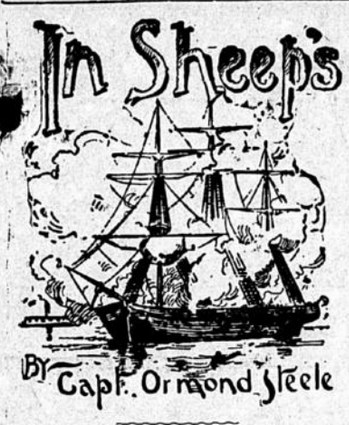
In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I wish Old Graham was dead. But perhaps it is as well that he is here; I can report to him at once, or bleed him again. Confound him, I am not in his power, but he is in mine. Why should I care for him, or be alarmed if he were here this moment! I am master, and master I shall remain while there is a plank afloat, or a rag above it."

In this way Fox worked off his anger, and with it his confidence in his own wonderful powers.

He was emphatically a man of action, but, when excited, his command of words was equal to the energy with which he used them.

He put the map Frenauld had given him into his pocket, and then, taking his arm, walked back with him to the fire.

They had but just reached there, when a tall form emerged from the darkness, and Uncas, chief of the Montauks, enveloped in a scarlet mantle, that was dripping with moisture, stood before them.

"You are true to your word," said Uncas, shaking Fox's hand. "You have come, but where is he?"

Fox did not need to ask who the "he" referred to was.

"See here, Uncas," he said, motioning the chief to follow him to the boat.

As Fox passed the fire he picked up a brand, and, approaching the boat, he drew back the awning and held the light above the unconscious man's face.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Ralph Denham!" said the chief. And a wild light burned in his black eyes.

"He is yours," said Fox. "Now do with him as you promised."

"Can you lift him out of the boat?" asked Uncas.

"I will have that done."

Fox motioned to the sailors, and they lifted the bed out of the boat, and placed it near the fire, Frenauld throwing an oil-cloth over the pale face, to shield it from the rain.

"Come, let us unload, while we are about it," said Fox; and with his own hands, he helped to take out the boxes, and placed them under the bed on which Ralph Denham was lying.

With his customary energy, Fox worked, and made others work, till the boat, with Frenauld, and all the sailors, excepting Don, the cabin boy, was making his way to the ship.

"You see," said Fox to the chief, when the boat was out of sight and hearing, "that I trust myself to you, for I believe the Montauk chief will keep his word."

"So far, no man has appeared to doubt my word. I have, at times since seeing you, felt that it was not becoming a brave man to do as I am doing; but the Montauks are not prepared for war, as are Ralph Denham, and his men."

"You are right. Cunning is often better than courage. You have now in your power the man who has scorned you, and made your life unhappy. Are you going to ask, in such a case, if it be right to put them out of the way? Of course not, though, in accordance with your promise, you must not put him out of the way till I give the word."

"But in that way I might be forced to keep him forever," said the chief.

"How so?"

"You are a sailor, here to-day, far away to-morrow, and I may not be able to get to you, nor you to me," replied Uncas.

"Before I leave these waters again I will leave you free to act as you please. But now, while it is yet dark night, might it not be better to remove this man?" said Fox, pointing to the bed.

"I am ready for that."

Uncas placed to his lips a peculiarly curved bone, known to old hunters as a "deer call," and blew a low, plaintive blast, that sounded exactly like the appealing cry of a wounded fawn.

In answer, a low whistle came back from the cliffs and the darkness.

Uncas repeated the call. Then was heard the fall of rapidly approaching feet, and the quick breathing of men, as if engaged in a life and death race.

In another instant Old Somonk and his son, accompanied by two tall Indians, stood in the presence of the chief, and the old man, who seemed to be the leader, said:

"Uncas, we are here!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN FOX PERFECTS HIS WORK AND STARTS OFF TO FIND COLONEL GRAHAM.

"There is a sleeping man here whom you must carry to the place we have prepared for him," said the Montauk chief, pointing to the bed which looked strangely like an Indian bier.

"Ha," grunted Old Somonk, as he took a place near the head of the bed. "I have helped to carry your father to the last sleeping place of the Montauk chiefs, and I have heard my father say that on his shoulder rested the head of the mighty Wyandauch, when they bore him to the same place."

