Original Lord Fauntleroy.

Russell, the boy actor, who so many people by his ren- of the part of "Little Lord roy," is now quite a big boy. left the stage forever, he de- and is now at school studying engineering. Another "Little Fauntleroy" was Elsie Leslie. left the stage, but only tem- Else expects to make her a woman actress when she s up."

is an increasing tendency to back combs in plain shell and the ornament on the shell. The takes definite floral forms, and ers in tinted gold.

lies not in the theory, but in cation.—White.

BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

trated thought, continued in robs ch of necessary blood, and this is of hard physical labor.

a five horse-power engine is made horse-power work something is break. Very often the hard- man coming from the field or the "bolt" his food in a few min- ch will take hours to digest. Then foods are about as useful in the as a keg of nails would be in a er a boiler. The ill-used stomach to do its work without the proper which it gets from the blood and The nerves are weak and "ready because they do not get the they require from the blood. ill used brain is morbidly wide when the overworked man at to find rest in bed.

application of common sense in the of the stomach and the whole things to the busy man the full en of life and healthy digestion when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to a bilious stomach or after a too meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery to purify, enrich and the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny coated pills made of highly concen- vegetable ingredients which relieve ch of all offending matters easily thoroughly. They need only be taken short time to cure the biliousness, tion and slothfulness, or torpor, of er, then the "Medical Discovery" be taken in teaspoonful doses to im- the blood and enrich it. It has a effect upon the lining membranes stomach and bowels, toning up and them for all time. The system feels the effect of the pure coursing through the body and the are vitalized and strengthened, not or put to sleep, as the so-called compounds and nerve mixtures do nished and fed on the food they health. If you suffer from indi- dyspepsia, nervousness, and any which come from impure blood disordered stomach, you can cure with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical which can be obtained at any in the country.

KNOWLEDGE

comfort and improvement and to personal enjoyment when used. The many, who live be- than others and enjoy life more, with expenditure, by more promptly the world's best products to of physical being, will attest value to health of the pure liquid principles embraced in the Syrup of Figs.

excellence is due to its presenting form most acceptable and pleas- to the taste, the refreshing and truly cial properties of a perfect lax- effectually cleansing the system, colds, headaches and fevers permanently curing constipation. given satisfaction to millions and with the approval of the medical sion, because it acts on the Kid- Liver and Bowels without weak- them and it is perfectly free from objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug- in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is man- tured by the California Fig Syrup only, whose name is printed on every also the name, Syrup of Figs, being well informed, you will not any substitute if offered.

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$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4, $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 & $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2, $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. ·LADIES· $3, $2.50, $2, $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores. Balm into each nostril. Mac., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Geraldine

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She had equipped and seen him off joyfully, and he had had no idea of going where he should not have gone, nor of doing what he should not have done, until informed by Donald, or rather by Donald's liege lady of his high misdemeanor.

He was now disposed to return evil for good, and instead of saying "Thank you" to his landlady for a merry afternoon's excellent sport, to slip through her fingers, and let her cook her unsavory dinner for some one else.

"I should like to see the Raymonds again," was, however, all he said.

"Then come up and dine with me," replied Jerry promptly. "Do—I am sure you may. I am sure granny would let me ask you."

"Are you sure?" said Bellenden, unable to help smiling at the childish form the invitation had taken. "But then you see, I do not know your grandmamma, and—"

"It is not granny's house, you know; it is mine," anxiously.

"Oh, I understand."

"And if I ask you," the spoilt child again asserting itself in her tone; "if I ask you—"

"I need no other invitation, certainly," said he courteously. "Only, you see you are really too kind. You do not even know my name."

"Well, what is your name?"

"Belgrejan. But I will tell you what I can do, Miss Campbell—"

"Don't call me Miss Campbell; it makes me feel foolish."

"But in my turn, I don't know your name—I mean your other name."

"It is Geraldine, but no one calls me that except Cecil."

"Cecil again," thought he. Cecil is privileged, I presume. What am I to call you, then?" he inquired aloud.

"Why, Jerry, of course. Every one does."

"Very well, Jerry." But she saw he was laughing. She was so changeful, so whimsical, this sprite of a chieftainess, that one moment it would be "my castle," "my moor," "my" everything, and the next she was asking him to call her "Jerry." One thing, however, was clear that what she asked must be done, and amazed at himself for the readiness with which he fell in with her humors, Bellenden only hoped the adventure would proceed as cheerily as it had begun.

