OUREDDIN, THE SON OF THE SHAHL

ere was a shah had a moond me Who was very unlike his cider cos. For he went about on his own affairs, And scorned the mospue and the dely property When his size frowned flares, then he crief, "2

eddin, the son of the shah.

But worst of all the pranks he played Was to fall in love with a Christian maid-An Armenian maid who wore no vell, Nor behind a intice grow this and pale; At his sire's dark threats lenghed the you

Conneddle, the end of the shak.

Twill shut him close in an iron cage," The monarch said, in a fuming rage; But the prince slipped out by a postarn door. And away to the mountains his loved one bore; Loud his give rang back on the winds, "He, he!" Noureddin, the son of the shak.

And still in the town of Teheran, When a youth and a maid adopt this plan-All frowns and threats with a lengh dely, And away from the mongues to the mon

Folk meet and greet with a gay "Ha, ha!" Notreddin, the son of the shah. —Clinton Scollard.



Those unfortunate people who have never corrected their first proof sheet, or cut the leaves of the first copy of their first book, or on opening a newspaper have never suddenly discovered their first fa-vorable review, can have but a very faint notion of what happiness really isl Afterward one writes better, and probably Afterward one writes better, and processly looks on one's first book as very poor stuff, to be forgotten, if possible, or at least ignored on title page or advertise-ment sheet; but when that book first appeared what untold joy it brought with it!

Many years ago I was one of those per-fectly happy persons. My first book (poems, of course-do we not all begin with poetry, because it is so easy, before we venture to attack the difficult prose?) had lately appeared in a charmingly pale binding, suggestive of hope and spring; my first notices had been sweet, with just that dash of acidity necessary to make the draught more stimulating; amiable friends hinted at a rising geniua, and fond relatives began to build airy palaces of stupendous height and uncer-tain foundation, when one morning I re-ceived a letter forwarded through my publishers. I opened it in blissful ex-citement (the commonest things seem to veil fair mysteries of delight when one is a young poet) and found a short note and several poems. Many years ago I was one of those per

and several poems. "Dear sir," the letter ran, "your book, "Mosses and Midges' (delightful and orig-inal title). has been given to me to re-view for The Blackpool Chronicle, and I find so much in it that is sympathetic and true to the instincts of my own nature, that I venture to write to you as a friend to a friend, feeling that we are kindred souls, and should become better known to each other, that our hands may meet, as our spirits already do. I ven ture also to enclose one or two poems of my own, suggested by your book. They, with others, and some essays, will shortly be published. May I dedicate them to you? Yours faithfully, "Dear sir." How delightful! He took me for a man, as indeed most of my reviewers had done. My feminine senses of mischief and mystery were roused, and I determined I would continue to be "dear sir" as long as possible; so I read the poems, and I found them very beautiful, and far, far above anything I could do, and wrote a few lines to my unknown correspondent telling him how flattered I should feel at his dedicating his book to me, and signing myself by the nom de plume I had chosen, Early Earle was really my own name, having been given to me, I always thought, as an attempt to impart a dignified sound to my other two extremely insignificant ones, Amy Smith. Who could expect anything from Amy Smith? But when you said Amy Earle Smith alowly, it sounded rather literary, so I flattered myself. Oakhurst was the name of our house, so for love of it I dubbed myself Earle Oakhurst, and really it sounded quite important and dignified. A few days afterward I received half a dozen conjeas of The Blackpool Chronicle ing been given to me, I always thought, A few days afterward I received half a dozen copies of The Blackpool Chronicle containing my new friend's notice of "Mosses and Midges." It was very flattering and generous, with a sort of half tender, half humorous criticism which showed me the weakness of my work far more clearly than the severe censure would have done. Of course,] wrote to thank my reviewer, and after this we corresponded constantly, our letters growing gradually warmer and At last his book, "Stray Thoughts," appeared, and at once made a great sensa-tion. It was dedicated to "My God-given brother and friend, Earle Oakhurst." How proud I was as I read the words and then suddenly the terrible though flashed across my mind that I had deceived him, and made him appear ridi-culous to every one who knew that I was a woman. It was characteristic of him that he had never inquired or troubled about the sex of his friend, but in his own great honesty had taken it for granted that I should not deceive him even in a trifle, and this, alas, I now felt was no trifle. I knew not what to do, so, like most weak people, did nothing. I did not even acknowledge the copy of "Stray Thoughts" he sent me, with a letter even more affectionate than usual. I was at this time staying in London with a mar-ried cousin, and as my "Mosses and Midges" had been somewhat successful, and had managed to get talked about, I had plenty of invitations and enjoyed much the prover her matting plenamet and had plenty of invitations and enjoyed myself thoroughly, meeting pleasant and congenial people, and being made much of, for I was young, fairly rich and good looking, and wanting nothing from anybody (the great secret of popularity). One morning, some days after receiv-ing "Stray Thoughts," while I was still debating how I should make my confes-sion L cost a for lines from its author. sion, I got a few lines from its author. "I am surprised," he wrote, "not to have had a word of greeting from you; but nover mind, 'Stray Thoughts' is go-ing so well that I have been asked to come to London to talk over a new venture with my publisher, so shall soon, my brother and friend, make your per-sonal acquaintance; until then, good-by." I felt overwhelmed with shame, and yet absurdly happy at the idea of really seeing and talking to him. What would he say? Would he forgive me? I looked anxiously in my glass, and thought per-haps he might, for I could not help thinking I looked pleasant, if not pretty, as my friends told me. I could not guess how or where I should mest him, but the next night, when my cousin and I said to me in a pointed manner, with a

of noversy now anu or course must used of us believe in these quinotic impersona-feelings. Ah! there she is; let me-intro feelings. Ah? there she is; let mo-intro-duce you, pray. Miss Earls Oukhurst, Mr. Cyril Brownrigz. Now I must leave you and sing my little song. Au revoir." And Miss Gould floated away, and I because confusedly aware of a pair of very grave blue eyes fixed inquiringly and somewhat coldly on my face. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but your brother—I conclude he is your brother—is a great and dear friend of mine. Is he here to-night?" "I have no brother," I murmured, and continued hurriedly: "I am Earle Oak-hurst—at least my real name is Amy continued nurreally: "I am Earle Out-hurst-at least my real name is Amy Earle Smith. I wrote 'Mosses and Midges,' and," I added, desperately, see-ing how pale and hard his face was grow-

