The Little Dark Loctor.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTI. From Harper's Bazaar.

The doctors all said that Ladislaw must go to Europe to recover his health, and Ladislaw said I must go with him; but it was necessary that he should travel with a physician, who would watch the variations of his pulse, and a friend introduced him to the "little dark Doctor," as Ladislaw described him to me, who, having been overworked himself, needed a vacation. On my part, I had my chaperon, to be sure-a widow, not too old and not too frivolous, who knew how to be blind at discretion, and who was at the same time, so dreadfully near. sighted that she could hardly distinguish a flirtation from a quarrel, and who, moreover, never made her appearance on deck after the first day during the whole voyage. I found the Doctor agreat convenience, you may be sure. Ladislaw said one would suppose I was his patient; but Ladislaw always exaggerates a little about such things. Our passage was long and rough, and Heaven only known what I should have done but for the little dark Doctor! If I wanted an extra wrap-and one always does cn shipboard-or a book, or my chair moved, he was at hand. He read to me on calm days, he sang to me little Spanish and Italian ballads on moonlight nights; he beguilme with anecdotes of his ed profession when we sat upon deck in a heavy swell, with our chairs lashed to the house, and the spray driving over us-that is, unless Mr. Finch, the English gentleman who had made our acquaintance through Ladislaw, stole a march upon him, and erected a canopy over my head with his umbrella and mackintosh, or gave me his arm for a promenade on the tipsy deck. The doctor, however, lavished his attentions upon me with an air which made one sensible that he would do as much for any womankind who happened in his way; that there was nothing personal or par-

ticular in his devotion. Perhaps I divined his feeling from the per case with which he made himself at home with me, as if I were merely a companionable cousin or other indifferent feminine relative. Shall I ever forget that pitch-black night-"a very Walpurgis night," the doctor had said, earlier-when the engine stopped suddenly, like a tired-out heart, on the Irish coast, and all the gentlemen came tearing up from the card-room, and the ladies, in all degrees of toilettes, from their state-rooms, forgetful of seasickness or appearances; and I, with sudden visions of shipwreck m that plunging sea, with the bustle of launching lifeboats, and the terror of being swung into one, and possibly dropping between the two; rising before me like a spectral scene, fainted outright upon the deck, and waked to find myself in the Doctor's arms in the saloon?

"Ah, the estimate taste lacking. You | self, and explained the pictures loud call this waste; but you don't underenough for all creation to overhear. stand the art of economy. This green | while I was anxious they should suppose that I had been familiar with the dish, that looks as if it were deformed, masterpieces all my days, and was onand that cost me exactly five cents, will look so foreign and iantastic in | ly looking at them out of a sincere appreciation of the beautiful. I'm afraid the garish light of America that my friends will think I have brought them I liked better the Doctor's method of going through a picture-gallery in ten a bonanza. Besides, I like to spend without counting the cost; I hate to minutes, and the scientific air with which he regarded Rembrandt's count my money. I hate poverty, or a genteel sufficiency." "School of Anatomy" in Amsterdam

"In other words you love luxury." "Have I ever confided my love to you? I love plenty, I confess. I should die of economy; it is worse than the gout for cramping one." for two minutes, and remarked, pat-ronizingly, that "the arm and hand were well laid open," as if Rembrandt was a pupil in the dissecting-room. But Mrs. Adams said, "I ought to be the gout for cramping one." thankful for such an instructor in art, "You must marry a millionaile," said Mrs. Adams. and that probably Mr. Finch was

"He lives in a castle in the air,

But she would go on encouraging his

were in Germany at Christmas-time

and we had a Christmas-tree all to

ourselves. The Doctor and I went

we coaxed into blossom upon it. It

ding with real roses and lilies, migno-

into gorgeous cornucopias of gorgeous

sweetmeats, and lighted by a hundred

tapers. The Doctor took a keen

pleasure in it, as if we were two chil-

dren. I enjoyed it all ofcourse, as if it

anon, and seemed to ask if I had for-

gotten her, although at times she had

seemed like the baseless fabric of a

dream. The Doctor and I were extin-

guishing the tapers, after Mrs. Adams

and Ladislaw had gone to their rooms,

when he stopped humming the Lorelei,

and said, turning to me, "here is a lit-

"First catch your hare," suggested nobleman travelling incognito." Ladislaw. fancy," I said.