"Well then, Jerry, what am I to do now?" he dutifully proceeded. "Am I to get your cousin to bring me up with him? Am I to tell him you invited me?"

"If you could, do without telling him that."

"Oh, I could, of course. But why do you mind? Will you not tell your grandmother?" for it struck him that unless some one were told, he could not very well accept of such haphazard hospitality.

"Of course I'll tell granny." The child's eyes opened. "I tell granny everything. She doesn't matter," explained the candid grandchild. "and I don't see why I should mind Cecil, either," added she bravely, "only that I don't like to vex my poor dear, and if he were to lecture me, it would vex her. It is not for myself I mind," concluded she with earnest emphasis.

"She shan't be vexed," said Bellenden quietly. "I can manage that. Good-by, then, till we meet again. I must go down now, or I shall be too late. Is it straight down through the woods?"

"Yes, you can't go wrong. Good-bye. Dinner is at half-past seven." And he felt the palm of a warm, soft little hand in his for a moment, and all perception of uncouth garb and eccentric headgear vanished in the light of a pair of bright eyes looking full into his.

"By Jove! what a nice child," he thought.

He was only just in time when the boat came in, long before the few passengers had landed, the slim figure of Cecil Raymond, arrayed in the long light travelling coat which was then the mode, was clearly discernible on the gangway, while the usual paraphernalia of a sport-man, the gun-case, rod, smart portmanteau, and railway rug which was visible below, could have belonged to no one else on board. As swiftly as he was himself distinguished, did he distinguish Capt. Bellenden of the First Life Guards, the principal guest and smartest man of the party assembled at a bachelor cousin's for the Ascot week the previous June.

Young Raymond had thought a great deal of being included in that party, had often since referred to it and casually mentioned as people will, you know, that Bellenden had been there.

He had not met Bellenden since, and the point now was, would Bellenden know him again?

Had the meeting taken place anywhere else, anywhere but in that lonely spot, he would hardly have expected recognition, but per ape an pass as he was—dabbling and coquetting, his mind was at sixes and sevens—in a satisfactory manner possible. He was not only known but named, and had with remarkable cordiality and fervor, his hand warmly grasped, and his acquaintanceship claimed without the slightest shade of hesitation. He had hardly ever been more gratified. He who had been the veriest nonentity at the Ascot meeting, who had not exchanged above a dozen or two sentences with the great man of the party, and who had felt the distance between him, a lad of nineteen in his first year at Oxford, and Capt. Bellenden, a man of the world and certainly ten years, if not more, his senior, as quite immeasurable, now to be met on equal terms and in the easiest fashion!

There could be but one solution of the problem.

"Stopping at my grandmother's, I suppose," he suggested at once, with this thought in his mind, that some one must have sent the traveler there for a bed, have lodging on his way to more congenial haunts. Of course Inchmarew Castle would always be a respectable place to send any one to, and some friend had probably given Bellenden an introduction, and but Bellenden's first words dispelled the idea.

"Indeed I am not so happy," he said, carelessly. "There is where I am stopping," pointing to the wretched little inn at the head of the pier. "I am on my way farther up the loch, and am fairly caught and landed here for the want of the means of proceeding." He then explained his sad plight more fully, though affecting to treat the whole as a jest, and without throwing out hint or suggestion of any possible amendment. "Oh, I shall do well enough," he concluded, "and I can get on to Kincraig first thing to-morrow; I only wish you would come and spend the evening with me. But you are going on to friends, I suppose?"

"To Inchmarew—over there—yes. I'll tell you what," said Cecil suddenly, "you must really come there too. You must indeed. There is no one but my grandmother, Mrs. Cambell, and my cousin, a little girl, to whom the place belongs. Mrs. Campbell is a most hospitable old lady, and if I were to go up without you, directly I told her you were here, it would only be a case of sending down the dog-cart again at once. And see the rain is beginning again. It is going to be a beastly night. You had much better come up while it is only as slight as this; there will be a downpour by-and-by. I can assure you, you may trust me that it will be all right."

"I—upon my word, you are too kind."