"Yes," I said, feeling my cheeks burn and my eyes fill with tears, "I never had a friend like you before, and I feared to here your friendship!"

a friend into you before, and I feated to lose your friendship!" "And did you really imagine that to deceive and make me ridiculous was the best means of keeping my friendship?" "Yes-no-I don't know. I did not think much about it until I saw the dedi-cation, and then I felt too ashamed and unhappy to confess. What can I do? AND BO BOTTY.

"You can do nothing. Will you allow me to take you back to your cousin, who, I believe, has been inquiring for you?" he asked, with a sudden change to icy conventional tones. I mee without a word, but as

tered the room I whispered: "Can you forgive me?"

"No, I cannot," he answered, and with a bow left me, and I saw him, after a few words with our hostess, leave the room, and was told afterward he had eaded urgent business as an excuse for

pleaded urgent business as an excuse for leaving early. After that miserable evening, though I frequently saw Cyril Brownrigg at musical or literary gatherings, he never spoke a word to me beyond what mere politeness rendered necessary; and yet I always felt a strange new joy in his presence. It was a pleasure to me to hear how popular he was becoming, and to watch his grave eyes light up and his whole face gleam when he talked about anything that interested him. One night a large party of us were

One night a large party of us were dining together, Miss Gould, Cyril Brownrigg, my cousin and myself being among the number. After dinner we were all going to the theatre to hear a celebrated French actress in one of her powerful impersonations. most

chance Cyril Brownrigg was my neighbor at the meal, but as usual, beyond the necessary polite formalities, did not speak, nor did I, of course, though I was longing to break down this icy wall that separated me from the man I had grown to love so deeply. Presently the lady sitting on the other side of him

"I suppose I may congratulate you, Mr. Brownrigg, and I do, very heartily. I really think you have been as success-ful as you could wish, and every one is good fortune."

"Give is mile," answeres cyrn's voice, "quite cafe at home by this time; but you, Any, are you much hurt? How could I have mimed you? I shall never forget my horror and misery when I got outside the theatre and found your cousin clinging to me, and you, I know not where. I rushed in again, but was helpless in the darkness, until at last I found you quite close to the door?" "Have you quite forgiven me?" I asked.

asked. "Yes, my dearest, I forgave you long ago, and loved you too; but after that evening when I was so hard and merci-less I feared to tell you what I felt, and you always seemed to avoid me, and treat me so coldly." "Oh," I said, between a laugh and a sob, "I thought you never meant to speak to me again, and I heard a lady congratulating you on your approaching marriage to Miss Gould." "Miss Gould!" he exclaimed. "Why she has just become engaged to Thorn-ton, the artist who painted her portrait in the R. A. this year. What can you mean?"

"I thought," I stammered—"I heard she was engaged directly after hearing you congratulated, and so I thought"—— "You were entirely mistaken," he said, gravely. "That lady was congratulating me on the announcement of the speedy me on the announcement of the speedy appearance of my new book, and sug-gested that probably my marriage would be the next subject of congratulation. But there is only one woman I would marry, Amy, the 'brother and friend' I know so well and love so dearly. It is my turn now to ask for forgiveness. my turn now to ask for forgiveness. Can you forgive me, Amy, and let my new book be dedicated 'To the God given wife and friend' I hope to have always beside me henceforth? Can you, Amy?" "Yes," I answered, and that "yes" has been the key to my earthly paradise, for

surely no other woman can ever have

surely no other woman can ever have been so happy as I am. There is no doubt one is absurdly joy-ful over one's first proof sheet and first review, but Cyril and I always say, after all the last is better than the first, and we ought to know, for we have just finished correcting what will certainly be our very last proof sheet. We have grown old together, since that terrible yet joyful evening, and as we sit hand in hand by the fire, and recall the past, we feel that though the first book was a beautiful preface, yet the deepest joy and holiest contant came afterward, when the glamour of poetry and passion being past, we still felt the glory of art, and the unselfish beauty of love grow clearer and more divine with every day we passed together, and every line we we passed together, and every line we wrote.-Once a Week.

A Lifelong Love. William Warren, the veteran comedian of the Boston museum, had a romance that a newspaper writer has just made public. "Few persons," says he, "are aware that this comedian, the merriest of the merry, carried 'a lifelong hunger in his heart.' In their earlier years William Warren and Adelaide Phillips were lovers. The latter had a father of the Eccles type. When mar-riage was proposed to her she made this

"I love you, and because I love you I

Tricking Bogus Critic

The Millionaire Mother of a Socialist.

A TOI QUE JAINE.

She who deeps upon this heart Was the first to win it. She who denses upon this bran Ever reigns within it. She who itizes of these lips Wakes their findent blankings. She who route within these arts Fost their desset presiden.

alled time.

molars.

Other hours than these may come. Hours that may be wanry; Other days shall great as yet, " Days that may be druny, Still this heart shall be thy hous, Still this heart shall be thy hous, Still this breast the gillow, Still then lips must thise arefs Billow mesteth billow.

Sleep then on this happy heart, Since thy love bath won it; Dream then on this loyal breast, None but then bath done it. And when age our bloom shall che With its wintry weather, Hay we in the self same grave Sleep and dream together.

