AVED HIS BABY the children. Anything s their sufferings and that on to health when they are deserving of great praise, posider that half the poputhe world die before they wo of five years, we can see on any remedy is, that banchief danger of childhood, percent of deaths in these infrom croup. Mothers will following epistle with interest: LY, Mo., Nov. 30th, 1892. teen months old is very ject to croup. Recently we induced to use Reid's Gerth & Kidney Cure and we no and these attacks. Two doses d. I give it freely and do not W. MARSH, Fifth Street, Manager Depot

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DOUBLE THE MONEY.

the poison in your blood, however it may have come or winaever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Ealt-risum, Tet-ter, Eczema, Erysipolas, Boils, Car-buncles. Enlarged Gharls, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swell-ings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

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blood - purifier can be "just as good f"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so i ■ WIFT'S SPECIFIC • •

IN SSS IN "For eighteen months I had an eating some on my unque. I was treated by best local physicians, sined no relief; the sores arburally grew I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely C. B. McI ratour, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Dis-THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

MAMERICAN LITERATURE 1892

MUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON Jiene cont a.

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he Home Magazine "BOW-KNOT"

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First-Class Short Stories, Poems by Good Writers, Sketches of Prominent Persons, Articles on Travel and Timely Contributions.

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LIST OF DESIGNS

The Home Magazine

If three, or five, or more men, are asleep in a room, and one of them is drunk, the flies will gather upon the tipsy man, and avoid the others. The order of alcohol, and sometimes get drunk on it.

hubber tires are to be tried on some of the London omnibuses.

A quick and permanent cure. Mr. J. M. Keesier, 1410 W. Lombard St. Balto., Md., says: "I take great pleasure in saying that in a case of neuralgia in my family. I found Salvation Oil effectual and speedy in the cure of the patient."

gia in my family. I found Salvation
Oil effectual and speedy in the cure of
the patient."

"My hired man was kicked in the
stomach by a horse, stung by a swarm
of hornets, and run over by a mowing
machine one day, and died the next."

"My." What was followed by the sheet of Belle Mahone."

And he sings them to the balies in a southing
machine one day, and died the next."

"My." What we would be sometimes at evening as he "My! What was the cause of his death?" "Nervous prostration." Cleveland Town Topics.

Mrs Susan Neal, of San Antonio, Texas, whose age is seventy, recently distinguished herself by killing a panther with an ax.

Among the mining products of Arizona, during the present year, were \$3,000,000 in gold. \$2,100,000 in silver, and \$4,500,000 in copper.

Whaling in the Antartic Ocean is about to be resumed by a San Francisco firm. It is many years since whales have been caught there.

"August Flower"

" For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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York, Neb WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISES

A GENIUS.

I ill MacGatern was a "genius" in a quiet sort of reason is, that the insects revel in the He could fix a clock, and fiddle, and a lot of other

Well, the years went by, and somehow Bill re-

And perhaps, sometimes, at evening, as he trange his old guitar.

William's vision is directed to a pale sonescent -Harper's Weekly.

BOTH LOVED HER.

not understand the dictates of her sovereign on the table; but there was

own heart and married the wrong one. Not but what Philip Hallworth away from her as he spoke. loved her. She loved him too; but She looked at him curiou her affection was put to a severe test | could be the matter with him? when, after seven years of wedded life, she found herself and child in a door, and he jumped as though he cottage, which they once called home, had been shot. He stood there now reduced almost to four bare trembling, and it was Maggle who walls, a hard landlord pressing for rent, an empty larder, three whole days without food and no hope of im- iff, stood without. mediate employment for her husband.

But he was a good-for-nothing fellow. He would not always work when he got the chance, and drank wood. the best part of his earnings. Like Mr. Micawber, he was always waiting for something to turn up, and when something did turn up it was his undoing, as you shall presently hear.

One day, while lounging about in his usual vagabond style, he saw a stranger who had tried to ford the river carried away by the current.

Hullworth jumped in, for he had plenty of pluck, although he was generally too lazy to exercise it, and, after a fearful struggle, he brought his man to land.

The latter, as soon as he was able he was rich and noble, and that he would reward him handsomely for his courage. He went away and was heard of no more. But that was quite enough for Philip.

little Jennie, their daughter, had to robbed o' the 'ele bloomin' lot." do the same. But golden dreams were not very substantial things to live on; hence the misery of their home (a mockery of the name) which I have endeavored to portray.

Meantime James Ashwood, the gamekeeper, the man whom Maggie had rejected, lived in respectability and single blessedness. He was powerless to aid her, and he loved her with a great and silent affection which he would not have confessed to any man-hardly even to himself.

It was a bleak night in October. The rain and half pattered against the broken windows The very cotominously in the chimneys. There was no fire in the grate, and

candle fluttering down in a battered saved. I can do it, and I will."

"You, Philip! How? What do you candlestick only made the occupants of the room look even more haggard mean?" than they really were. Suddenly there was a sharp knock-

and a little old gentleman in a wide a tall, manly form. It was James Inverness, with his umbrella turned Ashwood, the gamekeeper. inside out, was almost blown into his "Can I have a few minutes' rest

and shelter here?" he asked.

