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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"It is from Roger, Aunt Salome," she said, when she had finished. "Roger Stedman, Aunt Salome, our near neighbor."

"Yes, I remember him," replied Mistress Leland, adding, mentally; "and with no great favor, either, the clodhopper." Aloud she said: "What has he to say that requires such urgency?"

"He has written that neither my father nor my brothers were hurt in to-day's fighting near my home, Aunt Salome," said Desire, quietly.

Her cousin Bradford uttered a long, low whistle.

"By my faith, he's an enterprising fellow! The soldiers themselves are not yet returned. He must have sent his man off before the guns were cold. I'd like to see this Roger, on my word I would, Desire!"

Mistress Salome frowned. Praise of Roger Stedman was not sweet to her ears; still she was just, so she said:

"It was kind of him to ease your fears, Desire. He shall have our thanks at the proper time. Does he say aught else of the day's doings?"

"You can read it, Aunt Salome," Desire answered, handing her the paper.

"Read it aloud to us all, lassie," requested Mistress Leland.

Without a shadow of hesitation or embarrassment the girl obeyed.

"Lexington, April 19.

"Friend Desire:

"I am anxious that you should know that no one of your family has been hurt in the fighting this morning. The regulars tried to get the stores in Concord, but we kept them back, as, please God, we shall keep them back every time they try to trample on our rights. Dave was wounded in his side, but we hope not seriously. I thank heaven you are safely away from these dreadful scenes. I send this by a faithful messenger who may serve me again. God keep you. ROGER."

"I like that fellow if he is a rebel. He's of too good stuff to be on the wrong side of this controversy. Bid him bring his next message by his own hand, and I'll own myself a muff if I don't win him over into being a loyal subject of good King George."

Desire scarcely heard this comment of Captain Lancaster. She was conscious of but one all-absorbing thought, one intense longing, whose strength amazed and almost frightened her. Half an hour before her heart-beat was not even quickened by her Aunt Salome's playful allusion to the possible lover who might change her whole life's course. Now it seemed to her that nothing which could happen to all the rest of the world would matter much, could she only know that one gallant young British officer was uninjured. In the twinkling of an eye the truth had come to her. Until she met Gilbert Merridale again face to face and saw with her own eyes that his dear self was unharmed, she knew the moments would drag by on leaden feet.

Roger's message was a welcome cloak and natural explanation of the consternation which this lightning-like glimpse of her hitherto unsuspected feelings for her winter's friend produced. No one dreamed of the resolute effort necessary on her part to keep back the burning question: "Have you heard who of the regulars is hurt?" Her suspense was not of long duration. While they were still talking over the fragmentary reports of the day's doings a man came running to the house. He spoke breathlessly:

"Your son George bade me tell you, Mistress Leland, that he is bringing his friend Gilbert Merridale to your home. He is grievously wounded. Have a bed ready in the lower part of the house. The rest he leaves to your care."

"Tell my son George that all will be in readiness for Lieut. Merridale and any others who may need nursing. He knows the resources of his father's house. All of them are at the service of His Majesty's faithful soldiers," was the dame's answer, graciously spoken to the messenger. Then she gave orders to those of the household who had flocked in, forgetful of the restraints of their position in their eagerness to hear the news.

"Cato, run for the surgeon, and bid Dr. Wales come at full speed, unmindful of other demands upon him. Carson, make ready my own bed for the wounded officer. Bradford, my son, see that your room and your brother's are prepared in case of need for them. Desire, love, fetch my medicine chest and bring rolls of old linen from the linen closet. Captain Lancaster, kindly seek my husband and acquaint him with these sad tidings, unless, perchance, he has already heard them. If your engagements permit of it I shall deem it a favor if you will meet my son and assist him in easing this painful journey so far as possible for the poor fellows, to whom every motion is doubtless agony."

Thus she spoke, as one having rightful authority. When all had flown to do her bidding, she hurried to her spacious chamber, where Carson, her competent maid, was busily engaged stripping the massive mahogany bedstead of its usual dress and spreading it with sheets of soft, old linen.

