MEDICALITIES.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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A GAME OF HEARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HANS ARNOLD.

I.

SEVERAL months had elapsed since a stately funeral train had born to the family vault the coffin of Grafin Hochstetten, yet life at the castle had not resumed its usual course. All felt the want of the firm—at times somewhat hard—hand of the mistress whose resolute touch upon the reins had so long directed and urged on the household to full energy and activity. Long since her husband had been gathered to his fathers, and perhaps it was the necessity which then fell upon her of thinking alone and ruling alone, which aroused to highest development every faculty of the proud lady of the castle. Of many blooming children only one remained to her—a son, whom, after her own fashion, she loved and had patiently striven to form in her own mold.

The boy's natural disposition rendered this no easy task. A good head, not without talent; calm, reasonable views of life and his fellow men, so long as they did not get in the way of his class prejudices; a certain energy of his own, which some limiting power seemed to concentrate in small compass and keep within appointed bounds. The Grafin was assured that when he succeeded to the estate he would never be indifferent or negligent, but on the other hand she could not feel certain that he would make every effort to carry out her darling projects for agricultural improvements and increase of revenue. He was an indefatigable lover of the chase; during his university course he had dipped with interest here and there into the sciences; he knew enough of agriculture to tell whether his harvests were good or bad; but that devotion to his duty as a land owner, which would be likely to bring the estate to the highest point of cultivation and profit, it must be confessed the young heir showed no tendency whatever towards acquiring—perhaps because it was so troublesome.

So long as the vigorous mother ruled by his side, he was perforce carried on in the rush, dutifully accompanying her in her daily rides over the fields or paying visits of inspection to the stables and the cattle sheds, but it was with a sense of release that he saw the darkening of the evening sky, when he could conscientiously return to the bright fire in the comfortable, salon and to the books in which his soul delighted. Books of heraldry these were, or old tales of knightly deeds; or, above all, records of his own proud race, which had sat for centuries in the gray old castle on the wooded hight, looked up to by the little town in the valley very much as a reigning family is looked up to by the kingdom beneath his scepter.

Count Hugo was not a man whose conscious pride of place is objectionable to other men; his calm open countenance bore an undeniable resemblance in features to the long array of ancestors in the picture gallery, but had not the untamed haughtiness of expression which almost without exception characterized them. The young count interfered with no man's rights, was a kind master to his dependents, a cordial gay comrade to his acquaintances, and, above all, a man whose character commanded instinctive deference. If the first place was his by right of birth, his he was resolved it should also be by right of noble mind, by virtue, truth and honor, by all kindness of soul. These qualities filled his mother with pride, but did not leave her entirely without anxiety as to his future.

The Grafin looked her death and all accompanying circumstances full in the face, with the same firm steadfastness which in all the events of her life had given her such ascendancy over all with whom she was in contact, and especially over her son. When she became conscious of the failure of her vital powers, she made known to Hugo the fact that she was about to leave him—and very much in the same manner in which she might have informed him that she was about to undertake a short journey. After her son had given her his word to carry out all her wishes, as far as possible, she told him that her particular request was that he should in no case remain alone in the castle, but that within six months of her death he should either marry or make some arrangement by which the want of her motherly supervision and care and companionship should not be felt. The practical, clear-headed mother had already sought out her own substitute. A distant cousin of her husband's had married a Count Wittenfeld, who had recently died in poverty and debt, leaving his wife in a small Rhine town alone and in very straitened circumstances, as the Grafin knew. She had only a son and a daughter; the son was an officer in the army, and the daughter had received—or was about to receive—a Stift appointment. The Grafin knew no more, but a few days before her death began a letter to her cousin, making particular inquiry into her condition, but the failing fingers dropped the pen forever with the letter unfinished, and it was for Hugo to decide if it should be sent to Countess Adele with an explanation of his mother's wishes, and of his own concurrence in them.

