

Garrick from the show business a complete failure, while his ward, set free by matrimony, made a nice little fortune keeping a dancing academy with his wife.

When the parents died something of the husband's inherited tenets caused him to repent, though he had never done anything bad, and in the weakness of dying he gave his child to his relative to be her trustee and the trustee of a respectable little fortune.

The poor dancing teacher thought the word "Bishop" covered a regenerate heart.

The bishop was merely a capitalist in marriage fees.

This is considered reasonable immaturity.

Some of the schoolboys called him Old Yoke-finko, because he yoked so many couples.

What education he had picked up avarice and illiterate associations had chased out of his head; like an old country Dutchman, he could spell joists for his barn joyce and talk about the breechman on his horse when he meant breeding.

As time advanced Garrick grew deeply in love with Eunice, and forgot to give spiritual restraint to his son.

"At seventeen sharp," old Garrick Howton often repeated to himself, looking at Eunice with the threefold passions of love, avarice and superstition.

Often when an old man falls in love it seems to him like holiness when it is only foolishness.

In that way Garrick threw himself back into his natural state before he became an avaricious scoundrel or a self-frightened hypocrite. He got to believing in the religion he practiced upon. He feared night solitude and ghosts. He believed that his monstrous passion was a sacrifice on his part for the sake of securing Eunice's soul.

"I should be the devil's prize without her," mused Garrick Howton. "The children I have tied in wedlocks of despair, the unborn souls I have manacled to selfish fiends, the headstrong schoolgirls I have made the legal slaves of hideous skinflints, and who have in a few months awaked to everlasting repentance and horror, would troop into my lonely home among these mountains and drive me crazy with their curses. I should go mad! But Eunice, Eunice, she will guard my door and warm my heart and bring other angels like her from heaven to my relief and comfort."

It was plain that the hypocritical old gentleman was becoming slightly hysterical.

Wesley Howton had been notified by his father that he must go West and establish his own congregation of the peculiar Zionists.

He was sent to the garret to study discipline and thoroughly contemplate the Scriptures.

One day Eunice stole up into the garret, while the Bishop was marrying a one-eyed man of sixty to a maid of eighteen, and she met a different scene there from the penance and prayer she had expected.

Wesley was rigged out in a suit of theatrical clothes taken from Eunice's parents' trunks, and was executing a wild and fantastic jig.

The Bishop had told Eunice that in the said trunks was the devil's wardrobe. The young people locked the door and examined the wardrobe thoroughly.

What places are garrets for rain and love! How it drops upon the roof! How the heart is raining suddenly through the eyes and the roof is beating with the palpitations of the wind!

Old men seldom go to garrets. Bad old men like Garrick Howton never do.

Next week Wesley Howton was to start for Indiana and be an apostle on the Wabash.

His trunk was packed and his ticket for the stage was to be paid for over the great National road from Hagerstown to the far West.

"Fifty dollars fare!" exclaimed the Bishop, as he walked the upper porch; "what a sum of money! But the next week it shall be made up out of Eunice's fortune, which will then be mine, with her fadeless beauty, till death do us part. The rascal!"

As he looked there came a cloud of dust up the Leistersburg road from the south, where somebody was driving hard—somebody in a desperate hurry.

"It looks like a runaway couple," exclaimed Garrick Howton, reaching for his eyeglasses. But the shade of the North Mountains, where the sun was going down, put a belt of blackness upon the landscape, like the moon's total eclipse. When the sound of the wheels came to the door and Garrick heard the knock, he descended and found a strange man in the parlor, which had no lights.

"Sare," the stranger said, "I have ze honnour to say zat I am in leave. But ze lady is too leetle; she have not ze grand age. It will be all ze same; because she loves me and her father have so much shame he nevair will say nothing. I give you fifty dollare to make me her husband at once, sare!"

"Fifty dollare!" the Bishop's avaricious heart responded. "It is Wesley's whole fare. The good demon must have sent this man here."

Then the business piety returning the Bishop spoke aloud and most unctuously:

"What are the names of the parties? Marriage, my brother, the apostle says, is honorable in all—Hebrews xiii, 4. I see not that it may not be honorable in thee."

"Ze names are in certificates we have filed. Ze fee I pay you is extra-ordinare, monsieur. For ze fifty dollare we make two demands—Au premiere zat you marry ze bride veiled! Au second zat you sign two certificates for us, to protect ze lady and moi meme."

"The age of the bride?" asked Garrick Howton.

