Nautilus Eggs

The youngest student of geology or fossil hunter knows what an ammonite is, but perhaps he does not know that the only living representative of the very large family of ammonites is the pearly nautilus, an interesting creature allied to the cuttlefish, about the growth of which in its younger stages hitherto little has been known.

In order to study the subject completely, Dr. Arthur Willey of University College, London, sailed for the South Seas, two and a half years ago, in search of the eggs of the pearly nautilus, and it has recently been reported to the Royal Society—under whose auspices the research has been undertaken—that after considerable trouble, and by the construction of a submarine cage, in which specimens of the nautilus were fed daily, a number of eggs had been secured.

Each egg is as large as a grape, and is deposited separately. It is necessary, in order to understand the structure and manner of construction of the beautiful chambered shell of the nautiles, that the gradual growth of the young in the egg should be carefully observed, and doubtless by now this hitherto blank page in the book of knowledge has been filled in.—Chambers' Journal.

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A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen 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 and prevents 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, Le Roy, N. Y.

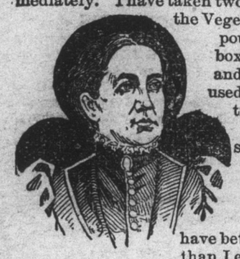
Fossil Butterflies.

Less than a score of specimens of fossil butterflies—of nearly as many genera—have been found. They occur only in tertiary deposits, which have yielded vast numbers of other objects from the small ancient lake of Florissant, in Colorado, were found but eight butterflies. Of the genera represented, two exist to-day in both Europe and America, but the other species are all extinct.

MRS. KRINER'S LETTER

About Change of Life.

"I suffered for eight years and could find no permanent relief until one year ago My trouble was Change of Life. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say, I have never had anything help so much, I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give the Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure."—MRS. ELLA KRINER, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.



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CHAPTER IX.

"It is flattering, Ailsa. At the same time I hope the child will not consent."

Peter Lennox held a most impassioned letter—a letter asking permission for his highness the Prince de Ferros to make the offer of his hand to his niece, Miss Lennox. He spoke in rapturous terms of his love—there had never been any love since the world began like his; as for settlements, for one so beautiful and so fair he would offer all that he had if she would but take it.

Peter Lennox was touched as he read the prince's letter—the millionaire, the great unbeliever in the love of women or the friendship of men, was touched. In some vague way it seemed to him that he held a living human heart in his hand. It was a noble offer. To be Princess de Ferros, to be queen of a large Italian domain, meant much. But if Beatrix became Princess de Ferros, farewell to all his dreams of Erceldean!

"Do you care for him, Beatrix?" was the first question that Lady Lennox asked. There was an expression of unwonted weariness in the proud, dark eyes of the girl as she replied:

"No, mamma—in fact, I care for no man."

"If you do not love him, Beatrix, and are not ambitious of shining as Princess de Ferros," said Peter Lennox, "say, 'No' to him, my dear. You could not look after the interests of Erceldean in Italy."

The young beauty bent down and kissed her uncle's gray, grim face.

"I am glad to please you, uncle," she cried—"I am glad to do something that will show that I am grateful for your goodness, that I share your interests, that the honor and glory of Erceldean are far dearer to me than any earthly honor that could befall myself. I am pleased to renounce my princely lover, with his ancient title, his handsome face, his chivalrous manner and his vast possessions, for the welfare of Erceldean." And Peter Lennox, in his gratitude, kissed his niece more fervently than he had kissed anyone yet.

So the prince received the kindest letter that could be written under the circumstances. Kind as it was, it almost drove him mad. He could not bear the thought of losing the stately young beauty on whom he had fixed his whole heart. He met her that same evening at a soiree given by one of the leaders of fashion. She was about to pass him with a bow and a smile, when something in the expression of his face, so wistful, so full of longing pain, seemed to strike her. She stopped and spoke to him; and then, encouraged by her kindness, he asked her to walk with him through the brilliantly lighted rooms.

"There is a piece of sculpture here, Miss Lennox," he said, as they found themselves in a deserted room leading out of the picture gallery, "that I should like to show you. It was the result of years of long study and hard labor, and is the only work the young sculptor ever produced. Can you sympathize with a life that seems to empty itself, to pour itself out in one grand effort, and then ceases to exist?"

