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me Chinn s:--It is aformed China then ofUNDER THE LILAC TREE.

CHAPTER II. The old proverb states that the course of true love never runs smooth. Ours ran smoothly enough. The dos- ed. tor laughed when Mark told him of our engagement. My mother was delighted; she had liked Mark from the first. The one great drawback was that he was compelled to go to India for four years. He was a civil enginser by profession, and a lucrative appointment had been offered to him on a railway which was being extendsd. The advantages that would accrue mensely in experience and knowledge.

and he would make money. But during the first few happy weeks we did not think much of the parting. It was a dark cloud ahead of us, a cloud that had a silver lining; for when the four years were ended Mark was to return home and we were to be married. I should, he promised in the town. It was in the month vain? of May that we met, and in July we parted, but during the interval we spent the greater part of the time together. Other summer days have dawned for me, but none like those on which my young lover came in the early morning, while the dew sparkled on the grass, when we walked through the woods and down by the river, notfair and beautiful around us, returnmother waiting breakfast for us, the ears. table set out on the lawn. Then Mark moon rose.

the beauty of a great passion; now I see its pain and its pathos; now I know that the mighty power of love has not been given to us to be center- the world. ed in any creature. Then I had one idol. and alas, I worshipped it! I had beauty of his face, of listening to his England voice, and, when he was absent from me, of recalling every word he had no thought apart from him. I read the love stories of others, written in poetry and prose; but no love was like mine. Surely wise people, while they given it to him, as I had given my love freely and with a smile. I felt something like pity for those he did not love; I felt that every girl liv- his praise was so sweet to me.

ing must envy me. Mark Upton cared for me quite as Mark." I said, "Have you many?" much as I loved him. We spent those sorrow came—the fairyland of love and Every hour brought us closer together, bound us by newer and into other lives; but I hope that Hea-

as mine to all. On one occasion I heard the doctor laughing as he talked to my mother. He asked her if she knew that in some parts of England the beautiful fragrant shrub known as southernwood was called "lad's love." My mother replied that she had never heard it so called, and asked why was it named lad's love." I listened half curiously for the answer. "Because," he said, "it dies in a year, as lad's love often does." He looked at me as he spoke. the ripe fruit gathered in from the I thought deeply over my plans. It and I knew that he was thinking of orchards; when the "free and happy seemed useless now to leave the cottage; Mark's love, which, after all, was a barley" lay under the soythe. Mark had | it was best for me to remain there unlad's love, and might live for a year gone. or die in a day. But he did not know. understand our love, loyalty, and con- rather than leave me. Twenty times my little income of twenty pounds per

but the stars were so bright that I could not leave me; I could not let what could I do? And I must be here I call economy." remained out of doors, watching the him go. My mother said it was use- when Mark returned. night sky. The dark blue vault was less to prolong the agony of parting. When Christmas came I was still a mass of shining, twinkling gold. Mark looked at her with a white set | waiting, in dry-eyed, mute anguish, They were so bright and clear, and the face. faint mystical light they threw upon the earth was so dreamily beautiful. that I was entranced.

been shining? What have they seen? And, my darling, how soon they will

be shining on our graves!" When the stars shine in the night-sky mine only."

her look and her words come back to "Nellie," she said, "you should never give to a creature the love that is due dear child." she continued, "that you away." love Mark too much. It is not safe to center all your happiness in one person. If anything happens to that one,

your whole life is shipwrecked." "There can be no shipwreck where Mark is," I answered, strong in my faith and love.

My mother sighed. "Nothing gives me more pleasure, Nellie, than to know how happy you are with Mark. I believe he is true "My life will be one unceasing long- one morning when the snow lay on

as a man can be." "Ah. no my dear Nellie! Men are but train, it is time you went."

mortal; their power of loving is not infinite. I do not wish to sadden you, dow came into his eyes.

day, Honey.

day, Honey.

day, Honey.

Mrs. Hashly—Gentlemen, what part day. Honey.

Mrs. Hashly—Gentlemen, what part day. Honey.

Mrs. Hashly—Gentlemen, what part day. Honey.

I wouldn't ask yo' deary! But the continuity of the patimentary and the continuity of the continuity of the patimentary and the continuity of the contin to cloud your faith, to dim your love "Nellie, just come a little way with letter to India, returned to me through foh mah sake."

