

C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past.

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since nor have I felt B pain."

Poor Handwriting.

Rufus Choate is said to have been as bad a writer as Horace Greeley. A new house of Mr. Choate's being under construction, he had arranged to obtain designs for an ornamental chimney piece from a certain quarter. There was a long delay, but at last there came a letter from Choate, which was really an intimation that he had been unable so far to obtain those designs. But the workmen at once began to construct the chimneypiece. Choate's letter had been understood as a sketch of it. Parallel with this is the legend that one of Napoleon's letters home from Poland was interpreted as a sketch map of the field of the campaign.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. EROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The Cynic and the Curio. Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth colector, was showing his beautiful collection of Louis Seize furniture to some ladies.

"I believe in collecting nothing," said Mr. McWade, standing among his treasures of Gobelin • tapestry and pale, delicately carved wood-"nothing that is not intrinsicaly beautiful. Too many collections remind me of the cynic's definition of a curio.

"'A curio,' the cynic said, 'is some thing that costs ten times what it's worth."

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

Signature of Chart Hutchers

Never Would Do. "Little girl," said the oculist, "your eves are in an exceedingly bad condition. You ought to be wearing glass-

"And have to trim these beautiful long eyelashes of mine?" responded the little girl. "Nit!"

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING

better for sideache, backaches or stitches than Perry Davis' Prinkiller. Get the large size, it is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c, 35c and 50c bottles.

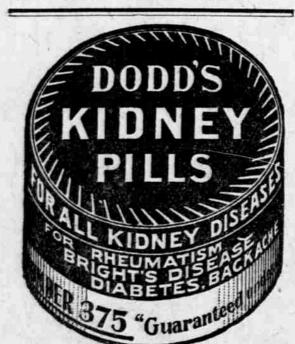
Scriptural Carving. A Scriptural method of carving towls when in secular company was claimed by a witty clergyman who, having been asked to carve one day, said, "Inasmuch as you demand it, I will carve the fowl according to Bibtical principles." "Yes," exclaimed the hostess, "act according to the Scriptures." The theologian therefore began the carving. The baron was tendered the head of the fowl, the baroness the neck, the two daughters a wing apiece and the two sons a first joint, the carver retaining the remain-

"According to what interpretation do you make such a division?" inquired the host of his guest as he regarded the clergyman's heaping plate and the scant portions doled out to the family.

"From an interpretation of my own," replied the clerical wit. "As the master of your house the head belongs to you by right; the baroness being the most near to you, should receive the neck, which is nearest the head; in the wings the young girls will recognize a symbol of their noble thoughts, that fly from one desire to another; as to the young barons, the drumsticks they have received will remind them that they are responsible for supporting your house, as the legs of the capon support the bird itself."-London Standard.

Downfall of an Old Saw. Wise Old Uncle-Remember, Tommy, as you go through this world, that you

can't get something for nothing. Precocious Nephew-O, yes, you can, uncle: when I don't eat nothin' I git an awful pain in my stummick.





CHAPTER VI.

Maurice returned home after a some what stormy interview with Mrs. Dallas. For once the mother of Isabella was roused out of her habitual indifference, and she refused absolutely to accept Aylmer as her son-in-law.

"It is because that black woman distrusts me that you object," he said. "I wonder that an educated person should be dominated by that uncivilized creature.

"Dido has nothing to do with my refusal!" said the widow, coldly; "and although I take her advice in some things, I do not in this. I don't wish Isabella, to marry you, and I request you to leave my house."

"As a gentleman I must accept your dismissal, but I decline to give up Isabella."

"And I," cried the girl, "swear to remain true to Maurice!" "You'll-do nothing of the sort," said her mother, violently. "I forbid you even to think of that young man. You

shall marry whom I choose!" "Dr. Etwald, I suppose?" "No! Mr. Sarby."

"David!" ejaculated Maurice, in an astonished tone. "You wish Isabella to marry him!"

"Yes! He loves Isabella much more than you do, and he asked permission -which you didn't-to pay his addresses to her. I consented, and so," Mrs. Dallas raised her voice, "he shall flying back to the mysterious influence marry her."

Isabella, vehemently. "I hate him!" That is no matter!" replied her

"Must!" repeated Maurice, with great indignation.

"Yes, Mr. Aylmer! Must! Must! Must! If you want an explanation of that you can ask Major Jen!"

