

exclaimed old with the freedom of one privileged. she walked without knocking into the Mora good? Seems," with an-

might be chill sauce." Miss Minturn, in a trim gown of dark

blue print, protected by a great "bib" apron of Turkey red callco, nodded and smiled, as she placed a chair for her unceremonious visitor.

As a rule, people in Tattleton were averse to exercising their lungs for the benefit of Mrs. Barry. It was almost impossible to make her hear, and if you succeeded in doing so, you were more than liable to be misunderstood.

"Air you goin' to eat all that yourself this winter?" demanded the newcomer, with her blinking eyes fixed on the big granite kettle two-thirds filled with the pungent, crimson, appetizing mixture. Miss Minturn felt that a nod and veracity would now be at variance. So she turned toward her questioner and

called out loud and clear: "No. Much of this is for a person who has such an attack of rheumatism she could not pick the tomatoes and onions and peppers and put them in herself." Mrs. Barry continued to look at her blankly and inquiringly. Mora Mint-

urn went close up to her. "Part of the sauce," she exclaimed close to the ear of her guest, "is for Mary Ann Cotter, who lives in the Hol-

the talk has kind o' got round to itwhat for was the reason you and Marion Potter of the Hall didn't get married years ago, seein' you was sparitin' so long."

old woman had confounded the two twelve years had elapsed since he came

MISS MINTURN IN THE GARDEN.

names, which until this moment had | here to visit his sweetheart? He swung

press the truth-to attempt to impress old Mrs. Cotter-Mary Ann Cotter of

But she made her a cup of tea and "I say!" called a boyish voice-"that

brought out some snowy tea cakes for | you, Mr. Potter? Never knew you come

her delectation, and listened patiently up here before. Say-that setter you

and with apparent interest to her bab- gave me is a daisy! Are you going to

ble, until the prosy soul took it into stay to supper? Is he, Aunt Mora?"

arn's face as she went on sealing up her | conventional nephew of Miss Minturn.

Marion Petter! So people had not umph. Such a supper as Mora got up

forgotten about her engagement to him | in a short space of time might "tempt

twelve years ago. What was the fool- a dying anchorite to eat." The crisp

inh trifle about which they had quar- broiled chicken, with the tiny, trans-

reled? And she had sent him back his parent rolls of bacon surrounding it;

ming with a few bitter words expressive | the brown French fried potatoes, pip-

of her satisfaction at having discov- ing hot; the light, spicy gingerbread;

chill sauce in the wide-mouthed jars | "Come and see my safety."

had had other suitors after that, to be brewed, fragrant tea.

"Mora!" he said as he neared her.

her cheeks deepened. She felt distinct-

"I met old Mrs. Barry a little while

"Of course he will," decided the un-

He dragged his captive off in tri-

the feathery biscuit, the old-fashioned

often been for my dictatorial tone that

"No-no! I was too self-concentrat-

"Mora, is it too late to forgive, forget

She held out her hands to him. He

had to put the two jars of chill sauce

down on the gate-post to take them.

reunited lovers closed the darkness.

sweet with a thousand delicious au-

"Guess, Aunt Mora," grunted Dick.

disdainfully, next morning, "Mr. Pot-

ter didn't care much for your chil!

sauce, for all he begged for it so. He

went of last night and left the far:

you gave him standing on the gate-

ed. It was I who was wrong,"

and amend now?"

marcon house gown.

"I said Mary Ann Cotter of the Hol- and walked up the path.

mever struck her as being similar.

The old woman flung up her hands

"I'm a little hard o' hearin'. I allow,

what you said. Some o' that there

good-smellin' chill sauce is for Marion

Miss Minturn smiled as she went

back to the stove and fished her net

bag of whole spices out of the thick,

red compound. It was useless to im-

A serious look came into Mora Mint-

mure, but she had found herself compar-

to their detriment, and had discour-

aged all such attentions. And now

that her mother was dead, and all the

boys were gone and married, and she

with only the orphan nephew she was

bringing up, she found it lonely at

garded her reflection in the little wal-

aut-bound mirror that hung near the

window. The face that looked back at

her was fresh, unwrinkled and pink

checked, despite her thirty-six years,

Her simple, active, kindly life had kept

her youthful in mind and body. But

At that hour, Marion Potter, hand-

some, brown-bearded, gallant of hear-

into was riding his huge black horse

sionly homeward through the mellow

unset light. Many a maiden had sent

him shy glances of admiration; many

who would have been honored by his

was known as the lover of Mora Mint-

mage, since those old days when he

But he was not the man to give

ert twice, nor to do a woman the

e of offering her mere affection.

ed by his books and dogs,

his own life at his beauti-

she sighed as she turned away.