I do not wish to sadden you, dow came into his eyes.

I do not wish to sadden you, dow came into his eyes.

I wouldn't ask yo' to run no sich risks ent's ailmentary canal was restored by the sature between the pyloris and but this is not a double-breasted bird.

or lessen your trust; but I should like to warn you. Love with caution." "There need to no caution where Mark is concerned, mother," I rejoin-

"I am old," she continued, "I have seen a great deal of life. I do say-Heaven forbid-that all men are false, or all women: I do not say that one sex is more false than the other; but I have seen love betrayed, trust misplaced. I have known the honest heart of a man broken because a woman deserted him, and I have known a loving and tender-hearted girl die tecause her lover left her."

I raised my face to the stars shining in their calm eternal beauty. Strong to him were great. He would gain im- in my youth, ignorance, and faith, said lightly:

'Nothing of that kind can ever happen between Mark and me. "Some loves," said my mother, "las forever, osme for a day; and oh, my dear Nellie, it seems to me that this last is, in these prosaic times, commonest form of love."

"Love for a day!" I echoed. thank Heaven that is not Mark's love! My mother looked at me anxiously. I wonder how many mothers have givme, always have a home in the coun- en to their daughters just the same try. He could never ask me to live sensible advice, and just as much in

> "Do you quite understand, Nellie," asked my gentle loving mother, "what I mean, what I want you to do? Mark is to be absent four years. I do not say that this love will change or grow less; but I beg of you to leave yourself one chance. Do not give him such entire love, that if he should die or forget you, or any circumstances should part, you, your whole life would be ruined. Love with caution, Nellie."

ing with loving eyes all that was so Mark!" cried my happy heart. To Mark my handsome lover, I might One whole year passed by. Every mail to South Africa for his lungs."

I can remember a warm day in June, when Mark and I sought the ing of our marriage of that bright fu-How I loved him! Then I saw only ture, which, like the June sunshine, had no shadow, Suddenly Mark asked every one who knew him.

no life apart from my young lover's. had ever heard of were some distant thing went on as of old. I had but I never tired of looking at the dark ones in America; but I had none in but two years more to wait. Time

I told him how my home-duties and in love. spoken. I had no life, no love, no care my love of nature, of flowers, trees, Three years had passed. I remind- witnessed. "I'd like to know where

gleamed in the sunshine.

weeks in a land into which no care, no said laughing. "We have some rela- by every mail I should have news where the an comes in. One looks so tives on my mother's side who are very from my lover. Like the sharp thrust like a darned fool, sitting up on a shall have made it.

I never recalled that conversation, Mark Upton's relatives were.

CHAPTER III.

When the corn was cut down, and he would return.

"I cannot go," he said hoarsely. last train that evening, and sail from proud had not turned gray. I was "Nellie," cried my mother, "do come London on the morrow. He had spent helpless in my great grief. I wrote to the whole of the previous day with us, Mark. I told him that my mother beauty. "Mamma." I answered, "you come and he was at the cottage early on this was dead, and that I was alone in the morning of the last day. Outside the cottage, waiting for him-that neither Almost to my surprise she came, and very glory of summer lay over the his silence nor absence shook my faith. we stood together watching the far- land. We stood watching the gold- He might be ill; an accident might original color. Although it is generen sunshine with the chill of our part- have happened to him-anything, ev- ally believed that emeralds, sapphires "How bright they are, those beauti- ing upon us, a chill more bitter than erything would I believe, except that and rubies are not sibject to this ful stars!" said my mother. "Ah Nell- the chill of death. Mark had loosened he had forgotten me. I never thought change, recent experiments have esle how many thousand years have they my hair, and had cut off a long shin- of that; it never occurred to me as a tablished the proof that these stones

But I, with my warm deep love-I mise me that no hand but mine shall was dead; the rector of Gracedieu had appearance. felt no fear of death. Not even the touch these golden curls of yours while not heard from him for many months; Many gems often without any apstars in heaven shone so brightly or I am away. You are very beautiful the lawyers who had forwarded the parent cause suddenly become crackwere so true as my love. I said to her Nell, although you do not seem to money realized by the sale of his fa- ed or seamed, the damage being bethat I might die, but that the love know anything about it; and men will ther's property had not received any yond repair. Opals, known as the unthat filled my whole soul never could. admire you; but you must not listen communication from him since he had luckiest stones, are so sensitive that