A single months of sorrowful loneliness put an end to Hugo's hesitation. He missed his mother painfully, especially in the long evenings which they had been accustomed to spend together in quiet games of cards or dominoes. Besides he was harassed by questions and appeals for orders, the household seemed all going wrong, and either he had to shut his eyes and let it go, or be perpetually directing and controlling. Urged by these considerations he came to a decision, and one evening after a day of unusual annoyances he seized pen and paper and wrote to his cousin setting the case before her in his calm and impartial fashion, telling her of his loneliness and discomfort, and begging her to supply the place of the mistress of the castle, as that mistress had herself desired. In a few days came a reply—a conditional affirmative. The daughter, who was supposed to be in the Stift, had not accepted the appointment. "If I may bring Ella with me," the countess wrote, "I can come to you, my dear Hugo, within three weeks. I do not think you will be incommoded by her presence; she is a simple little girl, accustomed to depend upon her own resources, and delighting in a country life. She has been—if her mother may say so—carefully brought up to fill her own modest position and at the same time never to forget to what race she belongs."

Hugo sighed over the "dear, simple little girl," but then—what choice had he!—at once wrote giving his assent to the arrangement; and now for some weeks the soft sweep of women's dresses had been heard about the lofty halls, and the young lord of the castle had found a companion for his long rides as well as a graceful mistress for the head of his table. The young countess did not exactly strike him as a simple little girl. The title seemed ill suited to the tall queenly maiden, to whose golden hair a coronet was surely more appropriate than a heavy Stift cap. Unlike her mother, she from the first took a very decided place in the castle—not at all that of a poor relation blessing fate for the change in her life and surroundings, but the place natural to a proud, capricious beauty, holding sway over everything and everybody by her imperious sweetness, and by the irresistible magic of her sunny spirit. Hugo's tranquil nature was aroused and excited to a most unusual degree. That this effect was consciously wrought, of course, no one can affirm; the impulse to surround herself with slaves and adorers, the desire of domination, the feeling that all about her must be occupied with her and absorbed in her, were deeply rooted in Ella's being, and from the hour of her arrival, she began to weave about Hugo the soft web in which already more than one strong man lay helpless. The idea of any tangible result, such as one day reigning mistress where she now reigned as favorite guest, may have flitted lightly into her mind, but it as lightly flitted away again, for she was a true child of the moment. But her mother with beating pulse watched the course of events, and on many a quiet evening, sitting apart from the young people, her heart was busy with a beautiful dream of a dazzling future for her idolized child, and full of silent prayer that this might not end as other hopes had done, when some careless mood of the girl had dashed from her at the last moment the prize she had seemed to strain every nerve to secure.

For some time Ella, absorbed in her new game, was quite content and apparently enraptured with the still life around her. She made long expeditions into the picturesque country around the castle, coming home flushed and happy as a child with great clusters of autumn flowers tied with a bright ribbon to her saddle bow.

"I hardly know you, Ella," her mother often said. "No balls, no theater, and yet you are more light-hearted than ever."

Hours there were, indeed, when her bright, restless spirit could not but feel some tedium, and when she would gladly have had Hugo's sensible conversation a little less sensible. These hours came more frequently as the shortening days brought cold, wet weather, which put a stop to her long rides.

There was little social intercourse to be had. They had no neighbors of their own rank within easy visiting distance, and to find companionship in the town would have seemed to Ella about on a par with finding it among the maids in the servant's hall. Still the townspeople punctiliously sent to the castle invitations to every one of their balls, concerts and picnics, counting themselves happy if one in ten was accepted. This acceptance consisted in the arrival of the castle party when the festivities were well under way and everyone assembled. Ella and her mother, in dresses whose simple elegance effectually crushed all toilet aspirations in the other ladies, would be led by Hugo once or twice through the hushed rooms, stopping to speak a few courteous words where they were required, and after about half an hour would take leave, regretting that they could not longer remain to enjoy the charming scene.

