

# Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

## CHAPTER II.

"Now, Vi," says Ruby a few evenings later, seeking her cousin's room, and speaking to her in a tone of confidence, "I want you to do me a favor this evening."

"All right, dear," answers Violet, coiling up the long plaits of her flaxen hair with artistic precision. "How can I oblige you?"

"Well, as you know, the Champleys are coming in this evening for some music, and I want you to prevent Shell from putting herself forward in any way and talking to them. She has such a strange blunt way with strangers that I am always afraid of her foisting or saying something outrageous."

"I'm sure you needn't be," responds Vi, looking rather astonished. "She was well named 'Pearl,' for she hides herself in her shell as persistently as her namesake. He who finds out her true value will have to be a very persistent man."

"Oh, she is a good deal sharper than you think," says Ruby, with a little sneer; "and at the same time she is so extremely odd that I never feel safe as to what she might say! I actually heard her confiding to the rector's wife the other day that our stair-carpet had been turned four times."

"Well, and if she did, there was no harm in it," declares Violet, who is far more attached to Shell than to the brilliant Ruby.

"Of course you don't care, because it is not your own home—you are staying here," retorts Ruby bitterly—"but for my own part I think there is no need that our poverty should be exposed to strangers. If she gets into conversation with either of the Champleys, I shouldn't in the least wonder at her telling them that our dinner is always badly cooked because we can't afford a new kitchen range."

"I don't think she would," laughed Violet.

"She is quite capable of it—she is so eccentric. What other girl would insist upon being called 'Shell,' when she has such a pretty name? Nothing could be sweeter than Pearl; and yet if she dares to call her by her right name she flies into one of her tantrums."

"She is of a practical turn of mind," laughs Vi; "she thinks Pearl too fanciful a name for a workaday mortal. I wonder what induced aunt to name you three girls after precious stones?"

"I really can't say," returns Ruby rather coldly; "perhaps the same reason that induced your mother to name you Violet."

"Oh, I was called Violet because my surname is 'Flower!'" explains Vi, a shadow stealing over her face as her thoughts fly back to her lost mother. "It used to be a joke of papa's that even when I married I should not cease to be a flower."

"You are a flower of which I should be uncommonly afraid if you were not engaged," laughs Ruby.

"Afrail—why?" asks Violet, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Because you are so terribly pretty," answers Ruby truthfully.

Violet knows full well that she is pretty—her mirror tells her so, morning, noon and night—yet she likes to hear it again, even if only from Ruby. So she waxes amiable, and gives her cousin a faithful promise that any show of forwardness on Shell's part shall be instantly suppressed.

As Violet foresaw, however, there is little cause to fear any attempt at familiarity on Shell's part. The girl has gleaned from Ruby's constant allusions to the Champleys since their return home that her elder sister contemplates with hopeful confidence the possibility of becoming mistress of Champley House. So disgusted does Shell feel at her sister's scarcely concealed scheme that she firmly resolves to adopt a line of conduct so totally at variance to that of Ruby that even the most obtuse man on earth must see at least that she has no desire to steal from him his freedom. Even when she hears that Ted Champley, the boy with whom she used to go blackberrying and nutting, is coming down with Robert, she makes up her sensible little mind to be civil to him—nothing more.

So, as the evening wears away, both brothers, after ineffectual attempts to hit on a congenial topic of conversation, come to the conclusion that the younger daughter of the house is either somewhat deficient in intellect or has developed such an alarming spirit of contradiction that she is decidedly a young woman to be avoided.

Ruby's amiable manner and social sympathy stand out in startling contrast to Shell's almost rough brusqueness of manner. Violet too does her utmost to render the evening a pleasant one for the brothers, whilst Mrs. Wilson backs them both up, as far as her natural want of energy will allow.

"Do you remember those lolly tins we used to have out blackberrying, and what particularly delicious blackberry-sauce your cook used to make?" asks the younger brother, taking a seat beside Shell toward the end of the evening.

Edward Champley is a true Englishman, and, although three times already he has abandoned that seat in despair, he is still unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten.

"She does not reply for a moment; she is in the act of picking out a knot

in the silk she is using, and till she has fully accomplished that intricate feat she ignores the fact even that she has been spoken to; then, turning upon him with keen eyes, which look almost piercingly dark in the lamp-light, she says quietly—

"I beg your pardon."

Ted Champley feels taken back; his remark—which savors in his own mind slightly of the sentimental, and indeed was made in somewhat sentimental tone—cannot be repeated in face of that stolid air of indifference on Shell's part; so he changes his former conversation for another.