"We care not to hear that now," said Uncas, half in fear, half in anger.

"It is the privilege of an old man to speak. Yonder ground is the resting place of the dead chiefs of the Montauks, not a sleeping place for live white men," persisted Old Somonk, who now talked with a wonderful fluency, contrasted with his reticence the first night he met Frenauld.

"And you are here to obey me, not to give opinions. Then addressing the others, he continued: "The word of the chief has ever been the law of the Montauks. Come, my braves, and raise the burden to your shoulders."

The men, including Old Somonk, obeyed him.

"Stay you here, Captain Fox, till I return."

Uncas waved his hand and was about to pass away, but Fox stopped him by asking:

"When will you return?"

"Before the sun rises," replied the chief.

"And it will be safe for me to remain here?"

"As safe as the child over whom a fond mother watches."

"Very well; I shall wait."

Without a torch to light the way, Uncas led the braves through the darkness.

By this time the wind and rain had died out, leaving the night air cool and bracing.

The stillness was that of death. Even the footsteps of the Indians and their regular breathing had a spectral sound.

After walking about an hour, with the long, straight stride that characterizes the Indian, Uncas called to his followers to stop, and again blew a low blast on the deer call.

In instant a light flashed up, and an old woman appeared bearing a torch; it was the wife of Old Somonk.

"Is all ready?" asked the chief, speaking in the Montauk tongue.

"The tomb of the mighty Wyandauch is open and a light burns therein. Come with me."

By the light of her torch it could be seen that she faced a hill, the summit of which was lost in the darkness, while directly in front was an open space like a small cave or vault, within which burned a dim light.

Into this the four men with their burden marched, and they placed the bed on which Captain Denham lay on a long slab, the stone that covered the earthly remains of Wyandauch, the memorable chief of the Montauks.

"Take you charge of him," said Uncas, addressing the old woman, "and your son and husband will remain on guard outside."

"How long has the white youth been sleeping?" asked Somonk's wife, as she held the shell lamp above Ralph's face.

"That matters not; he will soon awake."

"Then what shall I do?"

"Give him food if he wants it."

"But he will ask where he is?"

"If so, tell him he is the prisoner of Uncas, chief of the Montauks."

The chief strode out of the vault and, followed by the two Indians, who had helped Old Somonk and his son to carry Ralph Denham, hurried in the direction of the principal village of the Montauks.

They traveled with surprising rapidity for men on foot, and after an hour and a half they saw a glow in advance, that told them they were nearing the objective point.

They were yet a quarter of a mile or more away from the lights, when a voice directly in front called out:

"Whar goes Uncas, de chief of de Montauks, sich a night?"

"Is that you, Dinah?" asked the startled Indian.

"'Tis Dinah, en no one else," croaked the old hag. "En I wants for to ax whar hez been dis night uv storms de chief of de Montauks?"

"It matters not," said Uncas; "go you to your cabin, and go to bed."

"Wy should I go to my cabin wen dar's evil a prowlin' roun' in de darkness? Wy should dis ole 'oman go to bed wen de sun's nigh to risin?"

"Go to bed to sleep," growled the chief, about to move on.

"Dar'll be sleepin' 'nuff in de bed whar deze ole bones'll soon be laid. Your fader en his fader hev gone to dat sleep, en de cuss of de Great Sperrit, ez dey loved, will fall on him ez places de livin' nigh onto 'em——"

"Hist, you hag!" interrupted the chief; "what do you know about my acts?"

"Look up above yer head, Uncas, Chief of the Montauks, en tell me what yeh sees dar."

Between his eyes and the distant light, the chief saw the shriveled arm of the old negress pointing to the sky, and involuntarily his eyes followed the direction.

"I only see night and darkness," said Uncas.

"Night and darkness, yas, but beyond de dark cloud de stars am shinin'. Your eyes is young, en can't see 'em; my eyes is old, but sees 'em blazin' like de suns, en dey sez: 'Dinah, Dinah, datter uv de African King Molloka, de chief Uncas brings disgrace on de great name Wyandauch, en from this night on, ef he do not make change, hez ind is sot, en de glory of de Montauks shall go down into de darkness now 'bove yer head.'"

