

Horse and Hog.
A desperate fight between a horse and a hog, which resulted in the death of both animals, is reported from the country line eighteen miles north of Warsaw, Ind. The animals were on the farm of Arthur Munson and got together in a field, when the combat began. At the end of twenty minutes the horse was torn and bleeding, bad wounds being inflicted by the tusks of the angry hog, which was also in a dying condition, its head and legs being broken by the tremendous kicks administered by the horse. The animals survived the fight only a short time.

Mere Bunties of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bunties of nerves, and ruffle their tempers. No doubt they are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely removed? *Quinine* is a good restorer? *Stomach Bitters*. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with the admirable *Stomach Bitters*, you will have a marked and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. *Dyspepsia*, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

A Kind Recommendation.

Weakley—My trouble has reached that condition where I am obliged to have a specialist. Can you recommend Dr. Cutter?

Flint—Certainly.

Weakley—What is his specialty?
Flint—Autopsies. —Richmond Dispatch.

A Steady Job.

"For mercy's sake, Baxter, where have you been until this time of night?"

"Thass all r', m' dear. Been organizin' 'nother Klondike comp'ny—makes four-four one to-day." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the bird's down, or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Night-keys, as a rule, have the hardest work to do in the morning.

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

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Alling Women.

To all women who are ill:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the



I was thin, sallow, and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhoea, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies. —MISCE MAY SACHNER, 848½ E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

—VIA—

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PATENTS

A BRAVE DETECTIVE.

Officer H. C. Brown Is a Terror to Border Outlaws.

Twelve years in Chicago as a detective and regular patrolman admirably fitted Officer H. C. Brown, now stationed in Denver, for active work among the outlaws of Colorado and New Mexico. Thanks to Mr. Brown's zeal in tracing criminals, he was compelled to depart from southern Colorado, and there is a \$1,000 prize awaiting the first man who will bring his head to the New Mexico White Caps. In April of last year, Brown, Deputy Sheriff William Green and William Kelley were called upon to arrest cattle thieves who were carrying on extensive threats in the San Isidoro country, not far from Las Animas, in southern Colorado. Both Green and Kelley were killed and their murderers are reported to have received the \$1,000 sums promised for their dead bodies. Mr. Brown was wise enough to leave the country. He is persistent in his declarations that the White Caps were behind the opposition to the law. The valiant survivor of these various frays is now traveling one of the most desperate districts in Denver.

Current Condensations.

Wild pigeons, once so abundant in Connecticut, have been almost unknown of late, owing to persistent shooting and snaring. Tatooing is the craze of London just now, and one member of parliament has had his whole family marked to assist in identification in case of an accident.

Lilles of the valley in France are called "virgins' tears," and are said to have sprung up on the road between Calvary and Jerusalem during the night following the crucifixion.

Ootrol duty was charged at Lille on the water brought from Lourdes by returning pilgrims. The officials classed it as mineral water, but their decision has been appealed from.

Austria has put a stop to poolrooms; bookmaking is to be allowed only on the race courses. The reason for the action is the shameless way in which agencies have been swindling the public.

Extended tests made with the pine trees of the south prove that the timber bled for turpentine is in no way inferior to the unbled. By this means \$2,000,000 is added to the value of the turpentine orchards.

The State Department is loaded down with swords and costly gems which have been presented to Americans by foreign governments, and which can neither be lawfully accepted nor returned without international offense.

Though Ireland is still losing population, a gradual growth in prosperity is noted among the people. In the year ending last July the deposits in the Irish savings banks increased \$12,250,000, an average of over \$3 for each inhabitant.

Cheshire cheese threatens to become a thing of the past. For four years the price has been steadily falling and is now half what it was in 1891. Dealers tell the farmers that the change is likely to be permanent and advise them to turn to butter making.

Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resent injuries, and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has no time to escape.

Since the notoriety given the town of South Manchester, Conn., by the newspapers, of the terrible hold that cocaine had upon the residents, the sale of the drug has materially fallen off, especially among the boys. Letters of inquiry and circulars advertising treatment and cures have been received from all parts of the country.

The Government has completed the purchase of the third section of four miles of the right of way for the Hennepin canal near Rock Island, and after the trees and building have been cleared from the land will let out the work of construction. On the first two sections on the east end of the canal the excavations and lock foundations are nearly completed, the only work being that of the construction of the locks and bridges.

Thirty thousand elk are wintering in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, according to the estimate of the game warden, who says that in one herd which he saw there were 15,000 of them, stretching over a distance of six miles. The sight, he said, surpassed anything he had ever seen and utterly amazed him. The elk's trail over the snow was like fine ice, he said, so hard had the snow been packed down. The animals are seen by thousands any morning, moving along the Snake river from the Great Swamp to the Gros Ventre hills, and at night the walls of the calves straying from their mothers may be heard.

The sudden gleam of happiness in his face started her.

"Not true! Thank heaven! Oh, Beatrix, permit me to ask, do you love this great and mighty duke who has so much to offer you?"

"You would imagine what, Beatrix?"

"I should think that, if you had really been anxious to know, you would have asked me instead of going to Athens," she said.

"I dared not."

"Why, Mr. Carew?" she asked, briefly. "Why? Because you are a great heir, and I am a poor barrister with no fortune."

"What nonsense!" cried Beatrix; and in some vague way, though the words were rather commonplace, he seemed to find a great deal of encouragement in them.

"Nonsense, Nelly, it is hardly that. Had I acted otherwise, it would have been the case of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid reversed."

"It would have been no such thing," she rejoined, quickly.

"You have all, Beatrix, and I have nothing," he said. "If the world were mine, I would lay it at your feet, I would give you everything."

"Are you the only generous person in existence?" she asked.