"You seem to have become wonderfully industrious since I saw you last," he says, glancing anything but admiringly at the pretty garland of flowers that is growing under her white fingers.

"Yes; I am very fond of work. When you saw me last I was a child; and children are so stupid—they never think of anything but play," returns Shell scornfully, pursuing her occupation as though her living depended upon it.

"Upon my word," laughs Ted, "it is my belief that a good many children are wiser than their elders—a so observant, you know, and all that kind of thing. I really don't think you would class all children together again as being 'stupid,' if you only knew those little kids of Robert's; they are awful little sharpers."

"I suppose their father takes quite an interest in them?" remarks Shell in a bored tone.

Her companion stares at her for some moments in amazement, then breaks into a rather mocking laugh.

"Well, yes—Robert does take a decided interest in Bob and Meg. Seeing that they are his own children, perhaps it is not to be wondered at."

"No, of course—that would account for it," responds Shell quietly, and ignoring the ring of sarcasm in Ted's voice.

"I don't see how any one could help liking them—poor little beggars!" continues the young man bluntly, and in a voice that speaks volumes of wonder at his companion's heartlessness.

Shell breaks into rather an affected little laugh.

"Dear me," she says wonderingly—"have I shocked you? If so, you must please forgive me; for I don't like children."

Ted makes no remark for a few moments, but sits watching her with keen scrutinizing eyes, expecting every instant that some relenting dimple round her lips would belie her words; but no—Shell works on in serene unconsciousness, with her well-poised head a little on one side, and all her attention apparently fixed upon her work.

"Is there anything under the sun that you do like?" asks Ted at last, in a tone of desperation.

"Oh, yes, several things," answers Shell briskly. "Let me see—reflectively—I like work, and reading, and I am awfully fond of gooseberry-tart."

Ted bursts into such a hearty peal of laughter that Ruby—who is engaged in singing a trio with Vi and Robert Champley—give utterance to a false note. Shell, after a futile effort to control her trembling lips, joins in his merriment.

"No; but, seriously," he says, when they have both done laughing, "you must have, I know, a few artistic tastes. I remember you used to play some very jolly pieces, so you must be fond of music."

Shell shakes her head in a despondent manner.

"No," she answers carelessly, "I have no talent for anything in particular. Of course I play a little and I sketch a little; but I do nothing well enough for it to be pleasing to anybody but myself."

"How do you know that if you never give your friends the chance of judging?" asks Ted, still trying to strike some spark of emotion out of this stolid maiden.

"Oh, they are quite at liberty to judge for themselves if they like, only nobody wants to hear me play twice!" answers Shell, in a tone of friendly warning.

"Will you let me hear you play once?" asks Ted eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, if you wish; only won't it be rather cruel infliction for everybody else?" says Shell naively.

"No, I am sure it won't," answers her companion, in a voice of such utter confidence that puckers of amusement gather around Shell's lips after the most wicked fashion.

Great is Ruby's consternation and annoyance when she leaves the piano to see Shell down on her knees beside the music-stand, turning over the loose music in the drawer.

"Sparely you are not going to play?" she exclaims, in a tone of mingled disapproval and annoyance, for Ruby's music is her one strong point, and she hates to be cast into the shade by her younger sister. As a rule, Shell is woe to hide her light under a bushel, and it is provoking, to say the least, that she should depart from her usual course on the present occasion.

"Oh, yes, I am going to play—I have been asked!" responds Shell innocently.

With a thrug of her shoulders Ruby

passes on, whilst Shell, selecting from the long disused contents of the drawer a dreary sing-song air, sits down at the piano and commences to wade laboriously and in a very mechanical way through its twelve variations. It is a piece that requires practice and very quick playing to render it even bearable—as Shell had never had patience to read it quite through until this evening her performance is anything but a brilliant one.

## CHAPTER III.

Edward Champley, who has taken up his stand beside the piano in expectation of a musical treat, does his best to look cheerful under the infliction; but his most determined efforts at politeness cannot prevent a faint gleam of hope stealing into his eyes at the end of each variation. Even once he ventures on a rapturous "Thanks!"—it is when, to his horror, he sees a minor key arrangement of the air looming up before him; but Shell only glances up for a moment, and says quietly—

"Oh, I haven't half finished yet!" Whereupon her victim offers an apology and smiles a sickly smile, as he vainly tries to count how many more pages there are to get through.

And, whilst Edward is enduring his self-inflicted martyrdom at one end of the room, his brother Robert is being flattered, petted and a little bit lectured at the other end by Ruby.

