

A Witchcraft Play for Bernhardt.

Sardou has written for Sara Bernhardt a drama dealing seriously with medieval witchcraft. In his younger days the author was a spiritualist and thought himself a medium.

Will Still Have Their Beer.

The South Carolina dispensary directors have reconsidered their vote to abolish the beer dispensaries, but will limit them to two each for Columbia and Charleston, and one each for eleven other towns.

A Good Man's View of It.

Washington Star: "A man who threatens a woman is a coward," exclaimed the earnest friend. "Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "I don't know about that. Of course he's a scoundrel and no gentleman, and he ought to be arrested. But I shouldn't lay it down that he's exactly a coward."

Great Britain does not hesitate to employ women in responsible positions. The head of the postal department at Gibraltar is Miss Creswell, who receives a salary of \$2,740. She has held the post for ten years. At the same place is a woman medical officer, Miss Edith Eshore.

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, there are hundreds of the most charming Summer Resorts awaiting the arrival of thousands of tourists from the South and East.

Among the list of near by places are Fox Lake, Delavan, Lauderdale, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, The Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart and Madison, while a little further off are Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka and Marquette on Lake Superior.

For pamphlet of "Summer Homes for 1900," or for copy of our handsomely illustrated Summer book, entitled "In The Lake Country," apply to nearest ticket agent or address with four cents in postage, Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

There is no eating the nut for the man who is too lazy to get through the shell.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A fur cap trimmed with lace is like a hot plum pudding with ice cream sauce.

Your clothes will not crack if you use Magnetic Starch.

Milk is a man's first drink, but it's only a matter of time till he comes to his beer.

Probably the dog didn't want to go into the ark because he had a bark of his own.

Binder Twine at Low Prices.

If you want a special inside price on binder twine, either Sisal, Standard or Manila, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Binder Twine Department), Chicago, stating about how much twine you will require and how soon you will want it, and they will save you money by quoting you a price that will either secure your order or compel the party who supplies you to sell to you at a lower price than he otherwise would.

People who have been buried in an avalanche say they can hear distinctly every word uttered by those seeking them, while their most strenuous efforts fail to make their shouts penetrate even a few feet of snow.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

Two persons of the name of William McKinley are on Uncle Sam's pay roll. One draws a salary of \$4,166 a month as president and the other \$100 a month as engineer in the Louisville custom house.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

Her Reason: "You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?" "Because I like his attentions."—Brooklyn Life.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

Over \$5,000,000 of Mrs. Hetty Green's enormous fortune is invested within a hundred yards of New York's city hall.

Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world.

Try Grain-O!

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee, 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee

Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

USE FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK

ALUMINUM CREAM SEPARATORS and other tubular churning apparatus I have work perfectly. C. Hardt, Allegheny Co., Pa. Circulans free, write quickly. GIBSON-STEWART MFG. CO., Gibsonia, Pa.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He casts one quick look at Barbara's bent head and sees the tears dropping through her fingers, noticing her shoulders heaving with these sobs that will not be controlled.

She is cut up at leaving Bouverie, thinks Sebastian, who just touches her bent, dusky head with his fingers.

"Come out into the garden, Barbara; the servants are coming into the room to take away the things. Come."

His voice is kind, and Barbara, yearning for sympathy, goes.

"So you are going to be transported," Sebastian says, as she walks meekly at his side down a garden path bordered by thousands of mauve and white crocuses.

"Sebastian, you know it is not nonsense!" Barbara says, tragically.

"Father says nothing, and your mother says play at being engaged if you like; but it is true—quite true. And father need not take me to Tasmania, for it will not make any difference!"—speaking vehemently in her excitement.

Sebastian stoops his dark head.

"You don't expect me to side with Bouverie? Barbara, you do not think I could do that?"

"You would if you were generous enough," breathes Barbara, her wet eyes seeing the crocus border blurred like a rain-bow mist. "Sebastian, you are my cousin, and I haven't a friend in the world!"

