DEAD LOVE'S LAMENT.

Translated from the Japanese.

BY WILLIAM DOUD LIGHTHEARD.

"I wandered and I wander yet,
I have forgotten to forget."
—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

The morning fires, the evening dies,
The heat of noon, the chill of night,
Are but the dull variation
Of Phœbus and of Phœbe's flight—
Are but the dull variation
Of ruined night and ruined day;
They are no pleasure to mine eyes,
For I have sent my soul away.

I am the man who cannot love,
Yet once my heart was bright as thine,
The winds that rove, the moons that move,
No longer make its chambers shine;
No more by light the spirit face
That lit my night and made my day;
No maiden feet with mine keep pace,
For I have sent my soul away.

O lost! I think I see the stand
By Mary's tried chapel door,
Where once thou stood'st, and with thy hand
Wring pious pain, as once before.
Impatient crude philosopher,
I scoured thy gentler wisdom's pay,
All vain thy moistened eye-lids wait,
I sent my soul and thee away.

A causeless wrath, a mood of pride,
Some trifle of thine, and all was done,
On silent plain I traveled wide,
And then went soon a veiled sun.
Not long a veiled sun, but soon
Unveiled of garment pall of clay;
But I am March while thou art June,
For I have sent my soul away.

And now when I would love so well,
Thou with a love within my heart,
Calm gulfs that cannot from us hell
Look up and wish the thing thou art.
I see a dreadful gulf of night
Beneath my falling life; and gray
Thy light too mines the ghost of life
Above it as it falls away.

The Polar moors, the vales of Greece,
All seas below and skies above,
Have lent their hearts to give me peace,
But I am he-who cannot love,
If I could feel that God and thee
Were more to me are few moments gone,
I would not sorrow then to be
The man who sent his soul away.

I have a life, a voice, a form,
A skillful hand to lift and turn;
I have emotions like a storm,
A brain to think, a heart to burn,
But that which Jesus' blood can save,
That looks toward eternal day,
Is gone before me to the grave,
It was my soul I sent away.

The past is past, and o'er its woe
It is no comfort to repine;
But I would wage my life to know
Thy fate in heaven's peace with mine.
I cannot hope, I will not weep,
The only wish that wish I may
Is this, that I may find asleep
The soul I thought I sent away.
—*American Commercial Traveler.*

A MAD MARRIAGE;

—OR.—

The Heiress of Lawrence Park.

A STORY OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

BY MRS. E. B. COLLEER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAVED!

It was then that Arthur Wynne cursed his fatal mistake, as he lay upon the narrow iron bed, upon which he had been thrown. His thoughts went back, like lightning, to the hour when he had first accepted Gabrielle's invitation to call at Lawrence Park.

"What a fool I have been!" he ejaculated, as the full realization of the situation came home to his heart. "I was mad enough to think that I might learn the secret of Ruby's whereabouts by going to Lawrence Park.

"Ah, well, after all, I would never have known what little I have learned had I not gone there. And neither would I have been here," he added, ruefully. "I wonder where I am? What place this is?"

Even as these thoughts flashed through his brain, the door of the cell was unlocked and a keeper appeared. A rough, good-natured fellow—not a bad sort after all. He glanced furtively into Arthur's face.

"Tell me where I am, will you not, my good fellow?" asked the detective.

"To be sure, sir" (with another furtive glance into the pale face); "you are at Beechwood, and this place is Farmenti's Retreat for the Insane."

Arthur arose and came to the man's side.

"What will you take to help me out of here?" he asked. "I am a rich man; my name is Wynne—Arthur Wynne—and I will pay you handsomely."

The man stared into his face. Surely, there was nothing like insanity in that low, eager tone, or the clear, dark eyes bent upon his face.

"I knew it all the time," he muttered to himself. Then aloud:

"Yes, sir: I will help you all I can. Only I don't want to get into any trouble. I'm a poor man, with a large family to support, and——"

"You shall get into no trouble that money can help you out of," intervened Arthur, hastily. "I will attend to that. Only help me—and stay! tell me, one thing! Is there a young lady confined here——"

"Heaps of them, sir," interrupted the man, dryly.

"I suppose so! Well, this is a very beautiful girl of eighteen, with golden hair and deep-blue eyes. Her name is——"

"St. Cyr," interrupted the man again. "Oh, yes! I know who you mean! She came late at night, or rather early in the morning about one o'clock. Mr. Mark Alleyne brought her here."

