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REGULAR
TWO'S LIVES
STRENGTH
CHILDREN
BAG BRATS
BAG COMPLIANCE

CONSTIPATION

A Great Country.
The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad has about completed its new extension into Deadwood, the commercial center of the Black Hills. This will make access to this marvelous mining camp easy, and the scenery of the Hills also rendered accessible, by this and the new line into Hot Springs, will attract many thousands each year. In fact the Black Hills with the Thermal Springs, the vast mining interests and beautiful scenery, together with a most superior climate, is destined to become the "Resort" for the future. The Elkhorn railroad, the only railroad into these places, will furnish easy and comfortable access.

A Queer Place to Swam.
Bee sometimes select queer abodes but one of the queerest yet is the home of a newly swarmed colony in Augusta. They have taken possession of a ventilator pipe of the chimney leading from the clerk of court's office at the court house and as many as fifty are at times buzzing around Clerk of Court's Choate's desk. As yet they have stung no one, but the occupants of the room do not feel quite at ease.—Lawiston Journal

A \$9.50 PAPER FOR \$1.75.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly half a million families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Holiday Numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending \$1.75 now you may obtain it free to January, and for a full year from that date to January, 1902. Address: The Youth's Companion.

Electric Lights for Prisons.
The illumination of one of the corridors in the Bridewell prison, Chicago, affords a good illustration of the advantages of the electric light. The lamps are placed upon the walls and shine into the cells. They are entirely out of reach of the prisoners, but under instant control of the keeper, who finds the laborers materially decreased by having everything full in view. A very important consideration is the improved hygienic conditions which accompany the use of the electric lights in prisons, where it is also said its cheerfulness has a distinctly beneficial effect on the prisoners.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.
The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

A Cold-Blooded Groom.
"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood of Bathgate of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'r thoct of that. It's necessary?"

"O, certainly," said the minister, "you should have a groomsmen and bride-maid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?" The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye aw's along Jean, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jean set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When parties had been properly arranged and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye hide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Wheel, I was just gae to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane," pointing to the bridemaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Sae it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

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IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. 18
Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.
"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Laxative."
ELIHU E. JACKSON,
Gov. of Md. BEST.

THE PINK POCKET.

Miss Sara La Rue had danced all the evening at a ball at her next neighbor's the Peytons. She wore a pretty pink dress, with a little lace trimmed pocket at the side. Her principal partner was young Andrew Peyton, who was deeply in love with her, but had never told his love.

On this night he had written a letter, which by adroit management he contrived to place in the pink pocket aforesaid. It offered her his hand and heart and ended:

"If you do not answer I shall know that you cannot love me, and shall go away."

No answer came to him. Sara had sent the dress, pocket and all, away in a box to the wardrobe, where she put dresses she was weary of. She had not looked into the pocket and knew nothing of the letter.

Andrew Peyton took silence for refusal, and left the country within a month. In a year pretty Sara was dead. Nobody knew it, but she had broken her heart over the departed lover. And so one romance ended. Our story is of another.

Twenty years had passed. Moss grew on the white stone over the breast of Sara La Rue. And at the old La Rue place her brother lived—a widower with one daughter.

Looking up at La Rue from the road, side you would assuredly have believed that the people who lived there were rich.

It was the residence, you would naturally have said to yourself, of people of means. And being unblinded with real estate, you might have sighed with a little spice of envy for folks who owned such a solid dwelling, such rare old oaks, such a smooth shaven green, velvet lawn, such a garden, and yes, such a gardener. There he was now among the roses; but when you have three wishes given you by a fairy, it is wise, as the old tale proves, never to wish yourself anybody else until you examine into the private affairs of that individual.

In the story I alluded to the wisher wished himself "that king three," seeing him in a magic mirror, and, behold! he was transformed into a monarch who had been conquered and was about to be put to death by decapitation. Thus the envious admirer of his property, who had wished himself Mr. La Rue because he thought him a rich man, would have been greatly astonished to find himself sitting before an oak desk, trying in vain to arrange chaotic papers, which when in order only proved that he was dreadfully in debt; or to see his daughter waiting behind him with trembling anxiety, knowing that he could have no dinner until the salt pork he so hated, unless by chance he had a little money about him. If he had it all went well, but, alas! if he had not he would turn his wild, black eyes on her when she had spoken twice or thrice, and with his delicate, ivory tinted fingers running through his fine, curly white hair, would ask her in tones of Lear like reproach where she supposed he could have gotten money? He!

It was in the old days of the south, when a southern gentleman might not work, and that wonderful gardener was their only servant. He was older than Mr. La Rue and prouder of the family. He did the cooking. He did all the work except that done surreptitiously by Miss Sally in the privacy of parlor and bedroom.

