

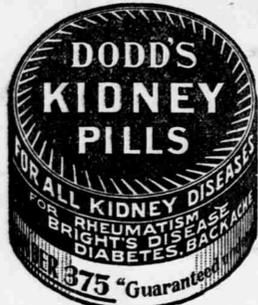
A Hard and Fast Party Man.
Some women want the suffrage and some do not. Some, moreover, whether they want it or not, do not need it. Of the latter class was the woman of whom a writer in the Universalist Leader tells.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to!" pleaded the girl.

The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to."



FASHION HINTS



Cashmere in old rose is used for this wrapper. An ecrú insertion borders the Dutch neck and comfortable little sleeves. A medallion of the same lace meets the black silk crush girdle at the waist line. The girdle has long sash ends, finished with fluffy silk tassels.

Victorious Even Unto Death.
As most of us know, P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh.

When Barnum arrived at the pearly gates he was welcomed by Forepaugh, who exclaimed exultingly, "Well, Pete, I got ahead of you this time!"

P. T. did not answer, but smiled as he pointed to a large bill posted near the main entrance. It read:
"Wait for Barnum—Coming Soon."
—Success Magazine.

Town with a Future.
"Paris is a wonderful center of social gaiety and popular excitement."
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, thoughtfully. "I should not be surprised if Paris might one day claim recognition as the Pittsburgh of France."—Washington Star.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Coffee Usually Means Sickness, but Postum Always Means Health.

Those who have never tried the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the trial.

One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely, but found it hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum.

"It was good and the effect was so pleasant that I soon learned to love it and have used it for several years. I improved immediately after I left off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigestion and other troubles all of which were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I changed from coffee to Postum.

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee, for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum and are always well."

"There's a reason" and it is proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Now that the confidence of Pepeeta had been secured, David's part in this drama became comparatively easy. He listened to the brief conversation in which by a well-constructed chain of fictitious reasonings the judge riveted upon the too eager mind of the child-wife the conclusion that she was free. When this arch villain had concluded his arguments every suspicion had vanished from her soul, and as he rose to depart she took him by the hand and bade him a kindly and almost affectionate farewell. "Do not afflict yourself with this painful memory," she said gently.

"I shall not need to afflict myself," he replied; "my memory will afflict me, for I am as gully as if the result had been what I had expected; and if in the coming year you find a moment now and then in which you can lift up a prayer for a man who has forfeited his claim to mercy, I beg you to devote it to him who from the depths of his heart wished you joy. Good-bye."

With many assurances of her pardon, Pepeeta followed him to the door and bade him farewell. When she returned to David her face was luminous with happiness, and although he had begun already to experience a reaction and to suffer remorse for his successful infamy, it was only like a drop of poison in the ocean of his joy. "Did I not tell you that all would be well?" she cried, approaching him and extending both her hands. "But how sudden and how strange it is. It is too good to be true. I cannot realize that I am free. I am like a little bird that hops about its cage, peeps through the door which its mistress's hand has opened, and knows not what to think. It wishes to go; but it is frightened. What shall it do, David? Tell it! Shall it fly?"

"I also am too bewildered to act, and almost too bewildered to think," he said, with unaffected excitement and anxiety, for now that the time and opportunity for him to take so momentous a step had come, his heart failed him. It was only with the most violent effort and under a most pressing necessity that he pulled himself together and continued:

"The little bird must fly, and its mate must fly with it. There are too few hours before daylight and we must not lose a single one. But are you sure that you are quite ready? Is your mind made up? Will you go with me trustfully? Will you accept whatever the future has in store?"

She took his in her strong arms, printed her first kiss upon his lips, and said: "I will go with you to the ends of the earth! I will go with you through water and through fire! The future cannot bring me anything from which I shall shrink, if it lets us meet it hand in hand!"

Silently and swiftly they gathered together the few necessities of a sudden journey, stole out of the quiet building and hurried away to a livery stable. In a few moments they were rattling down the rough cobble-stone pavement to the river. The ferryman, who had been retained for this very purpose, pretended to be asleep. They aroused him, drove onto the platform of his primitive craft and floated out upon the stream. As the boat swung clear of the shore they heard music issuing from the cabin windows of a steamer under whose stern they were passing. It was the "Mary Ann." They listened. The music ceased for a moment and a deep voice called out "B-b-bravo! Another song!"