ARTISTS WITH SOAP.

Gentlemen Who Minter Thei Famoies in Art Sale

Presides in Art Salesas. Of all classes of art and artists, from the highest to the lowest, from Michael Angelo down to the brush wielder who whitewashes the back fence, there is probably no class with whogn the public is more unfamiliar than this known in every day phraseology as "mirror dec-orating." Yet almost everybody has seen decorated mirrors. They abound in saloons and places of public resort, and, though so common, it is a rare thing to catch the artist at his work. and, though so common, it is a rare thing to catch the artist at his work. Elaborate scenes, graceful flowers, ferns and figures, or an "advance notice" of some coming theatrical attraction stand out on the polished glass, but how they came there or by whom they were done is a mystery to the passer by and the man who tarries before the bar. "Who does it?" repeated a cocktail dis-penser on Madison street to a Mail supre-sentative, looking up at a huge, mirror

penser on Madison street to a Mail supre-sentative, looking up at a huge mirror which exhibited a foreground of reeds half concealing a meditative stork, al-lowing the spectator to gaze over a lake upon which a boat was sailing, and bringing his eye against a range of moun-tains in the distance. "Well, lots of fellows around town do the work as a steady job, and any number of 'seeds' tramp the country picking up drinks, grub and occasionally a quarter, because they know how to handle a pencil-or, rather, the scap-in this kind of work.

they know how to handle a pencil—or, rather, the scap—in this kind of work. "It's done with scap, you know—pure, white scap. The man who did this piece of work was a traveler, and from the way he looked when he came in the other morning and struck for the job, I should indee he cattered the cite is one of the judge he entered the city in one of the side door palace cars. He had a pocket-ful of scap, and I told him if he would apply a little of it to his face and hands, apply a little of it to his face and hands, in conjunction with some water, he could use the rest on the mirror. That's the result of his work. Looks like quite a job, doesn't it? The fellow did it in about an hour, and thought himself amply paid with three or four drinks and 25

Theart of mirror decorating, like every other specialty of the kind, appears to require a peculiar knack for just that

A scenors teacher in the made, and guided that a speedy trial be made, and offered to waper that Floyd could not chew three stalks in ten minutes. This was accepted, and the schoolmaster set various parts of the incial provimatio combination, the organic TOT MONTE was accepted, and the school and he had before him three large, fine stalks and ain surprising results. For the s comparison the following large instru-ments of this kind may be clind: Organ of the cathedral of Riga, 195 registers; Garden City esthedral, 196; St. Albert Hall, London, 100; Cathedral of Uhn, 100; St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 100; Notre Dame, Paris, 90; Boston cathe-dral, 86; Cathedral of Schwerin, 86; St. Nicholas church, Leipsio, 85; Cologne cathedral, 42.-Scientific American. Two of them were disposed of in five minutes, and the third one saw its fate in two more minutes, making the farmer the winner by three minutes. This settled the question of speed, and then some one offered to bet two to one that Floyd could not drink a quart of the interdemonstration. He that Floyd could not drink a quart of the juice down without stopping. He was a wiser man in just a minute later, for, catching up a jug, Floyd drained it of three pints of the sweet stuff. Every one was satisfied and he was the hero of the hour, when a small hand cane mill was brought into the room and transfer stalks were crushed, giving out A Remarkable Chass Flores

A Lofty Ideal

titlens of Negroes.

In America there are indies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady known to English ohers circles who, to use an Americanism, beam them hollow. She is a chess player whose father, once a wealthy land owner of the south of Russia, lost of the south of Russia, lost cane mill was brought into the room and twenty stalks were crushed, giving out three gallons of juice. This was a startling announcement, and it had the effect of making Floyd a lion among his friends, when they were taken aghast by the statement that he could chew twenty stalks before he re-tired and not feel the result. Every one laughed at him, and all thought him to be jesting when he laid out twenty of the largest stalks of cane near his chair and commenced on the work of grinding out the juice with his all his fortune over the chess b His daughter, now Madame Lavred His daughter, now Madame Lavronsky, when still a young girl, was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled aswork of grinding out the juice with his

A MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.

diable Talent of a Half The Res

Reuben Field, the instantiation pro-digy of Lexington, who has attracted so much attention, was born at Warrens-burg, Johnson county, about thirty years ago, and possesses only slightly intellectual faculties than "Blind intellectual faculties than "Bund home promi-"Ilueb's" gift is made the more promi-nent by the barrenness of his mind in other features. He has no intelligence aside from his remarkable manipulation of figures. Give Reuben Field a problem, of figures. Give Reuben Field a process, no matter whether it be in decimal, com-pound or vulgar fractions; it makes no difference whether it is better suited to the rules of abort than long division; it is immaterial whether there are ten figures or 700 in it; whether mult or substraction; and he will, without the or substraction; and he will, without the aid of paper or pencil, give you the answer before the echoes of your voice in propounding the question have fully died away. He cannot read; he cannot write. He does not know one figure from another, and yet mentally, by the gift which he possesses, he can solve any problem submitted to him. As "Blind Tom's" talent of repeating pieces of music played in his presence for the first time by many of the most brilliant performers in the country has been tested, and always Times

Burn old shoes and the makes will squirm away from that place. Shoes must never be put on a shelf higher than the head of the wearer. To keep shoes, even after they are past the country has been tested, and always is with the result of making more wonder-

No Reputed The Relieurs The boggy and the bad man have seed finally out of the lives of children. ou cannot scare the small boy any more You cannot scare the small boy any more with any such imaginative terrors. An anxious mother has just lost her last bit of control over her child by a "bluff" which did not work. She did not know her boy. She quite undervalued his ex-perience in human nature. The boy was

She had exhausted all appeals to his A Weekly Newspaper issued every againstion, and finally she had recourse A Weekly Newspaper issued every Wednesday. all the policeman, and she painted the rison cell and the dock, and all sorts of

"Yah!" said the boy. "Mamma, you can't play the policeman on me. He gave me a lot of candy yesterday. He wouldn't run me in for anything."—San Francisco Chrouicle. 32 Columns of reading matter, con-sisting of Nebraska State News Items, Selected Stories and Mincellany.

