.

Then the cowardly eunuchs, who had gathered
at the sound of blows, and stood
huddled together like a herd of cattle, see-
ing that I was spent, threw themselves
upon me, and would have slain me with
their knives. But Brennus, seeing that I
was not dead, smote with a sword, but stood
waiting. And the eunuchs had surely
slain me, for Cleopatra stood like one who
watches a dream and made no sign. Al-
ready was my head dragged back and their
knife points at my throat, when Charmion,
rushing forward, threw herself upon me.

"I dashed him down," I said, and I
dashed him down.

and, calling them "dogs" desperately
thrust her body before them in such a
fashion that smite they could not. Now
Brennus, with an oath, seized first one and
then another and cast them from me.

"Spare his life, Queen!" he cried, in his
barbarous Latin. "By Jupiter, he is a
brave man! Myself I led like an ox in the
shambles, and three of my boys finished by
a man without armor, and taken unaware!
I grieve them not to such a man! A boon,
Queen! Spare his life, and give him to me!"

"Ay, spare him! spare him!" cried Char-
mion, while and trembling.
Cleopatra drew near and looked upon the
dead and him who lay dying as I had
dashed him to the ground, and on me, her
lover of two days gone, whose head rested
now on Charmion's white robes.

"I met the Queen's glance. 'Spare not!'
I gasped; 'the suta!' Then a flush
passed on her brow, methinks it was a flush
of shame!"

"Dost love this man at heart, Char-
mion," she said, with a little laugh, "that
thou dost threaten thy tender body 'twixt him
and the knives of these accursed brutes!"
and she cast a look of scorn upon the
eunuchs.

"Nay," answered the girl, serenely. "But
I can not stand by to see a brave man mur-
dered by such as these."

"Ay," said Cleopatra, "he is a brave
man, and gallantly he fought; never have
I seen so fierce a fight ever in the games
at Rome! Well, I spare his life; though
'twixt me and my womanish weak. Take
him to his chamber and guard him till he be
loosed for death."

And then my brain reeled, a great sur-
prise it was to me, and I sank into the
nothingness of sleep.

Brennus, dream, dream without end



I DASHED HIM DOWN.

"I dashed him down," I said, and I
dashed him down.

"I dashed him down," I said, and I
dashed him down.

and ever changing, as for years and years
I seemed to toss upon a sea of agony. And
through them a vision of a dark-eyed
woman's tender face and the touch of a
white hand caressing me to rest. Vision
of a Royal countenance bending at
times over my rocking bed—a countenance
that I could not grasp, but whose beauty
floated through my fevered veins and was a
part of me—visions of childhood and of the
Temple towers of Abouthis, and of the
white-haired Amenshat, my father—
and an ever-present vision of that dead
and the Sphinx dead in flame! There I
wandered everlastingly, clinging to the Holy
Mother, whose bosomy I could not grasp,
calling ever and in vain! For no cloud de-
scended upon the altar, only from time to
time the voice pealed aloud: "Strike out
the name of Harmachis, child of Earth,
from the living Book of Her, who Was and
Is and Shall Be! Let her name be!"

And then another voice would answer:
"Not yet! not yet! Repentance is at
hand; strike not out the name of Har-
machis, child of Earth, from the living
Book of Her, who Was and Is and Shall
Be! By suffering shalt thou be saved away!"

I woke to find myself in my own chamber
in the tower of the palace. No creak was
that I scarce could lift my hand, and life
seemed but to flutter in my breast as fit-
ters a dying dove. I could not turn my
head; I could not stir; yet in my heart there
was a sense of rest, and of dark trouble
gone. The light hurt my eyes; I shut
them; and as I shut them, heard the sweep
of a woman's robes upon the stair, and a
swift light step that I well knew. It was
that of Cleopatra.

