

## MRS. HAROLD STAGG.

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### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Some of them go to one place and some to another for all their meals. There are several decent houses in the neighborhood where food is provided three times a day at so much a week. Our friend, Struthers, habitually patronizes one of them. It's the cheapest method, but as I have served my apprenticeship at it elsewhere, I have been in no hurry to make a selection; indeed, I have lately induced him to vary his cuisine by playing the Bohemian with me during the very hot weather. He was looking peaked and needed a change. So we breakfast in this room and lunch on his pocket and we take our dinners—our meal of the day—at whatever restaurant happens to hit our fancy. We are great hands at discovering out-of-the-way little places where one can dine appetizingly for a mere song, and perhaps the next day we lie away to one of the beaches to enjoy the crowds and banquet in a large pavilion, to the music of a band."

"How delightful!" cried Eleanor. "And you must do the same now that I have come, and take me with you."

Uncle Phineas smiled at her enthusiasm.

"It is a dog's life at the best, Peach-blossom," he said, with a sigh, draining his tankard. "A trifle more diverting than the other, perhaps, but a dog's life, at best. No, my ambition is to be able to settle down some day in a little house of my own, where I can have just what I want, as I want it and when I want it. I'm beginning to see my way to it, too. Queer fancy for an old bachelor to have, isn't it? And my only fear—ha! ha!—is that I shall be morally certain in time to marry my housekeeper!"

"But I shall be your housekeeper, and you can't marry me."

"You!" he exclaimed, with gay incredulity. "By that time, you"—he was going to say, "will have a house of your own," but he stopped embarrassed, fearful of introducing the dreaded subject.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't, Uncle Phin," she answered stoutly, divining his intention. "I know what you were going to say, and there isn't the slightest chance of it."

"Well, well," he responded, shyly, beginning to put away his papers, "one can never tell what a year will bring forth."

### CHAPTER X.

He had finished his studies for the day, and he now proposed to Eleanor that she should accompany him on several errands which he had to do. They sallied forth together, and after visiting the institution with which he was connected and a library where he had to mouse among the shelves for a few minutes to consult authorities, they sauntered through various book-stores and picture galleries with which the professor was familiar.

It was nearly dinner time when they returned, and the professor expressed surprise at not finding Mr. Struthers in possession of his den.

"Ah," he said on second thought, "he has feared to interrupt us. Good boy! He has thought we had many things to talk about. And so we have; but such modesty deserves its reward. Shall we invite him to join us, Phineas?"

The professor went clambering up the necessary two flights, and after a few minutes reappeared with Mr. Struthers, who had doffed his fustian jacket for conventional attire.

"So you have had a good day, young man?" said Uncle Phineas.

"I have been trying some interesting experiments."

"Only think of it, Peach-blossom, he keeps lightning on tap in his laboratory. We all live in constant fear that he will burn the house down. What sort of a fume is rampant today?" the professor added, sniffing the air. "One day he perfumes the atmosphere with sulphureted hydrogen, and the next Mrs. Todd is cooking salt fish in the basement. Chemist versus cook, and I don't know which is the worse."

Eleanor laughed, and said:

"What is the special thing you are trying to discover, Mr. Struthers?"

"A mere bagatelle," interjected her uncle. "This audacious youth has the hardihood to maintain that it is only a matter of a few years—or months, is it?—when our steam engines will be run by electricity instead of steam, and he hopes to be the fortunate man to demonstrate that it can be done successfully. But if I once set him loose on his hobby there will be no dinner for us," he continued, with a bantering smile at the embarrassed youth, whose tongue he pleasantly had fettered. "I warrant now, Peach-blossom, that you have five minutes of prinking yet to do, and a woman's five minutes are always ten."

"I'll be right down, uncle," cried Eleanor, as she gathered up her belongings and ran up the stairs.

Fifteen minutes later they were at table in a snug restaurant, one of the choicest, into which the professor conveyed them, bumptiously announcing to the electrician, whose eyes were dilating at such prodigality, that he had thrown economy to the winds.

"I am speering it—speering it; and all on a woman's account. And there will be no headache to-morrow," he whispered, jubilantly, as he began to peruse the bill of fare with the manner of a man who meditates extravagance. "It will do you good, too, young man. A pretty face assists the imagination."

"I have realized that already," answered Struthers, whose visage, the moment after he had spoken, glowed from the unaccustomed use of compliment.

"A purée of green peas and soft-shell crabs, and a filet à la bordelaise to begin with," began the professor, reflectively, "and—and some champagne, of course."