"What mattair zat? You have made ze wife at fourteen many a time. My bride is sixteen, sare. Come, ze money! Here is ze money."

He felt the bank bill in his hand, and it dried up his compunctions of heart; he felt a quill put in his fingers, and the stranger, with something like a fusee, made a flame that contained brimstone and seemed yellow and blue.

"Eternally be name, as zis papair you sign," the strange man exclaimed. "I mean ze lady child, ze lady, parbleu."

The voice had a deep, sepulchral tone in it, and by the foreboding flame Garrick saw a person whose forehead was all in patches, with French moustaches under his nose and blackened eyebrows drawn nearly through the temples to the edge of a colorless, inky wig.

"You must give me some name," spoke the Bishop as he signed, "although I cannot read by such a light."

"I am ze Marquis Belksbub."

"Bring in the lady!"

Low laughter seemed to be circling around the apartment as the uniting words were said by the bishop's faltering and fatigued tongue. Loud laughter broke from the carriage windows as the scoundrel drove away.

"Here, Wesley! Eunice! Lights! Lights!" exclaimed old Garrick Howton. "I have got my last marriage fee."

No voice replied; the dark mountains through the windows showed bridal wreaths of stars upon their forbidding brows, like the awful presence of the Marquis who had but now departed with childhood's purity in his false black eyes and wig.

The Bishop took fire and lighted a candle. He saw a paper lying upon the floor with his signature on it. He read with horror that he acknowledged the sale of his soul to Beelzebub for a thousand years.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "Satan has dropped the contract he entrapped me to sign. To the fire—to the fire with it!"

A voice seemed to sound from the garret on the wailing of the wind.

"You signed two such certificates. You have married Eunice to the devil."

"Father," cried Wesley Howton next morning, Eunice is not to be found. Will you forgive me it she has married—if she has married me?"

Bishop Howton lay on the floor dead.—George Alfred Townsend in Baltimore Home Journal.

To Polish a Stained Floor.

It seems to be conceded that stained floor should not be wet with much water if they are to preserve their polish. Beeswax and turpentine, melted together carefully, not over a fire, but in the steam of a teakettle top, with all the lids on the range or stove, and the front up, lest the inflammable turpentine take fire, can be applied to the floor by a good invention. Fix a board, about 12 inches by 8, to a broom handle, the end of which should be cut in a slant, so that when you hold the implement at arm's length or stand it alone, (the board will rest on the floor; nail a few pieces of felt under the board by the way of padding, and then tie a soft cloth firmly over it all. Smear the paste on to this cloth very thinly, and work this rubber to and fro (not from side to side) with a light, even, swinging motion, beginning with one-half of the room, and working the space you can conveniently cover while standing still, till the floor is done. This is the simplest way of having a polished floor. After a time, especially if the boards were originally very smooth or have been planed before the staining, it will look like an old parquet. The rubber used abroad consists of short, stiff brush, the size of the board above mentioned, and is weighted with a flat stone plaque, through which the handle is fixed. It is quite sufficient to polish once a month, except where the boards are much trodden on. A floor treated thus should be dusted every day with a soft, dry cloth, and not be washed. Spots, of course, are simply remedied with a little borax and polish.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Cleveland as a Reformer.

Chicago Herald: Mrs. Cleveland abominates cigarettes. The smoke from one of these powerful little stinkers made its way from the smoking car in which she was returning from Philadelphia to Washington the other day and annoyed her to such a degree that she mentioned the matter to the conductor. The latter had a moment's interview with the man with the cigarette and the result was that he was so strongly affected on learning the name of the fair complainant that he threw the rest of his cigarettes out of the window and declared he would never smoke another. Mrs. Cleveland's opposition to the bustle, her discarding of bangs and her reformation of a cigarette smoker enable her to leave to her country an imperishable record as a reformer.

Oriental Justice.

The old Mussulman justice, the justice of the "Arabian Nights," was administered by a cadi according to his innate notion of the fitness of things, modified or confirmed by a more or less appropriate text from the Koran. In criticizing native justice we must bear in mind that this system existed in Egypt within the memory of a middle aged man. In Bowring's report upon Egypt, published in 1840, he gives various instances of this, and exemplifies oriental notions of justice by a conversation he relates between a Mohammedan and an English traveler. Governor—Is it true that you in England send your thieves and rogues to a distasteful country? Traveller—yes, Governor—and what may be the cost of sending each? Traveller—perhaps £100 or 10,000 piastres. Governor—and what is the cost of a sabre? Traveller—about £10 or 1,000 piastres. Governor—and what is the cost of a hempen rope? Traveller—almost nothing. Governor—and you call yourselves a civilized and an instructed people, you who can get a sabre for 1,000 piastres and a rope for almost nothing—a sabre that would behead many rogues and a rope that would hang many thieves—and who pay 10,000 piastres to get rid of one! This is your civilization.—The Fortnightly Review.