The old woman spoke tragically, and the chief—himself the child of superstition—shuddered, but it was only for a moment. He had gone out of the beaten paths of his fathers, he had measured, so well as passion would permit, the depths into which he was sinking. If ever, and he did sometimes question his own course, he gave thought to the unprincely acts he contemplated and was then performing, the beautiful face of Lea Hedges would flash like a blazing meteor across the sky of his darkened brain, and spur him with fury to continue the tool of this adventurer, but as he thought the avenger of his own imagined wrongs.

"Leave me now," he said, striding ahead; "leave me, but do not imagine that the hospitality extended to you for twenty years by our people, gives you the privilege to insult their chief. Go to your cabin, and hold your peace, or go from the land of the Montauks."

"En ef I don't go to my cabin, en ef I don't hold my peace, wat den?" shrieked Dinah, still keeping in the chief's advance.

"Then I will find a means to drive you away," said Uncas, raising his hand, as if he would strike her, but the next instant letting it fall heavily, as if in shame, by his side.

Dark as it was, her quick eye caught the gesture, and it seemed to madden her.

"Once," she shouted, "de chiefs of de Montauks scorned to raise dar hans 'gainst any but warriors armed foh battle. But den dar hearts was strong and brave. Ole women and helpless men dey keered foh. Dey wasn't cowards and murd'rers. Oh, I know it all! You can't hide it from me, onless yeh kill me. But kill me, en den see if yer red of me; see ef de sperrit of ole Dinah stays in de groun' en dis wo'n body. See den, Uncas of de Montauks, ef I don't stay eber and eber by yer side. En wen all is still in de camp, en you lie down on de dee' skin in de wigwam, ef my hans don't keep yer eyes from shettin'. En den louder'n de tunder ez rolled over dese hills dis night, ye'll hear me shoutin', dough no one else kin, even yer wife lyin' by yer side, ef ye ever gets one, 'Wake, wake, Uncas of de Montauks, murd'rers cannot sleep in peace on dis yer airth.'"

The chief, now thoroughly alarmed, as were the men following close behind him, was about to address the old woman in a kinder way, for, like all his tribe, he stood in awe of her, but she had suddely vanished.

He stopped and called her name, and, as he listened for a reply, the ominous hooting of an owl came back from a distant grove.

"Hah, let us go on. She is a devil," said the chief.

The men grunted, to indicate that they had heard him, but made no other reply. They were not sure that Uncas was right and the old priestess wrong.

Though very old in years and worn in body, the old negress possessed a vitality that, for endurance, would have tested the superb chief now striding on in silence.

This was one reason why the Montauks held her in awe; and then she never complained of ache, or showed sign of sickness, which was eminently proper, seeing that she claimed to have the power to cured, or relieve all human ills.

At the close of her weird denunciation of the chief, she sprang lightly to one side, as the hare does when the hounds are close behind, and there, hidden by the darkness, she remained till the Indians had passed.

Dinah chuckled to herself at the success of her stratagem, and, rising, quickly, she followed the three men with a step lighter than their own, and at a pace that kept them at one distance between her eyes and the light.

She watched Uncas, till he entered the house to which Colonel Graham and his servant had been recently changed.

It was a log structure with open chinks, very favorable for one outside to listen.

The chief went up to the couch on which Colonel Graham was stretched. Such men find sleep a difficult matter.

The Colonel was on the point of shouting for his servant, who was sleeping in a little hut adjoining, when, by the light of a shell lamp, burning on a bench near by, he saw Uncas approaching.

"Well, worthy chief," said Graham, rising on his elbow, "do you also find it hard to sleep?"

"One should not sleep when there is great work to do," replied Uncas, as he sat on the bench, and took the shell lamp in his hand.

"That is most true; but you look as if you had been out in the storm,"

"And so I have."

"I did not know that the Montauks loved the storm. You would make a good sailor."

"Many of the Montauks and our neighbors, the Shinicooks, are sailors; but I should not like it. Yet I was up to-night at the beacon hill looking for ships."

"Looking for ships?" repeated the Colonel, sitting bolt upright in bed, and rubbing his eyes.

"Looking for the Wanderer," said Uncas, gazing at his guest out of his half-closed eyes, without seeming to do so.

"But what interest can you have in the Wanderer?"