Walking across the kitchen she re-

Bred alone in the cozy little homestead | arm.

M, rather—on convinced Mrs. Barry. the Hollow."

her head to depart and hobbled off | coaxingly.

Potter of the Hall. Now you see."

low, Mrs. Barry!" she shouted.

with a gesture of irritation.

down the white, winding road.

she had saved for the purpose.

ered her mistake in time.

simes-very lonely.

"Hallo! Look out!" he cried, suddenly reining up. "By George, but I nearly rode over you!"

The old woman coming toward him, who had so unexpectedly darted forward almost under his horse's hoofs, lifted a complacent countenance, framed in by an antiquated poke bonnet, as she demanded: "Don't you want to hire my sister

bright and cozy Jane's Eliza, Mr. Potter?" "No!" roared Mr. Potter, who was aware that she was a little deafer than the proverbial post. "Why should I? I have three servants now."

Mrs. Barry comprehended, but she other sniff, "as cf | went on persistently: "But Jane's Eliza can cook, Mr. Pot-

ter. An' if you take her, you wouldn't have to be havin' your chill sauce made out by Mora Minturn."

Mr. Potter gave a start. "Eh? Steady, Kate! What were you talking about, Mrs. Barry?"

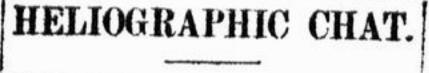
Mrs. Barry did not hear him. She mumbled on, however, and he listened. "Says I to her, when I happened in there just now, 'Be you goin' to eat all that chili sauce yourself this winter?" An' she 'lowed that she was makin' some of it for you. Now, if your help ain't able to do that much 'ithout your givin' it out, I just think it 'ud pay you

to have Jane's Eliza do your cookin'." Mr. Potter nodded leniently. He swerved his horse to one side, smiled back at Mrs. Barry and rode on. Mora Minturn making his favorite beefsteak accompaniment for him!

Of course there was a mistake somewhere. But chili sauce! He could not remember when he had tasted it. To be sure, his housekeeper was not an adept at preparing table delicacies.

Why he turned his horse's head out of the road leading to the Hall and rode | miles, as the message and response are down that which led to the Minturn to be handled without wires. homestead, he could not have told to save his life. Indeed, he was not aware | covered the existence of electricty or that he had done so until the tempting | Morse had thought of his code, the bea-"I should think his help could do that odor of the sliced tomatoes assailed his con fire telegraph was used, and matters much cookin' for him!" declared the old nostrils, and at the same second he of great importance, meaning the salva-Endy. "He keeps enough of 'em. I caught sight of Miss Minturn in her tion or ruin of nations, were adjusted allus wondered, Mora-seein' as how garden, snipping away at some belated by the lighting of great fires on mounblooms of marigold, phlox, honeysuckle and mignonette.

peaceful the place? So suggestive of home the trim form moving among the Mora smiled as she noticed how the | withering bushes! Could it be that



MESSAGES FROM COLUMBIA TO MEX.CO.

White-Cowled Mountains Will Be Transmitted-New Use for the Sun's Rays

(Chicago Correspondence.)



young inventor. whose many sciendiscoveries have startled and delighted mankind, are at work on the problem of tele-

graphing without the use of wires. "Impossible!" is the first mental exclamation, and then, "Nothing is impossible with such men," is the thought that forces itself upon the mind and finds an abiding place. While the public is patiently waiting for the coveted invention the fact is apparently forgotten that telegraphy without wires is already an accomplished fact, consequently considerable interest will attach to the preparation now being made for the transmission, July 10, of a message from Mount Nelson, British Columbla, to Mexico, a distance of about 1,800

Ages ago, long before Franklin distain tops, from which the figme or smoke could be seen at immense dis-So familiar the scene! So sweet and | tances giving information, desirable or dreaded, as flame after flame shot upward, reddening the sky. It is said that the wonderful race of Aztecs used a system of telegraphy by means of which messages were sent from one mountain top to another until the news traversed the distance meant to be covered.

The United States army and the signal-service department now use an instrument called the heliograph, by means of which flashes of sunlight are reflected 100 miles as easily as ten miles. The indispensable feature of the sun telegraph is a mirror, large or small, according to the distance the sun ray is to be reflected. It is a simple instrument, little more complicated than the rude beacon fire, and its practicability has been thoroughly demonstrated by the sending of messages short distances. Now it remains for the hellograph to be used in transmitting dispatches across vast areas, and this is to be accomplished or attempted, with a determination to succeed, by the Mazamas, a society of mountain climbers which was organized less than a year ago at 'he summit of Mount Hood, which raises 'to majestic form in Oregon. Eligibility to membership in this society consists in the candidate's having immersed his boots in the snow that mantles the great of the mountain on which the association was formed. This means that he must have climbed to an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet.