"I think not," she replied slowly. "I would rather husband my resources than exhaust my life in a single effort."

"Still there is something very grand in it. If Leonardo da Vinci had died after painting only 'The Last Supper,' if Haydn had succumbed after writing nothing but the 'Creation,' if Canova's artistic career had ended with the production of his 'Venus,' we should have loved such men perhaps better for seeming to have given their lives in one grand effort. You would find it still more difficult, Miss Lennox, to believe in any man's expending his life in one great love," he concluded, as they stood in an alcove embowered with exotics.

"I do not believe in love at all, prince. All that I have seen of it since I have lived in a world that never ceases talking of it has been a caricature."

"You never speak untruthfully," he said—"of that I am quite sure. And you tell me that you do not believe in love?"

"I have seen none that I believe in yet," she replied. "I have heard the word applied to every kind of meanness, to every caprice, to whims of all kinds, even to sin; but of real love I have seen nothing."

"Great haevens!" he cried, "I stand before you, ready to die for you; praying you to accept my life, my love, my fortune, my name, to take all that I am or have, and you tell me you do not believe in love."

"I will hope it is a fancy, prince; I should not like to think that you had thrown all the strength and energy of your life into a pursuit which can never be successful."

"Why should it not be successful?" he asked, gently, bending his face so that he could look into hers—few women could have resisted the musical voice or the handsome face. "Miss Lennox, you are beautiful as a dream. I can make you queen of a splendid domain. Ferros is one of the loveliest parts of Italy. I love you so well that I would devote every moment of my life to you—I would forestall your every wish—every desire of your heart should be fulfilled. Will you put my love to the test?"

"I cannot, prince," replied Beatrix. "I believe there are some exceptions. I will be more lenient for the future. I will judge less harshly. There may—it is just possible—be a few cases where love is indeed genuine. I will admit that yours is so. Even then I cannot accept it."

"Miss Lennox," he said, "I shall not take your 'nay.' I will not give up the idea of winning you; to lose the hope of that would be to lose my life. Mine may be the madness of love—the madness of despair—I cannot help it. I shall never give up the hope of winning you, Miss Lennox, until you marry another or I die."

"Then I am sorry for you," she said. "It will be a wasted love."

"You are so young and so beautiful," he said, looking sadly at her. "The roses of life lie at your feet, and you trample on them. Some day—remember, I prophesy to you who are cold and proud, with your heart steeled against love—you will love, and that love will be your crown of suffering. If that day and hour do come—as I believe they will, Miss Lennox—think of me, and I promise, if I can help you then, I will."

But she smiled as he left her.

"Those Italians are all so ardent and impetuous," she said; and yet a shudder like that of cold or fear came over her as she smiled.

Prince de Ferros kept his word. He would not take "Nay" for an answer. Not that he said any more about love to Miss Lennox; he began to have far too keen a comprehension of Miss Lennox's character to venture upon that. She was quite unlike other girls. How few would have refused to share his princely domain! How few would have asked themselves or cared whether they loved him or not! "She is prouder and colder than others," he said to himself, "but she is a thousand times nobler."

Society amused itself by watching the struggle. Who would win, the Italian prince or the English duke? It could not decide. Miss Lennox seemed to like one just as well as she did the other. She never made the least distinction between them. Beatrix herself found two such devoted lovers almost too much for her; they were like shadows; never away from her.

She was very careful. When she entered a ball room they both, as a rule, approached her at once; to one she gave the first waltz, to the other the first quadrille; if the prince held her bouquet, the Duke of Heathland held her fan. Both lovers hoped against hope; they had been refused in the plainest of words, yet neither could believe in his rejection.

The Duchess of Elmslie spoke very seriously to Beatrix about them.

"Shall you marry either of them, Trixie?" she asked. And Beatrix aswered "No!"

"Then," said her kuest, "be cautious. They are madly jealous of each other, and the first sign of preference that you make will be a signal for murder—that is, murder in the shape of a duel. You understand?"

