

mott?"

Georgina Miss Poole had dismissed her maid. She asked the question of her cousin Polly. 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 impagiently.

"Don't be so provoking. Every one knows Jack Dermott and calls him so. He's almost a public character. Soclety papers have been full of him for

"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 | beast was in water to its knees for the 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 zeet.

"You're not in love with him?" Georgina flushed the brighter.

"Absurd. A man who only came last might, and who I've never spoken to. she said; but she stammered as she

Polly nodded three times, deliberate-

A COMEDY OF ERRORS. in that position long. Georgina's stately shape, sitting a gray horse, thread- | role, dear, and dazzle Jack." ed its way, with another cavaller, HAT DO YOU through Woodland Park, just in front think-of Jack Der- 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

> A long look had accompanied his last words-"dead earnest"-but not at Georgina's back, at Polly's small facc, pink with exercise under the brim or the boyish bat.

"What sort of things? Making love to my handsome coustn." "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 flecked 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

"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 cavaller, 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 "Well, well, well! What is there habit. Mr. Dermott had been, apparent-

me in my best! I'll resume my own

"Yery well, and I'll be poor Polly once It is Quite Safe to Cutch a Skunk if 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 beauti-

"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 smokingroom, deserted save for the presence of Jock 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 git 'em.' 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 belress of untold western dollars. I hear that there are

And which is to be Mrs. Jack Dermott?" "The rich one, my boy-alas!" Jack sighed—a sigh long and glimmer. "But I've been devoting myself, apparently,

to the poor one.' "Oh, don't talk in conundrums." self, 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."

only to win riches? Very good. Virtue pushed the smaller end of the pole down 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 in the darkness, and a white bushy tail, 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. 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

all!-I did fall in love with the wrong one, with Polly. * * * Ah, Polly, I shall never forget her, little charmer! be a fool!"

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

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

revealed the other afternoon with the behind him as we left the woods. rising of the curtain at the Columbia "The skins'll run 40 cents aptece. female loveliness, poised herself in the the village all I can get of it." familiar attitude of Du Maurier's heroine, her beauty and shapeliness height. HINDOOS OUGHT TO BE GOOD. ened 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 radical change in woman's habits, however, is necessary, and Mme. Sale did not hesitate to speak plainly. ('leanliness, 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 peace 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 freely asked by the audience and frankly answered by the lecturer. In response to many requests, Mme. Sale closed her talk as she had begun it. with an impersonation of Trilby.

May Be a Future President. a day passes that she is not observed titles of pepper cakes and boiling oil. 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

fishin', an' I spect if you dit her to ed by the majority of the English girls nurse me you'll 'ave a little prezident, 'and young women hereabouts. Nearly too."-Atlanta Constitution.

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 only poverty. He asked if I minded the lasses, but of gamblin' and sic thing

> 'Twill Stick in Her Crop. preparing to cede Formesa.

SKUNK CATCHING IN MAINE. You Only Lnow How.

"While I was up in Maine last winter looking after my stumpage," 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 carre 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 (bill yonder that I found when I was fox hunting last week, and I've come to-day to

"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 two Misses Poole. Now which is which? to be considered, so I'd not better not run the risk of taking an active part in the proceedings. And with that understanding we patted away in our snowshoes to find out if the skunks were at home. Their den was a hole "Briefly, then, the rich Miss Poole under the roots of a birch tree, with desired to be loved and wooed for her- 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 into the burrow, twisted and turned it about, and then withdrew it hand over hand. A noise of scratching was heard Poole's French word was an old sweet- 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 "So you were up to the racket from in any way help himself. Lifting the pole instantly into the air so the skunk hing by his tail. Remick dispatched the animal with a single blow of the

"A skunk can't work his natural wep'ns egin ye as long as ye hold him "Not altogether. You see-hang it by the tail, the hunter explained as he sounded for another victim.

"Skunk after skunk was pulled out l But Tom Howe observed drily: "Lon't 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 The most beautiful Trilby that has them all by the neck to a stout cord posed before a Chicago audience was and dragged them along over the snow

theater. Before an audience of ladies he said cheerfully, and the ile is worth that crowded boxes, auditorium and as much more. It's powerful good for galleries. Mme. Sale, a perfection of rheumatism or stiff jints, and I sell to

For They tietleve in 136 frightful and

Separate Hella. It is a mystery to enlightened west ern nations how the Hindoos ever managed to evolve such a frightfully exaggerated idea of hell-as much of an enigma, perhaps, as our fartastic ideas of the infernal regions will be to the more enlightened races of the comcould be acquired even by those ap. ing ages. The Hindoos believe in a parently most unfavored by nature. A piurality 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 Plate, 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 or-In the vicinity of Morgan, in this gans of vision. In another he is forced state, lives an old negro woman whose to have his teeth pulled and heated to love for the creeks has been noticed, a white heat, and is then compelled to perhaps, by all who live there. Hardly swallow them along with large quan-

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 "Taus papa say he was always la belle Francaise is the uniform adoptevery girl one meets wears a tailormade skirt and coat, a shirt and tie, and the inevitable saflor hat without further adornment than a black ribbon.

