

## DANCE AT THE INN.



STORY, girls," said grandma, smilingly. "Why, I've never had anything happen to me that could make a story—except once. And I'm almost afraid to tell you that one."

"Oh, that sounds charming," exclaimed Irene. "We'll have that, if we have to coax for a week."

Grandma was silent for several minutes, while we chattered and coaxed her. At last she gave away and began: "Years ago, when I was a girl, things were so different from our way of living now that I fear my story will seem improbable to you. I lived in a small western town, where my father had a tract of land almost as large as this entire village. It was a lonely place for young people, but frequent visits to school friends and return visits from them relieved the dreariness somewhat. We had plenty of riding, however, as well as an occasional dance; we really had little time to mope.

"Still it was a sad change when my sister married and went to live 110 miles away. It seemed as remote as if she had crossed the ocean; but the glorious anticipation of visiting her kept me in a fever of excitement for a whole year. During this time I had met Paul Foster (your grandfather) and became engaged to him, and it was arranged that he should accompany father and myself on the journey.

"Stage coaches were the only conveyances then, but there was an enchantment about travel then that no amount of luxury in a palace car can equal now.

"The drive was glorious. On some parts of the road I sat on top of the stage; but when I was tired, or the road rougher than usual, I crept inside. Sometimes we would walk while the horses rested or followed slowly. Toward evening we reached some small tavern and remained all night—glad that time of the change, but just as eager to start again the next morning.

"The second day, just as we were starting, a young man came up and hurriedly whispered to Silas, the driver. I remember still my lively curiosity as to what it was all about, when I saw Silas lean forward and draw two large, fierce-looking revolvers. He examined them carefully, meanwhile holding the lines a peculiar way, partly between his knees with the ends turned about his arm.

"I found out the meaning of the whisper and the pistols, too, when early in the afternoon we entered a narrow pass between the hills. By this time I was cowering inside the coach, though I could see, without wanting to, the rugged mountains, the steep cliffs, the narrow roadway along which Silas peered carefully, but even he was taken by surprise when half a dozen men suddenly sprang up, apparently from nowhere. I can not express the rapidity with which the whole thing was done. Two stood at the horses' heads, two quickly disarmed the driver and the men on top of the coach, while two others at the same instant threw open the door and with leveled pistols ordered us to step out. Two elderly ladies, a middle-aged one, and old gentleman, and myself obeyed as quickly as we could, I assure you. I trembled so that I could hardly stand

request for some remembrance—a ring or anything. As he had it in his power to take rings and everything else, I slipped off a turquoise and gave it to him. He placed it on his third finger above a diamond, and, as the diamond flashed, I saw a tiny cross cut on its surface. I was not searched; and with a courtesy bow my knight of the road and his companions vanished as suddenly as they had come.

"One month later I was almost worn out with the entertainments furnished by my sister in her efforts to make my visit pleasant. There was to be one more dance, probably the last, as we were to start homeward the first of the following week. Paul had been visiting relatives and had just returned in time to take part.

"As the wagons drove up at the door of the inn, where the dance was to be held I heard a young lady, a friend of my sister's, call out:

"Why, where has Mr. Meredith gone?" But I thought nothing of it then.

"The dancing had been going on for only a short time when this young lady came up to me and with tones suggestive of pique said:

"Mr. Meredith wishes to be introduced to you."

"Mr. Meredith then asked me to dance with him, and not only once but many times we danced together—he was an admirable dancer. Yet I could hardly hear what he said, so perplexed was I, wondering where I could have heard his voice before. But at length, as he extended his hand, I glanced down and saw a small cross cut on the diamond of his ring.

"My dears, I almost fainted outright. But to the end he acted the part of a gentleman. He led me to a window and stood talking while he shielded my agitation from the room now filled with whirling couples.

"Nothing was said for several minutes. In my foolish heart I was trying to think of some romantic reason that would account for his mode of life. His face, from which the beard and moustache were gone, looked like that of some boyish Sir Galahad, not like that of a criminal. His kindly brown eyes shown on me with a world of laughter in them.

"Well," he said, smilingly. At the same moment I caught sight of Paul in the doorway talking to a man whom I did not know and with earnest gestures pointing to my partner. Paul, too, had recognized him.

"Though my heart was beating so hard that I could, I motioned to Mr. Meredith to finish the dance, and when we reached the side nearest the opposite door I stopped.

"Bend down your head," I whispered, faintly.

"Some one has recognized you. I saw them. You must go." My voice trembled, I am sure.

"Must," he said slowly, still smiling. Then he frowned. But the smile came back instantly as he glanced at me, as I stood pale and trembling. "Poor little girl!" he said. "So divided between a sense of duty and pity for a poor wretch like me. Come—a bargain, child! One more dance all around the room and back here, and I will go."

"You ought to go now," I faltered.

