# THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

CHAPTER VI.

The moon was shining brightly over the ruins of Kilferran Abbey, and Blanche Tredethlyn, gazing out of the window of her own room, in the new house she had built, felt that she had never thoroughly appreciated the beauty of the scene before. The solemnity of a great change had fallen upon her. Tredethlyn Castle was no longer hers. Sir Bernard died a little before the completion of the building of Blanche's house at Kilferran, and the present owner of Tredethlyn was absent, and had shut up the castle. It had been placed at Blanche's disposal for an unlimited time, but she preferred to take up her abode at Kilferran, as soon as the new house could be got into order; and she, Gemma, and Mr. Vaughan, now a very old man, had just arrived. The loneliness of the place, the strangeness of the life there had a charm for Blanche in her sorrow, and the slight figure of the young mistress of Kilferran, in its dim mourning dress, offered no discordant contrast to the general aspect of the scene.

Since those sunny summer days at Tredethlyn, a strange alteration had come over Blanche which made of her a being lonely and apart. It was not her ill-fated love; she had accepted that in a spirit so humble, so loyal and so frank, that it had not power to embitter her. Neither was it her grief for her father, which, deep and sincere as it was, and full of the aching void of loneliness, was not of a rebellious and resentful kind. The change had another origin, which not even Gemma, though the love subsisted between the two, true and devoted as ever, had been able to discover. Her smile had its familiar sweetness, and there was the same musical ring in her sweet, low voice; but there was a far-away look in her eyes, and she spoke and moved sometimes like one in a dream. As true in the discharge of every duty, and scrupulously careful for the comfort of every one around her, Miss Tredethlyn was not of the world she was in. As she had lived of late among the people at Tredethlyn, so she lived among the fewer and ruder people at her new home—kind, distant, different, alone.

Blanche stood by her window, which opened down to the floor; the moonlight shone on her face, thinner, more transparent, far handsomer than it had used to be; it touched the lines of her figure, clothed in a loose black dress, and the long tresses of her fair hair, pushed back from her face, and falling over her shoulders. Behind her was the luxurious, brightly-lighted, flower-scented room, a picture of modern life and comfort; before her, the new, incomplete-looking flower-garden, and a young plantation; then a stretch of greensward, the abrupt rise of a steep hill, and the old, old abbey, ghastly, but yet beautiful, in the moonlight.

"My dreams," she murmured, "oh, my dreams! Shall I ever find their interpretation? They crowd about me here, more than in my old home; my life is theirs, the hours in which I am not dreaming hardly count. Whence do they come? and why to me? and why more and more constantly? It must be because I so cherish and love them. I turn from the brightest day to the night which brings them to me—from the company of my friends to my silent communion with these shades. How Gemma watches me, and Mr. Vaughan! I know they are looking fearfully for the fancied traces of some mortal disease; I know they think I am not to live long—the Tredethlyns die young, I believe; and it may be so, but I feel no illness, no pain, and if I do feel weariness, it is that which comes of pain that is past, as mine is. Yes, past, quite past, and gone for ever. I loved him with all my fancy, not with all my heart, not according to the passion called love, surely, or I could not have forgiven, not him, but myself; I could not now think with more than composure, with cheerful hope and pleasure, of his return, and of their marriage. But I do not suffer now; it is all gone, and my dreams are here instead, and they never bring me any pain. Perhaps they leave a mark on me, when I come back from them to the life which is not life, a mark which people see, and cannot understand, and they watch me because of that. Well, let them. I would tell what my dreams are, but they might leave me then, like the fairies I used to believe in when I was a child, who would never appear twice to any mortal who had told of the mysterious grace done him by the "wee people." They, too, might vanish and leave me more than ever lonely. No, no," Blanche murmured, as she waved her small hand slightly towards the ruin, as though bidding it adieu, and dropped the curtain before the balconied window, "I cannot tell anyone my dreams."

