The Columbus Journal.

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GROUP OF SINNERS.

"YOUR letters, miss."

"Thanks, Payn."

Beatrice was in bed. She was often in bed, even when the third and fourth deliveries came. With the letters the maid brought a cup of tea. She drew the rose pink curtains to give her mistress an opportunity to enjoy her letters and the tea. Also, she was curious about the effect of that envelope with the postmark "Portland." She was not supposed to know; but she knew. She had had great experience as a lady's maid, and relished mysteries.

And sure enough, she had her reward this time. The moment Beatrice caught sight of the "Portland" letter she flushed so that her complexion had no need of rose pink curtains to enhance it, and with a petulant movement of the hand, she overturned the dainty little silver stand with the tea. Payn uttered a sympathetic cry.

"Take it away," exclaimed Beatrice, "I don't want any after all."

Payn was quite loath to go. There was another letter and Payn was curious about that also. She was not allowed further indulgence in drama at the mistress' expense.

"Leave me, I said; I wish to be alone," Beatrice ejaculated, with, for her, an unusual show of temper.

"Certainly, miss," murmured the maid, in the most humble and deferential of tones.

Then Beatrice fell back in bed, with the "Portland" letter crushing tighter and tighter in her small right hand. Shame flooded her, as the tea the carpet; and many memories incident to the sense of shame.

And consequent upon this feeling Beatrice's heart grew angry with fate, and she asked herself why she, of all women, should have been subjected to such fearful humiliation.

For an hour she lay thus. Then, though still with preoccupied thoughts, she rang the bell and bade Payn to help her to dress.

"If you please, miss," said the well-conducted maid, as she entered, "I was just coming to say that the viscount was here."

"Oh, yes," murmured Beatrice, "you can go and tell him to amuse himself with breakfast or cigarettes or anything. And then come back. We must hurry."

They did hurry, thought not unreasonably.

The viscount was not a young man who liked to be kept waiting, especially by the lady of his brief, but warm affections. Yet all the while, for the life of her, Beatrice could not help thinking of other things.

She had burnt the Portland letter without opening it, and, as if in retribution, the writer now came but more forcibly before her.

While Payn did her work with that smooth celerity that made her so great a treasure, Beatrice lived in the past. And there were some of the pictures that passed like dissolving views before her lively mind: The home vicarage, with her white-haired worried parent, and his imbecile money troubles. Why had he, a clergyman, mixed so unwisely with the world's affairs? "We are ruined, my dear," he wailed, with his old head bowed in his hands on the breakfast table. "There is only one way out of it."

"And what way is that, papa?" asks a girl of 20, a springtime edition of the beautiful woman upon whose face Beatrice looked impassionately in her mirror, while Payn brushes her hair.

"TAKE IT AWAY."

"If," moaned the old man, "you would but marry Paul Williams."

A wedding. She (Beatrice) and a little middle-aged man, upon whose clean-shaven face there rests an expression of irritating pride and reverence! The usual nonsense afterward. Then they are together in a carriage, though her dress leaves little room for him. He is whispering in her ear. This is what he says:

"My darling, there is nothing on earth I will not do to make you happy. Nothing!"

A great house in town, liveried servants, gilding and lights, flowers, the admiring homages of the world, and of the many smart young men in particular. A little harassed, bald-headed man somewhere in the background.

"Who's that little ape?" she hears a young diplomat whisper to a youth like himself, with a nod at the little man.

"Don't you know? Why, it's Monsieur le Mari, to be sure."

Then a laugh—such a laugh! Anon, the first of the young gentleman, having an opportunity, kisses her hand and becomes impassioned.

A curious conversation: "My dear Beatrice," says the little bald gentleman—how bothered he looks, yet how kind—"if you are sure it will make you happy, it shall be done. But I must not disguise from you that I am playing a dangerous game. For myself, I care not. It may lead me into trouble of the worst kind, but you, please God, will even then be spared the miseries of want. That I have contrived."