"That is right, Carson. Nothing is more grateful to aching limbs. I must off with this finery. We have days and nights, perhaps weeks, of hard work before us. The provincials are of our own stubborn English blood, and my heart misgives me that it will not be short work to subdue their determined spirits."

Desire, coming in presently with her arms full of linen rolls, found her Aunt Salome comfortably attired in a petticoat of dark-blue durant, with short gown of blue and white striped wilton, open at the throat and filled in with a snowy kerchief. Her powdered locks were covered by a high, puffed cap of white lawn, and a long, full apron of the same material was tied about her still shapely waist. Easy fitting shoes of prunella had replaced her satin slippers, and all the jewels had disappeared from her capable hands.

"I, too, will change my gown for one more suitable," said Desire, glancing down at the dainty, dove-colored silk and placing her burden on the table.

Mistress Salome took her niece in her arms and pressed a warm kiss on her fair cheek.

"Heaven bless your kind heart, my lassie, but the sights and sounds of a wounded soldier's room are no fitting ones for a maiden's seeing and hearing. Do my bidding, sweet child. Go to your own pleasant nook and busy yourself until I call you down. I will send Carson with your supper. Choose out some merry tales to read to the lads when they shall be convalescent."

Desire clung trembling to her aunt.

"Please, please, Aunt Salome, let me stay quite near, if I may not help to nurse—them. Don't send me away!"

"My sweetheart, 'twould only distress you!" said Mistress Leland, surprised at her request.

"Oh, no, Aunt Salome. I will be so brave—so quiet. Let me just sit outside the door, until—until I—".

Her voice failed her. Her aunt could hear her heart's quick throb. She felt the burning blush of the cheek resting against hers. The hand she held was icy cold. By some sure instinct she divined the truth. But she spared the girl the knowledge that her secret had been unwittingly revealed. Quite decidedly she unclasped her clinging arms. In the most matter-of-fact way, without appearing to even notice her confusion, she said:

"Nay, now, my love, 'tis not to be thought of. You would not wish to be seen loitering idly about a military hospital. That is what our home must become for a time. There is absolutely nothing you can do for the present but to wait, and waiting is the hardest part of a woman's work oftimes," she added, sorry for the disappointment Desire could not wholly conceal. "So run away to your room, lassie, and be my own brave girl. Say a prayer for the dear lads who are to be brought here, and for all others who are suffering. I will come myself and give you the surgeon's report in due time."

Desire said no more. She turned away and slowly climbed the stairs to the large room on the third floor of the mansion, which had been charmingly fitted up for the use of her sisters and herself during their frequent and prolonged visits to their uncle's home. Her eyes were brimming with tears, and her lips quivered piteously. She sat down in the low, deep window seat and looked off across the blue water in the direction of Lexington. She tried to imagine the commotion and excitement which must have occurred there on this eventful day. She recalled gratefully Roger's thoughtfulness in sending her such prompt tidings of the safety of her dear ones. Roger was always so thoughtful and considerate of every one. She could not remember the time when she had not known Roger. Kindness from him was like the sunshine and the pure, sweet air she breathed—a matter of course.

But her thoughts did not linger long with the loved ones of her home circle. The newer friend of the past winter, the handsome young stranger, who had made her aunt's house almost his home since her coming there, in December, and who had wooed her so quietly, so gently, that she had never before suspected it—this man whom her father and her mother had never seen, absorbed her whole attention. She felt no shame in thus acknowledging to herself what he had never spoken in words. She was as sure of his love for her as of hers for him.

"When I see him, he will understand," she said, in all simplicity. "But, oh! when will that be? Suppose he should die?"