Blanche retired to rest, and soon the moonbeams, peeping through chinks in the curtains, glimmered on her sleeping face. One white, slender hand lay softly on the counterpane by her side, but the other was hidden in the lace at the bosom of her nightdress, and closed over the mysterious and precious jewel which she always wore. By day or night, the ruby heart with the tear of pearl rested ever in the girl's bosom, concealed by her plain mourning dress by day, never worn as an ornament, but the constant, inseparable companion of Blanche Tredethlyn's life.

Blanche ever beautiful and charming, and she was very popular in the new home to which she had accompanied her friend. She was very happy though her lover was absent. No jealous fears, no unworthy doubts disturbed her, and even natural anxiety on his behalf, while it made the feeling with which she regarded him very solemn, did not distract her or make her restless. Ruthven Ramsay would do his duty, she knew right well, and she was proud to know it, and if distinction were to be earned, he would surely earn it. All his letters were confirmatory of this faith, all breathed hope, love, and assurance, and Gemma was happy. With the quick sympathy of their race, and the appreciation of beauty and grace also natural to them, the people about Kilferran regarded Gemma with peculiar favor. They had found out that she came of good blood, that she was of the nobles of her own country, who had had misfortunes, a circumstance which did but increase their importance in the estimation of the impressionable and romantic people, who held the great names of their own land, all associated with misery and oppression, in undying reverence.

The people about had heard before long of "the Captain," and many a knowing look and kindly smile were directed at Gemma when the postman had informed the neighborhood (as he always did) that there was "a thin letter" for the young lady up at the Abbey. Thin letters from India came comparatively rarely then, but Gemma received one by every mail, and the happiest days of her life were those on which these letters arrived, and were afterwards discussed with Blanche. These arrivals and discussions had been for a long time the source of sore trial to Miss Tredethlyn, though she had never failed to welcome the former, and had never shrunk from the latter. But all such trials had ceased now, she felt them no more. All pain had passed away, it seemed to her, and the land which is very far off had in some mysterious way glided near to her, and her eyes were ever directed towards it, her heart ever yearning, though with no impatience, to reach it. Ruthven Ramsay was beginning to talk of coming to England; the last of England's enemies in Hindostan had been conquered, of course for ever, his promotion having been satisfactory, and his prospects in the service being very good. Such were the contents of Ruthven Ramsay's last letter, which formed the subject of discussion between Blanche and Gemma one autumn day, when the leaves were falling, and the winds were sighing softly, as a prelude to their winter wailing, around the ruined walls of Kilferran.

The girls had been out for some hours early in the day, accompanied by Mr. Vaughan, and had been watching the progress of the workmen engaged in converting the land immediately about the new house into ornamental grounds. They were pressing on the operations so as to forestall the severe weather, in particular the draining of a small but deep pond; an unsightly object, and useless for the purposes of the new house. Blanche had come in tired, and was lying on a couch, placed close to her favorite window, while Gemma sat by her side. In Gemma's hand was Ramsay's letter, Blanche's eyes were closed.

"After all, all he tells me does not make things right," said Gemma—"he must marry a poor girl, and I must be snubbed by his people, I suppose."

"No, no," said Blanche, "they could never do that, I am sure, and Colonel Ramsay will not give them the chance if they were inclined. Besides, Gemma, darling—though—though you may not be what people call rich, English people have such extravagant notions of the money one wants to be happy in this world; you—you will not be poor either, not quite portionless, you know."

Blanche spoke hesitatingly, and took Gemma's disengaged hand and softly kissed the tapering fingers. Gemma lifted up her head and looked at her.

"You mean that you will doter me. No, Blanche, this must not be. Ruthven and I knew you had this intention in your mind; we have often written about it; but we are of one mind about that. It must not be!"

"Any why not, Gemma? Why am I not to do what I like with my own—with the money which my dear father left me, to dispose of at my free will?"