They recognized it instantly, and Pepeeta pressed close to the side of her lover.

"You hear it for the last time," he whispered.

The swift current seized the boat, twisting it hither and thither till it seemed to the now trembling fugitive a symbol of the stream of tendencies upon which he had launched the frail bark containing their united lives.

"I wonder if I am strong enough to stem it," he asked himself, as the boat grated on the beach.

"Can we find a minister who will marry us at this time of night?" David said to the ferryman, although he had been careful to ask this question before.

"Two blocks south and three east, second door on the right hand side," he answered laconically, as he received the fare.

Such adventures passed often through his hands and their ways were nothing new. The fugitives drove hurriedly to the designated house, knocked at the door, were admitted and in a few minutes the final act which sealed their fate had been performed.

CHAPTER XI.

When he awoke the next morning from a revel, the doctor crawled back to the hotel as best he could, his head throbbing with pain, his wits dull and his temper wild. Stumbling upon the long flight of stairs which seemed to him to reach the sky, he burst open his door and entered the room. It was empty. Pepeeta was nowhere to be seen. It took him some moments to comprehend that he did not comprehend. Then he called, "Pepeeta! Pepeeta!"

The silence at first bewildered, then aroused him, and crossing the corridor he entered David's room. It, too, was empty. He was now thoroughly astonished and awake. Recrossing the hall he once more entered his room and began in earnest to seek an explanation of this mystery. It did not take him long, for on the table were lying the jewels in which he had invested his profits and which he had confided to Pepeeta—and beside them a piece of paper on which he slowly spelled out these startling words:

"I have discovered your treachery and fled. PEPEETA."

He drew his hand across his eyes, took a piece of his cheek between his thumb and first finger and pinched it to see if he were awake, then read the words again, this time aloud: "I have discovered your treachery and fled. Pepeeta." "Treachery?" he said. "What t-t-treachery? Whose t-t-treachery? Fled? Fled with whom, fled where? I wonder if I am still d-d-drum?"

At last, and almost with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, the whole mystery solved itself. It flashed upon his mind that Pepeeta had abandoned him, and in company with the man he had so implicitly trusted. The serpent had had nourished in his bosom had at last stung him! Tearing the paper into shreds, and stamping upon the floor, he cursed and raved.

A purpose shaped itself instantly in his mind, and he began its execution without delay. He made no confidant, took no advice; but having smoothed his ruffled clothing and combed his disheveled hair so as to excite no comment and provoke no question, he passed through the hotel corridor and office, greeting his acquaintances with his accustomed ease, and made his way to the livery stable. He went at once to the stalls where his famous team was accustomed to stand, and to his astonishment and delight found his horses both there.

"Tom," he said to the hostler, "did you hire a horse and b-b-buggy to a young couple last night?"

"I did not," answered the surly groom.

"I am in no mood for trifling. Out with it, you scoundrel!" he cried, seizing him by the throat.

With a sign of terror the groom indicated his readiness to come to terms, and the doctor relaxed his grip. Still trembling, he told the truth.

"Do you know which road they took?"

He waved his hand toward Kentucky.

"Put a saddle on Hamlet—no, on Romeo," he ordered, tersely.

The groom entered a box stall and let out the black beauty. The doctor glanced him over and smiled. And well he might, for every muscle, every motion betokened speed, intelligence, endurance.

The pursuer made a single stop on his way to the river and that was at a gun store, from which he emerged carrying a pair of saddle bags on his arm. In the holsters were two loaded pistols.

He smiled as he mounted, having already consummated vengeance in his heart. Once across the river and safe upon the Louisville pike, he loosened the reins. The horse, whose sympathetic heart had already been imbued with the spirit of his rider, shook his long black mane, plunged forward and pounded along the hard turnpike. His hoofbeats—sharp, sonorous, rhythmical—seemed to be crying for vengeance; for hoofbeats have a language, and always utter the thoughts of a rider.