"I can show no preference," returned Beatrix, "for I feel none." The duchess laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"Beatrix," she said earnestly, "I try to believe you, but I cannot; it is incredible to me that you should deliberately throw away two such chances. You must be the Duchess of Heathland. I should not like you to go to Italy, but I should like to see you Duchess of Heathland."

Peter Lennox came home early one evening and, not knowing that his niece was at home, he went to his study and fell asleep in the comfortable easy chair that was his favorite resting place. When Beatrix heard that he had returned, she went at once to see him. She never neglected him nor left him alone. She went to his study, and, opening the door, saw that he had fallen asleep in his chair. She did not awaken him, but went up to him very gently. How tired and worn the fine face looked! And there was the secret, thought Beatrix, revealing itself in great piteous lines round his mouth. Her uncle suddenly turned round!

"I did not mean it," she heard him say—"I never thought of it."

Then with a sudden cry he awoke from his sleep.

"Grace, Grace!" he called. For a moment he looked wildly around him. "Grace, Grace!" he repeated.

"Uncle," said Beatrix, "I came to see if you wanted anything."

An expression of fear crossed his face, followed by one of great relief.

"Is that you, Trixie? I was asleep—dreaming. I am glad you are at home, my dear. I felt very dull to-night."

And all night, while the gay world moved along, she remembered that one cry of "Grace, Grace!" and wondered what it meant.

CHAPTER X.

A cozy little party sat in the beautiful boudoir that Peter Lennox had furnished for his niece. The Duchess of Elmslie—who was just as devoted to the millionaire's niece as she had been inattentive to the poor outcasts at Strathnarn—had driven over to Lady Lennox—who had forgotten in her present happiness all her past pain, and who delighted in the gossiping conversation of the duchess—in company with Lady Dutton, one of the duchess' dearest friends, who kept her well supplied with news. These two ladies with Beatrix and her mother formed a friendly little party—they had partaken of luncheon, and now sat at ease discussing the events of the day.

On this morning the conversation amazed her more than it generally did. There had been a great scandal, and the duchess appeared to delight in discussing it. Then she had many anecdotes of Lady Scales to relate. Lady Scales was one of her pet subjects. Beatrix turned away tired at last. How shallow all this seemed to the high soul and noble nature formed amid the glorious solitudes of Loch Narn!

Lady Lennox saw her daughter's look and understood it. The Morning Post lay upon the table, and, anxious to divert Beatrix's attention, she pointed to it and said:

"Beatrix, will you look through that and tell me when the Botanical fete is to be held?"

Beatrix gladly took up the newspaper, while the three ladies resumed their discussion. The duchess continued:

"I have always told her so. I have warned her a hundred times, even Lady Otho——"

The clear, sweet voice of the young girl checked the speaker by a rapturous cry.

"That is something like a man!" she said. "Now I believe in heroes! They are not all dead; there are chivalry and honor and kindness left in the world. I should like to see the man who did that glorious deed."

"What is it?" asked the duchess.

"Will it tire you if I read it?" she asked. "Mamma, it is so wonderful."

"Read it by all means, my dear," said the duchess, wondering what it could be that interested the girl so deeply.

"A Noble Deed," the paragraph was headed; and this was how it ran:

"Our readers will probably remember that a short time since a servant girl of the name of Mary Hanson was brought up at the Chester Assizes on a charge of murder. The case was both interesting and painful. The girl Hanson had lived in the service of a gentleman named Harland Roby, who resided in a villa near Chester. Mr. Roby was a married man, his wife a lady of considerable personal attractions; they lived alone, had no children, and kept two servants. But in six weeks after Mary Hanson went to live with the Robys the cook left, and her place was not filled. Mary Hanson gave every satisfaction to her employers, she was honest, industrious and amiable; no suspicion was ever entertained about her until Mr. Roby, after drinking some beef tea which she had prepared for him, was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The doctor was sent for, and he declared that the master of the house had been poisoned. After some time the unfortunate gentleman died in dreadful agony; and at the inquest it was proved that he had met his death through the administration of arsenic. Evidence was given that Mary Hanson had two days previously purchased arsenic, saying that she wanted to poison mice. The testimony against her was strong; she had purchased the poison; she had made the beef tea, and the poison was found in it."