"Because it would be wrong of you; because it would be mean and unworthy of him and of me. You have been my best friend, dearest Blanche. Think of the comfortless, uncongenial, grudging home you took me from. What sort of home, and how welcome I was there is plain, I think, considering that my uncle has never asked me to return, or cared that I was living all this time upon your bounty. Think of the home you have given me ever since, and"——

"Gemma," interrupted Blanche, "you are arguing for, not against me. It is because you have no real home but this, because we are sisters in all things, because our life is one, that I have a right to expect you will let me do as I propose. My darling, what is it all worth to me, apart from you?"

"Now, I know that is so," said Gemma; "but it will not always be so. The time must come for me to leave you, and follow his fortunes, and then, or before then, I sometimes hope a similar hope, but brighter in one sense—it could not be brighter in another—will have come to you. You will marry, Blanche, and then—then — you will know that, in common honor and honesty, we could not let you give us money which must be your husband's. Don't you see all this, dearest Blanche? Ruthven has said it all to me, and I knew the time would come when I should have to say it to you."

Gemma was now kneeling by her friend's couch, and her arms were clasped around Blanche's slender form. As she spoke of the probability that Blanche would marry, a deep blush had suffused the pale face into which she was looking; but it passed away quickly as Blanche replied with a smile:

"I shall never marry, Gemma; be quite sure of that, as sure as I am. I shall wrong no possible husband, no future children, by what I intend to do."

"Never marry? And why?"

"Because it is not my vocation, not my destiny. I think mine is the best and happiest fate of any." Here she paused, and drew Gemma, whose southern blood was chilled by something in her face, closer to her, "Gemma, darling, you do not know that I have heard Cyprian's bells."

At this moment a noise of many eager, shouting voices, and the tread of hurrying feet underneath the window, came suddenly into the room, and Blanche and Gemma started up and ran to the window. A crowd of workmen—in the midst of whom they perceived Mr. Vaughan, and a large dark object, carried by two men, but of whose nature they could form no idea—were turning the angle of the house. The girls hurried down to the chief entrance, and almost as soon as they reached it the crowd approached, and Mr. Vaughan saw them.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened?" asked Blanche.

He directed the men to advance to the door with the burden they carried, and they laid down at Miss Tredethlyn's feet a heavy, strangely-shaped, object, blackened, rusted, defaced by time, but bearing some resemblance to a monstrous bird with beak and claws and out-stretched wings. The girls looked at it, wondering, and the men stood around, silent now, but also wondering, and listening to Mr. Vaughan's explanation.

"When they had emptied the pond in the place known as the Friar's Garden, the men found at the bottom a quantity of rubbish and some heavy stones. They began to remove them, and found beneath them this strange object. I believe they tried to knock it to pieces with their pickaxes at first; but one of them brought me to the spot where it lay, a mere blackened, monstrous-looking lump of metal. I recognized it, after a brief examination, as a lectern of ancient form and fabric; and I have no doubt that it is a lectern which belonged to the old Abbey in the time of the Dominican Friars, and that it was flung into the pond when the Abbey was dismantled by Sydney's troops. If this be true, you are to be congratulated on the discovery of so valuable and interesting an object of antiquity on your property."

Blanche and Gemma were stooping over the huge mass, eyeing it with curiosity, while Mr. Vaughan spoke; but the men looked askance, and one of the foremost whispered to his neighbor:

"Valuable, is it? Arrah! sure it's only a lump of ould iron."

"The Tredethlyn tradition is destined to follow you, it seems," said Mr. Vaughan; "the relics of the past turn up wherever a Tredethlyn has a house."