She entered, and her footfall drew near,
I felt her come! Every pore in my poor
frame beat an answer to her footfall, and
all my mighty love and hate rose from the
darkness of my death-like sleep and rent
me in their struggle! She leaned over me;
her ambrosial breath played upon my face.
I could hear the beating of her heart
lower she leaned, till at last her lips
touched me softly on the brow. "Poor
man," she murmured, "poor, weak,
dying man! Forgive me; I have not had
time to sleep to be the sport of such
a one as I, the pain that I must move in
my play of policy! Ah! Harmachis!
thou shouldst have ruled the game!
They could give thee learning, those plot-
ting priests; but knowledge of mankind
they could not give thee, nor
fence thee 'gainst the march
of Nature's law. And thou dost love me
with all thy heart—ah! well, I know it!
Man like, thou dost love the eyes that, as
a pirate's lights, are bent on to ship-
wreck ruin, and that hang about on the
lips that led thy heart away and call thee
'slave!' Well, the game was fair, for thou
wouldst have slain me, and yet I grieve!
So thou dost die and this is my farewell
to thee! Never may we meet again on earth,
and perchance, 'tis well; for who knows,
when thy hour of tenderness is past, how I
might deal with thee and thy love! Thou
dost die, thy soul—thou learned, long faced
fool, who, if they let thee die, shall pay
the price! And where, then, shall we meet
again when my last throw is thrown? We
shall be equal there, in the Kingdom that
Christ rules. A little time, and we shall meet;
then, knowing all I can, how will thou greet
me thence? Nay, here, as thou art, still must
thou love me, for injuries can not touch
the immortality of such a love as thine! Con-
tempt alone can, like acid, eat away the
strong love of noble hearts and reveal the
pitiful truth in its poor nakedness. Still
must thou love me, Harmachis, for what-
ever my sin, I cannot forget and set aside
thy sin. Would that I could have loved
thee as thou lovest me! Almost did I do
when thou slewest those guards; and yet,
not quite."

"Oh, what a fenced city is my heart, that
none can take it, and even when I throw
wide open the doors no man may win its
castle! Oh, to put away this loneliness
and lose me in another's soul. Oh, for a
year, a month, an hour to quite forget pol-
itics, people and my pomp of place, and be
but a loving woman! Harmachis, fare thee
well! Do you great Julius whom I once art
called up from dead to give me, and to
Egypt's greeting to him. Ah, well I love
thee, and I could have died for thee, and
I should have died for thee, perchance before
thine own fate will find me and myself be-
fore foiled! Harmachis, fare thee well!"

She turned to go, and as she turned I
heard the sweep of another dress and the
light fall of another woman's foot.

"Ah! 'tis thou, Charmion. Well, for all
thy watching, the man dies."

"Ay," she answered, in a voice thick with
grief. "Ay, O Queen, away the physicians.
Forty hours hath he been in stupor so deep
that at times his breath could hardly lift
this tiny feather to his nose, and scarce could
my ear, placed against his breast, take the
pulse of the rising of his heart. For ten long
days I now have watched him day and
night, till mine eyes stare wide open with
want of sleep, and for faintness, scarce can
I keep myself from falling. And of all my
labor this is the end! The blow of that ac-
cursed Brennus has done its work, and
Harmachis dies!"

"Love counts not its labor, Charmion, nor
can it weigh its tenderness in the scale of
purchase. That which it bath it gives, and
craves for more to give and give, till the
soul's infinity be drained. If I have to thy
heart are three nights of watching; sweet
to thy weary eyes is that and night of
strength brought so low that it hangs upon
thy weakness like a babe unto its mother's
breast! For, Charmion, thou dost love the
man who loves not thee, and now that he
is helpless thou canst pour thy passion over
the unanswerable darkness of his soul and
cheat thyself with dreams of what thy night
will be!"

"I love him not, as thou hast proof, O
Queen! How can I love one who would
have slain thee, who art as my heart's sa-
ber? 'Tis for pity that I nurse him."

She laughed a little as she answered:
'Tis my love's own twin. Wondrous way-
ward are the paths of woman's love, and
thou hast shown these strangely, that I
know. But the more high the love the
more deep the grief wherewith it can fall;
and thence now again to heaven, arise they
more to fall! Poor woman, thou art thy
passion's plaything, now tender as the
morning sky, and now, when jealousy grips
thy heart, more cruel than the sea. Well,
thou art we made. None, after all this
troubling thought will be left us but tears,
remorse and memory."

And she went forth.

California's Fir Trees.

They have by 22 trees in California as
well as elsewhere, if the following item
going the rounds of the press can be given
credence: A specimen of Alaska, Cal., has
been secured upon a hill which grows on
the place. He measured 212 feet in height,
built a frame house 10x20 feet, 9 feet high,
with a kitchen 8 feet wide and 9 feet long;
built a woodshed 12x20 feet, made 200 fence
rails 10 feet long; made 200 railroad ties,
200 boards 6 inches wide and 3 feet long,
and 150 boards of wood. All this from one
tree, and a part of the tree is left.