That the citizen-circle should still continue to send invitations and to concern itself about the noble family who so evidently held themselves aloof, was in great measure due to Ella's enchanting loveliness. Hardly a young man within a radius of ten miles had escaped the hopeless fate of falling in love with the high-born beauty at first sight, which was all the more miserably unfortunate as it was whispered that she was to bestow her hand upon her cousin, the young lord of the castle. Still this was only surmise, for, as has been said the Hochstettens were far above the reach of curiosity, sympathy, or any of the emotions which ordinarily link mankind together.

Ella was reminding herself of this, with soft satisfaction, as she sat alone by the fire in the salon one morning, leaning her fair head thoughtfully upon her hand. How is it that suddenly she finds it necessary to remind herself of her unapproachable hight! She, to whom it has always been so clearly self-evident a truth! Ah, the old castle has seen strange things in these latter days. Through the stern, gray escutcheoned walls scarcely the rays of the sun itself have made their way during all these hundreds of years, and now, all at once, a beautiful, joyous, light-winged butterfly has found entrance, flutters about undaunted by all the high-born splendor, and with its restless, gleaming wings seems capable—the girl's heart gives a quick throb—of soaring to any inaccessible hight!

To drop metaphor, thanks to Hugo's love of ease, the castle has a new inmate. In his mother's will he found some suggestions as to agricultural improvements, which were a weight upon his mind, because he could not see how they were to be carried out as she wished. Adjoining the park was a tract of land, a part of the estate, which had been sold years before, and after passing from one hand to another had finally been bought back by the Grafin, having lapsed into the condition of a wilderness. Her pet plan had been to restore these overgrown meadows and dilapidated buildings to their former state; nay, more, to bring them and the whole property to the highest point of prosperity. It was clear that these radical changes could not be accomplished without constant personal supervision, as well as sharp scrutiny into the circumstances of the poor cottagers (many of whom professed themselves almost at starvation point) and perhaps a wholesale ejection of those who either could not or would not pay their rent. For the former, Hugo was too self-indulgent (for the latter, too merciful. Therefore it was with no small sense of relief that through an accidental meeting with an old friend he found himself able to solve the difficulty by securing competent assistance in the work, and at the same time an agreeable addition to the household circle at the castle.

Erich Gruter's father had been for many years the family physician of the Hochstettens, but late in life was siezed with a passion for traveling, and had died in a foreign land. Erich, his only child, had grown up utterly uncontrolled, a handsome, careless, genial young fellow, who had tried everything and been steadfast to nothing. He left the gymnasium for the sea, the sea for the stage, the stage for an agricultural life. Now the wave of chance had tossed again upon the quiet shore, from which long ago, he had eagerly plunged, to test the strength of his stalwart arms and broad chest and tameless spirit in the glittering, heaving, alluring stream of life. In agriculture, his latest fancy, he had distinguished himself as in whatever else he had turned to, and Hugo heard on all sides glowing accounts of his successes—the only drawback was, that no one could venture to inquire of Gruter whether he would persevere and finish what he undertook. But Hugo knew that in one trait of his old friend's boyhood he was unchanged, and that as long as any enterprise was new and interesting, he would throw himself heart and soul into it accomplishing more than ten ordinary men in the same space of time. Trusting in this, the young Graf asked Erich to assist him in the redemption of the waste land, and other improvements upon the estate, cordially urging him to make his home at the castle while he was engaged in the work.

With his usual impulsiveness Erich agreed to the proposal, and soon he and his belongings were ensconced in the tower-room, with a magnificent view of the fine stretch of woodland, behind which lay the scene of his labors. There had been a little conflict about his entrance into the family circle, of which, happily, he was quite unconscious. When Hugo spoke of his coming among them the countess looked up with some surprise from her lace work.

"Do you mean that he is to take his meals with us!" she asked, drawing her black brows together.

"Certainly!" replied Hugo, decidedly. "He is the son of our old family physician, you remember; and a more cultivated, interesting man would be hard to find."

