

Will our present "reform" legislature construct a law compelling county officials to let printing to the lowest bidder, just as they would any other contract? Our own Stebbins might be persuaded to lead the charge in this reform.

STEBBINS' bill appropriating ten thousand dollars to experiment with Wright's method of producing rain by explosives has been knocked out. This will give Mr. Stebbins an opportunity to more vigorously push his bill appropriating ten thousand dollars to the Nebraska Irrigation Fair.

The populists of Nebraska are great reformers, but when the legislature proposes to reduce the salaries of county officials the fellows who wail the loudest are those who hold county offices through the votes of populists. If the salaries of republican office-holders could be reduced without effecting the salaries of populist officials, the members of the great reform party would give a hearty amen.

The ways and means committee of the house held a meeting Friday evening and discussed the Omaha exposition bill. After a prolonged session the committee recommended the bill to be placed on general file and that the appropriation be cut from \$350,000 to \$150,000. Recommendations were also made going away with the salaried commission provided by the bill. For the magnitude of the proposed exposition, \$150,000 is a paltry sum to be appropriated by the state.

According to the stories told by the Bee, the policemen and detectives of Omaha are without parallel for stupidity. Thieves have grown so bold that they even make way with teams left temporarily standing on the principal thoroughfares of the city and the hawk-shaws are unable to get any clue to the thieves. If such inefficiency was displayed by a constable of some sand-hill precinct in Lincoln county, the inhabitants would promptly have him removed from office.

The preliminary tests indicate that the new gun cotton shell, the latest product of inventor Gathmann, can be used without tearing the discharging gun to smithereens. This is important, because if these terrible projectiles can be used with safety to the gunners there is no doubt that they will cause hostile fleets to keep at a respectful distance. The new shell is of very thin steel. It carries 400 pounds of gun cotton. When it explodes in the vicinity of a warship the subsequent proceedings have no interest for those on board the unlucky craft.—Ex.

It wasn't the greenback that did it of course. It was the fear of the perpetuity of the democratic deficiency and the final financial collapse of the government that caused the raid on the gold in the treasury. Look at the record. During the month of January just past the total withdrawals of gold from the treasury was less than \$800,000, while in January, 1896, the withdrawals aggregated over \$40,000,000. Last month the gold coin in the treasury increased \$9,461,000 and the gold bullion decreased \$2,278,000, leaving the net increase \$7,183,000. The people were hoarding gold only because they feared a democratic victory in November. When they were assured that the government was in the hands of the friends of sound money and honest dealings with the public creditors, they no longer preferred gold coin to other sorts of money issued by the government.—Journal.

The city council and the lodges and citizens generally of Grand Island are preparing for a cemetery improvement crusade in the spring to make the old church yard a nice place in which to sleep after you get through with politics and boils in this world.

Electric jars, calculated to cure everything to which flesh is heir, are being sold by smooth fakirs in some parts of the state. The best electric jars are those produced by a forcible contact of the fist with the fakir's nose, which will produce frictional electricity and a jar both at once.

Macallan will cure any case of itching piles. It has never failed. It affords instant relief, and a cure in due time. Price 25 and 50 cents. Made by Post Manufacturing Co. and sold by A. F. Streit.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

The rosary at Gardenhurst was the fairest spot in all that fair demesne. Over arch and lattice and trellis the heavy headed blooms rioted in a bewilderment of pink and white, crimson and cream, forming a glorious canopy above the severely trimmed rosebushes that glowed like gigantic bouquets on either side of the winding paths.

But Enid Fitz Roy saw neither the flowers about her, nor the surrounding woods, nor the clear summer sky above all. Tall and slender, she stood like a statue among the roses, with the folds of her muslin frock falling straightly about her, and her fair face somber and troubled beneath the wide brim of her garden hat. She was a very pretty girl and should have been a very happy one, for happiness ought to be the natural sequence of beauty and wealth.

The oval of her face, that should have been wreathed in smiles, was pale and drawn. The small, curved mouth was pressed together in an effort to suppress a childish desire to cry. The sweet eyes were hidden by the white, lowered lids in either sorrow or indifference, while the gay roses floated like perfume on the air about her head.

