

PREMONITIONS.

The fields are growing brown and sear
Beneath the pale October sun:
Well-nigh the fruitful, lavish year
The gamut of the months has run.
The dreamy air is full of hints
Of stormy days and swift decay,
When autumn's rare and varied tints,
Depleted of all, shall pass away.

A calm, like that where saints expire,
Broods o'er the hills the sun has kissed;
The forests glow with latent fire
Along the hills of amethyst.
The birds, too moody now to sing,
Glide in and out among the trees,
Where fledglings, with uncertain wing,
Prepare for flight toward warmer seas.

The partridge, in his hidden nook,
Now whistles in a lower key,
And slower moves the tardy brook
Where once it danced in merry glee.
The hedges, now so brown and bare,
Their dry, deserted nests reveal,
Where many a happy bridal pair
Made known what they would fain conceal.

A chill is on the withered grass,
O'erspread with many a spider's loom,
Where to and fro the crickets pass,
Half conscious of impending doom,
When fierce Boreas, sterner grown,
Drops down his covulets of snow,
Which, from the gusty heights, are
strewn
O'er all the shrinking earth below.

Though hope may seem to taste of death
That shrouds all nature with its gloom,
Blow once again, Hesperian breath,
And wake the earth to bud and bloom!
Thus taught, we see how sweet a thing
It is to die and end the strife—
To slip our mortal covering
And languish into nobler life.
—J. J. Maxfield, in Midland Monthly.

THE MAGIC COIN.



MITTING the
quaint dialect of
the old landlady
up in the moun-
tains of Virginia,
this is the story he
told me:

"I was born and
brought up in this
tavern, for my father
kept it before
me. Seeing so many people from all
parts of the world, for this has always
been a favorite spot with everyone that
found it out, I learned early how to
judge a man by his face and his actions.
That is, I thought I did, and I have
enough conceit left yet to think my
opinion will be right nine times out of
ten.

"Three years ago a young fellow came
here and he was as handsome a chap as
you'd see in a trip 'round the world.
Everything in sight was dark except his
teeth, and they looked all the whiter
because of his glossy black mustache.
If there was anything he didn't know it
was never discovered while he was here.
It didn't make any difference whether
visitors talked French, Spanish, Italian,
or German, he was right at home and
every one of them would tell me how he
spoke the tongue like a native. If they
discussed politics, religion, science or
art, he gave them all some new facts or
ideas. I remember a French officer tell-
ing about some of his experiences in
Algiers where he helped put down a
Jehad or holy war started by the
Kabyles. Why that young man just
started in and pictured every scene in
the hottest battle of that campaign.
He had helped defend a French fort in
some valley he named, and the officer
nodded to the truth of the exciting
story as it was told. They were great
friends after that, and the Frenchman
afterward told me that the bravery of



MARCHANT SOON HAD THE FELLOW DANCING.

the young artist, for he was only up in
that wild region to paint scenery and
the pretty Kabyle maidens, had saved
the garrison and turned the tide against
the fanatics.

"I come of a practical and cold-
blooded race, but I found myself associ-
ating the artist with some power that
was not human. He registered as Hus-
sein Marchant, and to me there was an
unpleasant suggestion in the name. He
was not more than 30, but he talked in
a circumstantial way of experience in
the far east that it did not seem to me
could be compressed into the years of
his active life. He told of intriguing
with the Armenians against the Turks,
of his flight from Russia when suspected
as a nihilist, and of his plots with the
royalists in France. I noticed, too,
when they talked of anarchists, in what

ever part of the world, Marchant knew
more than any honest man would care
to conceal from the authorities.

"But what was mysterious about the
man appeared to add to the attraction
he had for all comers. He performed
every kind of sleight-of-hand tricks,
told fortunes, interpreted dreams, said
that he was a mesmerist and had an un-
comfortable way of telling this person
or that what he was thinking about.
There was a seedy but gentlemanly-
appearing man that came in one evening
with a knapsack on his back, informing
me that he would stay until after break-
fast the next morning. He got into the
conversation later and sneered at the
idea of Marchant mesmerizing anyone
who had any mind of his own. The
artist took this as a challenge and of-
fered to test his powers on the skeptic.
The two stood on the porch, the French-
man was in the doorway behind them
and the rest of us in the yard.

