

State Cures Lepers.
A remarkable medical report touching the cure of leprosy was presented to the Louisiana Assembly by the leper house of the State of Louisiana. Out of 91 lepers in the Louisiana Institution in the past two years six have been practically cured. A row of modern cottages constituted the leper quarters. A surgical building and a small Catholic church complete this group of leper buildings. For thirteen years four to six sisters of charity, practically alone, have cared for all the wants of the lepers. None of these sisters has ever become infected with the disease, and apparently none of them fears it.



Side Lights on History.
Cotton Mather was persecuting the New Salem witches.
"I'm going to make it still hotter for 'em!" he exclaimed, vindictively.
Misunderstanding this remark, some of the best citizens of the community, as we have every reason to believe, went ahead and built the fires.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietor has so much faith in his curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: Dr. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Extremely Unfashionable.
"Who are those people in that private box?"
"I don't know; mere nobodies, I guess. They are diverting their whole attention to the play."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.
6c.

Words of All.
Mr. Lane, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Meek had been off fishing the day before. They had gone unexpectedly from the post office where they met, and neither Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Hobart nor Mrs. Meek had been informed of their whereabouts until nightfall. "And it did beat all what poor luck we'd had!" said Mr. Lane, when the three friends met the next day.

"I tried to explain to Sadie that we kept staying in the hopes of fetching home something that would show why we'd stayed, but she said we'd acted like a parcel of yearlings, and it would be one while before she'd have a hot word for us," said Mr. Lane, and she wiped away some fresh tears.

"There was so much feeling in Eva's words and manner that Alison's coldness related a little.
"You must not see her," she said, gravely; "I believe papa has forbidden that for the present, but I can give her your love, and tell her that you asked after her."
"Tell her I shall come every evening to inquire; tell her, too, that I shall not have a moment's peace, thinking that I am partly to blame for this. It was wrong of us, Alison; I see that now. I deserve to have something to bear as well as she, poor darling! You and Mr. Roger must not be too hard on me, for, indeed, I am as unhappy as possible; Anna will tell you so."
"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, that evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not make things better to be hard and bitter against people. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about you." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

"Well!" observed Roger, interrogatively, as she came to his side.
"I am glad you told me to go down," was her reply; "there is good in every one, and Eva certainly appeared to advantage this evening. She is really fond of Missie, and she cried so about it all. She is not a bad-hearted girl."
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"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her hot little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better to-night; Mrs. Merrick thought so, too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."
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"Perhaps you will be able to go to-morrow," he returned, humoring her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to lie patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep to-night, and, indeed, we are all overtired and harassed."
"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, restlessly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"
"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again you shall see how proud I shall be of my two sisters, and what nice times we shall have."
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PRIZE FOOD.
Faintable, Economical, Nourishing.
A woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes: "After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years."
"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods, but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all."
"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts, I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life."
"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day."
"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe stage of whooping cough, which could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed."
"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Greenwood had given Alison strict injunctions that she was to keep her sister as quiet as possible, but it seemed impossible to check the storm of excited talk. Mabel's only relief was to accuse herself, and put all her conduct in its blackest light. A weight of intolerable misery lay on her mind; she felt her own pains were richly deserved, but the thought that she had risked her father's life by her disobedience was more than she could bear. Every hour she questioned Alison about his state. Would he recover? Was he in any danger? What did the doctor fear? Alison at last called Roger to her aid.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, half crying. "Missie will not get any sleep to-night; she is working herself into a fever, and Dr. Greenwood does not wish to give her an opiate. It breaks my heart to hear her going on about papa. I think if she could only see him she would be more contented."
"Shall I go to her?" he asked, hesitating a little, for Missie had expressed no wish to see him.

"Oh, yes, perhaps that will be best," she said, brightening a little. "I am so tired and harassed that I probably do not say the right thing."
"I will come presently; but, Allie, I am so sorry you are so tired. Miss Hardwick is downstairs, and she says she must see you; she seems very much upset. Do you think you could speak to her for a moment?"