How could she heed or care for birds or flowers, when her whole heart was away in the dim library of the old mansion behind her, when her brain ached in the effort to guess at the words and gestures that were passing there among the frowning family portraits and the great oak bookcases, for at that moment Dick Lindsay was telling his loves and hopes to Lord Hunston, the stern man whom fate had given her for an uncle and a guardian. Enid's fond heart told her what her lover would say, how hard he would plead, how handsome he would look, but—her uncle? Would he relax, would he permit himself to be moved, would he consent? And in the effort to materialize the faroff scene Enid grew pale and trembled like a wind tossed lily.

Hurried footsteps among the roses roused her from her reverie at last, and, turning, she saw her lover speeding toward her. "Dick!" she cried in welcome, running to him and with her set face breaking into joyous smiles. Then a little moon escaped her, and she grew white as her gown, for one glance at Dick Lindsay's eyes told her he had failed.

"Darling, at first I hoped for success," said Dick when Enid had regained some degree of self control and the lovers had wandered from among the jarring fane of the brilliant flower garden in the friendly shadows of the wood. "Your uncle heard me without interruption and even smiled once or twice. I told him of my prospects, how the mortgage was nearly paid off the Knoll, and how I should be able to live there in another year. I referred him to Tappan and Jenkins, that he might verify my statement as to how well the farms were let. I proved to him that I was financially in a position to aspire to your hand, filled with fortune's gift as it is."

"And he said"—murmured Enid, lifting her tear washed eyes to Dick's handsome face. "He said—nothing. That was the worst part of it, Enid. If he had only advanced an argument, I might have defeated them, if he had given an opinion I might have challenged it. But he gave me no loophole for speech. He unlocked a small drawer in his bureau—you know the one that has carved goblins' heads all over it—and pulled out from amid a sheaf of papers one that was folded twice and was tied with tape."

"I know—I know; the copy of my father's will," cried Enid, "made before I was born." "He opened the paper and pushed it across the bureau to me, marking with a nail dent the passage I should read." "Oh, don't repeat it; don't say it!" wailed the girl, putting her hands over her ears, as though to shut out hated sounds. "Don't I know too well that my marriage was fixed for me from the beginning, and that my father, on his deathbed, willed that if his only and posthumous child should be a daughter she should, on her twenty-first birthday, be affianced to the only son of his dearest friend, Lord Errington? Oh, it was a cruel thing to do."

"Craoler still, my darling, to ordain that if at the date of your majority Lionel Errington were alive and unmarried, and you should refuse to become his wife, you should be deprived of your inheritance for five years and should even not be allowed to live in your own home. The moment my marriage were all my answer. Your uncle then bowed me from the room, only sarcastically begging my presence at your birthday ball next week, during which he intends to announce your engagement to young Errington."

A hot flush stained Enid's white skin and dried the tears on her cheeks as she drew herself from Dick's encircling arms and faced him in the narrow pathway. "Dick Lindsay, when six months ago, I gave you my heart and my hand, I gave them for all time, and not to take them back at the written word of a man whom I never knew, who was dead before I lived. On my birthday I will, if needs be, leave Gardenhurst and go out into the world to earn my livelihood until the time of my probation is past. But I say now, as I have said before, I will marry no man but you—if you will have me, Dick."

Her voice, which had rung out so bravely, quivered and broke, and she put out two trembling hands to her lover and crept to his heart like a tired child. "As he soothed her the distant roar of a gong thrilled through the quiet woods. "I must go," sighed the girl. "One more week of this life, and then—then I shall be free! Ah, don't look at that, Dick! I mean what I say. I shall be ready to leave in this plane in a week."

"But, Enid, my love, where will you go? What will become of you?" "Set Out Trees in the Spring. Spring is a better time to set trees than fall, because at that season trees are beginning to grow and will, therefore, be in a condition to respond more readily to treatment, while in fall they are unlikely to establish themselves before cold weather sets in. Preserve the roots to the fullest possible extent and do not leave them until after they have ripened and shed their foliage. If the roots are in any way, as they almost invariably are in spring planting, be sure to cut back the top proportionately.—Eben E. Rexford in Ladies' Home Journal.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

She shook her blond head. "I don't quite know. I must think." Dick Lind-ry fixed his dark eyes intently on her for a moment, as he thought he would read her very soul. "Dearest, is there any one about you who is trustworthy—who will give you a letter if I write one?" "Susan Ramsdale, my maid, is honest and loves me. Send to me through her."

