

as the Liver Reprimands Us
neglect of it by inflicting upon us
dache, by dyeing the skin yellow,
the tongue with fur, producing ver-
ins in the right side and souring the
we are little less than lunatics if we
d the chastisement. If we call Hos-
Stomach Bitters to our aid, trans-
and health follow speedily, and with
ature of the symptoms mentioned,
also irregularity of the bowels,
nvariably attends disorder of the
a malarial complaint the liver is
involved, and it is a fortunate cir-
ce that this fine anti-bilious medi-
so the finest specific in existence
of malarial disease. Nor is
cautious for dyspepsia, failure of
and strength, nervousness and a
tendency. It renews the ability
and greatly promotes convales-
wasting diseases.

Earth Was First Mapped Out.
These early maps were we do
but can from a reasonable
e. The earth at that time was
to be flat circular plain, or
broadest part being from east
which was entirely surrounded
ean, or greatriver, that washed
n all sides. In about the
of this plain Greece was supposed
uated; the great central sea of
abited region was the Mediter-
The farthest point known at
t was the Straits of Gibraltar,
called the Pillars of Hercules.
outhern part comprised the North
ca as far as the deserts; while the
north embraced the countries
ing upon the Mediterranean, and
known hyperborean land farther
north, with the Euxine and
an seas at the northeast. The
t eastern point known was
the western limit of India.
was what would then be
ed in a map as a representation
earth. The sun was supposed to
der and around this flat plain,
was then the mode of accounting
changes of day and night. The
beneath was supposed to be a
vault, called Tartarus, the abode
spirits of the wicked among men,
region corresponding to it above
ain was the heaven, or abode of
ods. The unknown region beyond
Pillars of Hercules was filled up
creations of the fertile imagination
Greeks. To the northwest and
were the Cimmerians, a people
in perpetual darkness, and the
boreans, a race supposed to be
pt from toil, disease, or war, who
led life for a thousand years in a
of undisturbed serenity. To the
of Sicily were the enchanted Is-
of Circe and Calypso. A little to
th of the Pillars of Hercules was
ntrance to the infernal regions;
out in the Western ocean, be-
the limits of the known earth, was
appy region called Elysium, a land
petual summer, where a gentle
constantly blew, where tempests
known, and where the spirits of
whom lives had been approved by
ods dwelt in perpetual felicity.
also, were the Gardens of the
perides, with their golden apples
ded by the singing nymphs, who
lton on the River Oceanus, which
was the extreme west, and the position of
eh was constantly shifted as geo-
phical knowledge increased.—Pop-
Science Monthly.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

They soon found themselves on the island, and advancing reached an exposed point from which they could look down upon the foaming waters beneath. Cromwell maneuvered so as to have the boy on the side toward the water.

"What a grand sight!" exclaimed Robert, surveying the great fall with boyish enthusiasm.

He had scarcely uttered these words when he felt a violent push at the side, and felt himself impelled toward the brink of the precipice. He would infallibly have fallen if he had not seized with the desperate clutch of self-preservation the arm of James Cromwell. As it was, he hung balancing over the brink, and nearly carried the clerk with him. Cromwell saw that it must be either both or neither, and he drew Robert back to a place of safety.

"Good heavens! Mr. Cromwell," exclaimed the boy, his face pale with horror, "what does this mean? Did you mean to push me over?"

"What a question!" returned Cromwell, himself pale. "Thank heaven! I have saved you!"

"But you pushed me!" said the boy suspiciously. "If I hadn't clung to you, I should have fallen!" and he shuddered at the thought.

"Yes; it is true. I will explain. I am troubled with fits occasionally which make me rigid and convulsed. Whenever I feel one coming on I grasp convulsively at whatever is nearest me. I felt one coming on a moment ago, and that led me to seize you. But I believe my terror, for a came near going over the precipice with you, has saved me from the threatened attack."

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"I have not had one for three months, but lately I have been apprehending one, for I have not felt as well as usual. Indeed, I have a violent headache now. I think I will go to the hotel and lie down, if you can amuse yourself for awhile."

"Yes, you had better do so. I can get along quite well."

Robert easily credited the plausible explanation which had been given, for he could not believe that Cromwell would deliberately seek his life. He did not know the powerful motive which prompted him.

CHAPTER XII.

The Veil is Lifted.

About a fortnight from the time of their departure the two travelers reached a town in Southern Indiana, which we will call Madison. They had traveled leisurely, stopping at several places on the way. Cromwell had not ventured upon a second attempt upon the life of Robert Raymond. The first failure had left on his mind an impression of fear, and he resolved that he would not again attempt open violence. If anything was to be done, it should be by more subtle and hidden ways.