Alison made a gesture of repugnance. It was plain that she did not wish to see Miss Hardwick, but Roger was bent on carrying his point.
"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Hardwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Allie." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

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"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely, for her heart was hard against the girl. "You knew that she disapproved of Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"
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wicked I should like to die, and then perhaps you would be sorry for me. If anything happens to papa, I could not live. Oh, if I could only see him, and ask him to forgive me!"
"My dear, he has forgiven you over and over again," returned Roger, in rather a husky voice, for he found all this very trying; "that is the best of it. One need never be afraid of losing a father's love, it is not to be lost, Mabel; the thing is against nature. If I sinned against father or ever so, I know he must forgive me, just because I am his son."
"I will arise and go to my father," murmured Alison, half to herself, but Missie heard it.
"Yes, read that to me; I have been repeating fragments of the verses all day; that is, if you are not too tired, Alison," with renewed thoughtfulness.
"Roger will read it," returned Alison, feeling the task would be good for her brother, and distrusting her own voice; and though Roger looked a little shy over it, he did not refuse.

Missie lay with closed eyes and listened, and he harassed expression passed from her face.
"Thank you; that was beautiful," she said, when he had finished. "How nicely you read, Roger! Now I will try to be good and not wake Alison. Perhaps when the light is shaded, I may drop off to sleep."
Alison was in sore need of rest by this time; her head ached as well as her limbs; but she had one more duty to perform before she laid down in the little bed that had been prepared for her in Missie's room, and that was to bid her father good-night.
He welcomed her with a smile. "I feel easier to-night," he said, and his voice was stronger. "My good nurse has made me very comfortable, and I dare say we shall both be able to sleep a little. How is Pussie?" the old name escaping from his unwarlike.
"I do not think she is any worse," she replied, cautiously; "but she still suffers a great deal, and she is making herself so unhappy about you."
"Tell her not to do that," he replied, with a little effort. "He need not take the blame of the accident on herself; she has enough to bear without that."
"May I give her your love, papa?"
"Oh, yes," he said, as though surprised by the question, for he knew nothing of the child's misery. "Tell her I hope she will have a good night." And then, as he seemed weary, she left him.

Missie received the message in silence, and as the light was dim, Alison could not see her face. She fancied that just as she was dropping off to sleep there was a sound as though some one was crying; but her senses were too drowsy to take in the fact that it might be Missie sobbing in the darkness. Her last recollection thought was about Aunt Diana. Roger had promised to write a few lines from the office, and she had wondered if he had done so.
"How should Aunt Di will be," she thought, "and how sorry for us all!" The half-finished sentence was completed in her dream, for she dreamed that Greville was rowing them both among the water lilies, and Aunt Di was gathering roses and throwing them into her lap.
"Do not cry, child, it will all come right in time," Alison heard her say; "there are silver lining behind every cloud, you may be sure of that." And then she woke with a start. Something she did not know what, had disturbed her; she sat up and looked round in bewilderment. The moon was shining full into the room, and Missie's bed was empty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nurse Merrick was sleeping on a couch in the dressing room. It had been peeped so near the door of communication that she had a full view of her patient. He had just sunk into a tranquil doze, and she had followed his example, when a faint sound, like an opening door, roused her, and a moment after she caught a glimpse of a white-robed figure with long, fair hair. A young girl in a blue dressing gown was standing by Mr. Merle's bed. Nurse Merrick's quick eyes discerned that one arm was bandaged and in splints. It must be the young lady, she thought, who had been injured in the accident; perhaps she was light-headed. The next minute she touched her softly.