"I'm afraid, uncle, if you go on at that rate, you will never have that little house," said Eleanor; "it will be a castle in Spain."

"Never you mind, young lady," he replied, drawing a fat, old-fashioned leather wallet from his pocket and tapping it significantly. "Everybody must have an occasional fling, and this is mine. If I become riotous it will be from joy at having you with me. Bring everything," he added to the waiter, "everything that is good; you will know. We want plenty, and the best, for we have lunched upon sandwiches."

The waiter smiled broadly, and bowed low. Doubtless he scented a fee in the professor's sportive manner and language, and he began to bustle diligently.

These infected likewise Eleanor and Mr. Struthers, who were soon chatting and laughing gayly, heedless of the hot atmosphere of the crowded restaurant. Trifling remarks and incidents convulsed them all, and there was scarcely a pause from the purée of green peas to the dish of roses peaches that followed the raspberry ice cream.

"Coffee?" asked the waiter, in a confidential undertone.

The professor looked at his watch. "Now, young people, how are we to spend the evening? I have two suggestions to make; either we will go to the theater, in which case we had better take our coffee now, or we will adjourn to the 'roof park,' in which case, we will take it there. Which shall it be?"

"I fear," said Struthers, with a laugh, "that 'roof park' is scarcely intelligible to Miss Baldwin."

"It sounds very interesting," said Eleanor. "Let us go there by all means. It is too hot for the theater."

The two men exchanged glances of amusement.

"So be it," said the professor. "'roof park' it is," and he called for the bill.

They retraced their steps to the boarding house, and while Mr. Struthers was fumbling in the lock with his door-key, Eleanor inquired why they had come back.

"We are going to the 'roof park,'" answered Uncle Phineas.

Mr. Struthers led the way upstairs, past Eleanor's story and the professor's story, and yet another story to the highest landing, which was illumined only by the moon streaming through the skylight. A short ladder-like flight of steps led up further to a sort of trap-door.

"Shall I get the banjo?" said Struthers, pausing on the lowest round.

"The idea of asking such a question," replied the professor. "Do we not always have the banjo?"

"You are one person, sir, and Miss Baldwin is another," said he, turning to open a door behind him just opposite the foot of the ladder.

"Is that his laboratory?" whispered Eleanor, as he disappeared inside.

"Yes, I say, young man, do you call this hospitality to leave us kicking our heels in the entry?" cried the professor, as he pushed in after him. "Here is a lady very anxious, I know, to inspect your mysteries."

Eleanor, following, found herself in a room that seemed a sort of cross between an apothecary's shop and a smithy. There were pestles and mortars and bottles of suspicious looking liquids arranged on a shelf around an alembic, a pair of bellows, and other chemical apparatus; and, most interesting of all, a network of wires extending from the green jars referred to across the room and into a smaller apartment, which was evidently the young man's chamber. Eleanor looked around her with astonished eyes.

"I wish you could tell me what some of these things mean," she said, as she scrutinized interestedly the rows of green jars in which the liquid bubbled around bits of submerged metal.

"That is a battery," he said.

"Would you like a shock?" asked her uncle.

"Above all things."

Mr. Struthers accordingly laid down the banjo, and, after adjusting various wires and implements, approached her shyly, and said:

"If you will hold this piece of wire in one hand, and this in the other, I will let the current on. Do not be afraid; it will not hurt you."

"Oh, how queer it feels!" she cried, an instant later.

"Shall I stop?" asked Mr. Struthers, solicitously.

"Oh, no; I rather like it. I—I—oh, how queer it is! Oh!—oh! I think that will do, Mr. Struthers. I—I can't let go! I—"

The cessation of the current, and the loosening of her grasp consequent upon it, cut short her words. Her uncle and Mr. Struthers were on the broad grin.

"It's the queerest feeling. It makes one feel as if small prickles were running through one. I'm very glad I tried it, though. Was it a big dose?"

"Oh, no. You can take more than

that with a little practice and think nothing of it."

"But, if he had a mind to, he could commit murder at the expense of unsuspecting friends," said her uncle. "See here."

Adjusting the apparatus with the deftness of one skilled in such matters, the professor bade Eleanor regard the point where the two ends of the wire had been brought in contact. Then, following a quick glance which he gave at Mr. Struthers, a white, sizzling flame leaped into being, which caused Eleanor to utter an exclamation of awe.

"How wonderful science is!" she murmured.

"Yes; but the full moon is still more wonderful, and we must not forget her. Come, my boy, pick up your banjo."

"Why, it smells as it does after a thunderstorm!" she exclaimed.