"Marchant soon had the fellow danc-
ing, singing, making speeches and do-
ing whatever else he was told to do.
Then the artist had us all laughing,
when he proposed a supreme test. It
was evident from the stranger's appear-
ance that he needed money, but he was
so completely under Marchant's control
that they might heap wealth at the fel-
low's feet and he would scorn it. Enter-
ing into the spirit of the thing, we
tossed bills and coins on the porch,
not stopping to see how big they were.
Some even threw their pocketbooks into
the pile. 'You don't want the stuff,'
said Marchant, and the mesmerized man
never looked at it. Just here the
Frenchman fell backward in a faint,
Marchant rushed past him for water.
All was confusion till we got the
stricken man to bed, and then it was
noticed that both the stranger and the
money were gone. We never saw either
after that, and the haul he made ran
well into the hundreds. The French-
man wanted to refund all that was lost,
but of course no one would hear of that.

"When seriously approached on the
subject of occult and supernatural,
Marchant again surprised us all. He
ridiculed the clairvoyants, astrologers,
fortune tellers, palm readers and all
persons of kindred calling as mounte-
banks and charlatans who were shrewd
enough judges of human nature to
make it a dupe. Every man knew more
about his past than anyone could tell
him, and could make a better guess at



"THERE'S MY EVIDENCE."

his future; 'but we all have a touch of
superstition in our make-up. There's
the evidence of mine,' and he held up a
coin the size of a silver dollar. He
called it his patron goddess, the arbiter
of his destiny and his good angel.

"It has never failed me," declared
Marchant. Once in Africa when we were
going through a dangerous country, a
friend and I came to a point where our
path divided. Heads, to the right, I
said; tails, to the left. I went to the
right as the coin so decided, but he stub-
bornly persisted in taking the other
path. He never reached civilization. I
not only got through safely, but made
a rich sum by helping a wealthy native
cut of trouble. It has never failed me in
an emergency. You may call it chance
or what you will, but I wouldn't part
with that piece of money for all the
gold you could pile into this room."

He related a dozen instances in which
this talisman had served him, and his
stories were not only so plausible but
so charmingly told that there was no
thought of questioning their truthfulness.

"Marchant played cards like the rest
of the gentlemen, but it was the French-
man who got most of the money lost in
this way. With the ladies the artist was
a prime favorite, and rivalry in the se-
curing of his attentions was marked.
We had a big ball after he had been here
about a month. In fact, he was a chief
promoter of the party, and created the
general desire to have it a swell affair.
Guests sent home for their jewelry, and
there was a fortune in diamonds spark-
ling that night. Next morning every
person who had anything of special
value discovered that it had been stolen.
Marchant was among the first to take a
horse and join in a search through the
mountains for the robbers. Before going
he tossed up that coin to determine
the direction he would take, and then
wrapping it up carefully left it with me
for fear it might be taken from him
should he encounter the thieves.

"That's all I know about him. He
and the Frenchman never returned from
the hunt. I was out their bills, a fine
horse and a good deal more. The guests

were out thousands of dollars, and the
name of the place was injured."

"What of the coin?"
"There it is, an old Spanish dollar.
See how this side is filled with leaf.
You might toss it till it was worn out,
and it would be bound to come heads
every time."—Detroit Free Press.

AN ACCIDENT.

That Robbed One Man of an Eel Pie and
Made It Hot for Another.

A writer in giving some of his experi-
ences in eel fishing, digresses in this
wise:

Speaking of eels reminds me of the
time when I was in Edinburgh, Scot-
land, some ten years ago. I was stay-
ing with a Scotch friend who had un-
dertaken to escort me around and show
me the sights. He turned round to me
one evening, just as we were coming
out of the theater, and with that sol-
emn air of disproportionate gravity
with which only a Scotchman can prop-
ound some trifling query, said:

"Mon, ha' ye ever eaten one o' Sandy
McGree's hot eel pies?"

