

PISO'S CURE FOR

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

CONSUMPTION

MY HEART AND I.
My Heart and I a consultation held
For many anxious days, nor could agree,
Though cruel darts by Cupid's bow impelled
Had wounded us severely, Heart and me.

I loved a certain lady, all too well.
Perhaps—no matter now. Heart loved one
too.
You ask her name? Excuse me, I'll not tell;
Nor Heart's sweetheart, for that would never
do.

And they were not the same, as you will see.
My girl was tall and handsome, with black
eyes.
And oh! so bright, and quick at repartee,
And just as good and true as she was wise.

I thought of her a hundred times a day.

If I did once, and that goes without saying;

I thought of her when I kneeled down to pray;

And almost always spoke her name when
praying.

My Heart's true-love was lovely as a rose;
Not tall, but very pretty and petite.

Indeed, her face, when it was in repose.

Was just about the sweetest of the sweet.

She had a pleasing voice, too, high soprano,

Well trained by masters of the vocal art;

And when she sang for us at the piano,

I did not wonder that she charmed my Heart.

I could not but admire the winsome creature,

Her pretty manners and bewitching smile;

But for some reason—hope this may not reach
her—

I loved the other better all the while.

How deeply grieved were we, then, to discover

That while we let the precious moments fly,

Each lady had found them both, Heart and I.

And so we lost them both, Heart and I.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A FINE HAUL OF FISH.

A Spanish Tale of Aragon by Don

Pedro de Alarcon.

Covered with glory and with wounds
in the War of the Succession and
without a penny in his purse, as in
those days was the case with most
warriors and heroes, the noble scion
of Mequinenza returned one day to his

dismantled castle, to rest from the
harsh fatigues of the camp and eat in
peace the lentils that came with his
title.

Two words let us give to the soldier
and other two to his birth-place, Don
Jaime de Mequinenza, Barón of that name, who had fought as a Captain
for the interests of Louis the Fourteenth, was at that day a man of
five-and-thirty years, tall, handsome,
rough, brave and energetic; little let-
tered, but jovial and gallant to the last
degree with women—particularly fond,
indeed, of pretty peasants. Add to this that he was an orphan, an only
child, a bachelor, and you have the
picture of the Aragonese hidalgos. As
to his castle, it was the same as its
master, barring in strength. But as
to solitariness, pride and poverty it
was not behind him. It was not, for it
had crumbled to decay generations
since. Figure it, half-built, half-cut
from a solid rock, lapped on one side
by the waves of the Ebro, and on the
other leaning against a mountain that
towered skyward.

At the foot of this rock was a dozen
cotts and hovels, tenanted by the
vassals of the Baron, or it might rather
be said by the husbandmen who till the
few fields left to his possession. From
the hamlet to the castle the road
climbed by fourteen or fifteen
steep terraces, above which was a
moat, with its drawbridge; the moat
filled by a canal or wide ditch that
tapped the Ebro a league to the north-
ward, and then fell, below the fort-
ress, in a noisy torrent back into the
swelling river.

Perched on an almost inaccessible
flank of the mountain, separated by
this channel from the castle, and like it,
hanging above the Ebro, there was
another rocky spur, crowned by a
cabin and a little garden, which in
that spot suggested the hanging gar-
dens of Babylon. A heavy beam of
walnut wood spanned the foaming cur-
rent between the castle and the cabin,
connecting these, as the drawbridge
afforded communication between the
castle and the hamlet.

On the lordly crag, then, dwelt Don
Jaime de Mequinenza, and on the
feudal rock an eel-fisher, who had won
a rich revenue from the daring thought
of building his hut in that lonely and
menacing spot. It had occurred to
Damian, for such was the name of the
fisherman, to swing from the little
bridge two vast nets, through whose
meshes swept the torrent, so that the
teeming eels that rushed through the
cutting, toward the mother waters of
the Ebro, were caught here on their
course back to their birth-place, and
held for the hand of the fisherman, who,
although he sold them at a low
enough price, yet derived from his
slippery source a very respectable income.