Soon after the Mazamas society was organized it had a membership of 200, all of whom attended a banquet at the showy summit. The banquet was not an claborate affair, though the oysters were rock, saddle rock and crater rock, while for fish the banqueters had sardines in oil, flounders in snowbank, pike on staff, sole hand sewed, soaked and strained. At the conclusion of the repast the gentlemen found smoking in the crater.

Among the members of the Magamas are several ladies, one of whom, Miss Fay Fuller, a newspaper woman of Tacoma, is the only woman that ever reached the summit of Mount Rainer, as down, secured Kate to the gate-post | Seattle people call it, or Mount Tacoma, as It is known the people of the Northern Pacific collapse. Another woman, She straightened up. Her garnered Mrs. Ida V. McElvain, is the only repspoils fell from her apron. The pink in resentative of her sex to remain over right at the summit of Mount Hood, but I ain't so deaf that I ain't heerd by glad that she had put on her ne'? but this she did in spite of the bitter cold, which nearly bit her nose,

Mr. W. G. Steel of Portland, Ore., is ago," he went on hastily. "She said you president of the Mazamas, and is now with some gentlemen of scientific at-

MRS. IDA V. M'ELVAIN. He is so thoroughly addicted to the mountain climbing habit that he has established his residence half way up weight. the side of Mount Hood, so that he c n England and Wales light something stroll to the summit as his morn! \$ Bige 300,000 lamps nightly.

you for many years, although we have "When I first conceived the idea of of Cuba and Porto Rico. lived so near together. I am glad of this chance to say how sorry I have time, years ago. I was wholly in the Kate neighed impatiently. Dick called | college men and officers of the army that the lowest temperature observed and signal service, who have made ex- was 50 deg. below zero; the highest 62 from the lighted doorway. Around the

while the remainder will be placed su less lofty points. Gen. Greely, chief of the signal-service department, has promised us about half the required number of instruments and we must find the others elsewhere. Heliographs are not very plentiful. The various railway companies have also extended courtesies to us and our eastern friends from Which the Flash-Light Signals will have no trouble in joining us at the proper time. Several eastern colleges will be generously represented and a number of army officers will also co-

operate. "The most northerly heliograph will T REGULAR IN- be placed at the summit of Mount Neltervals the world is son, British Columbia, from which the informed that Edi- flashes will be caught at the summit son, the "wizard of of Mount Baker, Washington and be Menlo park," and sent on down the line of snow-capped Eesla, the brilliant peaks till they reach Mexico. When



the message has been completed an answer will be flashed back along the will use the regular Morse telegraph alphabet of dots and dashes, and according to my calculations we will have sent message and received a reply within

THE DOCKED-TAIL FAD.

Its Day Is Said to He Passing Away

Nothing to Commend It. Chopping off horses' tails still seems to be a "fad" among some ultra-fashionable people. Among the horsemen, men-and even women for that matter -who admire the noblest of brutes, it is believed that the sun of the docktailed horse is setting, never to rise again. The practice is cruel and extremely barbarous, and serves no useful purpose. It not only deprives the horse of its beauty, but also of its means of defense against its persistent ene mies, the flies. The general public has a vague idea that the law prohibits the practice of docking horses' tails-or rather that the law seeks to probibit the practice. The fact that the law has not done altogether what it was hoped it would do is plainty shown by the number of horses with docked tails which are seen daily on the streets. Shorn of their beauty, with their stumps of tails elevated in the air, the poor creatures jog along with a general appearance of depression, as if utterly ashamed of themselves. There are few cases on record of dock-tailed horses running away. Docking a horse's tall will take all the proud spirit out of the animal in almost every instance. A dog :-tailed horse makes probably a safe animal for a timid young girl, or a young man whose nerves have been weakened by eigarette smoking, to drive. There are few full-grown men who would risk making themselves look ridiculous by holding the lines over a dock-tailed horse.-Ex.

Familiar Love.

Perhaps there is no period so pleasaut in all the pleasant periods of lovemaking, as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they simil lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry out of some back, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the testring out of the whole heart, in written words which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet -but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she haves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars ever produced.

Ancient Eggs in China. They do not think anything of an egg in China, it seems, until it is about 160 years of age, old eggs being worth as much in that country as old wine elsewhere. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs, which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

The British handle most of the trade

as the one we are to make has never | near the jury box in a trial. If one of been undertaken and the result will be the regulars falls ill a substitute takes

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 eard or letter to Ino. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, for a beautiful souveuir 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 detay in asking for it.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Culcugo.