"I know her captain, and want to see him again."

"You may never see him again."

"I shall see him to-morrow."

"What!" exclaimed Graham, startled and doubting.

"The Wanderer is at anchor inside the point."

"Who told you that?"

"I saw her with my own eyes."

"But how could you tell it in the darkness, that the ship was the Wanderer?"

"I couldn't, if the officer, I mean Fox, had not come ashore."

"And you saw Fox to-night?" said the incredulous Graham.

"I did, and spoke with him."

"And where is he now?"

"On the beach, waiting for my return."

"And you told him I was here?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he was going through our lands to Sag Harbor in the morning, and that he would see you on the way," replied the chief, now as cool as the other was agitated.

"And did he show any surprise on learning that I was here?"

"I cannot say. Fox looks as if he was always surprised and determined never to be surprised again. Like the animal from which he takes his name, he is always looking about him, and ready to attack or run."

"He is a brave man, and so never runs."

"The brave sometimes show their bravery by running; the man that never runs is a fool. But I must leave you if you would sleep to-night; in another hour it will be day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caprices of Fortune.

Every imaginative person cherishes in his heart the hope that some unexpected windfall may bring him wealth. In a very few instances this secret wish has been gratified. Years ago, a lady named Burch was one of a London crowd that had assembled to see a street pageant. Suddenly she noticed an old gentleman faint and confused with the pressure of the crowd, which pronounced him drunk. Discerning with better insight that he was not drunk, but very ill, Miss Burch led him to a seat, found him somewhere a glass of water, and in a few minutes restored his scattered energies. He thanked her warmly, asked her name, and departed—to be heard of no more till a few days ago, when a solicitor called to inform Miss Burch that the old gentleman had bequeathed her the immense reward for such a service of nearly a million dollars. It is said that Albert Way, the well-known archæologist, came by a fortune in this wise. Crossing Pall Mall he cannoned against an old gentleman, and discomfited him. After mutual apologies and the interchange of civilities, cards were exchanged, and on each card was imprinted "Mr. Albert Way." The older gentleman at his death had no natural heir, and left his fortune to the other Albert Way. These two incidents seem more like fairy tales than veritable happenings. Stories of unexpected fortunes, of course, are as common as blackberries. Somebody is always making or finding or inheriting a heap of money which seems to himself almost to have come from the clouds. Worthless shares become valuable. A workingman discovers a mine; or a relative, from whom nothing was expected, suddenly heaps everything on the kinsman who bored him least, as occurred last year within our own knowledge.

Captive Columbia.

The ancient old ocean seems proud of his bride
In the days when her being was fair;
He thrilled her warm cheek with the pulse of his tide,
And twined Freedoms, wreath in her hair!
The rivers that sung on their course to the sea
Saw nothing but peace on the way!
The mountains repeated the shout of the free—
The bird wrought the strain in his lay!

The arm of the toiler was sturdy and bold—
He touched the domain with his might,
And harvest came forth in its fragrance and gold
And the heart of the nation was light!
From shore unto shore in her queenly array
The spirit of industry sped!
And hope spread her pinions and pointed the way
Where the rainbow of promise was spread!

There was joy in the land from the hills to the sea,
And Freedom was crowned on the throne!
Humanity bended no supplicant knee!
No tyrants threw toilers a bone!
For the bonds of a ruler were strangers to men
Where the voice of the nation was law!
The future gleamed brighter than visions of peace
The eye of the Prophets e'er saw!

The ancient old ocean was proud of his bride—
The New World—entrancing and fair;
He thrilled her warm cheek with the pulse of his tide
An twined Freedom's wreath in her hair!
The arm of the toiler was sturdy and strong
For he reapt in the fields he had sown—
The home of the toiler was joyous with song,
E'er the spirit of Justice had flown!

But a daring old thief moored his bark in the bay
And tossed out his cargo of chains;
His brow is unmanly, his heart is of steel
And his soul is a volume of stains!
He builded a throne in the beauteous land
And lured all the happiness in—
He buckled strong bonds on the noble and grand,
And tainted their hearts with his sin!