The Traffic in Indian Citi

When questioned about the allegations Mrs. E. B. Voorhees concerning the of Mrs. E. B. Voorhess concerning the outrageous traffic in Indian women in Alaska, Bishop Vladimir, of the Russian Orthodox cluurch, just returned from Sitka, said: "Though I went on another mission I, of course, heard of the system of office contract, as it is there termed. There are a large number of minsen, shop keepers, factory hands and persons in similar pursuits in different parts of the Alaskan territory, and I was told that they were most immoral. They usually have no wives of their own, so they go to depraved Indians, buy their young daughters for money or liquor, and after living with the poor girls a while cast them adrift."-San Francisco Cor. Chicago Tribune. manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled as-siduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master, or mis-tress, therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She has since then amassed a considerable fortune, playing to large stakes, and lately mar-ried M. Lavroffaky, also a lover of chem. --Pall Mall (lazette.

No Bannd Dos

No Bound Danses. Since the unarriage a failure topic has been worn out and reduced to a pulp, the country is now to be debuged with this quintion of dancing. Whether dancing is proper or not; if so, when, where, of what character, for how many hours, and what style of dreas? The Rev. C. S. Nickerson opens the ball, as is most proper, with an indorsement of danc-ing. He says it is natural innocent, beautiful. That is, square dances, where people move gracefully and merely touch finger tips. He says bugging should be done at home; therefore the walts is banished from Mr. Nickerson's congregation. But high necked, elevan But while a man must perceive that ideal for himself, it is not always wise for him to disclose it to others. If he would be to others a means of inspiration or of in-struction all his words and acts must point in the direction of his ideal; but point in the direction of his ideal; but they are not necessarily to point it out in its explicitness. When Moses would reform the Hebrew view of the marriage relation he made regulations in the di-rection of the ideal standard of marriage in its pristine purity; but because of the hardness of the people's bearts, through their wrong education up to that time, he refrained from exacting of them all that would have been their duty had they been capable of perceiving it as such. So, again, Jesus withheld some truths from his disciples which they were not yet able to bear, while all that he said to them was in the direction of congregation. But high necked, eleven o'clock, square cornered, long meter dancing he thoroughly approves.-Min-neapolis Tribune.

It has long been known that rails of tracks in actual use excitate much slower than those of dead tracks, but so far no astisfactory explanation has been found. W. Spring, in The Bulletin of the Royal Belgian academy, shows that this is due to the formation of a coating of mag-netic exide of iron under the influence of humidity and pressure. In order to prove the correctness of this view, Mr. Spring has brought moistened rust and a clean plate of iron under a pressure of from a thousand to twelve hundred at-mospheres, which corresponds to that of humdredweights. He found that the rust powder had penetrated the iron, and formed a coating of magnetic exide.-Magnatic Oxide. he said to them was in the direction o he said to them was in the direction of the greatest truths known to himself. And so it must be with every wise teacher and leader. He needs to have his highest ideal ever before himself; but it may not be expedient to bring its daz-sling brilliancy immediately before the dull eyes of those whose gate upward he is lovingly directing.—Sunday 3chool

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Molars. One by one the stalks were taken up and stripped, chewed and the pieces thrown aside, and in exactly one hour and fifteen minutes the little pile was exhausted and the man was ready to quit and retire from the field. The news of his feat spread far and near in his neighborhood, and now he is the wonder of the section. His friends in Twiggs county pit him against any man in the world for the championship and a prize of \$100.---Macon (Ga.) Telegraph. He who would make progress for him-self, or who would help others upward, must have clearly before his mind the ideal of the best conceivable attainment.

Norre Countryman. Reuben Field, the mathematical

"Thank you," he answered, quietly, with, I fancied, a half glance at me, " do consider myself very fortunate, and hope to be even more so before long." "Ah!" she said with a little laugh, "we shall even have to congratulate you on your marriage, I supposed I could not catch his answer, as just then our hostess rose, and I had to fol-

low; but as we went upstairs a girl I knew said: "I suppose Miss Gould is to be congratulated. Have you heard of her en-gagement? A case of love at first sight, I hear. By the by, when will Mr. Brownrigg's new book appear? Is it also to be dedicated to his brother and of honored veterans of whom the world speaks with respect. Still their love survived, and when at last their weary

waiting ended, and they once more took up the old question, both found that opfriend? portunity was come too late. "They had grown old in singleness; had formed ineradicable habits; neither The old joke had not died out even yet, and now came as a keener shame and pain than ever. I made no reply, and though I heard afterward that Mme. Sophie Lenoir surpassed herself, every-thing that night seemed a blank to me at the theatre. Voices and faces mixed had many years longer to remain, andwell, they would live out their lives in the way they had followed for a genera-tion, and trust to the eternal future to

themselves up together in torturing con-fusion, and the brilliant light seemed only to show me more clearly the utter blackness of my heart and life. My cousin, perhaps, guessed something of my misery, for she said: "Don't talk to Amy; let her dream. is in the august experience of a change of worlds."-Brooklyn Eagle.

