### THE BABY ACROSS THE WAR

BY JENNIE POMEROY HARRINGTON.

Where's a dear little baby across the way,
A baby with eyes so blue,
As I sweet little Nan took down to my
To worry one, I know you?
But when I look at that baby's hair
It makes me lonely and sad,
Those sweet blue eyes and golden hair
Never can make me glad.

For they bring to my mind the happy days
In the long, sad years that have flown,
And I dream of my baby's pretty ways,
And wake to my sorrow alone.
Alone, hear the sad word lingers
As I glance across the way
And watch those baby fingers,
Happy in innocent play.

For once I'd a dear little baby myself—
That "once" seems so far away—
And mine was a little blue-eyed elf,
Like the one across in each day.
Oh, fond young mother, soothing to sleep
Your dimpled babe upon your breast,
Sing, and be happy, your lullaby low,
As I sang mine, long, long ago.

# A MAD MARRIAGE;

—OR,—

## The Heiress of Lawrence Park.

### A STORY OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

BY MRS. H. B. COLLINS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LETTER "L."

"All is lost!" muttered the disguised detective, hoarsely. "Yet I will not yield without a struggle."

He stooped as though to rearrange his pack, and, at the same time, with a swift, dexterous movement, set his gray wig straight upon his head, and replaced his spectacles.

Then he lifted his head, and turned with a movement of surprise, as though he had just observed the young lady, removing his broad-brimmed hat with an awkward bow.

"Would de pretty lady please look at de fine dings?" (with a suggestive gesture toward the open pack at his side).

Adele's eyes were upon him with a suspicious look. She shook her head haughtily.

"No, no; of course not!" she cried. "As if I would buy such trumpery! Keep your goods for servants and such common people. I never deal with strolling peddlers."

The detective gave a long, eager look from behind his glasses.

He took from his pocket the paper which contained the white satin slippers, and opening the paper, held them up to view.

"Pretty dings—eh?" he suggested. "Wouldn't de young lady like to buy dem? Shus as goot as new."

She had grown as pale as death, her eyes blazing with anger.

"How dare you insult me?" she demanded, harshly.

As she spoke, her eyes fell upon a glittering heap of bangles lying in the open pack before her.

The peddler's gaze followed hers, and he held up to view a white tulle skirt, covered with silver spangles.

"Dis for de lady to dance in at de teater," he cried, triumphantly.

Pale, and panting for breath, Adele leaned against the nearest tree for support, her eyes wild and dilated with horror.

"Take it away!" she gasped, feebly; "leave this place. Out of my sight, old man, at once! Do you hear!"

The old man closed his pack.

"Dis place de public road, miss, if you please," he observed, tersely. "But I goes. Good morning—eh, vat you calls it?—*La Belle!*"

And, shouldering his pack, he trudged away, leaving Adele upon the ground in a dead swoon.

She opened her eyes at last, and the strange oppression at her heart told her what had happened.

And she knew that, in spite of all, in spite of her mother's scheming and plotting, she had been found out—had been recognized by a common strolling peddler. Good heavens! all was lost!

"Let me go home to mamma," she moaned, as she arose slowly to her feet. "Oh, it was a bad mistake for me to come out here. But I believed myself free to go any place without danger of discovery. In heaven's name, how did that man find out? How could he have recognized me?

"Does any one else suspect? And yet, it is very strange; I could have sworn that when I first saw the old peddler here in the woods he looked like a young man.

"He had taken off his spectacles, and I thought I saw—I— Ah, I have it. His gray hair was only a wig.

"The man was in disguise—he is a detective, without doubt. Then we are suspected; we are under surveillance. There is no hope for us—none!"

Slowly, faltringly, like an old woman, she made her way back to the house, and burst in upon her mother, lounging in the depths of a violet velvet easy chair in her own luxurious chamber, a French novel in her hand.

She glanced up with a startled expression, at sight of Adele's white, horrified face.

"Adele, my child. Good heavens! What has happened?"

Adele sank upon a velvet ottoman at her mother's feet, and, between tears and groans, sobbed out the whole story.