Yet for all his labor and enterprise
the poor fellow could never save a
cuarto. He was not a drinker—for all
the cold and wet character of his busi-
ness; he was not a player—indeed, he
knew not the terms of brisca, con
quien, or malilla; his *cigarras* were of
the commonest sort, and cost him the
merest trifle; and for womankind, he
had not so much as a passing glance,
save only for Carmen.

Savvy! But then, *caray, hombre!* that was sufficient exception. For
oh, Carmen, Carmen, Carmelita! Here
was enough to squander the revenues
of an alcáide, a regidor, a prince—let
alone a fisherman. For Carmen was a
beauty—a Spanish blonde, think of
that, ye connoisseurs!—who would
have tempted Saint Anthony himself,
if the grace of God should have been
withdrawn from him for a moment.
Such a waist! such a neck! such
ankles! And Carmen knew her own
good points—none better!—and women
of such merit as hers fall in love with
them when they have not lovers
—or when they have, for that matter
—said, dryly: “I think my leg is well
again. I feel the pangs no longer. I
think I will go down to the village

general, though there was not a soul
to see them out her own dear self.
Damian, her husband? oh, but he
counted for nothing, less than nothing!
for if husbands in general are ciphers,
what was this wretched fisher of eels?
—a lout, a clown, a clod. Oh! that is
quite apparent; convinced, no doubt,
of her high mission in this poor world
of sorrows, Carmen every day dressed
herself as if she were going to a ball
or a *funcion*, and sat herself down at
the door of the cabin, where she was
seen of the birds, the rock-thyme, and
the skies—and of naught else. Still,
she awaited tranquilly the moment of
her destiny.

In the days when Carmelita first
took up her station at the door thus
“dressed with parsley,” the castle of
Mequinenza was still without Don
Jaime, its master, and no human eye
beheld her from closer range than that
of the sands below, whence she looked
like some great blossom set on the
edge of the precipice. Her husband
had forbidden her to go down to the
village in his absence, and she obeyed
him implicitly, because it is the will of
God that wives obey their husbands, and
because—well, because there was
nothing pleasing to her in the rustic
youths of the village. How should
they please her any more than her
husband?—they like him, rough, badly
clad, and dirty, with thorny, cal-
loused hands, burned by the sun,
tanned by wind and rain, and smelling
of fish from a rod away? And she
so soft, so smooth, so dainty, dressed
and perfumed like a Madrilene.

It is true that if the poor fisherman
was ill-dressed this was to give finer,
better raiment to Carmen; that if the
husband should labor less, to the end
of sparing his hands, the wife would
have worked far harder, with the
result of spoiling her white ones; true,
also, that those eels, which were indeed
ill-smelling, paid for the sweet-
scented soaps in which Carmen delighted.

But who makes such ob-
servations to a woman? above all, if
that woman is nineteen years old and
pretty, airy, and graceful as the rainbow
with its seven colors. Ah, yes!
gratitude may well be a sentiment too
sober for a young woman, and justice
—fairness—an uncomfortable idea for
a joyous imagination. These virtues
are born of suffering, and Carmen was
almost quite happy.

Given these conditions, it was not
at all inconsistent that the thoughts
and interest of the fisherman's wife
should turn to Don Jaime de Me-
quinenza, from the day that the news
of his return to his baronial halls
came to the village at the cliff's foot.
And in effect, when she set eyes upon
his interrupted song, he began with
the others to draw up the eel-nets.

“The devil! how it weighs then!”
cried one of his comrades; “thou hast
done well with this haul, Damianito!”

“At least it is ten arrobas,” said
another, “oh, a fine catch! unheard
of!”

“I believe you!” shouted a third; “it
is more likely he has caught, not eels,
but the bridge of walnut wood!”

Damian only smiled without speak-
ing.

“Do you say that net is heavy?”
cried one of the men, pulling on the
second seine; “well, this one is not be-
hind it. This weight is not less than
twelve arrobas—all of three hundred
weight.”

“Oh! it's a couple of big rocks that
have fallen in!” said an envious-minded
fellow.