"Still, for the time being, he is in your service," urged the countess; "think of it, Hugo—you would not offer your inspector a seat at your table."

"I most assuredly would not have offered Gruter any situation which would be incompatible with his coming to my own dinner table," said Hugo, in a firm tone, opening his newspaper by the way of ending the discussion. "But," he went on, after a moments silence "we have not heard what Ella has to say on the question," and he turned somewhat anxiously to the young girl.

Ella raised her head.

"If It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you bring one of your men to the table or not. Besides, I think it would be most unbecoming in us, your guests, to comment on anything our host chooses to do."

Hugo shrugged his shoulders and silently took refuge again in his paper. The matter was not referred to again, and at dinner there was a surprise for the ladies. They had expected to see an awkward, uncomfortable man, so overawed by their presence that the truest kindness would consist in ignoring him altogether. Instead, there bowed with easy grace, upon presentation, a tall, manly figure, with a well set blonde head held decidedly high. Not a shade of embarrassment was to be seen upon the handsome bronzed features, and the expression of cool indifference did not change even when the quick hazel eyes swept with quiet observance over Ella's face. He took his place and his full share in the conversation. Ella forced herself to appear inattentive, but felt strangely spellbound as his bright, vivid words brought before them many a varied scene of travel or adventure; and it was hard to resist the contagion, when at some humorous recollection the merry laugh would ring out like a boy's, almost too unrestrainedly for the circle in which it was heard. The meal passed quickly, and all were sorry, whether they acknowledged it to themselves or not, when Gruter excused himself as soon as they rose from the table, saying that he must go to make acquaintance with his new surroundings. He had not addressed one remark directly to Ella, and she was triumphant at having so clearly shown him the great gulf between them. Still, as she stood at the window and saw him spring upon one of Hugo's horses and gallop off, she felt a little piqued. He must have seen her there, yet the straw hat was not lifted, and he vanished in the distance without even one backward glance!

"Well, what do you think of Gruter, aunt" asked Hugo, turning to the countess, as they entered the salon.

"Pardon me, dear Hugo, I don't wish to offend you, but I should say—an adventurer."

"And you, Ella?"

"I agree with mamma, but he knows how to talk."

Gruter's arrival at Hochstetten came just at a time that might be called perilous for Ella. She was fighting with the chief foe of her pleasure-loving nature, ennui, which was steadily gaining ground. As day after day she sat with her embroidery at the window looking out upon the wood-road she had longed from the bottom of her heart to see something or somebody come up that road—somebody besides her cousin Hugo, with his steady figure and calm, unstirred face, every line and expression of which were so familiar to her that she seemed never to have seen anything else. And now! Her longing had been realized—no! prince had come indeed, to wake the princess from her enchanted slumber, and take her hand to lead her into a far-off beautiful kingdom—but every day now she listens for a quick, firm step, coming nearer, nearer, for light hearted snatches of song; for the daft whistle catching up and echoing the notes of the birds in the branches above his head. She listens, yet gladly would she forget his very existence, forget that a human life is being lived near her, side by side with her, a life so utterly remote from her own, and yet so near, so near!

Erich Gruter was not one of those men who drop noiselessly into a household making no ripple in its current, no eddy in its flow. Before he had been there three days the whole house was occupied with him; the servants, from Hugo's white-haired butler to the lowest maid in the kitchen, would have gone through fire and water for him, the stable men gloried in his reckless daring and mastery over their wildest horses, the men working under his directions did wonders, delighting in his fashion of giving orders with a jest or a merry word. Even the dogs fell under his dominion, and every tail would wag as soon as he entered the court yard. For everything and for all a bright look and a kind word—for all, that is, except the two ladies of the castle.