"We are suspected, mamma," she panted. "We are suspected—aye, discovered—and soon all will be known to the public!"

The book fell from Gabrielle's hand, and she arose to her feet.

In her trailing robe of rich mauve silk, fastened at the throat with a single diamond glittering in the rich lace clustered there, she looked like a beautiful queen.

One white hand was lifted with an imperious gesture, her lips parted, one word broke the terror-filled silence:

"Discovered!" she panted, madly. "I will kill the wretch who dare to hint that I am not what I seem! Be quiet, Adele; this is only a suspicion on the part of that fellow, and can not be sustained.

"It will come to nothing. No doubt the man was a detective in disguise, but he was merely trying a ruse to find out if he was on the right track.

"How could he know that Adele St. Cyr did not die? That the coffin which was buried in the cemetery in the city yonder, held only a log of wood?"

"He might have had the grave opened," suggested Adele.

Gabrielle looked troubled.

"True," she returned in a low tone. "And" (in a thoughtful voice), "we will prove it, Adele."

An hour later the Lawrence carriage drove away from Lawrence Park, with the two women inside, in the direction of the cemetery.

Bidding the carriage await their return in a certain place which would not suggest their destination to the driver, Gabrielle and Adele made their way to the burying ground.

Sacred spot, which they had already desecrated! God's acre where so many seeds are sown, to await the coming of the resurrection morn.

"I shall know at once if the grave has been disturbed," Gabrielle muttered, sharply, as they turned the corner of a long avenue of graves, and paused at last beside the mound where the world believed that Adele St. Cyr, the famous dancerine, was sleeping her long, last sleep.

The long, slim mound had been heaped high with floral adornments, and the mourning mother had requested the sexton to allow them to fade and die, untouched, undisturbed—to perish and to pass away unmolested.

They paused beside the grave, and Gabrielle uttered a loud cry!

"The flowers have been disturbed," she panted, hoarsely. "See, Adele, I left them in certain positions which the wind could not disarrange. I placed them thus," rapidly illustrating, "and they have been altered. And—and——"

She stopped short, with a groan of horror and surprise. Embedded in the damp earth, beneath the dead flowers, as though it had fallen there unnoticed, lay a white carnelian watch charm, a masonic keystone, and upon the golden chain which had served to fasten it to the watch chain a letter was engraved—the letter L.

"Good heavens!" panted Gabrielle. "I have seen that keystone before. Would you know where I have seen it, Adele? Listen! I saw that very charm, or one possibly like it, attached to the watch chain of Ludlow, Chief of Police."

"Mamma! Oh, what shall we do?"

"Brave it out to the bitter end!" cried Gabrielel, passionately, her eyes scintillating. "I shall take a bold stand now! We can but fail! And, after all, there will be only circumstantial evidence against us! Adele, listen! I am going to make a bold move and defy the world!

"We will lay aside our mourning at once, and throw open the house, and launch ourselves into fashionable society! They dare not ostracize us at the very first, we are too rich! Once in the full tide of success, I fancy that it will not be an easy matter for a common police officer to bring charges against the beautiful, wealthy, courted leader of fashion, Mrs. Robert Lawrence, of Lawrence Park!"

CHAPTER XX.

HAUNTED.

Gabrielle kept her word. The very next day a paragraph appeared in the society column of a fashionable paper, to the effect that the beautiful Mrs. Lawrence, of Lawrence Park, would open the hospitable doors of her elegant mansion on Thursday night to her "dear five hundred friends."

There were sundry hints as to the grandeur of the proposed reception, and the elegant affairs of the kind to be expected in the near future from the mistress of Lawrence Park.

Of course old society was horrified at the announcement of a fashionable reception within a few months after the late tragical event, but, after all, Gilbert Lawrence had not been a kind husband and father; in short, his treatment of his wronged wife and child had been so outrageous and unfeeling, that no one could blame the fair widow for the step that she was about to take.

Besides that, everybody was anxious to see what sort of a hostess this woman would make, this *parvenu*, who had so suddenly been elevated to great wealth and high social position.