"Ah, ha!" cried Arthur to himself. "I am on the trail. Ah, well, it is worth while being shut up here for this."

The man went on:

"You see, sir, I am telling you all I know, because for a long time I've been dissatisfied here. I'm tired of being old Farmenti's slave, to come and go, and do his dirty work, at his command. And Bill West, my brother-in-law, who works here, too, is just as sick of it as I am. He'd do anything to get out of the whole business, but I'll tell you the truth. Old Farmenti is not the sort of man one would choose for an enemy! Besides, we have to make a living!"

"I will pay you and your brother-in-law well; and I will see that you both obtain employment elsewhere—only help me!" cried Arthur, eagerly.

"You will,——"

He stopped short, and a grave look overspread his face, followed by a startled expression.

Through the long corridor outside the cell came the sound of a piercing shriek.

"Good Lord preserve us! He's torturing the poor young lady again!" panted the keeper.

"What young lady? Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Arthur, wildly.

"Miss St. Cyr! I——"

But he never finished.

Arthur had divined intuitively that Ruby had been placed in the retreat under the name of St. Cyr, and with a single bound he sprang to the door of the cell and attempted to open it.

The keeper followed him, and hurriedly unlocked the door.

Once out in the corridor, he led the way to an adjacent cell.

Arthur Wynne followed.

Evidently the day of retribution was not far distant.

The keeper, with full confidence in the young detective, was willing to [illegible] anything to escape from the place [illegible] own distasteful share in the in[illegible].

[illegible]ard, and Arthur came to [illegible] trembling like a leaf.

[illegible] cell at the end of [illegible]pen, and Arthur [illegible]ding over the [illegible]man, in one [illegible]th which he was ruthlessly raining blows upon his helpless victim.

One bound—a muttered exclamation—and Arthur Wynne caught the villain's uplifted arm in an iron grasp.

"Strike one more blow, you cowardly ruffian!" he said, in a low, tense voice, "and I will take your miserable life!"

Farmenti flashed about, glaring upon the unexpected intruder with wild, bloodshot eyes.

He glanced toward the door. The two brawny keepers stood without it, resolutely barring the way. Arthur Wynne wrenched the whip from the villain's hand, and grasping Farmenti in a firm grip laid it about his shoulders with telling force.

The keeper rushed to the still figure of the girl upon the floor, and lifting it in his arms, bore it from the cell.

He laid the limp form down upon a sofa which stood in the hall, and then returned to Arthur's side.

The detective having administered a sound whipping to the writhing Farmenti, lifted a grim, white, resolute face to the keeper.

"A strait-jacket, quick!" he commanded. The keeper understood; and a smile lurked slyly around his mouth as he obeyed the command. With the help of the two men the detective soon encased Dr. Farmenti in a "strait-jacket," threw him down upon the bed, and locked him into the cell to ponder over the changing fortunes of this changeable world.

Arthur Wynne stooped over the pale face upon the sofa, falling back with a cry of joy. It was indeed Ruby, his Ruby; the lost was found; the dead alive again. She came back to consciousness after a long time, during which the young man grew faint at heart with the horrible fear that she was dead.

She opened her beautiful eyes; they fell upon his face.

"Arthur!" was all that she could say. No word of love had ever been spoken between the two—no words were needed.

"My own little wife!" he murmured, fondly.

She slipped her little cold hand into his, and a golden silence fell upon the two for a brief space, broken by the voice of the kind-hearted keeper.

"If you please, Mr. Wynne," he ventured, softly, "we ought to be going. We are not out of his power yet, you see."

"You are right," said Arthur. "Order a carriage at once, and I will take Miss Lawrence to my own house. Ruby, you will come?" turning swiftly to meet her longing gaze.

"I will send for Mrs. Chillingworth. She has stood by you bravely, although acting a part before the world, in compliance with my plans as detective. But she loves you, all the same, and will be a mother to you."

A carriage was soon ready, and Ruby placed within; Arthur seated himself by her side; and so they were driven away, and saw the last forever of Dr. Farmenti's retreat for the insane.

Ruby lifted her grateful eyes to Arthur's face.

"Thank God," she murmured, brokenly, "and—you!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Arthur Wynne arrived at his own home, and placed Ruby in charge of the astonished Mrs. Grey, while he hastened to Mrs. Chillingworth.

That lady speedily obeyed the summons, and was soon at Ruby's side, prepared to nurse the poor girl back to health, for that she was very ill was only too evident.

