

A VISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

A mouse cautiously emerged from a shadowy corner at the head of an open stairway leading down into the stenographer's room in one of the big insurance offices of Chicago.

I began my story thus, for, if my reader is feminine, she will at once experience a curious sensation which will pave the way to more profound sensations; if masculine, he will mentally exclaim: "Here is something on the women," and be interested accordingly.

On the steps were grouped half a dozen girls, the queen half-way up, and the rest in various attitudes of attention below her and on the window ledge.

"I never believed in spiritualism before," the queen was saying; "but I'll beswitched if I can help believing when a woman tells me all about my past and present and all about my folks."

"Nor can I," chimed in the duchess. The duchess was never happy unless she was doing a good deed. "I will look it to you girls," she continued. "How could she know, for instance, how many places I had lived in, how many persons there were in our family, and that I was to meet my fate in the person of a broad-shouldered man, wearing a suit of light clothes?"

Here the queen took up the conversation again, and I could see the girls' eyes widen with wonder as she told of the wonderful revelations made by a South Side medium. The queen had a power of expression above the average. She told of deaths predicted, of dark secrets unearthed, of past, present and future. Blue eyes looked down into brown eyes and beyond into the unfathomable depths of the unknown and the unknowable. The air grew thick with mystery. Disembodied spirits whispered to strained ears and ghosts stalked about at noonday. Suddenly the air was rent with a terrific shriek, and the rabbit, who had been sitting on the window ledge, "preserving the variety," the charm and mystery of silence, was a graceful, acrobatic leaper, stood poised on the nearest desk on one dainty foot, her skirts convulsively clutched in one stiffened hand, while with the other she pointed tragically toward the stairs. In a twinkling the queen's trim ankles were silhouetted against the court window, while every piece of furniture the room contained was graced with a living statue. The arch-enemy of woman-kind was abroad in the land, and ghosts and spirits were relegated to the background. Mr. Mouse came down the steps at that time and flew to cover, his little body convulsed with merriment. A second later I saw him peer from behind the leg of a desk and heard him mutter: "What fools these mortals be!"

The excitement subsided and quiet reigned supreme in the stenographers' room, broken save by the click, click of the typewriters, for the wicked little idea which had popped into my head had been at once communicated to little Miss B., worked itself into a definite plan with little outward sign. On the 15th of Saturday afternoon three demure-looking mortals brought the medium for a reading. Miss B. was arrayed in giddy attire and wore a diamond ring on her engagement finger. Col. Jinspin was enveloped in an air of injured innocence, which the average man masquerades, while I was a sad-eyed widow in a black dress and bonnet, and a wedding ring graced my sacrilegious finger.

We were ushered into a tiny room with but one window, whose shade was drawn so that the room was filled with a dim, ghostly light. The medium seated herself in the darkest corner of the room, explaining that she was controlled by the spirit of Mohawk, and began making mysterious passes in the air and occasionally rubbing her face with her hands. Her face grew gray and wan and seemed almost lifeless for a few minutes, when she suddenly sat erect, with a bright, rested appearance, and, pointing to the colonel, called out in a shrill, high-pitched voice: "Hello, brave! She fell to counting her fingers. 'I see you, brave,' she went on, 'with one, two, six, eight spirits over you, and one six, seven in the ear condition. I see many dark shadows in your past life, brave, but your troubles will last but four moons, then all smooth and bright before you. You have been a wanderer; you have no wigwam. I see you travel over mountain um and valley and crossing broad plains. I see you cross the hunting grounds of my people. Then, again, I see you in an office, with five men working for you, brave, but you stay inside much. I see you building something. What is it, brave? Is it a railroad? I see you measure and look long and carefully, up and down the land."

A look of amazement took the place of the amused smile which had glimmered from beyond the colonel's blonde mustache at her ridiculous attempts to imitate the Indian tongue. He is a civil engineer. She was describing his occupation exactly. So strange a coincidence was this that a chilly conviction began to force its way through the crust of my unbelief, and I felt a bit uncomfortable about the ring.

"You try to make people think you religiousum, brave; but you are not. There are no religiousum in you. You have something better than religiousum. When you am a friend to a man, you am a friend. When he wants wampum he knows where to go."

The colonel was perplexed. Here was a decided home thrust for a Methodist with just a touch of soothing, alleviating flattery. He was fast losing confidence in himself. Next followed a discussion of his disposition, as she called it, which left him in a pitiable frame of mind. I felt reassured and began to thoroughly enjoy myself. It was evident that she was nothing but a mind reader, and that she had an easy task before her. There was a help-yourself sort of an air of resignation about him, and more than once I intercepted an appealing glance at the door. I could read him myself. He was dealing out his most respectable faults first, as an aeronaut does his sandbags, but was holding on desperately to a few of his particularly pet vices lest he should go entirely up the

flume. But it was of no use. When a man has stood for thirty years with his head uncovered to let the woman pass by, he had a cold in his head, which renders his much-lauded masculine intellect an inadequate protection against the wiles of the enchantress, and he groaned in spirit when he met our triumphant glances.