Consequently, there were few regrets sent in, and when Thurday night came, the drawing-rooms of Lawrence Park were filled with the *elite* of the city. Gabrielle, in a severely plain but elegant costume of rich black velvet and black lace, with diamonds, was a lovely hostess; while Adele, in a floating robe of filmy-white lace frosted with seed pearls, and with pearls all about her, was at once acknowledged the belle of the evening.

Never, in all her life, had Adele St. Cyr dreamed of such triumphs. It was like a tale from the "Arabian Nights"—the homage which she received from the gilded youth of the city, every one of whom would have shrank in horror from asking a ballet-dancer to become his wife.

The music surged in sweet, wild strains, and the dance went on. Adele was dancing the Manola, dancing with such light, airy grace, such *verve* and abandon, that the aristocratic noses of the aristocratic society ladies began to elevate themselves in scorn; and comments, not loud but deep, went around the rooms, as to the impropriety of Gilbert Lawrence's daughter dancing so soon after her father's death! Probably, had Adele's dancing been less perfect, society would have forgotten to make such comments!

The waltz was over, and, leaning upon the arm of her late partner, Adele was led to a seat upon a satin divan.

"Miss Lawrence!" said a voice at her side.

She turned, to see standing near her a lady all in black, some rich material, without ornaments, a strange, forced smile upon her handsome face—Mrs. Chillingworth!

When Gabrielle had sent the invitation to Ruby's late chaperon she did not believe for a moment that Mrs Chillingworth would accept.

Society itself marveled greatly; yet there she was, within the room where she had passed so many happy hours with poor forgotten Ruby, smiling, bland as though the tragedy had never occurred.

No wonder society was astonished and turned a cold shoulder upon Mrs. Chillingworth; but that lady seemed in no wise disturbed.

"Miss Lawrence," she repeated, slowly, "pardon me, but I am about to take my leave. My health does not permit me to devote much time to society" (she had been there exactly half an hour), "and—and—" she was gazing into Adele's lovely face with eager, searching eyes—"I have a friend—a gentleman friend—with me, who has begged so ardently to be presented to you, that I venture to ask your permission.

"He is a foreigner—a friend of my late husband—an English lord, of immense wealth. My dear Miss Lawrence, have I your permission?"

Adele bowed, her eyes flashing with delight at the flattery. An English lord! Her heart leaped.

"Mrs Chillingworth's friends are always welcome at Lawrence Park!" she cooed.

"He is a stranger here," went on Mrs. Chillingworth, "and when I received your mother's card for to-night I ventured to include him in the invitation."

"Quite right!" said Adele, cordially.

Under her breath she was repeating, eagerly: "A lord! a real, live English lord! And immemsely wealthy!"

There could be no mistake about his wealth and title, since Mrs. Chillingworth was his friend.

A little later a tall stranger was bowing lowly before her while Mrs. Chillingworth was saying:

"Miss Adele Lawrence, my lord. Miss Lawrence, allow me to present Sir Arthur Stanley, of Sussex, England."

A pale, cadaverous face, utterly unlike the usual English comeliness; deep, dark eyes, disfigured by the inevitable eye-glasses, and hair as red as hair can possibly be.

Mrs. Chillingworth withdrew and there was a strange, exultant look in her eyes, while low under her breath she muttered:

"My poor Ruby, you shall be avenged! I must get out of this house at once or I shall die! The very atmosphere is laden with treachery!"

And as she drove away from Lawrence Park, Sir Arthur Stanley was just leading Adele out to join the dance.

"You dance divinely, Miss Lawrence," the young nobleman observed, as they floated away to the sweet, languorous music of the Strauss waltz.

"Your dancing is, to use a hackneyed phrase, the poetry of motion. I have never witnessed such perfect dancing since I saw La Belle, the famous danseuse, upon the stage in London, two years ago.

"And—pardon me for the comparison—but she was wonderfully like you in features, figure, and—good heavens! Miss Lawrence, you are ill!"

She was clinging to his arm, pale and trembling, her eyes dilated with horror, her breath coming and going in fitful gasps.

His eyes rested upon her with a strange, intent look, which made her heart throb so painfully that for a moment the guilty girl believed that she would die.