"The Major! My guardian!" cried Aylmer, quite thunderstruck. "Is he against me?"

"Ask him! I want no further speechss from you. Go to your room, Isa-

Resigning himself to the inevitable Maurice gave one glance at Isabella, and went outside with a heavy heart. Dido was standing upon the veranda with her eyes glowing like two coals. Yet there was an ill-concealed expression of triumph in her gaze which Maurice, in his then disturbed and angered state of mind, could ill brook. He paused abruptly as he passed by her, and asked a direct question:

"Why do you hate me, Dido?" "Voodoo!" said she in a harsh voice. "Bah! you black parrot!" muttered Maurice, scornfully, and turned upon his heel. As he vanished down the walk Dido clapped her hands together with great satisfaction, and began to sing in low tones. Her song was barbaric in words, and strange beyond all telling in the music. It rose and fell, and moaned and drawled in a curiously painful manner. In the drawingroom Mrs. Dallas had risen to her feet at the first deep contralto note, and now stood rocking herself to and fro with an expression of alarm on her hungry.' face. Isabella was terrified in her turn. She shrieked and ran out of the room. Then Dido, still singing, appeared at the window, and looked at Mrs. Dallas with an expression of

triumph. "Why do you sing the death song?" sked Mrs. Dallas, opening her eyes. "Because de master hab doomed dat yaller-h'ar!" said Dido, and continued her song.

In the meantime, Maurice walked slowly homeward, puzzling out his own mind, as to what could be the meaning of these strange things. He could not understand why Mrs. Dallas objected to him as a son-in-law; nor could he surmise the meaning of the mysterious word "Voodoo," pronounced so significantly by Dido. However, he saw plainly that the negress was the disturbing element in the Dallas household, and by a half-hypnotic control over the weak will of her mistress, she could act as she pleased.

Maurice, simple and upright in conduct and character, was no match for the unscrupulous machinations of Dido. She hated the young man, and was determined that he should not marry her nursling. But whether she had, like Mrs. Dallas, a preference for David over Dr. Etwald, Maurice could not determine. The more he thought over affairs, the more incoherent and implicated did they become; so Aylmer gave up the task in despair. Then it occured to him that Mrs. Dallas had referred him to Major Jen; so to his guardian Maurice went the moment he

arrived at the big house. "Major gone out, sir," explained Jaggard, to whom Maurice applied for information. 'He got a message from Dr. Etwald, and went to see him. Be

back to dinner, sir, I b'lieve." "Where is Mr. Sarby?" "Gone over to Branch Hall, sir." "Ho, ho!" thought Maurice, as he see Meg. Now if he is in love with Isabella, and Mrs. Dallas favors his

suit, I wonder why he acts in that ed Jen, wrathfully. way." The question he could not answer, so dismissing it from his memory, he retired to the smoking-room with a nov- turned to face the irate Major. el. When Jen and David returned he intended to question both, and, is possible, get to the bottom of these sick-

ening mysteries. "Hang it!" soliloquized Maurice over his book; "since yesterday everything his master walked up and down the flat .- The Sun. seems to have gone wrong. That ne- room, fuming at the loss of the curigress and Dr. Etwald are at the bot- osity. In a few minutes Jaggard retom of affairs. But I can't see their turned with the news that none of the ers cover the fields of Argentina.

reasons for mixing up things so."

Then he laid aside his book to think. and stared idly at the opposite wall. It chanced to be that upon which the barbaric weapons before alluded to were arranged, and conspicuous among them the golden handle of the devilstick. Recalling the mention of Voodoo, and Etwald's reference to African witchcraft, Maurice connected in his own mind the devil-stick with those barbarisms, and on the impulse of the moment he rose to examine the magic wand. Handling it carefully-for he said to be dried up-he wondered if Dido could make use of it were it in

her possession. "I heard Mrs. Dallas say that Dido's people came from Ashantee," soliloquized Maurice, "so I have no doubt she can work the infernal thing. Perhaps she knows enough to fill the bag with fresh poison. If she did so, I wouldn't trust myself near her. She

would be sure to experiment on me." At this moment Major Jen, looking slightly worried, entered the room, and seeing the devil-stick in the hand of Maurice, he stopped short with an ejaculation of surprise.