"It is the same element, tamed," Struthers answered, as he waited for Eleanor to follow her uncle out of the room.

The professor, after climbing the ladder, raised the trap-door and disappeared. A flood of moonlight greeted them.

"Shall I go first?" the young man asked.

"Oh, no; I can find my way. I am used to ladders, for I was brought up in the country. What a lovely night!" she added, as she stepped lightly from the last round over the sill of the trap-door.

### CHAPTER XI.

Eleanor found herself on a graveled tin roof with chimney pots on every side, and a network of wires stretching like mammoth silver cobwebs hither and thither into sheeny space. Far off to the right and left a river glistened, whereon many lights moved and twinkled. High over head the moon rode in gorgeous tranquility, sole mistress of a heaven untroubled by a single cloud.

"You have your wish; you are in Roof Park, my lady. Will you take your choice of seats?" said Uncle Phineas, with mock solemnity, indicating a couple of comfortable looking chairs and a hammock in front of them, which swung between two chimneys.

"The hammock for me, if no one else wants it," she said. "This is perfection; so cool, too; you can feel the breeze from the sea. Why do not more people do this? At least it is no longer very hot," she added, observing the smile on both their faces. She stretched herself out and drew the netting close around her, so that only her face peeped forth.

"Swing me, Uncle Phin."

The professor removed from his mouth the pipe he was about to light, and smilingly complied; while Mr. Struthers, dropping into one of the chairs began to finger lightly the strings of the banjo.

"He will sing for you if you ask him," said the professor.

"I do ask. I am very fond of singing, Mr. Struthers."

For a moment the young man hesitated; then, after a preliminary thrum or two, he sang in a sweet, strong voice. There was pathos in his tone before the finish, and when he had come to an end, and the instrument was at rest, the hammock still swayed and the smoker still smoked, and only the creak and the far off rumble of the city streets broke the silence. The professor, having set the swing a-flying by a couple of stronger twists of his fore-arm, composed himself in the other chair, to watch the cat die, as he said, which melancholy event took place just as the melody was brought to a close. Thereupon Eleanor sat up, and, grasping the netting on either side, pushed against the roof with her feet, and set herself in motion again.

(To be continued.)

### SMALL COMFORT IN ANGELS.

Their Presence Made Darkness No Easier for the Youngster.

It was at a mothers' meeting in a well-known Brooklyn church. The members of the circle were chatting as they waited for the chairman to call the meeting to order, and the following is one of the anecdotes that was told:

"Edith is the six-year-old daughter of a friend of mine. She is a lively child and quite capable of forming her own opinions and of sticking to them, and is the readiest child to pick up slang and other expressions not exactly suited for a little girl's vocabulary that I have ever known. She has always since her babyhood been afraid of the dark, and her mother, in spite of fine theories to the contrary, has humored her little girl and allowed a light in her bedroom. Recently, however, my friend decided that Miss Edith was arriving at an age when reason should help her to overcome her fears."

"So, being a good, really pious mother, she talked to Edith and told her that God was always present, and that nothing could harm her in the dark."

"Night came, and bedtime. Edith was undressed, said her prayers, and climbed into her little snow-white nest. With the good-night kiss, her mother said: 'Now, dear, just think that the room is full of angels watching while you sleep.'"

"Turning out the gas she left the room. But being a loving, sympathetic mother, she stood for a while outside the door to see how Miss Edith would stand the ordeal."

"After some minutes of intense stillness she heard Edith say in a low voice:

"'Beau—tee—ful white angels all around!' And then, after a pause: 'But it beats the old Nick how afraid I am of those angels!'"

Indigestion, congested liver, impure blood, constipation, there are what afflict thousands of people who do not know what is the matter with them. They drag along a miserable existence; they apply to the local doctors occasionally, and sometimes obtain a little temporary relief, but the old, tired, worn-out, all-gone, distressed feeling always comes back again worse than ever, until in time they become tired of living, wonder why they were ever born, and why they are alive unless to endure constant suffering. To such sufferers there is a haven of refuge in Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which was discovered more than 60 years ago, and which is a wonderful medicine. One trial will convince the most skeptical that any or all of these difficulties may be removed, and a perfect cure effected, by taking Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops. Get a bottle at once, before it is too late.

The mortality in the colored population of the United States is nearly double that of the white population.

### \$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 proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Catarrh Family Pills are the best.