"Don't talk to Amy; let her dream. No doubt she is composing sonnets on the actress or the play!" "So they laughed and left me alone. Suddenly my apathy was broken by a cry of "Fire!" repeated in louder tones again and again, and people sprang from their seats, as thin streaks of smoke were seen curling round behind the stage. In which the manager came forward and A St. Paul gentleman, who many years ago was a resident of Cincinnati, tells a story concerning Powers, the sculptor, which has probably never been in print. There were at that time in Cincinnati were seen curling round behind the stage. In vain the manager came forward and tried to speak; in vain Mme. Lenoir, who was dying in agonized contortions, rose, and spoke in rapid French, assuring the audience there was no danger; the people grew deaf and blind to everything but the increasing roar, and the smoke and flame, two or three connoisseurs in art who as-sumed a sort of general censorship in such matters, and everything that they said concerning works of art was sup-posed to "go." They had unfavorably criticised some of Powers' work, and, as he did not take much stock in their dic-tations anyway, he decided to show them up to the art people of the city. He was working some in wax and announced a which were now pouring into the theatre itself. The curtain fell, but only for a noment served to deaden the advancing

The confusion was terrible. Women shrieked and sobbed, men swore, and when every now and again a flickering flame blazed higher than before, it showed a sickening scene of struggle and

working some in wax and announced a reception at which he would show some of the latest products of his genius. Among the figures was one represent-ing the mayor of the city. It stood in a niche by itself, with the light arranged for the best effect. The high mucka-mucks of the art world of Cincinnati at-tended the reception. They examined the figure of the mayor and made com-ment on it. "The hands," remarked one, "do not reveal any anatomy." "The legs are a trifle short," said another, "but I felt so miserable that I had never thought of leaving my seat, but at star-ing stupidly, as if the frightful scene was no concern of mine, when I was aroused to tingling life again by Cyril's voice close to my ear: "Take my arm," he said, in low hurried are a trifle short," said another, "but otherwise I consider it a very fine

otherwise I consider it a very fine figure." And so they went on. One of them finally discovered that something was wrong about the bridge of the nose, and raised his hand to point out the de-fect. "Damn you, don't you pinch my nose," cried the alleged wax "figure" to their astonishment. dismay and complete overthrow as art critics. The sculptor had induced the real live mayor to help him in his little scheme.—St. Paul Pioneer Press. tones, "and for heaven's sake hold fast!" I clasped it with both my hands, but without a word. He forgave me then; he cared for me; he wished to save me; and the joy of this thought took away all fear. At the same moment the curtains in one of the boxes near blazed up for a few seconds, and by the light I saw my cousin's agonized face, as she struggled to keep on her feet, and was pressed back by the surging, maddened mass from the pit; she saw us, too, and reached her hand out to us.

"Amy! Mr. Brownrigg!" she cried; "help me! do not leave me!" He turned to me. "It is impossible to save you both," he said, hoarsely. "Good God! what can

I saw what he could do, and said:

The Millionaire Mother of a Socialist. One of the richest women in the world, the Duchess of Galliera, died in Paris. Her grace was the daughter and heiress of the Marquis de Brignole Sale, a rich Genoese nobleman. She years ago mar-ried the Duke de Galliera, who was very wealthy, but their fortune was enor-mously increased by judicious specula-tions. Some idea of the Duchess of Gal-liers's riches and henevolence can be "Press forward; think only of getting out of this horrible place." Then the light died away again, and with a smothered sob of intense thank-fulness I slid my hands from his arm, and, taking my cousin's, gently slipped them into the same place and pushed her forward caring. liera's riches and benevolence can be formed when it is said that her husband gave £1,000,000 to the city of Genoa to enlarge the port, and the duchess £2,000,-000 to build a new hospital-the most

them into the same place and pushed her forward, saying: "Keep firm hold. I will follow close charitable institutions. She also pre-

will not marry you. This old man, my father, is helpless—a sore trial, in truth —and he must look to me while he lives. with soap, and while the lines must be boldly marked, there are opportunities for delicate shading and requirements of I would not purchase my own happiness by adding to your burden. Let us wait, correct perspective which cannot be neg-lected if the sketch is to be a success. and if the good years to come bring fruition of our hopes we will live for each other then. Meanwhile I shall not lected if the sketch is to be a success. And while the decorating of a mirror in a barroom with a piece of white soap cannot be called very high art, it is still an art in the sense that many a poor tramp who is working only for a drink, can turn out a better piece of work in which a then a way up artist who each other then. Meanwhile I shall hot cease to love you, nor will I marry any other man, let the end be what it may." The lovers went their ways. Father Phillips, though he abated not a jot of his devotion to gin, lived on and on. Young Adelaide grew to old womanhood and the great comedian went on the list of here and means of when the world quicker time than a way up artist who has had his picture displayed in the academy.

The mirror decorations commonly see are in only one color-the white-al-though many of the "soap artists" attain to higher flights and indulge in colors. What the mixtures they use are composed of they consider a trade secret, but not a few of them can, with their white soap and their little pots of tinted paste, produce really artistic results, imitating produce really artistic results, imitating flowers in their natural colors and ob-taining a perspective, with the aid of the mirror itself, that is well nigh perfect. The work is done very quickly by those who do it, at a very low price. The ma-terials used are inexpensive, and the artist is generally satisfied to make 50 cents or \$1 an hour for work which comes so easy for him. bring them realization of their early dream. Adelaide Phillips went first, 'the strong base and building of her love' unshaken to the last. And now the other, who, like Philip Ray, had waited all his life, has found the meaning there

tioned the correctness of his answers, they have found they were in error and Reub was right whenever they did so. Tell him to multiply 9,398,746,523,156 by 73, add 89,572 and divide by 60, and in less time than the reader can calculate it There are two or three of these mirror decorators in the city who make it a point to spread the merits of theatrical companies through the medium of their scap. The manager pays them for their work, and the owners of the mirrors re-ceive complimentary tickets in consid-eration of allowing a neatly lettered announcement to appear for a few days upon the glass. And in this connection a pertinent story has been heard. It is a well known fact that the men who handle the paint brushes, and especially the sign writers, are decidedly reckless in the atter of orthography. Once, when "Hearts of Oak" was to b

once, when "Hearts of Oak" was to be given at the Academy, Col. Dan Shelby, then in charge, concluded to work the "mirror racket," and hired a man to do the job. When the colonel went after his matutinal cocktail the next morning he gazed at the barroom mirror and saw "Hartz of Oke" inscribed thereon in large letters. It was that way all over the west side, too. The bartender said he should have corrected the soap artist any reasonable error, but he so effecposed the play was a new one-somecago Mail.