As for Robert, his first feeling of suspicion was entirely dissipated. He accepted Cromwell's explanation in good faith, and thought little more about the matter, but gave up his time and thoughts to the new scenes into which each successive day brought him. He had not got to like Cromwell, nor was there any chance that he would, but the two did not interfere with each other, but kept by themselves so far as it could be done under the circumstances. On arriving in Madison, a town of which Cromwell had formerly known something, they went to the Madison house, as the hotel was called, and entered their names. The next morning Cromwell went around to the village drug store, kept by an old acquaintance, formerly a fellow clerk, named Leonard Grover.

"How do you do, Grover?" he said, as he entered the shop.

Grover surveyed him scrutinizingly.

"Don't you know me?" asked Cromwell.

"What! James Cromwell? How came you out here? And where have you been for some time? Sit down and tell me all about it."

The two took chairs, and Cromwell said as much as he chose to say.

"I have been employed in New York," he said, "but I got tired of that city, and came out here to see if I couldn't find an opening somewhere."

"You don't like New York then?"

"Not particularly. At any rate, I have determined to make a change."

"Well, that is curious."

"Why curious?"

"I mean that while you are tired of New York, I am anxious to go there."

"You are? Why don't you then?"

"Because I am tied down to this store. If I could sell out to anybody for any decent price, I would start for New York, mighty quick."

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WHEN MITHER'S GANE.

"I mak's a change in a'thing roon"
When mither's gane.
The cat has less contented croon.
The kettle has a dowie tune.
'There's a meethin' has use blythe a soon',
Sin' mither's gane.

The bairnies gang wi' ragged claes,
Sin' mither's gane
There's nae nae to mend their broken toae,
Or laugh at a' their pawky ways,
The nights are loner than the days,
When mither's gane

Wha' cheers them when there's ocht amiss,
Sin' mither's gane.
Wha' tak's their part in that or this,
An' oot o' trouble mak's a bliss,
Wi' kindly word an' guid nicht kiss—
Dear mither's gane

The father's there, but losh' puir man,
Sin' mither's gane.
Although he does the best he can,
He hasn' sic a tender han'—
The bottom's oot o' nature's plan'
When mither's gane

O' lonely hoose, O' empty chair—
Sin' mither's gane.
Yet fancy often sees her there,
Wi' a' the smiles she used to wear.
Whilk brings oor heart maist to despair
To think she's gane.

—Detroit Free Press.

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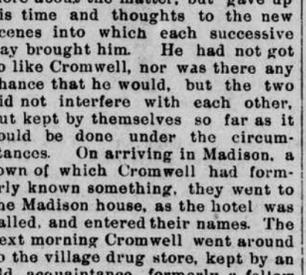
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and being well informed, you will not
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"Then I suppose you are not doing well here?"

"Yes, I am doing well, but I don't think my health is as good here as at the East. Besides, I have some relations in New York, and that would make it pleasant for me to be there."

"What would you sell out for?" asked Cromwell.

"Do you mean business?"

"Yes, I have been thinking that if I could get a shop on favorable terms, I would buy one. Tell me what is the best you can do."

"If you will come in to-morrow, I will do so. I must take a little inventory of my stock, so as to see how I stand."

"Very well, I will do so."

The next day James Cromwell arranged to purchase the shop, with its present stock, at fifteen hundred dollars, cash.

"It's worth two thousand," said the proprietor, "but I am willing to sacrifice twenty-five per cent for the sake of freeing myself. You get it dirt cheap."

"If I did not, I could not buy it at all," said Cromwell.

James Cromwell was authorized to draw upon Paul Morton for a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars, whenever he could make an arrangement to purchase a drug shop. Although he had agreed to pay fifteen hundred, he drew for the entire sum, and this draft was honored. In the course of a week all the arrangements were completed. While these arrangements were in progress, Robert Raymond was left in complete ignorance of them. He spent the day in roaming over the neighborhood, with which he had by this time become quite familiar. It had occurred to him several times to wonder why Mr. Cromwell saw fit to remain so long in a town which seemed to possess no special attractions. He once or twice put the question, but was put off with an evasive answer, and did not repeat it. But one morning as he walked through the principal street, he saw the new sign going up, and he was struck with surprise.

"What does it mean, I wonder?" he asked himself.

Just at this moment James Cromwell himself appeared at the door of the shop. His hat was off, and it was evident that he was at home here.

"What does that mean, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert pointing to the sign.

"It means that this shop is mine; I have bought it."