"It will be your turn next," he maliciously whispered to me. "She will see through your little ruse easy enough."

"You are going to have lots of wampum, brave," she continued. "Oh, lots," indicating with her hands a huge pile. We braced up and looked at the colonel with a pretended accession of interest.

"You no like papposes," she observed, "but um big squaws, um, yum! and they like you, too," reassuringly, "and I like you, too. I see cattle all around you, brave in cattle. You must speculate, and go far from home. What do you know about politicsum, brave?" she asked, with startling suddenness.

"Why, nothing," he replied quickly, surprised out of himself, and with a lack of expression which suggested the existence of a vacuum somewhere about his head.

How I wanted to go into the hall and hug myself with rapturous tenderness! He knew nothing about politics. Generous admission. I had tried to convince him of that fact in many a political discussion, and now, oh, poor brave, he groaned aloud. He knew I would make a verbal report of the affair with all the accuracy of a stenographer, skilled in supplying any omission, due to deficient memory or stumbling pen, from her own fertile brain.

Here Mohawk switched off and turned his attention to little Miss B., who seemed all at once to shrink into herself. Hers was the usual fate, according to the oracle; sudden loss of riches by her family when she was but a child, several changes of residence, and last, but far from the least, she was to marry a big, broad-shouldered brave, with blue eyes and light hair; here followed a minute description of Col. Jinspin. She had seen the diamond ring and had drawn her own conclusions. But she was mistaken, and was shrewd enough to note that fact at once and proceed to make the colonel suffer all the tortures a modern Prometheus could invent. She cut off his legs and made all the changes possible which would be consistent with her former description.

My turn came at last, and I drew a metal veil over my mind and tried to look as near like an imbecile as possible.

"I see you, squaw," she began, "away up above everybody. That is your place, squaw, but something draws you down. What is it? Is it your famillium, or is it that you got no wampum?"

"I guess it is because I no got any wampum," I replied, with a feeble attempt at Mohawk.

"You had lots of wampum once," she continued. Then she glanced at my wedding ring. "But you brave a gone. I see his spirit come and fill you lap with flowers. Poor squaw, all alone." This in a sad, plaintive tone.

I assumed an expression of stony calm and tried to look sad and forlorn, but it was too much of an undertaking. I exploded in a most unbecoming giggle, quite incompatible with the somber gown and bonnet and sad state of bereavement.

Old Mohawk was on the alert at once. Keen eyes glanced from one to the other. The medium fell to counting on her fingers again.

"But you no like you brave," she remarked tentatively. No answer. "Are you sure he dead?" she asked. Her brow was wrinkled in a perplexed frown.

"No," she finally concluded, "he no dead, he far away. He a bad brave, but you get another brave. I see two braves, big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed brave, with light hair, quarrel about you. I hear a great yow-yow, but you marry the blue-eyed brave. He will build a big wigwam for you and in four moons you will marry him and will always be happy."

I went to bed that night at 8 o'clock in hope that old Sol would take the hint and get up a little earlier than usual the next morning, for I was anxious to relate my exploits to the girls.

My audience was an interesting one, and I interspersed my story with many a sympathetic "Of course," and "the idea" but I was not satisfied. I wanted to assume the attitude of a reformer, of one who had proofs at hand to sweep away traditions and superstitions which becloud the human mind. I wanted them to argue for the arrant nonsense while I argued in opposition to it. But no, they were ready to believe her a fraud as an oracle, and I know beyond a doubt that the duchess, notwithstanding the fine air of scorn on her face as she listened to my recital, takes a second look at every big man she meets wearing a suit of light clothes.

Jinspin came round last night and asked me if I thought I could marry a big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, light-haired brave, who would one day have lots of wampum. "I might," I replied, "if I could find one who had any brains and a few, at least, of the old-fashioned virtues." And, who knows, I may find them possessed by a short-eyed, blue-haired brave, with a tall complexion.

Of course, I do not believe in fortune-telling, at all, and I mean to take Jinspin, but I just would like to wait a little while and see what the dark-eyed brave is like.—Chicago News.