A moment later Enid's white gown was fluttering over the lawns and terraces homeward. Miss Fitz Roy's majority was being celebrated in a truly seigneurial fashion. From early morning the shows and entertainments in the park had been patronized by crowds of friends and tenants. The midday dinner, accompanied by speeches and presentations, was a huge success. In the afternoon the terrace about the house blossomed like a parterre with the light frocks of the "county," who came to witness a bicycling gymkhana, which at the last moment had been organized by the heroine of the day.

The racing was excellent, the prizes charming, and all the company were bicycle mad, when a rumor ran round that a paper chase, with the beautiful Miss Fitz Roy as hare, would wind up the afternoon's proceedings. The idea was received with delight, and Enid might have had 500 hounds instead of 60 to chase her had she so willed. With pretty obstinacy, she persisted herself in choosing the pack, and with infinite taste shared the honors among her friends and tenants alike. But at the last moment she exercised her sex's prerogative and entertained a caprice. She would have a companion hare, a man, and that her choice might not be invidious she would draw the name of the hare that was to be from among the hounds that were. Pencils and paper and a hat were instantly in demand.

"What freaks Enid has, to be sure!" said Lady Hunston to her lord as plowboys and gentlemen alike dropped the folded papers in the hat Enid held. "It will be Errington's business to check them." "Which of the hards is that?" he went on as a redheaded yokel slouched past Enid in the immediate wake of the attenuated and mincing Lionel. "One of Wilson's new hards, perhaps. I heard he had several. Dear me, how Enid does overdo things to be sure! She's as white as a ghost. She'll look a fright tonight."

And, indeed, as Miss Fitz Roy plunged her hand into the hat and drew out a scrap of paper she turned deathly pale. Scarcely glancing at it, she said in a low voice, "Isaac Clay." "Isaac Clay! Who is he?" cried every one. And then a mighty laugh rose from the merry crowd, and even Enid's white lips smiled at the awkward figure of "Wilson's new hard" pushed shyly to the front. "What a hare! He won't get to lodge gates," laughed every one as the bag of torn paper was slung across the lad's back. "Seven minutes' start!" cried Enid as she sprang into the saddle and sped round the angle of the house, with her companion here wobbling after her. And in that time hounds were after her, amid the cheers of the crowd and sundry minor mishaps. At the lodge gates Lionel Errington, in spite of the white paper going both ways, turned sharp to the left.

"Miss Fitz Roy won't try Bluebell hill, I know," he called to those behind him, who were all game for a spin along the flat Clevely road. For some five miles the paper track was clear, then suddenly came to an end. "It's a trap, of course," said Lionel, who was too warm and was getting cross. "She'll start it again farther on." "But, 'farther on' there was no welcome spur," and eight miles from home hounds had to confess themselves baffled. "If Enid tried the hill at all, it must have been to shake off that lot," said Lionel sulkily, turning back. "But how did the paper come on this road, then?" cried Lady May Saville. "She was a pretty little girl, but Errington was in too bad a humor to answer her. Yet as he pedaled up to Gardenhurst once more he forced some cheerfulness in his voice as he cried, 'Hares have won!'"

"But where are they?" demanded Lord Hunston. "Isn't the yokel smashed up?" tittered one fair dame. "Where's Enid hiding?" cried Lady Hunston. "Her bike's not among the rest." "Has an accident happened?" "Follow the track down Bluebell hill." "But neither hearse, yokel nor bicycles were found that night, and the second paper track proved far shorter than the first." "In a quiet Kensington drawing room that evening sat three people—an old lady, a girl, and a young gentleman. On a chair lay a countryman's smock and a caroty wig. The old lady was wiping her eyes. She had laughed until she had cried. Presently she left the two young people alone.

"How well you managed!" said the girl, smoothing the ruffled hair of her companion. "And how brave you have been, darling! But was it not lucky I thought of papering the Clevely road while every one was busy in the park?" "Enid blushed. "And wasn't it wicked of me not to have read out the real name on the paper I drew?" She gave Dick the crumpled slip. "Lionel Errington! How that would have upset our plans," laughed Dick. "For my aunt would never have received him as she has me—and his name is not on the special license."—Exchange.