In silence and gloom he went forth to destroy
What the arm of the Toiler had raised—
He blighted the land, till the spirit of Right,
With the lust of his being was crazed—
His fetters were bound on the feet of the free—
The toiler knelt down at his throne;
He gathered the spoil from the hills to the sea
And tossed to his captains a bone.

Then the ancient old ocean swept over his bride
For his wreath was torn down from her hair;
He moaned with the numberless tongues of his tide
O'er the wreck of the land that was fair.
And Mammon is throned in the home of the free,
Where toilers on husks meekly feed—
And Columbia is captive from mountain to sea,
To Mammon the brother of Greed!

—Nonconformist.

The Farmers Are Studying.

It is encouraging to compare the intelligence of the farming class of the country with their condition a decade ago. Until recently national bankers have been the recognized authority on matters of finance, merchants, and manufacturers upon trade, lawyers, and partisan journals upon political matters generally, but the poor "fool farmers" were considered authority upon nothing, not even on what or how much they should plant, or how they should conduct their private business. With the elements of progression and prosperity in the hands of a few, who were influenced by "revenue only," there is no reason why hard times and depression should not hang like a pall over this country. The education inaugurated and pushed by the labor organizations has infused a spirit of independence into the voting classes that foreshadows, at no distant day, a complete revolution in governmental methods. The 108,000 native born white men in Texas, who threw off the party collar at the late election, with the 1,250,000 non-partisans scattered all over the nation, will yet bring light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and freedom from slavery. The people are thinking. They are studying. They are investigating with an earnestness that presages success.

Naturally the bankers, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, and the partisan press declared the farmers were acting the fool in daring to dabble in partisan affairs. According to their teachings the farmer should stay at home, work more and talk less, make more and spend less, keep out of debt and out of politics.

Farmers are reading upon public affairs, studying the science of Government, and watching the course of legislative and official acts more closely than any other class. As a consequence they have made rapid advance. When Jefferson said the continuation of our liberties will depend upon the intelligence of the people, he did not mean that they should be intelligent mechanics, farmers, stock raisers, etc., but intelligent politicians, because in a civilized country, prosperity comes from the laws. The United States will remain a Republic just so long as the masses rule it and run it in their interest, and no longer. The education of the masses is the key to success.—Southern Mercury.

Land Monopoly.

The *National Economist* recently published a review of the tenth annual report of the Labor Bureau of Michigan, which calls attention in a striking manner to the monopoly of land ownership which has accompanied, or rather, to state it more correctly, has followed as a result of the monopoly-creating policy of the legislation of the past twenty-five years. The report, or at least the *Economist's* review of it, deals with city realty in Michigan only, but the *Farmer's Tribune* thinks it safe to assume that an equally close investigation of the conditions of farm realty would show them to be very similar to those pertaining to city property, although probably not yet so entirely monopolized as it appears to be in the larger cities. To cite one or two cases of the several cities instanced by the *Economist*, Grand Rapids, a city of 75,000 inhabitants, with real estate valued at a total of $29,905,961, has, according to this report, only 8,208 land owners, while only 1,387 persons own nearly 76 per cent. of all the realty in the city. Or, assuming that the average family in the city consists of five persons, and that each landowner represents an average family, it appears that only 6,935 people, about 9¼ per cent. of the total population own 76 per cent. of its real estate, while about 35,000 persons, nearly 47 per cent. of the total population, own no real estate at all.

In the smaller cities the degree of concentration does not appear to have become so great. In Kalamazoo, for instance, a city of 22,000 inhabitants, and real estate valued at $5,534,685, according to this report, 3,528 persons, or making the same assumption in regard to families as in the case of Grand Rapids, 74 per cent. of the population, are land-owners. Of these, however, it is to be noticed that 39 own over 19 per cent. of the realty, while 115 persons, representing, on the previous assumption, less than 3 per cent. of the total population, own real estate to amount of $2,038,235, or 35 per cent. of the total realty of the city.

The fact that in smaller towns the evil is less apparent than in the large ones, for the examples given seem to be in accordance with the general rule, would seem to indicate that farm realty is not yet so completely monopolized as to title at least, as is that of the cities and towns. But while that appears to be true to-day, the real estate mortgage list, as shown by other authentic reports, would seem to indicate that with a few more periods of financial depression, such as are of frequent recurrence in this country, farm realty also must inevitably and at no distant day, reach the same degree of concentration, for it appears reasonably certain that the centralization of city realty of which report recites many instances, was reached by the mortgage route.