The Modern Ideal Kitchen.
"The Ideal Kitchen" is treated at length, described in detail by James Thomson, and illustrated in December Ladies' Home Journal. Mr. Thomson says that in the model kitchen of the present, the walls should be of glazed tiles or enameled brick to the height of six or seven feet. In place of these pointed brick or plaster may be used. Nonporous is also excellent. The tiles or brick should be carried clear to the floor; no wooden base board must be used. The floor should be of tiles, plain mosaic, stone or cement, all hard and dirt-resisting and easily kept clean. Have as little wood-work as possible, and what you are obliged to have, let it be plain, with as few joints and crevices as possible. Your cook will at first object to this style of flooring, but a few days' care of this clean-

Babies on Bicycles.
There is reason in the crusade which has been begun at San Francisco against the carrying of babies on bicycles. It may be the children like it, just as their fathers do, but the real point is that the practice is too dangerous. Accidents are always liable to occur, and while the rider takes his own chance and has every opportunity to save himself, the baby has to take much greater risks. The mere fact that it is tends to rob the rider of nerve at critical times. Those who are managing the campaign in California rely partly on the law of that state which makes it a misdemeanor to place a child in any position dangerous to life or limb.—Hartford Times.

Frost, Frolic and Business.
The wind over frozen ponds and lakes, over snow-fields of plains and open country, is heavily charged with frost and fine particles of frozen matter. It is the most penetrating way for chill to set in. Sudden warmth, sudden chill, and severe colds. Girls and boys skating, driving for pleasure or business, and men at work all know the difference in temperature. Yet the youngsters skate away and with mouth open laughing take in a dose of sorethroat. Drivers and workmen throw aside wraps and all know the next day from soreness and stiffness what sudden chill means. Now the best thing to do when housed is to rub well at once with St. Ja-cob Oil. If you do, you will not have sorethroat; or if you are stiff and sore, it will cure by warming the surface to throw out the chill.

swallowed the Pollywogs.
Uncle Jack returns from a long walk and, being somewhat thirsty drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece, Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Alice?" Alice (weeping)—"You've drunk up my 'quarium and you've swallowed my free pollywogs."—Rehebbeth Sunday Herald.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

The Yankee Would Help.

A little Virginia boy, who was much interested in listening to a discussion of a war question between this country and England, asked:

"Papa, if we go to war with England will the Yankees help us fight for our country?"

And he added, "If they do we can hang the English to pieces."

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

DES MOINES, January 13.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To the Prouty-Fowler Soap Co., of Des Moines, for three trade-marks, to-wit: The word symbols, Bo-Peep, Peek-a-Boo, and Jack-Tar. To J. H. Kinsey, of Milo, for a wire stretcher specially adapted to be clamped fast to a post for stretching fence wires and splicing broken wires. To Deborah Owen, of Van Wert, for a novelty for women, described in one of the claims as follows: A dress protector consisting of an over-sleeve gathered at its sides at the lower portion thereof, and provided with fastening devices to secure the said side portions about the ankles of the wearer and also provided with fastening devices along the lower edge, between the first named fastening devices, to secure the same between the legs of the wearer. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH OWING, Solicitors of Patents.

Some of the Japanese soldiers wear paper clothing.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Selfishness is self-robbery, no matter whether it dwells in a hut or in a palace.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Matrimonial triumphs of gentlemen in trade cause more to go into it.

FIGS—All fit stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Stuttering cured. Fits cured. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

BETTER WALK A MILE than fall to get 5-cent package of Cut and Slash smoking tobacco if you want to enjoy a real good smoke. Cut and Slash cheroots are as good as many 5-cent cigars, and you get three for 5 cents. Sure to please.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, 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 50 cent 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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Bottlebinding.

You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding, or wrapper, of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 30 years.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 110 BU. PER ACRE.
The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bush, per acre. That pays at 20c, a bushel!
Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 209 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurrath for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 25 packages earliest vegetables \$1.00.
If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free the grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing. W.A.

Loading Ships by Electricity.
One of the most wonderful labor-saving inventions of the day is the new electric stevedore or movable conveyor for loading a ship with flour or grain from an ordinary wharf. Its length is forty feet, two wheels in the center allowing it to be moved at will. The actuating power is electricity. The revolving belt on which the sacks are placed is of rubber, and passes over twelve rollers. The belt revolves at such a speed as to carry all the weight in flour or grain that can be placed upon it. This apparatus recently loaded a steamer with three thousand tons of flour at the rate of seventy-five tons per hour.

The Gift of a Good Stomach
Is one of the most beneficent donations you can beget to us by nature. How often it is grossly abused! Whether the stomach is naturally weak, or has been rendered so by imprudence in eating or drinking. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best agent for its restoration to vigor and activity. Both digestion and appetite are renewed by this fine tonic, which also overcomes constipation, biliousness, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

We can only do our best when we are sure we are right.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are an equal for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

Love can be misunderstood, but never overestimated.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work in suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

Modern woman sometimes stoop exceedingly low to conquer.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more to do. Hints on how to remove them, and how to prevent them, are in our drug catalogue.

Much doing is not so important as well doing.

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The genuine and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Society men add to their popularity by being deferential to old ladies.

COLORADO GOLD MINES.
If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to "The Gold Miner," an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Some noblemen and their American wives' money are soon alienated.

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ONE ENJOYS

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The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

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