"Yes," says the woman, brutally imperious and cold, "we must certainly do it. I don't believe your talk about wanting money, either. I made a mistake when I married you, and mean to get the only compensation possible." Whereupon the little elderly man sighs, kisses her hand (she less willing to have it kissed than in the previous scene) and departs.

Ruin, red and miserable. The visits of interested but unsympathetic friends, women eager to pick up information. They all hurl back words at poor little M. le Mari; Beatrice, with her lace handkerchief to her eye and cruel rage in her heart, acquiesces. The visits of interested and interesting young men, who are quite cheerful, and persuade her at length that she, too, under the circumstances, may, if she will, also be cheerful. "It might be a deal worse, a deuced deal worse," says one of them; and he presses her hand tenderly and kisses it later, perhaps less reverently.

The parting. Good heavens—what ignominy! The wife of a convict! The little, bald-headed man, however, does not look very wicked. There are tears in his eyes. "Dearest," he whispers, "I will not ask you to forgive me. I did it, as I thought for the best—but my brain must have been turned. I wronged you when I married you, and now you must forget me. If I write to you you need not answer. I can worship you at a distance, and pray for you as well in my prison cell as by your own dear side!" That was all. They did not embrace. She gave him her hand to kiss, as he seemed very much to want it. People appeared to have a mania for kissing her hand, it was so very small and shapely.

"There, that will do," exclaimed Beatrice, suddenly. "Never mind that flower."

"But Lord Dadenham specially asked me, miss, to bring it up for that purpose," protested the astonished Payn.

"Oh, well, I don't care."

"You never looked more lovely in all your life, miss, I'm positive," murmured Payn, as her mistress moved to the door.

"Really!"

The perfume of Turkish tobacco floats to her nostrils the moment she is outside. She quivers with strange discontent.

"I do wish people wouldn't smoke here before I have breakfasted," she remarks.

"But miss——"

"Oh, hold your tongue, Payn! It doesn't matter much what they do, after all."

Viscount Dadenham is the diplomatist of old times. He pitches his cigarette into the fire, but does not rise. He prefers to contemplate Beatrice, as if she were an "old master," or a modern landscape, merely remarking:

"Well, how are you this morning?"

"We are," said Beatrice, "perfectly well, thank you."

Viscount Dadenham laughs. There are times when he rather likes Miss Mayleigh's humors. Beatrice Williams is Miss Mayleigh. She has been that ever since her husband's sentence as an embezzler. Viscount Dadenham persuaded her. He said she had to choose between happiness of a kind in that way or the most positive misery conceivable as an unprotected woman of the world, at the hard mercy of her old acquaintances. She had, therefore, chosen.

These two breakfasted together. The viscount is exceedingly cool. To tell the truth, he knows Beatrice rather too well now. And yet she still exercises a great fascination over him. He used to tell her that there was no woman in London to compare with her, not only for beauty, but also for her composure of manner. "My sweet sedative," was one of the silly pet phrases with which he once christened her.

Today, however, something troubles Beatrice continuously. She did not give the viscount anything like half her attention. More than once he actually frowned—only to smile indifferently the next moment.

Do what she would she could not get little Paul out of her head. While she trifled with the toast she saw him picking oakum, or some equally nasty stuff. She supposed that they did that sort of thing at Portland. She had never taken the trouble to acquire any exact information about the routine occupation of a man like her husband in a place like Portland.

"Bee," said the viscount, "what the devil's the matter with you?"

"With me! What should there be?"

"That smile is put on, my friend. It don't deceive me!"

"Did I smile? I am so sorry, for if so I must have been deceiving myself. I don't feel exceptionally jocose."

The viscount uncoils his long, slender legs and, standing erect, shrugs his shoulders.

"Well," he says, "I won't pretend to understand you. I should be glad if you'd drive me to Paddington to meet the 2:53."

"Very well. Touch the bell, will you? The brougham is yours."

"Was, you mean."

"Ah, thank you, to be sure; you gave it to me. But you'll have some lunch first?"

