CAPTAINS SWEETHEART.

Through the open doorway of a colonial mansion in South Carolina the October sunlight poured in a mellow flood, caming on the polished floor of the hall, dancing in waves of reflected light upon the rafters of the ceiling. The souse was ample and sedate. The hallway with its high wainscoting of wood, above which hung the family portraits: ladies with wondrously arranged and powdered hair, sitting pensively upon the shore of miniature lakes, upon which swans disported, or standing beneath

drooping willows.

There were men, too, grave featured men, in mail, and more modern ones, smiling, tricked out in all the bravery of lace and damask. These were ancestral Rodmans, brought by John Rodman when first he came to America some fifty years ago. A great fireplace filled al-most the entire end of the hall. Opposite the entrance a helmet and crossed lances occupied the space between the mantel and the ceiling. A carved staircase descended almost to the floor, then made an abrupt turn and ended in two finely carved posts quite in the center of the

The house was more imposing than most of its rivals in --- county, finished throughout with carved woodwork and mirrors, brought especially for it by old John Rodman from England.

All was quiet on this bright afternoon. On a couch covered with a design in crimson lay an embroidery frame, together with the novels, "The Reward of Constancy" and "The Curious Impertinent." Near by was an open harpsichord, with music scattered all atop of it. Behind this a lute hung upon the wainscoting. The October breeze blew in from the fields, stirring the leaves of books on the couch, rustling among the pages of music, making the chords of the instrument itself vibrate gently. Without the twittering of birds sounded. The strips of sunlight on the floor grew longer and longer until it almost touched the dry logs in the fireplace.

Slowly passing down the staircase, first in shadow, then in sunshine, came a fair young girl, in a white gown, with her golden hair gathered in a loose knot high upon her head. A few curls had escaped from their fastenings and were her et reaties. ing in pretty confusion upon her neck. With one hand clasping the banister rail, the other the locket at her throat, she descended listlessly. Suddenly she raised her head, her eyes shone brightly with expectation, a delicate flush came to her cheek and in the corners of her mouth there lurked smiles and dimples. On the lane sounded the beating of horses' hoofs. She ran to the door as, with a great clatter, a young officer in the English uniform dismounted quickly before the house.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed as he ran up the steps, "I was so afraid you would not come. I have been watching since noon for you-I vow I have."

"Prue, I could come no quicker. Our general has singled me out for duty this afternoon. I have been so angered! But now-now that I see you in that frock-I can forgive him," and, with a laugh, he drew her gently into the hall and

"Be careful," she whispered, "if we are seen. There's mother-I left her napping in her chamber—but if she chanced to awake! Oh, Hugh, be care-

"How long, dear Prudence, am I to be thus put off-thus kept waiting? When may I see your mother, entreating for this little hand? Prue, when?" "Nay, not now; perhaps when my Lord Cornwallis doth win or lose; then, may-

hap. Still, I know not." "Always 'I know not.' Alack! I am sick to death of that answer." He arose, striding angrily up and down the room. "Contentment and patience! dearest Hugh. You know mother would not give her consent now. We must feign loyalty to the congress. This tedious war has set us much awry. I do not even think she would let you come here were it not for Elizabeth's pleasure. Is it not strange? Father was English, Elizabeth is and I"-she paused and flushed, then continued - "I-I fain would be, while mother and Dick are all

for Washington and liberty.' "Your brother is a traitor!" "Hush!" she cried quickly, "he is my brother and your cousin Elizabeth's husband. Shame upon you, Hugh!" "Your pardon, mistress; I will not say

"Do not, I pray you, Hugh! I am the traitor. Sometimes I feel I must run mad when I hear mother and Dick talking of our wrongs and England's tyranny. As they upbraid the English and his majesty, George III, then I feel the veriest, vilest traitor, for my heart is with you, and where you are, there is

him-but she quickly escaped from his caresses. Running over to the harpsichord and seating herself, she began to play softly the minuet music as her sister-in-law, decked out in her bravest finery, slowly descended the stairs. "Good day, fair Bess!"