"An eel pie?" I answered; "what the
deuce is an eel pie?"

"An eel pie," my friend asserted, "is
the most luscious and delicious combi-
nation o' pastry and fish ye ever
tasted! Gang along and we'll baith buy
one."

Saying this, he seized my arm and
hurried me through several tortuous
small passages and by-streets, until at
last he stopped at the entrance of a
small, dismal-looking shop, lighted by
an oil lamp. Into this shop we went,
and an old, shriveled-up specimen of
humanity, whom my conductor ad-
dressed as Sandy, dived his hands into
a tin resembling a hot tomale can and
produced two small double-cruste
pies, which he handed over to us in ex-
change for a four-penny bit.

"Wait until we get on the bus," my
friend said, "and we'll eat them."

A few moments after we had climbed
to the top of one of the many double-
decker buses at the corner of a badly
lighted thoroughfare thronged with
people anxious to get home for the
night. The seat I occupied overlooked
the street, and the pie in my hand cer-
tainly smelled so tempting, if the gravy
which was dripping from it was any
criticism, that I prepared to eat it. The
pastry was a soft, doughy pie, evident-
ly somewhat underdone. As I raised it
to my mouth and prepared to take the
first bite a tall, well-dressed Scotchman
standing directly underneath me looked
up to hail our driver, and at the same
instant the hot juice from the interior
of the pie burst forth and scalded my
fingers so badly that involuntarily I
let it drop. That eel pie landed square-
ly on the tall gentleman's upturned
visage, bespattering him with the al-
most boiling contents.

The surprised look he wore when the
pie struck him was followed by such an
intermingled torrent of horribly an-
guishing howls and Scotch profanity
that the whole neighborhood was
aroused. Two policemen hurried up,
but before he could wipe his face suffi-
ciently clean and collect himself to ex-
plain, the driver—who was unconscious
of any escapade—whipped up his horses
and we hurried away; for which it is
needless to say I was profoundly thank-
ful. My friend, after devouring his pie
in silence and wiping his whiskers, sim-
ply turned and coolly remarked:

"Eh, mon! it's a great peety ye
wasted your pie; it's four bawbees
clean gone. But, if that chiel had only
caught ye wouldn't he have given ye
fits?"—American Field.

Apple Shortcake.

This is not so well known as straw-
berry shortcake, but it is equally good
when well made. The above prepara-
tion of apples makes a particularly de-
licious one. The usual directions for the
shortcake part result in the plainest of
soda biscuits; but this is a great mis-
take, as such dishes are not supposed
to be concocted with a single eye to the
benefit of the nursery. What is needed
is a reasonably plain piecrust, which, by
being handled like puff paste, can be
made very nice. This paste should be
rolled in two thin layers and lightly
baked on a jelly tin, placing one on top
of the other, but being careful not to
press them together. When baked they
can be separated with much greater
ease than if made into one cake and
pulled apart. The rich apple sauce
should then be liberally spread between
the two layers of crust and on top, and
served with cream.—Ladies' Home
Journal.

A Criterion of Age.

Birmingham—Your daughter is to
marry a young man named Hill, I be-
lieve?

Manchester—Yes, he belongs to one
of the very oldest families in the coun-
try.

"I didn't know that he came from a
particularly old family."

"Oh, yes; you often hear people use
the expression: 'As old as the Hills.'"
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Positive Proof.

Wallace—I used to believe that hyp-
notism was a rank fraud; but I am a
convert now.

Ferry—Been put under the influence
yourself?

"No. But a professor got Wheeler on
the stage, and it was not five minutes
before Wheeler was standing up before
the crowd asserting that there were
lots of better bicyclists than his."—Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

Garments and Trimming for Cold Weather
Costumes.