The viscount goes toward Beatrice, puts his hands on her shoulders, and looks her steadily in the eyes. She meets his gaze as steadily.

"Bee," he says at length, "you're up to some deviltry."

"I'm sure I don't know," she replies.

"If so, it would be sickeningly monotonous, but hardly surprising."

"Thanks, I will lunch," says the viscount.

He rings the bell. During lunch and afterward he puts aside his easy manner, and becomes grave. It has occurred to him that he never loved this beautiful woman more than now. He half hints as much—she makes him a grand curtsey.

And so in due time the carriage is ready, and Beatrice, looking magnificent in her furs, leads the way.

Yet all the time—yet she cannot think why—little bald-headed Paul and his devoted face keep recurring to her. The viscount nods to several acquaintances. She takes no notice of anyone. That has been her pleasant role for four years past.

Thus they reach the station.

"We're late, by Jove!" exclaims the viscount.

He springs out of his carriage to interrogate the guard. People stream by, some with bundles, some with babies, some with wives and husbands and some forlornly lonely. Beatrice watches the throng.

"Now, then, silly!" she hears a porter exclaim as he elbows an old man out of his way. She turns. The old man's hat has been knocked off. He has picked it up and is replacing it upon his head (a bald one) when he glances her way.

The next moment Beatrice's heart goes thump, thump, and she is struggling with the door, "Paul!" she cries.

The old man stumbles toward her with open arms and an expression of childlike happiness on his facee.

"My darling!" he sobs, as he clasps her hand with both of his. "So you have really come to meet me!"

"Yes," she whispers back, with her crimsoned face on his shoulder, "I have come to meet you."

It is the work of a minute to help the old man into the carriage and then she gives the one word, "Home!" to the coachman.

Ten minutes afterward the Viscount Dadenham, having looked here and there in vain, also utters a single word. It is the conventional monosyllabic word by means of which unregenerate man signifies extreme disgust, annoyance or disappointment or all combined.

IRRIGATION AND THE NILE.

A Plan That, It Is Estimated, Will Cost £5,000,000.

Additional sources of supply to be used during the summer season, when the Nile is low, are most urgently required, says the National Review. Several schemes have been proposed for this purpose and have during the last few years been carefully examined and weighed, and there is now a general agreement among experts in favor of a reservoir above Assouan, at the first cataract, with a dam or barrage at Assiout, and various subsidiary works in the form of canals and drains. It is not proposed to store the Nile water at full flood, since to do this would be to arrest the useful flow of fertilising mud to which the present irrigation owes so much of its value and at the same time to silt up the reservoirs with it. What is proposed is to store water when the Nile, no longer charged with mud, begins to fall in the late autumn and winter, and to let it out during the summer, thus maintaining a fairly average level of water in the Nile and in the irrigating canals during the summer as well as the winter months. This would give an ample supply during the summer in lower Egypt and will in other parts of the country introduce perennial in place of annual irrigation. It will then be possible to grow several successive crops in one year and to substitute for the present single crop of corn, beans or clover the much more profitable crops of sugar and cotton. One objectionable feature which for a long time delayed the scheme—namely, the submersion of the temples of Philae—has been modified, and the archaeologists are now assenting parties to the modified scheme. The one difficulty which remains is to raise the requisite money. The whole cost is estimated at £5,000,000. Possibly it might be done for a million less and subsidiary works might be executed out of revenues. But it is as well to contemplate the larger sum.

A COURTEOUS CHIEF JUSTICE.

Gallant but Very Just Toward the Fair Sex.