The forests, hills and houses flowed past him like a river. Occasionally he halted an instant to inquire of some lonely traveler if he had seen a horse and buggy passing that way, but he was cunning enough to conceal his anxiety and to hide his joy as every answer made him more certain that he was on the trail of the fugitives.

The road was perfectly familiar. He had traversed it a hundred times, and not having to inquire the way he had only to remember and to retrace. An undercurrent of speculation had been flowing through his mind as to where he should overtake the fugitives.

For a mile or two the road was perfectly straight and the rider, shading his eyes, glanced along it. In the distance a moving object attracted his attention, and as he gazed at it, long and strainingly, the terrible smile once more wreathed his white lips. There were only two things present to his consciousness—the carriage upon which he was swiftly gaining, and the fierce smiting of the horse's hoofs which seemed to be echoing the cries of his heart for vengeance. On he swept, nearer, nearer, nearer. He was now within halting distance, and his brain reeled; he forgot his discretion and his plan.

"Halt," he screamed, in a voice that cut the silent air like a knife.

A face appeared above the top of the buggy, and looked back. It was his foe. With a howl of rage, he snatched a pistol from the holster and fired. The bullet went wide of the mark and the next instant he saw the whip-lash cut the air and descend on the flank of the startled mare. The buggy lurched forward, and for an instant drew rapidly away. Overwhelmed by the fear that he might be baffled in his vengeance, he drew the other pistol and fired again more wide of the mark than before.

He flung the smoking weapons into the road, and again drove the spurs into the steaming sides of his horse. The chase after that. The horse, a maddened animal was overhauling the fugitives perceptibly at every enormous stride, and in a few moments more shot by the buggy and up to the head of the terrified mare. As he did so, his rider reached out his left hand and caught the mare by her bridle, reined up his own horse and threw both of the animals back upon their haunches.

In another instant the two men stood confronting each other on the road, the quick black and terrible, the Quaker white and calm. Not a word was spoken, and like two wild beasts emerging from a jungle they sprang at each other's throats. They were odd-

ly, but not unequally, matched, for while the doctor was short, thick-set and muscular, but clumsy and awkward like a bear, David was tall and slim, but lithe and sinewy as a panther. Locked in each other's arms, they seemed like a single hideous monster in some sort of convulsion. As it was impossible for them in this deadly embrace to strike, they wrestled rather than fought, and bit with teeth and tore with hands with equal ferocity.

At the instant when the two infuriated men seized each other in this deadly grip, Pepeeta fainted, while the terrified mare backed the buggy into the bushes by the roadside. Romeo, snorting and pawing the ground, snuffed at them a moment as if profoundly concerned at their strange maneuvers, then, turning away, began to crop the rich blue grass in entire indifference to the results of this mad quarrel between two foolish men.

The combatants surged and swayed back and forth along the dusty road, tripping and stumbling in vain efforts to throw each other to the ground. Their danger lent them strength, and their hatred skill. At last, after protracted efforts, they fell and rolled over and over, now one on top, now the other. Suddenly and as if by a single impulse changing their tactics, their right hands unclasped and began to feel for the other's throat. A sudden slip of David's hold permitted the doctor to turn him over, and sprawling across his breast he plied him to the earth. His great hand stole toward the throat of his prostrate foe and fastened upon it with the grip of an iron vise.

The beautiful face turned pale, then grew purple. This would have been the last moment in the life of the Quaker had not his right hand, convulsively claving the road, touched a piece of broken rock. It was as if a life-line had swung up against the hand of a drowning man. The exhausted youth untwisted the grip of the iron hand, flung off the heavy body, mounted upon it, crowded the great head with its matted hair and staring eyes down into the dust, seized the stone with his right hand, raised it, and struck down the forehead of the smitten and the arm of the smiter. Across the forehead of the quack it left a great gaping wound like a bloody mouth. A death-like pallor spread itself over his countenance, the lids dropped back and left the eyes staring hideously up into the face above them.

David's arm, spasmodically uplifted for a second blow, was suspended in air. He did not move for a long time; and when at length his scattered senses began to return he threw down the stone, rose to his feet and exclaimed in accents of terror, "I have killed him."