Everything grew dark before her—the music sounded far off in the distance—yet through it all she was conscious of that stern, unwavering gaze fixed upon her, filled with horror, as though gazing upon an unclean thing.

She was not fainting—she knew it—but there was something awful in the fascination of that gaze fixed upon her—something strangely familiar, too.

"I am tired," she murmured, feebly. "Take me to a seat, my lord."

He obeyed her without a word; found her a comfortable place in a deserted alcove, and seated himself at her side, with an air of proprietorship. Adele had begun to hate the English nobleman as she had never hated any one before—as she would hate any living creature whom she feared might possibly hold a clew to the bad history of her past life.

Hated, yet feared him, as he held her transfixed, like the Ancient Mariner, with his glittering eyes, while he spoke—still of the dead, not forgotten dancer; of her wondrous grace and beauty, and (oh, horrors!) that strange resemblance to herself!

She listened, growing cold and faint—listened with madly beating heart and half-murmured replies; but she could not lead the conversation into a safer channel, try as she might. It seemed to hold a strange fascination for my lord.

And still he talked on, his theme always the lovely young danseuse, who had gone to her grave.

It seemed to Adele as she sat there, forced to listen, that she was suffering the torments of the lost souls in hades.

And still he talked on—and on—over in the same strain, until at last Adele's self-control gave way, and overwrought, and her nerves unstrung, she started to her feet.

"My lord," she panted, wildly, "can you find no other topic of conversation than the life and death of a miserable theater actress? I—I have heard enough; I am ill!"

She sprang through the open French window at her side, out into the moonlit grounds, and dashed away out of sight.

It was early springtime. The snow had melted long ago, and the broad white walks lay smooth and dry under the pale light of a full moon, which cast an unearthly radiance over all things.

Half wild with a vague horror, a certainty that their miserable secret was discovered, or at least suspected, Adele flew on like a maniac, out of sight of the brilliantly lighted mansion, down to a retired and lonely corner of the grounds.

She came to a sudden halt, a wild cry issuing from her pale lips, her hands clasped convulsively, her dark eyes staring straight before her, with wordless horror in their depths.

Right before her, in the pearly moonlight, peering from behind a thick hedge of osage orange, a white face stared into her own, with wide-open, glassy eyes—the eyes of a dead man, and the face was the face of Arthur Wynne!

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAPPED.

Meanwhile Mark Alleyne was moving about the brilliantly illuminated rooms like a ghost, a very skeleton at the feast.

This sudden launch into fashionable society had been without his approval.

When Gabrielle had revealed to him the danger of the situation his plan had been to be married at once to Adele and leave for Europe, with all the money and valuables that they could lay hands upon, upon the first outward bound steamer.

But Adele would not listen to this. She must see a little of the world of fashionable society, no matter what risk she ran; and then the thought of marrying Mark Alleyne so soon, or at all, was horrible.

"I will fight it to the last," she muttered sibilantly, alone in her own room; "and I shall never yield. I will die first!"

But of this Mark never dreamed. He was aware that she did not love him; but the full extent of her detestation, hatred, he could not imagine.

It would have been incredible to him. Then, the great reception was planned; and he had begged Adele and her mother to permit the engagement to be announced at this very reception.

"I will not consent to such a thing!" Adele had declared, with flashing eyes. "You are very selfish, Mark, to ask such a thing!" she panted. "Why, you would spoil all my pleasure—all my triumph. I am bound to be a social success," she went on, her beautiful face flushing like the heart of a June rose. "I shall be the most admired, flattered and feted woman in the whole city!"

And Mark had turned away, with a dark frown upon his face, and his teeth set sharply together under the shadow of his heavy black mustache.

"She is enough to drive a man mad!" he muttered shrilly. "I could kill her! I may some day!" he added swiftly.

And there was a look in his dark eyes that was bad to see.

But Adele had her own way, all the same. There was no hurried wedding and departure for Europe; no announcement of the hateful engagement, and Mark Alleyne was forced to witness all her triumph.

His eyes followed the radiant vision in airy white, as she floated through the dance, or promenaded with different admirers, whose name was Legion.