There is a fascination to people of his race in making believe a great deal, and Scipio spoke of his fellow slaves, sold one by one away from their old home, as though they were about the place still, and thought his zeal La Rue looked as well as ever. He mended the fences, repaired the verandas, kept the lawn and garden in order, trimmed the trees and flourished a long handed duster among the cobwebs that gathered so fast in the long, low hung hall that the spiders loved.

Everywhere the rich old furniture, with little upholstery and much carrying about it, resisted decay.

Unless you had staid to dinner on a meager day you would never have guessed that anything was wrong; and then the table would have been set with old china and good cutlery and silver spoons. Neither did Mr. La Rue's great Passaic hat, indestructible and costly tall anything.

Other women knew that Miss Sally had not a good gown to her name; but a man would have thought the afternoon dimity, made out of an old extra pair of bedroom curtains, very good indeed, when she plumed one crimson rose at her throat and another in her black hair.

The last of a large family gathered to the tomb, following their consumptive mother (thither only a year or two apart, Miss Sally, at 18, was the picture of health. The family sorrows were not hers. All was over when she was born, and life was before her and her home was lovely, and she felt as much above common folks as a queen. Only asking for housekeeping money, and having no wardrobe to speak of, she was left, until the makeshift was mended. Sally had rummaged the garret for years, and had made a cloak out of a brown tablecloth lined with

the long, flannel petticoat that had been hers as a baby, had raveled footless silk stockings and knit them over for herself with cotton tops, and the beau who dropped in of an evening admired her greatly.

It had been a trying day. Mr. La Rue had been quite tragic since dawn, and, since selling Scipio would no more have been thought of than selling Sally, had decided to part with the horse and carriage. That was a blow. Scipio went under it; Miss Sally turned pale and had not the heart to put roses in her belt. Mr. La Rue had remarked that it would be just as well not to send the halter away, because he would need that to hang himself with. But at tea time they had preserved persimmons and bread and butter with the beverage. Sally found a letter at her plate, and, opening it, read this:

DEAR MISS SALLY—Uncle Andrew is coming home and we are going to give a party for him. He has been away twenty years. I never saw him before, and I have made up my mind it shall be fancy dress. Come in some character. It's not a masked ball. Papa disapproves of masks, but it will be fun.

Come early to see the arrivals. Won't you beg your dear father to break through his rule for once and join us? We should be so honored. He needn't costume, unless he chooses. The elder people will be allowed to do as they like, but you must, my dear. Your loving friend, FANNY.

"Oh, papa!" cried Sally, all her sadness gone on the instant. "You'll come, won't you?"

"You have not stated what," replied Mr. La Rue with his broadest accent and sternest voice.

"To a fancy dress ball, papa dear," replied Sally.

"I, who sit here waiting for the complete downfall of our family—I, who will leave you soon a beggared orphan—go to a fancy ball!" cried Mr. La Rue. "Not another word!"

"Oh, papa! Then I mustn't go either!" almost sobbed poor Sally.

"You're a woman," replied her father. The Turks think women soulless. I am not such but that they are right. However, I am too poah to give you a ball dress."

"Oh, I can make up something out of nothing. It's my one talent!" cried Sally. They say your presence would be an honor, and you might like to meet—"

"Not another word!" cried Mr. La Rue.

His obedient daughter held her tongue, finished her bread and jam, and, having called for Scipio to clear away, went into the garret with a candle.

"I'll go as King Cophetua's beggar maid in artistic rags if I can't do better," she laughed.

She looked the old bureau through, the old chest, the wardrobe fruitlessly. Several years of foraging had emptied them. But on the top of the wardrobe, quite out of her reach, stood a long paper box. What might it not contain of ruffled gauze or lace that might be cleaned? Miss Sally turned on her tiny toes and tapped down the garret stairs.

"Scip!" she cried—the call was popular in southern homes and bells were rarer than at the north in those days—"come here and get that box down for me off the wardrobe in the garret."

Scip stumped upstairs, set an old table against the piece of furniture climbed down. On his way he stumbled and fell, the box burst open and spread abroad on the garret floor lay a pink dress of old fashioned silk, a bow of ribbon to match, a fan and a gauzy scarf, all little bobs and fringes. Yes and a little muslin bag, from which protruded the toes of a pair of slippers, and gloves all rose color and white.

"Why! has my fairy grandmother been here?" cried Sally joyously. "What does it mean?"

"I kin explain it, miss," said Scip. "Dat yar dress was worn by yo' aunt, Miss Sara. Dey called her Miss Sally, fer 'like dey call yo', 'fo' evah yo' was born."

"She was mighty pretty, jes' like yo', Miss Sally, like yo'." An' she went to a ball in dat yar dress, so bright an' fibly an' happy. She came home pale an' wan, and she sent dis dress, all folded up in de box up de garret. Said she never would wear it no mo'. She hated it, an' she never did. She died early, Miss Sally. Dat's de story, miss."