By telegraph from San Francisco to Hong
Kong, via New York, Panama, Aden,
Bombay, Madras and Singapore.

A GULF HARBOR.

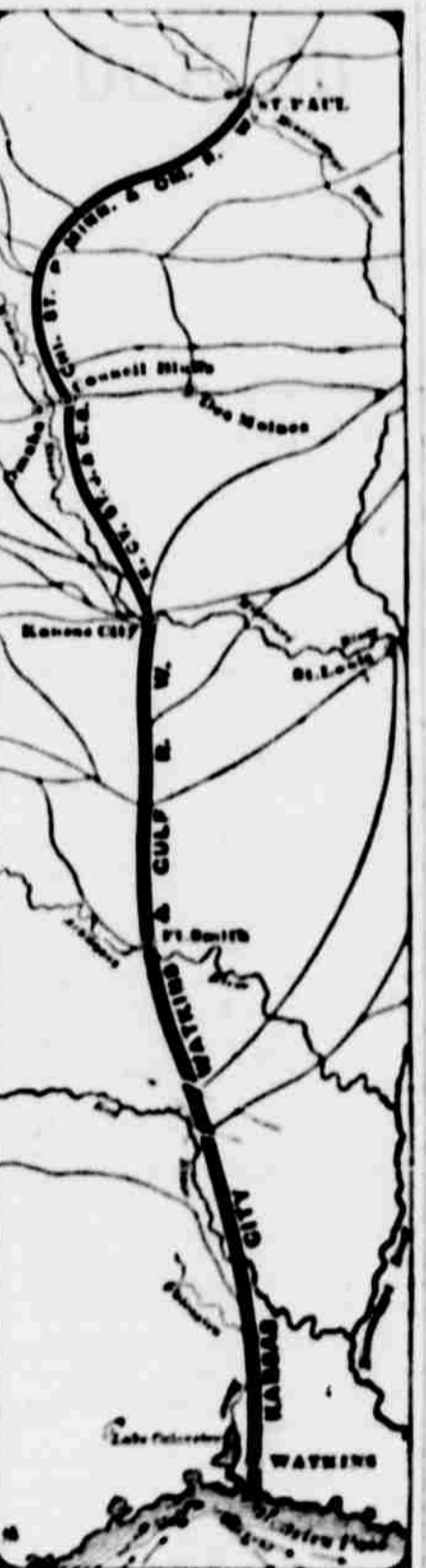
most on in the Gulf of Mexico. The Mouth
of the Colorado River—Interests of West-
ern Agriculture.

When all the States west of the Mis-
sissippi are looking anxiously for relief
from the agricultural interests, the
question is not how to produce more, but
how to get rid of the production of
which that vast country is now capable.
With corn and oats worth but about a
dozen cents per bushel, and wheat in
many parts worth less than fifty cents,
the thrifty, industrious farmer is driven
to desperation in his efforts, not to raise
more, but to secure reasonable prices
for the great surplus which every day
accumulates and seeks markets.

Where is our outlet? The increase of
other industrial pursuits alone at home
is incapable of using the increasing pro-
ducts of the soil of the great West. The
Atlantic cities from Baltimore to Bos-
ton, including Philadelphia, New
York and numerous other ports at-
ford our only outlet, while there is a
coast 600 miles nearer to us, with a sea
frontage one-third larger than all this
Atlantic coast, lying idle for want of
appropriations from the Government.

The interests of Kansas and Missouri—
and what is their interest in the interest
of the whole Northwest—is in securing
the nearest practicable route to the
Gulf. Take down the map and draw a
straight line to the Gulf, and the mouth
of the Colorado (Kalkasab) river in
Louisiana is almost due south of Kansas
City at the northernmost projection of
the Gulf of Mexico.

This part is a region so little known
that it has till very recently received no
attention. But already three railroad
corporations are looking anxiously
toward its development. The Kearney,
Hutchinson & Gulf railroad, leading from
Northwest Nebraska, on a straight line
through Wichita, is claiming to have
sufficient backing to put it through; the
Kansas City, Fort Smith & South-
ern railway is in operation in
that direction and the Kansas
City, Watkins & Gulf railroad has
a construction engine at work ap-
plying the tracklayers north of Lake
Charles, and sea vessels are entering the
mouth of that river laden with railroad
iron in prosecution of this enterprise.
This latter road contemplates a contin-
uous route from the Gulf to Duluth, as
will be more plainly seen by reference
to this map.