"But I thought you were only going to stay in Madison a few days? I did not know you intended to go into business here."

"No, I suppose not," said Cromwell coolly, "I did not know that there was any necessity of telling you all my plans."

"Of course not," said Robert, "I do not wish you to tell me any more than you think proper of your affairs. But I was thinking how I should go back to New York, as now you will probably be unable to accompany me."

"Yes, I shall be unable to accompany you," said Cromwell, "but I don't think there will be any trouble about that."

"I am old enough to travel alone. I think," said Robert, "I have been over the route once with you, and I think I can get along well enough."

"You seem to have made up your mind that you are going back to New York?" said Cromwell, with a slight sneer.

"Of course. My guardian told me that I was to go on a short journey, and would return to my old school again."

"He did not tell me that," said his companion.

"What did he tell you, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert, beginning to feel nervous and anxious; for he was very desirous of returning to his old school, where he had many valued friends.

"He can explain that best himself," said Cromwell, in reply.

"Here is a letter which he told me to hand to you when the time came that rendered it necessary."

He drew, as he spoke, a letter from the inner pocket of his coat, addressed to

MASTER ROBERT RAYMOND.

Robert opened it hastily and read in the merchant's handwriting the following:

ROBERT—Circumstances have led me to decide that it would be best for you to remain at the West for some time, instead of returning to your former school, as you doubtless desire. It is not necessary for me to detail the reasons which have led me to this resolution. As your guardian, I must use my best discretion and judgment, and it is not for you to question either Mr. Cromwell will look after your welfare, and make all necessary arrangements for you, such as finding a school for you to attend in the town where he intends to establish himself. Of course, you will board at the same place with him, and be under his charge. I expect you to be obedient to him in all things.

Your guardian,
PAUL MORTON.

Robert Raymond read this letter with mingled disappointment and indignation. He felt that he had been treated very unfairly, and that he had been entrapped into this Western journey under false pretenses.

He looked up after he had finished reading the letter.

"Mr. Morton has not treated me right," he said.

"Why hasn't he?"

"He ought to have told me all this before we started."

"If he had you would have made a fuss and he wished to avoid this," said Robert, hotly.

"Perhaps you had better write and tell him so," said James Cromwell, sneering.

"I shall write to him," said Robert, firmly.

"My father never would have sanctioned such an arrangement as this. Besides I don't believe there is any good school out here."

CHAPTER XIII.

Clara Manton.

James Cromwell did not remain at the Madison hotel, but secured board for himself and Robert at a private house in the village where the only other boarders were a gentleman and his daughter. The latter was about nineteen, passably pretty, and fond of attention. Her name was Clara Manton. Her father was in ill health, and for a year or two had been out of business. He was possessed of about \$15,000, well invested and the income of this sum in a place like Madison yielded him and his daughter a very comfortable support.

"When Clara Manton heard that they were to have two fellow-boarders, and that one of them was a young man, she determined, as she expressed it to her friend, Louisa Bates, "to set her cap for him."

"Would you marry him?" inquired Louisa of her friend.

"As to that, I can't tell. I haven't seen him yet. He may be very disagreeable, for all I know. But even if he is, I am going to flatter him up, and make him fall in love with me. Then, when he offers himself, I can take his case into consideration."

"Perhaps you'll fall in love yourself, Clara," suggested her friend.

"I am not very susceptible. I wouldn't marry a masculine angel, unless he had some money. I must find out how Mr. Cromwell stands in that way, first."

When James Cromwell first made his appearance at Mrs. Shelby's table, Clara Manton, who sat opposite, fixed her black eyes upon his face, and examined him attentively. As James Cromwell's personal appearance has previously been described, it will readily be believed that Clara was not fascinated with the retreating forehead, ferret-like eyes, mottled complexion and insignificant features.

"He's horrid ugly!" she said to herself. "I don't think I ever saw a homelier man. The boy is much better looking. I wish he were the young man. There'd be some satisfaction in exercising my fascinations on him. However, beauty is only skin deep, and if Mr. Cromwell has got money, I don't know that I would object to marrying him. What I want is a nice home and an easy life."

(On sitting down to the table, she was introduced by Mrs. Shelby.

"How do you like Madison, Mr. Cromwell?" she said, with much suavity.

"Pretty well, thank you, said Cromwell, rather awkwardly, for he always felt uncomfortable in the society of ladies, particularly if they were young, or in any way pretty or attractive. It might have been a vague idea of his own personal disadvantages that produced this feeling, but it was partly because he had had very limited opportunities of becoming acquainted or associating with the opposite sex.