The man's dark face is inscrutable.

"I wouldn't give my faith to George Bouverie if I were you," he says slowly.

"Barbara, I cannot be a hypocrite. I love you, but you shall not trade on my affection to help you to marry another man; for if I can help it you shall be no man's wife but mine."

The tears that had been welling up in Barbara's eyes are checked suddenly; a look of resolution comes over her troubled face.

"I will tell father everything, and he will understand," she says, almost hopefully. "After all, I think I am glad I am going; and it cannot make any real difference—we can wait."

"Yes, I dare say you will have plenty of waiting," Sebastian says, with cunning familiarity and an evil smile.

Barbara gives him one look from her tear-filled eyes—a look of anger and reproach—and without a word leaves him and walks back to the house.

Mrs. Saville does not think it necessary to inform Barbara that in the autumn Sebastian is to follow her across the sea. She pines great faith on distance and change of scene. In all human probability the silly love affair between Barbara and George Bouverie will die a natural death, and very few people marry their first lovers.

Sebastian will have a very good chance when he goes out to Tasmania, and the honeymoon can be the return journey. It is really a charming arrangement. Mrs. Saville feels quite pleased, and it is a great blessing that Barbara is taking it all so quietly.

By and by she comes into the morning room, where Mrs. Saville is writing lists and letters at a great rate. Barbara has on a pale gray coat and skirt, with a white silk waist, and a great bunch of violets in her button-hole. She looks pale, but the grave mouth is firm.

"I am going to Portraven, Aunt Julia. I am going to meet George to say Good-by to him," she says, with an air of decision, as if opposition were to be expected.

But Mrs. Saville makes no objection. A parting scene between the lovers is inevitable, and the sooner it is over the better. Still Barbara lingers.

"Aunt Julia, I know quite well why father has sent for me. It is to try and make me forget George; but it will be no use. We are promised to each other. I cannot help it—I can never care for anyone else."

Her aunt looks at her, sees the rising agitation, and smiles.

"My dear Barbara, I have never attempted to dissuade you from engaging yourself to Mr. Bouverie if you choose, neither can I prevent you meeting him in Portraven and saying Good-by. You are old enough to know your own mind. I do not for one moment suppose your father will regard an engagement of that sort as serious—in fact, I know he will not. You see, dear, I am quite candid, and I foresee that some day you will be very glad to have escaped matrimony with a very worthless young man."

"He is not worthless."

Barbara looks splendid in her indignation as she nobly champions her lover. Then she leaves the room, and walks away down the gloomy, damp avenue, and out on the road beneath the budding trees. Her step is light, and her dark-lashed eyes are full of hope.

Not very far from the Court entrance gates a young man, with a couple of dogs at his heels, is sauntering along. George Bouverie looks, if possible, more anxious and unhappy than ever. His face hardly brightens as Barbara joins him, looking fresh as the spring morning herself.

For a second she looks up at him, and her heart swells as she realizes that it will be a long, long time per-

haps before they meet again. "She will yearn for the touch of a vanished hand," she will long with a sick longing for the sound of his merry voice, the sight of his face.

"George," she whispers—and her voice is trembling—"my father has sent for me, and I am going to Tasmania."

"Going to Tasmania?"

In the face of his other hideous trouble, he hardly takes it in, and echoes her words mechanically.

"Yes," Barbara says, almost in her usual tones, "I am to sail immediately, and we have got to say Good-by."

Still George stares at her with his heavy eyes, that look as if they had long been strangers to sleep, and he seems as if he could not find anything to say.

But at last words come.

"My darling, my darling, it is better for you to go away, after all."

He is white as chalk as he gazes down at her; but Barbara is quite him, and he is dimly conscious of a smile that is quivering and dancing in her eyes.

"George, I have something to say to you," Barbara says, and clasps both her hands upon his arm. "Come."