> Refreshments Below. Inclia stood thoughtfully watching the heavy downpour of rain, and inthe earth." "Then," said Luella, "the hell people do get a drink sometimes."

Spring is the seedtime. China

Epworth League, Chattanongs.

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The wheelbarrow dealer has no trouble in keeping his goods before the people.- Exchange.

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 glddy girls were clustered about the composer, exclaiming eestatically on the quality of music. "I don't see, Mr. ---," said Miss Gushington, "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 Mrs. ----, "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.

Spring Makes Me Tired

throbbing nerves. Just as the milder it endows the blood with new powers weather comes, the strength begins to of nourishment. It creates an appetite, complant of all.

found in the delicient quality of the meet the change to warmer weather. blood. During the winter, owing to Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine various causes, the blood becomes upon which you may depend. It is loaded with imporities and loses its the only true blood purifier promirichness and vitality. Consequently, nently before the public eye today as soon as the bracing effect of cold It has a record of cures unequalled in air is lost, there is langour and lack of the history of medicine. It is the medienergy. The cure will be found in cine of which so many people write, purifying and earithing the blood.

To many people Spring and its duties it makes pure, rich blood. It gives mean an aching head, tired limbs, and strength to nerves and muscles because wane, and "that tired feeling" is the times and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up The reason for this condition is the whole system and prepares it to

"Hood's Sarsaparilla does all that it Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest is claimed to do." You can take and best spring medicine, because it is Hood's Sarsaparilla with the confident the greatest and best blood purifier expectation that it will give you pure It overcomes that tired feeling because blood and removed health. Take it now.

"Ah! And you fell in love with the end some slightly projecting stumps of right one, after all, and courted poverty branches. He also cut a short club. He only to win riches? Very good. Virtue pushed the smaller and of the pole down is the Only Blood Purifier rue

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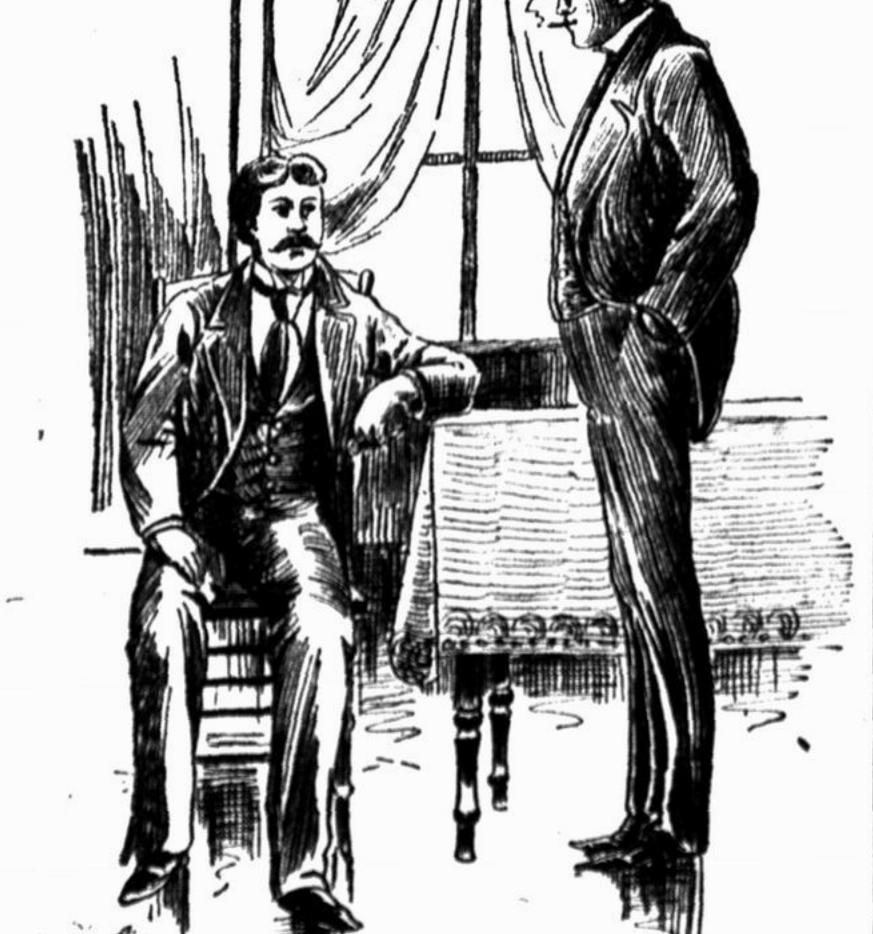
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about the man that should fascinate | ly unnecessarily alarmed. Miss Georat first sight. Has he a reputation of being dangerous to women, of having | rather sharply and rode on. had 'affairs?' "

Georgina made no reply. Presently-"He's bankrupt. Gone through all his money. So they say.

