

AN IMPORTANT CASE. A CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

IT COMES UP BEFORE THE UNITED STATES COURT.

A Suit for an Estoppel—The Eureka Chemical Company, of La Crosse, Makes the Trouble.

Papers have been filed in the United States court of the western district of Wisconsin, by Tarrant & Kronhaus, attorneys for the Eureka Chemical Company, of Chicago and New York, in a suit for estoppel and damages against an imitation of No-to-bac, the tobacco habit cure. The action is brought against a concern called the Eureka Chemical Company, of La Crosse, Wis.

PLUNKET GREEN AT BAYREUTH.

The Irish Basso Sang There Five Years Ago and Will Go Again, Says Humor. In the stir about German opera Plunket Greene's artistic personality will find reinforcement. Mr. Greene's singing of Teutonic ballads and his astonishingly good German have been the cause of comment on two continents, but he studied the German language and German singing methods for several years in Stuttgart. Furthermore, his first fame came to him when he appeared as an unknown at Bayreuth in the role of Gurnemanz in "Parsifal."

IT WAS A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR'S STEREOTYPED WHINE.

"GIVE ME A PENNY, ma'am—only a penny!" It was a professional beggar's stereotyped whine, neither louder nor lower than she had heard half a dozen times before in the course of her morning's occupation of shopping—and the wretch, pale face that looked so intricate into her own was in no wise different from a score of other want-patched faces.

Yet Miss Fortescue stopped, with one foot yet on the step of her cushioned landing, and searched in her pocket for some stray coin. "My dear Miss Fortescue, you will take cold," said the soft, measured voice of Mrs. Vinton, her companion. "Go away, child, quick, or I will call a policeman."

The child grasped at the money as a famished wild beast might snap at a morsel of meat. But she caught at her companion's silken rustling skirts, as she passed forward toward the plate-glass portals of a fashionable milliner. "Did you call her 'Fortescue,' ma'am? Did you say 'Miss Fortescue'?" she asked.

But Mrs. Vinton twitched her skirts away from the child's hand, as if the feeble grasp were contamination, and passed on. Still the wild-haired elf hung around the carriage wheels. "I say, you!" she cried to the coachman, holding her ragged garments around her to prevent their being blown bodily away by the merciless winds, "does your misus live in a big stone house just outside the park? Is she an old maid?"

The coachman, deeply resentful at being addressed thus familiarly by so pitiable a specimen of humanity, lifted his whip, and called out: "Pleece! I say, p'liceman." In the same breath, and little Jack Morley shrank away out of sight. "Jacqueline!" her name was, but nobody called her anything but "Jackey."

Children and animals do not commit suicide, yet there are some circumstances under which we could scarcely blame them if they did. But Jack did not absolutely vanish into the cracks of the paving-stones—for when the two ladies once more reentered their carriage and drove away, Jack fastened on behind in some limp, pet-like fashion, and rode too! Not until the carriage had stopped, discharged its freight, and started again for the stables at the rear of the gloomy old mansion, did the small parasite drop, like a caterpillar shaken from a tree, into the road.

"I thought so," said Jackey to herself. "They shan't—no, they shan't! She smiled when she looked at me—and she patted me on the head like I was like other girls!" And with these disconnected meditations floating through the chaos of her brain, Jack pattered down the area steps, and knocked softly at the basement door.

A plump cook answered the summons. "Murder!" she cried, brusquely, "what's a-wantin' here?" "I want to speak to Miss Fortescue, please." "Do you?" cried the cook, surveying the bold petitioner in blank astonishment. "Well, then, you can't, so there, now! Go along with you, do."

"But I got 'n' th'ir very pat'ickler to say to her. Please let me in!" pleaded Jackey. "Yes, and let out the spoons and the table-spoons at the same time—that would be a smart speculation!" sniffed the cook. "Clear out, I say, and there's an end o' the matter."

"Huh-sh-sh!" she whispered, laying her dirt-encrusted finger on her lip. "I've a secret to tell you. They're goin' to break into your house at half-past 2 o'clock to-morrow mornin'—Slippery Jim, and old Joe, and Long Lyman—and I'm to be slipped through the back cellar windy to open the doors, 'cause I'm little an' spry."

"What?" cried Miss Fortescue, starting. "I've got to go back now, 'cause I'm long gone they'll suspect something," went on Jacqueline; "but I wouldn't see you wronged, 'cause you patted my head, you did. Just don't you let on, but have the p'leece handy, and you'll see."

Miss Fortescue had opened her mouth to plead further, but almost ere she knew it, the strange little apparition had vanished. "Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Fortescue, using unconsciously the same words that her cook had selected for the expression of her great amazement. And she went straight upstairs and told the whole story to Maria Vinton.

Mrs. Vinton scoffed at it, as, indeed, it was quite natural she should do. "And you believe it all?" said she. "I couldn't help it while I looked in her face." "But, my dear Miss Fortescue, just see how very improbable it all is. Pray, use your common sense."

"At all events, I mean to have the police," said Miss Fortescue, nodding her head. "You'll only get laughed at for your pains." "I'll risk that," said the little old maid. The gray-stone house was quite dark when the clocks struck 2, the quarter past, and the half hour; but Miss Fortescue was wide-awake, sitting in front of her fire, with a heart throbbing with quick, uncertain beats.