"It was really too bad of you to stop away from Champley House so long!" she says reproachfully.

Robert Champley looks at her for a few moments before making any answer. Unfortunately for Ruby's scheme, he is a man who generally stops to think before he speaks, even on trivial subjects.

"I shouldn't have come back now if it hadn't been for the children," he says at length, with a sigh.

Ruby catches the echo of that sigh and is all sympathy.

"No one knows better than I how very painful your return home must have been to you," she remarks, in a low and almost faltering tone, whilst her white eyelids veil her eyes in seemingly sad retrospect.

Again he looks at her; then somewhat coldly gives utterance to the one word, "Thanks!" as if she had made him a speech which, though distasteful, must be responded to in some way or other.

"I hope you found the dear children all that you pictured them?" pursues Ruby softly.

"Yes—oh, yes; they are merry little crickets, and seem just about as happy as the day is long!" answers Mr. Champley, whilst a softening smile relaxes his somewhat stern mouth.

"It is a terrible charge for you," observes Ruby, her tone and looks full of the most profound pity.

"How so?" asks her companion, in evident surprise.

Ruby feels somewhat taken aback. "Oh, it always seems to me such an impossible thing for a man to know about children's wants or ways!" she replies, with a little head-shake.

Robert Champley gives a slight laugh.

"I assure you, both Bob and Meg have neither of them any scruples about expressing their wants," he says gaily; "and, as you know, I am very fortunate in my old housekeeper, Mrs. Tolley—she is a perfect mother to the whole lot of us. The babies have a treasure of a nurse, too—a sensible middle-aged woman; so on the whole I dare say we shall rub along very well."

"I don't believe in any servants being treasures," remarks Ruby skeptically; "and, besides, your children must be too old now to be left entirely to the charge of servants."

"Do you think so?" asks Mr. Champley in a pondering tone. "That is what I have been rather afraid of myself. Bob is just seven, and poor little Meg five."

(To be Continued.)

## NEVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Lake Superior Keeps Its Victims in the Depths of Its Waters.

From the Minneapolis Tribune: Lake Superior never gives up its dead. Whoever encounters terrible disaster—happily infrequent in the tourist season—and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters, never comes up again.

From those earliest days when the daring French voyagers in their trim birch bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake down to the present moment, those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone-paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of their bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes, not far from shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing smacks or from pleasure boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered, but only after the most heroic efforts with drag net or by the diver. Once on a trip down the lakes I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo, pointed out the place where the ill-fated Algoma went down on the reef some eight years ago, and as he looked he said, slowly, "I was at the funeral of one man who went down with her, and the only reason his body is not at the bottom today with the other 25 that were lost is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessel and could not sink."

"He? I beg your pardon, but weren't we once engaged to be married?" She: "It's quite likely. I thought just now when I saw you that your face looked familiar!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, SEPT. 4, 2 KINGS 13: 14-25.

Golden Text: "Precious in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of His Saints." Isa. 116: 15—The Death of a Great Reformer.

Time.—Elisha died early in the reign of Jehonah, 842-823 B. C. (or 797-781). This lesson is forty-five years after our last. Place.—The interview took place in Samaria. Aphek, according to George Adam Smith, was six miles east of the Sea of Galilee, on the main road from Damascus. Elisha was now an old man of over 90 years. He had been a prophet for sixty-three years. During the last forty-five years he has not been mentioned in the history, but was quietly doing his good work. Rulers.—Jehonah was king of Israel, the third king of the fifth dynasty, beginning his reign of sixteen years B. C. 823 (797, rev. chron.), at the close of the reign of Joash of Judah. Monuments.—The Black Obelisk, found by Layard among the ruins of Nineveh, and now in the British museum, has references to Jehu. There is a picture representing Jehu bringing tribute to Shalmaneser, with an inscription: "The tribute of Jehu, son of Omri, silver, gold, bowls of gold," etc. The conquest of Damascus from Hazael is also recorded by Shalmaneser.

14. The king came down from his palace to the lowly abode of the prophet, "and wept over his face." The blessing which he put on his head was over 90 years old. "Expressing the kind and loving interest the aged prophet took in the young king, 'The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' The prophet of God was of more value for the defense of the kingdom than an army with chariots and cavalry."

15. "Take bow and arrows." Vs. 15 to 17 describe a symbolical action as a preparation for the test which was to follow. It said to the king, "Shooting the arrow means victory over your oppressors. And the king understood the symbol."

16. Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands. To show that God's power would work through the king's hands. The touch, too, would bring memories of Elisha's good deeds of help in the past.

17. "Open the window (or lattice) eastward." Toward the scene of the recent defeats of Israel by Syria, and where the Syrians still held the country. The main part of Syria lay to the northeast, but one could look towards it through an easterly window. "The arrow of the Lord's deliverance." This was said to explain to the king the meaning of the symbolical action and the one to follow. It meant deliverance from the power of Syria. "Aphek." A town called Aphek, six miles east of the Sea of Galilee, on the road to Damascus.

18. "And he said, 'Take the arrows.'" That is, those left in the quiver. "Gite up the ground." Shoot them one after another to the ground out of the same easterly window. "He was not merely to shoot, he was to hit." "And he smote thrice, and stayed." He had so little faith, so little earnestness, he was so weakly unbelieving and unperceiving, that instead of shooting all the arrows he had in his quiver, he only smote three times, and then he stopped. "This rain victory." "Another arrow of triumph from the Lord," he smote three arrows and basely stayed his hand.

19. "And the man of God was wroth." He was indignant that when such blessings were offered, when such deliverance for his native land was almost thrust upon him, such a noble and splendid career should be so weak, so blind, so wicked as to throw away his opportunity, and like the swine, trample such pearls under his feet. "You should have smitten five or six times." You should have shown zeal, and faith, and earnestness by shooting more arrows. "Now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." Gain only three victories instead of entire deliverance from the foreign yoke.

The fulfillment of the promise is found in vs. 22-25. It is expressly said that it was God's gracious mercy that preserved them, and "his covenant with Abraham" that God would make his children an everlasting nation as the stars of heaven for multitude.

20. And Elisha died, and they buried him. And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year.

21. And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, that, behold, they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha; and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet.

22. But Hazael king of Syria oppressed Israel all the days of Jehonah.

23. And the Lord was gracious unto them, and had compassion on them, and had respect unto them, because of his covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and would not destroy them, neither cast he them from his presence as yet.

24. So Hazael king of Syria died; and Benhadad his son reigned in his stead.

25. And Jehonah the son of Jehonahad took again out of the hand of Benhadad the son of Hazael the cities, which he had taken out of the hand of Jehonahaz his father by war. Three times did Joash beat him, and recovered the cities of Israel.

Not the Same George Washington. A North Georgia weekly recently received the following letter: "Milo Skin, go—Mr. Editor: You go in your poplar that George Washington never told a lie. Now, he has told a whole lot, and so he you. I rented land from him two year over on Ground Hog Creek and he lied me plum auters, my fodder ann yam potatoes. He kaint got no cherry trees on his place nuther, so you see both of you's he lied putty konsidrabl. After that rent biznes I kaint sa that I wood believe George Washington on oath. Yours, Sid Cook."

A Common Weed. Illness is a very common weed, but is easily kept under if industrious habits be only formed in time. His whose day begins only ten minutes sooner in the morning than that of those around him will find the benefit of Tallyrand's maxim, which was to keep his watch ten minutes faster than those around him.

WISE AND OTHERWISE. The meener a man is the more agreeable he tries to be.

Time advances at a snail's pace, but it retreats like a scorcher.

Many a man is compelled to take married life according to directions.

The average man prides himself on the possessions his neighbor can't afford.

Nature may be a success as a country artist, but it takes a man to paint the town.

## HIS HAPPENED IN KANSAS.

Saline County Farmer Is Almost Strangled by a Sirocco.

Dennis Sullivan, who lives west of Brookville, is in town today marketing his wheat and relates a strange experience at his place. Mr. Sullivan has been in this country eleven years and came to America on account of very unpleasant domestic relations. The incident referred to took place Thursday morning about 11:30 and occurred in a patch of rye near the Sullivan pasture. Mr. Sullivan went there to look after a young calf; when he entered the field he noticed a movement in the grass as of some animal. But no animal appeared, only some strange spirit of the wind or unknown thing passed over the field in a narrow zigzag path, whirling and beating the grain in a horrible lashing manner and coming in Mr. Sullivan's direction. He hurriedly stepped aside and only felt the edge of this strange element as it swept by. He was almost strangled and fearfully wrenched and was powerless to move. He saw the grass beaten and torn, with dead leaves and grain following the wake high in the air after the demoniacal sirocco. The calf which stood partially in the path was struck on the hind leg and gave a low bellow of fear and pain. As soon as Mr. Sullivan recovered he went to the calf's assistance and found the flesh bruised and torn, and bones broken as if some mighty club had smote it. Mr. Sullivan says the grain traversed over and the grass also had died clear to the roots. He can not account for the terrible thing that swept upon him. He only remembers the curse that was hurled upon him and his household by his aged father so many years ago in the land beyond the sea, and is looking for a black-edged letter from County Clare from his boyhood home telling of his father's death.—Salina Correspondence of Topeka State Journal.