"Good day to you, sir cousin! how comes it you are not with your troops in town? Is Capt. Trevor turning truant to his duty?"

"Nay, good mistress, my duty now lies but to my pleasure. I came to bear the music to you that I spoke of. Also a new scarf that I just received for you from London. Twas fortunate that came by it. These are difficult times to

importing frippery. But see! does it meet your favor?"

"Most bravely—indeed, I do protest tis vastly fine!" cried Elizabeth, with a langh and a deep courtesy.

"Is it not extravagant in mode and fancy?" volunteered the captain. "Aye," replied Prudence: "there

full eight score yards of edging on "."
"La!" interrupted Elizabeth, "I am enamored of it. It has a most enchanting grace and seemly fashioning. I trust it will prove becoming. I vow 'tis French. None others know how to cut so sweetly. I never will countenance any other fashions save the French. I-but bless me,

Prue, I clean forgot—your mother wants to see you in her room." As Prudence hurrying up the stairs vanished out of eight Elizabeth turned to Hugh, saying: "Pray, cousin, tell me how stand the sof the war. What does my Lord Cornwallis? Hear you aught of my hus-band? I am nigh dead with worrying.

He is with Marion, but where I know not. I get no word of him, nor may I go to him. What a fate is mine, hemmed in by those I love, my kinsmen, from him I love the most, my husband?"

"I've no news, Bess. I dare swear

"I never have seen him but once, and ret I thought he looked frail. He is most frail fair in feature, is he not?" "More fair in character," replied his

"Mistress 'Lisbuf, where are you?" cried little darkey girl, who came running, out of breath, into the hall. When the child saw who was there she paused abruptly, much terrified-her eyes seemed to start from their sockets.

"What would ye, Judith?" gently asked Elizabeth, but the child answered not, but turned and fled, dropping on the floor the large apple which she had held in her hand. As the fruit struck the floor it burst open, disclosing a small, carefully folded piece of paper. With a cry Elizabeth started forward. Hugh anticipated her, seizing the note quickly from its | hiding place and holding it behind him.

"Give it me!" she demanded, haughtily. "Not quite so fast, cousin. It may be of interest to his majesty. Its secrecy points to its import." 'No, no; give it me, Hugh-it's mine.'

"What! you turned traitor, Bess?" "Nay, but I wish my letter-I insist." "I cannot give it to you. "Tis my duty." "It may-I mean it is of naught,

"I fain would not, yet must I see for myself, Bess." "My dear coz, sweet coz, give it me,"

"Nay, dear coz, sweet coz, I may not." As he slowly unfolded the letter Elizabeth sank pale and faint upon the couch. "Egad!" cried the captain, "I find it is of passing interest. Well wrote, Master Dick. I must be off at once. Good-by, cousin. I grieve to pain you. Here, take your letter. Hold! on second thought. you may read it, but I will keep it." He held it out before her. Tremblingly she

"I will be home to-night at 10. Leave the door unlatched. Acquaint no one with my purpose. I must be gone within the hour. I cannot go without a sight of your dear face. "What will you do?" she asked.

"Take him prisoner." "Have pity," she cried, sinking on her knees before him. "Have pity; you cannot be so cruel. Had you not been here-in truth, no one will know. Oh! Hugh. It is so much to me, so little to

"Little? Elizabeth, it is my duty." "But none will know," she argued. "I would know. Nay, tempt me not, it is my duty. Would you make me a traitor? He himself would do as I am doing for his country and you would

praise him for it. A traitor I must not "What is all this talk of traitors?" asked Prudence, suddenly returning. Silently he gave her the note. He almost feared

eth; "down, Prudence, and entreat for mercy"— She paused. Something in

Prue's face checked her. "Nay," was the quiet answer, "I will not entreat him. 'Tis wrong to dissuade him from his duty." "But he will kill Dick-my husband

your brother! Do you understand, girl?" As she ceased Elizabeth staggered to her feet and seized Prudence's arm. "I understand, Elizabeth; but it is the fortune of war."