"Come, my dear, come," she said coaxingly; "you ought not to be out of your bed at this time of night; let me help you back, there's a dear young lady." For Missie's white, feverish eyes alarmed her.
"No, no," returned Missie, recoiling from the nurse's gentle touch. "I could not stay in bed, I could not sleep until I had seen papa. Let me stay and look at him; I will be good and not wake him."
But the nurse shook her head at this. "You must not stay," she whispered, not daring to raise her voice; "your feet are bare, and you look so bad as possible. Come, my dear, let me carry you back to your room; it will scare your father to see you standing there."
"No, no," returned Missie, shrinking still more; "I must stay with papa. Why should he look so pale, and lie so still? Is he dead? No one told me he was dead."
"Papa!" she cried out, for she was bewildered by the dim light and her own feverish fancies. "Speak to me only one word, just to tell me you are alive."
"Oh, hush!" exclaimed the nurse; but she was too late. Mr. Merle woke up; but he was his weak son. "Don't let your daughter's presence do me any harm," he said.

"My dear," he said, feebly; "I ought not to have allowed this. You will make yourself ill leaving your warm bed."
"But I could not sleep," she sobbed; "I could not rest. I thought they were hiding things from me. If you had died, and I had never told you I was sorry, I should have died, too. Oh, papa, it must have killed me!"
He smiled faintly, and gathered the hot little hand in his.
"You were sorry all the time, my pet, were you not?"
"Yes, I am sorry now," creeping still closer. "I could not ask God to forgive me until you had forgiven me. Oh, papa! why do you look so kindly at me, when you know it is all through my wickedness that you are lying here? Of course, no one can love me any more."
"Not love you, Pussie! Come, come my child, fathers are not like that. I forgive you freely; everything is right between us. But, my poor darling, you are ill and suffering, and if you care to please me, let nurse carry you back to bed."
"Will you let me kiss you first?"
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"Oh, no," she returned, bursting into tears. "I never expected any one to be fond of me again. I have made your life miserable, Roger. I have tormented you just for love of teasing. If I were not so

CHAPTER XXII.

Alison made a gesture of repugnance. It was plain that she did not wish to see Miss Hardwick, but Roger was bent on carrying his point.
"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Hardwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Allie." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

Eva was pacing up and down the long drawing room, and came up to Alison quickly, holding out both her hands.
"Oh, Alison," she said, and the tears were running down her face unchecked. "I know you do not want to see me, but I begged so hard of Mr. Roger to send you. Of course, you hate the sight of me. You think I am the cause of this; but, indeed, I am not. I never knew Mr. Merle would be so angry!"

"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely, for her heart was hard against the girl. "You knew that she disapproved of Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"
"You must not speak against Anthony, Alison," returned Eva, in a subdued voice. "I am engaged to him; he is my only half-cousin. Mabel knew this, and she thought it would not matter coming with us. Mamma would have told you, only I did not wish it to be made public. All this has quite spoiled my happiness. Poor, dear Mabel; if I could only see her, and help you to nurse her. But Mr. Roger says it is quite impossible. And she wiped away some fresh tears.

"There was so much feeling in Eva's words and manner that Alison's coldness related a little.
"You must not see her," she said, gravely; "I believe papa has forbidden that for the present, but I can give her your love, and tell her that you asked after her."
"Tell her I shall come every evening to inquire; tell her, too, that I shall not have a moment's peace, thinking that I am partly to blame for this. It was wrong of us, Alison; I see that now. I deserve to have something to bear as well as she, poor darling! You and Mr. Roger must not be too hard on me, for, indeed, I am as unhappy as possible; Anna will tell you so."
"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, that evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not make things better to be hard and bitter against people. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about you." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

"Well!" observed Roger, interrogatively, as she came to his side.
"I am glad you told me to go down," was her reply; "there is good in every one, and Eva certainly appeared to advantage this evening. She is really fond of Missie, and she cried so about it all. She is not a bad-hearted girl."
"No; and all this will do her a great deal of good. 'Evel is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' said Allie. Now let us go to poor Missie."
Missie flushed up very much when she saw Roger, but the next moment her face grew wan and pale.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her hot little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better to-night; Mrs. Merrick thought so, too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."
"Oh, Roger!" and Missie's eyes were filling in a moment. "Do you really think so?"
"Yes, dear, and Nurse Merrick said the same; he spoke more clear and articulately than he has for some time. You will be easy about him, and will try to sleep."
"There is no sleep in my eyes," she returned, with a little of her old excitement. "Oh, Roger, you don't know what it is to be bruised and battered all over, and not be able to turn without pain. If it were not for that I would go to him."
"Perhaps you will be able to go to-morrow," he returned, humoring her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to lie patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep to-night, and, indeed, we are all overtired and harassed."
"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, restlessly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"
"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again you shall see how proud I shall be of my two sisters, and what nice times we shall have."
"Oh, no," she returned, bursting into tears. "I never expected any one to be fond of me again. I have made your life miserable, Roger. I have tormented you just for love of teasing. If I were not so



