

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

The only one average man that I see, who has no more wealth nor more...

ANNELLA'S LOVER.

"I am listening to you," said Annella, bending her blond little head...

Who was Annella? The beautiful widow of Count Giummi had found her one day...

Two years passed after that first tranquil sleep. Annella's beauty, which early privations and sorrows had almost withered in the bud...

Now, after having sketched Annella's graceful figure, it seems strange not to be able to give it a background of brighter colors.

"Dear girl," and here Mario caressed her hand, "you indeed have comforted me, you have helped me to bear my grief; but now my anguish has reached the last degree—I know that my love will never be returned."

"No, no, you mistake," Annella involuntarily interrupted, bending toward him.

"What?" she asked, "Why did he talk of descending? And the girl profoundly troubled, asked him quickly: 'She? Who?'"

"With whom?" said Annella, not yet quite herself. "With Mario, with your impassionate Mario, who, I hope, will decide to ask me for your hand."

But one evening she discovered among the crowd a newcomer—blond and handsome like herself, and like herself, sad, timid, and embarrassed.

He welcomed sympathy so eagerly that it appeared as if he sought her, as if he came solely for her sake. And they soon talked freely together.

After their first meeting, which was full of embarrassment to both of them, they passed all the reception evenings of the splendid Countess together.

Annella, in her secret heart, rejoiced at all this. "Would it not be her privilege to give him the delights that he had never experienced, her task to make him forget the bitterness of so many years, and to reward him for all his sufferings?"

One thing, however, preoccupied her mind. When she met Mario for the first time a cloud of sadness had veiled his attractive countenance, a sadness behind which she had perceived a deeply wounded heart.

And Annella, bending her fair head and almost suffocated with emotion, replied, "I am listening to you."

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FREE TRADE PLAGUE.

When the Republican members of the United States Senate were elected to their seats, one of the first things...

Farmers Who Cling to Democratic Policy Cling to Poverty—How Democratic Platforms Contrast with Democratic Promises—National League Republican Clubs.

There are forty-seven different States and Territories in the United States in which the farmer looks to his sheep as a money crop to supply them with cash for buying new implements and tools for the improvement of their stock.

Farmers know that sheep in this country increase largely in numbers; they look forward to the lambing season, because it adds to their flocks, and every little lamb that lives is worth a few dollars to the farmer.

There were only 91,430 more sheep. This is a very small percentage of lambing in the year 1893. The lambing season must have been very bad, or some plague must have struck the sheep.

Whatever the trouble was the American farmer will know and will guard against it. He will prepare a good remedy against a return of the disease, and that remedy he will rub in well this fall before winter comes.

As stated, the total amount of money lost through the lower part of all heads of sheep in the country, in New England the farmers lost \$1,900,000; in the Middle States they lost \$1,000,000; in the Southern States they lost \$4,700,000; in the Pacific States they lost \$4,471,000; and in other States and territories farmers lost more than \$4,000,000.

Republican Clubs Platform. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the National League of Republican Clubs in convention at Denver:

The representatives of the National League of Republican Clubs of the United States, in the Democratic Convention at St. Louis, Missouri, in the year 1892, and in the National Centennial Exposition at St. Louis, Missouri, in the year 1893, have the honor to deplore the calamities which the giving of power to the present administration has brought upon the people.

We believe in a free ballot and a fair count, and we believe in the right of every citizen to vote in any election, and we believe in the right of every citizen to be heard in any election.

TROUBLES OF A DOCTOR.

"My dear fellow," said my doctor to me, "you have no idea what we have to put up with. I am trying to run a bill; if I don't it is a shameful neglect."

"The doctor never understood the malady in fact, he was worse when he had been taking the medicine a week than he had been called in."

"The question is often raised to what extent we should make use of salt with our food."

In all ordinary cases, at least, the matter may be left to the individual appetite. Any slight excess of salt is easily cared for by the system, while a craving for a small amount with the food is perfectly normal.

The connection between the action of salt and that of various tissues and fluids is so intimate, in other words, the presence of salt is so necessary to the vitality of the various parts of the body, that life would soon come to an end if it were withdrawn entirely.

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They were talking about ambidexterity. "I can write just as well with my left hand as with my right," said one, "though perhaps not quite as fast."

Where are we at? Is the question which the Democratic party is anxious to have answered.

AN INCIDENT AT INGERMAN.

How One Brave Soldier Saved the Life of a Newly Found Comrade.

M. Louis Viardot tells the following incident of a famous battle: It was in 1855, the night of the terrible battle of Ingerman, when the long-disputed field had been taken and a retaken several times, that two soldiers lay dying side by side on the ground, which was saturated with blood.

"A Monopolist in that Line." "My father," remarked the Congressman in a story telling humor, "was a queer old fellow. He was a man of only ordinary education, but his natural abilities were great, and a shrewd man I think I never knew."

"Yes, father," said I, feeling very proud and happy. "And you'll be going to the nation's capital before long and mingling there with all the great men of the land."

Queer Atoms of Anatomy. There is a school of learned specialists who hold that the white cells of the blood are traps for the destruction of microbes.

Each respiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, the total length in all the human body being about nine miles. The human heart weighs from eight to twelve ounces and beats 104,000 times every twenty-four hours.

It has been calculated that the whole number of sweat glands or pores in the skin is upward of two millions.

Babies and Babies. A happy young father and mother on a farm in Pennsylvania had been enjoying the looks of their new-born son for a week, when a new-born baby came.

There is no good in no good thing.