He wandered out into the spacious, moonlit grounds at last, wearied intensely of the gay, bright scene within; and turned his steps in the same direction that Adele had already taken.

He was full of bitter thoughts; his heart was heavy with a vague sense of defeat.

"If I could only believe her!" he said to himself as he moved slowly down the long walk; "if I could only believe that she really means to marry me, I could bear all her coldness and indifference! Once she is mine I will teach her to love me—my beautiful, darling!"

He came to a frightened halt, a cry of horror passing his lips, at the sight upon which his startled eyes rested.

There, at his feet, prone upon the ground, in the pure, pale light of the moon, her white face upturned to the opal tinted sky, lay the woman he loved, Adele St. Cyr—with the red blood flowing from a ghastly wound in her side.

For a time Mark Alleyne stood staring down upon the awful sight, trembling, panting, unable to utter a word.

With a mighty effort he drew close to her side, and stooping, laid his hand upon her heart; it beat faintly.

"She is not dead, my darling; my darling!" he panted rapturously; the reaction almost more than he could bear; the sudden change from inconsolable sorrow to the wild joy of living hope.

Then with a swift, furtive glance around to make sure that no unseen assassin was lurking in the thicket near, he lifted her head upon his breast and drawing a flask of brandy from his pocket, held it to her lips.

A few drops gurgled from the flask between the white, set teeth.

A slight gasp, a slow moan, and the dark eyes flared open, and stared wildly up into his face.

"Mark," she moaned feebly, recognizing him at once, by the pale, clear moonlight. "I am dying."

"No, no!" he cried wildly, his heart sinking with an awful fear. "You will not die, my darling. You will live, to be happy in my love. But tell me, Adele, if you are able, who did this fearful deed?"

A shudder passed over her slender frame like a chill. She closed her eyes.

"I do not know," she panted; "I—I heard no report of firearms—no sound; saw no—no living creature; but, all the same, there is a bullet in my side, Mark. All at once I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my side, followed by a numb sensation, and that was the last I knew. But, Mark, I have seen a spirit!"

He started, with a cry of horror. Was she delirious?

"What do you mean, Adele?" he asked.

"I have seen a spirit," she reiterated, calmly. "Listen, Mark. Over yonder, peering from behind the osage hedge, I saw the face of Arthur Wynne."

"Nonsense! Arthur Wynne is dead—or supposed to be—and the spirits of the dead never come back."

"How do you know?" she faltered.

But he had no answer ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Legal Days of Rest.

While every other day is not a holiday with us, as is said to be the case in Russia, still the citizens of this great republic cannot complain of the lack of days of recreation.

Independence Day, the Fourth of July, as it is more properly called: Christmas Day, which falls on December 25, together with Thanksgiving Day, which is appointed by the President of the United States, and comes usually on the last Thursday in November, as well as fast days that are appointed by the Chief Executive of the country, are legal holidays in all the States. New Year's Day, or January 1, is a holiday in all States but Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and South Carolina. February 22, or Washington's birthday, is a holiday in all States except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee, and Texas.

Election Day, generally the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, is a holiday in California, Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Carolina, and Wisconsin. Decoration Day, May 30, is a holiday in Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wisconsin. Florida, Louisiana, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania observe Good Friday, while Shrove Tuesday is a holiday in Louisiana, and also in the cities of Mobile, Montgomery, and Selma, Ala. Memorial Day, April 26, is observed in Georgia, while Louisiana has made the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, which falls on Jan. 8; Lincoln's birthday, on Feb. 12; and Fireman's anniversary, on March 4, legal holidays. March 2, which is the anniversary of Texan independence, and April 21, that of the battle of San Jacinto, are holidays in Texas. Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a comparatively new holiday, that is celebrated in two or three of the States.