"There's the Herr Docter," I heard Mrs. Adams say in an aside to Ladislaw. attentions, and he would go on following us hither and thither. Well, we

"But he's not a millionaire, nor to caught with chaff." I wondered if the Doctor's ears were as keen as mine; but his face betrayed

out to select it, and it seemed as if nothing. I think it was in Heidelberg that market-places. It took a good while we met again our friend of the steamto find the right one, and we went out ship, Mr. Finch. We had climbed to day after day, till Ladislaw said it the Schloss, and found him seated in a loop-hole, so to speak, behind its curtain of ivy, sketching the scene. looked as if we were waiting for one to grow. However, we had it planted in our own parlor, and such lovely things

"Mr. Finch!" I cried. "Yes," said the Doctor; "a bird in

was the most wonderful tree in the the hand." whole world, when it was farily in "He looks more like one in the bush bloom; hung with cut papers that rejust now," as he hopped down from sembled fine gold chains, dripping with his perch to greet us with effusion. "Welcome to my studio," he said; "I am just sketching the valley of a delicate dew of silver, dropping golden pine cones, grown in fairy-land, and silver acorns and walnuts, bud-

the Neckar in passing." "What a lovely old ruin this is!" said Ladislaw.

"I like to think of the lords and ladies who made love on that old balcony in the sweet June weather," Mr. Finch replied, "or when the moonlight overlay the valley, who are only a handful of dust to day."

"I suppose their ghosts walk there?" asked Ladislaw. "Certainly. What's an old ruin without a ghost?"

"Oh! I wish I could see one!" cried.

The Doctor "pshawed." "You base materialist! you do not deserve the vision."

"If you will come up here with me the flower that Christmas trees somesome starlight night," vouchsafed Mr. times bear, which you have overlook-Finch, "we may be able to unearth | ed. The reason I was so long in selecting the tree was because I wanted one."

"And Mrs. Adams will come too," one that was sure to bear this kind of

Imaginary Diseases. Some persons are continually imagining that they have this or that disease, or that they are likely to fall victims to one or another of the ills

which flesh is heir to. This is particularly the case with children of a nervous, sensitive or morbid nature. The injury done by such imaginary body and have a worse, and perhaps more lasting effect, upon the mind, turning it from the healthy channels in which it ought to move, and centering it morbidly upon self. The person in this condition imagines that there is some trouble with his heart or some other organ of the

body, and straightway he begins to watch and exaggerate every slight pain or unusual feeling that may occur in the region where he supposes the trouble to be located. Every the Black Forest had walked into the muscular twitch in that locality is regarded as the sure indication of disease. Unless such a condition of affair is broken up, the whole physical and mental growth will be impaired. By taking a certain amount of care at the proper time, the trouble may be largely, if not wholly, avoided. In the first place, children ought to hear and know almost nothing of disease. Later in life the knowledge may be valuable to them, but when young their proper functions in life is to grow up healthy in mind and body, and to this end the nette and Parma violets, blossoming child must be cared for and watched over. A blind knowledge of the diseases incident to mankind is to him only a bugbear, not an assistance, as it may become when he is old enough to appreciate cause and efwere a dream-a poem; but the vision of the veiled lady would rise up fect. It is not necessary that young children should know that they have such organs as heart, lungs and kid- quickly attracted a crowd, eager to neys. They may be taught hygiene to any extent desired, but anatomy should wait until later in life. If the trouble has already begun, the best pitch of frenzy by being pulled around thing to do is to lead the thoughts by its chain and poked at with sticks, of the young person away from him- which it would viciously bite at, all self by getting him interested in some out-door project. It is surprising noise, similar to that of a dog with how those imaginary ills disappear a bone, while its little bob tail was when the mind has something healthy vigorously worked and its eyes and interesting upon which to fix its flashed forth a baleful emerald light. attention. It may be necessary in some cases to call in a physician to set the sufferer's mind at rest, but in general it is not best to seem to recognize any reason for worriment. The mind can be easily turned into a proper channel by providing the necessary employment for it. There is suffering enough to be en-dured in this world without borrowing it. A mind joyous and free from anxiety, and occupied continually in healthy directions, has a vast power in keeping the body free from disease. Such a mental condition, joined to temperate and careful habits of living, has brought thousands to a green old age.-American Agriculturist.