Condensed Testimony. Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a cough of 10 years standing, caused by a gripper, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinsville, Mass., says that he never used and recommended it and he has known it to fail and would rather have it than any other, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemmer, 222 E. 25th St., Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of cough, because it instantly relieves. Free Trial Bottle at A. F. Streit's drug store. 3

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Outside the rain pattered dismally down on the great trees in the park, whose leafless branches swayed and bent with every gust of the chilly wind. But the cozy library of Ashleen House presented a striking contrast to the dreary scene without. A bright fire blazed cheerily in the wide, old fashioned grate and played on the faces of the occupants of that delightful room, where high Japanese screens kept out the drafts and warm plush curtains draped the tall, old fashioned windows. It was scarcely 4 o'clock, but the daylight was waxing very dim outside, helped thereto by the heavy rain clouds.

As Captain Gordon watched the beautiful face of his companion and hostess bent over her work a sudden, short, impatient sigh escaped him, and he turned his head restlessly amid the cushions of the couch on which he lay, for although he was more than convalescent, he liked to indulge in some of the remaining privileges of invalidism which had chained him to that sofa for some time. How lovely was the perfectly chiseled face opposite him, and how serene, how cold! Would nothing ever shake that icy serenity? He wondered rather bitterly as, shading his face with his hand, he let his eyes devour every feature. Would she never guess the mad, wild, unreasoning love he bore her?

He lay watching her his thoughts went back with a leap to the day he had first met her. He had not long rejoined the headquarters of his regiment at Bally-Mahon, as he had previously been in charge of a detachment elsewhere, and it was at a garden party he had first seen her. He and several of his brother officers had driven over to Ashleen together, and from the moment he had been introduced to her—tall, slender, beautiful—as the first glance of her glorious, cool gray eyes, it seemed to him he had worshipped her. They had exchanged the usual commonplace, he had walked by her side round the grounds, and he had got her an ice. Nothing very romantic, but every detail of that afternoon stood out vividly in his mind. After that day he had met her constantly, as one is bound to meet in a small neighborhood, and he became a frequent guest at her house, where her husband, a cheery, hard riding Irish baronet, always accorded him a hearty welcome.

The summer had waned and died, and in that sporting neighborhood every one turned his attention to hunting, Gordon among the rest, for he had always been a keen sportsman up to this. But frequently he would cut some of the best meets of the season to spend a few hours of the short, dark afternoons at Ashleen, where his mistress, who didn't hunt, always greeted him with tranquil cordiality, and he would sit in the glow of the cheerful firelight with her discussing the various topics of the day, only too content to watch the play of her lovely face and the swift movements of her slender fingers as she worked. Then the spell would be broken when her husband returned, noisy, cheery, bringing a blast of cold outdoor air with him, and he would rally Gordon on having missed a brilliant run, while the latter murmured a vague excuse about his horses not being fit or he had been detained by some regimental duty.

Then had come the day of his accident. Lady Lexley had been driving, and while pottering about the covert which bounded the roadside, he lingered by her carriage, not caring very much about the chances of a good start while she was there and he could look on the beautiful, proud face, with its expression of serene indifference to everything, and he had been detained by some regimental duty.

Then the fox was viewed away, and hounds and horsemen started off in hot pursuit, as if the aim and object of each man among them was to break his own neck or his horse's, while the carriage made the best of their way along devious short cuts on the chance of picking up the hounds again later. It was on toppling a bank into the road that the horses fell, and together they came with a crash to the ground. For a moment or two he remembered nothing. Then, as his senses slowly came back to him, he found himself being supported by somebody's arm, while some one else was holding a flask of whisky to his lips. A little group of the carriage folks surrounded him, among whom was Lady Lexley, and his eyes met hers, in whose depths shone an expression of womanly compassion, but he did not know her name.

"I fear he is very much hurt," she said, and not a tremor shook her calm even tones to his strained and discomfited car. "He had better be taken straight to Ashleen. It is the nearest place, and he can have every attention." So to Ashleen he was conveyed with all speed, and a doctor was summoned. His injuries were not so serious as at first supposed—slight concussion and a couple of broken ribs. After a day or two in bed he was allowed to come down to the library and lie on the sofa. During those days of convalescence and all the restful luxury of semi-invalidism Lady Lexley had been his constant companion, and a sudden thrill set his pulses tingling as he dwelt on the heaven of those afternoons—for she was generally busily employed mornings until lunch—they two sitting alone in the twilight, while all around them the dusk darkened and deepened. But now those days were gone, dropped into eternity never to return, for only that morning he had received orders to return to barracks, as the regiment had to leave Bally-Mahon in the course of the next few days to proceed on a term of foreign service. After to-day he might see her once again, would bid her a conventional goodby, perhaps with a few courteous words of thanks, or while all the time his heart would be driven and rent by the anguish of parting to him would be like the parting of body and soul, but that to her would mean nothing. She was kind, but so cold!