They walk down the road together. It is their last interview. How shall they crowd in all the vows and promises—the promises that are made when young hearts seem breaking?

It is over at last—the girl's face very tear-stained, and the man's pale with feeling.

"You have promised me," she is saying. "Swear it, George—you will never bet on a race again, for my sake, for my sake!"

"God helping me, I never will!" he says solemnly, his golden head bent over hers.

CHAPTER V.

When Barbara returns to the Court, with pale cheeks and without her bunch of violets, that repose in George Bouverie's pocketbook as a farewell souvenir, it is to find a scene of confusion and a group in the hall, consisting of the servants, and they are surrounding a central figure, which turns out to be Mrs. Saville lying on the floor.

A loose stair-rail had precipitated her down the stairs, with the result of a broken ankle.

The accident effectually puts a stop to the trip to London. When—with the aid of the coachman, Sebastian, and the cook—she has been conveyed up stairs, she turns to Barbara with a moan.

"I shall be tied here for weeks! I am suffering horribly! You must go to London with Sebastian."

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Julia," Barbara says, pitying the pain that is shown in the twitching face. "I can travel alone."

"Nonsense! As if Sebastian would allow such a thing! You can go straight to your Uncle Henry's, and Sebastian will see you safely on board. My foot is fearfully painful! I hope the doctor has been sent for."

"Yes, Sebastian rode off for him at once."

"Then you may go down stairs and send Mason to me. What a figure you look, Barbara! I suppose you have been having a scene with that young Bouverie?"

Barbara says nothing. Her aunt is in pain, and pain makes most people irritable; so she leaves the room, and prepares to continue her own packing, folding away her possessions with a strange sense of unreality, wondering idly what manner of life she will be living when her gowns see the light of day again.

It is all over at last! The lovers manage a last farewell, and then Barbara is gone, whirled away on the first part of the long voyage, to begin a life that to her will only be a time of probation till George Bouverie shall come and claim her.

Within a week Sebastian is home again, having seen Barbara safely on board and started for Tasmania.

"She is a most extraordinary girl," he says, sitting by his mother's bedside, and giving her a report of his proceedings. "Just fancy! She would not buy a single thing for the voyage except a deck chair, a rug and some lavender water; and she insisted on traveling second class, though her father's friends were going first, and seemed greatly annoyed. They will, through Barbara's obstinacy, be unable to be of the slightest use to her during the voyage."

"What can she mean?" ejaculates Mrs. Saville, looking very grim and grey as she reclines on her pillows.

Sebastian shrugs his shoulders.

"Who can assign any reason for the vagaries of a woman's mind? That fool Bouverie came to the railway station, and they stared into each other's eyes like a couple of lunatics. I thought Barbara was going to have hysterics. Well, she has seen the last of him. If rumor is right, he has about come to the end of his tether. He looks bad enough, and it strikes me his expression spells ruin more than grief at losing a 'sweetheart.'"

"It is a good thing Barbara has

gone," Mrs. Saville remarks. "By the time you go out to Tasmania she will have forgotten Bouverie and be very glad to see you."

"I hope so," says Sebastian drily, "considering she is to have all the accumulated savings of her father and her mother's fortune as well." Then his face changes suddenly. "And if she hadn't a penny I should marry her all the same. She is the only woman I ever wanted for my wife"—rising and leaving the room.

And while the great steamer containing Barbara in her second-class quarters ploughs her way through the grey billows, George Bouverie once more looks out into the world, with hope shining in his eyes and a look of relief on his handsome face.

Today, that before sunset is to be a day of tragedy, is as other days with the scent of coming spring in the air. Mrs. Bouverie has been moved to the sofa, and lies like a fragile lily, with her white hair and meek, quiet eyes.