The strange-looking object, having been cleaned as far as possible, was carried into the house, the men were liberally rewarded, and Miss Tredethlyn, Gemma and Mr. Vaughan were left to examine the lectern, for such it undoubtedly was. The battered and blackened surface proved, after much rubbing and oiling, to be finely-wrought brass, and the ruby eyes were still perfect. The girls watched the process of cleaning the lectern with much interest, speculating upon its age, upon how it came into the place where it had been found, upon the dead-and-gone monks who had read the sacred Evangels, reverently standing before it; upon the closed ears which had heard within the ruins yonder the awful words of counsel, command and consolation. Blanche was animated and excited; Gemma declared that she had not seen her so much so since the day she had been given the ruby heart, "the happy day when I first saw Ruthven," she whispered. The services of a competent person were secured to restore the lectern as far as possible, and by degrees the artistic beauty of the design and finish of the workmanship became apparent. When the restorer's task was complete Mr. Vaughan made a minute examination of the fine brazen plates representing the feathers on the eagle's breast, and found that one of them, which had been very much beaten in and was restored with difficulty, concealed a small orifice, dexterously stopped with an iron plug. Blanche only was with him when he made this discovery, and they both wondered what the meaning of this hole, which had evidently been carefully made, and as carefully stopped, could be.

"Perhaps the lectern is hollow," said Blanche at length; "and that may be a keyhole."

"I think you are right," replied Mr. Vaughan; "the body of the bird may be a receptacle for something — papers, perhaps. How wonderful if we should find anything of the kind, though, of course, they would be illegible long ago."

"Perhaps not," said Blanche. "I don't think water has ever got inside the lectern. But there was no sound when it was moved."

"No, but then the orifice was shut. Put your ear to it, your hearing is so keen, while I shake it."

Mr. Vaughan shook the brazen bird while Blanche listened. But she heard nothing. He shook it once more, and she again listened. Then she looked up, "Yes, yes, there's a sound — a faint sound — very far down. I can just catch it, but it is there—it is, indeed."

"Then we will try and find out what causes it," said Mr. Vaughan; "there's something that will open the plates among my graving tools."

"Oh!" said Blanche, detaining him for a moment, "it makes me feel so strange—it is almost like opening a coffin."

"We may find a relic there," said Mr. Vaughan. "I should not wonder if the friars hid something of great price in so secure and ingenious a hiding place, when the troubles came on them, and they were driven out."

"Let me call Gemma," she said.

"Call no one, Blanche, until we know what this is. Let no one but you and me know anything about it."

Miss Tredethlyn watched Mr. Vaughan with breathless interest, as he plied some sharp, strong tools and contrived to raise two of the brazen plates below the plugged orifice. He made way but slowly, and was saying he feared he must have the assistance of a smith, when the point of the tool he was using caught in an imperceptible groove and slid rapidly in a straight line from left to right. It had evidently touched a spring or hinge, for a plate, six inches in length, fell open, disclosing the interior of the eagle's breast, formed of metal of surprising thickness. Mr. Vaughan plunged his hand into the orifice, and took out with difficulty, so closely was it stowed away, a large packet covered with some woolen substance, which fell to pieces and disclosed a roll of tin or lead, which again contained a roll of ancient, discolored parchment. This Mr. Vaughan opened and found that it consisted of several skins closely written over in the quaint character of three hundred years ago, but with all the care, distinctness, and evenness which distinguished the monastic writings of that and earlier periods. He laid the scroll aside, and, putting his arm down into the open space, searched every corner of it carefully; but there was nothing more.

"What are they?" asked Blanche, looking at the scrolls of parchment with somewhat of the awe and reverence inseparable, in imaginative and refined minds, from any object of antiquity which records the lives and the experiences of human beings long passed into the unknown world. She lifted the fragments of the woollen stuff which the packet had been wrapped in, and looked at them solemnly, wondering whose were the fingers which had touched it last. Were they numbered among the bones which had been reverently re-buried lately, when the earth about the Abbey yonder was turned up, or were they dust in the undisturbed graves within the ruin?

"Mr. Vaughan, what are the papers?"

"I cannot tell yet. It will take me a long time to decipher them, though they are uninjured; for the writing is difficult, and the language, too; it is old French. If, as it seems likely, these papers throw a light upon the past history of the Abbey, our discovery will be valuable, indeed."

CHAPTER VII.

At Mr. Vaughan's request Miss Tredethlyn left him alone to the task, to which he applied himself with the keenest interest and zeal. While she remained away from the scene of his labors, her thoughts dwelt upon them unremittingly, and her fancy wove a thousand romances of the life, so long extinct, which had once animated the scene in which she took such delight. But no effort of her imagination had prepared her for the communication which Mr. Vaughan made to her, when late that night he summoned her to his presence.