This cruel possibility sent her to her knees, chilled with terror to make the prayer her aunt had bidden her to say for all the sorely distressed. Scarcely had she risen when she heard the tramp of feet on the pavement. From her window she could see nothing of what was going on directly below her, but sounds came up through the house now and then. The roll of chaise wheels told her that the surgeon had arrived. The doctor's gig soon followed. Once a sharp cry reached her ears; doors opened and shut; then for a long time all was still.

The sun was just sinking behind the hills marking the western horizon when Carson came in bearing a tray loaded with tempting dainties.

"Mistress Leland bade me stay and pour your chocolate, Mistress Desire," said the kind-hearted English girl, arranging the dishes on a small table. "First I will light the fire. The evenings are right chilly yet, and the crackling of the sticks will be company for you. 'Tis a lonesome house below. They say the young officer will be in bed here this many a day. The bullet entered his chest and made an ugly wound."

Desire listened hungrily, but with sinking heart, to this scrap of information. She still sat looking out over the darkening town while Carson drew a chair to the little table and bade her young lady partake of the savory meal. The door opened and Mistress Salome entered.

"Ah, I am in good time, am I not? Pour me a cup, too, Carson; then go below and wait in the lower hall until I call. Something may be needed from the sick rooms. I will serve Mistress Desire."

Desire needed now no second bidding to "draw up." She knew from her aunt's face that she brought no serious news.

"Well, sweetheart," began the elder lady, cheerfully, "the worst is all so quickly over. The surgeon found right speedily the naughty bullet which had lodged against one of Gilbert's ribs and extracted it with rare skill. I held the lad's hands during the time, and can bear witness to his bravery. He lies easy now, and sends you his best love, and the wish that you give no further anxious thought to him, but only your sweet sympathy. There, love! I have said his exact words."

Desire's face grew beautifully rosy with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected message, and her heart thrilled with relief that his hurt was no greater.

"The other lads, three of them, are more hardly off," continued Mistress Salome. "One is young Chester, who often came to ride with Bradford, and whom you doubtless recollect as the merry heart of a fellow who sang madrigals so sweetly. He has lost his left arm. All three need careful nursing, and I fear me your seclusion may be long. Would it not be well if I should find safe chance for sending you home?"

All the pretty color left Desire's cheeks. "Oh, no, aunt, not yet. I can help you, I am sure. Let me stay and prepare the bandages and make broths and jellies. My mother has taught me to be skillful at such things. Oh, do not send me away!"

Mistress Leland interpreted aright the eager entreaty of the soft, beautiful eyes. She had read its counterpart in the yearning of the wistful blue eyes, which had looked up at her from a pillow but a few minutes previously.

"I cannot do so immediately, but perplexing questions will arise from this day's work, lassie, and it may be that I shall need to counsel with your mother before another moon. We are living in such times as history is made of. It has long been my opinion that our wise men have not seen clearly the true tendency of events. Their eyes, mayhap, will open wider now, and sudden changes lie close beside the pathway of us all. But you are eating nothing, love. It was far from my intention to discomfort you by my serious words. Only be ready to bear your share of whatever falls to our common lot and show yourself a true child of our common blood."

"I will try, Aunt Salome."

"And that I know right well, lassie," replied her aunt, rising and laying her hand on Desire's soft hair; "you are a true little woman, stronger far than your sister Delight, although lacking much of her dashing energy. Keep your high ideals, Desire, and follow ever the dictates of your innocent, steadfast nature."

They stood side-by side in silence for a few minutes. The shadowy room was lighted only by the flickering flames; they seemed far away from the customary things of everyday life. Mistress Salome was lost in her own forebodings; the unwonted gravity of her demeanor impressed Desire until she, too, shared in the dark thoughts [illegible] day brought [illegible]

(To be continued.)

IRONY OF HISTORY.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS FACING TOWARD PROTECTION

They Are Urged to Forget the Free Trade Follies of the Past and to Avail Themselves of the Policy that Brings Prosperity.