I told him-truthfully-that all oth- his present address. er men were to me like shadows.

me too. Mark?"

beautiful, or--"

He interrupted me with a laugh. ing for you."

be spoken where we first met." Once more we stood by the lilac trees; away-left no address." every flower was dead, but the green

leaves were there still. "I shall leave you here, my darling," said my lover in a low voice. "I shall be four years away from you, Nellie Promise me that when I return you will meet me here, in this same place. Here, where I met the sweetest love ever given to man-here I shall return to claim my wife. Good-by. Nel-

"Good-by, Mark," I whispered. For one brief moment he put his face on mine; he kissed my brow and my lips; for one moment, sweet and bitter as death, I lay with my head upon his breast; and then he was gone. There was a blinding mist all around me, a surging as of great waters in my ears. A sharp and bitter pain seemed to pierce my heart; I felt my whole | dot fire oudt.' frame tremble. Then the blue sky the green earth, the trees and the river were all one, and I reeled and fell upon the grass. I could not weep; could not cry out. No word came to

must not give to any creature the love that belongs to One only." I lived through it-through the rest | great | borrowers." "Borrowes? One of the long bright days, through the sunny evenings, the moonlit nights. | borrowed our family album." For some weeks I had no companion save despair. I wept whenever I was

alone, but I dared not let my mother

relieve my dumb anguish and despair.

"Oh child, be warned," said my mo-

ther that evening, "be warned! You

know how sorely I grieved. Four years, four long dreary years I must wait, but there was hope at the end. He would come again, my brave young lover. My mother helped me by setting me to work. I could make so many beautiful things for my future home in four years, she said. I could paint; I could do a hundred

give in superabundance the lavish love brought me a letter, a glowing love ing from our long rambles, our hands that filled my heart; and the words of letter, and I was growing happy again. filled with wild flowers, to find my my mother's warning fell on heedless Only three years to wait now until jority of physicians are comparatively Dr. Upton, who, although he had awfully poor doctors." would linger and pass the morning shade of the tall trees that grew by laughed at us as young lovers, had alwith me. He came back in the after- the river. A refreshing breeze came ways been very kind to me, died sudnoon, and stayed with us until the over the water, and the birds were si- dealy. He fell down in the street, lent in the great heat. We were talk- and was carried home senseless. He never spoke again. He died the same evening, to the grief and distress of

> Mark felt his father's death keenly. "Have you any relatives, Nellie? You He wrote to me more lovingly than and your mother seem quite alone in ever. He said that I was all that he had in the world now, and that he I told him that my father was an must, if he could, love me even more. only child, my mother also, and that It was in May that the doctor died, I was the same. The only relatives I and for one year afterward everypassed more quickly. Only two years! "It must have been lonely for you. My mother had ceased to warn me. my darling, before I came," he said. She said no more to me about caution

and birds had filled my life. I had ed myself every hour in the day that they sells 'em," remarked an old lady lived then in the gray of the twilight; I had but one more year to wait. I lived now in the light of the glor- Mark's letters were full of love, full ing her glasses. of eagerness and hope. He had been "How little I dreamed that morn- prosperous beyond expectation. He laughed, would have wept over it! If ing that fair May morning. I was to had never missed writing to me, until he had asked for my life. I should have meet my fate!" said Mark. "Nellie. I a day came when the Indian mail shall never forget how your hair brought me nothing from him-not a word, not a line. It was the first time I looked up at him with happy eyes; such a thing had occurred, and my mother tried to comfort me. The next "We were talking about relatives. mail brought me a letter, but the one after that did not, and my confidence "Ours is a very peculiar family." he was gone-I no longer felt sure that coaching, do you? I never could see poor; they live in London. On my fa- of a sword, an idea came to me one three-story coach and cavorting over ther's side we have some distant re- day that the letters were shorter and the highway to the tooting of a horn." not correspond with either. These able fancy. How dared I think such fool that can afford it?" rich people have a title too; but I treason of my lover Mark? Then in shall never trouble them. If ever I the month of October my mother died,

> ed down before him; he was so brave, cloud had overshadowed me. She did July of the next year should come, the four years would be ended. and

> > til Mark came home again. Our old and

for the letter that I was never to re-He had to leave Gracedieu by the bair of which my lover had been so

"Dear heart, what fear!" I cried. that I might hear from Mark that stone. "Perhaps I should be happier if I be would look at me with a piteous worn, some lose their lustre. could think less of you, Nellie," he said. | shake of the head and pass on. But the ground and the bells were chim-

me," he said. "Let our last farewell the Dead-Letter Office and on it was written in an official hand "Gone

To Be Continued

WINTER WRINKLES.