A plain statement of the facts relating to this evil, for not many will be found who will maintain that it is not an evil, would seem to suggest a suitable and adequate remedy.

The Way to Stop the Nonsense.

Speaking of the exportation of gold from the United States Treasury which it has pleased the authorities at Washington to prevent, the Chicago *Record* says:

Of course the end of this trouble must come sooner or later, and it is better that it come sooner rather than later. The repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law will do much and the revision of our unfriendly tariff laws so that the United States may become a great seller of products abroad as well as a great purchaser abroad, as it now is, will do much more.

Of course the end must come some time, but how would the repeal of the silver purchase law hasten that time? If we are to continue allowing the English speculators to take just such things as they please, for the interest or profit, or whatever it is, on their so-called "American investments," and allow them to fix the price, what difference will it make whether we buy any silver or not? And what is the use of our breaking our necks to "become a great seller abroad," if we are to continue to get nothing for what we sell? A hundred millions a year, which is the average for the past twenty years—last year it was over two hundred millions—is as much as the producers of this country care to contribute to the support of the English speculators. Certainly it is time that the entire budget of nonsense connected with the gold mania were stopped; but the only way to stop it is that suggested by a remark of the late Mr. Greeley, which has become famous, namely—stop it.—Farmer's Tribune.

Why Issue Bonds?

Below is a statement of the amount of money and bullion lying idle in the vaults of the Treasury at Washington. It is copied from a report of the Secretary of the Treasury for May 1, 1892:

Gold Coin	$121,753,585.00
Standard Silver Dollars	320,359,922.00
Subsidiary Silver	11,113,573.00
Treasury Notes, Act July 14, 1890	10,290,675.00
United States Notes	26,873,899.00
National Bank Notes	5,085,299.00
	$535,466,953.00
Gold Bullion	80,529,774.00
Tilver Bullion	110,315,196.00
Total.	$726,321,923.00

Seven hundred and twenty-six million of dollars lying absolutely idle and the powers that be about decided to issue more bonds. Any man that would give his note bearing interest, when he had the money lying idle sufficient to pay with would be called a fool, or a lunatic.

Among Our Exchanges.

A traitor to the cause merits only the treatment of a sheep-killing dog.—People's Pilot.

The country is prosperous. In fact, there seems to be an over-production of prosperity.—People's Pilot.

Soldiers wanted for the United States army. Those raised in slaughter houses preferred.—Populist Voice.

Lost: The people's confidence in the present national administration. A liberal reward would be paid for its return, but its return is impossible.—Fort Scott Lantern.

If this is the "richest and most prosperous nation on the globe," why did Carlisle borrow $6,000,000 in gold from Boston bankers?—Vindicator, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

The United States Government stamps this legend on a substantial silver disc, "United States of America—one dollar," then calmly and unblushingly repudiates it.—Pittsburg Kansan.

If the Democratic hen doesn't soon hatch out those reform eggs which confiding Democrats put under her, they will probably spoil. The weather is getting pretty warm.—People's Pilot.

Did you notice any change in the financial policy when Wall Street's hired men, Harrison and Foster, gave way for Wall Street's new servants, Cleveland, Carlisle & Co.?—Dakota Sieve.

There is something sneaking over this country known as the "tariff." We know it's here for it was seen and heard of every day last fall and we have seen no account of its capture. Mr. Cleveland should look after this matter. It is important.—Our Home.

The ethics of the present banking system allows the severest pinching of those least able to bear it. Under Government banking there could be no discrimination in interest rates after the borrower had put up the security required by law for the amount borrowed.—National Spectator.

The railroad companies are glad to haul a postal car from New York to Puget Sound for $650, yet for a car no larger, filled with passengers, they demand over $5,000. Now when the people take charge of this railroad business you will see passengers carried for one-fourth the present rates.—Journal, Portland, Oregon.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

One of the Most Attractive Abodes of British Royalty.

