

### Tree that Won't Burn.

A government report from Colombia contains a description of a tree, known as the chararro, which is said to possess the quality of being fireproof. It grows on the vast plains of Colombia and the north of South America, called savannas, extensive districts which are parched with heat except during the rainy season. It has long been the custom to clear the ground for the new vegetation which springs up so luxuriantly on these plains after the rainy season by means of fire—and such fires, miles in extent, kindled by the herdsmen, destroy everything in the shape of vegetation except the chararro tree, which survives to afford a welcome shade in an almost treeless region.

It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet, and it owes its protection from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure. It is a general idea among the natives that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below. That it is common in auriferous districts is indisputable, but there is no ground for supposing that it does not grow elsewhere.—Boston Transcript.

**Confinement and Hard Work**  
Indoors, particularly in the sitting room, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Women who work at home, and after office hours to take much needed exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic, where they can seek invigoration and certain relief. Mrs. H. H. Hosford's Stomach Bitters, a renovator particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

### Coal Miners.

One million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these Great Britain has 535,000; United States, 300,000; Germany, 255,000; Belgium, 100,000; Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000, 000.

### Sprains.

Belladonna or Iodine Liniment is the best remedy to apply to sprains, and if the sprain is at all severe, the part should be frequently bathed with hot water.

**There is a Class of People**  
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c and 25c per package.

When Abelard was in love with Heloise he seemed to put great confidence in dreams; frequently narrated his, and almost as often inquired, "Do you see me in your dreams?"

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

### NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

**A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.**

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saidt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give you medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."

—MISS MARY E. SAIDT, Jobstown, N. J.

  
"TOWER'S FISH BRAND"  
SLICKER WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh of rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the wettest storm buy TOWER'S Fish Brand. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE FREE.**  
SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL CARD AND WE WILL SEND YOU OUR 154 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.  
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. 180 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**WANTED** Man or Woman, good church standing, to learn our business, then act as Mgr. and State Correspondent here. Salary \$300. Enclose a self-addr'd envelope. A. F. T. Elder, Mgr., 278 Mich. A., Wash. D. C. No charge will patient. 50c page book free.

**PATENTS** H. S. WILLSON & CO., Wash. D. C. No charge will patient. 50c page book free.

**PISO'S CURE FOR** CURES ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25cts.

**CONSUMPTION**



### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Beatrix gave her mother and uncle a most animated account of the interview with the artist; but she refrained from telling them that she had mistaken Beltran Carew's photograph for a fancy photograph meant for King Arthur; nor did she tell them how the clear, bright, blue eyes had seemed to look into her very soul. "I want you to like Mr. Carew, uncle," she said; "he is most intellectual."

"I will like him then, Trixie; I will ask him to dine with us. I am glad you have met some one whom you admire."

"He is a man—he is a hero."

On that evening Beatrix went with Mrs. Carden, a fashionable brunet, to the opera. Looking round the house during one of the intervals, she saw a face that impressed her greatly. It was very lovely, fair, and framed in shining golden hair—a proud face, with wondrous clear lips and chiseled features. What impressed her so greatly was that the face at different times wore quite a different aspect. When anyone was in the box talking to the owner of it, it was most brilliant, most animated; but when she was alone, a mask, almost like a mask of laughter, came over it—the ripple of laughter died away, the warm, sunny coloring faded, the light in the eyes faded, the whole face changed. Beatrix watched it for some time, and then appealed to Mrs. Carden for information.

"Who is the lovely blonde lady with the blue velvet and diamonds, in the third box?" she asked.

Mrs. Carden raised her opera glass and looked.

"That is Lady Raynor," she replied, "one of my dearest friends."

"How beautiful she is—but how sad!" said Beatrix.

"Sad? Some people are never content, but they would be content, if they had all the world," declared Mrs. Carden, contemptuously.

"Is she not happy, not content?" asked Beatrix.

"You say she looks sad, so I imagine she cannot be content, though why, I cannot understand."

"Is she married?" was the next question.

"Married! Yes. She married Lord Ortho Raynor, who was supposed to have a very large income. She has the finest diamonds in London; they are something wonderful. And she drives the finest horse in the park. If you like, I will introduce you to Lady Raynor."

"I should like it very much," replied Beatrix; and when the ladies stood together in the crush-room, the introduction took place.

