

**A DIAMOND NECKLACE**

**S**PEAKING of bridal presents," said Mrs. Palmer, settling a sofa pillow comfortably under her blond head and stretching out gracefully in her luxurious steamer chair, "did I ever tell you the story of the diamond necklace?"

"I was in Milan for the carnival, having gone early in order to secure comfortable quarters at the Hotel Cavour, and the first day at table d'hôte dinner I was seated next to the prettiest girl I ever saw. We all have our ideal of beauty, I suppose, and she simply realized mine, that is all. The man sitting by her on the other side was her brother, I discovered from their talk, and there was anyhow a striking likeness so it goes without saying that he was too good to look at. At first, I noticed nobody else, hardly at all, indeed, in fact, so absorbed was I in stealing glances at these two beautiful young creatures, but toward the close of the meal I heard the girl say in a sweet, well-bred voice, which had a vibrant ring to it, stirring some dormant emotion in me, making me yearn over her with the instinct of motherhood, I suppose—I heard her say to her brother, 'Do you think the count will come this evening, Jack?'"

"Certainly," the young fellow answered, gayly. "The stars have so ordained it and there is no resisting one's destiny, sister mine."

"I don't know what caused me to look up just then, but I glanced across the table and saw, sitting directly opposite the young girl, an old woman, so yellow and withered and at the same time so fantastically dressed that I wondered I had not noticed her before. She wore a lavender gown, profusely trimmed with ribbon and lace, and her black hair, thickly streaked with gray, was bound back from her forehead by a broad velvet ribbon and twisted in a loose knot low on her neck. Her gray eyes, which had a strange cat-like gleam of yellow in them, were riveted upon the face of the girl, and presently I felt the latter stir a little uneasily, as though the basilisk glare disturbed her."

"The next evening I found my seat taken by a good-looking, bronzed individual, whom the girl addressed as Count von Rosenberg, but who was known to the brother as Ludwig. I had in the meantime made certain inquiries about my old lady of the eyes and had learned that she was an American named Harding, very eccentric, and very, very rich. She was in her usual place and every time I looked at her I saw her eyes fastened with the same intense expression upon the beautiful face opposite her. 'She is fascinated by the girl's beauty and has no foolish qualms about showing it,' I thought, and gave my attention wholly to my dinner, for I had tramped about a good deal that day and was healthily hungry. From stray scraps of conversation which floated to me now and then I learned that the girl—the way, her name was Claire Ellison—had never met the count before, but the two young men had traveled together in Russia and were close friends."

"We all sat for awhile after dinner in the salon and I saw Mrs. Harding take a book, and with this as a screen, seat herself in the darkest and most obscure corner of the room to watch the movements of her prey. When they left the room she, too, disappeared."

"I came upon my young people at the Brera next morning, and, would you believe it, that old woman was again in attendance, saying nothing, but staring?"

"I began to feel as if there were some-



**I SHALL GIVE YOU MY DIAMOND NECKLACE.**

thing uncanny about her, and if we had been back in old Salem days I, for one, should have been ready to burn her as a witch. I could hear that the two young men were beginning to tease Claire about the impression she had made, but she laughingly protested that the count was the attraction quite as much as she was."

"Later in the day I was lingering in the dim old refectory of Santa Maria della Grazie, where the gloom is somewhat lightened by that wonderful 'Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, when I heard a faint scream and saw Claire running down a corridor alone."

"'It is that old woman!' she cried, rather breathlessly, as her brother joined her. 'I met her in that dark passage and her eyes frightened me.' He led her away into the sunshine, laughing at her and asserting that the old lady had only fallen a victim to her better sex."

"La Scala was opened for the carnival that evening, and as royalty was present the house was a particularly brilliant one; the Ellisons occupied the box next the royal party, and it seemed to me that as many eyes did homage to Claire's fresh loveliness as to the charms of the gracious Queen Margherita herself. From my seat in the parquette I soon desisted old Mrs. Harding in a box opposite the Ellisons, more extravagantly dressed than ever. She wore an evening gown of rich, creamy old satin trimmed with

priceless yellow lace, decollete, absolutely decollete, and around her withered old neck flashed a magnificent necklace of diamonds. She sat well forward in the box, which she had all to herself, and her eyes, more catlike than ever in the electric light, were fixed upon Claire and the count. "She must be crazy," I thought, but soon I forgot everything in the delight of listening to Verdi's lovely music. Oh! those rapturing strains, I shall never hear their like again out of Italy."

"They left next morning and I knew nothing of them till two months later I met the brother and sister at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, and, after we had become quite friendly, Claire showed me the necklace and a little twisted note from the lady, containing these words, without introduction of any kind:

"'I have made hypnotism a study and have long desired to experiment upon some one. You came in my way and I will a match between you and the count. I succeeded, and, to reward you for the service you unconsciously rendered me, I send you the promised diamonds. I wish you much happiness.'"

"This came two days after our engagement," said Claire, blushing, "but how did she know?"