The advantages of this Gulf opening
are numerous. It is 600 miles nearer to
the corn and wheat fields of the West.
It is over a gradual incline of but about
one foot to the mile from Kan-
sas City to the ocean—a decline
of less than two feet from Wich-
ita and less than three feet from
Kearney, Neb., or Des Moines, Iowa. Of
course a uniform grade of that moder-
ate slope would be impracticable, but it
can be truthfully said that there is no
country of the same length on the con-
tinent where such a grade would be so
nearly practicable.

This route is through an undeveloped
region of timber, coal and iron inex-
haustible in its value.

The route direct from Kansas City to
the Gulf passes through an almost
pristine forest of 250 miles, consisting
of the long leaf pine, the best in the
United States for ornamental purposes,
such as wainscoting for banks, halls
and offices and finishing materials for
railroad cars, the various oaks, ash,
pear, hickory, magnolia, white gum,
sassafras and other varieties.

The coast has advantages over most
other harbors in being high land, ex-
empt from overflow by storms, as is at-
tempted by the fact that the orange
grove flourish to the very verge of the
sea.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Lemon juice and salt will take spots
of iron and brown stains, which should be
left in the sun to bleach.

Bolton Spanish. Pick and wash a
peck of spinach, put in a pot without
water, sprinkle with salt, and let cook
half an hour. Season with pepper and
a large teaspoonful of butter. Take up,
pour hot cream over, garnish the top
with slices of hard-boiled egg.—Ladies'
Home Journal.

Rye Muffins. One cup sifted rye
meal, one cup white flour, one-fourth
cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, two
teaspoons baking powder, one egg, one
cup milk. Mix the dry ingredients
thoroughly; beat the egg, add the milk,
and stir quickly into the dry mixture.
Bake in hot graham pans twenty-five min-
utes.

Forest Pickling. Make one quart of
soft custard, flavor with lemon and add
one wineglassful of sherry. Dissolve two
heaping teaspoonfuls of deodorized vine-
gar and add to the custard; line a
glass dish with thin slices of sponge
cake, and when the custard is cool, turn
it in. Sprinkle custard over the top
and cold.—Boston Herald.

Cold fish and macaroni is an excel-
lent way to use up cold boiled fish.
Take equal quantities of fish and macar-
oni and one cup of tomato sauce, cook
macaroni in salted water, drain off hot
water and pour over cold, prepare sauce
the same as given with egg symbol,
butter a shallow dish, put a layer of
macaroni, then tomato sauce, then fish
with pepper and salt, then macaroni and
tomato sauce, cover with cracker crumbs
and bake until juice bubbles through
the top.—The Home.

A Salad of Herrings. Take two
herrings, and let them soak in milk for
an hour or so to draw out the salt, bone
them, and flake the flesh; cut half a
dozen cold boiled potatoes into slices,
and a small teaspoon of finely minced
onion. Put these with the fish, mix all
well together and work lightly into
them a plain salad dressing of vinegar,
oil, salt and pepper. As this salad
should be rather moist, add a little milk
if too dry. The dressing should be
added just before the salad is served.

Fried Pork with Cream Gravy. Cut
the pork in thin slices and freshen it by
soaking in either milk and water,
then wipe dry, roll it in flour, have
ready a hot pan or spider and fry it, not
too fast, to a nice crisp brown. Take up
the pork, drain off most of the grease
and stir smoothly into it a spoonful or
more of flour. When perfectly smooth
add a teaspoonful of cream, or milk and
cream together, season to taste with
salt and pepper, and when well scalded,
pour it over the pork, or, if preferred,
take it up in a tureen to serve with it.—
Orange Judd Farmer.

SOME VALUABLE HINTS
How Paint of All Kinds Should be
Cleaned and Applied.

The painter was rather adverse to
giving away the tricks of his trade, but
the reporter as usual succeeded in get-
ting some information that will be ap-
preciated by believers in home economy.
This particular man happened to be a
veritable encyclopedia of knowledge pre-
taining to his trade.

As it is getting along toward home-
cleaning time, the ladies will want to
know the best way to clean painted sur-
faces, said the painter. This work
should be done carefully in order to
avoid damaging the paint. Use a flannel
rag dipped into warm soap suds,
then into whiting. Do not use a strong
alkali soap that will eat the paint, but
select a milder variety. Hard rubbing
is unnecessary. The same rule will apply
to natural wood finish. It is a good
job of wood finishing the dirt will roll
off easily.