### Get the Ball Back.

June 17, 1775, a British man-of-war lying in the Mystic River threw a cannon ball at the little American army intrenched on Bunker Hill. The ship threw more than one ball, but this particular one was picked up after the fight and saved. The other day at the 250th anniversary of the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, this veritable ball was returned to a party of British artillerymen who had come over to help celebrate the occasion. The presentation was made at the dinner by Colonel Walker. "I hold in my hand," said Colonel Walker, "a cannon ball thrown by a British ship-of-war at the patriot army, on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. Through the kindness of Mr. Hassam, who gives it to this company to present to you, I give it to you to carry home as a memento" (handing the ball to Major Durrant amid hearty cheers and applause). "It was thrown at us in war. We give it to you in peace as a token of the amity which lives to-day between our great nations, and which we all pray may live forever."

"There is time for wonderful changes in a hundred years," said the New Haven *Palladium*, in commenting on the above. "It would have given the grizzled old fighters of the British warship a queer feeling if they could have known, when they "touched her off" and sent that ball screeching at the Yankee breastworks on that June day, 1775, that a hundred years later the ball would be handed back over a friendly dinner table as a token of amity and concord between the two greatest and most enlightened powers of the earth."

### A Curious Experiment.

Take a water flask, or a wide-mouth decanter or bottle, hold it in a horizontal position, and place a small cork in the neck. It will then seem an easy matter to blow the cork into the bottle; but upon trial it will be found almost impossible to do so, as the harder one blows the more forcibly it is ejected out of the bottle, and into the face of the experimenter. The explanation of this peculiar behavior of the cork is very simple. The bottle is already full of air, so that no more can be blown into it; and the only effect produced by blowing is to compress the air already inside. When the pressure is removed the air, being elastic, expands again quickly, and in so doing forces the cork out of the neck, apparently in a reverse direction to the current from the lungs of the experimenter. The neck of the bottle must be perfectly dry or the cork will adhere to it, and interfere with the success of the experiment.—*Popular Science News.*

### Conundrums.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him? System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light.

What is the best advice to give a justice of the peace? Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations? Nations.

Who is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

ALMOST the hardness of the diamond is said to be given by German workmen to steel engraving-tools. The tools are made white-hot, plunged repeatedly into sealing wax until cold, and then just touched with oil of turpentine.

### Is the Pig a Nuisance?

Is the pig a nuisance in the village? He is, and he is not, just as he is managed. On the farm, he has his place yet, as an indispensible worker, and cheap source of food and fertilizers. But in the village, where esthetics sometimes interfere with profits, people are getting fastidious, and avoid the pigpen as a nuisance. It would be a nuisance perhaps under the eves of the dwelling, managed in almost any way. But at the back end of the village lot, where the barn, if there is one, is located, there the sty may be safely placed without offense to eye, ear, or nostril, and with decided profit. It is the cheapest source of good pork, ham, shoulder, sausage, head-cheese, and lard, that a villager can have. As a manufacturer of fertilizers for the village garden, the pig cannot be beaten. He turns every weed, sod, vegetable, fruit, and all kitchen waste into gold. "Ah! but he squeals!" Then feed him more, and he will be quiet as a lamb, all day and all night. "Ah! but the pen is unsightly!" That is your fault, not his. Even the sty has its esthetics, and it may be made "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" if you like. "Well, he smells badly, any way." No, sir. Not if yor take proper care of him. Give him a sheltered bower for his nest, and plenty of straw or leaves, and he will keep his bed as clean as a parlor. Give him plenty of muck or peat, garden soil, head lands, or absorbents of any kind, and he will so thoroughly observe the Mosaic law in regard to animal wastes, that no neighbor of yours shall mistrust that a pig is within a mile of your premises. The health committee of the village will never smell you out, or enter complaint against your sty. Do not lay your sins of ommission at the door of the dumb beast. He has his esthetic side, and only requires a fair share of attention to be made ornamental as well as useful. Please take particular notice that we raise our own pork, eat home-cured ham, and know the woman who makes our sausage-meat.—*Wm. Clift, in American Agriculturist.*