M. Cassimir-Perier, who celebrated his 55th birthday anniversary on November 8, is the only living ex-president of the French republic. He was 23 years old when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and took part in that conflict and in the siege of Paris, being decorated with the Legion of Honor at its close. He entered the chamber of deputies in 1874, and became president in 1894, in succession to M. Carnot, who had been assassinated. He scarcely reigned six months, suddenly resigning in 1895.

The producers of alcohol in France are somewhat disturbed because of the new invention by which alcohol is manufactured by synthesis by means of acetylene. Although the process is as yet too costly to endanger their industry, the members of the Society of Agriculture of the Nord, in a recent meeting, memorialized the government asking that a duty of 4½ cents a pound be placed upon carburets.

### A Pertinent Question.

From the New York Sun: In a country so grievously beset with foreign foes as Venezuela is, it seems queer, no matter how objectionable President Castro may be, that the civil war should continue. Where does General Matos, for instance, get his funds?

### DR. COFFEE

Discovers Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. G. Coffee, a noted oculist, 260 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered medicines for the eyes that people can use at home and cure Cataracts, Scars, Granulated Lids, Ulcers or Blindness and restore sight. Dr. Coffee has published an 80-page book on Eye Diseases which he will send free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how to prevent old sight and make weak eyes strong. Write Dr. Coffee today for his book.

Herr Caspar Gerstle, the oldest man in Lower Austria, has just died, aged 110.

The Australian talegalla is the only bird which leaves its nest full-fledged.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOOK and bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 281 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Taxes on foreign visitors and residents are proposed to the Vaud Canton, Switzerland.

**MORE FLEXIBLE AND LASTING.** won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

Frau Theresia Kuila, the oldest woman in Vienna, has just celebrated her one hundred and third birthday.

### Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does, you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction and will not stick to the iron.

Morocco is not yet completely civilized in spite of the fact that the sultan has a motor and plays a good game of billiards. During the recent disturbances some villagers who had been grossly ill-treated sent a deputation to the bashaw at Tangier, who promptly imprisoned them, and set out with his aid-de-camp and eighty men to punish the malcontents. But the villagers were desperate and defended themselves, captured the bashaw and rolled him in the mud, while the wretched aid-de-camp had his eyes burned out with his own spurs and was left naked on the ground in the rain the whole night. The son of the shereefa was permitted to take him to Tangier next day, on condition that the deputation should be released from prison, and no further trouble ensued.

M. Merignac and Kirchoffer, well known French swordsmen, accompanied by MM. Breittmayer and Luciez, their seconds, left Paris for Naples recently, where they are to take part in duels with Signori Verga and Pesina, Italians. The duels will be for the purpose of testing the superiority of the two national styles of swordsmanship, over which there has been an embittered controversy.

### Spreading the Good News.

Whatcom, Wash., January 5th.—Mrs. A. M. Ferguson who came here from Winnipeg, Manitoba, relates how that great destroyer of Kidney Complaints, Dodd's Kidney Pills first reached the extreme North West corner of the United States:

"I had used Dodd's Kidney Pills for what the Doctors pronounced Bright's Disease in Winnipeg," Mrs. Ferguson says, "and the disease disappeared entirely. That was about three years ago and I enjoyed good health till about two years later when I removed to Whatcom."

"Whether it was the change of climate I can't tell but my old trouble returned in full force. My legs were swollen to nearly twice their size. I could not go up or down stairs for about two months."

"My husband hunted Whatcom for Dodd's Kidney Pills but could get none till a Druggist sent away and got them for him."

"I began to get well as soon as I began taking them." Others in Whatcom have learned to know and appreciate Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Margaret McCoy, who was known as the "Mother of Methodism in the West," has just died at Omaha, Neb. Her mother, an earnest Methodist, was driven from France by the Reign of Terror in Robespierre's time.



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it."

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

Work for heaven is better than weeping over Eden.

### INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

One hundred pounds is the price expected for a sheet of 119 unused black English penny stamps issued in 1840, which will be offered for sale in London.

**DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?** Then use Defiance Starch. It will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY:** gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAY treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

**LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.**  
I hereby bequeath my hide to the Edna Tanning Co., to be tanned with the hair on, and made into a robe or coat, and returned to my bereaved owner. As I have only one hide I am very particular about it, and insist that none but the said firm be allowed to do this work. They have the largest and best equipped factory and are the most capable of tanning my hide to suit me.

Ask your dealer for Edna Robe and Coat.  
Write today for custom price list. Edna Robe Tanning Co., Dubuque, Iowa. Full Dressers, Fur Dyers, Furriers.

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Acts Pleasantly;  
Acts Beneficially;  
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

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