A sudden passionate fire flamed in his eyes, his lips trembled, the strong hands tightened their grasp.

"Mind, Beatrix," he cried, "or you will drive me mad!"

"I do not want you to go mad," she said. "I want you to be cool and sensible."

"Standing here, Beatrix, looking at you, it is very difficult to be that."

"Then do not look at me," she said.

"As though I could help it! I shall go away ten thousand times happier than I came."

"Are you going to Athens again?" she asked, quietly.

"No, I shall stay here now. Oh, Beatrix, I love you so dearly! How rejoiced

I am to see you again."

"There is nothing to tell, mamma. I have always been quite open and frank



CHAPTER XIX.

"I will go to Miss Lennox's house at once," said Beltran to himself, after leaving her mother. "I will not try to meet her by chance—I will do everything openly. I will ask to see her, and then tell her why I am come."

Fortune favored him. He knocked at the hall door, and was told that Mr. Lennox and Lady Lennox were not at home—that they were not expected at home until four—but that Miss Lennox was disengaged.

"You have never asked me," he repeated; but he saw that her face had grown as white as death.

"I ask you now, my darling, my beautiful love—will you try to care for me? I am not worthy, but I love you as no other man ever could. I fear to ask, yet it must be true—you do care for me a little?"

"Not a little—can you not guess?" she said.

"Is it possible, Beatrix, that you love me?"

The gravity of her face was broken by gleams of rosy, tender light; the dark eyes looked for a moment into his own, and then she was clasped in his arms.

"I cannot believe it!" he cried.

"You were always my hero," said Beatrix as though excusing herself—"always, I thought you from the first like King Arthur."

"This is happiness!" he exclaimed. "My proud, beautiful Beatrix—is it true?"

"Time passed unheeded—"Prince Charlie's" daughter had found her haven of rest.

CHAPTER XX.
I should be if you could learn to care for me!"

"You have never asked me," she said. "Have I not? The distance between us is so great; it seems to me an useless to ask you as to stretch out my hands to touch a bright star, you are so far above me. But, Beatrix, you are not angry; you hear me say these things, and your dear face does not frown upon me? I am growing giddy—it cannot be possible that you are willing to care for me—I must be bitterly angry."

Beatrix rose from her knees.

"I am sorry you are not pleased about it, mamma," she said. "It will not die, though; death itself would not change me."

"I am quite sure harm will come of it, Trixie. I am frightened."

Beatrix kissed her with the same air of protection that she would have shown a child.

"You are nervous, mamma; it will all right. Uncle never refuses me anything on which my heart is fixed. Do not think about it. Only kiss me and say that you hope I shall be happy."

Lady Lennox kissed her.

"I hope so, my darling—you look happy enough. But what will the world say? Oh, Trixie, it is plain I have brought you up very badly, since you do not discern the difference, socially, between a peer and a barrister."

(To be continued.)

about him. He would not take my answer, which was always 'No.' He persisted in saying that if I would try—if I would only try—in time I should love him; it required time. I am not to blame, mamma."

"But, Trixie, think of the position, my dear. It is such a splendid match to break off, such a brilliant future, to marry and spoil. I am quite frightened at what the world will say."

"Am I to marry to please myself or the world?" she asked.

"You, of course, Trixie; but consider the proposed match. You are very beautiful, and you will have a large fortune—Mr. Carew has only his profession."

"I should not mind, mamma, if he had even less than that," she said, proudly; "one doesn't measure such a man by his wealth. Oh, mamma, dear, be kind to me! Do not talk about money. Think how I love him—how he loves me. What is money? Tell me that you like him—that you are pleased—that you will be my friend."

Lady Lennox was quite roused now.

"Do like him," she replied. "He is handsome, generous, gifted, noble—he is all that a man should be; but I cannot say that I am pleased you are going to marry him. Trixie, with your beauty, you ought to do much better. Your uncle will be bitterly angry."

Beatrix rose from her knees.

"I am sorry you are not pleased about it, mamma," she said. "It will not die, though; death itself would not change me."

"I am quite sure harm will come of it, Trixie. I am frightened."

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(To be continued.)

Love and Genius.

Many men of genius have undoubtedly believed, with Thackeray, that it is better to love foolishly than not at all; that they practiced this philosophy is proved by their memoirs and biographies.

Leigh Hunt loved a good girl whose spelling was unconventional, and whose chirography could not be called her chief accomplishment. Keats was wildly, madly in love with a companion girl named Fanny Browne.

He married her, but she was incapable of appreciating him. Hazlitt, the brilliant essayist, loved the pert, coarse daughter of his landlady. He wrote her a letter which she never answered, and he said that "the rolling years of eternity would not fill up the blank that her failure to answer that letter caused."

A practical Scotch girl, Charlotte Carpenter, won Walter Scott's love. She not only hated literature, but objected to writing to him. He wrote her saying: "You must write me once a week." She replied: "You are quite out of your senses, and you need not put in so many 'mists' in your letters. It is beginning too early." Walter was foolishly in love with Lady Dorothy Sydney, who was his "Sacharissa."

She liked his love making in poetry, but when he proposed marriage in prose, the idea did not appeal to her.

Alfred de Musset's love for the irreverent George Sand gave his thoughts such an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Thomson had Phillippe Picard de Rouet, the lady in waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems. Moore lived up to his theory that love's young dream is the sweetest thing in life. He never let one love get old before he supplanted it with a new. Carey had his Sally of "Sally in Our Alley" fame. Surrey loved Geraldine from the time she was a child in short dresses. Cornelia, the astute lawyer, fell in love and became the brilliant dramatic poet. Thus it seems that love, whether successful or otherwise, for a time inspires its votaries.

Cellar to His Ground Floor.