

Hostesses dreaded him; buds, with strongly developed social instincts, fled from him. He could hardly ever get a dance; weedy exuberant wall-flowers were his only resource. What was the reason it would be hard to say. His main fault lay in the fact that he always yelled when he talked and the more sentimental he grew, the louder he yelled. This, of course, was conspicuous; but some women like to be conspicuous in their sentimentalities. Pining down one of his deriders, they would say, vaguely "Oh he's too common!"

"Now, just tell me," cried his exasperated patroness, "what's their common about him? Has he ever been rude to you or any one?"

"No,"

"Has he ever used common slang, or vulgar expressions, or horse-jockey language like that man you're all ready to run after all over the county?"

"No," reluctantly.

"You never heard him say a big D, even on the ballfield when he was hit on the head with a foul that nearly killed him, and yet the mer with whom you play tennis often swear the most wicked swears when they miss a ball?"

"Yes; to be sure."

"And he's much brighter than the usual run isn't he?"

"Oh, he's all that," impatiently "but we don't like him; we don't want him; we can get better ones."

"I suppose those are the eighteen year-olds, who always have the tops of their mouths, because it's such a short time since they gave up the bottle," and with this Parthian shaft the defender of Jones withdraws in wrath to her tent.

She fought for Jones single handed against all the feminines and most of the masculines of her world. She danced with him whenever she could and created much gossip and some ill-humor. In one or two cases she suffered slights through her unfortunate protegee. Of these she once told me with rage and fury.

She had a lover, an agreeable harmless, and rather rapid young man, who, like Pooch-Bah, was the victim of an overpowering family pride. It rarely obtruded itself, but it was ingrained in his nature. In the depths of his heart he thought that the damsel to whom he offered his empty but aristocratic hand should sink down in a joyous swoon, like Esther before the raised sceptre of Ahasuerus. The Western reformer enslaved his fancy, but it galled him to have to acknowledge the plebeian Jones as a rival. He plotted to overthrow him.

One evening, at a dance, the lady sat in a corner, Jones beside her, and her foot on the lower rung of an empty chair. To occupy this throne did her other admirer seriously incline.

He looked upon it longingly and cogitated. Finally, he determined on a bold coup, crossed the room, sat down on the vacant chair with his back to Jones (of whom he took no notice), and out their talk in twain.

His manner showed plainly his intention of freezing the other out by ignoring his presence. With commendable coolness he grabbed the conversation, and before they could recover from their mental collapse, had directed it in a course unknown to Jones. Such was the situation when the lady said in tones of ice: Mr. So-and-So, don't you know my friend, Mr. Jones?"

The high-born youth blushed to the parting on his brow, and said, with a half-nod: "Mr. Jones—happy to meet you!"

Then there was an awful silence. The lady bit her lips in rosy anger, the man of lineage felt himself at a disadvantage. Jones alone remained imperturbable, but there was that in his concentrated gaze, which said: "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I will."

It was the aggressor who eventually fled from the firm base of the coveted chair, frozen by the ice reserve of his divinity, who would hardly look at him. She subsequently dragged him ignominiously at her chariot-wheels, which is a poetic way of saying that she "wiped the ground with him." This is an archaic custom, which dates from the day when Achilles dragged dead Hector round the walls of Troy.

At another time, also a dance, she sat conversing with an admirer and an incipient admirer. In their charming circle Jones penetrated; suing for a dance. He sat down and the lady introduced him to her companions. The admirer was polite in his acknowledgments, the incipient admirer suddenly stiffened as though frozen. The lady walked off with the cause of stiffness. "Left alone," said the I. A. to the A.

"What induces Miss Brown to encourage that man so? He's simply insupportable. That's the third time I've been introduced to him, and I always cut him the next day."

"Why?"

"Oh—I don't know—most of the fellows do."

"I see; it's the correct thing!"

Here the A. saw his loved one standing, out of breath, by a pillar, Jones gone on a quest for a lemonade, and he flew to join her and impart the above conversation as something particularly choice.

And after all this he married Jones? Alas, no. There comes a time when finite benevolence ceases to exist.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Bagley-Johnson seems to have had bad luck with the paper out West. Bailey—Yes, it was a right smart paper, too. Bagley—Didn't the people seem to like it? Bailey—Why, yes. It rose higher and higher in public estimation every day, until finally it went up altogether.—Times.