Her long confinement in that horrible place, and the dreadful treatment she had received, had nearly deprived her of life.

As soon as Ruby's wants were attended to, and Chief Ludlowe had received a full account of all that had taken place, Arthur turned his steps toward Lawrence Park. He wanted to see Mark Alleyne; he wanted to get a foothold at Lawrence Park before the news of what had happened in the retreat should have time to reach Gabrielle's ears.

He found that lady looking serenely elegant in a morning robe of pale pink plush. Adele, in soft, flowing white, shrouded in lace, was lounging indolently in a low seat when he was announced. At sight of him she started up with a low cry.

He greeted the ladies with unusual warmth, which he thought best to assume for the occasion, and incidentally inquired for Mark Alleyne.

"I heard that he was in," explained Arthur, "and so I have called to inquire."

"He is very ill," she returned, slowly. "If you wish to see him——"

She arose suggestively, and Arthur followed her up-stairs into a large, airy chamber. Mark lay upon the bed very pale, his dark eyes burning with feverish light.

An idea had entered Arthur Wynne's brain; a plan was speedily evolved from chaos; he determined to try an experiment.

"He will not permit his wife to come to him," began Gabrielle in an aside. "Of course you have heard of that unfortunate affair. Well, he will not see her; and the poor fellow is quite dependent upon me for nursing. I am nearly exhausted," with a deep, plaintive sigh. She did not look exhausted, but Arthur assumed an expression of commiseration. Gabrielle unwittingly was playing directly into his hands.

"I will stay and nurse him, if you will permit me," Arthur returned.

Gabrielle bowed. Such a chance to keep Arthur in the house, where he would be thrown in contact with Adele, was not to be despised. She consented at once, only too glad of the offer.

Arthur Wynne laid his plans at once, and sent for the physician in attendance.

Doctor Lee was a kind-hearted man, and a shrewd old fellow, also; he readily entered into Arthur's plot, and the game began that very day. Doctor Lee stooped over the sick man, with pale, troubled face, and grave, anxious eyes. Mark saw the look, and his cowardly heart quaked.

"Doctor, am I worse?" he asked, brokenly. "Tell me, is there any chance?"

Doctor Lee shook his head sagely.

"In the midst of life we are in death!" he quoted, solemnly. "Alleyne, I will tell you the truth—I make a point of always speaking the truth to my patients—I will keep nothing back if you desire to know."

"Tell me—tell me all!" panted the sick man. "Am I really worse? I thought—I fancied that I was getting better. You said yesterday that there was a little change for the better, you know?"

The doctor groaned lugubriously.

"Very true, my friend. But I did not apprehend the present alarming symptoms. Mr. Alleyne, do you wish to know?"

"I do."

"Well, then, I have only to say that it would be well for you to prepare for the worst."

"My God! No! I am not—not—going—to die?"

The doctor looked preternaturally grave.

"I merely tell you that it is best to prepare," he returned, solemnly. "If you have any business matters to arrange, your will to make; anything of that sort, I advise you to attend to it at once. The less delay, the better."

He left the room with a slow step. Mark covered his face with his hands.

"You will stay with me, Wynne?" he faltered, at length.

"To the end!" returned Arthur, solemnly. "Mark, if you have anything upon your mind, it would be better to relieve it. I imagine—as Dr. Lee says."

But Mark shook his head slowly. The hours passed, and Dr. Lee called again. As he entered the sick room he exclaimed in a low tone—but not too low to be heard by the patient: "Poor fellow! He is nearly gone!"

He came to the bedside, and stood there for a time in utter silence more eloquent than words, a silence which said plainly: "I give him up! There is no hope!"

Arthur hovered in the background, silently praying for the success of his plot.

Two days came and went, and Mark Alleyne (really convalescing) fully believed himself sinking fast. Arthur scarcely left his side, night or day, and at every opportunity he impressed upon the patient the necessity of confessing anything that might weigh upon his mind. As I have said, the detective remained at his bedside, only stealing away once in a while to see how Ruby was getting along.

He was always met by Mrs. Chillingworth with the cheering hope of recovery.

At last the time came when Mark Alleyne fully made up his mind that the end was near, and he must die. It was an awful thought to this crime-stained villain, and so weakened was he in body and mind that at last he decided upon a definite course. He called Arthur to his bedside.

"Wynne," he said, slowly and brokenly, "I'm afraid it's all up with me. I am so weak and faint that I can scarcely speak. I must say something. I must confess before I die. Listen!"