"Between prosperity and tradition the choice should be prosperity." Such is the closing sentence of an article of exceptional interest which lately appeared in the New Orleans "States," a Democratic newspaper, over the signature "W. H. R." It is a conclusion full of force and strength. Well indeed it would be for the South if it had long ago chosen for its motto, "Prosperity rather than tradition." The tenor of the article printed by the "States" is Protectionist. Obviously written by a Democrat and a former free-trader, its argument is all the more effective in favor of the support of protection by the people of the Southern States. He says:

If the South forces the tariff issue to the front again it will be detrimental to the best interests of this section. * * * It is an inexorable fact that the South now needs a protective tariff more than any section of the Union. With cotton and its other agricultural staples at present prices there is no apparent possibility in this section of rivaling the North in the accumulation of wealth as long as the chief local interest is agriculture. The South is naturally the best manufacturing region of the country. It has the ores, the coal, the timber and the intelligent population to compete in industrial enterprises with any portion of the world, and its future prosperity depends more upon the number of factories that are built here than the quantity of cotton which can be raised to the acre.

The South for years has borne what was to this section no doubt a burden in the form of a protective tariff, and at this hour when its industrial development has just begun it would indeed be superlative folly to cast aside what in the future will not be a load, but a fostering influence in the development of its resources.

What the tariff has done in the past for the North it is calculated to do in the future for the South. The infant industries of the present are located below the Mason and Dixon line, and it is a question if a large percentage of Northern manufacturers would not soon be better off with free trade and unrestricted European competition than with protection by tariff and the South doing as much industrially as its resources warrant.

Then follows a stirring appeal to the Democrats of the Southern States to follow Samuel J. Randall's advice and "get together." But it is to be a new sort of getting together. Instead of maintaining an unbroken front for free trade, as they have done for nearly three-quarters of a century, they are now urged to "get together" on the tariff question and concentrate their strength for the continuation of the protective policy. Perhaps the oddest feature of this rallying call is the reason cited in support of the plea for prompt action—namely, the possibility that the flourishing industries of the North may, in a few years' time, decide to abandon protection rather than see its aid extended to the establishment of powerful competing industries in the South. It is the dread of such an eventuality that impels the writer in the States to say to his fellow Democrats:

The Republican party is not so wedded to the protective tariff theory that it will seek to perpetuate the Dingley or any other variety of the article a day longer than it serves the mercantile interests of the States it controls. It would be the irony of fate, indeed, if tariff for revenue only, or free trade, became a national policy at the hour when it would blight the infant industries of the South like a Dakota blizzard.

Whatever the irony of fate may have in store for Southern Democrats in the far future, it is the irony of history to find so queer a turn as this in the meandering ways of politics—to find the party which followed Calhoun's lead into the ranks of free trade chiefly because protection was building up New England and the Eastern States into great manufacturing commonwealths whose potency in national affairs menaced the South's supremacy, now contemplating a swift right-about face to protection lest that policy should be abandoned by the North through fear or jealousy of a great industrial rivalry from the mills and factories which the South shall build up by the aid of protection. Politics has furnished few developments more unique than this. In any case, however, it is to be construed as a cheering indication of the dawn of better things in the South. That portion of our common country will prosper mightily when its people shall once for all turn their backs upon a past full of mistakes and stand with their faces toward a future full of promise. As "between prosperity and tradition the choice should be prosperity." Undoubtedly.—American Economist.

The Significance of Peffer.

Among the various recent signs of the break-up of the Populist party the return of ex-Senator Peffer to the Republican party is significant in its evidence that the original sincere Farmers' Alliance element is recognizing that the cause of the troubles from which it sought relief in political action was not in politics at all. This, as proof of conviction of error among misguided Populists, is more important than the defect of misguiding Populists like W. V. Allen, Jerry Simpson and J. Hamilton Lewis, or even the admission of that defeat by practical professional Populists like Senator Harris, Peffer's successor.

The man whose "whiskers" were for six years as much the sign and symbol of a militant party as were the horse tails of the Janissaries, represented Populism both at its worst, or at least wildest, and best. In his day, the day of the defeat of Ingalls, the day of the Ocala platform and the pumpkin subtreasuries—the day, too, of the remarkable strength displayed in the election of 1892, even under the lead of such a man as Weaver—the party was most revolutionary, but also most sincere, in its aims. It really thought that some legislation could be found which would make crops permanently dear and money normally cheap, and it set out honestly to find it. Meantime, those of its members who practiced frugality and cultivated patience have found, not the millennial heights which they sought, though they have been nearer to them than any other farmers on earth, but the steady level of welfare which must attend every land, such as our agricultural West where the soil is rich and cheap and the people hard-working, intelligent and free. This sort of Populist came out of the Republican party, and thousands of him have been returning, as the elections to Congress of last year showed.—New York Press.

In Colonel Bryan's State.

The report of the Labor Bureau of Nebraska, which has recently been issued by an official of Colonel Bryan's [illegible] that mortgage question which Mr. Bryan never failed to turn to his advantage in his speeches in 1896, by telling farmers that they were being ground to death by the "money power" of Wall street, and by warning them that unless the country should get rid of the gold standard and adopt a 45-cent dollar, they would fall into hopeless bondage. The farmers of Nebraska believed Mr. Bryan, at least, a majority of them did, and gave him the electoral vote of that State, and the farmers of Kansas did likewise. With the rest of the country, the farmers of Nebraska now know that the ruin and perpetual bondage never came. Instead, Nebraska is one of the States which, to the amazement of the Populists, has been having a season of unusual prosperity. That such is the case the following table, giving the aggregate amounts of the mortgages filed and released each year in Nebraska from 1892 to 1898, both included, shows:

	Filed.	Released.
1892.....	$38,847,633	$31,912,267
1893.....	34,601,318	26,178,745
1894.....	31,690,054	26,438,090
1895.....	25,753,304	22,648,917
1896.....	16,474,606	18,213,382
1897.....	15,630,721	22,215,759
1898.....	21,303,855	27,498,070

The foregoing figures embrace farm mortgages only. The annual amount of farm mortgages filed exceeded the amount released by more than $23,000,000 during the years 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1895. During 1896 the tide turned so that during the three years ending with 1898, $14,000,000 more of mortgages were paid off than were filed. The same report shows that there is much more money in the banks now than ever before, and that those borrowing money on farm mortgages get it at a much lower rate of interest.

Of all the men in the country who have been benefited by the defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1896, the farmers as a whole have had the largest share. The voters in the newer West, and, indeed, in the West generally, gave Mr. Bryan and 16-to-1 the most cordial support, because many of them were deceived by his fallacies. The elections of 1898 showed a reaction in the agricultural portions of the country against the silverism of Bryan. Suppose Mr. Bryan does not take note of the improved condition of the farmers of Nebraska and other States and comes to them with his argument of 1896—what will they say?—Indianapolis Journal.

American Trade Expansion.

Everywhere American mechanical genius and American workmen compete and win.—New York Evening Journal.

American genius, in the form of agricultural implements, finds favor even on the estates of Englishmen.—Baltimore American.

"American locomotive—get off the track!" is the warning that resounds through the manufacturing centers of England.—Detroit Free Press.

Our present trade expansion is but a prelude to the vast proportions which the American export trade will assume a few years hence.—Philadelphia Record.

Now that London has taken to ordering its locomotives here, it appears to be time for chappies to stop ordering their trousers in London.—Baltimore Herald.

Every European market has been invaded by the United States and Great Britain's trade has suffered in consequence. It is not difficult to supply an explanation. A better article at a lower figure has been furnished to consumers by American manufacturers. The English make many articles by hand, which we make by machinery. They have thus fallen behind American manufacturers in trade competition because of inferior skill and higher cost of production.—St. Louis Republic.

Agricultural Resources of Alaska.