A young lady spending a rainy evening at the house of an old gentleman wanted a cab to take her home, says the Youth's Companion. Her host started off to fetch the cab. "Do let the maid go," she said. "My dear, the maid is also a woman," was the grave reply. The man was the late George Higinbotham, chief justice of Victoria. His courtesy toward women was regardless of rank or personal attractiveness. He would take off his hat to his cook and bow as graciously as though she were a duchess. A man was trying to lead a heavy draft horse along the street. The animal refused to be led and then the man made several ineffectual attempts to mount the refractory creature. At that moment the chief justice came along and, seeing the man's difficulty, extended his hand—as a mounting block. The man put his foot in the hand and mounted the horse's back. The chief justice passed on quietly, but to an observer the kindly deed recalled the words of the Master: "Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant." His courtesy made his manners good, but it did not soften his sense of justice. A lawyer tells this anecdote: "I had once to appear before him in chambers on behalf of a charming client who had some property, but would not pay her debts. The case was heard in his own room and he was courtesy itself. He stood when she entered. I think she dropped her handkerchief and he left his seat to pick it up. Nothing could be gentler than his manner and I was congratuating myself on an easy victory, but when the facts were heard the decision came that my client must pay or spend six months in prison."

Glass Water Pipes.

In Germany water pipes are being made of glass, with asphalt covering, to prevent fracture. It is claimed that they give thorough protection against moisture in the ground and against the action of acids and alkalis, and that they cannot be penetrated by gases.—Exchange.

WORTH KNOWING.

It is estimated that there are 40,000 women voters in Utah and 10,000 more who may become naturalized.

The fastest train in France makes fifty-two and three-quarters miles an hour between Paris and Lille.

School directors in the district of Duverne, Iowa, have ordered a cyclone cave dug at each of the schoolhouses in the district.

There are more than twenty active volcanoes among the Andes of South America, ranging in height from 13,500 to 23,000 feet.

Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild's yacht Roma is a floating palace. Forty can dine comfotably in the luxurious dining-room.

The annual increase of the German nation during the last five years has been more than five times as much as that of the French.

The feminine element is terribly in excess in Germany, the women exceeding the men by more than 1,000,000, according to the latest statistics.

The greatest proportionate loss of officers to men in any battle was at the capture of the Redan, where three officers were lost to every twenty-two men.

A slice of common onion rubbed on the spot is a certain cure for a wasp sting. If the sting be in the throat or mouth an onion should be slowly chewed and swallowed.

A THRILLING RIDE ON AN IOWA CYCLONE.

FEW people wish an ultimate acquaintance with a cyclone. Those who have had one mostly wish they had not. Of all the many cyclone experiences I have heard related, I think mine is the most strange.

It was nearly 20 years ago, and happened during one of those "blood circulators," as the cyclone was then sometimes called, in the vicinity of Corydon, Ia. I say "in the vicinity," because it would be impossible to fix the exact spot, owing to my perturbed state of mind, and the fact that the said experience was spread over quite a stretch of country.

I was about 18 years old and had wandered out to that new country with an aeronaut, Wilson by name, who made the country fairs giving exhibitions with a wheezy old balloon that afterwards killed him. I sometimes made the ascensions with him, but on this particular occasion he sent me across country to a point about four miles distant where he thought he could land, after leaving the fair grounds.

I was to be on hand to assist him in caring for the balloon. About half an hour before the ascension I left the small fair grounds and proceeded with the wind across the prairie in the direction indicated.

CLINGING TO THE PARACHUTE, THE AERONAUT WAS WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR BY THE TERRIBLE TWISTER.

Chasing a Balloon.

After about three-quarters of an hour I looked back and saw the big hulk lazily following me, at a height of several hundred feet. For a time it came straight after me, but when I reached the top of a swell in the prairie, having lost sight of it for a few moments, I saw it had been caught by a counter current of air, and was moving off at an oblique angle to the northeast. Changing my course I pressed on for a while and finally saw the balloon settle down and down, until the anchor, jumping from hillock to hillock on the prairie, caught a tough root or some other obstruction and the big gas bag stopped short.

In about ten minutes I was helping Wilson pack it in shape for transportation, after which I started off to the nearest farm house, seemingly three or four miles distant, for the purpose of engaging a wagon to haul the balloon to town.

As I was about to start Wilson stopped me and handed me the parachute, saying: "Here, Ed, take this along. It looks like rain and I don't want the parachute to get wet if I can help it."