Suddenly there was a dull, scuffing noise, the sound of hurried movements and then the sharp crack of a pistol, and then a child's cry. "You'll blow us up ag'in!" snarled a deep voice. "It's all up now—but you shan't get scot free, you Jackey!" More smothered scuffling noise, the

sound of hurried movements, and then a sudden upblazing of light; but through it all Miss Fortescue's strained ears could hear the low moaning of someone in mortal pain. "I can't endure this, Maria," she whispered. "I must go down."

"And be killed in the melee!" cried Mrs. Vinton, holding tight to her arm. "No, indeed; you shall not stir a step." And at this instant the light flashed into brilliancy, and from her elevated position Miss Fortescue could see the whole startling scene. The ruffian, bound hand and foot, with sullen face, and bloodshot, rolling eyes—the triumphant myrmidons of the law exulting in the capture they had made, and one little figure darkly covering in a corner—little Jacqueline.

Headless of the attempted explanation of the officers, Miss Fortescue broke from Mrs. Vinton's detaining hand, and ran to the child. "My dear, you are bleeding—you are hurt!" "Yes'm," Jack answered, phlegmatically. "I'm hurt. Slippery Jim mistreated as I'd blown on 'em, and he shot me. I think I'm goin' to die! I somehow can't breathe easy!" and, thus speaking, poor Jack fainted.

"I thought I was dead and gone to heaven, but I ain't, be it?" "No, my dear," said Miss Fortescue, her tears dropping softly on the little fevered face, "not yet. We hope you will soon be well, and then you will be my little girl."

Miss Fortescue kept her word, and when Jackey recovered from the long and dangerous illness consequent upon the pistol shot, the child was her own henceforward, loved with almost as tender fondness as if some tie of actual consanguinity had existed between them. The piece of silver which the rich lady unthinkingly bestowed, with a smile and kind word, upon the forlorn street beggar had drawn interest.

\$600,000,000.

The Site of the Bank of England Worth that Amount.

The £29 of the Bank of England bears an estimated annual value of £7,000. This sum, capitalized at 3 per cent, would represent a gross value of £2,100,000. Estimating the buildings, vaults, printing and weighing machines, etc., at 400,000 more, it will be seen that the "plant" of the bank must be worth over \$12,000,000. Add to this the average amount of bullion, coin, securities, and unissued notes usually held, and you have the gigantic sum of \$120,000,000 sterling, or 300,000,000, all heaped on a space of less than four acres. Nowhere else in the world is there such an aggregation of actual and potential wealth within so small an area. In its early days the bank employed fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list amounted to 4,200, the chief accountant and the secretary receiving £250 each.

FLOATING FOLLY.

Lady: "How is this insect powder to be applied?" Assistant (Absent-mindedly): "Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal, madam." Mrs. Youngweed (anxiously): "Do you think darling baby's lungs are sound, John?" Mr. Youngweed (sadly): "Alas! yes. They're all sound."

George (seriously): "Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" Ada: "I don't know. If he's anything like me, he would." "Hank's wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now." "How did she manage it?" "Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

Mrs. Workday: "Oh, I do so like to see a good strong, determined man." Mr. Workday (straightening): "So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.: "John, the coal hod is empty!" "I declare I begin to feel that I am growing old. It's really unpleasant." "Hubby: "Yes, dear, it must be, especially so for one who has been young so long!"

Mr. Pompous: "Sir, I would have you know that I'm a self-made man." Farmer Hayrick: "Waal, mister, man-makin' seems to be a trade ye didn't work long at." He: "By jove! you know, upon my word, if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life." She: "Haven't you seen a ghost?"

Doctor: "My dear madam, there is nothing the matter with you; you only need rest." Patient: "But, doctor, just look at my tongue." Doctor: "Needs rest, too, madam." Carlton: "How did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Hamilton's last night?" Montauk: "First-rate; there wasn't a song or recitation sprung on us during the entire evening."

Removal of Ticket Office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad—(Nickel Plate Road). On May 1st the Chicago city ticket office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R. (Nickel Plate Road) will be moved to 111 Adams street, opposite to the post office.

"Our parrot is dead," wrote a little girl, "and a poll seems to have settled over the family."—Exchange. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. When lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration.—Exchange.

ONLY ONE AND THAT IN JULY. Excursion to Colorado. The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets cheap for this excursion to Denver in July, and you should post yourself at once as to rates and routes. Send by postal card or letter to Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, for a beautiful souvenir issued by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.V. called the "Tourist Teacher," that tells all about the trip. It will be sent free. It is a gem, and you should not delay in asking for it. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

Our Liquor Bill. The "liquor bill" of this country, at the price paid dram shops, is estimated at from \$471,000,000 up, of which a large part is worse than waste. It is remarkable how many people there are who have "That Tired Feeling" and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say, "It will go off after a while."

That Tired Feeling

We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impure and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

In the spring I felt very much run down—no strength or appetite. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improved and I did not have that tired feeling." H. R. Squires, East Leverett, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Makes Pure Blood." Includes text about kidney, liver, and bladder cure, and a list of ailments treated. Also features a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas's \$3 shoe, "The Best Fit for a King." Includes a portrait of the shoe maker and text describing the quality and price of the footwear.

Advertisement for "The Silver Question" and "Coin's Financial Series." Includes text about financial education and a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for "Second-Hand Lumber" and "Parker's Hair Balsam." Includes text about the quality of the lumber and the benefits of the hair treatment.

Advertisement for "Patents, Trade Marks" and "Nerve Food." Includes text about legal services and the benefits of the dietary supplement.

Advertisement for "Very Latest Styles" by May Manton. Includes illustrations of various fashion patterns and text describing the styles and prices.



MISS FORTESCUE'S FACE.