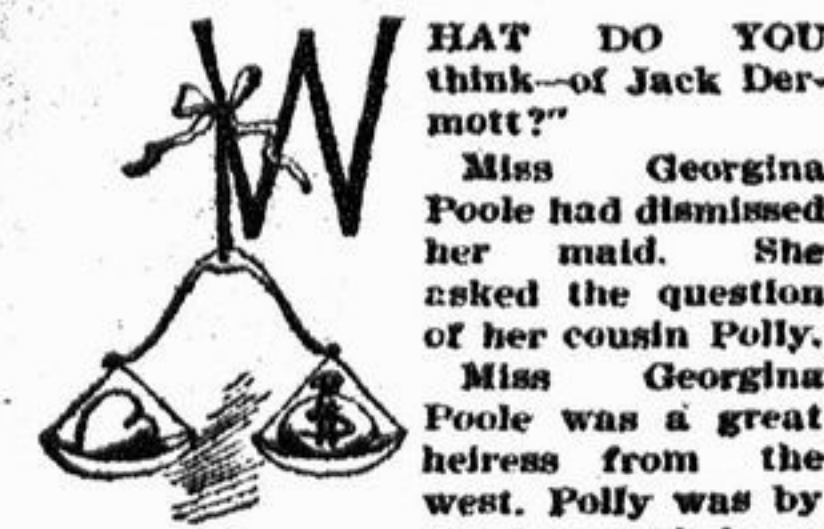


A COMEDY OF ERRORS.



HAT DO YOU think of Jack Dermott? Miss Georgina Poole had dismissed her maid. She asked the question of her cousin Polly. Miss Georgina Poole was a great heiress from the west. Polly was by no means an heiress. Georgina was the handsomer, Polly the prettier of the two. There was five years difference in the ages of the young ladies. And there, Polly, if poor, had the advantage. "Jack Dermott? Ah, yes; a heavy swell from New York, who came last night. Why Jack so familiarly to you? Georgina tapped the floor so impatiently. "Don't be so provoking. Every one knows Jack Dermott and calls him so. He's almost a public character. Society papers have been full of him for years. "Oh! We did not see society papers at the Plain City Academy for Young Ladies," Polly yawned. "Well, his eyes are—killing. So dreamy. Dresses well, too. Naturally. Dresses like a New York man. Georgina's eyes had grown dreamy, too. She let them fall on the mirror at her elbow. The mirror threw back the reflection of a face improved by heightened color, transformed by a subtle something that made Polly jump to her feet. "You're not in love with him?" Georgina flushed the brighter. "Absurd. A man who only came last night, and who I've never spoken to," she said; but she stammered as she spoke. Polly nodded three times, deliberately. "Well, well, well! That is there

in that position long. Georgina's stately shape, sitting a gray horse, threaded its way, with another cavalier, through Woodland Park, just in front of them. Jack Dermott's post had been close to the gray horse's side most of the day; it was there most of every day. A long look had accompanied his last words—"dead earnest"—but not at Georgina's back, at Polly's small face, pink with exercise under the brim of the boyish hat. "What sort of things? Making love to my handsome cousin." "Making love to—yes, your handsome cousin." "Well, why not?" "My dear, Miss Poole, how cruel you are! I'm a poverty-stricken devil, you know. How can I afford to marry?" "Marry money, then," Polly said. It composedly, and flicked a fly from her horse's ear. Jack looked straight ahead of him. "That is one way out of the dilemma. But suppose your heart goes in the wrong direction? Suppose it insists on loving where there is no money?" "My dear Mr. Dermott!" Polly's laugh gurgled out and rippled on and on; "only ill-regulated hearts do such things! As for yours—" "Stop!" Jack caught her horse's bridle. They had come to a little river and the beast was in water to its knees for the ford. "Be careful here. This is one of the swiftest currents hereabouts," he cried. Polly dragged her bridle away. "Nonsense! I can manage—" But the horse slipped in the tussle and Jack had his arm about Polly's waist close and tight. The romantic situation was not unduly prolonged. Miss Georgina Poole and her cavalier, having crossed in safety, watched from the bank. Polly's mount scrambled up again, and she was still firm in her saddle, with no damage but a ducking to the bottom of her habit. Mr. Dermott had been, apparent-