From the first moment Beatrix liked her new acquaintance. She liked her fair, lovely face, with its curious changes from gray to grave. Now, as they stood talking, Lady Raynor looked bright, animated and happy; a few minutes afterward she was standing alone, and looked as though a sudden bright had affected her; and then again, when Beatrix spoke to her, the grave sadness vanished as if by magic.

They talked for a short time longer, and when about to separate Lady Raynor took Beatrix by the hand.

"Something tells me we are to be friends," she said. "I hope such will be the case."

The sweet, sad face with its strange gleam of laughter touched Beatrix.

"I shall be pleased," she said simply; but the tone was sincere.

"Lord Raynor what people call a nice man?" Miss Carden asked of Mrs. Carden. That worldly lady laughed.

"He ought to be," she replied—"every one looks at him through a golden haze."

"Does his wife look at him through a golden haze, Mrs. Carden?" inquired Beatrix.

Mrs. Carden laid her hand on the young girl's.

"Will you believe this," she said—"that the most miserable people in the world are those who take life in earnest?"

Before the eyes of "Prince Charlie's" daughter rose the earnest face of an earnest man—Beltran Carew—and her whole pale face in hot rebellion against the foolish words.

"How can you speak so?" she cried. And then, feeling ashamed of her warmth, she said: "It is not right of you who should know better, to teach the young and the ignorant such a doctrine. Suppose I were to believe you?"

"You would do a very wise thing, my dear," replied Mrs. Carden, calmly. "I repeat that to be happy in this world you must take life more as a jest than in earnest."

**CHAPTER XIII.**

Beatrix looked forward with some interest to her visit to lovely Lady Raynor. She was out of the common order; there was something about her different from the frivolous people who talked about life as a jest.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lady Raynor, when Beatrix entered her tiny boudoir.

If money could give happiness, if magnificence could produce comfort, Lady Raynor ought to have had it. The little boudoir in which she sat was exquisitely furnished. The hangings were of violet velvet and white lace, the carpet had a white ground with violets lying as though they had just fallen upon it; there were a few rare pictures; a masterpiece by Canova stood between the violet velvet hangings; there were a few beautiful bronzes, exquisite vases, jardineries filled with rare flowers. Lady Raynor herself was very lovely, but her face was pale, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping. She held out both hands in greeting to "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "Do you know, Miss Lennox, that I have fallen in love with your face—you look so true, so earnest; and I want a friend who is truthful and earnest."

"I am truthful," returned the young girl. "I come of a truthful race. Her uncle Beltran Carew—I come of a truthful race. He is a truth-telling man."

"Well, I am of opinion that that rose will give the duke his coup de grace. I have never seen Trixie look so well before," said Peter Lennox; and he began at once to think about the marriage settlement; while Beatrix, as she drew near Elmalle House, asked herself what she should do.

"Well, I am of opinion that that rose will give the duke his coup de grace. I have never seen Trixie look so well before," said Peter Lennox; and he began at once to think about the marriage settlement; while Beatrix, as she drew near Elmalle House, asked herself what she

should do. There would be two gentlemen present, of whom one would wish to talk to her—the other she would want to talk. It would require some astuteness to manage to please herself without displeasing others.

Yes there was the duke! He waylaid her at once when she entered the room; and she was compelled to listen to a string of compliments that she thought would never end, wondering all the time whether Beltran had arrived. At last she saw the tall figure and the fair, princely head towering above the others. Her face flushed; she answered at random. Oh, if the duke would but leave her in peace! To her great relief the Duchess of Elmalle called the duke away—she wanted to introduce him to the wife of one of the ambassadors—and Beatrix was free. In another moment Beltran Carew was by her side.

"I was afraid," he said, "that I should not get near you, Miss Lennox. The Duke of Heathland guards you as though you were a crown jewel."

She looked up at him, wistfully, longing to say: "It is not my fault that he is always near me," but she was silent. Perhaps he misunderstood her silence, for a while he added:

"I hope I have not been indiscreet."

In moment her face was in a flame. "Certainly not," she said, and then she added shyly—she was so unfortunately frank—"I was just wishing that he would go and make room for you."

"Were you? I am the happiest—He

taught me how to be happy for the confusion in her face.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingered so long while she dressed that her mother had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew