

Horticultural Hints.
There is a market for inferior fruit. The hotels and boarding houses seek such fruit. But it always sells at a low price.
There is no probable danger of an overproduction of fruit, unless there is a general rush into growing some particular kind.
If apple trees are planted so closely together that in time the limbs interlock, the planter will greatly regret his unwise economy of space.

A CHILD ENJOYS
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

A fruit which is a cross between a peach and a plum grows in the yard of James M. Long at Paducah, Ky.

Pilo's Remedy for Catarrh is not a liquid or a snuff. It quickly relieves Colds in the Head, Headache, etc., and really cures Catarrh.

The girls of the High school at Helena, Mont., have organized a military company.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. This is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative power, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have just made a remarkable offer to the readers of this paper. New subscribers who will send at once their name and address and \$1.75, will receive free a handsome four-page calendar, 7x10 in., lithographed in nine colors, retail price 40 cents. The Youth's Companion free every week to Jan. 1, 1901. The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 52 weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1901. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 100 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mrs. Knights, an English woman, has translated the first Hindoo novel.



All My Life

I had that distressing disease, catarrh of the stomach. It proved most troublesome in the summer, and was accompanied by that tired feeling. I took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and have not had a single attack of my old complaint even during the extreme hot weather. My general health is also much better. See MISSIE A. BEANS, Concord, Nebraska. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles, passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.
No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

World's Fair HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Prescribed by Physicians
Relied on in Hospitals
Depended on by Nurses
Endorsed by THE PRESS
The BEST prepared FOOD

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carls & Sons, New York.

N. N. 1. No. 30-45. New York

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISE, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.



JENNY
BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER VIII.
Mrs. Dene was standing near the railway carriage door, chatting gaily to the three gentlemen who were with her, when at the further end of the station she saw the quartermaster coming toward them with his daughter.

"Go and meet her, Gerald," she said to her husband, and waited impatiently until they should come up.
The weather was wild and stormy, and Jane had wrapped her gray alpaca dust-coat closely round her, and drawn the hood over her head, her lovely face looking the lovelier with battling against the wind, her eyes, brightened by excitement, shone like two stars; and Mrs. Dene, glancing furtively from one man to the other, saw how fair they thought her. She stepped forward and kissed her, not so much in demonstration of her affection—for Mrs. Dene was not one to display her feelings—as to show she considered her a friend on an equal footing with herself.

Then followed the introductions, and Jane's eyes rested upon Major Larron with something like awe, caused partly by the knowledge that he was bearing now an honorary title, and would one day be a peer of the realm—on which naturally she from circumstances laid an exaggerated stress—and partly from the romantic admiration of his dark, Byronic countenance, which might have been good-looking had it not been so grim and gloomy. She only withdrew her gaze to meet Valentine Graeme's laughing blue eyes, and to put her small gray-gloved fingers into his outstretched hand.

"You have met before?" observed Captain Dene, who had made them formally known to each other.
"We are old friends," said the young man, with easy boyish cordiality. "That is to say, we are already sufficiently intimate to have had a quarrel, and I am afraid to tell Mrs. Dene on what subject."

"Was I concerned?" asked the lady, smiling.
"It was only a question of color," answered Jane. "I told Mr. Graeme I thought your drawing-room so pretty, and he said—of pure kindness, you know," she assured her listeners gravely—"that he liked our blue-and-white striped chintzes better."

"Better than mine of mignonette-green?" finished Mrs. Dene, in pretended wrath.
"It is my ignorance, perhaps," he pleaded, humbly. "Every one is not born esthetic."
"For which the saints be praised!" exclaimed the Hon. Barry Larron. Then meeting her glance of hurt surprise, he added quickly, with an air of elaborate gallantry, "I mean no reflection on the mignonette-green curtains, than which there is nothing I admire more. If every one possessed the exquisite taste of Mrs. Dene, there would be no need of a pretty affection becoming a vulgar fashion."

"We had better get into the carriage," said Captain Dene, curtly.
It annoyed him always to see Major Larron in converse with his wife, for he could never for a moment forget the insult she had suffered at his hands, and he wondered suspiciously why she had asked him to join their party. Was it only on Jane Knox's account? He had never been admitted to friendly intercourse since their marriage. He had dined once with them when he was one of twenty guests, and he had called twice—the usual exigencies of society, no more.

But Mrs. Dene noticed nothing, and jumped lightly into the carriage in obedience to her husband's suggestion, as Jane turned to meet her father, who was coming toward them after seeing to her luggage.
"How do you do, Mrs. Dene? It is very kind of you to be troubled with my daughter," he said, with an awkward attempt at ease. Then addressing Jane: "Here is your ticket; take care of yourself, my girl."

"I will take care of her, Mr. Knox," said Mrs. Dene, graciously.
"We will take care of her," supplemented Val Graeme, with a smile.
"Good-by, Jenny."
"Good-by, father."

And with a hand pressure only they parted, the quartermaster not being certain whether a warmer farewell was compatible with good manners, and unwilling to compromise his daughter—she, too, a little ashamed and self-conscious. But as the train left the station she yielded to the impulse that moved her, and leaning out of the window, kissed her hand to him—once, twice, thrice.

CHAPTER IX.
Colonel Prinsep had never felt so dull as during the week succeeding his promise to Mrs. Dene.

In a moment of impatience he resolved to take ten days' leave to get out of the place for a while, and it was only what might have been expected that he should bend his steps toward Capewares, which was just now the center of attraction, and to which station several of his officers had already gone.
The train arrived about seven o'clock, and he drove at once to the hotel where he intended to put up. As he alighted from the gharrie some one came hastily down the steps who, on closer inspection, turned out to be the Hon. Barry Larron.
"Why, Colonel, I did not know you intended coming here!" he ejaculated, in some surprise.
"Nor did I. It was an impulse moved me."

"And a very good impulse, too, sir," said his adjutant, Valentine Graeme, coming up to them with his long, swinging stride. "We are having an awfully good time here."
"I'm afraid you won't get a room. The hotel was full when we arrived," said Major Larron. "Did you bring a tent?"

"The Colonel shook his head.
"I'll lend you mine, sir. I dare say some one will put me up," said the adjutant.
"You had better come in with me, I suppose," observed Major Larron, somewhat ungraciously, not caring to have his privacy disturbed, yet unwilling to appear as inhospitable as he felt.
"Thanks, I shall be very glad—if Dene has not a spare tent. I fancy I heard him say he had," answered Valentine, an unwilling to avail himself of the invitation as his senior officer had been to render it. "You know," he explained to the Colonel, "we are camping with the Denes."
"Is Mrs. Dene here?"
"Oh, yes! I wonder you had not heard. Alipore is so desperately fond of gossip. She and—"

He was about to mention Jane's name, when Major Larron, whose ill-humor had increased by the adjutant's evident reluctance to share his tent, pulled out his watch.
It was nearly twelve o'clock when Colonel Prinsep entered the mess-room of the 4th Foot.
He had dined rather late, having lingered over his letter-writing longer than he had intended, and then had stayed some time smoking and thinking—not of Jane. The provocation removed, she haunted his thoughts no more, and therefore he was the more surprised when the first familiar face that met his view was that of the quartermaster's daughter.
And yet, often as he had pictured it to himself, it scarcely seemed familiar now. The face that had dropped and flushed beneath his gaze that afternoon when he saw it last, full of shy warmth and child-like worship, was radiant now, and bright with saucy triumph. If he had thought her sweet and pretty then in her blue cotton gown, how doubly fair he admitted her to be now, in her soft draperies of gauzy white; with straw-colored ribbons fluttering here and there, and a knot of pale tea-roses at her breast. Then there had been something of pity and compassion in the admiration with which he regarded her; now they met as equals.

At that moment she caught sight of him, a glad light leaped into her eyes, but she did not flush or falter in her speech, as she would have done a week before. She knew her power now, and felt a natural womanly pleasure that he should see her thus, the center of an admiring group, the acknowledged beauty of the ball.
"You have become quite a woman of the world since I saw you last," he said, his voice unconsciously falling into that caressing undertone that so many women have found dangerously sweet.
"What a long time it seems!" sighed Jane.
Then putting his arm about her waist, he drew her in among the dancers. Caring little for dancing for dancing's sake, the Colonel was a man who did most things well, while Jane, always light and graceful in her movements, had profited by practice. They did not stop till the last Teutonic strain had died away.

open. It was a heavy rain with no moon, though the sky was bright with stars. Coming out of the shaniana, where it had been brilliantly lighted up, it seemed darker than it really was.
"Let us have a camp-fire," suggested Mrs. Dene to her husband, who had followed.
"You will find it very hot and stifling," "It will be more cheerful," she persisted.
He shrugged his shoulders, but gave the order, and a few moments later a bright log-fire was burning.

But the result proved Captain Dene to be right. The warm wind that was blowing became unbearable now that it was charged with the heat of the huge fire and volumes of blinding smoke as well as dust.
The deputy commissioner and Colonel Grey, with Captain Dene, walked away from it at once, but Mrs. Dene, for consistency's sake, tried to put up with it a little longer, and the rest were eager to support her.

"Ladies are very seldom wrong," began Major Larron, hesitatingly.
"But one of them has spoiled her prestige," laughed Mrs. Dene. "Never mind, the exception proves the rule."
"You ought not to stand there, the heat is unbearable," went on Hon. Barry, going over to Jane's side.
Colonel Prinsep was standing near her, and, without meaning it, she looked up questioningly into his face.
"Yes, it is too hot; let us go into the cool," he said, answering the implied inquiry by moving a few steps further off.

She accompanied him, and presently at his suggestion both turned and went together out of sight.
Val Graeme, who had also meant to join her, looked taken aback for a moment, but recovered himself directly, thinking he knew the reason of the Colonel's interference. It was most probably on account of what he had himself said while dressing in the tent. Reassured, he walked over to where the other men were seated smoking.
But Major Larron became white with rage. He made a movement to follow them, then changed his mind, and coming to a sense of what was expected from him, turned back and stood by Mrs. Dene's side.

"I am unfortunate," he observed, with an uncomfortable laugh.
"It was not her fault," she answered, gently.
"No, I dare say not; but Mrs. Dene, do you think that I have any chance?"
He leaned toward her, his dark-brown eyes scanning her face anxiously to see if he could read his fate, but she shook her head gravely.

"I am the last person you should ask. Even if I knew her feelings, could I betray her trust?"
"I forget. You are right. Only if ever it should be in your power, may I count upon your help?"
Had he been pleading for her own love instead of merely for the aid of her influence with another woman, he could not have been more earnest.

They could see no one; but all that had passed between them had been of vivid clearness to the rest. The scene, framed in the flickering fire-light, seemed burned into Gerald Dene's brain as he gazed, unconscious of everything save that the barrier which past events had erected between his wife and the man to whom she was once engaged to be married seemed to be broken down at last.
(To be continued.)

The Drunkard's Dog.
The New York Times reports that Policeman Logan, of that city, saw a man lying intoxicated on the pavement, and went toward him, meaning to wake him. As he drew near, however, he saw a brindle bulldog beside the sleeper, and as the policeman leaned forward to shake the man, the dog growled and showed his teeth. Logan stepped back for fear of being bitten. The drunkard's name was Collins.

"Hey, there!" said Logan. Collins woke up.
"Tell your dog to let me arrest you," Collins struggled to his feet, and said to the dog: "Come on, Bully, we're rested."
The dog "heeled" obediently, and the policeman took them to the Thirtieth Street Station-house. There was no reason why the pup should be locked up, but it was plain that he intended to stick to his drunken master as long as he could, and he was allowed to occupy the cell in which Collins spent the night.

The dog accompanied Collins when Logan took him down to Jefferson Market Police Court, and was close to him when Justice Hogan asked:
"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"
"Talk to him, Bully," whispered Collins to the pup; and the pup jumped up on the bridge, where the justice could see him, sat up, held up his fore-paws, and whined.
Everybody in court was watching him.

"Are we sorry?" Collins asked him.
The pup whined loudly and more forlornly than before. He looked as if he would cry in another minute.
"Well, young man," said the justice, "I'll let you go this time on account of your dog. I don't think you deserve such faithfulness as he has shown. If I were a dog and had a drunken master, I would leave him. But I guess dogs are more faithful than men."
"Thank the judge, Bully," said Collins.

The dog stood up on his hind legs, gave one short, joyous yelp, and bounded out of the court-room beside his master.
Very Hard to Please.
"Why don't I like America?" said an Englishman who was drinking a cocktail in a New York hotel. "Why, for many reasons. I haven't found anything here that I like. Take your athletic spirit, for instance. It's bogus. What is your representative sport? Baseball, is it not? Well, that simply represents the work of hired men. It isn't really sport. Besides, I can't understand your newspaper accounts of it. They are very mysterious. Walter, another cocktail. Your climate is bad, and your politicians are Jingoes. I have been disappointed all around and in everything save one, and that is your cocktails. I drank six last night before going to bed. I have suffered from your climate to-day."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

To the Point, Though Brief.
Dr. Donne had married a lady belonging to a rich family without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was treated with great asperity, in fact he was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The doctor went home and penned the pithy note: "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone," which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favor.

Joeko and the Kitten.
As an example of the reasoning powers of monkeys, Mr. Darwin tells a story of one that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first Joeko was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, however, he set to work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussle he got the four feet of the kitten with his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and, with the broadest grin of satisfaction, forthwith proceeded determinedly to bite off the points of each.

Mrs. Margaret R. Elliott is the first and only instance among Wisconsin Congregationalists of a woman being taken into the ministry.
Whatever may be the cause of blanching, the hair may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Two illustrious women who celebrate this year the 50th anniversary of their birth are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow.

Chiffon brilliant! is a new substitute for chiffon. It comes in all colors and is very glossy.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Persian and ribbed velvet ribbons are among the novelties used for dress trimmings.

Wool braid with a corded edge is used in place of velvet for the bottom of dresses.

Pain often concentrates all its Misery in RHEUMATISM
Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** if you want to feel its concentration and its healing in once.

"EAST, WEST, HOME IS BEST," IF KEPT CLEAN WITH

SAPOLIO
Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.
Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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You Needn't Look immediately for the damage that dangerous washing compounds do. It's there, and it's going on all the time, but you won't see its effects, probably, for several months. It wouldn't do, you know, to have them too dangerous.

The best way is to take no risk. You needn't worry about damage to your clothes, if you keep to the original washing compound—**Pearline**; first made and fully proved. What can you gain by using the imitations of it? Prize packages, cheaper prices, or whatever may be urged for them, wouldn't pay you for one ruined garment.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 346 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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