"Not at all. I am only my grandmother's spokesman. Here you, Hector, get out Capt. Bellenden's things from the inn, and put them into the dog-cart with mine. And, I say, tell Mrs. Maconochie it will be all right."

"But supposing the house is full?"

"Inchmarew full! Oh, you have not seen the castle yet. It is a huge place. But at present they have nobody, for my cousin is so young that they are living as quietly as possible."

"I have met your cousin already, and she gave me permission to fish in the stream. I have had a capital afternoon's trouting in consequence."

"Have you? I'm glad of that. If the boat had come in sooner, I had meant to run up to some of the high pools before dinner. I knew the water would be good."

"Your cousin kindly showed me the high pools herself."

"Really? Oh, you have met Geraldine herself, then? Put the gun-case in here, Hector, along with mine. The portmanteau can go at William's feet, can't it? Anything more? Rugs. Why, yes, they can stay here, if you like, but there's lots of room. Now, will you get up? And the two mounted; and of so little consequence did it seem to be in young Raymond's eyes whether or no his young cousin had been casually met for a passing minute, or had been spent the whole afternoon with, that Bellenden did not think it worth his while to inform him on the subject.

CHAPTER IV.

PLAYFELLOWS.

"And which am I most like? she said:
Your Chloe, or your nut-brown maid?"

Driving along, Cecil chatted merrily, with a sense of doing the honors natural to one who, as their nearest male relative, took the bottom of the table, inspected the kennels, and reported upon the stables whenever he visited the ladies of Inchmarew.

He was now in the apologetic vein. The property, he confided, was being nursed at present. There was a good deal of retrenchment going on. The grounds were not kept up as they had been. His grandfather had knocked off a lot of under-strappers and useless hangers-on. The gardens, too, had been ridiculously expensive, and she had curtailed them considerably.

Of course, when his cousin came of age, these things would be different. She could then do as she chose; but for the present he thought his grandmother was very wise to spend as little as need be. It was not as if they were living in the world with more of the kind.

To all of this his companion cheerfully assented, as he would have done to almost anything at the moment. The relief of getting away from the hotel, the thought of which had grown more insupportable than ever during the past half-hour, was so intense that he would have permitted Mrs. Campbell to knock off every gardener on the place, and curtail her expenditure in every direction, so long as he was given a decent dinner to eat and a decent bed to sleep.

There was, however, no call for such indulgence. A brief experience sufficed to show that the boyish brag of a youth, anxious to enhance the dignity of all connected with him, was on the present occasion making a great deal out of a very little. There might be retrenchment, there was certainly no discomfort nor disorder anywhere.

A respectable elderly maid-servant stood in the doorway to receive the new arrival, and a trim lad in a quiet but neat livery ran down the steps and began to take out the luggage with deft dispatch. Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Raymond was informed, was in the drawing-room awaiting him, and Bellenden, who lingered for a moment affecting to be occupied with his belongings, but in reality to allow a minute for explanation, had soon the satisfaction of seeing the stately dame emerge from a distant doorway, escorted by her nephew, all eagerness to present his friend.

For an expected guest she could wait within the ante-chamber; but courtesy to a stranger, and one not assured of a welcome, sent her forth to meet him.

He felt at once all that he might now hope for. His own manner, always easy and engaging, at once rose with the occasion, and he bowed over the hand held out to him with the reverence of a courtier.

"He is charming," thought she. "Never was such luck," thought he. Each smiled at the other, and the good understanding was complete.

"It is going to be a very wet night, I fear," said Mrs. Campbell, glancing outside, as the raindrops now began to beat heavily against the tall, narrow windows. "I fear, Cecil that there is not much chance of your having a fine day for the moor to-morrow. I consulted our weather-wise old gardener Macdonald on the subject, and he shook his head. Unfortunately for you, we have had a long spell of fine weather; it has been really too fine of late, and every one began to fear it could not last much longer. You know that August is never our best month, and one cannot expect summer weather to last forever."