"Oh, those terrible, lower orders!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Wait," said Beatrix; "you have not heard all." Miss Lennox resumed:

"The girl listened to the verdict of guilty, and then, raising a white, scared face to the judge, said: 'My lord, I bought the poison—my mistress told me to do so. I never gave it to my master—I swear that I never gave it to my master—I swear that I am as innocent as a child, and that if I am hanged it will be murder.' There was a great sensation, and a conviction of the girl's innocence. She appeared very unlike a murderess; she was a pretty, innocent-looking country girl of eighteen. As she was leaving the dock she cried, 'I pray heaven to help me, for man cannot.' But man did. Sitting in the court was a young lawyer already favorably known, Mr. Beltran Carew. He heard the girl's cry, and from that moment devoted his time to the case. It is the more worthy of praise, as Mr. Carew had no hope of any reward; the poor girl was penniless and friendless. He spared neither time, labor nor expense. He met with and overcame great difficulties; he sifted the evidence, and gathered more; the result clearly proved that the poison had been administered by the wife herself, and that she was mad—had been mad for some years—she had had a mania for killing—birds, fowls, cats, dogs, everything living that she could kill without observation. The widow was ordered to be kept in prison at her Majesty's pleasure, and Mary Hanson was released. The joy of the poor girl was pitiful to witness. It seems to us that the thanks of the whole community are due to Mr. Carew."

"Now," said Beatrix, "that is a man after my own heart."

"My dear child," cried Lady Lennox, "what a very strong expression!"

"I mean it, mamma. He is a hero, the man who deliberately and willingly sacrificed his time to save the life of a poor servant girl. In all England who remembered that innocent girl in her cell, except the judge who condemned her and the one noble, chivalrous man who saved her?"

"My dear Beatrix," said the duchess, "the incident does not deserve so much consideration. The young lawyer did right, of course; but there is really not so much to be excited about."

"If you had read such a story in Grecian or Roman history, if you had read it in the second volume of a novel, you would think it very affecting; but, being a story of real life, with a living hero, it is hardly worth notice. To me it seems that in all England, in all this wide world, there can be no nobler man than this young lawyer, Beltran Carew."

(To be continued.)

Utilizing the Freezing Process.

In mining for gold in Siberia the ground is kept clear of snow, so as to permit the cold to penetrate as deeply as possible, after which the surface is thawed by fires until a shallow layer of earth can be removed. The freezing is then allowed to proceed, and the thawing operation repeated, and this is continued as long as the cold weather lasts. In this way, through the long Siberian winters, open excavations are made to the gold-bearing rocks, the depth attained being from twenty-five to seventy-five feet, according to the duration of the cold season.

Artificial cold for purposes of excavation was first used by Poetsch in 1883; by his well-known process of the circulation of cold brine through a series of buried pipes the most difficult quicksand may be made hard enough to be excavated like rock. In the article under consideration are given general illustrations and details of the apparatus used in sinking the shaft at the Courrieres mines, together with formulas enabling the safe thickness of frozen wall to be computed for round or square shafts of any given dimensions.

Among the important applications of the freezing process are noted the sinking of the shafts for the cylinders of the hydraulic elevator for the canal lift at Les Fontinettes, and the construction of a tunnel at Stockholm. The latter work was executed entirely by the introduction of cold air into the working chamber at the head of the tunnel, the cold preventing the infiltration of water until the beton lining was built, and the work of excavating and mining being carried on at temperatures ranging between zero and 25 degrees Fahrenheit.—Engineering Magazine.

Elephants as a Lien on an Estate.

Seventy-six big dirty elephants are eating up what is left of a once valuable estate of an American in Siam. The herd can't be sold, leased or pawned. Nothing can be done with them but let them eat. And while they eat the State Department at Washington is trying to see what it can do to the Siamese Government.

Dr. Marion A. Cheek, "the teak king," defaulted in the interest on the loan he had obtained from Siam. The government seized his property and at once set to work to make it valueless. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of logs were left to rot in the streams and when it came to a settlement the proceeds from the sale were not enough to meet the claims of the government. Then Siam seized the herd of elephants which were used in getting the logs to the water ways. In the meantime Dr. Cheek died in Siam and his widow returned to California.