THE CHAMPION EATER.

Cane by the Cartlead.

On the plantation of Capt. W. H. Stokes, in Twiggs county, there resides a white tenant who promises to become the champion ester of Georgis without any opposition. The man's name is Ebb Floyd, and he is said to be a short, stout man of 30 years of age and of a jolly dis-

Floyd first attracted the attention of his neighbors at a log rolling which took place about a month ago. On that occa-sion, after finishing the work the workmen sat down to a supper, and before them, among other things, were placed fifteen large potato custards. This dish was a favorite of Floyd's, and the fact was known to several of his friends, who were present at the supper. One of them, in a banter, offered to bet with Floyd that he could not eat half the custards at the same meal, and was very much sur-prised when his farmer friend took him up, and agreed to eat ten of them with

wearing, will keep good luck about a

with the result of making more wonder-ful his great gift, so have learned math-ematicians tried to trap Field, but with-out success. To give him a problem which one himself could not solve would not determine whether he was right or wrong, and lest errors might be made the most difficult "examples" in the higher arithmetics, as well as others, originating with their questioner and simple enough except for their long array of figures, have been hurled at him, and quick as a flash would come his answer, always correct. If you stub the right toe you will be welcomed; if you unfortunately stub the left you may know that you aren't

Burnt shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head, say old sunt-ies, and parched shoe soles and hogs' hoofs is a good mixture also for coughs. The older dusky maids believe that when their shoes come untied and keep coming untied it is a true sign that their sweethearts are talking and thinking his answer, always correct. Give him the diameter of the wheel

about them. Good luck to the child who draws on locomotive, and the distance between a locomotive, and the distance between any two points—it makes no difference how great—the time spent in traversing this distance, and you have hardly ceased speaking before he gives you the number of revolutions the wheel makes in covering the distance. Give him the distance and the time and he will tell you the diameter of the wheel. Tell him the dimensions of a brick, and say to him a wall is so many feet long, so many her stocking wrong side out. If she takes it off and rights it before 12 o'clock she may feel assured of getting soon a

nice present. A more absurd fancy is to believe that when any one accidentally spits on the old shoe a child wears this gives assur-ance that the child will soon have brand new footgear.—Exchange. a wall is so many feet long, so many high and so many thick, and he promptly tells you how many bricks are in the wall. Not in a reasonable length of time, as though calculating it, but in-stantly, and while skilled accountants who have witnessed his feats have quee-Exchanged Wives for Better or Werne

Fur and Hound. A for hound belonging to Capt. Mark Percy, of Cox's Head, near Fort Popham, chased a for for two days. The dog was seen in pursuit of the for several times during the two days, and his deep baying was frequently heard. Finally the for tired out, and fell to the ground exhausted. The dog, knowing that he had not sufficient strength left to fight the for, set down near him and watched him. In this condition the for and the hound were found by a man who lived near, and the for was so exhausted that the man easily killed him with a club.--Lewiston (Me.) Journal. Enshanged Wives for Botter or Wome. In Washington county two married couples were living only a short distance apart, and by neighborly intercourse each man became enamored of the other's wife, while the ladies sooil learned to love the other's husband, and thus became estranged from their first love. When matters took this shape it came to be noticeable by all concerned, and many evenings passed while each husband was at the other's house pour-ing out his tale of love and fidelity into the willing ears of the listeners. Finally one of the husbands, a little bolder than the other, proposed an exchange. This was met with gladness by all the parties interested, and the proposing party con-Lewiston (Me.) Journal. figures are only used as an illustration, but they are simplicity in its purest form compared to some submitted to him. He has gray eyes, and, when not engaged in exhibiting his strange gift, they are entirely free of expression, as though they were of dead glass; but have him in the excitement of figures and a strange glitter—something little short of an expression of madness—lights them up. The strangest of this half witted fellow's accomplishments is that, awak-ened at any hour, he will tell you the time to a second. He does not make a business of exhibiting his power, and it is not always that those who are most kind to him, and whom he knows best, MENT is only put up in large two-oune tin boxes, and is an absolute ours for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands box-by mail 30 cents.

Fooling a John.

"Some bright newspaper man," re-marked my marine engineer friend, "ought to ship as a deck hand or coal passer on a big lake boat and write up his experiences. He'd get an idea of life unfamiliar to him, and be able to interreaders that I have a positive remedy take employment in large business houses, God would take his gift away.-Lexington (Mo.) Cor. Globe-Democrat. for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases est his readers with glimpses of a strange, rough, reckless existence, and perhaps if he had a good constitution he'd be all the better for roughing it for a few weeks. He would see some amusing things, too. have been permanently cured. I shall He would see some amusing things, too. I remember one night in Chicago, as we were lying near the Clark street bridge, a cab was driven rapidly on to the bridge just as it was in the act of swinging. The cabby was half tipsy, but he had a fare and was rushing away with him for one of the depots. 'Oh, I'll get there,' he says; 'I always do, and you can't stop me.' He went on assing the bridge he says; 'I always do, and you can't stop me.' He went on sassing the bridge tenders as he and his cab swung around with the bridge. The vessel went through, the bridge swung to place, but the bridge tenders had put up a job on the jehu. Away rattled the cab, the driver crack-ing his whip and yelling, 'I'll get there.' but he didn't, for the bridge tenders turned him the wrong way. They swung the bridge clear around.—Buffalo News. hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemumbus.