He could not overcome the fascination of the lifeless face and wide-staring eyes. They drew him towards them; he stooped down and felt for the pulse, which was imperceptible; laid his hand upon the heart, but could not feel it beat; he raised an arm, and it fell back limp and lifeless.

Suddenly one elemental passion gave place to another. Horror had displaced anger, and now in its turn gave way to the instinct of self-preservation. He looked toward the carriage and saw that Pepeeta had fallen into a swoon. "Perhaps she has not seen what has happened," he said to himself, and a cunning smile lit up his pale face.

Stepping down, he seized the loathsome object lying there in the dust of the road and dragged it off into the thick shrubbery. Stumbling along, he came to a hollow made by the roots of an upturned tree. Into this he flung the thing, hustled about it with moss and leaves, and stood staring stupidly at the rude sepulchre. He experienced a momentary feeling of relief that the hideous object was out of sight; but the consciousness of his guilt and his danger soon surged back upon him like a flood. In such moments the mind works wildly, like a clock with a broken spring, but sometimes with an astonishing accuracy and wisdom.

(To be continued.)

The Family Pair.

The wriggly stillness of the study period was broken by a slamming door, and a thin boy in dirty, ragged clothes slouched across the room. Half-way to the teacher's desk he drawled, "Pa wants that you should let Jim go home right now." As Miss Davis looked a little doubtful, he added, "He kin come back right away."

The permission given, the two badly soiled, half-starved sons of the most shiftless family in the district shuffled down the stairs. Very shortly Jim returned, wearing a pleased and important smile on his pathetic little face.

"I come as soon's I could. Pa's brother's dyin' to Poplar," he announced, cheerfully. "That's why pa wanted me."

"But you weren't gone long—you didn't stay home. I can't see why you went at all," answered the bewildered Miss Davis.

"Why, pa's goin'," explained Jim.

"Yes, but what has that to do with you?" asked the teacher.

"Pa had to have his suspenders," was Jim's matter-of-fact reply.

Suited Him.

"These summer girls would rather waltz than eat," remarked the hotel clerk.

"Think so?" inquired the proprietor.

"They say so themselves."

"Then I guess I'll add a waltz or two to the dance program and cut a couple of courses off the dinner bill."

—Louisville Courier Journal.

Breaking It Gently.

Her—Richard! Why on earth are you cutting your pie with a knife?

Him—Because, darling—now, understand, I'm not finding fault, for I know that these little oversights will occur—because you forgot to give me a can opener.—Cleveland Leader.

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect man.—George Eliot.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The speed of Russian express trains is about twenty miles an hour.

Whooping cough kills more children under five years of age than scarlet fever.

Deaths from hydrophobia in Europe average only a small fraction over one a year.

There are now over 33,000 men employed in government dockyards in England.

Dragon flies can catch insects when flying at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour.

Grog as served in the British navy consists of a mixture of three parts water and one part rum.

An ingenious machine recently patented by an Iowa takes a piece of wire, cuts it the right length, bends it and fastens it around hose to hold a coupling.

An electric glue heater has been put on the market, and is said to keep melted glue at a temperature of 150 degrees for several hours after the current has been shut off.

A Maryland railroad is experimenting with lighting trains with natural gas, which is compressed in storage tanks under each car in sufficient quantity to last through its run.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she plausibly declared "that I'm not in heaven to-night."

The latest improved life preserver is a hollow belt of rubber to which is attached a cylinder filled with liquid carbon dioxide. On turning a tap the liquefied gas escapes into the belt, volatilizes and inflates it to its fullest capacity, 2 1/2 quarts, which makes it superior to any cork belt.

T. H. Kruttschnitt, son of Julius Kruttschnitt, director of operation of the Harriman lines, has gone to work as assistant roadmaster of one of the divisions of the "Shasta route." He intends taking the student's course of the Southern Pacific. This course covers forty-two weeks and includes a strenuous period of braking on the freight trains.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt does not overestimate the lords of creation. She was speaking recently of another prominent woman who is somewhat lukewarm in the suffrage cause. "The trouble with Mrs. Blank," said Mrs. Catt, "is that she fairly worships her husband. She thinks that he is absolutely perfect. Why, the woman actually believes that the parrot taught him to swear."