Going to "See a Man."

One night in the winter of 1866 says a Washington special to the Detroit Tribune, Artemus Ward lectured in Lincoln hall, and when the great humorist was about half through his discourse he paralyzed the audience with the announcement troubles to a growing boy or girl is that they would have to take a re-by no means insignificant. They decess of fifteen minutes so as to enable range the proper functions of the him to go across the street to "see a man." H. R. Tracy, then editor of the Washington Republican, was in the audience, and seeing an opportunity to improve upon the joke penciled the following lines and sent to the platform:

> "Dear Artemus: If you will place yourself under my guidance I'll take you to 'see a man' without crossing the street."

Artemus accepted the invitation, and while the great audience impatiently, but with much amusement, awaited the reappearance of the humorist, the latter was making the acquaintance of Aman and luxuriating at a well-laden refreshment board. Of course everybody "caught on to" the phrase, and men became fond of getting up between the acts and "gong out to see Aman." The restaurateur's business from this time forward boomed. Men who would ordinarily sit quietly through an entertainment and behave themselves allowed themselves to be influenced by contagion.

Culture Lost the Day.

A young wildcat was brought into Albany the one day by Mr. Glover of Worth county, and sold for a dollar to Messrs. Mayer and Crine. It watch the motions of this wild "varmint." It was wrought up to a the while uttering a low, growling Some of the members of the Loafers club thought they would have some fun with it; so they carried it to a rag house on Washington street, and procuring an old Thomas cat prepared for a first-class cat fight. When all was ready the felines were brought together. The wildcat made one angry leap toward the tame one, whereupon the latter turned tail and, with the utmost horror depicted in its upraised fur, lit out for parts unknown as if a cyclone had been after it. Superior culture did not tell when placed in conflict with piney-woods grit .-Atlanta Constitution.

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara as a whole is not below sea level; it is not the dry bed of a recent ocean, and it is not as flat as the proverbial pancake all over. Part of it. indeed, is very mountainous, and all of it is more or less varied in level. The Upper Sahara consists of a rocky plat eau, rising at times into considerable peaks; the lower, to which it descends by a steep slope, is "a vast depression of clay and sand," but still for the most part standing high above sea level. No portion of the Upper Sahara is less than 1 200 foot bigh 1,300 feet high-a good deal higher than Dartmore or Derbyshire. Most of the lower reaches from 200 to 300 feetquite as elevated as Essex or Leicester. The two spots below sea level consist of the beds of ancient lakes, now much shrunk by evaporation, owing to the present rainless condition of the country; the soil around these is deep in gypsum, and the water itself is consid-

erably saltier than the sea. That, however, is always the case with fresh water lakes in their last dotage, as American geologis's have amply proved in the great salt lake of Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers a large space in both divisions of the desert, but ac-cording to Sir Lambert Playfair, our best modern authority on the subject, it occupies not more than cae third part of the entire Algerian Sahara. Elsewhere rock, clay and muddy lake are the prevailing features, interspersed with not infrequent date groves and villages, the product of artesian wells or excavated spaces or river oases. Even Sahara, in short, to give it due, is not by any means so black as it is painted.

What the Knees Indicate.