George is beside her, and her delicate, blue-veined hands are lying in his broad, sunburnt palm. They have had a long talk, mother and son—one of those rare talks that have brought heart very near to heart. The mother's lips are tremulous, her eyes tearful. They have been talking about Barbara, and if the young man has given his all to the woman he hopes to make his wife, there is no jealousy in the heart that has loved him since the moment he was born.

"You don't know what she is, mother," he is saying. "I cannot tell you all, but she is an angel. I don't think there is any one like her. Barbara has saved me," he whispers very low, his sunny head bent. "I am going to be a good man, mother, for her sake, to fit myself to be her husband; and God helping me, she will never have cause to blush for me again."

For a moment it seems to Mrs. Bouverie that there is bitterness in the thought of the easy victory won by a girl's love, the promises made that all her prayers and tears could not gain; but it is only for a moment. The mother-love crushes down every ungenerous thought, and it is a very tender, smiling face that lifted from the silk-trilled pillows.

"My boy, my son, you have made me very happy."

George stoops and kisses her.

"Some day you will know how Barbara has saved me. Mother dear, I must not tire and worry you when you are so weak. I am going to turn over a new leaf and take to farming. Oh, you don't know all I am going to do!"

—laughing as he speaks, a laugh that is a little tremulous because he feels like one who has been relieved.

George goes off to Portraven, still with that tremulous joy and relief in his heart, and feels very humble and thankful.

George goes to the bank, cashes a small cheque—a cheque that now he feels ashamed of because the money has been won from a bookmaker. However, it is the last time, he says to himself, pocketing the gold and leaving the bank. As he runs down the steps he comes face to face with Sebastian Saville. The two men nod to each other in the manner of those who foster a mutual dislike.

Afterwards they meet at the post-office, where George is dispatching a telegram. In fact, he is transmitting the sum of one hundred pounds through the postoffice by telegram. A little pile of yellow gold is handed in the office window. Sebastian stares, and the George turns first crimson, then white, and his hands shake. He feels the eyes of Sebastian Saville on him, and his confusion increases.

Again the two men exchange hostile glances. George finishes his business and swings out of the postoffice. Mr. Saville buys some postage stamps, and goes out into the sunny street again.

(To be continued.)

WHEN A WOMAN WILLS.

Daring Deed of a Washington Dame with Social Aspirations.

People who go about and in society tell me that when a woman ardently desires to make herself one of the favored few of the smart set, there is really nothing she will stop at, and some of these same persons have been telling me this story in illustration of what they say. In high officialdom, says a writer in the Washington Post, is a little lady, dainty as a spring crocus, who was a member of the inner circle long before she became a part of officialdom. On one of her last reception days she was chatting with two cabinet women, when the servant announced the arrival of a woman who is struggling to get into things as never a social climber struggled before. The hostess knew her by sight merely, and had never so much as had a bowing acquaintance with her, but official people are used to seeing strangers at their receptions, and the lady of the house bowed with her usual graciousness. The climber's quick eye took in the situation. She saw the two cabinet women, and she knew they say her. She rose to the occasion in masterly fashion. "My dear Mrs. Blank," she said gushingly, clasping the hostess' hand warmly. "I was so sorry not to have been at home when you called on Friday. It was so sweet of you to come so soon, and I do hope you'll come in very often, informally, that way." And before the hostess had recovered from her surprise the climber had passed on, well content, for she had appeared in the presence of two cabinet women as the intimate friend of a lady who had never even set foot on her doorstep.

A lazy man's burdens are heaviest on his mind; put your interest in your work and your work will soon be to your interest.

Soporific.

Philadelphia Press: "It's strange how nature equalizes all things," said the philosopher. "I mean to say that nothing is lost in nature. What may be lacking here is given twofold there."

"Ah!" remarked the novelist. "How about the loss of sleep?"

"Just the point I was going to make. Now, the sleep you lose over the writing of a novel is very frequently gained by those who attempt it."

How few kind words we ever think to say to one another.

You Will Never Know what good ink is unless you use Carter's. It costs no more than poor ink. All dealers.