I took the silk contrivance, and proceeded on my way. It was a neat, light weight affair, with sliding rings, ropes and a kind of attachable belt that could be fastened about the waist and quickly attached or detached from the parachute. As I walked along this belt dangled about annoyingly, and to get it out of my way I fastened it about my waist.

The Storm Appears.

I had probably made about a mile of my walk toward the farm house, when up from the west a threatening storm cloud came in view. I thought of nothing but a rain storm, and although a good soaking would have had little terror for me, as Wilson did not want the parachute wet, I broke into a half trot.

I had hardly gone fifteen rods before I noted that the black cloud was coming my way with a rush. Sometimes it was only a big bank of ink rolling along the prairie, and then it lifted and a huge tail lashed the grass and muck, switching its monstrous bulk around and back and forth over a whole farm as quickly as one could snap a whip. I had heard of cyclones before, and not being anxious for an interview, I started to run down a hill. One quick glance back, and I fully realized the folly of an attempt to dodge. So throwing myself flat, I hugged the ground, digging my toes into the muck and clutching tufts of grass with my hands.

In The Cyclone's Course.

An instant later something took me off the earth with a jerk and raised me high in the air. It seemed to me that I went up fully 500 feet, I went so swiftly. Then when I had reached a point as high as the cyclone wanted me to go I became sensible of a swift motion about a large circle. Then a down, down feeling made me realize that I had been cast outside of the fiercest strength of the vortex, and my weight was carrying me swiftly earthward—to death, thought I.

I had once or twice looked out of the basket of Wilson's balloon at the landscape far below, and shuddered at the certain death that would ensue if the balloon burst, and so wished myself out and standing on good firm earth. But just then I felt that the balloon would have been a godsend for me.

Down I went, swifter and swifter, as further and further to the outside of the whirling wind I gyrated. I noted well what the influence was that prevented me from dropping straight down, and wondered how soon my perpendicular descent would begin.

Saved by a Parachute.

Suddenly there was a pull at my waist. Then a sharp tug, and I felt my downward flight growing less rapid. The parachute had opened. Busy as I was just then I caught sight of the broad folds of silk above me and fervently thanked the giver of all good. "Now," I mused, "it will be easy dropping."

But the storm king had designed further sport with me. I ceased to fall; I rose instead. The orbit of my aerial whirlings grew less and my speed around it greater. It was easily understood. The action of the parachute on the air had so counteracted the gravity of my body that I was again easy for the outer motion of the cyclone to handle, and I had again been drawn into its central and stronger embrace.

Up I went to the very top of the vortex, and could look down far below me into the hollow funnel. It was easy sailing up there, but not particularly pleasant. The trouble was mostly going on below. The sides of the funnel were a twirling mass of sticks, grass, branches, small trees, birds, feathers and a conglomeration of things chasing each other round and round.

Round and round I went, and on and on; rising sometimes high into the air till the business end of the aggregation below me barely touched its tip to the earth. Then its circle of devastation was small. Dipping down lower, until the immense tail was bent on the ground, but still threshed swiftly around, it covered a large surface at each whirl and wipe.

I could actually catch glimpses of the surrounding country through the darkness around me as we sped on. Ahead was a grove of Lombardy poplars, pointing their spire-like forms straight up, not a leaf fluttering. Just here we came lower down. A thousand sounds of crackling, splitting and ripping were audible. A cloud of leaves, twigs and small birds floated up near me for an instant and then settled back for the race around the inside of the funnel. I glanced back—a quick glance—for it was a speedy cyclone, and away back in the rear I saw a tangle of shrubbery and roots and scattered trunks where the grove had been.

Then we dipped down into a sort of valley, and soon the river shone a bright white line below. Across this I was carried with a roar and a swish. The water came up and drenched me with its thick spray, then up the bank, gathering a mist of sand and off again across the undulating plain.

A Farm House Wrecked.

