

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

HE was seated on grass, with her shoulders propped up against a camp stool; there were two or three garden benches standing about, but she said she preferred to sit on the grass—it made her feel more "country."

To intensify this feeling she had clothed her fresh young beauty in a marvelous organdy, so sheer that her arms gleamed through it like alabaster, and had planned on her bright head a great hat drooping with roses. By her side leaned a white parasol edged with lace.

Her companion, a young man in tennis flannels, who was stretched at her feet, had commented sarcastically upon her "rustic attire," and a hot discussion had ensued, a discussion happily interrupted by the arrival of a servant with a tray of iced lemonade.

"Ah," said Miss Gresham, helping herself to one of the frosted glasses, "if there is one person for whom I entertain an undying affection it is Betty. I know we are indebted to her for this. She is one of those rare people who always do the correct thing."

"Betty," repeated Markland, lazily, sipping his lemonade, "and who is Betty?"

"He has forgotten Betty!" cried the girl, "and has no more shame than to confess it! Betty, who was always his sworn companion and who has helped him out of I do not know how many scrapes. This is the effect, I suppose, of college and travel and society."

"Betty!" again repeated Markland. "Ah! a sudden light springing to his eyes—"your old nurse, of course. Why, certainly I remember her—dear companion of my youth! But I did not recognize her by so common a title. To me she has always seemed a beneficent genius, a good angel, rather than an ordinary mortal." He lifted his glass—"To Betty," he said; "may her shadow never grow less."

"Betty was asking me about you the other day," said the girl; "she wanted to know if you still rode and boated and swam like you used to. I told her you had given up dancing because of the exertion." She looked at him innocently.

"Did she ask you anything about your own life?" said Markland, sitting up—"a resume of how you put in your time



I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU, during the winter season in town might be interesting to her, and certainly profitable."

"Anything I do is interesting to her," she responded, coldly.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been marveling over you ever since I came. I cannot quite realize that you have been ten days in the country without being bored. How have you accomplished it? I thought that the day of miracles was past."

"My good Tony," remarked Miss Gresham, patronizingly, "you must not judge other people by yourself; it is a very foolish and narrow-minded way of doing. Because you cannot exist happily without your clubs and theaters is no reason why I can't."

"I never knew you belonged to a club," observed Markland, mildly. "Have you developed into that wonder, a new woman?"

"Oh, nonsense! You know I was speaking figuratively! I mean that I am not wedded to any particular state of things—that I can adapt myself to circumstances and enjoy whatever comes."

"Can you? How delightful! But, jesting aside, has it not been rather slow for you here, without any girls for you to see through and scorn and be amused by—nor men to analyze and draw you out and get interested in?"

"How do you know there have been no men?"

"I have your own word for it. I heard you refuse four of your best friends permission to visit you down here, and I inferred that the common herd had been no better treated."

"Yes," she said, "you were right. My solitude has been uninvaded. I have been resting and enjoying myself thoroughly. By the way"—suddenly—"who told you that you could come?"

"No one, but I had to run down to my place on business, and I thought it would look unneighborly not to drop in and find out how you were getting on."

"And the house?" she hurried on; "how does it look?"

"Awfully—everything gone to pieces; dust, cobwebs and mold everywhere; the family portraits white with mildew."

"Oh, Tony," she cried, "how dreadful! You really ought to do something about them."

"I shall," he said. "I was fond of the place as a lad, and the trip down here has awakened all the old feeling. I am tired to death of society, the exertion of dancing—smiling—and the bother of being agreeable to people that one doesn't care a rap about; so I have half made up my mind to marry and settle down in the country; that is"—slowly—"if I can persuade the girl I love to consent to bury herself for my sake."

Miss Gresham looked down; her face had lost a little of its bright color, but the pallor was in no way unbecoming.

"I thought the best thing to do was to come and talk over the matter with you," he said, after a somewhat awkward pause; "you always help a fellow so with your advice."

"I imagine," she replied, "that if a woman cared for a man she would go with him anywhere."

"Exactly, but that is the question—does she care for me? You see"—gazing at her steadily—"she is a society girl, used to a good deal of gaiety and movement and excitement, and it does not seem quite fair to ask her to come down here, does it? It looks conceited and selfish, as if one thought a good deal of oneself, don't you know?"

She looked at him gravely.

"Do I know her?" she asked. "Is she some one you have known a long time?"

"Oh, yes, since I was quite a boy."

"Is she pretty?"

"Of course, you ought to know that."

"And clever?"

"I suppose"—slowly—"she never says unkind things or sees through other people as—as some of your other friends do."

"Unkind things? No. But as to seeing through people"—breaking into a laugh—"I am obliged to admit that she does. You see, she has been out a lot, and the rosy bondage is a bit out of place; natural enough, don't you think?"

"I suppose so"—doubtfully—"one cannot go through life with one's eyes shut; that is, if anyone has any brains, and yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like the description. You are such a good fellow, Tony, for all your affection, that you ought to marry somebody very much above the average."

"And so I shall."

"You always said," she went on, "that I might choose a wife for you. Don't you remember just before you went to college that last ride we took?"

"Assuredly."

"How we agreed to ask each other's advice about the people we should marry, and how we promised that neither of us would get engaged without the other's consent?"

"Of course I remember. I am quite willing to abide by the old contract. I shall never marry without your permission."

"Oh, Tony, really?"

"Really."

Babies on Bicycles.
There is reason in the crusade which has been begun at San Francisco against the carrying of babies on bicycles. It may be the children like it, just as their fathers do, but the real point is that the practice is too dangerous. Accidents are always liable to occur, and while the rider takes his own chances and has every opportunity to save himself, the baby has to take much greater risks. The mere fact that it is there tends to rob the rider of nerve at critical times. Those who are managing the campaign in California rely partly on the law of that state which makes it a misdemeanor to place a child in any position dangerous to life or limb.—Hartford Times.