No matter how cut up a man is, he ought always to be willing to bury the hatchet.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other women suffer first day's use of Dr. Carter's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. W. B. CARTER, 110, 131 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Giving a woman a bank book does not always put a check on her extravagance.

WESTFIELD, MASS., Nov. 27, 1899.

THE GENUINE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y. Gentlemen:—Having used your GRAIN-O for the past three months, I thought I would write and let you know how much good it has done me. When I was away on my vacation last summer, the people I visited asked me to try some GRAIN-O, and I drank some, but I didn't like it at all, but the more I drank the better I liked it, and now I wouldn't drink anything else. I never weighed over 100 pounds, and last winter I was down to 80 pounds; now I weigh just 120 and I never felt better in my life. It gives me an awful appetite, and makes me strong. It is doing me more good than anything I ever took, and I would recommend it to everybody. Very truly, MRS. GEO. B. BROWN.

The songs in the night the young father hears are not the ones referred to by David.

MUST NOT IMITATE CURE.

Joseph W. Burgess of the firm of Burgess & Van Horn, chemists, and Harry Lay and W. T. Fuge, barbers, were arraigned in the criminal court at Kansas City, May 2, on the charge of refilling bottles which originally contained Coke's dandruff cure with a spurious article and passing it off for the genuine. They pleaded not guilty and were released on bonds of \$500 each to appear for trial May 24.

It is understood that other arrests will follow and that the cases now pending will be vigorously prosecuted.

One tablespoon of latter is one cure.

Invigorate hair with its youthful color assured by using Carter's Hair Balsam. The best cure for corns. Dets.

Of New York Presbyterian ministers 60 per cent favor revision of the creed and 13 per cent are non-committal.

If You Have Dandruff please try Carter's Dandruff Cure. Money refunded if it fails. At Druggists, \$1.00.

Fride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.—Gay.

Please Try Faultless Starch once and you will never use any other. All grocers sell it—large package 10c.

A lie feels easy and when it forgets that it has a truth on its track.

FERTILE COLORADO.

The Denver & Rio Grande railroad has just published a second edition of "THE FERTILE LANDS OF COLORADO," which gives a concise description of the vast area of agricultural, horticultural and grazing lands located on its line in the state of Colorado and the Territory of New Mexico, and full information as to the stock interests, the sugar beet industry and farming by irrigation. It is a truthful representation of the numerous and wonderful products of the soil in that portion of the country and is of especial interest to all who are interested in agriculture or kindred pursuits.

Copies of this book will be sent free on application to S. K. Hooper, G.P.A., D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo., or any official of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Dewey's Oldest Relic.

The oldest relic in Admiral Dewey's collection relates to the battle between the English and Spanish in Manila bay in 1762. One of these is a flag captured by Sir William Draper, which came into the hands of William Everett of Massachusetts, who gave it to the admiral.

Customer—"Give me 10 cents' worth of paregoric, please." Druggist—"Yes, sir." Customer (absent-mindedly)—"How much is it?" Druggist—"A quarter."—Boston Christian Register.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. **FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.** GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. **CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, cures quick relief and cures worst cases. Box of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. WELLS' MEDICAL DEPOT, Boston, Mass.

\$5.00 A DAY! We pay \$5.00 a day to Man or Woman with the right ingredients our goods in the country. Write International Mtg. Co., Fairport, Kans.

SEND FOR OUR CHOICE RECIPE BOOK (free to any applicant mentioning this paper). Contains more than fifty valuable recipes by Miss Parloa and Miss Burr, and colored facsimiles, enabling the housekeeper to readily distinguish the genuine **Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa and guard against imitations** Every package of our preparations bears our trade-mark, "LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE," and our name and place of manufacture. **WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited** ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

WINGHESTER FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS "New Rival," "Leader," and "Repeater" Insist upon having them, take no others and you will get the best shells that money can buy. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.