The knees of a man are an unimpeach able index of his character; that is, it they have not been injured so that their -natural action is impaired. A strong character is accompanied with a strong walk. A weak character is shown in the weak knees and the shillyshallying, scrapping walk. If one should desire the performance of a deed which re quires nerve and preseverance, he would never trust it to a man who drags his legs about as if they were made of lead or who walks as if his legs were hal asleep. If you want to measure a man's character, and have not the time to scrutinize and analyze his features and we have an abundance of this kind of through them the soul, study his nether evidence. extremities and how he uses them. You will get from his legs in action, and sometimes from his legs in repose, the general outline of his being. And you may be quite sure that the idea you so glean is, in nine cases out of ten, the correct one.-Detroit Free Press.

It is possible for fish to be smelt when served with limburger cheese.

"Our Girls." Kitty is witty. Nettie is pretty. Lutie is cute and small; Irene is a queen, Annette is a pet, Nell is the belle of the ball; Diantha is wealthy, Bertha is healthy, And health is the best of all.

Parfsct health keeps her rosy and ra-disus, beautiful and blooming, sensible and sweet. It is secured by wholesome habits and the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Bertha takes it, and she also "takes the cake." The only guaran-teed cure for those distressing ailments pe-culiar to women. Satisfaction or your noney returned

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

The skeleton of the largest elephant ever cilled in India is to be exhumed and sent to the museum at Madras.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

The French are now manufacturing the Lebel gun, with which the whole army to be equipped.

For two two-cent stamps we will send ou one of the handsomest almanacs in he country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

Among Michigan's teachers is a full blooded Indian, who is said to be doing excellent work.

Naphtha is now much used as fuel in middle Russia

Dr. Chaille states that the average life of woman is longer than that of man.

Forty-three suicides were committed in Vienna in May.

Joy to the World) PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for the entire eradication of all Pain,

EXTERNAL or INTERNAL No family should be without it. One twenty-five cent bottle will do mor, to

convince you of the efficacy than all the testimonials we might present, and

ITS ACTION IS LIKE MAGIC. For Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat,

a teaspoonful of Pain-Kliler taken at the beginning of an attack will prove an almost never-failing cure, and save much

The Russian army will soon be provided SUFFERING AND MONEY

World?" he said, sriling as only the dark Doctor could smile.

"I fancy what I am dead-and damncd!" I answered laughing hysterically. He dropped me upon the sola and turned away. "They stopped to take soundings," he said. "It is nothing. You had better go to bed."

"Do you charge much for your advice?" I asked. Well good-night. I hope we may not meet in the lifeboat."

One day in London, as we were walking through the dim old cloisters at the Abbey, and trying to spell out the names of the dusty dead on the worn pavement, having left Ladislaw and Mrs. Adams still-mooning in the nothing. Poets' Corner, the Doctor said:

"You were a little frightened that night on the Irish coast. To tell the truth, a small pipe in the engine broke; but there was no real danger, I suspect.'

"And you were not frightened at all, knowing this?'

"I? We would all go together, you know. Your company would be as pleasant in heaven as on shipboard."

"Equivocal-but thank you. As for me, I like to choose my company, not have it thrust upon me."

"Yes!" he said, indifferently. "Whose company would you select?"

"I would select an artist, or a musician, or perhaps a poet.

"I see. In heaven they need no doctors."

"Nor on earth either, generally speaking." And then I impertinently repeated to him the little German le gend of the Doctor whom Death paid a visit one day, and who, begging to defer the debt of Nature, offered to divide all his future patients with the King of Terrors; and so engrossed were we with this pastime that we barely escaped being locked into the Abbey.

"You do not think well of the profession," he said.