Deep under Erich Gruter's light-hearted, gipsy-nature, lay a sensitive pride, a high-spirited rebellion against condescension or haughty treatment; and as intensely as he could feel anything did he now feel a desire to be avenged on the proud fair girl who, upon their first meeting, had looked at him with her cold, clear glance of disdain. He was quite unconscious of the fact that, like all others who came near him, she was beginning to feel the spell of his magnetism, and he let her alone altogether—a proceeding most novel and puzzling to Ella who was accustomed to see no man keep cool possession of his head or heart in her presence. She was provoked into resolving that he should not be the one exception to the universal law; far beneath her as he was, he should not leave the castle without learning that his armor of proof could be pierced, and that his light heart could love. Erich had no idea of this design, he did not dream that the haughty maiden could stoop to conceive it; and in this unconsciousness lay her great advantage.

While the two young hearts were burning—the one for vengeance, the other for conquest—there was yet no outward sign. Erich, battling against a storm of rain in the forest with Hugo, in the ardor of the chase forgot both the cold in the autumn air and the cold in the heart of the proud beauty, while she, sitting lonely by her fireside, heard the rush of the rain, listened for returning footsteps, and forgot nothing! This very morning, at the breakfast table, she had been able to show her disdainful indifference to the intruder into her home and her thoughts. He had been relating some stirring adventure, glowing and eager in the narration, his eyes unconsciously sought hers—she had breathlessly followed his story, but as he turned, her sole response was a careless request for a glass of water. If he was angry with himself for having involuntarily claimed her attention, he did not allow it to be seen, but with his usual quiet courtesy silently filled her glass. Was he then above scorn? Had he, indeed, a charm against everything, as the country folk asserted: "No devil can get at him; he conquers anything!" Could he conquer all, truly, with his bright, proud face and his light-hearted laughter?

The door opened, startling the countess from her slumber and making Ella look up. There they stood, both huntsmen, wet, cold and hungry. She went forward and gave Hugo her hand, with a smile of welcome. What impulse made her offer the same greeting to the tall man by her side? He looked down at her as if he did not comprehend her meaning, raised his hand to push back the dripping hair from his brow, and, with a light "Hugo, we had better make ourselves presentable," turned to go, but not too quickly to see the hot blood flame into Ella's face as she hastily drew back her slighted hand.

"So," thought Erich, as he went to his room, "the scorned subordinate may not go his way without being taught that empire follows where she deigns to tread. Oho, my beautiful Ella, we have not been comedians in vain—if a little game is to be played, two can play! Gare a la reine!"

As he said the last words to himself, in a low, concentrated tone, the expression about his lips was stern, almost cruel. He dressed quickly and followed Hugo to the dining room, where a late supper had been prepared for them.

"Gruter is a restless fellow," said Hugo as they joined the ladies in the salon a little later. "I could have stayed longer at the table, but he would not let me. What do you say, Ella, to giving us poor tired hunters a song, as a reward for appreciating your society more than our good supper?"

Ella lingered; was she waiting for his petition to be seconded? Erich spoke not a word, but he looked up with so strangely soft an expression in his eyes that Ella quickly turned her head away and went at once to the piano. The glance perplexed and thrilled her. Was her victory already won? Which must she believe, this silent appeal or her rejected hand? She was not indifferent to the answer to this question; her voice trembled a little as she began to sing. At first she dared not look up; she feared to meet the eyes of the man with whom her conscience whispered she was playing a game which might destroy his peace. Oh, she had often proved her own prowess, how could she fail here! How changed the proud unyielding man would seem with his laughter hushed and his eye dark with the earnest shadow she had caught there just now! Was the look still in his eyes?

She glanced up. He was bending over the huge stag-hound, playing with him, not hearing her song! She broke off in the middle of the verse and turned to Hugo. He was leaning back in his arm chair, sound asleep, and the countess was nodding. Ella left the piano impatiently.

"You good people asked me to sing, and not a soul is listening!"

"Not a soul is listening!" echoed Erich calmly.

"Well, I don't suppose that you will say that you were listening! Your attention was decidedly more bestowed on Nero's new collar! What in the world do you see in that wretched dog!"

