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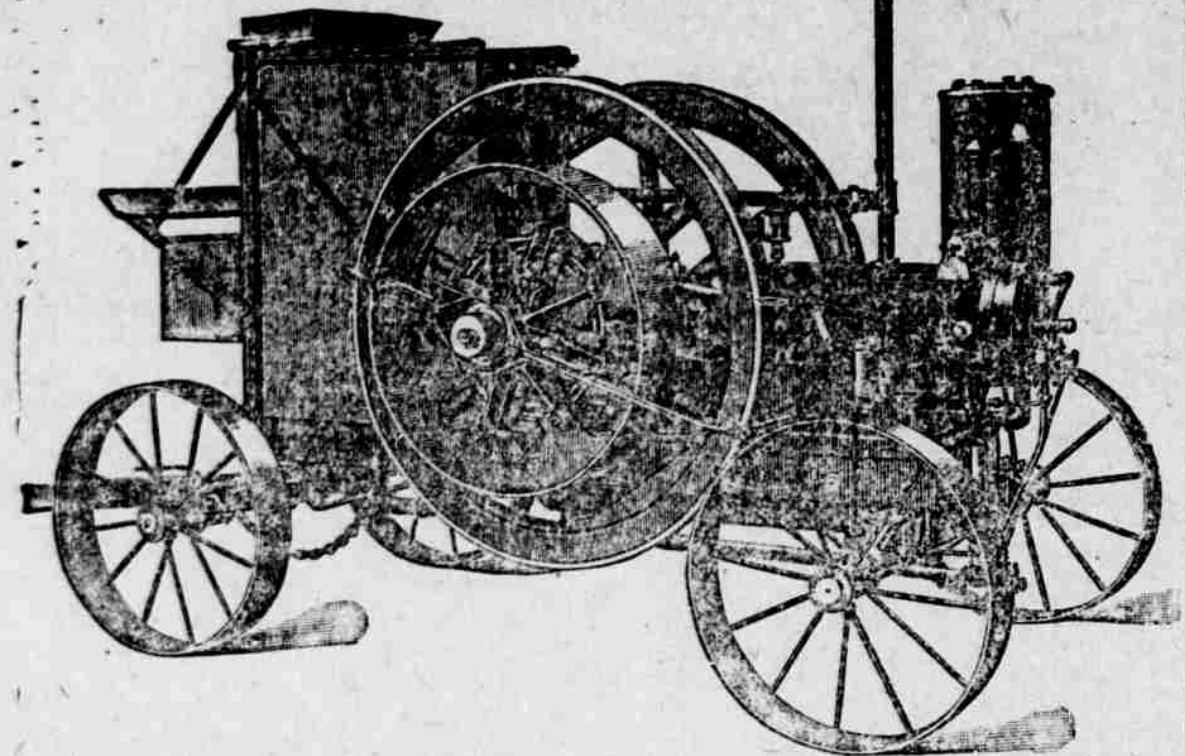
These 14 letters will spell three different States when properly arranged. Each line represents one State. What are they? We intend to divide \$20,000 in cash and distribute \$4,000 worth of premiums, consisting of Solid Gold Gemmed Diamond Rings, Beautiful Silverware, etc., among those who send in correct answers. This contest is free. An answer on a postal will do. We reply by return mail. All can secure an award if they wish without any expense whatever. Answer today. It costs nothing to try and you may be fortunate enough to secure a handsome award.

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IS YOUR CURVE FOR CONSUMPTION?

IN THE MORNING.

Cares of earth shall no more weary,
In the morning, in the morning;
And our path no more be dreary,
In the morning, in the morning.
Then the eyes now sad with weeping,
And the heart's long vigils keeping,
Shall the fruit of love be reaping—
In the morning, in the morning.

Glorious sunlight will be gleaming,
In the morning, in the morning;
Heaven with pleasure will be teeming,
In the morning, in the morning.
Friends of yore will gather round us,
While we sing of grace that found us—
In the morning, in the morning.

With the hand of Jesus leading,
In the morning, in the morning;
Where there'll be no anxious pleading,
In the morning, in the morning.
Glad hosannas we'll be singing,
With the praises we are bringing—
In the morning, in the morning.

HIAWATHA AT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

St. Louis, Mo.—(Special).—Chairman Fred W. Lehmann of the fair committee on ethnology and anthropology has received an unique suggestion from L. O. Armstrong, colonization agent of the Canadian Pacific railway. He offers for the world's fair a great spectacular play entitled "Hiawatha," based on the poem, performed by real Indians and using "properties" of genuine Indian manufacture. Mr. Armstrong's letter contains the following paragraphs:

"I have for twenty-odd years been exploring new territory in Canada, from ocean to ocean. I have during all this time had much to do with Indians. I have had occasion to make a close study of the Indian, ethnologically during all these years. I have spent some days with almost every large band, and many weeks with some. I have used much of my experience in the presentation of the drama 'Hiawatha,' which with very limited means, I have made a success, and which I intend to present annually at Des Moines in the 'Land of the Ojibwa.'"