"No, we can't, grandmamma," Cecil only smiled to himself, and only smiled to remember how often he had heard the same before. It seemed to him that he had heard it ever since he could remember the time-worn apology for the mists of Inchmarew. And yet how dearly he loved the place, and its inmates. Its very rains, and floods, and cloud-capped mountain-peaks were sacred in his eyes, and he would not have let Bellenden into the secret of its infirmity for the world. Who could say but what the morning might see glorious sunshine and melting warmth; and if so, why not have been prepared for it? "I have no doubt it will clear by-and-by," he said readily; "and let it rain as much as it will to-night, there's no harm done. Grandmamma, can we have a fire in the billiard-room this evening? I dare say Capt. Bellenden would like a game of billiards after dinner."

"Certainly, my dear." And the order was given. "And let the fire be lit at once," added the old lady, anxious to do everything well. "The room may be a little damp;" in explanation to Bellenden, "for it has not been used this summer."

"Not been used this summer! Good heavens!" inwardly ejaculated he. "And I am to play on a table not used this summer." It was a blow, and he was only just able to avoid showing that it was one.

"I am afraid it will not be in very good condition," continued Cecil Raymond, who was but half a degree more learned on the subject than his grandmother. "But you must make allowances, and, anyway, it's better than doing nothing."

"And, anyway, it is a very great deal better than sitting in the midst of peat-reek and whisky at the 'Ferry Inn!' reflected his friend. And the thought restored his former equanimity as if by magic.

He had, as he was wont to say of himself, the knack of being civil. Accustomed to luxury, and courted by prosperity, he was yet of so happy a temperament, that ill-fortune could not daunt, nor adverse circumstances ruffle him. To escape either, he would, indeed, as we know, exert ingenuity and address, but, had these failed, no one would have heard more of the matter. He would have smoked a philosophical cigar, gone to bed, and proceeded on his journey the next day without an oath or a grumble. He was by no means a bad sort of fellow.

He now dressed himself for dinner serenely, with scarce a moment's regret for the services of the valet, who had been sent on to Kincraig by another and a swifter route, and whose absence had been a real satisfaction to his master during the terrible anticipations of the afternoon. He was not by any means so dependent on the very fine gentleman as Monsieur Pierre supposed, and could calmly pack his own portmanteau, and put on his own coat when compelled by necessity to do so.

By nature he was a very handsome man and cared singularly little about it. By art he was a perfectly dressed man—and that, he considered, was every one's business rather than his own. He went to the best tailor, hatter, hair-cutter, and boot-maker in town, and he could do no more. If the result was not satisfactory, it was no fault of his, and, in consequence, no misgiving nor uneasiness on the subject ever disturbed his mind.

Sooner than any other person, he now descended to the drawing-room.

"Oh, I'm the first," he began, half aloud. "What has become of my little fisher-lassie, I wonder? Is she going to give me the slip? Or—stop: here she comes."

It was, however, no fisher-lassie who now appeared. It was the daintiest little maiden in the world, shy and rosy, half pleased, half frightened, and altogether charming, who advanced up the room. To be more exact, it was Jerry, in the very best Sunday frock she could muster, starched and crimped till it stood out on every side; Jerry with the fleece of golden hair brushed and smoothed and shining, with a little gold chain round her plump arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Apple.

Jerry and Frank were two horses hitched to a yellow car. All the morning they had gone back and forth, patiently, with only a rest now and then, but now Jerry was beginning to feel rebellious; he was tired, and it was getting bitter every square. Jerry was not by nature such a meek horse as was Frank, but then, too, he had not been a city car-horse as long as Frank had been. Frank knew the only way to do was to go on and on, whether you were tired or not; the driver had it all to say.

By the time Jerry had made up his mind to be stubborn, the driver stopped the horses on a switch to wait until the car a square away had passed.

Right there on the curbstone sat a little bootblack. On the pavement lay his torn cap, and he let people go by unnoticed as he rubbed an apple on his jacket to make it shiny. A sweet lady had given it to him, and he was just over his surprise and getting ready to eat, when he looked up and saw Jerry standing near and looking at the apple longingly with his pitiful eyes.

The little bootblack understood. There was not much time to think, the other car was not far away, but he wondered how he would feel if he was that horse; and quick as a flash he broke the apple in two and put one piece in Jerry's mouth and the other in Frank's. It was delicious.

Jerry forgot about being stubborn as they started on, and Frank forgot his aching bones, while the little ragged bootblack ran away, calling after a man with dusty shoes, "Have a shine, mister?"—Youth's Companion.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

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Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Apple Custard.