She found Mr. Vaughan standing by a large table on which the parchment scrolls were laid out, together with several loose sheets of paper, covered with notes in his own handwriting. Strong emotion was visible in the old man's face, and his hands shook as he advanced towards her.

"Blanche," he said, "we have found a treasure!"

"The history of the abbey?"

"No, a real treasure—a treasure in gold, and jewels, and in a record of such romantic interest as could hardly be surpassed; a record, too, interwoven with the story of your own race in an extraordinary way. Don't look frightened, there is nothing to fear, though much to be surprised at. Sit here, where I have been sitting, and I will tell you the strange story which these parchments reveal."

Blanche obeyed him in silence.

"Look at the first skin of parchment,' he went on; 'this is the preamble to the narrative, and it sets forth how that a monk of the Order of St. Dominick did by command of the Prior of Kilferran, in the year of grace, 1569, put in writing the things which had befallen some months previously, and his own personal concern with them, so that a sacred trust which he had undertaken might be fulfilled in the event of his death, and certain jewels of price be preserved for their rightful owners. You are following me, Blanche?

"Yes, yes, every word. How wonderful, how awful it seems!"

(To be continued).

## TRAP FOR THE COCKROACH.

### Kansas City Man Invents a Contrivance to Exterminate Them.

The latest surprise for the cockroach is a bug trap. This pesky insect has prospered and multiplied regardless of a multitude of bug poisons now on the market, each of which is guaranteed to quickly put all sorts and conditions of bugs out of circulation. Nearly every housewife has tried some one of these poisons and yet the cockroach tribe increases. When people have about come to the conclusion that a club is about the only sure thing with which to settle the coackroach question up bobs a man with a brand-new cockroach idea—that of trapping the insects. Now, in this age of great and little inventions, it does seem strange that no one ever thought of this before, but no one did.

George P. Crehore, a mechanical engineer with a shop at 423 West Fifth street, is the inventor of the bug trap. He has applied for a patent on it. He calls it the "pyramid trap," but it looks more like the roof of a house sliced off just under the eaves. It is four inches wide and four inches long at the base. The floor and the ends are of wood and the top and sides are of fine wire screen. In one of the ends is a small circle, in which is inserted a wire cylinder which extends inside to the middle of the trap. A piece of bread is put in the trap under the wire cylinder and the trap is then ready for the cockroach. The insect comes prowling along and espying the choice bit of bread under the wire cylinder and keeping on soon steps down inside the trap. There is where his career ends, for in his efforts to escape he endeavors to climb out through the wire roof and never once tries the wire cylinder through which he got in.

Now, as the cockroach is a sociable bug and great multitudes can generally be found in one place, the unfortunate bug in the trap attracts the attention of his associates, who in their effort to lend assistance find their way into the trap also. And so the good work goes on until the trap is full. Mr. Crehore has put a slide in the bottom of the trap to enable you to take the bugs out. It is left entirely to your discretion as to the best method of destroying when you catch a trap full.

Mr. Crehore has not invented his trap only for the cockroach. It is guaranteed to catch any medium-sized bug which is hungry. The trap is not intended for the breed of insects discovered up and down the walls of the apartments of men who make it a practice to stay out late at night.—Kansas City Star.

### A Little Fable.

A Beautiful young lady, being Engaged to a handsome young man, sought to Reform him.

"I observe," she said, "that you are Addicted to the Foolish Habit of Smoking. Do you not think you should stop it? It would be so much Better for you if you did. Besides, you should save money."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Handsome young man. "And I Perceive that you are a Slave to the Chocolate Caramel Habit, which is not only ruinous to the Digestion, but Expensive. Don't you Think you should Stop it, also?"

Whereupon she wept and said he was a hateful thing, and broke the Engagement.

Moral—It is not always the largest Feet that are Pinched the Most. —Baltimore American.