The Experiment Station Record, issued by the National Agricultural Department, contains some interesting statements as to the agricultural capacity of Alaska, gleaned from the reports from the new station at Sitka. Oats and barley not only make an excellent growth but will mature in the southeastern sections. Flax grows well and "suggests a possible industry for the natives." Several kinds of clover grow with remarkable vigor. Among the vegetables asparagus, beets, carrots, cress, kale, kohl-rabi, lettuce, onions, parsnips, peas, potatoes, radishes, rutabagas, rhubarb, salsify, turnips and Windsor beans all did well on old ground and showed that the climate and soil are favorable to their growth. Cabbage and cauliflower did not turn out well. The reports are so encouraging that Congress has increased its appropriation for the ensuing year—a wise step, for if the mineral wealth of the territory is to be developed sufficient agriculture should also be developed to furnish at least a part of the food products for the increasing population.

The Difference.

People are never aware of their own peculiarities of dialect. The cockney can never understand what people mean in saying that he drops his h's, and the New England woman will not believe that she pronounces Hannah "Hanner" and Esther "Estha." The Scotchman, being naturally an opinionated person, is quite sure that he is faultless of accent, although no one is more richly endowed with it.

It is related of a Scottish literary man who lately visited in this country that he was taken to task one day by his own daughter for the broadness of his utterance in pronouncing the word "difference."

"How do I pronounce it?" he asked.

"You say 'dufference,'" she answered.

"And what do you say?"

"'Difference,'" she rejoined.

Looking at his daughter a moment and getting her to repeat the word, he said:

"Well, now, will you be so kind as to tell me the dufference between dufference and dufference?"

Their Preference.

Certain politicians of the nobler class—there are many of them—have the soul of an honorable but shrewd merchant, who sells in the dearest and buys in the cheapest market. He wishes to get his money's worth for his money, but he always gives full and just measure.

There are also politicians, and they are not few, either, who may say with the Scotch trader on his death-bed:

"Oor faimly were aye middlin' honest; we neither liked to chate nor to be chated, but o' the twa, reyther to chate."

In the high schools of Sweden boys and girls are educated in the same classes. Nearly all the telegraph, telephone and postoffices are in the hands of women. Lately they have invaded even the steamship service.

Don't think a man appreciates a cyclone because he is [illegible]

Unequaled for Its Purpose.

As a covering for walls and ceilings, there is nothing equal to Alabastine, the celebrated product of the Alabastine Company of Grand Rapids, Mich. It is eminently healthful and economical. Being porous, it permits ventilation, in which it is superior to wall papers, which, besides, are often tainted with poison. This makes Alabastine unequal for use in sleeping rooms. Too much thought cannot be given to the condition of the apartments in which we sleep, and they should be freed as much as possible from the germs of disease and death. By coating the walls and ceilings of these rooms with the pure Alabastine, this danger is obviated. There is nothing more pure and cleanly than this wall coating, the base of which is a natural rock product that sets on the wall and hardens with age. Alabastine does not rub or scale off and requires no scraping before retinting. There is absolutely no comparison between the beautiful and durable Alabastine and the dirty kalsomines and other disease-engendering appliances of which the world is now weary. It is the only preparation which can be properly applied by the householder himself. It is only necessary to mix it with cold water. It is then ready for use, and a child can brush it on.

Alabastine is for sale by paint dealers, who, when requested, will give inquirers a card of tints, running from white to twelve other beautiful colors. Or this may be had, with a free copy of their paper, "The Alabastine Era," by writing to the company. Purchasers should refuse any offers of "something just as good" as Alabastine. By insisting on having Alabastine in packages and properly labeled, they will get satisfactory results and beautiful walls.

An Unjustified Suspicion.

Mrs. Blimbers—My husband was awfully angry yesterday. Our girl got hold of his razor and tried to rip some carpets with it. She took the edge off terribly.

Mrs. Maundsley—Does your husband shave himself?

Mrs. Blimbers—Oh, yes, every morning.