Elizabeth sank weeping upon the couch. Capt. Trevor turned and left the house. His spurs clanked loudly as he descended the steps. The sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the silence as be rapidly rode on his errand.

Prudence, unmindful of all, stood un noved and unmoving in the gathering shadows of the autumnal twilight. Heavy clouds arose just after sunset weeping over the landscape like dark blankets, shutting off the sky and the stars, casting over the face of the earth one great shadow in which all form was

swallowed up. Elizabeth paced up and down her chamber in impatience and terror. Vainly she peered from her window; all was blackness; no sound was to be heard tave the rustling of her own gown. Finally, no longer able to endure her anguish, she seized the candlestick that sat upon her dressing table and descended to the hall. Her heart beat quickly as she slowly swung open the great door

and stepped out upon the porch, protecting the canule's flame with one hand. "Halt! Who goes there?" cried a gruff roice from the shrubbery. She dropped her candle as she realized

that the house was surrounded by the English. Faintly she answered: "I, Mistress Elizabeth Rodman."

"What would you, Mistress Elizabeth Rodman?" questioned the deep voice.

"I would see your captain. "Tarry there." After what seemed an interminable

elay, her cousin approached, followed by a private bearing a lantern. "This is no place for you, Elizabeth, was his first remark.

"Oh! Hugh, is there no hope? Re nember poor Andre last fall and Nathanel Hale. Bethink you, is there no expedient? Oh, bethink you?"

"None! Lest he delay or rather come

not." "God grant he may not!" she

murmured. "Amen," he added. Then continuing sternly, in a loud voice, he said: "Get in, Mistress Rodman, get in!" As the door closed behind her, a man came running up the steps, full into the light cast by the lantern which disclosed the fair hair and delicate features peculiar to the Rodmans. His cap was gone, in its stead a great kerchief like affair was bound about his head. He was very pale. In an instant Hugh had seized the heavy knocker of the door to prevent Elizabeth from coming out. Rodman

was at once seized and though the noise was slight Elizabeth had heard it and was calling wildly, "Let me come to him! Let me come to him!" "Be of good cheer, Bess, I am taker but fe not, only be patient," called the prise r. There was a dull sound as of

body falling on the other side of the wor, then all was quiet. "Come away!" muttered Trevor, "she has swooned. prisoner nodded. Silently they passed down the long flight of steps into the night of impenetrable shadows. "It grieves me," whispered Hugh as he ap-proached and walked beside his captive;

"it grieves me sore to treat you with such scant courtesy, by my faith it does." "Tis naught," replied the other gently; "you do but your duty!"

"A tedious duty by my liking for you and your family."

"Speak not of them, but yet I would know how they fare, if ill or well or

"Well—but for your mishappening."
"I sourow a little for Beas, but not for ittle Prue. She has a pretty spirit."
"That I protest she has," exclaim

No! Nor did he! Why blame him for as much loyalty as your own?" "He is brave. I would he were with

0

0

THE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

At the beginning of the fall season, an entirely new and elegant stock of Fall Clothing for Men & Youth & Boys

Which I am now offering to the people of Columbus and vicinity. Not a dollar's worth of old clothing can be found on my tables, everything is fresh, stylish and bought of the largest manufacturies.