Exceedingly smart are the short fur
jackets for wear when winter sets in.
The fronts are loose, the back tight-
fitting, with just a little fullness in the
skirts, sleeves medium size, and turned-
back revers faced with the fur, and so
arranged that the collar at the back
can be pulled up as high as the ears if
necessary. Of course short fancy jack-
ets in the Eton and bolero style are to
be seen in fur, but these are more like
the trimming of the street gowns. They
are extremely becoming, for they have
broad pointed revers which turn back
to show full vests and fronts of white
satin covered with lace ruffles and ja-
botts.

Revers of fur are much used in trim-
ping handsome gowns, and a plaited
piece of fur sewed into the shoulder
seam and hanging over the front of the
waist is one of the newest fancies. Chin-
chilla on dark blue or green, beaver,
otter, and sable on all colors, are in
style; and the pieces of fur certainly
give a touch of smartness and oddity
that is very desirable. The band of fur
around the hem of the gown is again
in favor even on evening gowns, while
on the latter it is also used to outline
the seams on either side of the em-
broided front breadth; and around
the shoulders or across the front of
the waist of low cut gowns it is con-
sidered most effective. For this pur-
pose sable, mink, beaver are used in
preference to other furs. When these
fur bands are put on it is best to have
them an inch and a half or two inches
wide, and then double them so that a
round edge shows, and they look par-
ticularly well put just under a fold of
cloth or passmenterie.

Moufflon, the fur that came into favor
last season, is to be greatly in fashion
this year. It is of such an exquisite
shade of gray that it is more becoming
than chinchilla, although the latter is
much handsomer. Capes, collars and
boas, with muffs to match, are made of
this fur, but it is not yet used as a trim-
ming. With a gray cloth costume with
touches of yellow, and a muff and cape
of Moufflon lined with yellow, a most
artistic effect can be obtained, while
with the new greens, reds and purples
of this season's colors it is extremely
smart.

Just an edge of fur showing around
the cloth coats, making them look as
though lined throughout, is again fash-
ionable, and some of the new evening
wraps, which are most regal in con-
struction, have the edging of one kind
of fur and the lining of another.—Har-
per's Bazar.

A NOVEL WELL BUCKET.

The Stranger Who Called for a Drink Was
Mystified.

A traveler who was journeying
through Florida, not far in the interior,
stopped one day for a drink of water
at a house by the wayside.

"Cert'nly, stranger," said the sun-
burned, barefooted woman, who had
met him at the door. Then she stuck
her head through the crack and began
to call: "Sal! Here you, Sal! Take a
gourd an' go git the stranger a fresh
drink."

He watched and saw a tow-headed girl
disappear down a path which led
through a truck patch, until she stopped
upon a small board platform. He saw
her let a rope rapidly down, but there
appeared to be no bucket attached, and
he heard no knocking against the sides
of the well, such as a bucket usually
makes in its descent. When it was
drawn up again, the girl had changed
her position so that he could not see
what was on the end of the rope, but
he did not hear her set a bucket down,
and, after she had left, saw only what
looked like a bunch of weeds dangling
from the rope. But she brought the
water, and it appeared all right.

"How did you manage to get it," he
asked, "without a bucket?"

"We've got a bucket," said she. "Dad
brung us a new one yesterday. He
fished it up quite awhile ago, but it had
to be cleaned up."

Anxious to see the bucket that had
been "fished up" and "cleaned," the
traveler made some excuse to step to
the well, and what he saw was a large
sponge which, when it was let down,
would absorb as much water as one
person could draw up and hold a good
share of it until it was drawn to the top
and emptied by squeezing.—Detroit
Free Press.

Preserved Quince.

Rub off the down from the fruit; pare,
core and quarter it. Allow three-quar-
ters of a pound of sugar to one pound of
fruit. Cook the cores and skins with
water to more than cover them. Let
this boil ten or fifteen minutes, then
strain, and cook the quinces, a few at
a time, in this water, until they can be
pierced with a broom straw. Lay them
on a platter. When all are cooked add
the sugar, allowing three pounds to
each pint of juice. Place the fruit in
the sirup and keep it at a boiling heat
(not boiling rapidly) for two or three
hours, on the back of the stove, until
the quinces have a rich, reddish color.