There was a farm-house just ahead, another off to the left. I could see the farmer and his wife at the first one, running for the cellar, but at that moment we veered to the left and cleared them, but the other house was doomed. There the woman seemed to be alone with two children in the yard. They plunged into the house. There was another succession of cracking and crashing sounds as the house and barn were swept away. The roar and rattle were awful.

The tin ware, bedding, straw stack, chickens, carpets and the washing from the clothes line, joined our collection in the funnel.

I heard a terrible, prolonged scream, its weird notes trembled on the air, and died out far behind. I saw a cow fly feet up through the air away off to the right and strike the ground and lay still.

A Narrow Escape.

A long flat board sailed up near me, menaced my parachute an instant and then shot off at a tangent from the circle, thrown with the terrible centrifugal force.

Although it takes some time to tell this, it took only three or four moments for all these and more incidents to transpire. I was beginning to feel dizzy and faint, then fainter still, until I had entirely lost consciousness.

How long on the spinning swell of the cyclone my limp and almost lifeless form was carried, I know not. I only know that some farmers picked me up about six miles from where I started with the cyclone, and cared for me three weeks before I could get out.

Wilson had been there and got the parachute. I have often wished I had it as a memento, but I never saw it or Wilson since. I have a crocked arm, though, which is probably memento enough.—E. R. BATHRICK.

Joy for Tramps.

Hungry Higgins—"I'd like to be an Injun." Weary Watkins—"For why?" Hungry Higgins—"'Cause an Injun kin eat dog meat. Jist fancy havin' nothin' to do but lean over the farmer's fence an' have your dinner come a-runnin' right at you, only lackin' to be broiled!"—Indianapolis Journal.

ESSAY ON MAN.

"The starry heavens and the mind of man" won Kant's wonder. But Kant was a man.

When a man brags of his power, ask him to make a blade of grass or spin a spider's web.

It's hard to prove that a man's wisest day isn't his first. For wisdom does not be remembered a day; it is never learned.

A man thinks himself wiser than a horse, yet he cannot run so fast nor eat so much, though these are his best tricks.

A man gets most honor when he is least a man; when he has become shortsighted, fat, scant of breath, bald, timid, feeble and a fool.

When a man would recreate himself, he says: "I will go yonder and see a certain thing"; not: "I will consider how I may be different."

A man has little eyes to see with, middlesized arms to work with, and great, strong legs to gad about on. His soul awaits a larger microscope for discovery.

The teachers and sages are dead and their words forgotten, but a traveling man has a smutty story which he thinks is new, and there are men eager to hear.

A star looked down on a city. It saw little creatures running about. They were born, died, fought, hated, kissed, loved, laughed, wept. But, whatever else they did, they ran about. Why?

ALMOST PARALYZED.

INTENSE SUFFERING FOR YEARS

The Remarkable Testimony of a Husband and Wife to the Virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Wave, Odell, Nebraska.

A reporter of the Wave having heard of the great faith Mr. and Mrs. I. Q. Brace, of Odell, Nebraska, have in the curative properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, determined to see the parties in person and ascertain the truth of the reports.

With that purpose in view a drive was taken to their fine farm a few miles west of town, where Mrs. Brace was found busily engaged in assisting her husband make wire fence. No doubt noticing our surprise, she apologized, saying "that the children were old enough to be of much help with the housework, and she thus had time to assist her husband.

"But is it possible that you have recovered so as to do work requiring the constant use of your arms, without suffering?" asked the reporter.

This question elicited the following wonderful story: "I do not wonder that you are surprised, said Mrs. Brace, for as every one in this vicinity knows for several years I was nearly crippled and suffered constantly from rheumatism. When I first felt the attack I got medicine from a local physician, but instead of getting better I grew worse, until I suffered intense agony, which no one who has not had the dread disease can understand. In hopes of relief, leading physicians in other towns were consulted, and they all agreed in pronouncing it a severe case of muscular rheumatism, and as their prescriptions were taken month after month without beneficial results, they ceased to give encouragement, and said that I was gradually becoming paralyzed.