Mrs. Maundsley—I'm awfully glad to know it. Some of the neighbors have suspected that you were responsible for the horrible condition of his face, and I have even been advised not to associate with you on account of it. Now I shall be able to explain that your fingernails are not at fault.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents

"Weighing In" a New Mayor.

The curious and ancient custom of "weighing in" a mayor and corporation survives at High Wycombe, in England, and was this year again observed in connection with the election of the chief magistrate. The mayor having been chosen and elected, the whole company of aldermen, councillors, officials and others repaired to the vestibule of the town hall, where the head constable, who was in charge of a weighing machine, carefully recorded the weight of each person.

Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease Trade Mark.

Justice Laughlin, in Supreme Court, Buffalo, has ordered a permanent injunction, with costs, and a full accounting of sales, to issue against Paul B. Hudson, the manufacturer of the foot powder called "Dr. Clark's Foot Powder," and also against a retail dealer of Brooklyn, restraining them from making or selling Dr. Clark's Foot Powder, which is declared, in the decision of the Court, an imitation and infringement of "Foot-Ease," the powder to shake into your shoes for tired, aching feet, now so largely advertised and sold all over the country. Allen S. Olmsted, of LeRoy, N. Y., is the owner of the trade-mark "Foot-Ease," and he is the first individual who ever advertised a foot powder extensively over the country. He will send a sample Free to any one who writes him for it. The decision in this case upholds his trade-mark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placing upon the market a spurious and similar appearing preparation, labeled and put up in envelopes and boxes like Foot-Ease. Similar suits will be brought against others who are now infringing on the Foot-Ease trade-mark and common law rights.

It is a curious fact that the rifles with which the Indian border tribes carry on their periodical wars against the British are manufactured in England

A Study in Mechanics.

The Deering Ideal Mower, made in Chicago, affords an interesting study in advanced machines, and is as perfect a machine as brain, brawn and money can build. It is furnished throughout with Deering Roller and Ball Bearings. The "Ideal" has a very wide truck and high wheels, insuring great stability and ample traction. Its gears are light, strong and reliable. In this machine the amount of lost motion is so slight that the instant one of the mower wheels starts it communicates power to the crank shaft and knife, thus making it possible to start in heavy grass without backing. The knife may be removed in fifteen seconds, simply by raising a latch. It is the only mower on the market equipped with Ball Bearings of the bicycle pattern.

If it wasn't for enthusiasm but little would ever be accomplished.

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

Excursion to Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road account annual meeting of above order June 14th and 15th. Tickets on sale June 12th and 13th at one fare for the round trip. Your choice of Three Fast Express Trains Daily. Palace Sleeping Cars, Superb Dining Car Service and Elegant Equipment. Ask Agents Nickel Plate Road for particulars.

No picture is hung on the walls of the Louvre, in Paris, until the artist has been dead ten years.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 25c and 50c. Sample bottle free.

In business three things are necessary, knowledge, temper and time.—Feltham.

Eagle Linen Letter Paper and Envelopes are the proper thing. Tell your printer to use this brand on your next order.

National Educational Association Convention

Meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 11th to 14th. Go via the Nickel Plate Road. A Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains Daily. Unexcelled dining car service. Rates low. Ask Agents.

FREE.

Kindly inform your readers that for the next 30 days we will send a sample box of our wonderful 5 DROPS Salve free, which never fails to cure Piles, Eczema, and all skin diseases; also old running and chronic sores. It is a specific for Piles, and the only one in existence which gives instant relief and cures within a few days. Its effect is wonderful when applied to Burns, Scalds, Sunburn, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofulous Affections, Scalp Humors, Chafing Parts and Raw Surfaces. Write to-day [illegible] DROPS [illegible] to the [illegible] 160 to 166 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

A POLITE CLERK.

John Wanamaker Has That Reputation in Philadelphia.

There is one story which a certain employe in the great Wanamaker establishment is never tired of telling about the head of this establishment, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. As many are aware, the Hon. John Wanamaker is very proud of his big store, and is frequently seen walking along its aisles, stopping to gaze at this, that or the other exhibit with apparently as much interest as any outsider.