"May I not take it down upon paper?" asked Arthur.

The sick man nodded.

"Perhaps it will be best," he said.

So Arthur, who had long been prepared for such an emergency, seated himself with writing materials before him, and Dr. Lee and a friend were summoned as witnesses. The moment had arrived, when, driven to the wall, Mark Alleyne would be forced to confess all that he knew.

"I want to tell you," he faltered, feebly. "I am going to explain how Gilbert Lawrence came to his death."

CHAPTER XXX.

TOLD BY THE SHADOWS.

For a moment Arthur Wynne's heart fairly stopped beating. But he compressed his lips together firmly, and dipped his pen into the ink well.

"Go on," he said, quietly, "and be as concise as possible."

Mark groaned.

"Let me begin at the beginning," he said. "I have known Gabrielle St. Cyr and her daughter all my life. I have loved Adele ever since I was old enough to know what love means. Gentlemen, would you know the truth? She is La Belle, the famous danseuse!"

"That is no news to me, Mr. Alleyne. Go on!"

"La Belle's pretended death was all a scheme of Gabrielle's to get possession of the Lawrence fortune.

"She knew that her child, once elevated to the position of heiress to the great Lawrence fortune, must never acknowledge her identity with the dancer.

"Gilbert Lawrence died believing Gabrielle to be his lawful wife; but I happen to know (and so does she) that the priest who performed the ceremony had been excommunicated before it took place; he had no right to perform the ceremony; consequently it was not valid.

"That makes Miss Ruby Lawrence the lawful child of Gilbert Lawrence, and the true heiress of Lawrence Park."

Arthur caught his breath with a cry of joy.

"Thank God!" he murmured, softly.

"Well," went on Mark, quite feebly, "I was half mad with love for Adele, and I promised to do anything to help Gabrielle in her wild scheme.

"I hired the girl, Maggie Willett, to do all the dirty work. She it was who placed in Ruby's room the supposed evidences of her guilt—the blood-stained dagger and dress, and handkerchief, the key in the pocket of the dress, the pansies upon the floor beside the body. She did it all (curse her), with a wild hope that I was going to make her my wife.

"She had a false key to Ruby's room, and it was while she was placing a bogus will in the grate—to be afterward discovered as Ruby's crime—that she lost the coral comb from her hair, which so excited your suspicions. I took Ruby Lawrence out of her room in the dead of night.

"Maggie had already entered it, and dressed the poor girl, making her believe, in her sick and half delirious state, that you, Mr. Wynne, had sent for her.

"I took her from the room by means of a ladder; it was the easiest matter imaginable to drug the girl by means of an opiate, in brandy—and the coast was clear.

"I took her to Beechwood, as Gabrielle bade me, and placed her in charge of one Farmenti, in a private asylum for the insane, where she is still confined."

"Not much," muttered Arthur, between his set teeth. "Go on," he commanded once more, in a low, ominous voice.

"Gentlemen, that is the whole secret. Now, I will proceed to tell you how Gilbert Lawrence died."

An awful hush fell over the room. Arthur's pen was suspended, awaiting his next words. Mark went on, weakly.

"I was at Lawrence Park the night of the tragedy," he continued, slowly. "I met Gabrielle coming from there. I wished to see Gilbert Lawrence, but when I reached the house I was attracted by a strange scene which met my gaze, and so I did not ring for admittance. This is what I saw: The curtains of the library window had not been drawn, and Gilbert Lawrence sat at his desk writing busily. I was so impressed by the sight of his pale, stern, hopeless face, that I crouched down below the window and watched his movements. He finished writing and locked the paper in a drawer in his secretoire. Then he arose, and going over to the center-table wrote those words which were found there when his body was discovered. That done, he lifted his hand and deliberately extinguished the gas, leaving the great room half in firelight, half in shadow.

"By the flickering shadows which played across the dusky background I witnessed all that followed. I saw it all, gentleman; Ruby Lawrence is innocent—there was no murder done! Gilbert Lawrence died by his own hand!"

Arthur Wynne started to his feet, pale and trembling, his eyes full of a wild light.

"Are you in your senses?" he asked, curtly.

"I am!" returned Mark Alleyne, calmly. "Gilbert Lawrence, believing himself guilty of a wrong which could never be set right—to Ruby, his beloved child—committed suicide. First, he attempted to poison himself with prussic acid; but with strange perversity, he dashed the phial aside before it had touched his lips, and stabbed himself instead with the dagger. I myself removed the blood-stained weapon from the ghastly wound; but the dagger found in Ruby's possession was not the one that did the awful deed. I would not give that up. But now, you understand the mystery of the broken phial found beside the body, and the incomprehensible odor of prussic acid in the room."

"There was a tress of golden hair clutched in the dead man's hand," said Arthur.

"It was placed there by Maggie Willett," returned Mark. "But I am not done with my story; listen! When I saw Gilbert Lawrence fall to the floor, I opened the window and entered the room. I went to the escretoire and abstracted the paper which I had seen him place there.

"It is a full confession of the hidden sin, and expressed a determination to take his life. His will I also found. It leaves everything to Ruby, save a life annuity to Gabrielle. I kept those papers. I hid them from Gabrielle; she has never seen them or suspected their existence. You will find them in my writing desk over yonder."

Five minutes later, and they were in Arthur Wynne's possession. He went quietly down stairs and sent for Gabrielle and Adele.

"Madam," the detective began, sternly, "I give you and your daughter, La Belle, the danseuse, twenty-four hours in which to leave Lawrence Park. Miss Ruby Lawrence, the real mistress of this place, is in charge of Mrs. Chillingworth, and will speedily take possession here."

Oh, the scene which followed! Arthur sent for Chief Ludlowe, and the whole story was made public. Ruby was soon able to be moved, and was brought back to the dear old home as soon as Gabrielle and Adele had taken their departure. The life annuity was paid over to Gabrielle St. Cyr (not Lawrence) every year, and in company with her daughter she made her home in Europe. Thither Mark Alleyne (who did not die) soon followed them (accompanied *nolens volens* by Maggie Willett, and after a time their very memory was forgotten.

Ruby Lawrence, now Mrs. Arthur Wynne, lives at beautiful Lawrence Park with her husband, a happy wife, and the mother of a fair-haired boy, whom they call Gilbert Lawrence Wynne. Mrs. Chillingworth is a daily visitor, and they are all as happy as mortals can be in this world. The clouds are all gone from their pathway. The dreadful consequences which followed Gilbert Lawrence's mistake, made in younger days—that mad marriage—that hidden sin, which was destined to prove the curse of his life, and brought him at last to that awful death, whose secret was told by the shadows.

[THE END.]

Making the Sun Draw His Own Picture.

Mr. J. C. O'Loan, of Liverpool, writes to the *Scientific American:* While experimenting with a ray of sunlight in a darkened room, I had my attention directed to pin-hole pictures, and am of the opinion that startling results can be obtained in photographs of the sun or moon in this way! In a room darkened by blocking up windows with thick paper, make a small hole in the paper with a "darning needle," so as to admit a ray of direct sunlight. Hold a piece of white paper in the path of the ray, twelve inches from the hole, you will have an image of the sun one-eighth inch in diameter; at four feet, an image of one-half inch, and at the distance of eight feet from the hole a one-inch image, and so on.

The size of opening used as lens does not open the size of image at any given distance, but only its sharpness and brightness. Say the opening is 1-16 inch, and gives a sharp picture at four feet, by enlarging the opening to one-eighth the size of the image at four feet would be still the same, but unsharp, so that the screen or plate must be removed to twice the distance to obtain equal sharpness. In a room 100 feet long, a twelve-inch picture of the sun could be had, and of the moon one very much larger. A series of pipes 100 yards long for camera would give a three-foot photograph of the sun. In fact, there is no limit to size of image but the length of camera. Perhaps some one who has more time and space at his disposal than I have may take the subject up.

Odd Devices for Photographs.

There are various ways for providing surprising results in photography, things that in one age would have been called magic, but in ours recognized as scientific tricks. The ghost picture, for instance, in which a shadowy ghost—through which material objects are visible—is seen between natural attitudes and occupations. This is produced by an almost instantaneous exposure of the figure that is to do duty as the ghost, followed by a full exposure of the figures and properties that are to appear natural. Another novel trick was shown recently in a photograph reproduced by a prominent trade journal, which presented the photographer, seated at a table, playing chess with himself sitting on the opposite side of the table, while he himself stood up in the background looking at his two selves playing.

The figures were all on the negative, which was produced by three successive exposures of the plate, parts thereof being masked each time by a black velvet shutter. Still another trick is that by which a person who liked that sort of thing may appear to be photographed riding on a flying goose, or a fish, or any other desired style of ridiculous locomotion. This is done by the subject holding upon his lap a huge piece of white or sky-tinted card with the fanciful figure drawn upon it. His face appears above the upper edge of the card and seems, in the picture, joined to the funny little body mounted on the goose or fish. The statue picture is made by about the same device. —*Photographic Review.*

Fooled by the Fortune-Teller.