### An Enthusiast on Turkish Baths.

"I would rather take a Turkish bath any day than to eat the daintiest dinner that was ever cooked. There is more refreshment in a thorough bath than in all the wine that was ever bottled, or in all the delicacies evolved from the fancy of a French culinary artist. How do you suppose a snowbank feels when yielding to April's warm breath? This is the sensation of one undergoing the relaxing process of the hot room. How does a new potato feel when it first encounters the swish of the all-embracing steam? So feels the languid mortal enveloped in the kindly vapors of the Turkish bath. How does a diamond feel when, emerging from the hands of the polisher, it flashes its mimic sun in the glare of an electric light? Such are the sensations of one escaping from the marble slab where the attendant has rubbed away the environing cuticle that enfolds the imprisoned spirit as a calyx surrounds a bud. How does a fuchsia feel when played upon by a June shower, or a drooping cowslip when the spring rains find it? Exactly as the bather feels under the spray or in the sea green depth of the plunge. I wish I could prevail upon every woman in Chicago, who can spend $1 for something besides bait for the grim wolf poverty, to go and take a Turkish bath at least twice a month. It will add to your beauty, fortify your health, and frighten old age at least twenty years off your track.—*A Woman in the Chicago Journal.*

### Wonderful Masons.

The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stones in the pyrimids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. There is one stone, the weight of which is estimated at 880 tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar, either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the pyrimids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until their surfaces were assimilated, making them the world's wonders in mechanical skill.—*London Budget.*


### The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and aguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and, at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to affect a thorough cure.

### A Curious Clock.

A clock, recently patented in France, is in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees—one large and the other small—are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour; while the large one takes twelve hours to complete the circle. The parchment is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it; but two magnets, connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine, move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

### Perfectly Reliable.

"There is one thing I would like to ask you about these goods," said a traveling man to a merchant who wanted him to place certain wares on the market."

"What is that?"

"Are they reliable."

"Perfectly so. After you have told a good solid one for a starter, you can relie about them as often as you choose with perfect confidence."—*Merchant Traveler.*

SARAH BERNHARDT punch is to be found at nearly all receptions these days. They call it that because it is so thin.—*Washington Critic.*

### Cancer Cured.

Dr. F. L. Pond is having wonderful success in the treatment and cure of cancer at the cancer hospital at Aurora, Ill. There are numbers of cures recently made by him which are truly wonderful. Those afflicted should go there for treatment at once. For information address Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Ill.

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Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria, and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful." W. B. BEAMISH, 261 Spring Street, New York City.

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100 Doses One Dollar

### Praises of the Onion.

An onion is the most villified and worst traduced esculent there is, and yet it is one of the most delicious to some persons that the earth produces. There is one thing that it lacks, and that is popularity. I know men who, if they experience the slightest whiff of an onion, become so sick that they are in the deepest imaginable misery for hours thereafter. What I say is no exaggeration in the least. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Hooper is afflicted that way. On the othe other hand there are those who are so passionately fond of onions, that they would rather eat a mess of onions than to sit down to the finest banquet in the land. General Samuel F. Hunt is one of them. General Hunt is an enthusiast on the subject of onions. He told me once that every time he visits the residence of a friend of his, who makes a specialty of raising a particularly fine species of onions, he eats so many that he is ashamed of himself. Many a time he slips off to a restaurant and enjoys a feast of his favorites in several courses. He says those are the happiest moments in his life. To the traveling man the onion is the best friend in the world. You can't think of any shape that an onion is not good. Boiled, stewed, fried, baked, fricassed, escolloped, roasted, pickled or raw, they are palatable and delicious. Cooked with potatoes, beefsteak, turkey or duck they are exceedingly savory. Just let a fellow banging around the country, disgusted with the fare he receives at out-of-the-way hotels or boarding-houses, eat a raw onion and see how it will brace him up. If you have taken too much tea of an evening and feel the worse for your bout the next morning, manage to get outside of an onion or two and see how it will help you. Onions are excellent cures for heavy colds, as everybody knows. Then when a fellow becomes wakeful, let him fill up on nice sliced onions. Gracious to goodness! what a comfortable drowsiness will come over him. He forgets all care and sinks into a regular forty-knot snooze that does him a power of good, I tell you.—*Springfield Globe.*

### The Homeliest Man in Town.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

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A MAN doesn't know the true import of wearing a tile until he gets a brick in his hat. *Merchant Traveler.*

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