Frost, Frolic and Bustle.
The wind over frozen ponds and lakes, over snow-fields of plains and open country, is heavily charged with frost and fine particles of frozen matter. It is the most penetrating way for chill to set in. Sudden warmth, sudden chill, and severe colds. Girls and boys skating, driving for pleasure or business, and men at work, all know the difference in temperature. Yet the youngsters skate away and with mouths open laughing take in a dose of sorethroat. Drivers and workmen throw aside wraps and all know the next day from soreness and stiffness what sudden chill means. Now the best thing to do when housed is to rub well at once with St. Jacobs Oil. If you do, you will not have sorethroat; or if you are stiff and sore, it will cure by warming the surface to throw out the chill.

Swallowed the Pollywog.
Uncle Jack returns from a long walk and, being somewhat thirsty drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece, Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Alice?"

Alice (weeping)—"You've drunk up my 'quarum and you've swallowed my free pollywogs."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured.
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

The Yankee Would Help.
A little Virginia boy, who was much interested in listening to a discussion of a war question between this country and England, asked:

"Papa, if we go to war with England will the Yankees help us fight for our country?"

And he added, "If they do we can whip the English to pieces."

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.
Des Moines, January 13.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To the Prouty-Fowler Soap Co., of Des Moines, for three trade-marks, to-wit: The word 'sycobols, Ho-Peep, Peck-a-Boo, and Jack-Tar. To J. H. Kinsey, of Milo, for a wire stretcher specially adapted to be clamped fast to a post for stretching fence wires and splicing broken wires. To Deborah Owen, of Van Wert, for a novelty for women, described in one of the claims as follows: A dress protector consisting of an overskirt gathered at its sides at the lower portion thereof, and provided with fastening devices to secure the said side portions about the necklines of the wearer and also provided with fastening devices along the lower edge, between the first named fastening devices, to secure the same between the legs of the wearer. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

Some of the Japanese soldiers wear paper clothing.
I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Selfishness is self-robbery, no matter whether it dwells in a hut or in a palace.

"Kasson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Matrimonia: triumphs of gentlemen in trade (cause more to go into it).

BETTER WALK A MILE than fail to get a 5-cent package of Cut and Slash smoking tobacco if you want to enjoy a real good smoke. Cut and Slash cheroots are as good as many 5-cent cigars, and you get three for 5 cents. Sure to please.

Bottlebinding.
You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding, or wrapper, of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 50 years.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 116 BU. PER ACRE.
The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 209 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurray for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables \$1.00.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free 1c. grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing.

Loading Ships by Electricity.
One of the most wonderful labor-saving inventions of the day is the new electric stevedore or movable conveyor for loading a ship with flour or grain from an ordinary wharf. Its length is forty feet, two wheels in the center allowing it to be moved at will. The actuating power is electricity. The revolving belt on which the sacks are placed is of rubber, and passes over two rollers. The belt revolves at such a speed as to carry all the weight in flour or grain that can be placed upon it. This apparatus recently loaded a steamer with three thousand tons of flour at the rate of seventy-five tons per hour.

The Gift of a Good Stomach.
Is one of the most beneficent donations vouchsafed to us by nature. How often it is grossly abused! Whether the stomach is naturally weak, or has been rendered so by imprudent eating or drinking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best agent for its restoration to vigor and activity. Both digestion and appetite are renewed by this fine tonic, which also overcomes constipation, biliousness, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

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Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work in curing, strengthening, and giving energy to nervous women doing nothing so exciting and reviving.

Modern woman sometimes stoop exceedingly low to conquer.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more to do than to use them, and very comforting in the face of drugists.

Much doing is not so important as well doing.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Society men add to their popularity by being deferential to old ladies.

COLORADO GOLD MINES.
If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to The Gold Miner, an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Some noblemen and their American wives' money are soon alienated.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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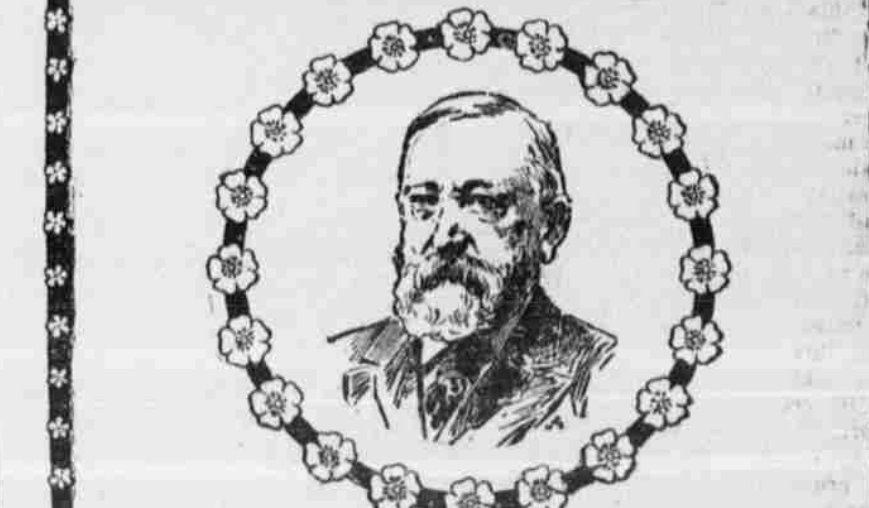
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General Harrison
ON
The Presidential Office



A striking article in the February issue of **The Ladies' Home Journal**

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