The old gentleman was wet through, and there was out scant opportunity there of drying clothes. However, Maggie took him to their bed-room. He had some other apparel in his bag, he said. He would issued." put the things on, and, with their permission, wait till the storm was

The place was in a very dilapidated by emotion. Ashwood would not condition and there were chinks in incriminate her husband, but why There were two rooms upstairs.

There were two hungry, wolfish eyes there peering in—the eyes of are against me. Is there anything Philip Hallworth-and they saw a clse?" strange sight. The old man, while tents. It was full of gold coins-sov. every penny ye ad, and that I'll swear ereigns.

The sight had made Philip, sick. He went to the window below and claimed. . looked out. A moment later the old gentleman came down.

"Well," he said, "I see the weather has cleared. I must be going now. Could you come with me a little way and put me on the right path for Sir Charles' house?"

Philip paused and took up a gun from the corner.

"What is that?" Maggie asked. "Ashwood's gun. I must return it to him."

She said no more. She guessed the They must live, and, after all, poaching was not the most unpardonable of crimes.

ater on that night the gamekeeper, James Ashwood, was out upon his rounds. He was a lone y man, but on moonlight nights, when all by." things were quiet, he was especially sad.

Suddenly he heard the report of a gun. It seemed almost as though the shot had whirred by him. At to her. first he thought it must be pouchers, but then he heard a groan and an exclamation. He searched in all direc-

At last, breaking through some horror, for he had found what it was stood by the door, take a small vial pecunious man for a loan

breast.

Ashwood heard a crackling sound

The first gray streaks of the cheerless October morning were dawning in the east as Phillip Hallwo th crept home into his cottage. Maggie was there, waiting up for him.

"What is the matter?" she said, rising, for he looked wild and haggard. "Are you ill?"

"It's nothing. Hunger and ex- gasp, and then all was over. haustion have brought it on, but all that will soon be over. We shall be rich and happy. I have brought you some money, and more will come." "You have brought some money,

There were two men who loved Mag-gic Lee: and as often happens she did wy trouble," and he flung down a no joy in his tone, and he turned

She tooked at him curiously. What

There was a loud knock at the went to open it.

Michael Marsden, the village bail-

"What, both on ye up already?" he said. "Have ye 'eard the news. There's been a old gent in Invernes found murdered and robbed in the

"The man who came here for shelter!" cried Maggie.

"Sir Charles 'ave bin on the spot, an' the police an' all the rest o' it, but I thought as ye'd like to 'ave the first news, 'Allworth, as ye're interested in the matter."

"Interested!" the other exclaimed, visibly turning pale. Was he suspected already? "What do you mean, Michael, what do you mean?" "Ye remember that chap whose life ye saved some time agone?"

"Well, it seems he was a lord someto speak, informed his preserver that thing or other. This old gentle-he was rich and noble, and that he man who's bin killed is a lawyer, and by some papers found on 'im it seems he 'ad £1,000 in gold and notes to be delivered to you for saving his lordship's life. He'd got instructions to For weeks after this he lived on go to Sir Charles Hazleton first and golden dreams, and poor Maggie and inquire about you. "Well, 'e's been

Philip staggered and sank upon a chair, his head buried in his hands. All that money that he had perjured his soul to gain, his own-his all

He thought he must go mad; and to add to the horror of the situation. they fancied he was lamenting the loss of the money, and both his wife and Marsden tried to console him.

Hallworth was lost in thoughthorrible, maddening thoughts. He was unconscious of what more the bailiff had to say, and when he looked up Marsden had left the cottage. He went over to his wife.

"Maggie," he said, very quietly, and would have taken her hand, but tage rocked, and the wind mounted he suddenly refrained; he had become a thing terrible, even to himself. "Maggie, James Ashwood must be

"Do not ask me!"

At this moment the doorway, which ing at the door. Philip opened it had been left open, was darkened by But he was closely followed by two

otners-Marsden again and a constable, who clapped a hand upon his shoulder, saying: "James Ashwood, I arrest you for

the murder of Samuel Tremlett."
"Very well," he answered calmly; but I should be glad to know upon what evidence the warrant has been

"Your gun was found near the spot," Marsden put in. There was a minute of painful silence. Maggie was almost choked

the thin partition quite wide enough to see through.

There were two hungry, wolfish keeper said, "I see that appearances

"They've tried to prove you had no changing his clothes, was taking out money yesterday; but I know better. a number of little linen bags. He and I know what ye did with it. Ye opened one and examined the con- paid the rent of this 'house with

"You did this?" Hallworth ex-

"Yes, but what does it matter? Come, you must do your duty. Take me with you.'

"No," Maggie interposed, speaking in an eager whisper to her husband.
"Philip, you said that you could save him. If you can, do so now."

"Do you wish that I should, Maggie?" "Yes."