"Do you think the engagement was brought about by hypnotism?" I asked, smiling.

"Ludwig said it was a case of love at first sight," said the girl, softly."

"Well, when we met once more at dinner Mrs. Harding leaned forward and said to Claire in a low tone, 'I shall give you my diamond necklace for a bridal present.' She seemed to expect no reply, for she drew back and motioned the waiter to fill her wine glass. The young girl said not a word, but blushed a vivid, rosy red, while I thought I detected a certain mischievous but quickly suppressed light in the count's dark eyes."

**WITHOUT PROOF.**

**A Clever but Wicked Woman Boldly Plans a Crime.**

A well-known detective told a good story, the truth of which he vouches for, says the Washington Star.

"One day," he said, "a lady came into my office, evidently in deep trouble."

"You are a detective?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want your services in a very delicate matter," she said, her voice sinking to a whisper as she glanced nervously about to see that no one was present that could hear the conversation."

"My husband," she continued when satisfied no other visitors were in the room, "has a suicidal mania. He appears to be in perfect health, eats well, sleeps well, has no cares or troubles that I know of and yet I have to watch him carefully in order to keep him from committing suicide. His mania—for, of course, I know it is that with him—is so subtle that no one would suspect it for an instant. But he has laudanum secreted around the house. I have found several vials of it and fear that there is more that I have not been able to discover."

"The case was a most interesting one, and I agreed to visit the house in the guise of an invited relative of the wife and study the affair. I was greeted most cordially by the husband and with twenty-four hours admired him greatly. A lighter-hearted, merrier, happier man I never saw. Three nights later I was awakened by the screams of the wife and hastily arising and dressing, ran downstairs, meeting her in the hallway, holding an empty bottle labeled 'laudanum.' I rushed to the man's bedside, but too late. He was not yet dead, but never recovered consciousness."

"The seeming grief of the widow was heartrending, but I caught a gleam in her eyes that convinced me she had poisoned her husband and her ruse in having me in the house had been as bold as it was successful, for not a word of evidence could I have produced that she had plotted the murder of her husband. Two months later she was married again and went to Europe."

**Never Saw Ice Before.**

"One of the funniest sights I ever saw was a South Sea Islander with his first chunk of ice," remarked the captain of a trading schooner. "I was lying at anchor at one of the Navigator Islands once when some natives came aboard. It was an awfully hot day and I had just been getting some ice up from below. The natives looked at it curiously and so I handed one a chunk. The moment it touched his hand he dropped it like a hot shot and looked at his palms to see if they were burned."

"After a deal of jabbering they all sat around it and watched it melt. They couldn't understand it at all, and when there was nothing left but a wet spot on the deck they sat around it and discussed the phenomenon."

"I put a piece of ice in my mouth and then gave them some. They shifted it from hand to hand like a hot coal, put the tips of their tongues on it gingerly and finally swallowed the chunk. It was a source of great wonder to them."—San Francisco Post.

**A Misunderstanding.**

"I say, stranger," whispered a Western man, who had strayed into an uptown theater where the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was going on, "I can't make head nor tail of this thing. What's the name of this play, anyhow?" "Romeo and Juliet," "Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted Westerner, "I wouldn't have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Juliet."—Harlem Life.

Every woman can be beautiful to at least one man.

**IS A GIANT GENIUS.**

**PROF. WILLIAM CROOKES AND HIS FAMOUS TUBE.**

He Made Possible the Discovery of the Wonderful Light Developed by Prof. Roentgen of Vienna—A Patient and Painstaking Worker.



**PROFESSOR WILLIAM CROOKES**, whose scientific genius made possible the discovery of the wonderful light of Roentgen, has been widely known for years. Indeed, there are few men who have achieved more brilliant and valuable results in the laboratory than the discoverer of the "tube" which is now so much talked of. Professor Crookes was born in London 64 years ago, and in his boyhood became interested in photography. He took a course in the Royal College of Chemistry under Dr. Hoffman, and soon became assistant to his tutor. At 22 he was appointed superintendent of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. In 1859 he founded the Chemical News, and in 1864 became the editor of the Quarterly Journal of Science. Professor Crookes was born with a love for original search. He discovered the new metal thallium while examining the residues from a sulphuric acid works. He was then made a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1872 he developed many interesting matters in his investigations on "repulsion resulting from radiation. In 1877 he invented the theoscope. In a paper that year before the Royal Society he said he had succeeded in obtaining a vacuum so nearly approaching perfection that the

**SHE HAS A "PULL."**

**This Young Woman Has the Freedom of the Executive Mansion.**

Miss Nellie Parker, of Richmond, Va., may not be a political boss, but she has a longer and stronger "pull" with President Cleveland than most of the "leaders" of the democratic party. Miss Parker deserves to have much influence at Washington—or anywhere else, for that matter—for she is one of the distinguished beauties of the south, and that is saying a great deal. The story of the great favor she is held in by the administration is interesting. Some months ago the president visited Atlanta, and Miss Parker took advantage of his presence there to call upon him. He was immediately delighted with the young lady, and gave her, as a souvenir of the occasion, a brand-new cent piece. This he told her to guard carefully, and when she wanted entrance to the White House to show this cent piece to the guards and that she would be admitted readily and without question. Miss Parker treasured her cent piece with great care. Not long ago she was in Washington, and she thought she would try the talismanic effect of Mr. Cleveland's coin present. She did, and, mirabile dictu! its glistening red color acted as an open sesame, and Miss Parker was promptly ushered into the presidential presence. Miss Parker is one of the belles of Richmond, and is noted throughout the south for her charm of person. She is a democrat and the daughter of Dr. W. W. Parker, a well-known medical man of Virginia's capital.