"I would propose to contribute as a feature of (cancer) Indians, living and dressing in the ancient way, such a Chippewa and Menominee Indian band among them. I would also present a story of Hiawatha on the shores of one of the lakes of Forest park. I would need no buildings, but would use only Indian tipis, wigwags and conical houses. I would have a very fine exhibition of Indian art work. I have succeeded in reviving some of the most lost Indian arts among our North American Indians, viz: dyeing, pottery and quill work of the finer kind. "In regard to making 'Hiawatha' an Indian Oberammergau annually at Des Moines."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any man who can tell us what can be used by man's Catarrh Cure, Dr. J. C. CLINEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

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Dr. J. C. CLINEY'S Catarrh Cure is a new, reliable, and safe remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, and Kidneys. It is a sure cure, and its use is guaranteed. It is sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Dr. J. C. CLINEY'S Family Pills are the best.

Boston Transcript: Mrs. Jaynes—I don't think much of Mr. Spavin. They say he doesn't treat his wife well at all. Mrs. Blythe—That may be, but she sees how splendidly he treats all the other women.

Many good physicians and nurses use Iambin's Oil for obstinate neuralgia and rheumatism. It's the right thing to do.

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It is of less importance to push the trolley car along than to get the engine started in the power house.

THE ABBE CONSTANTINE... A CONTINUED STORY.

"Do not fear, dear Betty. There will be room in your heart for all whom you should love—for your husband, for your children—and that, too, without making me, your old sister, lose anything. The heart is very little, but it is very large."

Bettina kissed her sister tenderly, then leaning her head coaxingly on Suzie's shoulder:

"If, however, you are tired of keeping me here with you, if you are in a hurry to be rid of me, do you know what I will do? I will put the names of two of these gentlemen in a basket and draw lots. There are two who, strictly speaking, would not be positively disagreeable to me."

"Which two?"

"Guess."

"The Prince Romanelli's?"

"He is one; and the other?"

"M. de Montessan."

"Two. The very two. Yes, these two would be acceptable—but only acceptable, and that is not enough."

This is why Bettina awaited with extreme impatience the day of their departure for Longueval. She was tired of so much pleasure, of so much success, and so many offers of marriage. The whirlpool of Paris life had drawn her in, from the day of her arrival, and would not release her. Not an hour of rest or quiet. She felt the need of being left to herself, alone with herself, for a few days at least; to consult and question herself, at her leisure, in the quiet and solitude of the country, to belong to herself again at last.

So Bettina was very merry and glad when they took the train for Longueval on the 14th of June at noon. As soon as she found herself alone with her sister:

"Ah!" she cried, "how happy I am! We can take breath. To be alone with you for ten days! For the Nortons and Turners do not come until the 25th, do they?"

"No, not until the 25th."

"We will spend our time on horseback and driving in the forests, in the fields. Ten days of freedom. And during all the ten days, no lovers! no lovers! and all these lovers, mon dieu! what are they in love with? With me, or my money? That is the mystery, the impenetrable mystery."

The engine whistled, the train was slowly moving. A crazy little whim seized Bettina, she leaned out of the window and cried, waving her hand:

"Adieu, my lovers, adieu!" Then she threw herself back in her seat and laughed like a child.

"Oh! Suzie! Suzie!"

"What is the matter?"

"A man with a red flag in his hand—he saw me! He heard me! And he looked so astonished."

"You are so foolish!"

"Yes, that is true—to cry out at the window in such a way—but not to be happy at the thought that we will be all alone, only we two—"

"All alone! all alone! Not quite alone. To begin with, we will have two persons to dine with us this evening."

"Ah! that is true, and I shall not be at all sorry to see those two persons again. Yes, I shall be very glad to see the old cure, and still more the young officer."

"What! still more?"

"Certainly; because it was so touching, what the notary at Souvigny told us the other day, it was so good, what this tall artillery officer did when he was so little, so good, so good, so good, that I shall seek an occasion this evening to tell him what I think of it, and I shall find one!"

Then Bettina abruptly changing the conversation: "Was a dispatch sent to Edwards yesterday, for the ponies?"

"Yes, before dinner."

"Will you let me drive to the chateau? It would please me so much to go through the village, make a grand entree and come up with a round turn in front of the steps."

"Yes, yes, it is agreed that you are to drive the ponies."

"Ah! how good you are, dear Suzie!"

Edwards had arrived at the chateau three days before, to see that everything connected with the stable was in order. He condescended to come himself for Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival. He brought the four ponies in the phaeton. He was waiting at the station surrounded by quite a little crowd. Nearly all Souvigny was there. The ponies, driven through the principal streets, had made quite a sensation. Everybody came out and asked eagerly:

"What is the matter? What is going on?"

Some ventured the opinion:

"A traveling circus, perhaps."

But from every side came the reply:

"You did not see, then, what it was like—the carriage, and the harness which shone like gold, and the little horses with white roses on each side of their heads."