The Siam Government will not allow the herd to be sold, rented, mortgaged or any use made of them. Their feed and care are charged up against the estate. So successful has been the course of the King of Siam that there is not enough money in the estate to pay for counsel when the case is submitted to the arbitrator, Sir Richard J. Hannen, chief justice and consul general of England at Hong Kong.

It is proposed now to get the United States to hire expert counsel and take a lien on any judgment to cover the expense.—New York Press.

DEBS IS ENJOINED.

Monongah Coke and Coal Company Calls Upon the Law.

Upon the application of James Sloan, Jr., of Baltimore, a stockholder in the Monongah Coal and Coke Company, made by ex-Gov. Fleming, his counsel, Judge Jackson, in the United States Court at Parkersburg, W. Va., granted a sweeping injunction restraining Eugene V. Debs and his associates from in any way interfering with or molesting the management or the conducting of the property of the Monongah Coke and Coal Company or its employes, either by trespassing upon the property of the company or approaching

EUGENE V. DEBS.

thereto or inciting its employes to strike or interfering in any manner whatever, either by word or deed, in the company's affairs. The text of the writ covers everything that can possibly be construed into an infringement of rights of corporations, and practically prevents all future agitation in the vicinity of the Monongah mines.

At Pittsburg Wednesday, the interest in the miners' strike centered on the preliminary hearing before Justice Semmons of Turtle Creek of District President Patrick Dolan, District Secretary William Warner, former National Vice-President Cameron Miller and the other miners' officials who were charged by Superintendent Thomas B. De Armit with riot.

Attorney William Kaufman, representing the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company, tried to bring as evidence the injunction issued by the Supreme Court against the miners' leaders during the De Armit strike of 1894. At that time Judge Stowe of Allegheny County refused the injunction, but on the company's appeal to the higher court the latter granted it on a technicality.

Attorney Kaufman argued that as the injunction denied the miners the right to congregate on the public highways the fact that they did congregate there was unlawful. Attorney William Brennan, representing the striking miners, claimed that unlawful assembly was denied by the statutes, and no injunction, even by the Supreme Court, could nullify it.

Justice Semmons refused to allow the injunction to be used as evidence and Attorney Kaufman shook his fist under the judge's nose. For a few minutes there was great excitement. The testimony of Sheriff Lowery was favorable to the strikers. He said when he asked them to disperse at the center school house Saturday they did so. Superintendent De Armit's testimony was not damaging.

IS GUILTY OF WIFE-MURDER.

Banker of Batavia, N. Y., Is Convicted of Using Prussic Acid.

Howard C. Benham, a young banker of Batavia, N. Y., has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. It was charged that he poisoned his wife with prussic acid. Benham's trial lasted nearly three weeks. Benham in 1892 eloped with and married Miss Florence Toutsman, heiress, 16 years of age. At that time he was 22 years of age. In December last Mrs. Benham was taken seriously ill, and on the morning of Jan. 4 she died. Benham gave out a statement that death was due to rheumatism of the heart, and the coroner decided that death was caused by atrophy and degeneration of the muscular tissue. Later rumors became current that Benham had purchased prussic acid, and Mrs. Benham's body was exhumed, and the various organs removed for examination. Poison was found. Benham was then indicted and was placed on trial June 21.

H. C. BENHAM.

MRS. BENHAM.

TERRIFIC HEAT IN THE SOUTH.

The Temperature Over 100 in Many Places, Causing Great Suffering.

The South is sweltering in intense heat and there is much suffering on account of it. In Kentucky the thermometers register 90 degrees and upward. In Louisville there have been several prostrations, some of them serious. It was 100 degrees Wednesday morning, but a thunderstorm brought the mercury down to 86 at sundown.

Reports from points in the lower Mississippi valley show a continuance of the extreme heat, with one or two exceptions. Memphis broke the record for the year Wednesday with a maximum temperature of 100. In Arkansas the heat is terrible and there is no prospect of relief. Prescott, Texarkana and Warren each report a maximum temperature of 106.

The heat wave now prevailing around Vicksburg is the hottest of the season. The temperature ranges in the neighborhood of 100. In St. Louis Thursday the temperature was slightly below the 90 mark. In southern Illinois the thermometer has registered 102 in the shade, and harvesting is greatly retarded.