There seems to be few people who
know that wall paper can be cleaned so
nicely as to look as good as new, yet it
is a fact. One easy method is to rub the
paper thoroughly with a piece of soft
raw silk. That isn't a bad plan, but a
more effective one is to saturate a piece
of flannel in spirits of wine and rub
gently over the paper. Either method
will absorb the dirt.

After the painter has been to work on
the house for a few days the windows
are found to be well covered with paint
splashes. The best way to remove them
is to rub with a stiff brush, dipped in
turpentine and sand. Coal oil, benzine or
turpentine will do the work satisfac-
torily if the paint has not become too
dry, and in that event ammonia will do
it. If paint should happen to have
splashed upon clothing the spots should
be saturated with turpentine and al-
lowed to stand for several hours, then
rubbed off. Alcohol or gasoline are bet-
ter for light-colored clothing. Most
people who get themselves daubed with
paint make the mistake of rubbing it
into the cloth.

When a man wants to do a little
job of painting on his own hook, when the
work is not important enough to require
a regular painter, he should at any rate
know how to do it right. Botted oil is
the material for mixing turpentine. To
this paint add a little liquid at a time,
then heat or stir it thoroughly before
adding more, and so on until the proper
consistency is reached. Paint should
always be applied in thin coats, and
each successive coat should be thor-
oughly dry before another is applied.
Use plenty of oil in mixing. It dries
more slowly, but makes the paint elastic,
less longer, and prevents cracking.

This is the reason, too, when the
carriage-owner wants his old vehicle to
look like a new one. The carriage
painter takes it in charge and by the
quick American method completes the
work and returns it to the owner in an
incredibly short space of time. Last
year the varnish spotted shortly after it
was out of the shop and the painter and
the varnish were of course condemned.
But it was the fault of neither. When
the luggy spots it does not necessarily
indicate poor work or poor varnish. It
is caused by the ammonia in the atmo-
sphere or in the spots of mud and splash
that have splashed upon it. To avoid
the trouble have the vehicle washed
carefully, never allow spots of mud to
dry upon it, and, if possible, keep it out
of reach of the ammonia-laden atmo-
sphere of the stable.—Chicago Tribune.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast
material progress that a remedy be found
for the race, and to the eyes, easily
taken, acceptable to the stomach and
healthy in its nature and effects. Following
these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one
perfectly natural and most gentle laxative
known.

The man with a big family is a fast-
fooder from the standpoint of point of view.
Puck.

In another place in this paper will be
an advertisement of the Harmon Piano.
Factoring Company, of Boston, Mass. It
they are an excellent reliable firm, and
have a great deal of testimony to show that
the Harmon Piano is the best
thing of the kind on the market. You can
find out all about it by writing for particu-
lars.

It frequently turns out that the queen of
diamonds is a queen of hearts.—Ashland
Press.

My son is afflicted with weak lungs and
has tried various treatments, but a Har-
mon Piano has done more good than all other
remedies. I cheerfully make this state-
ment for the benefit of the afflicted.—John
H. Moore, Huron Lake, Ky.

The fishermen consider it a part of his
business to wear the brights of fiction.—
Yankee Doodle.

Never not been founded with common-
sense or progressive spirit. A letter to the
Editor of the Liberator, Boston, Mass. It
is not a good thing to have a man who
speak. One that will prove their spirit
back.

Business students still say "God Preserve
the Cash," but they don't say in what.—San
Francisco Atlas.

Sir Charles Price, will be sent by Craig &
Co., Florida, Fla. to my son in the U. S. of
America. Please send upon receipt of \$2
 Dollars. Money will be returned. For a list
of agents on circulars around each bar.

Quarry follows to industry. There
production by the fact of a never onto the
man. Birmingham Leader.

Money wanted to use and cheapest. Place
timely for a bank, Fr. through, etc.

A vice editor will a book as easily as a
boy on a horse.

Pains/Aches
ARE
PROMPTLY CURED BY
Syl Jacob's
Oil.

Castile, Pa., February 11, 1890.
I was lost in the fall, got cold and
then pneumonia without leaving home. I
took a half bottle of Syl Jacob's Oil and
was cured in three days.
J. L. MURPHY, F. M.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE AND 25 CENTS
AND OTHER APPROVED QUANTITIES
ARE THE BEST TO BE HAD.

For Fifty Years
the
Standard
Blood purifier
and
Tonic,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
has no equal
as a
Spring
Medicine.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

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