Rarely, however, does he come down from his luxurious offices on the second floor without wearing his hat, thus appearing to the few who do not know him as merely an on-looker. One exceedingly warm day he stood at the foot of the stairs which led to the transept with his hat in his hand, allowing what few zephyrs there were about to fan his brow. A flurried shopper, bewildered by the many diverging aisles and avenues, spied the hatless man, and feeling sure that he was a floorwalker or at least an employe of the house, she rushed up to him and asked: "Won't you please tell me where I can find cotton batting?"

"Certainly, madam," came the suave answer, and with the genial manner which is one of his greatest charms Mr. Wanamaker led the relieved shopper to the proper counter. "Show this lady some cotton batting, and see if you can't find her a fan."

"Thank you—thank you so much; you are the most polite clerk I have met in a long time. I only wish John Wanamaker knew about you. Be certain I'll tell him if I ever get the chance."

It was now Mr. Wanamaker's turn to thank her, and it was some time before the clerk at the counter recovered from his astonishment enough to tell the woman the name of the supposed floorwalker.

Victoria Getting Young.

In view of the Queen's approaching visit to the continent, Englishmen are especially interested in her health. It is announced that her hearing has grown acute and her eyesight keener. Youthful faculties in old age depend upon the health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures indigestion, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, as well as malaria, fever and ague.

Those Absurd Names.

"What ridiculous names they have over there in the Philippines," said the man who had just walked up to the counter and been assured by the clerk that he could have the best room in the hotel. "There's Calumpit, for instance. That name would make a horse laugh. Who ever heard of anything so absurd as to give a town such a postmark as that?"

Then he took the pen that the clerk had been holding out toward him and wrote upon the register:

"J. Crawford, Woonsocket, R. I."

All of Them.

The epidemic of Dumas popular work dramatized had struck the town and no less than three companies were producing it.

"Have you seen the 'Three Musketeers'?" asked one citizen of another.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I've seen all nine of them!"—Yonkers Statesman.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A House Made of Paper.

A large paper house with sixteen rooms has been erected by a Russian upon his country estate at Savinowka, Podolia. The house was constructed in New York by an American engineer. Its architect declares that it will last longer than a stone building. To make the triumph of paper still more emphatic, the proprietor has resolved that the whole of the furniture shall be made of the same material.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures ingrowing nails, swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Mexican in Congress.

Pedro Perea, who will be a delegate in the next Congress from New Mexico, is of pure Spanish blood and ancient lineage, tracing his ancestors back for 250 years. He is a Republican, always a diligent party worker and a man of affairs, being interested in mining and stock-raising and president of the First National Bank of Santa Fe.

Nickel Plate Road Excursion to California

Account of National Educational Association Convention at San Francisco, Cal. Tickets on sale June 24th to July 7th. One fare, plus two dollars, for the round trip. Ask Agents of the Nickel Plate Road for particulars.

During the present century seven instances have been recorded in the British Isles in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a godsend to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Fla., Sept. 17, 1895.

London's Blind.

In London there is one blind person to every thousand of the population.

One Dollar Sunday Outing.

Commencing Sunday, May 28, and until further advised, parties of five or more traveling together on one party ticket going and returning same day, may travel on any train of the Nickel Plate Road to and from any station west of Wallace Junction, Pa., not more than one hundred miles from starting point, for one dollar for each person. Where single fare is one dollar or less, individual tickets will be sold going and returning same day at one fare for the round trip. Confer with Ticket Agents of the Nickel Plate Road for further particulars.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

WANTED.—Case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

MANY young women are completely prostrated for a week out of every month by menstrual sufferings. The terrors of menstruation overshadow their whole lives. How needless this is in most cases is shown by the thousands of grateful letters constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., from women she has helped.

HAGGARD FACES IN WOMEN

MISS JOIE SAUL, Dover, Mich., writes as follows to Mrs. Pinkham