"Not until we finish the dance," he said, firmly.

"He supported me almost entirely as we whirled around the room, or I believe that I should have slipped on the floor.

"Now! Go!" I whispered, in perfect terror.

"Good-by," he said earnestly. "I never shall forget you. Think of me as kindly as you can."

"He had vanished in the darkness, and none too soon. A few minutes later the sheriff and two of his men appeared, fully armed; but Mr. Meredith was nowhere to be found—nor did any one discover how he escaped."

Grandma stighed softly.

"I have always been glad to know he escaped," she added.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, except that after the notice of my marriage had been inserted in the papers, I received an express package containing a diamond ring, with a cross cut in its surface."

The girls were silent for a few moments and then began with exclamations of delight at the story, romance beyond anything they had expected. Then said saucy Irene, with a twinkle in her eyes:

"Grandmother, darling, I'll wager anything that you never told grandfather all this story."

The pink blush spread over grandmother's face, but the dear old soul would not lie, even to point a moral.

"No, my dear girls," she said, slowly. "It was very wrong, no doubt, but—I never did."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## CULINARY HYPNOTISM.

A Practical Phase of the New Fad of Great Value.

"Hypnotism," remarked the professor to a Washington Star reporter as they sat talking, "is one of the greatest blessings that humanity can be thankful for."

"I take issue with you there," said the reporter.

"You may, and you may also take a drink with me," and he rung the bell. "Just the same, my dear sir, it is the greatest blessing to humanity."

"The drink?" inquired the reporter.

"No guying," frowned the professor. "I say hypnotism is the greatest blessing and I'll prove it to you."

"Submit the evidence."

"Well, to begin with, my wife is one of the finest cooks in the city of Washington, and she is also possessed of hypnotic power."

"What's that got to do with hypnotism? Does she hypnotize you into believing that her biscuits are fully as good if not better than those your mother made?"

"No guying, I tell you," insisted the professor. "As I said, my wife is the finest cook in Washington, and the average cook we hire is the worst. Not long ago we had a cook who was the stupidest we ever had, and one night we had a dinner party, expecting to get the stuff from a caterer, because it wasn't possible for my wife to cook the dinner and entertain her guests also. At the last moment the caterer failed us and we were in a most disagreeable predicament. I didn't know what to do, and at first my wife didn't; but women are great in an emergency, and after we had discussed and rediscussed the dilemma in which we found ourselves—and it was then 4 o'clock and the guests were expected at 6—my wife seemed to be struck with an idea.

"Wait a minute," said she. "I think I have discovered a cook. I'll go out and see Amanda about it."

"Amanda was our culinary angel, and I thought if she went cook-hunting it wouldn't amount to much, for she wouldn't know one if she saw it. In a few minutes my wife came back smiling.

"Well," I asked, eagerly.

"I think we are saved," she replied.

"That's all she would say, and as I have perfect confidence in anything my wife tells me I didn't let my curiosity get the better of me, but accepted the situation, more particularly as she told me to get out of the house and not come back till it was time to dress for dinner. At 5:30 I returned and found my wife radiant.

"How's the dinner?" I inquired.

"Lovely," said she.

"And it was. I never sat down to a better. Everything as good as my mother could make it, and all of the guests asked where we found such a superior cook. I myself was anxious to know, and when my wife said it was Amanda for the first time in my life I doubted her word. It was true, though, and the way Amanda had done it was by hypnotic influence. My wife had gone into the kitchen and hypnotized Amanda, and willed that she should cook that dinner right and Amanda did it."

The reporter looked incredulous.

"Is the skillful Amanda still hypnotized?" he asked.

"I don't know," smiled the professor. "When she waked up next morning she said she reckoned she must be haunted or somethin' and didn't stay to cook breakfast. Just the same, hypnotism is a great snap," and the professor emptied his glass.

## THE GREAT NURSERIES.

LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILLS.

Visited by Gov. Colman, Ex-Sec'y Agri. and the Hort. Ed., Judge Miller.

"Oh, how insignificant all my fifty years of business seem to me, all combined, when compared with this stupendous establishment, where they count by millions," said Judge Miller, that "veteran horticulturist," as he, in company with the writer, were being driven to the various departments of this vast nursery.

It is not in the soil of forty years we do not remember to have passed through an establishment where so large a number of hands were employed, whose duties were so thoroughly systematized, and where business capacity of a higher order was manifested.

It is not in the soil of every farm that one finds qualities essential to the growth of the different kinds of Nursery stock, hence it has devolved upon these gentlemen, who were born to the Nursery business, to select from among the hills and valleys of the two States such portions as are adapted to their purposes. But in this very fact of selection of soil we see their exceeding care for the future success of the stock.

Missouri and Illinois have no more worthy institutions than the Stark Nurseries, and no more active or more representative men than the proprietors. Their business is growing on their hands, as it deserves to grow.