# THE GARDEN SEED MAN

## Who Ran for Office and Got His Leg Pulled.

Once upon a time the King-Pins of a Great Party decided that the City Ticket could not be elected, so they decided to Recognize the Better Element. If it had been an airtight Cinch, the Nominations would have gone to the Boys who do the Fine Work.

In a Residence Street which had just put in Asphalt and which had a Cast Iron Deer in nearly every Front Yard, as a slight Concession to Art, there lived a Nice Man who was in the Garden Seed Business. He said "Whom," and wore Nose Glasses, and he was Lost if he did not have an Umbrella under his Arm. He never had dallied with the political Buzz-Saw, although he had Convictions on the National Issue, and had written one or two Open Letters on Municipal Ownership, signed "Justitia."

By some Chance the Bosses singled out the Garden Seed Man as the Victim for the Off Year Sacrifice. They did not like to see a Good Fellow stand in the Breach and take the Gaff right in the Wish-Bone. If any one had to be handled with Hooks, they preferred that it should be some upright Outsider, who wore Congress Gaiters and Yarn Wristlets. The Nice Man who dealt in Leeks and Early Peas seemed to meet all the Requirements. He was due to get the Double Cross on General Principles. In speaking of him they called him The Stiff.

When they talked it over in a Wine Room at the rear of the Pug's Olympus, it was reported that the Garden Seed Man was suspected of being a Lily White, who seldom stood by the Straight Ticket, that he carried a Little Sack of Peppermint Lozenges and that he had never been known to call Anybody by his First Name. So they took a Vote to see if he should be Butchered to make a Municipal Holiday, and a Low Growl of Approval ran around the Table.

The Committeemen, who carried an overweight of Jowl and wore Cameos a little smaller than the Home-Plate, went up to the Garden Seed Office and told the Nice Man that the People over Town were sick with Anxiety to know would he be their Next City Clerk.

If he had stopped to Count Up he would have known that not more than 23 Persons had ever heard of him. But you can always convince a Nice Man that he is Prominent, and if the Ointment is properly applied and rubbed in so as to get all through the System he will think he is real Popular, too.

The Committeemen had worked the little Ball in and out of the English Walnuts before shifting to Politics, and they could sit down beside a trusting, unsophisticated Unitarian with an Open-Work Mind and convince him that Red was Yellow.

By the time they were through Pumping it into him he was sure that if he did not accept the Nomination the Lights would burn Low all over the city, and the Little Children would moan in their Trundle Beds. So he put on the Corrugated Brow and tried to look like Caesar at the Lupercal and said he would have to Knock Under to the Universal Demand. The Committeemen said they would need a little Money right away to get out some Printing. They did not say what kind of Printing, but they relieved him of enough to issue a Public Library.

His Wife and her Sister and the Man who took care of the Furnace and his other Friends heard what he was up to. They tried to get a firm Hand-Hold on his Coat-Tails and pull him out of Danger, but he knew better. He said the Populace was Calling for him. No one else heard the call. It must have come over a Private Wire.

The Man who takes the Bit in his Teeth and starts out to try the entire 33 Degrees of Chumpery can always find plenty of Good Excuses. He said the Campaign would advertise the Garden Seeds and bring him into Touch with his Fellow-Man. Later on he got into many a Touch.

It was surprising how the Voters rallied to him. He was swamped with Pledges of Support. When he was Nominated he thought he had a Chance. A Week later he began to make a List of the Plums to be distributed. Three Days before Election it had all the Ear-Marks of a Landslide. It was only a Question of Majorities. He had the Job nailed down on four Sides and then clinched underneath. It was All Over except a few faint Cries of Fraud and then being Sworn in.

He was out every Night with a lot of Bag Punchers and Mayhem Specialists, who showed him how to convert his Ready Money into Popularity. He was not a stayer, so he had to take Seltzer at every Stop. He would come Home all Carbonated worse than a Soda Fountain and with his Pockets full of pale, dangerous-looking Cigars that his wife had to remove from his Clothes with a Pair of Tweezers.