"You will be glad to get out of this prison again, Captain Gordon," her low, even voice broke in on his meditations, the heavy, downy droop; lids, with their long lashes, casting a shadow on her fair cheek, her white fingers moving swiftly amid her silks and woools. "You must be frightfully bored, shut up so long?" "Prison, do you call it?" he returned rather unsteadily. "It has been more like a paradise. I can never forget your kindness, Lady Lexley." "Have I been kind?" she asked, raising her white lids and letting her calm, gray eyes rest on his face. "Surely, I have done no more than any woman would have done in my place?" "And not for the very first time?" he added rather bitterly. "At the same time, I should not like you to think me ungrateful, especially as I must leave Ashleen tomorrow. The regiment is under orders for foreign service. We sail immediately, and after tomorrow it is unlikely I shall see you again, except to say good-by."

His voice was harsh and strained, and his eyes fell gloomily on the fire. No answer. And as the silence grew prolonged he turned and looked at her. She was quite calm, the tranquillity of her face unimpaired. "How cold, how cruelly cold she is!" he thought longingly. Yet what could his going be to her but a matter of complete indifference? But, all the same, it seemed bitterly hard, when every fiber of his being was pulsing with a passionate, hopeless love for her, she should be so utterly and completely unconscious and unresponsive. "You will like it?" she said at length, a note of calm interrogation in her low tones. "Like it?" he echoed rather wildly. "Do you think a man likes leaving all he holds best and dearest in the world when going means for him dreariest exile into outer darkness? If you can suppose such a thing to be possible, then I like going," with a miserable, jarring laugh. Her eyes gazed straight into his, compelling and drawing him to meet them by the very intensity of her gaze. Then, swiftly folding her work, she rose and stood with one hand resting on the mantelpiece, as if to steady herself, still looking down at him. "What do you mean?" she questioned in a very low voice. "I mean I love you," he muttered recklessly. "Scorn me, despise me, I don't care. I must speak or I shall go mad. I think I never, God knows, meant to tell you this, but circumstances have been too strong for me. I had better leave your house at once before you order me out." And sinking his face on his hands, he breathed hurriedly. Silence—dead silence—followed his speech, a silence so intense that he could almost hear the beating of his heart. After a time he raised his head languidly and rested his haggard eyes on her. She had not stirred, except that one white hand was tightly clutched on her bosom, crushing the delicate lace of her gown, while her eyes shone with a strange light as they met his. All at once, with a sudden, tender movement, she fell on her knees beside the couch, and her soft fingers twined round his, and she kissed him, in his great astonishment, his heart beating to suffocation, his arms closed round her tightly, he drew her close to him. As he did so a long, soft sigh escaped her. "Oh, my love," he breathed very low, caressing the soft ripples of her hair that lay against his lips, "is it really? Do you care a little?" "Yes," she whispered, nestling closer in his arms. "I have cared all along. I think you have magnetized me in some way. I was drawn to you irresistibly. All the summer was one long dream to me because you were there, and I saw you daily. I never even tried to cheat myself with the puerile belief that the feeling I had for you was platonic, that mask under which so many try to deceive themselves and hide their real feelings. No, I knew I loved you, and I guessed that I was not quite indifferent to you. But you should never have known that you were so dear to me as to proud a woman to wear my heart on my sleeve. Do you remember the day of your accident—that fearful day? I saw you fall into the road, and for an awful moment of sickening suspense I thought you were killed. But when I knew you were only badly hurt, not dead, I felt I could not bear that you should be tended anywhere but here, so that I might look after you and your companion in your own house. And I have been so happy during these past weeks."

It seemed to Gordon his ears must be playing him false as the sweet voice faltered and paused. His queen, whom he had always thought so cold, so calm, was in his arms, at his feet. Tightening his arms round her, he bent his face over hers till his lips met and sought hers in a long, delicious kiss. Then a prolonged silence ensued. The firelight had sunk to a dull glow, the room was wrapped in deep shadows, when the loud banging of several doors and the sound of a loud, cheery voice announced the return of Sir John Lexley from hunting. As he entered the library the usual cheerful picture of a brightly blazing fire and the graceful form of his wife presiding at the tea table was missing. Instead, Captain Gordon was the only occupant of the room, standing with his back to the dying fire, stroking his short dark mustache thoughtfully. In less than a week the ——— sailed for Malta, and nothing was left Gordon but the memory of the past and a photograph of a woman.—London Sketch.