OUR POPULATION IS 77,000,068.

An Official Estimate Is Made by the Actuary of the Treasury.

The latest official estimate of the population of the United States is 77,000,068. This is made by the actuary of the treasury, an officer whose duty it is, at fixed intervals, to report on the per capita circulation of money in the United States. He estimates that the present holdings of money are $22.53 for every man, woman and child in the United States. His estimate of the population is made by the use of the census reports for the preceding decade. Certain fixed rules of increase by birth and immigration and provision for deaths and other losses are made and the resulting estimate is accepted as official.

News of Minor Note.

At Chicopee, Mass., in a runaway, Mrs. Mary B. Knapp was killed and her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Tuttle, was badly bruised.

Col. Nellie Ely has been a Tennessee colonel only three weeks and she is said to be the most popular man on the Governor's staff already.

Mamie and Estelle La Point, aged 10 and 14 years respectively, were drowned in Mill river at Northampton, Mass. The girls came from Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Bull Fight in Pennsylvania.

William Seely finished his Sunday chores and turned the cows out to pasture and then went into the stall where the young bull was chained up to turn him out also. Unhooking the chain, Seely started to drive the beast out, but he was not in the humor for going and turned upon the farm hand with an angry bellow. Seely had nothing with which to defend himself and the bull had him at his mercy. Penned in the narrow stall, the young man was knocked down by a terrible thrust of the bull's horns and trampled upon and jammed against the partition. He cried wildly for help and bravely fought for his life, but the odds were so greatly against him that there was small hope for his escape. In the narrow confines of the stall, however, the maddened beast had little room to move about, and this was the farm hand's advantage. His cries for help finally brought his employer, and with a pitchfork he managed to divert the animal's attention sufficiently to permit Seely to crawl out to safety. Bleeding from a score of cuts and bruises from the hoofs and horns, Seely was hurried to the hospital. He will recover.—Philadelphia Record.

His Idea of It.

An old Sussex farmer visiting London for the first time was taken into St. Paul's Cathedral. He stared about him in amazemnet, and his astonishment at the magnitude of the building seemed too great for utterance.

It was only when he stood under the dome and gazed down the vast nave and up to the dim and misty roof that his admiration at last found vent in words:

"My! what a foine barn this 'ud make!"

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha and Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth of the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package, sold by all grocers.

Looking for a Job Now.

A Southern California farmer figured out one dry day that he had walked 300 miles in cultivating an orchard. He thereupon sold his place and moved to town, where, the Otay Press says, he walked 600 miles to find something to do for a living.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumblebees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into the colony.

A box of Glenn's Sulphur Soap is equivalent to many sulphur baths. Don't forget it.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

If parents would be more careful about their walk before their children, their talk to them would have more weight.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Livs Alone in the Belfry.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Hezekiah Bradds, the sexton of the Baptist Church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City. The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. It is just under the bells. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. Through the small windows that furnish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room is a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table. He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied his room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her. Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Bradds move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a lonesome life.—Kansas City Times.

Next to an Approving Conscience,

A vigorous stomach is the greatest of mundane blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite and a regular habit of body. Though not always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the most effective invigorants and blood fertilizers in existence. This fine tonic also fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies biliousness, constipation and rheumatism.

Elephant Rescued a Child.

A striking example of the intelligence of elephants was seen in Middletown, Conn., the other day during a circus parade. A small child on Broad street got away from its mother and toddled out into the street. Before anyone could realize what the child was up to it was directly in front of the herd of elephants. Everyone expected to see the little one crushed to death, but the leader of the herd carefully picked the babe up with its trunk and swung it out of danger.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

There are about one hundred grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity, that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

The Franks took their name from the Francisques, or battle axes, which they threw with deadly effect.

Vermont and Connecticut coined coppers in 1785. New Jersey and Massachusetts did the same in 1786.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

Some very large trees bear very little fruit.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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You find just what you want, convenient in form, pleasant of taste (just like candy), and of never-failing remedial action. Although made of the most costly ingredients, they are sold at a price within the reach of all

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