Basket for Clothes.
An excellent device that would be of great assistance to the housewife is the combined clothes and clothespin receptacle shown in the illustration. Ordinarily the wet clothes are carried from the wash tub to the yard in an ordinary wicker basket for attachment to the clothesline. The dripping water collects in the bottom of the basket, soon rotting and destroying it. The basket shown here is made of galvanized wire to prevent rusting. The mesh being wide, the water from the wet clothes readily drains off. At one end is a receptacle for the reception of clothespins, while suitable straps are secured to the back by which it can be supported at some convenient point. These straps are also used to carry the receptacle.

Tennis Posts Hold Net.
Tennis posts that would do double duty and obviate the necessity of taking the net in over night have been invented by a Pennsylvania man.
Each post resembles a large metal tube, bisected. At the bottom of each is a long spike and inside is a rod which turns like a reel. The ends of the net are fastened to these rods and is rolled on one of them. When in position the posts stand firm and hold the net taut during hard usage, and when the games are over one of the posts can be pulled from the ground and the net rolled up inside the other. When the two posts are brought together they make a round, waterproof case for the net, which can be left outdoors not only over night, but in the severest weather. Another advantage of such a device is that the court can be laid out wherever desired, as the posts need only be pressed into the ground. Any person who has had a costly tennis net ruined

half dozen people present—the clasps being kept covered—could distinguish the genuine pearls from the artificial copies.
The necklaces were then passed around, and the difference in weight was found to be very considerable, the manufactured pearls being feather-light and the genuine pearls weighing substantially across the palm. Clever manufacturers of pearl beads are now weighted them with a filling, which gives them added durability and makes them more than ever like their costly cousins.
Pearl beads become much more beautiful in color by constant wear against the flesh. Many women buy a string of pearl beads keep them on day and night under the frock and close against the skin until the white freshness of shop-counter days has become a creamy, lustrous pearl color by association with the warmth of the body. For this reason makers are now stringing pearl bead necklaces on slender gilt chains instead of cords of silk.
Many of the better makes of pearl beads are so beautiful in form and color that they are mounted with diamond clasps, and are sold by jewelers of repute at substantial prices.

OUR RICHEST MEN.
Classification of Millionaires by a New York State Bank.
The list of the richest men of the United States, given below, was compiled by a New York State bank; J. D. Rockefeller, \$600,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$300,000,000; W. W. Astor, \$300,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, \$150,000,000; William Rockefeller, \$100,000,000; H. H. Rogers, \$100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; Senator Clark, \$100,000,000; John Jacob Astor, \$100,000,000; Russell Sage estate, \$80,000,000; H. C. Flick, \$80,000,000; J. D. Mills, \$75,000,000; Marshall Field, Jr., \$75,000,000; H. M. Flagler, \$60,000,000; J. J. Hill, \$60,000,000; Oliver Payne, \$50,000,000; J. H. Higgins, \$50,000,000; Harry Phelps, \$40,000,000; A. G. Vanderbilt, \$40,000,000; Mrs. E. F. Ryan, \$40,000,000; Mrs. A. W. Walker, \$35,000,000; George Gould, \$35,000,000; J. Ogden Armour, \$30,000,000; E. T. Gerry, \$30,000,000; Robert W. Goetzl, \$30,000,000; J. H. Flagler, \$30,000,000; Claus Spreckles, \$30,000,000; W. F. Havemeyer, \$30,000,000; Jacob H. Schiff, \$25,000,000; P. A. B. Wid