Windsor Castle is one of the most picturesque places in England. It was originally built by William the Conqueror, who here established a hunting seat. To Edward III. it owes much of its magnificence and strength; and since his time it has been a favorite abode of English sovereigns. And what a history its thirty generations of existence can tell! Here the sagacious and statesmanlike Henry Tudor, who reconciled the rival houses of York and Lancaster, held high council with his court; here his son and successor dallied with his maids of honor, and after his scandalous divorcement from Katherine of Aragon, placed the crown on Anne Boley; here the "good Queen Bess" listened to the plays of Shakspeare and received the encomiums of poets and courtiers; here the pedantic James and the pious Charles asserted the divine right, and here the Protector sat in deliberation with the stern representatives of the commonwealth.

Here, too, after the restoration, romped the "merry monarch" with beauty and wit; and from this palace was driven forth the next King to give place to the great Stattholder. The third George here resigned; and the palace at last proved a prison to the insane old ruler. His granddaughter, Victoria, makes Windsor her home; and the Queen's court is a model of good order, while her family exhibits the results of wholesome training and worthy example.

The palace contains many relics of by-gone years. The armor and equipage of chivalry, the fashion of former ages, the disentombed ruins of antiquity, and the graves of Kings and Queens in the royal chapel are here; and the portraits of heroes, statesmen, writers and civilians adorn the chambers or decorate the galleries. The paintings of some of the old masters hang in the large saloons; and one room, called "the beauty room," formerly contained pictures of Charles II.'s court. They have, to her honor, be it said, been banished by Victoria. To some portions of the palace the public is admitted; and obliging attendants point out the principal objects of interest.

As Strong as Samson.

Oscar F. Whitman, of Lewiston, Me., is endowed with strength in his hands which almost surpasses belief. Some of his feats are truly marvelous. One day recently a cow fell on the ice, and after sprawling about in an effort to get up, lay helpless. Four able-bodied men placed a plank under the animal and tried to pry her to her feet, but they could not succeed in raising her more than a few inches. Whitman came along, on his way home from work, and grasping the situation at a glance, he held his arms out at full length for an instant and then firmly placed his hands under the cow. The laugh of the bystanders at Whitman's action was turned to surprise when, without any apparent effort, he lifted the animal two feet higher than a standing position and let her down gently until her feet were firmly on the ground. So that the curiosity of the crowd might be appeased, the cow was led to the city scales and weighed, and she tipped the beam at 700 pounds. Whitman also is able to lift large, heavy men without apparently any effort. Although he does not believe in spiritualism, he is confident that he has some strange power which starts from his shoulders and extends to his finger tips, apparently through the bones, which he says feel to him as though they were hollow.

Found After Thirty-five Years.

Thirty-five years ago Irvin S. Merrill left his home and not until a few weeks ago did his family ever hear definitely from him. He served through the war and was reported killed. His sisters, who reside in New Brunswick, N. J., refused to believe him dead, and have exerted every means to find him. A few weeks ago they learned that a man of that name was drawing a pension. They got the address from the pension bureau and speedily located their brother in a Western city. Correspondence followed and he recently went East and paid his sisters a visit. He claims that he wrote to his sisters repeatedly, and not hearing from them supposed them dead. They never received the letters.

Spring Medicine

Is needed by nearly everybody to purify the blood, cleanse the system of the winter's accumulation of impurities, and put the whole body in good condition for the summer. Such universal satisfaction has

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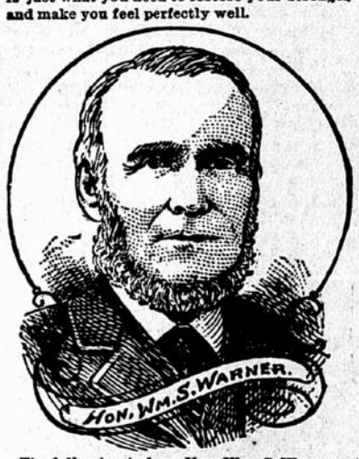
given for this purpose that it is the most successful and most popular Spring Medicine. If you feel weak and tired, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to restore your strength and make you feel perfectly well.



The following is from Hon. Wm. S. Warner, a gentleman highly esteemed by all who know him:

"I can truly say that I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best medicine for purifying the blood. It did me good when physicians and other medicines failed. It has increased my appetite and seemed to renew my youth. This is absolutely true." W. S. WARNER, Fond du Lac, Wis.

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