me in my best! I'll resume my own role, dear, and dazzle Jack." "Very well, and I'll be poor Polly once more." Polly kicked off her little slipper and caught it again on her slender toes. "All's well that ends well. Glad the plan succeeded." "You don't—don't mind, Polly?" said Georgina, a little remorsefully. "Dear, no." In commenting later on these occurrences in general and on her revelation to Mr. Dermott that night in particular, Georgina said that "Jack took it beautifully." "What do you mean by that?" said Polly in the seclusion of their own rooms. "I mean the disclosure that I was the heiress did not unduly elate him. He took it almost as a matter of course. Wasn't it nice of him, darling?" asked Georgina, and then she sobbed a little, doubtless from stress of emotion. While this colloquy was in progress another was going on in the smoking-room, deserted save for the presence of Jack Dermott and his best friend, Tom Howe. Tom Howe arrived that evening and had just been told the news. "But, look here! What's this? I've already heard from a man I know here in the house, that you've been devoting yourself desperately to a poor Miss Poole here, and now you tell me you are to marry the heiress of untold western dollars. I hear that there are two Misses Poole. Now which is which? And which is to be Mrs. Jack Dermott?" "The rich one, my boy—ah!" Jack sighed—a sigh long and glimmer. "But I've been devoting myself, apparently, to the poor one." "Oh, don't talk in conundrums." "Briefly, then, the rich Miss Poole desired to be loved and wooed for herself, not for her money, exchanged roles with her cousin when they first came here. Every one took her for the poor cousin, and Polly," Jack sighed again, "for the heiress." "Ah! And you fell in love with the right one, after all, and courted poverty only to win riches? Very good. Virtue rewarded." "Not exactly." Jack got up and came and stood before his friend with his hands deep in his pockets, and a gloomy brow. "Not exactly. You see, Miss Poole's French word was an old sweet-heart of my man's, and she gave the whole scheme of the two young ladies away, being, of course, in the secret. And—er—Jennings told me." "Tom Howe smoked a moment. "So you were up to the racket from the first." "As you say, I was up to the racket from the first." "Well, considering the state of your finances, and that only a rich marriage could put you on your feet, you've been lucky." "Not altogether. You see—hang it all—I did fall in love with the wrong one, with Polly. Ah, Polly, I shall never forget her, little charmer!" "But Tom Howe observed drily: "Don't be a fool!"

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

A Woman's Advice to Those Less Fortunate Than She.

The most beautiful Tribby that has posed before a Chicago audience was revealed the other afternoon with the rising of the curtain at the Columbia theater. Before an audience of ladies that crowded boxes, auditorium and galleries, Mme. Sale, a perfection of female loveliness, poised herself in the familiar attitude of Du Maurier's heroine, her beauty and shapeliness heightened by the Grecian garment of white crepe and the wreath of orange blossoms that crowned the loosened hair of gold. For a moment there was silent admiration, then enthusiastic, almost tempestuous applause. In this impressive way Mme. Sale prefaced the lecture she was to deliver on the science of beauty. In her talk she argued that perfection of form and feature could be acquired even by those apparently most unfavored by nature. A radical change in woman's habits, however, is necessary, and Mme. Sale did not hesitate to speak plainly. Cleanliness, she admitted, is better for the complexion than all the artificial preparations in the market. Healthful exercise is of more service in rounding the body into perfect shape than all the distortions of tight lacing. Above all, force of will and power of mind are essential to the accomplishment of acquired beauty. Following the words of advice, Mme. Sale appeared before the audience in tights, admittedly to show the perfect outlines of her figure, and went through the breathing and muscular exercises that she prescribes. Questions of all kinds were frankly asked by the audience and freely answered by the lecturer. In response to many requests, Mme. Sale closed her talk as she had begun it, with an impersonation of Tribby.

May Be a Future President.

In the vicinity of Morgan, in this state, lives an old negro woman whose love for the creeks has been noticed, perhaps, by all who live there. Hardly a day passes that she is not observed with her fishing pole, either coming from or going to the creek. Several days since a fond mother sat on the veranda, while a little toddler of 3 or 4 years played at her knee, when the old woman passed. "Mamma," said the little tot, looking innocently up from his play, "did Aunt Adeline nurse Mr. Cleveland?" "No, darling; why?" "Taus papa say he was always fishin', an' I spect if you dit her to nurse me you'll 'ave a little president, too."—Atlanta Constitution.

Profits of Morality.

A Glasgow man once remarked that a young townsman of his who had migrated was "a truly moral man." "Well, I don't know so much about that," said Russell, of the Scotsman, and he instanced a peccadillo or two of this blameless youth. "Nay," said the other, "I was na thinking of drink and the lasses, but of gamblin' and sic thing as you lose money by."—Argonaut.

SKUNK CATCHING IN MAINE.

It is quite late to catch a skunk if you don't know how.