HEART-DISEASE. It is safe to say that a far greater amount of misery is caused by supposed heart trouble than by actual disease of that organ. This is due in the first place to the fact that supposed heart troubles, functional troubles, as they are called, are much more numerous than the real, the organic diseases; and in the second place to the fact that true heart disease shows itself with comparative infrequency, by symptoms which the patient himself can discover, whereas the palpitations, the thumping in the chest, and the sound of surging blood in the ears, or the noise of the labored pumping, are the common expressions of a nervous or functional disturbance of the heart's action.

The most common causes of heart disease are dyspepsia, nervous prostration and excessive smoking.

It is often difficult to persuade the supposed sufferer from heart disease that the stomach is the offending organ. There may be no other dyspeptic symptoms, and it seems absurd to argue that one organ can be diseased without any symptoms, while another presents symptoms without being diseased. Furthermore, some people feel a little consolatory pride in having a heart affection, and do not like their diagnosis to be brushed aside and their trouble referred to the unromantic stomach.

Such an unbeliever should credit his doctor with good intentions, at least, and give his treatment a fair trial, when he will probably find that "his faith has made him whole," and his heart disease will disappear as his digestion improves.

One fairly distinctive difference between functional and organic heart-disease is that the symptoms—the palpitation, the irregular pulse, and the consciousness of the heart's action—are persistent in cases of organic disease, but uncertain and of varying intensity in cases of functional difficulty.

A regularly irregular pulse, for example, is more apt to belong to real disease of the heart; yet this is not an infallible rule, for the cause of the functional disturbance—excessive smoking, for instance—may be so constantly active that the functional disturbance is allowed no recess.

The anxiety aroused by the supposed presence of heart disease and the consequent foreboding of sudden death have a very natural tendency also to intensify and make permanent the disquieting symptoms.

The safest and wisest course for one who thinks he has heart disease is to seek the opinion and abide by the advice of a skillful physician. Self-diagnosis and consequent worry are worse than useless.

A Pretty Stone. It is recorded of a young fellow who visited one of the Rochesters that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said: "Yes—it is a pretty stone. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room."—Madison Society.

Lucky Cuss. A New York bacteriologist claims that he has discovered about a billion germs on a \$5 bill. He is lucky; a great many of us would like to try that experiment.

Half the people can't write legibly, or spell, yet we continue to spend a great deal of money on "higher education."

## Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the stream of life is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the track by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
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Reform Your Hovels with Cascares. Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 12c. Ho C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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Recent improvements in the new models Nos. 6, 7, and 8 Remington Typewriters make them better than ever before. Send for a catalogue. Wyckoff, Seamans & Bonedict, 1619 Farnam Street, Omaha.

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A bath with COGSGO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold everywhere.

Many a so-called saint is merely a sinner's understudy.

G. A. R. Cincinnati Encampment. The Monon Route, with its four trains daily, is the best and most comfortable line to Cincinnati. The rate will be only 1 cent a mile. Tickets on sale Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, good to return Sept. 6th to 13th inclusive, and by extension to Oct. 2d. Send 4 cents in stamps for the Monon's beautifully illustrated book on the Cincinnati Encampment. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. L. E. Sessions, T. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

If a girl can't marry her ideal she has to content herself with some other girl's.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c. The eyes may not teach love, yet they have pupils.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething—cures the pain, inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

If some busy men had their just deserts they would have time to spend in jail.

G. A. R. and P. A. R. Means the PORT ARTHUR ROUTE is the shortest and quickest to the G. A. R. encampment held in Cincinnati September 5th to 10th. Tickets on sale September 2, 3, 4 and 5. Rates lower than one fare will be made from this section. Ask your nearest agent to ticket you via "Port Arthur Route" or write Harry E. Moore, C. P. and T. A., 1415 Farnam street, (Paxton Hotel Block) Omaha, Neb.

A henpecked man is the silent partner of his wife's foes.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel. How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (50 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. W.H.T.

At a church wedding the groom always rings the bell at the altar.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

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It is recorded of a young fellow who visited one of the Rochesters that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said: "Yes—it is a pretty stone. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room."—Madison Society.

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