Pare, core and stew 6 apples until fine and add half cup of sugar. Beat 3 eggs very light, add half cup of sugar and 1½ pints of milk. Stir well and add the apples. Stir again, pour into a baking pan and bake a few minutes until the custard is set. If liked, a little grated nutmeg may be added just before it is put in the oven. This is a nice dessert and possesses the advantage of being so quickly prepared that it may be classed among the emergency desserts.

Beautifying the Home.

For the bric-a-brac mantel a long narrow picture does excellent duty when hung just over the top shelf. A black and white print can be seen to advantage in this position.

If you have a character bit in oil, let it be unframed and place it on the middle of the small ledge below the shelf proper, and you have a fine bit of coloring on entering. Over low bookcases pictures should be large, and in this form they give a style to the room. Water colors look admirable if treated in this manner, and, if two bookcases are put together so as to form one, divide the pictures by a bracket, on which place a jar of some unique pattern.

If a door is required to be closed on account of space, throw a silk curtain over the door and at the left side place a picture. Any still life will answer, and you will find it a wonderful bright scheme. Small rooms require moderate size pictures, which can be hung one above the other, and three may even be placed on line with good effect.

In a small apartment, where the radiator is an objection, hang on the wall a large picture, placing before the unsightly heater a screen of not too high dimensions. If a space is too large for your picture hang on either side a bracket, on which place a jug or jar. For an ideal head in oil the frame should be of broad gilt. Hang it in a good light, and on one side group two small water color pieces in the fashionable white band picture. For an oblong picture a small sketch under it looks well equipped.

In corners of rooms pictures can be hung by twos or threes, either in gilt, walnut, or ash and form a capital combination. Three pictures can be framed as one if rightly chosen. Select for your center a figure subject. On either side a landscape. Place all in a mat with a broad ash frame and hang in a large space. Over it put a quaint Japanese fan of natural colors.

Palms form an excellent decoration over pictures and especially for halls. If you are a householder in any apartment, decorate your halls with good pictures, bits of color which from time to time you have gathered and it will add quality to the narrow space given you by the architect.—New York Herald.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The prettiest necklace observed was made of numerous strands of fine gold chain held together by diamond bars.

The only form of the bowknot seen is double rosette shaped. The broad enamel ribbons are ornamented with gold. In the center is a jewel.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Fenkel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Be as gentle as possible in your judgments; as severe as justice in your survey of self.—Chicago Interior.

You can't give a man money enough to enable him to declare that he will never lack for bread, but God has promised that the righteous shall never come to want.

What Constitutes a Whole Prayer.

In order to pray for ourselves, we must pray for others." "None of us liveth to himself," and none of us should pray for himself alone. The first word of the pattern prayer taught by our Lord is "our," and when we pray we should think of those who are included in that term. A cry for personal help in an emergency is at the best but part of a prayer; a whole prayer takes in others.—S. S. Times.

Dangerous Sport.

I consider wolf hunting the most dangerous sport there is, says a correspondent in Russia. Tiger hunting in India is tame beside it. If you go into the jungles of India to shoot a tiger, you are accompanied by a long retinue. You shoot your prey from the howdah of an elephant. If you miss your victim there are 20 bullets ready for him before he springs. A person might as well go tiger hunting in a menagerie. The only unsatisfactory part of the sport which wolves afford is that after you are all through you havn't any thing to show for your efforts.

Shows In Hard Luck.

Sydney Drew has ceased trying to star in "The Gilded Age." "The Tide of Life" ceased ebbing and flowing. Fanny Rice closed her season, but expects to start out again a month hence with a new play. Emmet Corrigan has laid off his "After the Ball" company. Dockstader's minstrels drew so little money at the New York Bijou that Manager Rosenquest canceled the second week of their engagement and closed the house.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

A soft answer has often been the means of breaking a hard heart.—Ram's Horn.

Croup is Quickly Relieved, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat affections.

A match ignites because of the heat generated by friction. Matches are tipped with phosphorus and sulphur both highly inflammable substances.

Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks

Mr. R. Forrestall

My right arm was withered away to skin and bone and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling a little better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm and the soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since we have used three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

is cheaper than to pay doctor's bills. I am thankful that I have found a medicine which will help a man who has rheumatism. It keeps me in good health." Richard Forrestall, Oelwein, Iowa.

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