"Then I will!" and there was a set purpose in his face, a look of wild de-"But you must leave us for a few moments. Go: good-by."
"Why do you say good-by?" she

asked in a startled tone, as she moved toward the staircase door. "Because we must part for a short

while. Until we meet again, good-He put his hand toward hers, but

again drew it back, shuddering.
Sadly she turned and quitted the
room. It was all a terrible mystery

There was one course open to him
—the coward's way out of his difficulties; but one could almost dare to
call it justifiable in such a horrible

situation as his. The others never noticed him as he

There was the body of an old man in from his pocket and drain its con an Inverness cloak lying quite still tents. Then he came to the middle and dead, the fresh, dewy grass sullied of the room and called the men to by the blood that had flowed from his him. His face was livid and convulsed.

"Ashwood," he said, "I don't want

upon the strings.

He could pick out "Annie Laurie," and the choose of Belle Mahone.

And would sit and sing at evening in a soothing undertons.

With his dreamy gaze directed to a pale senestent star, while he millied the mournful music from his primitive guitar.

As he turned his head a moment he recognized Philip Hallworth, "cried Marsden.

"You, Hallworth," cried Marsden.

"You, Hallworth," cried Marsden.

"One word while I can speak.

Here is the money. I did it for her sake and the child's All the time it was mine, and the punishment recoils upon my own head. Ashwood, see to her happiness and promise me that she shall never, never know---

"I will!" the other answered solemnly.

Hallworth spoke no more. They tried to support him, but he broke from them. One convulsion, one

Maggie, hearing strange sounds, rushed down the stairs. They would have kept her from the sight that awaited her there, but they were too late, and with a wild cry she sank forward in a swoon.

Two strong arms caught her-those of James Ashwood, the man who would have suffered punishment and disgrace for her-those arms which through life now were destined to shield her from all harm.-Utica Globe.

Reading Aloud.

There is a good old custom which, it is to be feared, has fallen into neglect, and if so certainly deserves to be revived. It is that of reading aloud in the family or other social circle. In former days, when books were few and newspapers less plentiful and cheap than now, this practice was exceedingly common. Many circumstances favored it. In most homes there was actually what for the most part there is now only poetically a "hearthstone," where blazed a great fire each winter evening, around which all the members of the family gathered nightly, from the grandfather, in his slippers, and the grandmother, with her knitting work, to the baby, with his rattle. At first, after the blinds were drawn and the great lamp was lighted, there would be conversation among the elders and games among the youngsters; but by and by the very little ones would fall asleep and be tucked into trundle beds. Perhaps grandfather and grandmother would doze a bit, but brighten up and listen gladly to the well loved manly or womanly voice reading the most interesting news of the day, followed by selections from a magazine, from a book of favorite poems or travels or standard fiction. There are multitudes of middle aged people to-day whose fondest recollections of youth are associated with long winter evenings partly spent in listening to or sharing in family readings.

Where houses are heated by furnaces or steam radiators in every part, where gas or electric lights are in every room, where literature is so abundant that everybody can provide it for himself, the conditions that once made such scenes as we have described almost a necessity in every intelligent household no longer exist. But what has ceased to be a necessity is nevertheless a privilege, and those who neglect it do not know what they lose. Cold print lacks the charm of the living human voice. Words spoken have double the potency of words seen but not heard. Accent, inflextion, modulation tones of mirth coming from the heart and going to the heart are things that lend enchantment to reading aloud in a group where affection unites the members in a common bond. Theu, too, it gives rise to the best kind of conversation. It mingles instruction with entertainment. It develops mutual sympathies and tastes. It stimulates thought. It sweetens labor. It stores the memory with never to be forgotten images that make coming years brighter and survive through separations of time and space.

The season of the year has again come around when those who are strangers to this form of domestic life have an opportunity to try it to the best advantage. It is worth trying. Those who already know how delightful it is need no urging. But it is not alone in families that reading aloud may be practiced with pleasure and profit. In this and every large city there are vast numbers of people, particularly young people, who are deprived of the privileges of home. Many are clerks in mercantile or financial houses, others are employed during the day in various industrial pursuits and have no regular places of abode except boarding houses. How to spend their evenings is a problem. There are, to be sure, abundant places of amusement, but however wholesome and innocent the best of these may be, they ought not to claim all the spare time of any class of persons. One excellent plan would be for a few congenial spirits who are acquainted, say from two to half a dozen young men, or an equal number of young women, to arrange for meeting once a week or oftener, the oftener the better, and taking turns in reading aloud and talking over good literature.

The Idlot.

Some men haven't any more finesse than a horse block has. Detroit has one of that kind. Possibly there are more, but one, at least, is on record. Not long ago he was calling on a young woman and birthdays came up for discussion.

"You wouldn't think I was 22, would you?" asked the young woman, with a mild simper.

"Indeed, I wouldn't." he replied

earnestly. "About how old would you think I was?" she simpered again. He studied a moment.
"About 32," he said innocently, and

she went down in a heap. - Free Press. THINK before you strike - an im-