LIGHT and HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOATS

The evenings growing chilly, you all feel the need of one of this class of coats. My stock is complete. I shall be pleased to fill your wants in this line. I will offer you bargains in suits. I scarcely know which one of the many beautiful styles to mention. I will offer you a NICE STYLE SUIT FOR \$5.00, you can't get elsewhere for less than \$8.00. My \$9.00 suits, worth \$12.50, are all wool, stylishly made, and will compare with any suit bought elsewhere for \$12.50. A nice, fancy plaid or stripe sacks or frocks for \$12.50 is worth \$18.00; the nicest dress suits for \$17.50, cheap at MY CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE. Now is your time to buy children's suits, age 5 to 12 for \$3.00, cheap at \$4.50 and too

A RIG LINE OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS. Parents now is your time to purchase. I also carry a LARGE LINE OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS

TALKING ABOUT GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, you can find any style for less money than was ever offered to you before. You can buy a good undershirt for 50 cents, cheap at 75 cents; a full line of GENTS' AND BOYS' OVERSHIRTS in flannel and all styles. I have too large an assortment to mention prices in this line. A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES, at the very lowest prices, and everything is warranted or money will be cheerfully refunded. things move. My prices are bound to bring you to me, and if you value your money and if you want to save it, call at THE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

MY MOTTO IS: OUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

REMBER, ONE PRICE TO ALL. THE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE, A. SANDS, Prop'r.

"How? "Iwas there I met your sister, Mistress Prudence,' yet I saw not you. "No? Well, I saw you," laughed Rodman. They paused before a low storied, rambling house. The sign it bore was

"The King's Head." The landlord showed them into the best room, while the soldiers went to the inn's kitchen. "Now, Master Wolford," cried the cap-

tain, "fetch us some of thy most amiable and warming stuff. We are much fatigued, over dry in the throat." "Nay, none for me," said Rodman. "I am but an indifferent tippler, but fain would I lie me down to rest. I am done

to death with these rough roads." "Thou art pale and delicate like, perchance?" volunteered Wolford, Rodman flushed. "Nay, not I; on second thoughts fetch me a drink and a pipe, if you can When the landlord was gone Hugh

said: "Say first, Master Rodman, that you bear me no ill will, then say what ve will have with me in the way of favor." "I bear ve no ill will. Nav. make not so much of light, my eyes do ache. One candle will suffice. But as to favorssend for Mistress Elizabeth."

And quitting the room for an instant he gave the order, and presently the landlord and he returned together. "Here is your tobacco and your liquor, Master Rodman," said Hugh.

"Well, I will send to fetch her."

"Well, set it by; I will sleep a Bess comes." The solitary candle had almost burned out, a faint glow of light shone in the east, the two men were fast asleep, when there came a gentle knocking at the door. Hugh sprang up to open it. Going into the entry he perceived in the cold light

of the growing dawn that their visitor was Mistress Elizabeth. "Why did you send for me?" she asked. "What does all this mean, cousin? I am all a muddle-first you come, then you go-and now"-

"Pray be quiet, cousin." he interrunted: "you must in and haste if you would "Him?"

"Yes: Dick, thy husband. Nay, speak not nor tarry not, but enter, for I hear door and closed it. As he stood before the door he heard a great hubbub below. Hurrying down he

met a messenger, who breathlessly told him "that Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington that very morning." Hugh tore upstairs and, bursting into the room, told Elizabeth of his news. In the midst of her exclamations of mingled mockingly.

pleasure and regret he interrupted her

"Where is Master Rodman, Dick?" "He passed through your lines last night at 11, after visiting me," answered Elizabeth, with a smile.

"Why-why," stammered Hugh, "He. whom I left here with you-that fair favored youth-where is he?" "Here," said a soft voice, coming from

the corner, as the figure stepped out into the light which fell through the small window. It took off its head covering a wreath of yellow hair fell down about its shoulders, and there in the dawn stood not Dick, but Prudence, blushing "Have not I a pretty spirit?" she said mockingly, "and have not I played you

a pretty trick, my gallant sir? Nay, speak not, for I will now do you a worser service, for I propose to be"-she courtesied very low-"your wife, Mistress Pru-dence Trevor."—H. C. Heverin in Philadelphia Times. After Her Young.