"Ah-Probably would not mind marrying an heiress, then. Polly's pretty eyes gleamed Beneath their narrowed Mds and a dimple showed. Georgina looked angry. "You are pro-

roking! Do you think no one would

marry me save for my money? Heir-

are married for love sometimes." "Sometimes." The dimple deepened. Georgina watched her cousin. Her Bandsome eyes gave a flash. She stood ap and folded her arms.

"Supposing that I had fallen in love at first sight; supposing that I did want him to propose to me. I say, supposmg there things! I'd be willing to show you that I could rely on some attracson in myself, independently of my That looked like offering myself, didn't money. You are a Miss Poole, as I am. at this hotel, if you like. We've been here only two days, and no one will

know the difference. Pretty Polly's laugh gurgled like runming water. "Ah! that's an idea! We'll meet Mr. Bock Bermott, as you the poor, I

the threw her arms above her head, massed, dropped a courtesy to her mage in the looking-glass, "I salute you, rich Miss Poole! Foramately, Georgina, your dresses fit me,

dear. And I'll wear your jewels on the proper occasions. Poor little pauper me, what novel sensations! But Jeanne must be in the secret, of course. And strict discretion must be enjoined on Jeanne. No gossiping from her."

Jeanne was Miss Georgina Poole's French maid. at the hotel people made up riding parties, forded the shallow streams, and sters that flow through these southern mountains, firted under the shadows of the woods, in which the leafage was thickening, now that spring had come. ring at least had come down here. In the north and west winter lingered. The hotel people were idle birds of passage, though, and lilles that toiled not; setther did they spin. They were conmegated at this winter resort for pleas-

and they took it as it came, "For my part, I should not mind havme this sort of thing go on forever. Too think I'm jesting? I'm in earnestdead earnest."

The speaker was Jack Dermott. He e at Polly's side. He had not been

"I DID FALL IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG ONE." gina Poole turned her horse's head

> That afternoon, when the party re turned, the elder cousin took the other "I should like to know, I must say

"In what particular?" inquired Polly "Is he serious or is he not? He has been devoted to me for days-weeks-

Georgina flushed a little, looked pensive, then sighed. "If I could be quite sure—but he had a singular look in his eyes, my dear,

How do you account for it?" "Natural look of his eyes. Born sen imental and killing, so to speak." "Tell me with your hand on you

heart, Polly, he has not been flirtingcoquetting-with you?" "Good gracious, no!"

ing from her hands.

"Well, we shall see." "You will see very soon, then. prophesy that he'll propose to you in a week."

It did not take a week. Poole's boudoir when the latter burst in, and, breathless, sank on her knees beside the lounge. "It's done!"

Polly dropped the novel she was read-

"In due form?" "Absolutely. Just now as we were wait till to-night; Jeanne must dress | blem of a crossed haife and fork.

just where we stand," was her remark.

"I should like to understand Jack Dernow I could swear that---"

"That he loves you? Well, so he does The only thing that keeps him from proposing is that he thinks you're poor. Can't afford that, he says, being poor himself. But he'll come to it. He'll come to it all the same. Had a deal to say to-day about hearts that would not love according to policy and reason etc. I tried to lead him on. Told hin he'd better marry money, and so on It? But no. He as much as declared Play the rich Miss Poole while we are that his heart was yours. Hence be satisfied. He thinks you're the poor cousin, and he prefers you to the rich.

You have just what you wanted."

the rich Miss Poole, and then for the when he had his arm around you to-day in the middle of that ridiculous stream.

Polly was lying on her back in Miss

coming back from our walk. He asked me to go and gather arbutus, you know He said that he had long fought against his heart, because he could offer me marrying a poor man. Think, Dolly. how proud I was! And I did not undeceive him just then; did not tell him that I was the rich Miss Poole whom he had chosen after all. I thought I would by a sign bearing the suggestive em-

Aunt Adline nurse Mr. Cleveland?" "No. darling; why?"

Profits of Morality.

this blameless youth. "Nay," said the quired of her mother as to where all other, "I was na thinking of drink and the rain went, who answered: "Into as you lose money by."-Argonaut.

All the railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known