The Doctor's Error.

Two agents for a new kind of churn came to the house of Dr. L.—of Pano-la county, Mississippi, in the evening and were invited to spend the night. While one was caring for the horses the doctor, conversing with the other, found the men were from a place where he had practiced medicine in his youth. Inquiring about different persons he at length asked: "And the Misses Brown, where are they? They were without doubt the most ugly women I ever saw."

"Yes," said the agent.

"What became of them?"

"One is my wife."

The doctor presently left the room. Going to the stable he saw the other agent and made a confident of him, winding up with: "Well, they were uncommonly ugly women. Did you ever see them?"

"Yes."

And he married the other.

Dr. L.—claims that this is the only break he ever made in entertaining strangers.—Detroit Free Press.

They Were Even.

A simple, good hearted servant girl, who is valued highly by her employers, came to her mistress the other day to ask advice. She said she'd been wont to give another girl in service a present at Christmas time for many years, and always received a present from her. This year she didn't know what to buy.

"How much do you think of spending?" her mistress asked.

"I can afford about \$2 a'm'am."

"Then you take your \$2 and give it to your friend and ask her to buy a present for herself. She knows what she wants better than you do."

This struck the girl as a splendid idea and she carried it into effect. Her friend was delighted too; so much so, in fact, that the next day she presented Mary, the girl who had inaugurated the reform, with \$2 in like fashion, asking her to buy a present to suit herself.

Thus, not a cent changed hands, and the two young women felt they had demonstrated their mutual regard in a highly satisfactory manner.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Hesitated No Longer.

They had been gazing abstractedly into the glow of the coals for nearly two hours. She had been waiting two years for him to speak his mind. He was still engaged, as he had ever been, in screwing up his courage. At last she lifted her head and asked:

"George, do you know what Prof. Tisserand of the Paris observatory says?"

"No, what does he say?" inquired George, eagerly.

"He reports that Neptune has a satellite which is moving in direct contradiction to the revolution of all other planets and that before many ages it will drive our whole system after it into space."

"Well," murmured George, dazed by the immensity of the problem.

"Well," she continued, dreamily and sweetly, "it looks now as if I would take my wedding tour about the time the earth begins to chase that satellite."

He hesitated no longer.—St. Paul News.

Finally She Got the Egg.

The ways of the hen are as inscrutable as those of the woman. In a Mexican mining town the superintendent noticed the wife of the owner making repeated visits to the hen house, after each visit her face wearing a deeper look of despair and anger.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Clumber?" he finally asked, when he saw that she looked almost desperate.

"Matter?" she cried. "I promised the major an omelet for supper, and I've got all the eggs I need but one, and that mean old hen is sitting there, and won't lay it. I haven't touch her, and she knows it, and is just taking her time about it, too. I'm so indignant at her, mean old thing!"

But the egg was laid in time.—New York Sun.

In Good Shape.

While talking to Mr. T. S. C. Hatch a few days ago we asked him a few pointers in regard to his luck in the Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. Hatch stated that he had been in the habit of investing for some months past a few dollars in the lottery. He purchased ten tickets about 10th December, 1888, among the ten was No. 69,704, the same being the number that drew the capital prize, \$600,000.

"What did you do when you were informed that you had drawn \$15,000, Mr. Hatch?"

"I went at once to Waco and deposited my ticket with the American National bank, and took their receipt for the same. Four days after I deposited my ticket I was paid by the American National bank the \$15,000."

Mr. Hatch has a wife and six children. He was comparatively a poor man, working as overseer of the W. P. Gaines big valley farm, three miles south from McGregor, on a salary. He is a man of judgment, and there is no doubt but that he will properly invest his money. Mr. Hatch will continue as overseer for Colonel Gaines.

He Traveled at Once.

He had been wondering for some time how he could escape from the toils that were gently creeping round him and break the spell of soft converse and wistful eyes. An opportunity came at last. As she ended a spirited description of her journey through the Alps she said impulsively:

"Oh, Mr. Slopace, I think you ought to travel!"

He looked at her rigidly, rose slowly, and grasped his hat.