"There is a certain sympathy between us," Erich replied, negligently, "he came here—a vagabond—he will soon be off again. No one knows whence or whither—oh, we are akin to each other, Nero and I! And then he loves me; he has taken an especial fancy to me, and nous autres. We masterless creatures are not insensible to friendliness!"

She bit her lip.

"You ought not to speak so of yourself. My cousin says you are rather gifted—why then should you make yourself out a 'vagabond!'"

"You are kind! But are you so sure that I hold my vagabondism a misfortune? We are not all born under vaulted roofs, with silver spoons in our mouths, but when one has tramped all day over rocky ways and wild chasms, and when night comes sits down under a sheltering oak to eat his bit of black bread while the stars shine down on him through the branches—believe me, countess, that bread is good! Not that I hope to make you understand such a taste, but I may make clear to you that I am not degraded by acknowledging my gipsy nature, and at the same time I can quite conceive how bitter it must be to see such a fellow sitting under the eyes of the ancestral portraits. But endure it patiently, I pray you; it will not be long. I am too much at ease here. I cannot bear that. For a little while longer I and my brave boys will dig and catch and make merry, then my master will whistle, the only one I follow, the only one true to me as I to him—Chance—and then my profane presence will no more disturb you! I will drink no more from the porcelain cups with the painted armorial bearings—my hollowed hand is as natural a cup for me. I am afraid I would soon grow solide here—and that would be my death! Good night, countess; may I trouble you to make my excuses to my employer for not waiting until he wakes? I have to go to my wheelbarrows very early in the morning."

(To be continued.)

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STANLEY'S BRIDE.

Eugene Field's Description of Miss Dorothy Tennant.

A tall, robust, handsome woman, rather inclined to embonpoint, with fair hair, deep blue eyes, a straight, well-developed nose, a lovely complexion, white teeth, full mouth, small dimply hands, and pretty feet, about describe the young lady who will become Mrs. Henry M. Stanley next month. Miss Dorothy Tennant is nearly 34 years of age, and first came into prominent literary notice by her clever illustrations of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's popular book "Anyhow Stories," which appeared some years ago, and still enjoys an enormous sale, writes Eugene Field to the Chicago News. Miss Tennant's name is on the title-page.

AS AN ARTIST.

Then she began to exhibit a series of delightful pictures of naked children, her style showing clearly the teachings of her celebrated master, Hennell, of Paris. Her "The Baby" was one of the sensations of the year. With her sister, now Mrs. Frederick Myers, a pronounced brunette, she sat for Millais' twin pictures now called "Yes" and "No." At the time they were exhibited in the Royal Academy they were referred to as "The Blue Girl" and "The Red Girl," Miss Dorothy being "the blue." Mr. Frederick Myers, the husband of Miss Dorothy Tennant's sister, is the author of "St. Paul" and one of the leaders in the æsthetic poetry. He was a great friend of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who was godfather to Mrs. Myers' first baby.

MISS TENNANT IN SOCIETY.

From a society point of view, few young ladies in London are better known than Mr. Stanley's betrothed. Not a festival of the year, from a flower show, or a "first night" at the opera, to a garden party at Marlborough house, but Miss Dorothy Tennant's name appears in the list of guests. She has acquired a distinct fame in London for the quiet elegance of her gowns and the number and variety of her parasols, which is apparently a hobby with her, and she never appears in the park, either riding or driving, without a cavalcade of admirers en suite, which has not been lessened by the announcement of her engagement to the famous explorer. A clever article, generally illustrated, in one of the magazines, or a striking picture in one of the galleries, keeps her always in front in literary and art circles; in fact, as the Princess of Wales remarked when congratulating Mr. Stanley: "You marry not only a very pretty and charming girl, but a woman brimful of genius."

HOW THE WOOING WAS DONE.