"You are looking at that thing, Maurice?" said he, wonderingly, "Now that is strange. I have just been talking about it with Dr. Etwald."

"Oh!" said Maurice, his thoughts which he had seen Etwald exercise I refuse to marry Mr. Sarby," said over Dido. "And what was the doctor saying?" "A great deal. He saw the devil-

mother, coldly. "You must marry stick the other night, and to-day he sent a note, asking if I would ride over and see him this afternoon. I did so, then he explained that he wished to buy that thing!" "The devil-stick? Why?"

"I can't say. He explained that he had been in the Barbadoes; and that he took a great interest in the subject of African fetish-worship. He had heard of these 'wands of sleep,' as they are called, and greatly wished to obtain one, but he was unable to do so. Since seeing mine he has been seized with a desire to possess it.'

"Why?" said Maurice, again. "As a curiosity, I suppose. I've told you all he told me. But I refused to sell it to him, and he seemed greatly vexed, a display of irritation which in its turn vexed me. I was quite annoyed when I left him."

"Why don't you wish to sell it, Un-

"Because it is a dangerous thing to handle. Although the poison is dried up, yet there may be enough in it to kill a man. If I parted with it and anyone was injured by it, I should never forgive myself. Pray put it up, Maurice; I dislike to see you touch it. To-night, after dinner, I shall lock it up in a safe place. David is right; it should not be on the wall there."

"David has gone over to see Meg." until after dinner," said Jen, rising. "So you and I had better sit down as soon as we are dressed. I am very

"Uncle Jen, I want to ask you something. Do you wish David to marry Isabella Dallas?" "I really can't say. That is a matter

which lies in the hands of the girl herself. If she likes you better than David---" "She does!"

"What! Have you spoken to her?" clines to sanction our engagement. She wants Isabella to marry David, and and because she was afraid of hersaid--"

"I can guess what she said," interruppted Jen, hastily. "No more of this till after dinner, my dear lad. Then I'll explain all!" "Explain what?"

"Why Mrs. Dallas wants Isabella to marry David." Not another word would the Major say on the subject at that moment, so Maurice was forced to seek his room in a very unsatisfied frame of mind. However, as he thought, here was one mystery about to be explained, and that was a comfort. As Jen prophesied, David did not return to dinner, and Maurice had a tete-a-tete with his guardian. But they talked of indifferent things. and it was not until they were once more in the smoking-room that the bridge." Major consented to speak on the subject of Mrs. Dallas' strange conduct.

"Now, my boy, I'm ready to tell -" Here Jen stopped and looked blankly at the wall. "The stick!" gasped Jen, pointing a

shaking hand at the wall. "The deathwand!"

Maurice looked-the devil-stick was gone!

CHAPTER VII.

For some moments the two men looked at one another; and then Major Jen, seeing the necessity for prompt action, rang the bell. Jaggard entered with military swiftness, and turned away. "So David had gone to stared blankly at his master, who was pointing at the wall.

"Where is the devil-stick?" demand-

Jaggard advanced to the trophy of weapons, and examined them with some deliberation, after which he "It's gone, sure enough, sir, but don't know where." .

"Find out if any of the servants have

taken it." Jaggard saluted and vanished, while servants had been in the smokingoom that evening. "Who lighted the lamp?" demanded

Jen, sharply. "We found the window open when we came in," said Maurice. "Did you

open it?" "Yes, sir, The Major told me to always air the room during dinner."

"Do you think that someone has stolen the stick, Maurice?" said the Major. "Semeone from outside, I mean." "I am sure of it," replied Alymer, with decision. "Jaggard, did you no-

tice that negress of Mrs. Dallas' about the grounds, since 5 o'clock?" "Why, no, Mr. Maurice, I can't say as I did."

"The tramp, then; Battersea!" "No, sir. Haven't set eyes on him for a week."

"Very good, Jaggard," broke in the Major, "you can go. Maurice!" he turned to the young man when Jaggard had left the room, "what do you mean by all these questions and examinations? Do you suspect anyone? "Yes," replied Maurice, deliberate-

ly. "I suspect Dido, the negress." "Why?" asked Jen, with military

"It's a long story," returned Mau rice. "Look here, Uncle Jen, I went to dress at half-past six; you did also When we left the stick was in the room on the wall. Now we are here again at half-past eight; it is gone dreaded the poison, although it was In these two bours Dido has had time to cross the lawn yonder and steal it." "But why do you suspect Dido? She was never in this room."