A naturalist contributes to Nature, from the island of Crete, a paragraph relating to one of the most interesting aspects of bird life. A gardener caught a young but fully fledged sparrow, which he carried to the house of a friend three miles away. He left home early in the morning.

He presented the bird to one of the children, and it was put in a cage and hung at the window, where it seemed get a beautiful toy, human, but likely to be contented, losing its fright which can never turn against you."

Later in the afternoon an old bird came frantic to get out.

The old bird was evidently the mother of the young one; the recognition between them was too cordial to

leave any doubt upon that point; and when the girl opened the cage, as she did after a little, they both flew off rapidly in the direction of the place from which the little one had been

It was believed impossible that the old bird should have followed the gardener, as in that case it would have been seen earlier in the day.

Hugh with vehemence.

The other smiled rather sadly,

"Methinks 'tis true you love the lass!
Nay, answer not, but tell me where are we yet to go?"

"We were to go at once to Yorktown, but now I learn we may not come there."

"I am glad," said Rodman; "I am not keen to see my Lord Cornwallis. I would not that he view me in such a sorry guise."

"You have met. Why, how comes that?"

"We met him at Madam Payton's and solve the last in gualities, is also loosing its hold in public favor. Calf skin is now the only leather for stylish footwear.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

"It is the strangest case I have ever encountered in all my thirty years' practice," said Dr. Forbes, and all the other physicians called in echoed his words. There had been a terrible railroad accident. Few were killed outright, but death resulted in many cases from the

injuries received. Among those whose death was hourly expected was the patient of whom the doctor had spoken. She was a young girl of perhaps 18, of such exquisite loveliness that amazed and delighted all who

She was picked up insensible at the scene of the wreck, and had since lain voiceless, senseless, immovable as a mar- from her sad thoughts. ble statue, at a farm house to which she she belonged remained an impenetrable mystery, although her description had been widely advertised.

ed themselves in her case, but one and narent bodily injury. Each slender, blemish as when it came from the hands of the Maker. The fair body was equally as perfect, save at the first a small blue spot had been found next the

For eight long weeks she had lain in eyes and pale hands crossed upon her lace covered robe, and Mrs. Searle could saw him turn away she forgot every- are troubled with any disease of kidneys see her and gone away, her exquisite had been there but a few minutes when again, and sprang up with no thought ing you will surely find relief by use of image indelibly impressed upon their a servant brought Mrs. Searle a tele- of herself whatever.

Contributions had been freely made for her benefit, but now some new object anxiety. of pity engressed the fickle public, and the project of removing her to some charitable institution was being discussed. Dr. Forbes and several others sat about the room. The girl looked like an angel as she lay upon the clean white bed, her long hands crossed above her heart, her face like marble in its impassiveness, yet warm with life. She had a wealth of golden hair, and it lay about her like a veil. The discussion had become heated. Dr. Forbes contending for him up," and he pushed her through the delay in removing her. Suddenly all were startled by a clear, sweet voice ex-

> "Do not hesitate, gentlemen. Cart me off to the poor house at your earliest convenience. No other place could be so suitable for such a useless clod." All eyes turned in utter amazement to

find a pair of dark eyes regarding them Dr. Forbes instantly sprang to her side. "O there isn't any change, doctor, save

that my tongue is loosened, and I can

open my eyes."

This proved to be the case, but a little later she found that she could move her head. There the improvement ended, however, much to the good doctor's regret. They plied her with questions. but she resolutely refused to disclose her identity, only admitting her name was Eden. She urged them to take her to the charity hospital, saying it was where she belonged. It was at length decided to leave her

where she was until further effort could e made to induce her to disclose the address of her friends. That she belonged to some good family was apparent from her refined appearance. Her clothing was elegant and costly. A dainty watch and chain and other valuable articles of jewelry had been found upon her person. All this but deepened the mystery.