"While I was up in Maine last winter looking after my stampee," said a timber land investor, "I saw a hunter capture a den of skunks at one lick, and the ease and safety with which he did it rather astonished me. You'll naturally think, as I did before I saw it done, that it would be an unpleasant and odoriferous job, but it proved to be nothing of the sort. I was out in the woods one afternoon, not far from the open farming country, looking up an old blazed range line, when along came a man on snow shoes whom I recognized as Remick, a hunter and trapper living in the vicinity. We passed a few words together, and I asked him what brought him out in the woods without a gun. "I'm after skunks, he answered. "There's a nest of 'em over 's hill yonder that I found when I was fox hunting last week, and I've come to-day to get 'em." "Could I go along with him? Of course. There was nothing unpleasant to be apprehended if I merely looked on; but accidents would sometimes happen, and people at my hotel were to be considered, so I'd not better run the risk of taking an active part in the proceedings. And with that understanding we parted away in our snowshoes to find out if the skunks were at home. Their den was a hole under the roots of a birch tree, with many tracks about it in the snow, and it led down into the darkness somewhere under a big root. Remick, with his pocket knife, cut and trimmed a slender pole, leaving at the smaller end some slightly projecting stumps of branches. He also cut a short club. He pushed the smaller end of the pole down into the burrow, twisted and turned it about, and then withdrew it hand over hand. A noise of scratching was heard in the darkness, and a white bushy tail, its long hair twisted in the end of the pole, appeared at the surface, followed by the rest of a clawing, struggling skunk, who highly resented being dragged out in this manner, but couldn't in any way help himself. Lifting the pole instantly into the air as the skunk hung by his tail, Remick dispatched the animal with a single blow of the club on his head. "A skunk can't work his natural wip'nis agin ye as long as ye hold him by the tail," the hunter explained as he summed for another victim. "Skunk after skunk was pulled out of the burrow and killed, and it seemed as if there was no limit to the number inside. When the last one was finally taken from the hole and the black and white animals stretched out on the snow to be counted they were found to be nine in number. The hunter tied them all by the neck to a stout cord and dragged them along over the snow behind him as we left the woods. "The skunk'll run 40 cents apiece," he said cheerfully, and the lie is worth as much more. It's powerful good for rheumatism or stiff joints, and I sell to the village all I can get of it."

HINDOOS OUGHT TO BE GOOD. For They Believe in 136 frightful and heinous Hells. It is a mystery to enlightened western nations how the Hindoos ever managed to evolve such a frightfully exaggerated idea of hell—as much of an enigma, perhaps, as our fantastic ideas of the infernal regions will be to the more enlightened races of the coming ages. The Hindoos believe in a plurality of hells, 136 in all. This gigantic apartment house, which has been especially prepared for the souls of the damned, is of unthinkable length and breadth, and has walls more than 100 miles in thickness. The intense heat of the interior keeps these walls at a white heat, and through their many loopholes shines light of such intense brightness that it bursts the eyeballs of all who look in that direction, "even though they be removed from the fires by a distance of 400 leagues." As each soul is taken from one apartment to the other it is invariably met by Yamaki, the Hindoo Pluto, an exaggerated devil 240 miles high, who has hairs on his body which stand out like palm trees. In each of these sub-divisions the tortured one is treated to something new and unique in the line of misery. In one he has his toe and finger nails plucked out, and the empty sockets which formerly held his eyes filled with melted wax, and then has horns inserted in the places which in other days were occupied by the organs of vision. In another he is forced to have his teeth pulled and heated to a white heat, and is then compelled to swallow them along with large quantities of pepper cakes and boiling oil.

Painfully Monotonous Fashions.

Fashions on the Riviera are painfully monotonous this season. Every French woman is to be seen in a bell skirt, gored about the hips and widening to an alarming extent about the feet. Her sleeves are like inflated balloons and her hat resembles a tray full of flowers. In curious contrast to la belle Francaise is the uniform adopted by the majority of the English girls and young women hereabouts. Nearly every girl one meets wears a tailor-made skirt and coat, a shirt and tie, and the inevitable sailor hat without further adornment than a black ribbon.

Refreshments Below.

Luella stood thoughtfully watching the heavy downpour of rain, and inquired of her mother as to where all the rain went, who answered: "Into the earth." "Then," said Luella, "the hell people do get a drink sometimes."

'Twill Stick in Her Crop.

Spring is the seedtime. China is preparing to cede Formosa.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. Moore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Wheelbarrow dealer has no trouble in keeping his goods before the people.—Exchange.

Spring Makes Me Tired

To many people Spring and its duties mean an aching head, tired limbs, and throbbing nerves. Just as the milder weather comes, the strength begins to wane, and "that tired feeling" is the complaint of all.

The reason for this condition is found in the deficient quality of the blood. During the winter, owing to various causes, the blood becomes loaded with impurities and loses its richness and vitality. Consequently, as soon as the tracing effect of cold air is lost, there is languor and lack of energy. The cure will be found in purifying and enriching the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best spring medicine, because it is the greatest and best blood purifier. It overcomes that tired feeling because it makes pure, rich blood. It gives strength to nerves and muscles because it endows the blood with new power of nourishment. It creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up the whole system and prepares it to meet the change to warmer weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

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Second-Hand Lumber... EVERY HOME-SEEKER

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ALL THESE GOODS ARE OF THE REGULAR MARKET SIZES AND STYLES SOLD BY US.

NERVE FOOD

Agents Wanted... PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

She Composed, Too.

There is among Boston celebrities a certain small-bodied, sensitive composer of music who is gifted with a very witty wife. Certain very giddy girls were clustered about the composer, exclaiming ecstatically on the quality of Miss Washington's "how you managed to write all these lovely, passionate things without being worried all the time. Dear me, I should be as nervous as a witch." "Certainly you would be, my dear," said Miss Washington, "but John only composes music; I compose John."

Catherine of Russia was never a handsome woman and late in life showed traces of dissipation in her countenance.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

COIN'S FINANCIAL SERIES... COIN'S FINANCIAL SERIES

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