"Speaking of the somnambulist." said the Cheerful Idiot, "he at least is no idle dreamer."

The Poet-"Which of my poems do you think is the best?" She-"I haven't read that one yet."

She-"Mr. Footelightly doesn't look like an actor does he?" He-"No; and he doesn't act like one, either."

He-"My heart is on fire mit lofe for you!" She, coldly-"Vell, as dere is no inzurance you hat petter put

Judge-"Why did you steal the complainant's turkeys?" Colored Prisoner -"He had no chickens, your Honor."

Miss Ethel-"I wonder if that gentleman can hear me when I sing?" Maid -"Of course he can. He is closing the window already." "Those new neighbors seem to be

night when they gave a dinner they Patience-"What is the cheapestlooking thing you ever saw about

bargain counter?" Patrice-"A hus-

band waiting for his wife." He Wouldn't Do .- Friend -"Wouldn't you like to have me sit here and shoot at the poets when they come in?" Editor-"No. You are too poor

Willie-"Mamma, can people leave things that would fill the time, and I parts of themselves in different "There is no need for caution with should know that I was working for places?" "No; don't be ridiculous!" Well. Uncle Tom said he was going

Brown-"Do you know that the ma-I should see Mark under the lilas poor men? Jones-"No, I wasn't aware again! Then clouds began to gather, of that; but I know some of them are

Author-"What do you think of my new book?" Friend-"It certainly contains much food for thought." Author -"Do you really think so?" Friend- Beck, a machinist, 46 years old, of St "Yes; but it seems to have been Louis. wretchedly cooked."

"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth. eh?" Boy -"Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands." He got | whole stomach of Anna Landis, a work-

tacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic des- life. cription of a terrible accident he had in the audience who is always mislay-

A boy being asked to describe kitten saids "A kitten is remarkable there." It must have been the same boy who thus defined scandalt "It is when nobody ain't done nothing and somebody goes and tells."

Among the Reasons.-"You enjoy

have a title it shall be through win- and after that the Indian mail brought ployed in one of our stores at a salary not given rise to obstruction, a remov- he brought up against a branch that ven give such a glimpse of happiness ning it; if ever I have a fortune I me no more news of Mark-not a sin- of \$3.50 a week. He told his employer at of the growth could be attempted. was at least fifteen feet above the My noble Mark! My whole heart bow- My mother never knew that a great leave, having got a better place. "A the stomach was involved. so gallant, so independent, as all true not know that my heart was break- better place?" echoed his employer; "On Wednesday morning I opened be the matter, and when the giraffe's ing because I had no news from Mark. "what wages are you to get?" "Three the abdomen in the usual way, and up- keeper come up and spoke to him, and Let me tell it quickly. My dear dollars a week." "But that is not so those few words, until I knew who mother was buried and I was alone much as you get here." "No," said the on examination of the stomach it was all he did was to bend his nose down, in the world, save for my lover so far boy; "but then it's better to do less found that the major curvature was not and look down, why, we saw he couldn't

> Fuddy-"Talk about saving women I suppose my wife is the most econtmical woman going." Duddy-"What has she been doing now?" Fuddy-"She has been wanting a new cloak, and the When the hour of parting came, I faithful servant, Dorothy Clarke, was other day she said, 'I wish I had fifty I won't le extravagant. I wish I had he kissed me with despairing passion annum also. I had thought once of forty dollars. Perhaps I might be able

DISEASES OF JEWELS.

Although it may seem odd it is no ceive. I wondered often that golden less true that the most precious gems

solution of the mystery of his silence. are liable to fade. Garnets are found "That shall lie next my heart, Nell, There was no one to whom I could to fade very rapidly and faded garnets

TRUE LOVE.