When Dr. Forbes left the farm house he made his way to one of the most elegant suburban residences the city boasts. He received a cordial greeting from its nistress, a delicate, proud looking, elderly lady in widow's weeds. After a short conversation on differen opics Dr. Forbes said, abruptly:

"Mrs. Searle, you said the other you had nothing to live for, since your son had disappointed you so grievously.

I have come to tell you where you can get a beautiful toy, human, but one lated the particulars I have already was noticed fluttering about the cage, apparently trying to get at the little one, and the young bird at once be: in her pride of birth and position, her heart being kind and easily moved to pity. She at once rang the bell, ordered the carriage, and upon its being brought entered it with the doctor and was

> Dr. Forbes explained to the helpless girl what arrangements had been made for her comfort, and he never will forget the look of horror her dark eyes expressed at mention of Mrs. Searle's name. At first she refused even to see her, but at ength consented. As the lady bent over her, infinite pity in her still fine eyes, she murmured reproachfully:
> "If you had only come for me three months ago?"

driven to the farm house.

"Where were you then?" asked the doctor, quickly. "In a fool's paradise," she replied, bit-So the waif of the wreck was taken to

Mrs. Searle had been a widow for several years. She had but one child, a son, whom she worshiped with an idolatrous she passively received his caresses, only love. He well merited all the love be-

fondly imagined. He proved himself only human by one day falling in love with a lovely girl far beneath him in the social scale. His mother was horrifled, resolutely refusing to even see her, and saying all manner of bitter, unreasonable things. Kenneth was very patient, for he loved his mother tenderly. He spent an entire year in a vain endeavor

to win her consent. Then, being twen-

ty-five years old, and having a fortune

of his own, inherited from his father, he

asserted his manhood, and went to marry his love. His mother wrote him one bitter, unkind letter, to which she received no reply, nor had she heard from him since. She was very unhappy, and welcomed Eden's coming as an agreeable diversion

She called in physician after physician, sparing no expense. They talked learnedly of a shock, of paralysis of He clasped her with his one arm, where the spinal cord, but could suggest no she rested almost a dead weight, but in Several noted physicians had interest- remedy. The girl's faculties were sing- the excitement of the moment he did ularly acute, but her body remained in- not notice it. Mrs. Scarle was looking and painful sickness to robust health all confessed themselves baffled in her ert, lifeless. Every convenience and on in wondering amazement. strange condition. There was no ap- comfort was provided for her; among "Now, dear mother, tell him. other things a wheeled chair, in face was radiant, and still clasping his rounded limb was as free from spot or which she was pushed about the lovely neck with one arm, she extended grounds surrounding the mansion. She other hand to the happy woman. "The whereby the good health has been atwas seldom left alone, a rosy cheeked story cannot hurt him now." attendant being always at hand during So Mrs. Searle told the one fac

Mrs. Searle's absence. gram. As she glanced up after reading Thus "love works wonders." - True it she met Eden's gaze, full of strange

"My son has been injured and is coming home," she explained. "Seriously?" The word came gasping-

ly, and the girl's face rivaled her snowy "Oh, no, dear. Do not be frightened Only a broken arm." A great sigh of relief struggled through the girl's white lips.

"You have a tender heart," said the

elder lady, kissing her fondly. "Shall you send me away?" surprised tone. "Indeed, I love you too and that you do, in memory of me, dearly ever to do that. What, weeping?" present it to —, Esq., a king's counand with tender touch she wiped the sel, so that he may have frequent op-

send you away, I promise.'

With another kiss she hastened away voked and burnt, left to him. to issue orders for Kenneth's comfort. His arrival followed close upon the telegram, and in the confusion Eden was most pleasant in the world, judging momentarily forgotten. Her chair was close beside the main entrance, and although her face was turned away, he daughter of Grammont, a Frenchman saw and recognized her. "Eden! My darling! My darling!" he cried, taking a step toward her. Then,

him, he fell insensible at her feet. "O my God! Kenneth!" Mrs. Searle heard the despairing wail as she had also heard her son's cry. ly, clutching one of the helpless arms. "I am his wife."