An unwise Cincinnati wagon driver, who followed the advice of a fortune-teller and left the lid of his trunk open over night, next morning discovered that all his savings, $140, had been carried off. He didn't lose faith in the fortune-teller, however. He again visited her, and, upon paying fifty cents, she cheered him up by telling him to reopen the trunk and the stolen money would be returned within twenty-four hours. He opened the trunk, but the lost cash failed to put in an appearance.

He Passed the Ordeal.

Chicago Police Captain (to applicant for position on the force)—I suppose you know the dangers there are in this town, and that we've got to have brave men—men who are ready to sacrifice their lives any moment?

Applicant—Well, I don't thing you'll find me afraid. I've passed through a great deal in my time.

Captain—You have?

Applicant—I should say so. Take, for instance, the game Iump—

Capiain—You'll do.

One Thing and Another.

Don't whisper in company.

Don't talk to one person across another.

Don't talk about people unknown to those present.

Don't answer remarks made to you with mere monosyllables. This is chilling, if not fairly insulting.

THE sugar trust is to be attacked in the courts. Of course it takes "sand" to do this.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Terrible Misfortune.

It is a calamity of the direst kind to feel that one's physical energies are failing in the prime of life—to feel more nervous, more dispirited, weaker every day. Yet this is the unhappy lot of hundreds who surround us. A source of renewed strength which science approves, in behalf of which multitudes of the debilitated have and are every day testifying, and which, in countless instances, has built up constitutions sapped by weakness and infirmity and long unbenefited by other means, surely comprehends itself to all who need a tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a medicine—pure, botanic, soothing to the nerves, promotive of digestion and a purifier of the blood. Dyspepsia and nervousness—the first a cause, the second a consequence of lack of stamina—depart when a course of the Bitters is tried. All forms of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, constipation and biliousness are annihilated by this standard family medicine.

Unhealthy School Rooms.

Those of us who remember that every disease of our childhood days was caught by attending school, and those whose children are now subject to similar catching business will rejoice at the discussion between the American Medical Association of a paper on "The School Room as a Factor in the Production of Diseases," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* The author of the paper states that in Switzerland school-houses are built on the top of small hills, but in America they are often dumped in spots good for nothing else. School-houses, he insists, should invariably be built in parks. This is right, both as to cities and country. Surely we can afford ground enough and money enough to secure the lives, health, comfort, and beautiful development of our children. In every part of the country wealthy citizens should at once take this matter in hand. Bear in mind that our schools breed "cholera, consumption, eye affections, etc."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

To Clean the Pots.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black, it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must use iron ware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among ten thousand of our housekeepers.—*New York Mail.*

CUSTOMER—What an incessant talker that sandy-haired clerk of yours is! Merchant—Yes, but he's always ready to shut up at night.—*Time.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying ever known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE devil is a cobbler who is always pegging away at souls.—*Whitehall Times.*

The Handsomest Lady in Town

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large size 50c and $1.

THE Boston boy's stomach is always in apple-pie order.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it, and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists.

DISTANCE lends enchantment. Who would like to borrow?

NO SENSIBLE man will admire a woman's waste.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive cure for Consumption. 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 P. O. Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Prepare for Spring

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Said he, "My man, you're going to die;
You've got *tic-doulourex.*"

"My faith," says Pat, "phat's that you say?
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And wears a brighter face."

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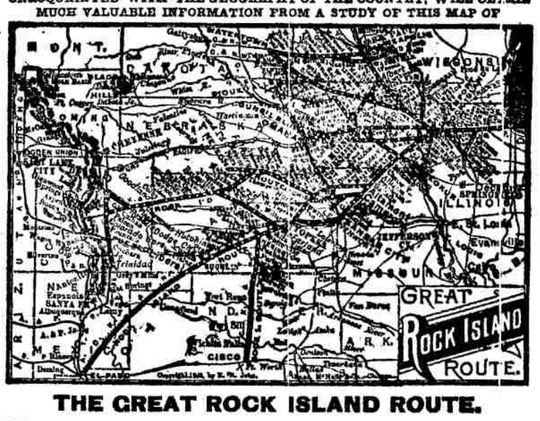

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