> "No, but Dr. Etwald was." "Dr. Etwald! Do you think he has anything to do with it?" queried Jen perplexed, and a trifle startled.

"I am certain of it," replied Mau rice. "He employed Dido to steal it from you, as you refused to sell it Listen, uncle, and I'll give you my reasons for this belief," and then Maurice told succinctly all that had taken place at "The Wigwam" during the afternoon.

Major Jen listened quietly, and waited until Maurice ended his story before he spoke. The information about Mrs. Dallas and her reference to himself did not surprise him so much as Aylmer expected it would do. In fact, he only made one brief remark upon this point.

"I am sorry Mrs. Dallas said that," he remarked, when Maurice paused in his narrative.

"But what does she mean by it Uncle Jen? Didn't you wish me to marry Isabella?" "I am neither for nor against," re-

plied Jen, enigmatically. "As I said before, let the girl marry whom she loves best."

"She loves me best!" Major Jen wriggled uneasily in his seat. He disliked telling what appeared to him to be a silly story, but as such story bore strongly upon the present position of things, and as Maurice was impatiently waiting to be enlightened, Jen was forced to put his scruples on one side and speak out. "If what I relate appears impossible

don't blame me," he said abruptly "and I feel certain that you will laugh when I tell you about Voodoo!" "That word again!" cried Maurice, in a puzzled voice. "Dido used it when we met Etwald; she repeated it to me

before I left. Voodoo! Voodoo! What does it mean. Uncle Jen?" "African witchcraft! Obi! Fetishworship! The adoration of the bad spirit who catches mortals by the hair. Any one of these things explains the

meaning of the term." "H'm!" said Maurice. "It is a devil-

worship pure and simple.' "Yes, and Mrs. Dallas knows more about it than is good for her. My boy,' Jen laid his hand upon the arm of the "Yes. I don't think he will be back young man, "when you reach my age you will find that there is no limit to the credulity and folly of human beings. When I was stationed in the Barbadoes many years ago I met Mrs. Dallas."

"Oh! so she is an old friend o

yours!" "Yes. I knew her in the West Indies shortly before Isabella was born It was through knowing me," explained the Major, "that she came to this neighborhood and rented The Wigwam. You see, Maurice, I was one of "I have, and to Mrs. Dallas, who de- the few people she knew here, and she remained near me for company's sake,

> self" "I don't quite understand." (To be continued.)

A Star Right Away.

"I'd like to become an actor." "I suppose you have something to fit you for a career?"

"Oh, yes. I've got two boxes of grease paint, a wig and a false nose.' "Good. Buy yourself a couple of slapsticks and we'll star you in musical comedy."-St. Louis Star.

Its Weakness. "Now, the house of lords has come to a bridge it must cross." "I am afraid it is not a very strong

"Why not?" "On account of the weakness of its peers."-Baltimore American.

Spellbound. "Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.

"I'm spellbound," replied the typist, "Has my eloquence such an effect?" "Yes, sir. I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell." -Washington Star.

There, Little Lamb. There, little lambs, don't cry! We have sheared your wool, we know; But we've let you go. And the fleece will grow,

-New York World. Modest Ambition. Kicker-Wouldn't you like to be so famous that people would restore your

And you will come again by and by.

birthplace? Bocker-I'd be content if I could make the landlord repair my present

American plows, threshers and reap-

SHIRT WAIST IS THREATENED.

Garment That Has Come to Stay Menaced by Manufacturers.

Let no one take fright at the threat of the New York shirt waist barons to put the shirt waist out of fashion. The barons have a strike on their hands and wish to alarm the strikers. The latter are skilled in the making of shirt waists, having devoted their lives to the art, and if shirt waists were abolished their strike would become purely academic and they would face starvation. But they refuse to tremble, because they know that the shirt waist has come to stay. Not all the anathemas of all the fashion czars in creation can move it an inch, the Baltimore Sun says.

And no wonder. Was there ever a garment more sightly and ingenious than the shirt waist? It gives a certain dashing grace to the most obtuse figure. Its collision with the dark skirt beneath it gives the effect of an orthodox waist, even when there is no waist there. It submits easily to the customary processes of renovation. It is cheap. It "goes well," as the makers of robes et manteaux say, with any sort of skirt. It is cool. It has both dignity and a touch of coquetry. Whether peek-a-boo or airtight, it satisfies the eye and soothes the mind. A woman in a freshly laundered shirt waist knows very well that she is doing deadly execution, and the thought elevates her.