"Oh, don't I? But, honestly, do you think yourself that the one who voluntarily elects to live in the constant of a feather!" sight of disease and suffering can have a sensitive or æsthetic nature? And I

blossom," and he held in his palm a said Ladislaw. tiny ring box in which a circlet of It was Mr. Finch who "pshawed" this time, but beneath his breath. pearls gleamed. I put out my hand;

just then the veiled lady seemed to "Certaintly," put in the Doctor. "Mrs. Adams is as eager to see a ghost sweep between us, her long veil almost obscuring the Doctor's face. "Shall as yourself. You should extend to her put it on your finger, mein Liebling. all the advantages of foreign travel." for better or worse?" he was asking. But, for all that, Mrs. Adams did I withdrew my hand. "I did not not see one. I met Mr. Finch on the understand," I stammered; "Ido not staircase the following evening, and wear rings." And he blew out the we slipped out of the hotel and up to last candle as I left the room. the Schloss, while the others supposed The Doctor was preparing to leave I was writing letters in the retirement at this time, having only agreed to of my own room. Was it very wrong? spend six months with Ladislaw, who I dare say Mr. Finch thought so. We was now restored; but Ladislaw wandered up and about the old place knowing nothing of his discomfiture with its haunting shadows, startling would have him stay over the Newbats and owls and all sorts of night-Year; and, as the custom is in Germamoths from the tapestry of ivy, while ny, we lighted our Christmas tree he repeated ghostly verses and again on New Year's, and talked over whispered a good many ghostly

other dead years, and kepteach other nothings. And I had my reward. For awake till all the chimes of the old while we rested in a recess that looked city pealed midnight with a hundred out upon the dark sky and river, the mellow tongues; then we opened the moon shot out a beam between the clouds, and revealed the shadows of weird music and the voices in the two figures on the balcony. street dalling a "Happy New-Year" "There, I told you you should see a

from far and near; and presently some ghost. You are not faint? It is really one stopped beneath us, and sang an only two lovers," said Mr. Finch. Abendlied sweet as the murmuring of Was I faint? Judge whether the sena little brook among the grasses, tensation that possessed me was fear or

der as a lullaby. pain. I had recognized one of the shad-"A happy New-Year, Mr. Finch,"] ows as that of the "Herr Doctor." As cried. "Come up and say good-mornthey stirred and walked slowly out of ing.' sight, I saw that the lady was veiled, Then, as I leaned over the Christ and leaned confidingly upon the docmas tree to blow out a candle that

tor's arm. But what business was that of mine? What was the doctor had burned down to the evergreen, and was making a rich, pungent odor in to me, or I to the doctor? Plainly, the room, the lace shawl I had thrown over my head caught in the flame of "I think we had better go down," I another candle, and in an instant I said presently, to Mr. Finch.

seemed to be standing in the centre of "Those shadows that passed," he a flame. I never knew exactly what said, "are a noble lady who eloped one happened. I seem to remember seeing dark night with her physician. They the Doctor's face through that red have been dust these hundred years, mist, and perhaps Mr. Finch's, I conbut as punishment are doomed to renot be sure, and then darkness. When trace their steps every night. Don't you want to stay till we see the old I came to myself I was in bed, and the little Doctor was feeling my pulse; and noble, her father, with all his retainers and men at arms, stalk in ghostly look in the big mirror opposite, and pursuit?'_

then buried my head in the pillow. I "S'mother night," I answered, frivocan never repeat all the nice things lously. "If Mrs. Adams finds I am the Doctor said just then; how I was dearer to him than even in my beauty: not in my room-' how no flame was so strong as h

"What would she do?" "Send the Herr Doctor after me."

love, or could burn it to ashes. "And the veiled lady?" I asked, ir-"And the Herr Doctor is not a favorite," complacently, as we went slowly relevantly. "The veiled lady?" he repeated. down the steep

I lay awake till late that night, won-"Yes. Who was she? In the evendering who the veiled lady might be. ing at Heidelberg Castle. You must The doctor looked very innocent next remember. Don't try to deceive morning, and so did I-I hope.

"Why do you look at me in that tone of voice?" he asked, when my "Yes"-and the smile was leaping from every dimple-"yes; the veiled eyes had been involuntarily fixed uplady of Heidelberg Castle was-Mrs. on him for some time, trying to un-Adams, your chaperon.' "Yes," said Mrs. Adams afterward

ravel the mystery. "I was looking into vacancy," I answered, briefly.