Adventure of a Society Lady.

A distressing occurrence is now being turned over and over by the scandal-mongers of fashionable circles. One night during the past week a policeman found an elegantly dressed lady wandering about the streets in a condition of mental intoxication. She could give no information as to where she lived or by what name she was known, and the officer therefore took her to the station house. After being there for some time she recovered sufficiently to realize where she was and begged piteously to be taken home. About the same time her husband entered the station house, having been in search of her for several hours, and at once deposited collateral for her appearance at the police court in the morning, and took the lady away. He was a high official of the war department. His wife had been at a fashionable assembly during the evening in question, had partaken too freely to wine, and had wandered forth unobserved, only to be gobbled up by the police.—Washington Letter.

Made Rich in Half an Hour.

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago and went to Breckenridge, Colo., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Ke-wanaw," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one, and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked deposit in that state. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous years' work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Roger brothers have been offered \$100,000 for the two mines, but want \$300,000. Within a week after this find 5,000 men were on the spot establishing claims, but the Rogers had secured many of the most desirable. The mine is on the east side of the mountain, and the snow necessitates keeping it roofed over.—Chicago Tribune.

Casper Weaver.

Waverly (Mo.) Times, Dec. 6.

Casper Weaver is a German. He was born in Hesson, Germany, in 1832, landed at New York in 1856, lived in Pennsylvania and New Jersey 5 years. From thence he moved to Georgetown, Ky., where he subsequently joined the Confederate army, and became a tried and true soldier of that famous chieftain, Gen. John Morgan, serving through that distinguished revolution which put at rest the question of secession. After the close of hostilities he came with other migrants to Waverly, Lafayette county, Missouri, U. S. A., where he still resides, a peaceful, law abiding citizen and good neighbor. A few weeks since he was induced by the solicitation of his friends to join them in pooling chances in the November drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, by which he has as one of four in the club, come in possession of one-fourth of one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$300,000, being the comfortable sum of \$3,750. Three others have also received their money which was collected by the Middleton bank of Waverly, Mo., their names are Albert Goodwin, William Ismel and a colored man named Robert Stewart, all of whom live in this city, and are all well-known to our people. They will doubtless in the future as they have in the past continue to be warm friends of that institution which has so wonderfully surprised them all. For the average man, though hopeful, is generally disappointed if successful.

Wife Sleeping by the Side of Hegel.

Owing to the widening of the approaches to the new zette, a number of the inmates of the old Dorotheenstadter cemetery, in Berlin, had to be distributed in their last resting places. Some eight or ten well-known celebrities were exhumed, and their remains reinterred in the French cemetery. Among these were the remains of Fichte (died in 1814), which have now been placed side by side with those of Hegel; of the jurist, Carl August Klentze; the philosopher, George Andreas Gable; the councillor of medicine, W. Bremer; the novelist, Baroness Von Imhoff, together with those of Hufeland and his co-worker, Professor Osann. This God's acre now contains the largest number of Germany's great dead.—Berlin Letter.

Canon Knox Little, the eminent English clergyman, usually wears gloves when he preaches.

A broken heart with a patch on it is still useful.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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An errand boy in a Philadelphia fancy store has just been left \$500,000, but it is thought he will die early of consumption. There is nothing better for your children than a daily exposure to a spoonful or two of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The highway of virtue is so little frequented that collisions are rare.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman.

Often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable value. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

There are 10,000,000 books published in Germany every year.

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes, He seeks the couch and down he lies; Nausea and faintness in him rise, Brow-racking pains assail him. Sick headache! But ere long comes ease, His stomach settles into peace, Within his head the throbbings cease—Pierce's Pellets never fail him! Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the nervous, they are alike a friend in need and a friend indeed.

The population of Germany, according to the last census, is 46,855,704.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

The population of Texas, by a census just taken, is in round numbers, 2,025,000.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold only in boxes.

Anna Catherine Green, the detective story writer, writes with a lead-pencil.

It Soothers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable.

The colored men who want to be represented in Harrison's cabinet are still in the dark, as it were.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. No strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send for a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., New York.

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When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.

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