A crowd had gathered in the station yard, and the curious had learned that they were to have the honor of being present at the arrival of the ladies of Longueval.

There was a slight feeling of disappointment when the two sisters appeared—in their traveling costumes.

"I see good people had a slight expectation of seeing two fairy princesses clothed in silk and brocade, sparkling in rubies and diamonds."

But they stared in amazement when they saw Bettina go slowly round the four ponies, stroking one after the other lightly, and examining each de-

"Yes, godfather," I promise you."

Jean listened only indifferently to the cure's discourse. He was very impatient to see Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival again; but his impatience was mingled with very great anxiety. Was he going to find them, in the grand salon at Longueval, the same as he had seen them in the little dining-room at the parsonage? Perhaps, instead of two women so perfectly simple and easy, enjoying their improvised dinner, on that first day—who met him so graciously and affably—he was going to find two fashionable dolls, elegant, cold and correct. Was his first impression going to be effaced, to disappear? Or would it, on the contrary, grow deeper and sweeter in his heart?

They went up the steps, and were received in the lobby by two tall footmen with the most dignified and imposing of manners. This lobby was formerly an immense room, cheerless and bare, in its walls of stone; today the walls were covered with beautiful tapestries representing mythological subjects. The cure scarcely looked at the tapestries, but that was enough to perceive that the goddesses who were walking in the fields wore costumes of antique simplicity.

One of the footmen opened the folding doors of the grand salon. Here the old marchioness was usually sitting, at the right of the large fireplace, and on the left stood the maroon armchair. The maroon armchair was there no longer. The old furniture of the time of the empire was replaced by furniture of marvelous antique tapestry, and a great many little chairs and little poufs of all colors and shapes were placed here and there with an appearance of disorder which was the height of art.

Mrs. Scott, on seeing the cure and Jean, rose, and going to meet them, said:

"How kind of you to come, Monsieur le Cure, and you, too, monsieur; and I am glad to see you again, my first, my only friends here!"

Jean breathed again. It was just the same woman.

"Permit me," added Mrs. Scott, "to present my children to you—Harry, Bella, come here."

Harry was a pretty little boy of six years, and Bella a very pretty little girl of five; they had their mother's large dark eyes and golden hair.

(To be continued.)

SWEET LITTLE RAGTAG.

I.
Say, there, little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?
Teeth as white as ivory, eyes the sky's own blue,
Lips like dainty roses dipped in the morning dew;
A face that's even finer than a face of Grecian mold,
Hair that's matted, tangled, like tangled thread of gold,
A voice that's even softer than the song an angel sings,
Softer than the melodies that slumber in the strings
Of harps and mandolins, softer than the croon
Of meadowlarks and orioles, sung in the summer noon.
Say there, little Ragtag, tell me little shrew,
Whose sweet child are you?
Whose dear child are you?

II.
Tell me, little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?
Impudent the sunbeams that kiss these little rags!
Naughty, scented breezes, when they touch these little tags,
These little strings and tatters that grace a farm, I wear,
That would arouse the envy of an Oriental queen,
Are you a bit of daylight in the darkness of a life?
A sunlight in the fastnesses? A triumph in the strife?
Are you cheering some poor fellow as adown the way he plods?
Are you mamma's child, or papa's, humanity's, or God's?
Tell me, little Ragtag, out here in the street,
Smiling, winking playfully, at every soul you meet—
God bless the little urchin! God save the little shrew!
Say there, little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The use of coral embroidery with cloth in dark and light tints is one of the fancies of the season.

Luminous is the descriptive term applied to a new shimmery variety of satin particularly adapted for fancy waists.

Silk embroidered buttons are one of the novel features of the new shirt-waists, and they come in all colors to match the material.

Arabian lace is used for turban and toque trimming and filmy net embroidered in gold is used for brim facing on some picturesque black velvet hats.

Pointed belts of stitched satin or of material to match are worn with the full blouse cloth suits. The belts fasten on the side with a hook and loop or button.

Chinchilla is to be extensively used for trimming purposes this winter, particularly with velvet. In combination with almond green or black velvet it makes an especially handsome garniture.

Belts or stocks of oriental embroidery present a pleasing color contrast with costumes of gray, dark blue or black.

Handsome designs in cut steel and crystal are used for hat ornaments.

A reform is contemplated in mourning apparel for children, which will do away with black gowns and substitute all white in their place, a large bow on the child's hat being the only touch of black.

Rather short sack ends with loops or a soft rosette finish at the waist line, are one feature of the new dress gowns. They are usually made of soft silk drawn in with tasseled finish at the end and attached either at one side of the front or directly in the back.

"Look, Jean," said the cure, "what a change! All this part of the park used to be left uncared for, and see, now it is all graveled and raked. I shall no longer feel at home here, as formerly. I shall not find my old maroon velvet armchair, in which it so often happened that I fell asleep after dinner. And if I go to sleep this evening, what will become of me? You must keep watch, Jean. If you see that I am beginning to get sleepy you must come behind me and pinch my arm a little. You promise me?"