"I have a system of 40,000 acres of commercial test orchards located in great fruit growing regions.

"The average force is being increased, 5,000 fine outfits ready. Stark Nurseries always have room for more active workers because they have millions of Stark trees to sell."—Colman's Rural World.

## The New Tomato.

The new tomato is a half or entirely frozen salad. When it is entirely frozen it is cooked and sweetened, first, much as if for its old time sphere as a vegetable, but there is no butter put into it, and no pepper, only the merest dash of salt and the usual quantity of sugar.

Then it is frozen in a freezer, like any ice, packed in a mould and hardened in ice and salt and served in mayonnaise.

"This is the usual way, but I have a little thing of my own that I fancy to be even nicer—I may be deceived by vanity—and it is respectfully submitted.

Take half a dozen ripe, firm tomatoes, peel, pour over them a syrup of one pint of sugar and one cup of water, brought to boiling—no more. Drain and cool. Pack in freezer in layers, with rounds of white paper between the layers. Let them stay about an hour. Remove carefully and serve on a bed of lettuce and nasturtiums, with mayonnaise.—Boston Globe.

If you swallow anything hurriedly, you bolt it, and if you refuse to swallow at all you bolt it.

Do you know that people believe, if you are a gossip, that you are not very nice yourself?

People cheerfully pay 25 cents for a 5-cent cake of soap, if it is well advertised.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No other first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 62 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Be as good to people as you can be; you pass this way only once.

## How to Grow 40c Wheat.

Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

The trouble is, when a preacher is interesting he never knows when to stop.

Some women cry as easily and often as some men grumble.

## Woman's Writes

Believe in Woman's Writes? Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these: "For seven years I suffered with scrofula. I had a good physician. Every means of cure was tried in vain. At last I was told to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me after using seven bottles."

—MRS. JOHN A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1895.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
..cures..

"Now! Go!"

and was almost falling when suddenly one of the highwaymen pushed the other out of the way, exclaiming: "A Hebe, by Jove!" and with such a bow as few had ever given me took my hand and helped me down.

"To tell the truth, I knew very little of what took place around me after that. I saw my highwayman give orders to his men; then he turned to me and in the most gentlemanly manner begged me to walk with him. I dare not refuse, and we paced back and forth till I felt as if I should faint. He talked of the scenery, the mountain air, and other matters, but of his purpose there and of the operations of his companions—he kept himself carefully between me and them—he said not a word.

"It was at a moment when I felt I could endure no more that I caught sight of Paul's face. All the men had their hands tied behind them and were standing in a row, looking into the revolvers of their captors, who relieved them of everything of value. There stood your grandfather with such a glare of helpless indignation at poor me that it was more than I could stand, and with a sense of the ridiculous that was more than half hysterical I broke into such peals of laughter that the mountains echoed. I could not help it. I laughed and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks and my escort at last joined me, while he whispered something so flattering that poor Paul would have died outright if he could have heard.

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Beer in England.

Beer consumption is increasing by leaps and bounds in England. Not only is this so at home, but the English national beverage is also making headway abroad. It is a curious coincidence that when trade is bad the demand for lager beer seems to predominate over the British product, but when times are good and money more plentiful the latter rises triumphant over its rival. It may be that in periods of depression people drink lager as a kind of penance and at once turn to the more generous liquor the moment happier circumstances arise. Whether that be so or not is a question for casuists to decide, but the great fact remains that such a permutation does exist. The excise returns for the first three months of the present year must be highly gratifying to the brewing industry.

No fewer than 8,362,130 barrels of beer were manufactured in the United Kingdom in the period mentioned, an increase of more than 1,000,000 barrels compared with the first quarter of last year. Of these 8,219,651 barrels were retained for home consumption and 142,479 sent abroad. The latter figures show an augmentation of about 11,000 barrels.

Not an Intended Discourtesy.

The Cuban correspondent rushed indignantly up to the Spanish general and said:

"It's an outrage!"

"To what do you refer?"

"The fact that you expel those other correspondents and give them the benefit of all the notoriety that attaches to the proceedings and make an exception of me."

"It was an oversight, I assure you. You shall be expelled to-morrow. I don't want it to be said that we have at any time been deficient in the courtesy due the press."—Washington Star.

Child Wiser Than the Man.

Prof. Geisler of Göttingen has twenty-four children. He saw a child crying in the street and asked:

"What is the matter, little boy?"

"Don't you know me, papa?" said the boy.

He was one of the twenty-four children.—The Collector.

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"A Bicycle-Built for Two."

# BattleAx

## PLUG

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

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Nineteen years of it—have made more bicycles, better bicycles, and bicycles longer, than anybody else. Columbia riders ride on the certainty of experience. One hundred dollars is right for quality, safety, surety—the trinity of Columbia excellence. When you pay less, you get less.

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