Intended for the Church. Mr. Dolman in the Ladies' Home Journal states a fact that may not be generally known regarding Mr. Thos. Hardy-namely: That the author of "Tess" was intended by his fond parents to enter the church, and that he compromised with them by becoming an ecclesiastical architect.

Good Way to Help. That is a very charming expression used by Lady Harris, speaking of Sir Augustus to a representative of the Princess. "The way I help my husband most," she says, "is by keeping, as far as possible, worries out of his life."

Important Change of Time. The new service on the Nickel Plate road goes into effect on Sunday, May 19th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:95 a. m. daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:20 p. m. daily. No change of cars between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through sleepers between Chicago and Boston. Superb dining cars are a feature of the new service. Rates always the lowest. City ticket office, III Adams street. Telephone main 389.

Ontput of a Naphtha Fount. A new naphtha fount of remarkable yield has been struck near Baku. The output, which is ejected with uncontrollable force, is computed at about 15,000 tens per day. All the available reservoirs have been filled and the oil is now being run off into the Caspian sea. So far all attempts to batten down the outrush have been fruitless. The thick iron stakes used in these endeavors are shattered like matchwood.

The smallest humming-bird weighs

How much they suffer when nervous, Thousands write that they suffered inweak and tired.

racking, living death to those afflicted, up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are

others. The cause of this condition is cient to create an appetite, and from impure and insufficient Blood. and it will properly feed the nerves and. The nerves become stronger, the sleep cowles of snow to Mount Nelson. We make them strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla becomes natural and refreshing, the

cures nervousness because it acts di- hands and limbs become steady, and rectly upon the blood, making it rich soon "life seems to go on without efand pure and endowing it with vitality fort," and perfect health is restored. Such and strength-giving power. No other is the work which Hood's Sarsaparilla medicine has such a record of cures. is doing for hundreds of women today.

tensely with nervousness and were cured Nervous prostration is a lingering, by this great medicine. The buildingthough wholly imcomprehensible to wonderful. Even a few doses are suffithat time on its healing, purifying, Make the blood pure, give it vitality strengthening effects are plainly felt.

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CEORGE CURRIER, General Agent. 194 S. Clinton St., Chicago, III.

Hite Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool it- snow-capre : monhitains, it- streams full of trous and its giorions sceners, both grand and pastoral Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a bu-y life and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene. Colorado : the place | Tire air, pure water and the lest of hote; accommodatiods are the three excentint that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION agr to held in

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sett Exempton Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for recorn until Septemher I and will be sofd to any one applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during but time, low excursion rates will be made from Penver to all of the famous Co ora o resorts, such as Feter Park Colorado Springs, Stanton, The Garden of the God-, Glenwood Springs, etc. It you would it on circular giving the det ils of the excar fon, rates, contes, train service, write to P. S. El'STIS, Gen't Passenger Agend. . b. & Q. R. K., Chieppeo, In., but. anyway, make up your wind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.



She had been wrong-all wrong. She strawberry preserves; the fresh-Dick did most of the talking at supthem to Marion Potter, invariably per-there was no doubt of that. But when Mora walked down to the gate with Mr. Potter about 9 o'clock, he had two jars of the chili sauce, which at supper he had so praised, under his "Mora," he said, "I have seldom seen

tellographs, thirty of which will be ing" well, which exhales immense quacsperated on the tops of mountains, titles of noxious gases

"constitutional."

sending a message by heliograph from Rev. Rr. A. W. Rudisill of the Rudi-Briffsh Columbia to Mexico," said Mr. sill Memorial Publishing House of the Steel to the writer, "I was about ready Methodist-Episcopal church in India, to agree with my friends that it was says that bricklayers work in Madras, too visionary for serious thought. But India for 16 cents a day, and do good the more I studied it the more firmly work. became convinced that the plan was | Louis McDonald of the lobster-house feasible, and my view is now shared by at Portland Pier, Me., has an albino many scientists who will experiment in lobster-preserved in alchohol. It is the the big experiment. It is something only specimen known. wholly new, and I am losing no oppor- | Sergt. O'Keefe, who spent five years tunity to profit by the counsels of able in the observatory on Pike's Peak, says periments on a practically small scale above. with the heliograph. Such a great trial in Mexico two substitute jurors sit twaited with no small degree of anxi- his place and the trial proceeds. ty for those interested in scientific mat- One of the natural curiosities of Staners. We will have use for about fifty wood, Wash., is a "blowing" or "breath-