**ON THE WRONG SIDE.**

**One Woman's Search for Her Ancestors Resulted in Disappointment.** She had been invited to be present at the reception of the Daughters of the American Revolution, says an exchange, and her heart glowed with patriotism as she beheld the American



MISS NELLIE PARKER.

pressure in it was only 0.4 millionth of an atmosphere. It was found that in such an extreme vacuum gases pass into an ultragaseous state, which Professor Crookes described as "radiant matter." It was these vacua that made possible the incandescent lamp. He has written a small library, every book of which is of value to experimental and commercial science. His name came before the general public in the '70s, when he undertook an investigation of the physical phenomena of spiritualism. His book on the results of those experiments, with the media of "John King" and "Katy King," was widely read on its publication. But



**PROF. WILLIAM CROOKES**, while the scientific world placed the highest value on his experiments in other lines, it paid no attention to the results he obtained in his work on the occult side of nature. Professor Crookes' name can never be dissociated from Roentgen's discovery, because his "tube" was its basis. He is, perhaps, the most patient and painstaking experimenter of modern times.

flags, shields, coats-of-arms and streamers with which the room was decorated. The speeches added to her exaltation and she felt the blood of fighting sires running like fire through her veins. The woman in the stunning chinchilla cape and blue velvet gown, who really didn't "look as though she had ever had any ancestors," had discovered a friend in the dowdy woman in gray, and the outsider heard her say: "Oh, yes, I belong. My children can trace their ancestry back through five lines to the Norman conquest." A little gasp from the recipient of this information broke the awestruck pause, and then, regaining her breath, the dowdy woman, with her nose tip tilted, said: "They are fortunate, indeed. We are proud of our two lineal tracings to the days of King Arthur, but only claim our ancestry back to the revolution, since we live in a republican country."

The spirit of envy devoured the woman who was not a "Daughter." The very next day she put into effect her resolution to find out the names of her revolutionary ancestors, for she was assured she must have had them. For three days she searched records and the fourth day she searched again and "ran them to earth." "James Brown, who married Maria, daughter of Jonas and Ellen Smith," dated back to 1769 for the time of his marriage and she sighed a great sigh of relief. But—alas for ambition—he fought on the Tory side!

The latest university to open its door to women is the one at Athens. Five women were enrolled for the winter lectures, not without violent opposition from the students, who became divided. One student finally shot another during the trouble.

A century ago paper was so dear in this country that butchers used to give their customers the meat wrapped up in a large vegetable leaf.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
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Christianity is a religion for the millions, for the masses. All have sinned and all need the gospel of redemption. Woo to any church that degenerates into a social club and caters to her own pow-holders.—Rev. C. H. Jones.

**Free to "Comrades."**  
The latest photograph of the Hon. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Write to F. H. Lord, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

**Terror Cuts a Figure.**  
An electrician says it is possible for him or any man familiar with wires to take double the number of volts that a person in mortal terror of the mysterious fluid can possibly survive.

**SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc.,** should be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Avoid imitations.

**Wade—Prof. Garner is in Africa again, talking with monkeys. Butcher—Giving pink teas?—Puck.**

**Cole's Cough Balsam** is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The man who is in earnest about saving his soul, will be in earnest about everything he does.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4229 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Fun is of two kinds—the kind you pay for and the kind someone else pays for.

**Pain is not conducive to pleasure.** especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please you, for it removes them perfectly.

It is needless to talk about honesty, give one credit for all you find in him.

**Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home with you.** You will find it to exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

Some consciences are better goods than guides.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.** Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, *Washburn's* Soreness Suffer for Children Teething.

Luck walks while work rides in a carriage.

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**ALABASTINE**  
DURABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WALL COATING.

**SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE.**  
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**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM** cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents Fall-out. Restores Gray Hair to its natural color. Cleans scalp, cures a hair falling-out, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE?**  
Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds \$1.00 post paid.  
If you will cut this out and send with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. w.n.

**Glass Eyes.**  
A glass eye may, it is said, be used only six to twelve months. The humors of the eye corrode the glass and cause it to become rough, thus irritating the delicate membrane and necessitating a renewal of the false optic.

Good luck is often bad luck in disguise.

**Spring**

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

**Spring**

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

**Spring**

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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