At a court of justice in Australia much frequented by Chinese a newly appointed crier was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand. "Call for Ah Song," was the command. The crier was puzzled for a moment. He glanced shyly at the judge, but found him quite grave. Then he turned to the spectators.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "would any of you favor his lordship with a song?"

A powerful new automatic gun has been invented, the projectiles of which, it is said, will pierce half-inch Bessemer steel at one thousand yards. The gun carries a 9-millimeter cartridge, taking five of these, which, the inventor says, can be fired in three seconds by the recoil shoulder action. The receiver is five inches long, much smaller than any other automatic gun. It is really a Gatling gun for the pocket.

The family relations of vertebrates have long interested biologists. Is man to trace his ancestry to a sea worm or to a crab? Professor Godrick of Oxford claims as the trunk of the family tree a "primitive worm-like form," rejecting the limulus (king crab) as being a too highly specialized form. Dr. Patton of the United States and Dr. Gaskell of England, on the other hand, see in the king crab the Adam of their race. "Tastes differ," remarked the Baltimore Sun. "If one has the liberty of selecting his ancestors, some of us undoubtedly prefer the octopus."

"Poor Czar." With these words a writer in the Oestreichischen Nachrichten begins an article in the "Unmasking of the Russian Emperor."

"Once upon a time," he says, "he was in Japan with the crown prince of Greece, while making a tour of Eastern Asia. A young Japanese fanatic struck him on the head with a cudgel, and since that time his mental powers have been impaired. He can follow no written or oral discourse which lasts longer than a few minutes, and for that reason it is an easy matter for those who surround him to deceive the ruler of all the Russias."

There is an amusing story, writes a correspondent, being told in French circles about President Fallieres. A short time ago it appears the president visited his native town of Loupillon, and there ran across one or two of his boyhood companions, whom he had not seen for a number of years. He asked one of them what he had been doing, to which the old man replied, with evident satisfaction, that he had built up a flourishing business in the drapery line. "And what have you been doing?" he in turn asked of M. Fallieres. The latter explained that he was the president of the republic. "What!" exclaimed his old companion. "Oh, dear, dear! My poor friend, how I pity you!"

MUNYON'S Eminent Doctors at Your Service Free

Not a Penny to Pay for the Fulltest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit.

Munyon's, 533 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and many other ailments.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, sore, and itchy, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odor and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL. LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Too Expensive.

It is an elementary although a genuine kind of humor that prompts a man to make a ridiculous remark in a serious manner. The fun increases if the remark is taken at its face value. A case in point is that of a gentleman, who, according to a writer in the Twiggs County Citizen, was talking to a crowd on the street about shingling a house.

"The old rule," he said, "was to allow six inches of the shingle to show to the weather, but that is too much. You really oughtn't to let more than four inches show."

Some wag asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"How would it do not to let any show?"

"I've seen roofs made that way," replied the other, not thinking, "but it takes a great many shingles."

HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM.

The Experience of Many Who Do Not Know the Kidneys Are Weak.

Jacob C. Bahr, 18 Broadway, Lebanon, Ohio, says: "For three months I was helpless in bed with muscular rheumatism and my feet swelled, my legs were rigid, black spots flitted before my eyes and I was sore all over. Doctors didn't help me and I couldn't raise hand or foot. To please my wife I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and in two weeks I was improving. Then by leaps and bounds I got better until well and back at work. After such mortal agony this seemed wonderful."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Posters: Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

New York City has on its police force 137 men whose business it is to open and close doors and watch the persons who enter and leave.

Deafness Cannot 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 this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; unless it 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. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Nothing New There.

Great Author—Walter, this steak is as tough as leather.

Walter—I've always heard you was an original character, sir, but I'm blessed if you don't just say the same as all on 'em do.—Tit-Bits.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM should always be in the medicine chest of the mother whose children have grown to freedom from opium. It makes it an ideal children's remedy.

Time.

"It's sort of curious," said Uncle Jerry Peebles; "but when a man is workin' for another man he's always wantin' to go and see the ball game. When he's workin' on his own time he gets stung with it and can't spare it."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.