Damian was gloomy, trembling,
covered with a cold sweat. “So one
seine weighs as heavy as the other,”
he muttered, “oh! but it can not be!”
He stepped up out of the water and
slowly took his way to the cabin.

By this time the first seine was com-
ing up to the bank, and in it appeared,
truly enough, the bridge of walnut
wood. Not all of it, but the half. It
was not to be doubted that during the
night the bridge had been sawed across
the middle. The men who dragged it
out were staring with surprise and
terror; they started back with hor-
ror-stricken faces, shrieking.

At the same moment, Damian ap-
peared in the door of his cabin, with
his hair on end, his eyes fixed and
startling, and a look of utter stupid-
ity, yet screaming with laughter—
a laughter like a voice from Bed-
lam. He had found his home deserted
and the couch of Carmelita untouched
by her since the day before. And the
fishermen had seen in the net with the
walnut timber the pallid face of Don
Jaime.

At a moment after, their frightened
men drew out the second seine, with
the other half of the bridge and the
body of Carmelita.

“She, also!” Damian shouted; “oh!
I did not look for that, though! I
thought she would wait for him in the
house! I never dreamed she would
run to meet him! But she did, you
see! She was impatient to meet her
lover, and she went on the bridge to
meet him. But I had been there be-
fore them. I sawed it! sawed it! sawed
it! Oh! what a fine haul we have made
to-day, boys! a good catch of fish is
this we have made, boys!” And,
shrieking, he ran and shut himself in
the cabin.

When the officers of the law came to
arrest him they found him still grasp-
ing a saw, and the cabin drenched with
blood. The eel-fisher had sawed off
his left hand, and with the right he
still drew his weapon across a gaping
wound in his throat, while he gasped,
with dying voice: “A grand catch of
fish we have made to-day, boys!”—
Translated by T. H. Addis for Argonaut.

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One great point in successfully
fattening hogs is to keep the appetite
good. There is no better way to do
this than to feed a variety of food.

and stay the night there. There is a
fellow owes me some money; he will
be in with his pay near midnight, and
I will catch him before he spends it. I
will come up in the morning in time to
take out the fish of to-night's catch.
Ea, Carmelita, God be with thee.”

“Good-bye, Damian,” said Carmelita,
mechanically.

They had never before parted in this
way, but to both it seemed quite natural.
Damian took his hat and staff and crossed
the walnut-wood bridge-way and the fosse of the castle. The sun was still gilding the peak of a distant mountain.

Twelve hours later the sun once more
shone over the cabin. All the sadness and foreboding of the day before had been pure farce. There was the sun again, red and joyous as ever, climbing up the heavens as blithely as if this was his first journey there, and shedding life and movement wherever his rays reached. This was the sun that, in those hours of absence, had crossed the ocean, had served as a god for the idolators of the Pacific, had lighted the way for mariners in China, had gilded the spices of Hindostan, had kissed the stones of the Holy Sepulchre, and had marked the hour of death for some modern Greeks; and now that sun was returning, full of curiosity to know what had become of two fisher people of Upper Aragon, whom he had left the night before seated at the door of their hut.

As to Damian, he, like the sun, seemed
in better humor than on the preceding
evening, if he might be judged by the lively and frolicsome manner with which he ascended the terraces of the castle, followed by some other fishers, all singing the most villainous *jota* that had been produced in their country. They reached the drawbridge, crossed the courts of the castle, still lying in silence, and reached the plane fronting Damian's cabin.

“How loud the cascade roars!” said
one of the men.

“But what has become of the
bridge?” cried another. “True for
you! Look! look! it has slipped from
each end! it has sunken into the cutting!”

“But how can that be? Such a beam
—so long, so well supported by its
length! so heavy! and of walnut—a
wood as strong as iron!”

“I shall have to buy another,” said
Damian, shrugging his shoulders; “but
come, boys, let the bridge be, and help
me with the seines before it grows
later.” And, taking up the thread of
his interrupted song, he began with
the others to draw up the eel-nets.

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cried one of his comrades; “thou hast
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TIME TABLES.

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