The gold headed cane which loving The gold headed cane which loving children present to dear pape, to remaind him that he is growing old and that his tottering footsteps are fetching him to the grave; or which poorly paid em-ployes present to the superintendent as a bit of taffy; or which the retiring minis-ter receives from his doting congrega-tion to help him on his journey, is going

formed a costing of magnetic oxide.

Novel Motel Swindle

"A fellow with an English accent worked a new racket on me the other day," said a New York hotel man. "He

complain at the station about the trunks, and never came back. The checks were bogus and had secured for the scamp two meals and a bed."

For and Hound.

An Absolute Crre.

He that endures is not overcome.

Beat the dog before the lion.

In a long journey straws weigh.

"Dickeys Had One Trick."

English Spavin Liniment removes all

Consumption Surely Cared.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OIN's

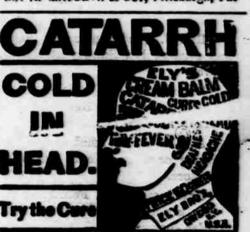
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This is the TOP of the GENUINE registered, got a good room and threw down two railroad checks for his 'lug-gage,' which he ordered sent upstairs to him. After some hours spent in looking Pearl Top Lamp Chimney. Allothers, similar are imitation. him. After some hours spent in looking for the trunks, the clerk reported that they could not be found. This threw the Englishman into a towering rage, and he was with difficulty persuaded that no doubt they could be found by next morn-ing. Next morning he went himself to complain at the station about the trunks,

This exact Label ison each Pearl Top Chimney. A dealer may say and think he has others as good, 3000 BUT HE HAS NOT.

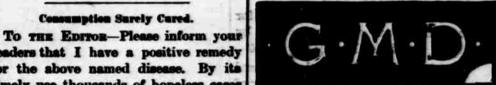
Insist upon the Exact Label and Top. FOR SALL EVELYWRIRE. MADE ONLY BY EO. A. MACRETH & CO., Pitisauruh, Pa.



Ely's Cream Balm

the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Ask for Bestores the Senses of Taste, Smell Sold by Dowty & Bestore at 0 Cleanses the Nasal Pageages. Al-

A particle is applied into each nestril ap agreeable, Price Sile, at Braggins or b tall. ELY BROTHERS, is Warren St., New York



iy cleanse the blood, which is the bealth, by using Dr. Pierco's Gol Discovery, and good digestion. be glad to send two bottles of my reme-

be glad to send two bottles of my reme-dy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respect-fully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York. Beat the dog before the lion.

tion (which is Scrofuls of the Lungs), by it wonderful blood - purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties, if taken in time for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short nutritive propertie Weak Lungs, Spit of Breath, Catarrh

ishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Co-umbus.

LEASING TO TASTE - DEA TTTRIHAN GOI

- INE

OURES ASTHMA. COUCHS

S. R. Roger and his brother left their 8. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago and went to Breckenridge, Colo., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Kewanee," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one, and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked deposit in that state. The vein said to be the most valuable and easily worked deposit in that state. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous years' work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Roger brothers have been offered \$100,000 for the two mines, but want \$200,000. Within a week after this find 5,000 men were on the spot establishing claims, but the Rogers had secured many of the most desirable. The mine is on the east side of the mountain, and the mow necessitates keeping it roofed over.—Chicago Tribune.

out stopping. Piling up the dishes in a circle, he commenced upon the spread. Five were

kind to him, and whom he knows best, can persuade him to "show off." He says his power came from God, and, it he accepted offers which had been made to him to travel with showmen, or to

Made Rich in Half an Hour.

ioned the correctness of his answers

keub will have the answer ready. These figures are only used as an illustration,

"Your friend is here to-night!" "Who is my friend?" I thoughtlenly

inquired. "Cyril Brownrigg," she answered, with a laugh. "How will he greet his brother and friend, I wonder?" I felt myself growing scarlet with shame and annoyance, for I had, of course, been unmercifully teased about that unfortunate dedication, and had carefully explained to all my friends that the author only knew me from my book. I felt that I could not stay and meet him there with all those people watching, and furned to tell my cousin I felt ill and must return home, but she watching, and furned to tell my cousin I felt ill and must return home, but she had been claimed for a duet, and was al-ready standing by the plano at the oppo-site side of the room, so I slunk away into the conservatory, where, behind tall camellias and ferms, I trusted to be uncamellins and ferms, I trusted to be un-observed until I could speak to my cousin, and persuade her to return with me. I do not know how long I sat there, lost in a dream, when a voice I knew well said quite close to me: "Have you seen your 'brother and friend' here yet, Mr. Brownrigg? I know she (with a malicious accent on the she) is here to-night, because I have just spoken to her cousin, Mrs. Wray-

re voice answered slowly: not quite understand you,

of the laughed. "No, I dare my It was a charming little mystery, nit, but really it is losing the charm

She was half dead with terror, and scarcely understood, but clung blindly, and he, in the struggle and darkness, did not notice the change, and pushed his way forward, shielding my cousin as well as he could.

is well known also to have purc well as he could. I kept close to them until we reached the passage leading to the :door of exit into the street, but then somebody seized me by the shoulders and dragged me roughly back, alipping into my place. I lost my balance and fell, and for one horrible minute felt a sickening sense of suffocation as the rush passed over me; the next I struggied on my fact armin

horrible minute felt a sickening sense of suffocation as the rush passed over me; the next I struggled on my feet again. Fortunately, I had fallen close to the wall, so was able to support myself against it, and felt my way by its guid-ance through the blinding smoke in the direction of the door. I was nearly crushed to death, and glow of that great joy in my heart, and thanked God with all my soul that I had been able to show Oyril that I was not entirely heartism. Death seemed noth-ing to me in comparison with the know-ledge that he loved me, for I had seen he Sarah Winnemucca, the insuan prin-cess who attended Wellesley college, and under the nom de plume of "Bright Eyes" has written several fron-tier stories, is now teaching an Indian school of her own. She reports that she has fifteen or sixteen pupils, and is get-ties close wheels.

ing along nicely.