Stunned by the unexpected reply, the niserable woman turned and followed the men who bore Kenneth to his room. It was only a faint, from which he soon recovered. But the bones of his broken arm had been displaced by his fall, and a physician had to be summoned to reset it. When it was over, and all had left the room save his mother. he turned to her. "Mother, did I see Eden, or did I dream

"You saw her," crossly and shortly.

"Oh, thank God! Here, safe in your care, Mother, I have worn my life care. Mother, I have worn my life found there. Lastly, the expedition nearly away searching for her. She read your cruel letter, and an hour after we were married had left me because of Genghis Khan.—New York Teleit. Tell her to come to me, dear mother, gram. I have so longed for a sight of her dear face. How came she here?" Mrs. Searle burst into passionate weep-

ing. How cruelly wicked she had been! the circumstances of Eden's coming, but she dared not tell him his bride was a being knocked about. A jump from a Dowty & Recher helpless paralytic. Then at last she re-membered the girl was in a state of cruel suspense in regard to Kenneth's condition, and hurried below. She found her to all appearance dead. No breath stirred the white breast, and

the dark lashes drooped low upon the

nale cheeks, hiding the sweet eyes.

heart. Must she break her boy's heart with the intelligence that death had stolen his love at the moment of her re-But active measures recalled the spirit hovering on the borderland of the unknown, and to the agonized inquiry in the dark eyes Mrs. Searle whispered an

ssurance that all was well. The voice she loved best on earth choed the words, his dear lips pressed hers in love's sweet kiss. When she saw his dear face, so worn and haggard, how she prayed God to unloose the bonds

Mrs. Searle's face that he was yet in ignorance of her helpless condition. She felt as if her heart was breaking. How Brougham, in the days when he ran could she tell him? How cloud his happiness by such terrible news?

"No, no, I cannot." "Tell me - what?" demanded Ken-Both were silent, and as he looked

from one to the other the glad, radiant from one to the other the glad, radiant look left his face, leaving it inexpress that time cost \$5.—San Francisco Ar sively wan and haggard. "Is it that you care for me no longer Mother, is this your work? You need not speak. I will go away again, never

to return. He turned and staggered blindly toward the door, but ere he had reached it two loving arms clasped his neck. "Kenneth, dear Kenneth, wait, wait," ing a lawn mower or a go cart is very

had withheld, and he understood how

One day Eden's chair had been pushed mighty the love must be which could out upon the cool, wide veranda. She rend the bonds that had so long held looked like an angel in her dainty, white her. She said afterward that when she breast. Scores of people had been to scarcely keep her eyes off her. They thing save the agony of losing him

> Instances where legators have thor-oughly despised their legaters and hinted accordingly in their wills are quite numerous. Aylett Stow, a gen-tleman who died in London during the Revolutionary war, made the fol-

lowing odd provisions: "And lastly, be you sure to lay out five guineas for the purchase of a pic-ture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him "Shall you send me away?" from perishing in the snow, if the "Send my dear daughter away?" in a same can be bought for that money; tears from the beautiful face. "Nothing portunities of contemplating it." shall ever make me love you less, nor "This is in lieu of a legacy of £3,000, which I had by a former will, now re-

The home life of Henry, earl

Strafford, could not have been the "I give to the worst of women," -who I have unfortunately married. five and forty brass half pence, which will buy her a pullet for her supperere a hand could be outstretched to save a greater sum than her father can make over to her-for I have known when he had neither money nor credit for such a purpose, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of wo-"Who are you?" she demanded, fierce- men in all debaucheries. Had I known their character I would never have married their daughter nor made my-self unhappy."—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

> News from Kiatcha states that the exploring expedition under M. Yad-rinstess had returned there after havsuccessfully made the ascent of the heights of Oreon. The expedition had also discovered the ruins of the palaces of the Mongol Khans and of two large ancient cities. One of the latter had a circumference of twenty versts, or fourteen miles. A cemetery with a number of royal tombs was also

street car has more than once caused a good timepiece in the jumper's pocket to change its rate. A watch must be kept its shadow. clean and in a clean place. Dust and small particles of the pocket lining gather continuously in the pockets, and even the best fitting case cannot protect the movement from dirt finding its way A mighty fear convulsed Mrs. Searle's to the wheels and pivots of the movevals.-Jeweler's Weekly.