Life in a London Shop.

"Assistants who consult their own interests will refrain from talking about their salaries." Such is a notice posted up in the dining and recreation rooms of a large drapery establishment in London. The evidence is unimpeachable, for it is that of Miss Collet, one of the assistant-commissioners of the labor commission. Two things might be deduced from the possibility of such a notice existing. One is what a vast market of unemployed assistants there must be to draw from, and how hard it must be to get a situation, if men submit to be silent on the subject of their grievances, which even the fellahin of Egypt are not deterred from airing. The scum which they sing in the ears of their taskmasters is ancient their cruel treatment and scanty wage. Another thing that notice testifies is the low life of shop assistants must be duller than one thought. Think of their standing from morning till night, with their tranquil air of politeness unruffled by the fidgets and fuss of thoughtless customers, not daring to stretch or yawn as a relief to the nameless weariness of the stuffy shop, and the long day, and the gas, and the crowds of new and unsympathetic faces, the taking out and putting back of endless things, not permitted to speak to one another without risk of a fine (it is 2s. 6d. in some shops), and then to think they are not allowed that solace of every Englishman in all his troubles—viz. to grumble! Life in a mine must be easy, life in a factory bliss, life in a kitchen liberty, compared to life in a London shop or showroom.—Churchman.

Signaling From Mars. Any citizen who is tired of mundane concerns and wants to fix his mind or something higher is invited to consider the allegation of Sir Francis Galton, made in the London Fortnightly Review, that some one on Mars is signaling to earth. The information seems not as yet to be very generally confirmed by astronomical observers, but Sir Francis is quoted as authority for the report that in one of the European observatories an apparatus has been devised for recording the Martian flashes, and that the record shows that three signals and no more are made, and that they differ, as all flashlight signals do, in the length of the flashes and of the intervals between, so that if we had the key they might be read like telegraphic messages. Of course this is not a yarn to be swallowed whole, but the association of the name of Sir Francis Galton with it is enough to entitle it to consideration. There seems to be no intrinsic impossibility of our having relations with people in Mars. It sounds preposterous, of course; but, like other marvels, it seems preposterous chiefly because it is unusual. We have to judge ourselves from time to time in this age of swift surprises and remain ourselves that nothing that is new to us can possibly be more marvelous than many things that have grown familiar.—Harper's Weekly.

Books In the Running Brooks! There is no knowing where the Bodleian library at Oxford will leave off. At present it is literally overflowing with the literature, if not the learning, of the age. It has, like the library of the British museum, to be supplied with a copy of every work published, and naturally the strain put upon its limited resources has been too great for it. A long time ago the library itself could hold no more books, and the Radcliffe camera was called into the service of the librarian. That got full, and then the basement of the Sheldonian theater was obtained. This is also full now, and the basement of the Ashmolean museum is now a home for what would otherwise be homeless books. At the present rate it is not improbable that the library will spread and swamp the whole university town itself. That, however, is not likely to be just yet, in spite of the activity of the "lady novelist."—Pearson's Weekly.

Expensive Benevolence. There is a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris who at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner consults his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, tending over to the assessor on the right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left. "I should give him about four years." The judge, with benevolence: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."—London Telegraph.

Poisonous Serpents. All poisonous serpents have movable fangs, which are found in the upper jaw, and when not in use close up like the blade of a penknife. The fang is provided with a duct leading to the poison sac, and the virus is ejected through this duct by pressure. At the base of every poison fang there are numerous germs of tinea, and the fang broken or lost is replaced in a few weeks by the growth of another.

Fitness. Author (invited to a very poor dinner, to himself)—A miserable dinner! I'll have to take care that I don't let anything wily slip out.—Fliegende Blätter.

There was not a member of the royal family within reach of the Duke and Duchess of York when their second son was born. The cabinet minister, whose attendance was required by the law, arrived 15 hours too late.

The fern has a most peculiar and original arrangement of its seeds, these being dispersed in regular order on the backs of the leaves.

An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man who travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed: "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man!" I may mention that the child was a very bright one, just more than the inspector himself. It made him merry for days.—New York Advertiser.

Trade In Germany.