"Speaking of vacancy, have you seen Mr. Finch to-day?" "Mr. Finch is a highly æsthetic na-

"And has Mr. Finch been to ask for ture," I began. me?" I inquired later. "Did he send "And you love the æsthetic-bird

me those Jaqueminot roses?" "By the way," I ventured, "why "Mr. Finch is not at liberty to inquire for you just now," answered

in pursuit."

Long Life and Sleep.

Not long ago Mr. Gladstone attributed his sound health to the"great balcony doors, and listened to the gift of sleep." He declared that he ries to bed, but dismissed them promptly at the hour of retiring.

an old age. His captivity might have had something to do with shortening his life. There have been a few great workers who' have been poor sleepers. But very few of these reached extreme old age. Horace Greeley could drop off to sleep in a church or in a railway car with wonderful facility. He had the gift of sleep, but not the gift of dismissing his worries. If ever a man was worried out of his life because of political events, it was probably Horace Greeley.

Daniel Webster said on hearing of his defeat for a Presidential nomination, that he should sleep as soundly as ever. But it was well know that the defeat of his Presidential sspirations embittered his closing years. He might have had the gift of sleep but he did not have the gift of dismissing fruitless worries. John Bright was a poor sleeper and admitted that he took his cares and anxieties to bed.

There is some satisfactory evidence that the duration of human life is greater than it was a century ago. Dr. Todd, President of the Georgia Medical Society, affirms that mortuary statistics confirm this theory. Thus, the average of life in France is now forty-five years ago. The present average found in fifty cities and towns in England he places at fifty. He claims that the United States leads all other countries, with an average duration of fifty-five years. These estimates are extremes. It is probable, however, that the average duration of human life in this country is gradually increasing. Temperate living prevails to a greater extent than ever before. With temerance and moderation, there

The Longest Law Case.

Up to the present time there are 18,-000 folios of testimony in the case of Rosalie Butler against the Stewart will. Printed, it will make 10 volumes always got seven hours and some- of 700 pages each. There never has times eight. He never took his wor- been a will contest in this country in which the evidence was so voluminous, and yet the proponents intro-Napoleon could get along very well ous, and yet the proponents intro-on three or four hour' sleep in the duced only six witnesses, who all twenty-four. But he did not reach | testified briefly to one fact. Although Judge Hilton's counsel profess a desire to have the cases disposed of speedily, that is, within three or four years, yet the indications are that it will pass into legal history as another interminable case, with a goodly share of the property in the hands of the lawyers. More delicate legal questions have already arisen than in any will case ever before the courts of this country. Whether the true story of the causes that led lonely, innocent Mrs. Stewart to make her peculiar testament will ever be divulged is another question which time alone can answer.-New York Correspondence.

Longevity.

Dr. Todd, president of the Georgia State Medical Society, stated in a recent paper on "Longevity" that the death rate in various countries of the globe bears a ratio very nearly inverse to the number of qualified

physicians resident in them. Thus Russia, whose death rate is the highest in Europe, has among its teeming populations only 15,414 regular ohysicians, and one surgeon to 100-000 inhabitants. The United States, having a doctor of medicine to every 600 inhabitants, shows the lowestdeath rate in the world. The average life expectancy in this country is fifty-five years; in England it is fiftytwo; in Russia and Chili it is but twenty-eight years; in Ellobed, in the Soudan, twenty-three years. Within fifty years the average in France has advanced from twentyaight is 45% years. Since the time of

Thomas Nelson Page, the Virginia author, s now making a tour through Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone has had his portrait. painted thirty-five times.

Don't you want to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health? All these can be saved if you will try Dobbins' Electric Soap. We say "try," knowing if you try it once, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

The Preacher's Mistake.

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple whose house has re-cently been glorified by the addition of a fac simile of the beautiful little mother decided to have the christening service at home. A venerable minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms very affectionately and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents. See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so who knows but he may become a John Wesley or a George Whitfield? What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother.-Boston Traveller.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Curious Computations.