"I am glad you like us well enough to establish yourself here," said the young lady graciously. "I hear you have gone into business in the village, so that we may hope to have you as a permanent accession to our village society."

"Thank you, Miss Manton, said James Cromwell, trying to think of something more to say, but not succeeding.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Counterfeit Antiquities.

Sir John Evans says that "not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger, and confesses that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archeology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries.

Getting on in This World.

A small boy in one of Marshall Field's stores in Chicago approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary.

"How much are you getting a week now?" said the merchant.

"Four dollars and a half, sir."

"And how old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Why, my boy, at your age I was not paid that much."

"Well, maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you were working for, but I think I am."—New York Advertiser.

Still in the Swim.

"Did Smith pass the civil service examination?"

"No; missed on spellin' an' 'rithmetic."

"What's he doing now?"

"He's a-teachin' of a high school in Georgia!"

In Boston.

"When Lot's wife looked back," said the Sunday school teacher, "what happened to her?"

"She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the class, with one voice.—Chicago Tribune.

"It is just possible that there may be somebody in Madison who may know enough to teach you," said Cromwell, with an unpleasant sneer.

Robert Raymond looked at him intently. He felt instinctively that he should obtain no sympathy in his complaints, and he became silent.

He went back to the hotel and wrote a letter to Mr. Morton, in which he set forth respectfully his objections to remaining at the West. The letter reached its destination, but his guardian did not see fit to answer it.

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Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

SOME little things of value: If your coal fire is low, throw in a table-spoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes dip the knife into cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into the boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, nor liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides; place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional cure. Price, 75.

Effect of Lord Dufferin's Speech.

Lord Dufferin's speech on the peace of Europe, in Paris, has had a remarkably good effect throughout Europe. In France itself the words have been received in excellent spirit, and public sentiment has quite taken the sting from the vulgar insults to the British ambassador which, by a few days, preceded the address. The French government's bold declaration of a policy of religious toleration also has been received as a distinct mark of progress. Even some of the French radicals show signs of having made the discovery that denunciation of all religion is not an evidence of true democracy.—Paris Letter.

A Step Onward.

Hospital Nurse—These new patent fire escapes are great blessings. Hospital Doctor—Indeed they are. It is much easier to cure fracture than burns.—New York Weekly.

Money in Winter Wheat—100 Bushels.

That's the way farmers who sowed Salzer's new World's Fair wheat report. It yielded all the way from 40 to 70 bushels per acre, and a good many are so enthusiastic over this wheat that they claim 100 bushels can be grown per acre. The monster winter rye yields 70 bushels per acre, which pays tremendous profits. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., send their fall catalogue and samples of wheat and rye for 4 cents postage.

Wept Her Word.

Two young ladies were walking in the woods one day, when they were accosted by an old and much shriveled gypsy, who politely offered to show them their husband's faces in a brook which ran near by for a slight remuneration. So, paying the sum they were very curious to see how she could do so wonderful a thing and also anxious to see their future husbands. But instead of beholding the faces of the men they so fondly hoped for they saw their own faces." "We can see nothing but our own faces," said one. "Very true, mem," replied the sagacious fortune teller, "but these will be your husband's faces when you are married."

A colony of American farmers may be established in Mashonaand.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ailment. The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic.

PIERCE'S CURE. Guaranteed to do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all woman troubles.
Yours truly,
Oswald Matthews

Courtesy to the Public.

"No admittance" is the curt style in which we warn away visitors from our factories and foundries. Sometimes the fear lest a possible customer may be barred out leads to this modifying annex, "Except on business."

The inscription is an illustration of the American habit of doing everything in the quickest and shortest way. The habit saves time and words, but it leaves no margin for salutation by the way, and but little for courtesy.

We may learn from a contrast that the iron hand, cased in a velvet glove, is as efficient in preventing intrusion as an uplifted sledge-hammer.

The iron and cannon-foundry of Herr Krupp is located at Essen. It is the largest foundry in the world. As Herr Krupp has secrets which he is not inclined to share with prying founders, he has surrounded his vast establishment with a veritable great wall of China. On it are placards with this inscription repeated in three languages:

"The public are informed that, in asking to view the establishment, they expose themselves to a refusal."

Herr Krupp handles the pen as skillfully as he forges cannon. His inscription is courteous. It adorns a refusal with pleasant words. It is, as becomes the words of a co-laborer with Bismarck, evasively diplomatic. An exposure to a refusal is not the refusal itself. Contrast this inscription with the American "No admittance," and learn a lesson in courtesy to the public.

Mother, Save Your