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TION IN ST. LOUIS.

Dr. Bernays Performed a Complete Excision of the Stomach of Conrad Beck, Who Suffered from Cancer - Beck Recovered bilitated to Live.

What was regarded at St. Louis, as operation. the greatest surgical operation of the age was performed at the Rebekah Hospital last Wednesday morning, and the fact that it gave promise of complete trustrating permanent success. success was responsible for the disclosure of the details. It was the excision of the entire stomach of Conrad

In several ways the operation was more arduous and complicated than the similar and successful undertaking at Zurich, Switzerland, on Sept. 6, 1897, of Dr. Carl Schlatter, who removed the ing woman, 65 years old. Each opera-"Oh, my friends, there are some spec- tion was impelled by cancerous growth that menaced the patient's

Beck was the first man in the world to submit to such an undertaking. Dr. A. C. Bernays, who performed the op eration, is one of the most eminent surpeous ir the West. He was assisted by Drs. Robert E. Wilson, Frank M. for rushing like mad at nothing what- Floyd, and Spencer Graves. Dr. Berever, and stopping before it gets nays gave out a carefully prepared neck, so that he couldn't bend his neck statement of the case as follows:

"The patient was sent me for operation by Dr. Summa, who had diagnosed the case as an incurable

CANCER OF THE STOMACH.

Ity severe hemorrhages and pain, and this beat 'em all. We discovered it by inadequate digestion, all caused by the carcerous tumors, the patient was latives who are very rich; but we do colder. I hated myself for my miser- "I know it, but it isn't every darned much reduced in strength, and had lost about 27 pounds in weight. Dr. A young colored philosopher was em- Summa thought that as the tumor had his head right up straight in the air one morning that he was about to It was thought that only a portion of

away-alone, save for him, and when and not get so much than to do more involved at all, that the disease was lo- bend his neck, and then we knew cated along the minor curvature, and that it extended the whole length from the esophagus to within an inch of the pylorus. This fatter outlet of the stomach was entirely free from disease. It was found that all of the organs ex- crutch in the end of it to lift the He was old and immersed in the cares believe Mark would have given up the sufficient protection for me. I had dollars to get that cloak with! Then cepting this small portion of about one branches for him. Most of the time, of a grave profession. How could be appointment, with all its advantages, money enough for one year, and I had she thought a moment, and added. 'No inch would have to be removed in order almost all the time, in fact, we could to give the patient a chance to get One evening Mark had gone home; and love, left me, and returned. He going away, but whither should I go- to get it for that.' Now, that's what well. This operation was done, and was long stretches where there wasn't the lower end of the esophagus was any tress at all; and then we'd come united to the pyloric endor outlet of to places where the man would have the stomach.

years operated on cases in which the that manner. are subject to various diseases, which removal of the entire stomach might frequently destroy their lustre and have resulted in a cure, but never have had the knowledge necessary to war- so that he wouldn't have to bend down One of the most common diseases of rant me in the operation and have also more than eight or ten feet, but he jewels is an inclination to change their lacked in courage. The recent successful operation by Dr. Schlatter in from the ground, and we used to reeve Zurich gave us some encouragement a rope through that and make one end and furnished a precedent, but the operation, in my orinion, based upon the experience of Wednesday morning, will never become a common one. It is xeceedingly difficult of performance and requires great resourcefulness and even when I am dead," he said. "Pro- appeal for news of Mark. His father and rubies assume a pale and misty endurance on the part of the surgeon and his assistants.

"The operation lasted two hours and six minutes. It was somewhat different from Schlatter's. The patient is DOING FAIRLY WELL.