An electrical writer has calculated that the firing of a small pistol sets free about 600 foot pounds of energy, while a watch consumes about one fifty-fourmillonth of a horse power, the energy of the bullet being sufficient to keep the time for two years. An Edison telephone transmitter requires about a thousandth of the energy in a watch; it would therefore be worked for 2,000 years on the energy exerted in the pis-tol. A lightning flash of 3,500,000 volts and 14,000,000 amperes, lasting one twenty-thousandth of a second, would run a 100 horse power engine for ten

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 re-ward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Drug gists. 75c.

hours.

The white house chef says that President Harrison is not an epicure.

Mr. Cleveland's fortune is now placed a \$200,000.

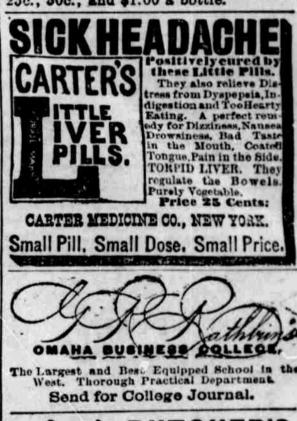


PAIN-KILLER

is an article that has combined in itall that goes to make a first-class family medi ine.

BE NARE OF IMITATIONS.

Al. Druggists sell Pain-Killer at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle.





RRIGATED LANDS In Rio Pecos Valley, stone soil; abundance of pure water; a deligat-rel elimate all the year; almost continuous sun-thine; altitude 3,500 feet; healthlest locality in the U.S., no consumption, no malaris. 30 scree-wilk yield a competency. Write for particulars, naming this paper, to Peces Irrigation & In-vestment Co., 34 Meance St., Chicago, Iil.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS. Late Frindipal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau, Atty at Law. Washington. D. C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims-original, increase, re-rating, widows', children's and dependent relatives'. Experience : 3 yrs. in last war, 15 yrs. in Pension Bureau and attorney since.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be male preferred who can furnish a horse and give their who's time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1999 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. B. -Picase state age and business experiences. Nev-er mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.

Jownstown Horror Our New Book, The Johnstown Horror or Valley of Death, the most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS WANTED in every township. Terms 50 per cen'. Outris 30 cents. National Pub. Co., 218 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

DETECTIVES Instruction in our Secret Service Experience not necessary. Send 2c, stamp, Grannan Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinusti, O.

love the æsthetic? He did not answer, but looked at the yellow horn of the new moon, mak-

ing a rift in the fog, which the sunset light faintly tinged, while I looked at him. There was certainly nothing æsthetic about the Doctor, if you except his triste mustache and his general shapeliness. I remember once, in Holland, as we steamed in a little packet to Zaandam, and counted the windmills and the cottage roofs that appeared to grow up behind the dikes, that he, happening to speak of himself, remarked that he had been mistaken sometimes for a Spaniard.

"Yes, you are dark enough to be the shadow of somebody else," I said. "And your ideal is a blonde hero," he returned.

"How well you know my ideals!"] answered. "Like Bobby Shafto, 'fat and fair, combing down his yellow hair-of forty stature. I'm certain Bobby was tall." The Doctor was whenever I remembered the veiled incontestably short and thin.

est parcels." said Mrs. Adams coming to the rescue.

What a quaint old place we found Zaandam, where Peter the Great has left an odor of romance that seemed to cling to the little green cottages with their red-tiled roofs, which resembled the wooden villages of our infancy! And how the Doctor scowled when I wasted my substance on some vivid green pottery of an odd pattern! "What's the use of buying such trash?" he asked.

-

didn't you come up and play cards with us last evening?" "Did you wait for me?" he asked, regarding me gravely. "I can't say that I did. But I hate his disguise." to play with dummy." cuckoo, or a nightingale?" "And did you play with dummy?" "Is this the New England Catechism, mous forger, that is all." Herr Doctor?" "The New England conscience and

Catechism went out of fashion, I believe, some time ago."