The story of Stanley's wooing is gradually being disclosed. He first met Miss Tennant when last in England, and for a while was received with the same coolness which has usually characterized the lady's reception of attentions from gentlemen. But the indomitable courage, energy and wonderful powers of description possessed by the explorer gradually won the heart of one who possessed similar traits in so marked a degree, and when Stanley managed to pluck up sufficient courage to propose she fainted with mingled delight and excitement. She promised to wait until he returned from his next African trip, and insisted that their engagement should be kept secret.

The letters which have passed between "Stanley Africanus" and his fiancee, if they ever see the light of publication—love-letters of eminent persons are now included in the printer's prey—will be truly curious stories, for no doubt the explorer told more to his lady love than he will ever confess elsewhere of the awful tribulations of his march through the African swamps and forests. His brother explorers were aware of their commander's love story, and many a tree in the strange lands visited, has "Dolly" deeply cut into the bark. The natives used to think it the sign of the white chief's fetish and often prostrated themselves before it. In one of his letters Stanley wrote such a harrowing account of the sufferings of his band, and gave such a vivid picture of the death of a gigantic negro slowly swallowed by a huge serpent that Miss Tennant swooned after reading it.

Stanley has brought a most extraordinary collection of curios home for Miss Tennant, many of them being now on exhibition at the African Society's show. He declares that he will never permit his wife to share the dangers of exploration, and that if he goes again to Africa she must remain at home or in Egypt until he returns.

He Played the Car.

He entered a Broadway car at Canal street, says the New York Sun, and as every seat was taken, he stood up and hung to a strap. On his left hand, which hung by his side, was a large ring, and everybody at once noticed that the stone was gone. The ring seemed to be valuable enough for the stone to have been a diamond, and presently a man leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but you have met with a lost. The stone is gone from your ring."

"What! So it is!" exclaimed the man as he lifted his hand.

He dropped his eyes to the floor, and in five seconds every other eye in the car followed suit. Heads were bent down, words of condolence began to be uttered, and two or three men got down on their hands and knees and looked under the seats. After a five minutes' search one of them finally asked:

"When did you miss it?"

"Just now."

"Think you lost it in the car?"

"Dunno."

"Was it very valuable?"

"Well, I prized it highly as a keepsake."

Another hunt was made, but with no better success. Then the owner of the ring began to feel in his pockets, and presently he took out a shirt button, with a bit of wire to it, which somehow fitted into the ring, and after placing it in he held up the ring and said:

"Thanks for your interest, good people. 'Tis a button from the shirt of my brother George."

He stepped off the car with a bow and a smile, and nothing was said for a couple of minutes. Then a man with a deep bass voice called out:

"And who in —— is his brother George, I'd like to know?"

But no one could say. All were busy in wondering how they had let a smart Aleck make fools of them.

A Tender Association.

At his lecture on "Ministers and Preaching" last night, Dr. Andrews told some amusing stories of ministers of the past. One about Dr. Jeter was especially good. Dr. Jeter, when he became worked up in preaching and was the most eloquent, had a habit of putting a white into his voice which as near resembled tears in the voice as possible. Once when the tears were especially strong during a sermon the good old Doctor noticed a lady weeping in the audience. As soon as the services were over he hastened to overtake the lady and ask her what part of the divine work touched her to tears.

"Twasn't that," said the lady.

"Have you had some deep affliction in losing family friends?" said the Doctor.

"Twasn't that neither," said the lady.

"Well, what was it?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, Doctor, we had a mule and it was a good one, too. We all liked that mule, and he died; and while you were preaching your voice sounded so much like that mule that I couldn't help crying."—Providence Telegram.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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Great Value in Clothing Made to Order.

Z. Prevost has decided to sell for the balance of the season all his suitings and trouserings, consisting of Scotch and English tweeds, fancy silk fixtures, silk stripes and corkscrew twills, at prices that defy competition. His $10.50 all wool navy blue English serge, made to order, takes the lead every year.

Those who desire a cool, refreshing drink should call at W. J. Wilson's, "The Pharmacy," and get a sparkling soda from the new artic, flavored with the purest syrups. Telephone No. 843. W. J. Wilson.

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