A Dainty Dessert.

Break a dozen milk crackers into
small pieces and put them into a china
dish. Heat one quart of milk until it
boils, sweeten and flavor to taste and
stir into it three beaten eggs. Take the
milk from the fire at once and immedi-
ately pour it over the broken crackers.
Let the pudding stand until cool, place
on ice and serve cold.

Use
Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
do not purge, pain or
gripe. All druggists, 25c.

Hood's Pills

Long Minutes.
Explorers of the canyons of the west
may have daily adventures, if they will.
Col. J. W. Powell records a good num-
ber of his own. One, brief, but long
enough, is thus described: "In my
anxiety to reach a point where I could
see the roaring cataract below, I went
too far out upon the wall, and could
neither advance nor retreat. I stood
with one foot on a little projecting
rock, and clung with my hand fixed in
a little crevice. Finding myself
caught, suspended 400 feet above the
river, into which I must fall if my
footing fails, I call for help. The men
come and pass me a line, but I cannot
let go of the rock long enough to take
hold of it. Then they bring two or
three of the largest oars. All this
takes time which seems very precious
to me; but at last they arrive. The
blade of one of the oars is pushed into
a little crevice in the rock beyond me
in such a manner that the men can
hold me pressed against the wall.
Then another is fixed in such a way
that I can step on it; and thus I am
extricated."—Youth's Companion.

Not Guilty of That.
Mr. Cecil Rhodes is not usually a
hilarious person, but he is said to have
laughed immoderately on the occasion
of the capture of Umsavu, a very old
woman and one of the numerous wives
of Umzilikatza, founder of the Mata-
bele nation and father of Lobengula.
Asked if she knew Mr. Rhodes, the an-
cient dame shook her head. There-
upon the question was repeated in an-
other form, and Umsavu said: "There
were some white men once in my kraal
stealing fowls; he may be one of them."
St. James' Gazette.

The Faults and Follies of the Age
Are numerous, but of the latter none is
more ridiculous than the promiscuous and
random use of laxative pills and other dra-
stic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and
weaken both the stomach and the bowels.
If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used in-
stead of these no-remedies, the result is ac-
complished without pain and with great
benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the
liver. Use this remedy when constipation
is manifested, and thereby prevent it from
becoming chronic.

DE BATS—"How do you pronounce the
word 'oleomargarine'?" Hotel Waiter—"I
pronounce it butter, or I'd lose my job."
Advertiser.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and
bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

OLD BULLION—"What! You wish to
marry my daughter? She is a mere school-
girl yet." Suitor—"Yes, sir. I came early
to avoid the rush."—Modes and Fabrics.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest
liver and bowel regulator ever made.

All busy people finally get so that they
hate those who are lazy.—Atchison Globe.

People who eat the most, usually think
the least.—Atchison Globe.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the
transient nature of the many phys-
ical ills, which vanish before proper ef-
forts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—
rightly directed. There is comfort in
the knowledge, that so many forms of
sickness are not due to any actual dis-
ease, but simply to a constipated con-
dition of the system, which the pleasant
family laxative, Syrup of Figs, prompt-
ly removes. That is why it is the only
remedy with millions of families, and is
everywhere esteemed so highly by all
who value good health. Its beneficial
effects are due to the fact, that it is the
one remedy which promotes internal
cleanliness without debilitating the
organs on which it acts. It is therefore
all important, in order to get its bene-
ficial effects, to note when you pur-
chase, that you have the genuine arti-
cle, which is manufactured by the Cali-
fornia Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by
all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health,
and the system is regular, laxatives or
other remedies are then not needed. If
afflicted with any actual disease, one
may be commended to the most skillful
physicians, but if in need of a laxative,
one should have the best, and the
well-informed everywhere, Syrup of
Figs stands highest and is most largely
used and gives most general satisfaction.