"Poor auntie, I don't remember her," sighed Sally. "But Scip, I think I'll take the dress down stairs. Tote it down for me right away."

"Yas'm, Miss Sally," said Scip, 'an' jes' excuse me for offering one word of advice: I've de opinion dat if dat yar dress seems to you to be suitable fer dis yar ball you needn' hab no scruples ob conscience about wearin' ob it. Miss Sara would hab de honor ob de family at heart fer you to dress well, and she was jis' your height, jes' your build. Dat yar dress will fit you like de skin fits de coon, Miss Sally."

It did.

"I'm sure," thought the girl, as she tried it on before the glass, "my poor little auntie would never, never care. I shouldn't if I were she, and it's the prettiest, quaintest thing."

Then she brushed her hair into the smooth, bat's wing style of the period, and saw a picture so like the portrait of her aunt in the parlor below that she almost screamed.

She wore it to the ball. How pretty she looked! How quaint! How sweet! And who ever lacks a compliment when southern gentlemen are near to whisper it? The sweet intoxication of flattery that is founded on fact had thrilled the girl's young blood before her hostess found the lion of the evening and brought him to the spot where Miss Sally stood among her admirers. A handsome man of 46, young enough in all outward seeming to be still charming, tall, broad shouldered, picturesque, with no gray in his hair as yet, and with his own splendid teeth. For the first time in her life Sally's heart fluttered.

"Uncle, this is my friend, Miss Sally La Rue," said the young hostess. "Sally dear, Mr. Andrew Peyton."

Then the pretty creature fluttered away, and the rest of the ball was Mr. Andrew Peyton to Sally. We all know what that means.

For his part, Andrew Peyton went home with a strange sensation in his heart. It seemed to him as if he had once more seen his Sara. He had read her name on the mossy tombstone in the graveyard, and the barb of that unanswered letter had rankled in his heart his whole life through; but here, fresh and young again, with a look in her eyes that seemed to say to him, "Try, and see if you can win me," she stood in the person of Sally La Rue, her niece, actually in a gown of the same pattern. He did not know it was the very same with the pink pocket at its side into which he had slipped the letter twenty years before. He dreamed strange dreams that night, in which twin girls in rose color ran before him. One was his love, one a vision; but which ever he grasped proved to be a ghost, and melted in his grasp to nothing.

At dawn he slept. He still slept at 11 o'clock when Sally in her dimity morning robe made out of disused bed curtains of her grandmother's folded the ball dress in its box again. She examined it closely. How well they used to sew; no slighting as we slight our dressmaking, and this pocket—how perfectly every stitch was set. She took out the kerchief, and why! what was this? A letter—a little, faintly perfumed thing with her name upon it; "Miss Sara La Rue." Of course, she was christened "Sara" although "Sally" was her home name.

She opened it, her heart beating wildly. It was an offer of marriage from Mr. Andrew Peyton.

What a strange, romantic thing to do—a man of five-and-forty—a rich man, a man of the world! It was love at first sight, and what she had always longed for. And she knew she also had fallen in love with him. She was sure now.

All the morning Sally was in a dream. That afternoon she wrote this answer:

DEAR MR. PEYTON—On reaching home, I found your letter in my pocket. Since you say silence will mean refusal to you, I reply. But you know so little of me—are you sure your feelings will last? You may call if you like; papa will be glad to see you—so shall I—but before you do let me tell you I am a poor girl indeed. Everything is going from us. Even La Rue, I fear. Even Scipio stays with us out of love, and though my costly dress last night might make you think I had some money, even that was an illusion. It was a dress an aunt of mine, who died young, left behind her, else I could not have been at the ball. I conceal nothing, but you ask me if I like you. Surely as well as I could like a gentleman I had seen, but once and perhaps I could like you more, but we must know each other better.

SARA LA RUE.

Scipio took this note to Mr. Peyton, who awoke from his strange dreams to read it. He understood all Poor Sara had never found the letter. It had remained in the little pink pocket twenty years for her niece to answer; and he shed tears for the first time since he left his babyhood behind him. However, he called that evening on the new Sara La Rue; and they are married now, and his wealth has restored the old place and its master is happy. And Sally who loves her husband so well will never dream that she answered her aunt's love letter. It is a secret buried in the depths of that chivalrous bosom on which she reposes.—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

He Changed His Diet.
A vegetarian of this city has become a flesh eater since he discovered a scientific law that he had not previously been aware of. He changed his mind upon the diet question, and got convinced that meats were among the proper edibles for mankind after he had been assured by professor of chemistry that beef, mutton and pork were merely "transformed grass, vegetables and grain." After pondering upon this interesting law of chemical transformation he came to the conclusion that vegetarianism is a doctrine of narrow scope, and he adopted a new dietetic policy, under which he now enjoys tenderloin steaks, lamb chops and fried bacon, not to speak of stewed kidney, pig's feet and tete de veau.—New York Sun.

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