"I had by that time become so crippled that I had to give up all work, and the only way I could carry my right arm was in an upright position. Any attempt to lower it caused excruciating pain. Constant suffering caused general debility, and life seemed too great a burden to bear. It is said a drowning man will catch at a straw, and so it was in my case, as I read a testimonial in a newspaper I happened to pick up, of a case similar to mine, which had been cured by Pink Pills for Pale People, and I determined to give them a trial.

"I admit my faith was weak, for I had always been prejudiced against so-called patent medicines, but by the time I had taken three boxes the relief was so apparent that I determined to continue their use. In a few weeks my general health improved, and I could move my arm without difficulty, and by the time ten boxes had been used I felt better than I had for years, and I can now say with confidence that I am cured. I always keep the pills in the house and take a box of them every spring as a blood purifier, and at any time that I take cold and fear a return of my old trouble."

Continuing, Mrs. Brace said: "I give all the credit of my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and both my husband and I shall always be ready to speak in their praise. We tell our neighbors on every occasion of their virtues, and if you think this is sufficient interest we will be glad to have this testimonial made public, hoping that it may be of benefit to those who otherwise would be life-long sufferers."

To confirm her story beyond all doubt, Mrs. Brace made affidavit.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, F. R. Joy, a notary public, on this 28th day of March, 1896.

(Seal.) F. R. JOY, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addresing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Godey's Magazine for July.

Godey's Magazine for July begins the 133d volume of the well-known old publication and is a good specimen of the pioneer in its modern form. The number opens with two timely articles. The first of these is from the pen of a traveler in Persia, and describes, with the aid of numerous pictures, some of the characteristics of the country, which is always an important factor in the Eastern Question, and has recently come into particular prominence on account of the assassination Shah; while no less timely and interesting is a description of the Training and Life in the New York Fire Department, from which a delegation went to the International Firemen's Tournament that began in London July 19. The Godey Company, 52 Lafayette Place, New York.

The July number of Harper's Magazine (to be published next Monday) will open with a paper on General Washington and the period of the Revolution, by Woodrow Wilson. Rarely has a historic person been made so real and human as Washington here appears, in camp and on the battle-field no less than in the Virginia House of Burgesses or at his Mount Vernon plantation. Mr. Fyle's illustration of historic scenes worthily accompany Professor Wilson's admirable studies of colonial life and politics. In commemoration of the centenarian of Cleveland, the number will contain an illustrated paper on the distinctive characteristics of Ohio, as shown in the development of that state, by President Charles F. Thwing, of the Western Reserve University.

General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul-General to Cuba, has written to the July Century an account of "The Failure of the Hampton Conference," which was held in February, 1865, in the effort to bring about peace between the North and the South. General Lee introduces an unpublished letter from Jefferson Davis, and one from Robert M. T. Hunter, who was one of the three Confederate commissioners.

LABOR NOTES.

A court in France has decided that it is not unlawful to aid and abet or influence workingmen to strike.

It is proposed to change labor day in Ohio from the first Monday in September to the last Saturday in August.

Boilermakers and iron ship builders may affiliate with the American Federation of Labor after the next convention.

Fifteen hundred employes of the tube works at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, have joined the Iron and Steel Workers' Amalgamated association.

St. Louis Printing Pressmen's union has adopted resolutions recommending the re-election of Theodore Galoskowsky as president of the International Union.

The strike at the Quincy Show Case works shows no noticeable change from a week ago. The men are still out and are determined to wage war to the bitter end.

Every employing baker in Duluth, Minn., has signed the union wage scale. The journeymen bakers are feeling jubilant over the fact and prospects look bright to them.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Columbus - State - Bank!

(Oldest Bank in the State)

Pays Interest on Time Deposits

AND

Makes Loans on Real Estate.

SELLS SIGHT DRAFTS ON

Omaha, Chicago, New York and all Foreign Countries.

DEALS : STEAMSHIP : TICKETS.

BUYS GOOD NOTES

And Helps Its Customers when they Need Help

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

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