"Yes; I fancied you no longer had any use for them," I said. "No; when I am with the Romans, I do as the Romans do;" and then we

both laughed, and Ladislaw said we were like two quarrelsome children. "I expect you will be boxing each other's ears next thing."

"No," said the Doctor; "I always give a kiss for a blow."

But for all that, I couldn't help be-Bobby was tall." The Doctor was incontestably short and thin. "But the best things are in the small-est parcels." said Mrs. Adams coming to the rescue. He used is anti-her the best things are in the small-to call me "Lady April," I was so in-constant in my moods. I don't know how it happened, but after this, whereever we went, Mr. Finch was sure to be there before us, or to follow later. The Doctor called him my shadow, and Ladislaw said he thought my shadow was the only thing about me which the doctor disliked. But, for my part, I was growing rather tired of Mr. Finch and his everlasting prating about mediæval art, and color, and what not; and I couldn't go to a pict-ure-galiery unless he attached him-

Mrs. Adams, "and roses are not exess excitement, consequently more actly in his line. He has thrown off rest and more sleep. It is certain "And has he turned out to be

"He has turned out to be only a jail-bird, my dear. He has been a fa-

Unintentionally Fupny.

Again, many of the stories which seem humorous to us were full of serious meaning to the actors in them.

just lifted myself on my elbow to

"confess that you thought very little

of the woman who would .walk to the

Schloss with the Doctor alone at that

hour. I had missed you, and we went

There is humor to us in the following story, quoted by Prof. de Morgan.

although none to the utterers of the following dialogue, not from a want

of a sence of humor, but from the seriousness of the subject: "How will be on the earth at present?" said one Scotchman to another. "Maybe, a dizzen" (dozen) responded

that the gift of sleep goes with longevity-San Francisco Bulletin. Cigarette and Heart.

Inhaling cigarette smoke is generally admitted to be one of the chief causes of ill-health in young men. "I do not believe that smoking a dozen cigaretts in the ordinary way ever did a grown-up person any tangible harm," said Harris, the tobac-

conist. "Inhaling the smoke, though, is a very different thing. Let even the most inveterate smoker try this, and he will be convinced. Let him smoke mony of the elect do ye think there an ordinary cigarette while walking, and at some distance from a meal. inhaling the smoke well into the bronchial tubes. Then if, before he the other. "Hoot, man! no near sae mony as that!" indigantly rejoined his friend. The same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to thump, or his fingers tingle, to the story of the add had bedra when the same remarks apply begin to the to the story of the old lady who was I shall be quite ready to congratulate very despondent as to the condition him on the possession of an excellent of the world. She was sharply re- organizm. Whether this effect is due clared that should any one have of the world. She was sharply re- organizm. Whether this effect is due buked by a neighbor: "Janet, woman, to an impression on the termination ye surely think that naebody will of the vagus, or whether the active be saved except yourself and the principle of the tobacco is absorbed minister!" "Weel," responded Janet, and carried straight to the heart in "I sometime hae my doubts about | the blood current, I shall not underth minister."-All the year Round. | take to decide. I only take the ef-London Telegraph.

Elizabeth the life term has increased from twenty to lifty-two years. Dr. Todd ascribes this progressive change to advance medical knowledge, better drainage and diet, greater cleanliness, and to vaccination and the use of anæsthetics, quinine and the like. He thinks that quinine alone has added two years to the average life of civilized man.

But the Earring Was Found. At a recent "fashionable event"an evening party in high circles-a lady lost a diamond earring of great value, which could nowhere be found. Thereupon a gentleman, who had just returned from the East, professed his ability to discover the missing gem by means of an Indian drug. Accordingly he asked all the company to be seated, and, after should ask all those present to dip secreted the jewel for a joke the jester's hand would be tinged a rich blood red. After the ordeal wasgone through every one's digits came out perfectly white, but the earring was found at the bottom of the bowl.-

JAMES PYLE, New York.