A survivor of the Light Brigade is said to be a plumber in Indianapolis. Of course it has occurred to everybody that he learned how to charge in the Crimes. The charges of the electric light brigade have astonished Boston and promise to become historical.—Boston Transcript. ing to me in comparison with the internal lodge that he loved me, for I had seen the love I longed for in his agonized even, and heard it in his voice during the

momentary flicker. I suppose I fainted after this, for I have a very dim remembrance of seeing lights appear, as if through a fog, and of feeling strong arms helping me on, and then a total blank, until I found myself in a carriage driving slowly along a disally lighted street. Don't water house plants too often aid weather. A mistake of too li-nter is not so had as too much.

staly he won't be on the platter abet" I asked, faintly, look-

sented to her native city her palace, the celebrated Palace Rosso, with its superb collection of Vandykes and other pictures by the great masters. In Paris ahe ena rush. One after another disappeared slowly but surely, until the magic num-ber of ten came to hand, and all present

were in an uproar. Straightening himself out for the fray, the farmer commenced on the homestretch. Ten large sweet potato custards inside of him and five awaiting the at-tack presented a ludicrous scene. It was agony, but three soon sped away on their journey to meet their fellows, and gradually the last of the fifteen found itgradually the last of the fifteen found it-self on the way down to the depths. He had accomplished the feat, and the prize offered in the bet was his, and his only. This was, however, only a starter for Mr. Floyd, and so, therefore, he chose a day for another effort, and again he came out victorious.

This time it was a chewing contest, and sugar cane was the object of his at-

tention. After a day of frolic and fun, and after indulging in a hearty dinner, with turkey and stuffing to his heart's content, he visited a house where he expected to eat supper and remain all night. This time a crowd had gathered to see the Twiggs wonder, and an abundance of good, julcy cane had been set in the room ready for the contest. As a preliminary, fourteen full stalks were chewed before supper, and then all hands ast down to an old time Thanks-giving supper, with 'possum and yams and plenty of rich gravy. This friends that the contast was ready to be opened, and mixed if any one pro-part wanted to make bets on the readit.

A Curious City. Imagine a city with most of its streets narrow, muddy and crowded, where the seller of lettery tickets takes the place of the newsboy, where the payers of the street, the conductors of the cars, the clerks in the stores, the policemen on their bests, the soldier with his musket, the barefooted men and women who peddle their wares and the very beggars at the doorways all smoke cigarettes or cigars. The street cars carry the cof-fined dead to the censtary, with the mourners in the cars that follow. Man, women and children, half maked and without shoes, bear the burdens that we prior peddle the limpid fluid from the aqueducts from house to house. Every other woman has a heby damping con-tentedly from a mek upon her back. Imagine the picture and you get a glimpse of the street scenes that you tak upon about the greet plans, ficing the costly palace and the magnificent cathedral of the City of Menico.-City of Menico Cor. Albany Journal. ter receives from his journey, is going out of favor as a gift, in holidays or other times. The gold headed umbrella has taken its place. The umbrella an-swers all the purposes of a walking stick, without the disadvantage of the latter. It is not a hint of old age, and is more convenient in a rain storm. As eloquent donation speeches may be made over a fine ellk umbrella with a gold headed handle as over an ebony wood club that but few men will carry about with them. Possibly the umbrella is more likely to turn up as lost, strayed or stolen, with less chance of finding its true owner again than the cane, but that is a disad-vantage that comes entirely from the superior value of the umbrella. There is the same distinction between gold and brass.—Cincinnati Commercial Gaustie.

and It Done Ja

Wanted B Dens Futtionably. "Inazmuch as the animal you stole was only a colt," remarked the leader of the regulators, "we have decided to give you forty-nine lashes with a horsewhip instead of hanging you. But we shall lay them on well." "I have only one favor to sak, gentle-man," said the prisoner, pale but up denting

A Large Organ. A correspondent of La Science en Famille states that in the Protestant church at Liban, Russia, there is an or-gan which occupies the whole width of the church, about 60 feet, and which has 181 registers, 6,000 pipes and 14 bel-lows of large size. It has 6 harpsichords and 1 padal. The largest pipe is formed of planks 3 inches thick and 81 feet in length, and has a section of 7 square inches, and weighs 1,860 pounds. Bu-sides the 181 registers there, are "What is it?" "Gentiemen," he replied, "I have not always been a criminal and an outcast I have moved in good accisty and I know the customs that provail among our be people. I will take it as a favor, goat people. I will take it as a favor, goat

life don't iterate like parrots. At least, I know of only one person who is liable to such criticism-young Bowdin, my neighbor. The picture of health isn't he? Buddy cheeks sparkling eyes, ring-ing voice. Well, his pet phrase, which I've heard him repeat to perhaps a score I've heard him repeat to perhaps a score of people suffering from coughs and weak lungs, is, 'Take Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.' No wonder, either. for it saved him from a consumptive's

2500 reward offered by proprietors of Dr. Sage's Ostarrh Remedy for an curable case.

He warms too near that burns.

the greatest scourge of humanity, in the and then to try to stay its progress on the brink of the grave? A few doses of fornie's most useful production, RANTA ABLE, the king of cone and Catarrh. too often the OT CALIFORNIA CAT-B-CURE. These adies are sold and fully warranted by Dowty & Becher at \$1. or



and by the H. T. CLARK Dags Co.,