Apparently one of the chief results of the idiotic "made in Germany" act is to render importers of foreign goods specially anxious to pass themselves off as British manufacturers, says London Truth. Here is a good example: The label round a matchbox extensively sold in London and the provinces bears a sort of trademark in the shape of a sailor's head, with the legend "England's heroes" and the following inscription in red and black letters: "Manufactured by Martin Harris & Co., Ltd., Stratford, London, E." "Support English Workpeople only by using English made matches."

This covers three sides of the box. The fourth is covered by a piece of sanded paper to strike the matches on. Remove this paper and you find underneath the further and still more interesting notification, "Printed in Germany."

How He Answered Them. A well known artist received not long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular the artist sat down and wrote the following letter: "The California Dried Fruit Company: Gents—I am offering a price of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Very truly yours, ———. —Bookman.

Dr. Nicoll on American Newspapers. Dr. Nicoll, who came to this country with Mr. Barrie, read the American newspapers while he was here and audaciously admits that he liked them. He has confessed to The Westminster Budget that in his opinion no American institution is more misunderstood and abused than the press. He thinks our newspapers less sensational than they seem to be and says, very truly, that you may look in vain in them for such matter as the divorce reports which the most proper English papers publish. Undoubtedly we Americans like the newspapers we have better, on the whole, than any others in the market, but we are so continually advised that our passion for them is guilty, that while we satisfy it with propriety we seldom attempt to justify or even to excuse it, so that, to hear our journals praised by a visitor excites emotions of considerable novelty. After all, a liking for newspapers is, like a liking for one's fellow creatures, apt to concentrate itself on individuals. If Dr. Nicoll had been impolitely enough to say which American papers he liked, his comments would have gained in interest all that they lost in discretion.—Harper's Weekly.

He Held the Winning Hand. They were having the usual game of cards in the smoking apartment. The traveling men swapped jokes, nailed lies and told bigger ones. The stranger who just sat in to fill out the game contributed nothing but smiles and an occasional general laugh to the social features of the occasion. Every one in a while a jovial drummer would announce that he had some poker in his hand, and an occasional side bet was made under the rules of the great American game. Finally one of these challenges elicited from the stranger an admission that poker was about the only game of cards of which he did not possess some knowledge, but he had rather a peculiar hand, and because of the value it would take in other games he would just have a chance.

They were rapidly made until there was \$150 in the pot, when a call was made, and the stranger awkwardly asked how many points his opponent had. "We don't count points," was the answer, "but I have four aces. I rather think that will take the plunder." "Well, I declare!" gasped the stranger, as he leaned back and mopped his brow. "Here I am with high, jack, game, big casino, an ace, a run of five and a flush," as he threw down the ace, king, queen, jack, ten of diamonds. "I really thought I had you beat," and he showed the money toward the paralyzed drummer.

In the midst of the roar that followed "A royal flush!" was shouted by some one, and the stranger was hilarious—assured that he had won. His surprised face never gave away so much as a chuckle until he was alone that night. —New York World.

Disease is like a quick-sand; you sink a little at a time. It seems a small matter at first; you don't think there is anything serious about it until it has got your hand and fast. At the beginning it is only a little weakness and occasional occasions of aches or backaches, you don't feel quite up to the mark. Pretty soon you begin to lose flesh, your appetite gives out. Then before you know it, your lungs are affected. Don't wait for that. As soon as you feel that you are not quite up to the "correct pitch" put yourself into condition again with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing like it to build up the constitution and quickly restore energy and good, hard, healthy flesh. It makes new blood rapidly. It clears the unhealthy blood out of the circulation. It makes fresh tissue. There's no blood disease it won't help. Taken in time it even cures consumption.

J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Wm. Co., Ky., writes: "About two and a half years ago when I was at Flat Lick, Ky., I was taken with severe rheumatism in my chest, and I was unable to walk. I was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile at once, and if I got the least bit tired I would have an attack of phthisis (as I am now called) and I would die. I was written to me by Dr. V. Pierce, and I related my case to him. He wrote me that I should take his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so and I have improved in strength and in weight. I have not had the phthisis, nor spit any blood since last spring."

REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION. no remedy in the world is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which act naturally and mildly, but never fail to effect a complete and permanent cure. There is no substitute for these "Pellets," no matter what any druggist may say. They regulate and invigorate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy, or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at Streit's drug store.

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