She looked at me with sad sweet eyes. to them. You are mine, all mine- sent the formal receipt for it. There their beauty is frequently destroyed in fact, the danger of shock and hemwas no one in Gracedieu who knew by their wearer's proximity to an open orrhage is now over, and if he does on a ladder and put a strap around fire. The lustre of this stone is caus- not get well it will be from the impos- his head, and wo'd book on a fall with There was nothing to be done but ed by the presence of myriads of little sibility of properly nourishing him." a bo'sun's chair, and a man would ride "Promise me, Nell," he said as he wait in patience as test I could. Ev- fissures which deflect the light into The difference between the St. Louis down his neck and rub in liniment kissed my lips again and again," "that ery morning hope revived in my heart; the characteristic prismatic colors of operation and Dr. Schlatter's is in the He used to like that very much, and to the creator. I have often thought no one shall kiss you while I am every evening it died. Every morn- the gem. The tiniest of these fissures fact that the Swiss physician removed it helped him greatly, too; and one ing I rose, praying wildly to Heaven is likely at any moment to destroy the the pyloris and effected a suture be- morning when the men went out to tween the upper end of the jejunam give him the usual rub they were de-Then in my turn I began to exact a day; every night I lay down to sleep | Pearls are subject to countless di- and the lower extremity of the esoph- lighted to see the old chap with his promise. "You will love and think of with bitter tears because a letter had seases. A moderate heat is sufficient agus. Dr. Floyd explains that Dr. head down pretty near to the roof of not come. Every morning, week af- to transform them to a heap of ashes | Schlatter must have experienced less the grizzly bear cage, which stood next "I shall think of no one else, Nell." ter week, month after month, I went and if they are accidentally brought difficulty in concluding his operation to him, which showed that his neck "And you will not call any one else up to the gate to meet the postman. He into the proximity of an acid they be- than did Dr. Bernays in finishing his, was coming around all right, and also never had anything for me. He knew come irretrievably ruined. They are "It was much easier," he says, "to indicated that he'd take his breakfast that I wanted an Indian letter, and easily broken, and, when frequently join the ends of the jejunam and esoph- this morning in the old way, if you agus because the orifices of them fit- please." ted with much more nicety. But the upper orifice of the pyloris being of greater dimensions than the lower end "True as a man can be, mamma, "My dear Mark," said my mother, ing the postman came. He bade me Henry Yallerby-Aftah we's mar of the esophagus, the junction in the means infinitely true," I interrupted, "if you are to catch the six o'clock no cheery "Good-morning" as he plac- ried we'll hab chicken foh dinnah ebery operation on Book was necessarily a Mrs. Hashly-Gentlemen, what part

esophagus, Beck was sustained with injected nourishments. The surgeons declare the cancerous growth had attained such extent there was not the REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERA- slightest hope of Beck's recovery before the operation.

The history of Beck's case is almost the same as that of Anna Landis. She, too, was nourished by injections. After a while, however, she resumed eating in the ordinary manner, and on from the Operation, but Was Too De- Oct. 11 left bed. Dr. Schlatter consumed two hours and a half in his

Later. Beck died late Friday night. The surgeons say the operation was nevertheless a scientific triumph, the patient's debilitated condition alone

A CIRCUS YARN.

The Big Giraffe Catches a Cold, Which Settles in Its Neck.

"Seems to me I told you once." said the old circus man, "about the giraffe having a sore throat? It is a serious matter for any giraffe to have a sore throat, bad for the giraffe and bad for the owner. When you come to take an eighteen-foot giraffe like ours, a sore throat meant large expense and a large amount of trouble; and the big fellow hadn't more'n got over this before something else happened to him that gave us even more trouble. He caught cold, and the cold settled in his throat-I suppose he was still seasitive there-and it gave him a stiff

"You can't have any idea what a stiff neck means until you see a giraffe afflicted in that way; we'd had all sorts of trouble with animals in one way and another, but for real bother one day on the road. The giraffe always ducked his head under the branches that hung down, sort of like a swan or a goose does, but this day carrying ground. That was such an amazing thing that we knew something must

WHAT WAS THE MATTER

"Well, of course, the first thing we did was to set a man to march alongside of him with a tent pole with a steer him clear of overhanging branches, and of course lots of the way there to lift a branch to let the big giraffe go under; and a great pity it was, too, "I have three or four times in past to see him compelled to go about in

> "He went that way for about ten days. Ordinarily we used to put his feed for him on top of an animal cage couldn't do that now. So we set a ring in the centre pole eighteen feet fast to the bucket with his food or drink in it, and hoist it up and let him eat there. On the road we used to throw that rope over the crotch of a tree at a suitable height. For his entry into the great tent at show time we had to cut a great slit in the canvass; but we didn't regret that, because it was a mighty impressive thing to see him march in in that way. It made him look thirty-six feet tall instead of eighteen.

"Twice a day a man used to go up

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