Sometimes he wondered if the Other Fellow would get any Votes at all.

The whole Body of Registered Voters seemed to be falling over each other in their Mad Rush to get into Line for him. Entire Families were flopping to his Support and working for him stronger than an Ox. So he was told. Two Men who sold him Tickets to the Piano Movers' Ball reported that they had organized a Marching Club of 1,500 in the Fourth Ward. Incidentally, they Pulled his Leg for a Bass Drum. Then, to even up, so that he would not run with a Flat Wheel, they stretched the other Leg for a Flag to carry at the Head of the Line.

Every other Ward was organized in the same Way. The Campaign Committee gave it to him Raw two or three times a Week. They could get him into a Back Room at Headquarters and pull down the Blinds and plug Cotton in the Key-Holes and Talk to him in a Stage Whisper. What they had to say could have been talked through a Megaphone at the Street Corner without any Harm being done, but all this Hush Business and the Subdued Tones are a part of the Game. Besides, it was better to have him in the Back Room so they could help him to count his Money and work the Short Change Racket without any Fear of Police Interference.

Once or twice he Bucked a little and said that inasmuch as 95 per cent. of the Voters had Declared for him, he did not see the Necessity of Coughing so frequently. They said it was for more Printing. He never saw the Printing, but they rubbed his Shoulders for him and assured him it was All Right.

What he spent on the Jacks and Billies and their Accomplices would have got him the new Surrey and repainted the House and put a new L on the Kitchen for the Girl's Room and paid for all the Works of E. P. Roe and T. S. Arthur, which he was very anxious to add to his Library.

As he saw his Balance melt he was cheered up by the knowledge that he would get it back several times over in Salary and fees, and probably be able to turn a few Tricks on the Side.

Just before Election everybody runs around in a Circle and kicks up so much Dust that no one but a Clairvoyant can size up the Situation. Even the Garden Seed Man, who had kept his Finger on the Public Pulse, could not accurately estimate his Majorities. But he had a little Table that he had made, with a Fountain Pen and a Ruler, and it showed that he was merely a few Votes shy of the Unanimous. He was expecting that someone would get up and move to make him City Clerk by Acclamation.

The Ballots were counted and the Garden Seed Man carried one Precinct in the Second Ward and two in the Seventh. The Legless Man with the Ringling Show could have Run almost as well.

At eleven o'clock on Election Night he sat at Headquarters, whence all but him had fled, and tried to figure out that it would require the Official Count to decide. They had to lead him Home. He did not want to face his Wife. The Other Man was 17,000 ahead and still Running.

Instead of taking it as a Joke, the same as Other People did, he got Sore on Humanity in General and joined a Third Party, that was opposed to anything you could mention.

He never bought the new Surrey or put the L on the Kitchen.

Moral—Don't Bank on a Certainty until the Goods are Delivered.—Geo. Ade's Modern Fables.

### In Place of Wood.

What will we do when the wool is all gone? This question has been asked from the beginning of the settlement of this country, and the question has been answered as rapidly as there was the necessity for an answer. Wood passed out as fuel, and coal took its place. Wood is rapidly passing out as a building material, and stone and brick and iron are taking its place. Receatly the farmers have been asking what they shall do for permanent feace posts.

The answer has come in the discovery that most excellent posts can be made of sand and Portland cement, prepared the same as for sidewalk purposes, and moulded to the required form. Before it hardens holes may be punched where it is desired to insert wires, or slats set in, to which boards may be nailed. They are no more expensive than cedar posts.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.


# THE HUMAN BODY A BUNDLE OF NERVES

Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak, starved and exhausted nerves result in such derangements as cause indigestion, nervous dyspepsia and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear of venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general break-down of the body.

The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is instilled with nerve energy and vitality when their nerves are revitalized by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Through this great restorative prescription, Dr. A. W. Chase has made it possible to cure the most serious case of nervous disease. This great food cure tones and invigorates the system as no preparation was ever known to do.

# DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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