Engagement Tokens.
The London Horological Journal states that the fashion of giving bracelets as engagement tokens has been introduced in England. Makers of wedding rings need not be alarmed at this news, however, for the time honored custom of preferring the circlet for the engagement finger, hallowed as it is by the superstithe elegant home of Mrs. Searle, and Dr. she prayed God to unloose the bonds tions of ages, is too deeply rooted to be which held her, so for one moment she might clasp him to her heart.

What a renur rent her heart as the search will doubtless hold to the sacred tradi-

They used to tell a story of John his theatre on Broadway. An actor of his company wenf to him to beg \$5 out of his arrears of salary to buy a "Tell him, mother," she pleaded, her eyes fixed upon the wretched woman's Mr. Brougham, "I haven't got it. Sorry, but it's impossible, I can us sure you. Times are something awful. Never saw money so scarce. Come in and have a drink." And, leading the way to the ever convenient bar, he or-

> He Had Observed. "What you want; my boy, is push.

You'll win a fortune with that. "That depends." "On what?" "What you push. The pay for push-

The transition from long, lingering

marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is her treasured in the memory of the agency tained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is she that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alterative and tonic. If you liver or stomach of long or short stand- SANTA ARIE AND CAT-R-GURE

Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and \$1 a bottle at David Dowty's drug store. A man devoid of religion is like a horse

without a bridle. Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respec

fully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York. 30v It will not always be summer.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at David Dowty's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases qickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

keeper's happiness. An Absolute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OIN's

Pride requires very costly food-its

MENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute care for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. A proud man never shows his pride so

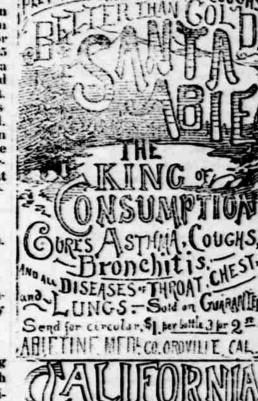
much as when he is civil.

Are SANTA ABIE, the California dis covery for Consumption and Diseases of the throat, Cheet and Lungs, and CALI FORNIA CAT-R-CURE, the only guaranteed cure for Catarrh. Cold in the Head and kindred complaints. They are sold at \$1 per package, or three for \$2.50, according to its subtle construction. Its leading physicians of the Pacific Coast. Dowty & Becher.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and posiment. Watch pockets should be turned corns, and all skin eruptions, and posi-inside out and cleaned at regular inter-tively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by David Dowty. 3

Cevents and Trade Marks obtained, and all Pat-ent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT



GUARANTEED

DOWTY & BECHER. Trade supplied by the H. T. CLASK DROG Co.

Almost as Palatable as Milk. So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most tensitive atomach, when the plain oil cant...t be telerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophes-Remarkable as a fesh preducer. Persens gain rapidly while taking it.

AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUCHS. The great remeily for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

CREAM BALL COLD MALEYER'S HE Try the Cure

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores.

ores the Senses of Taste, Sm

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 54 Warren St., New York.

EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH U. P. Depot, Columbus.

meet his every requirement, or can be made to do so by slight changes easily arrived at by correspondence. Its editions have been insued. Sent, post-paid, to any address for 16 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. REWSPAPER ADVERTISING BURRAU. (Officerasest. Printing House Sq.), New York.

M