"No woman shall say that twice to me," he remarked in a firm and desperate voice. "I knew it was after 11 o'clock; but I thought—that is—I hoped—no matter. Farewell, Miss Phineasweb—I will travel!" And he did, with alacrity.—Puck.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Trust, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinsin & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

She Thought It Amazing.

He was the meekest looking old gentleman, not particularly steady on his pins, and with hair as white as snow; but there was an air of breeding and dignity about him which neither age nor feebleness could conceal. He was making his way up Winter street, steadily, himself with his umbrella, which he used as a cane, although a light rain was falling. He had almost reached that corner made historic by the late Tom Appleton's bon mot, when a rapid young woman, who used her umbrella with the virulent destructiveness characteristic of her sex, dashed his hat into the gutter.

The old gentleman stooped to pick it up, and as he was directly before her she was forced to wait while he did so. The old gentleman straightened himself up, evidently with an effort, his white locks blown about by the wind and sprinkled with the rain. He replaced his hat and regarded the dashing young woman with an evident feeling of surprise that she offered no apology. As she did not speak, however, he lifted his hat with fine courtesy.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for having my hat in the way of your umbrella."

He stood aside to let her pass and the young woman—giggled.—Detroit Tribune.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old logics cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptive graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in this list—yield to it.

Adam Forepaugh is said to be worth \$1,500,000.

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited seaman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken up" appearance generally. "The jabsbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entirely. I want some stuff to straighten me out. Some 'o them 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'." What d'ye tax for them?"

"What do you mean?" asked the clerk.

"'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' like that, they call 'em," replied the man.

"Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

If marriage is a success, divorce is a successor.—Puck.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhoea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and countless ills to which women are peculiar. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

A naval engagement—Popping the question at sea.—Time.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Dr. Thurber has been appointed pastor of the American church in Rue Barrie.

Stop that Cough.

Many people neglect what they call a simple cold, which, if not checked in time, may lead to lung trouble. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, will not only stop the cough but heal the lungs. Endorsed by thousands of Physicians. Palatable as milk. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

Large deposits of salt have recently been found in New South Wales.

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.

The debt of Pennsylvania has been reduced \$1,118,550 during the year.

Ostrich racing is developing as a standard sport in southern California.

S.S.S.

Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated by nine well-known specialists with Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous mineral. (GEO. BOVELL, 2023 1/2 Avenue, N. Y.)

Nine years ago scrofula attacked two of my children, and they were badly afflicted with that disease, which resisted the treatment of my family physician. I was persuaded to use Swift's Specific by seeing an account of cures in my country paper. The improvement was apparent from the first few doses, and in a short time my children were cured, and are still sound and well.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Lexington, Va.

Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable remedy, and the only medicine which permanently cures scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 4, Atlanta, Ga.

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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

"Art is long and time is fleeting," and it is too bad to spend half of a short life distressed with neuralgia, when 25 cents spent for one bottle of Salvation Oil will cure it quickly.

George Conkline, the lion-tamer, says he will have nothing to do with cross-eyed animals, nor use any other remedy for his coughs and colds but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. He says it is the only reliable cough medicine to be had.

In ancient times everybody played the lyre. Nowadays the liar plays everybody.

Grand Excursion to Colorado.

On February 28th a grand excursion for land seekers to Alamosa in the sunny San Luis Valley will be run on any regular train over all roads leaving Missouri River points. Fare for round trip \$30. Tickets good to return in twenty days. Special round trip rate of \$1 will be made by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from Alamosa to Del Norte, Monte Vista, La Jara, Antonito and Fort Garland. Tickets will read through Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo. The San Luis Valley is the great agricultural empire of Colorado, and offers unequalled inducements to the farmer and stock grower. For details inquire of nearest ticket agent. S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

The pope has sent challenges to Cardinal Newman and the archbishops of Glasgow.

For Coughs and throat troubles use "Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCKES."—"They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly."—C. Falch, Miamiville, Ohio.

A baby born at Harrisburg some days ago had, it is claimed, two teeth at birth.

Inflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

The severe drought in South Australia has been broken by copious rains.

Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORLAND, PRIMUS, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it, and you will recommend it after you have used it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

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"In the spring of 1897 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine."

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