For lovemaking the shirt waist has abundant advantages. Oldsters well remember how difficult it was, in the days before the waist, to encircle a pretty girl with easy nonchalance. The upper garments worn by the dear creatures at that time were full of pins and easily soiled. The young man, bleeding from a hundred wounds, would mutter harsh words, and the girl, thinking of the dry-cleaner's bill, would faint. The shirt waist put an end to all those horrors. To-day one just grabs the girl and gives her a hearty hug. It is not necessary to put on chamois skin gloves, for finger prints on shirt waists yield readily to household ammonia; and it is not necessary to have a surgeon waiting outside, for shirt waists are held together by ropes, rivets and belting, and have no pins. And so one may now caress one's love in comfort.

The shirt waist doomed, and by the simple ukase of a lot of New York business men? Pooh, pooh! Let them first prove their power by attempting a holy war upon chewing gum, the false frizz, or detachable cuffs.

MONARCH IN "THE CITY."

London's Lord Mayor Is Only Next to King Edward Himself.

Within the limits of the city the lord mayor is a little sovereign. His only troops are 1,000 policemen, but no royal troops may enter the city without his permission. He receives the password of the Tower every three months, under the sign-manual of the king. But other things are more pre cious to him than this, for he is the recognized fountain-head of hospitality in the united kingdom. The city of London is the only city in the world which royalty officially recognizes. The mayor of London recently receiv ed the Emperor of Germany, the President of France and many lesser potentates. The city of Berlin attempted to assume a similar distinction during the recent visit of King Edward to

Germany. Within the city the lord mayor takes precedence of all persons save the king, Frederic C. Howes says in Scrib ner's. Even the Prince of Wales falls

behind him on official occasions. Prior to the creation of the Thames conservancy board, in 1857, for the care and preservation of the shipping of London, the lord mayor rode to parliament immediately after his election in a splendid mediæval barge, with tapestried canopies and banks of rowers, like an oriental prince. Since the control of the Thames has been taken away from the city, the barge has never been used.

"The lord mayor's show" is the greatest show of London. Following his election by the members of the guilds, the lord mayor and the aldermen proceed with great ceremony from the Mansion house, along Fleet street and the Strand, to the courts of justice, where the lord mayor takes the oath of office. The lord mayor is clad in fifteenth-century apparel. He is covered with official jewels. Accompanied with a retinue of sheriffs and aldermen, the show then proceeds to the Guildhall, where the lord mayor's banquet takes place. The cost of the show and the banquet amounts to about \$20,000, one-half of which is paid by the lord mayor, and the other half by the sheriff.

As compensation for his services, the lord mayor receives an allowance of \$50,000 a year.

Keep the Home Bright.

Fill your home with sunshine. Don't keep all your brightness for strangers abroad and sterness and dullness for home consumption. No child can grow up in rich development in an unhappy and gloomy home. Don't drive your children to seek their amusement away from home.

A Silly Warning. Hardacre-"Waal, Maria, these city

folks do things outrageously.

Mrs. Hardacre-What is it now, Hi Mr. Hardacre-Waal, jest look what is painted on that pail up there-"Use for fire only." Now, who in all creation could build a fire in a pail?-Tit-Bits.

We have noticed that new things get out of order mighty easy.



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coan the fiver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimutating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MII... YON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., P :: 11-

adelphia, Pa. Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheuma tism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

## **FASHION HINTS**



For solid playtime comfort the "mid"

dy' suits are about perfection. They are made of serge, flannel, or of any wash material with sufficient body, as linen for instance.

The Vujella wash flannels would be ideal. The little tot of the sketch has on a pink gingham with white dots, made baby

white.

waist fashion and the neck banded in

The Manly Man. "After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure to wipe between the times of the forks and that know just how much raising bread ought to have and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"-Youth's Companion.

## SHE QUIT.

But It Was a Hard Pull. It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my

trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years. . "I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for

anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die at any "Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset

me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee? "So I thought I would see if I could

quit drinking coffee and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you, that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee.

"One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal besides." Read "The Road to Wellville," in

pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of

human interest.