

CUPIO'S SLAVE.

A dove-and get the world... A slave! and get the world... My letters do not come... Their way is wrong and... My letters do not come... I see my master well... At times she does exact... The true, quite often, too... You will she seems faint... I feel her touch my cheek... The day I married her... And as I kiss her, now...

KINGSBORO'S PUZZLE

A Very Satisfactory and Romantic Solution.

Nobody at Kingsboro knew what to make of it. Benson Turner, the oldest inhabitant said that during his earthly pilgrimage he had sojourned at numerous towns, but in no one of them had any young man who dressed shrewdly and did no work turned out well. Capt. Brown, who worked hard out managed so badly that he was never out of debt, glared savagely whenever he saw handsome Joe Mallison with his hands in the pockets of his neatly fitting coat, and took occasion to remark to the first person he met that he wished the old days in which people who had no visible means of support were prosecuted would return again.

Squire Ripson, who kept the post office, admitted to certain astute questioners that Jo Mallison never received letters, so it was impossible that anyone was sending him money with which to support himself in idleness. Suspicion even ran so high that Bill Butler, who was the only apothecary and candy seller at Kingsboro, and who had Jo Mallison for quite a steady customer, made it a rule to examine very carefully every banknote that Jo offered in payment, lest haply the handsome docteching might be circulating counterfeits. The married women at Kingsboro, who had to work as hard as women almost always do in few towns in young states, carefully pointed out Jo to their sons as an example to be shunned, except so far as personal neatness was concerned.

But the Kingsborogirls differed from the rest of the community in their estimation of Jo. He might be indolent, but he was handsome and he dressed with real taste, and his breath never smelled of liquor or tobacco, and he was always polite, and he never was backward or ill at ease or peevish when in the society of ladies, and he seemed to understand all his fair companions so well. In all these respects he was quite different from most of the Kingsboro boys, so that when good mothers warned their daughters against young men who could only give the words in proof of affection the fairness experienced strong misgivings as to what they would say if Jo Mallison were to propose.

But Jo saved them the necessity of deciding any such question. He proposed to nobody; he made love to nobody. He seemed to have no special favorites among the girls of Kingsboro. He never even flirted. He seemed to heartily enjoy himself when with ladies and to express his gratitude so freely as to leave no one a word upon which to base a suspicion of any stronger sentiments. And he did not stop with conquering the hearts of all the Kingsboro girls. Without any seeming intention to do so, he won the hearts of a few of the elderly women in the town. They did not mean to give continuance to a showy idler, but, nevertheless, when Jo would coax some kind or fateful child to take a walk with him and then send the child home with a head full of Bible stories and a mouthful of pretty songs, the mother of the child would reluctantly admit that the handsome young do-nothing kid have a real good heart.

There was not at Kingsboro any club, that institution so industriously hated by all good women, but there was a gathering place which fulfilled all the requirements of a club, and that was the post office. The mail stage was nominally due at seven in the evening, so that half the male inhabitants congregated in Bill Butcher's saddle shop, which formed the ante-room of the post office, immediately after supper, and they usually enjoyed a two-hour session of conversation before the arrival and distribution of the mail gave them a hint to go home.

Subjects for conversation were not very numerous at Kingsboro, and as the few native characters with any salient points had been thoroughly discussed during the many sessions of the men who waited for the mail, the arrival of Jo Mallison was a perfect godsend. It is hardly necessary to say that Jo found but few companions among the Kingsboro men. The young men hated him for estranging their sweethearts, and each of the older men was afraid that Jo might marry his daughter and come under the paternal roof for support.

One cool night, several weeks after Jo's appearance at Kingsboro, the opposing theorists as to Jo's character indulged in a noisy, earnest and very lively duel. It was during a season when sudden atmospheric changes made most of the Kingsboro people ill; otherwise the bitterness with which the conversation finally came to be characterized would have been inexplicable. Squire Ripson so forgot his years and dignity of character as to call Bill Butcher, his temporary host, a fool for holding that Jo could be anything worse than a well-to-do young man enjoying himself, while Bill, notwithstanding the kindness of spirit which was accorded to a man who was a Methu-

dist claim leader, called the squire a liar. Both men were on their feet, inclining slightly forward toward each other and looking words which should never be spoken, when suddenly the mail stage drove up with a crash at the door.

The postmaster threw a last parting glare at the squire, and carried out the mail bags, while the whole party followed to see who might be in the stage. The light streamed through the open door into the stage, and the villagers saw inside a single passenger whom they recognized as a Cincinnati salesman through whom some of the Kingsboro merchants occasionally purchased goods. They were about to turn away in mingled disappointment and resignation when suddenly Jo Mallison, who had just arrived at the office, sprang into the stage and threw himself upon the passenger, while the stage turned quickly, the driver whipped up furiously and started for the hotel.

The stages which passed around the party of spectators were simply appalling in their blankness. At last squire Ripson recovered breath enough to gasp:

"Detective!" "No such thing!" shouted Bill Butcher through the delivery window. "It's probably the poor little fellow's brother, and he's been waiting for him weeks longer than he expected to."

A derisive smile played over the hills and valleys of the squire's face, and he was about to say something when the reader of the New York Romancer abandoned his theory of the disguised prince and suggested that Jo was a highwayman; that he knew traveling salesmen carried lots of money; that he was robbing the salesman; the driver was in league with him, and like enough they were a mile from town by this time instead of going to the hotel. "Jack Sheppard was a little fellow," said the theorist in evidence.

"I'm going to the hotel," said the squire, starting for the door and followed by the whole party. A moment later the door of the postmaster's inner sanctum was heard to slam and Bill Butcher came running to join the crowd. Sol Turner, who carried crutches and was soon left behind, shouted appealingly to them to do nothing until he got there to see, but no encouraging answer was waited back to him.

The hotel was gained and the stage stood before the door, but the consequent failure of the theory of the Romancer's reader could not stop the impetuous rush of the villagers. They crowded into the public room of the hotel, but neither Jo nor the stranger was there. In a moment, however, a door opened and good Mrs. Butler, the landlady, appeared with a smile on her face and a tear in each eye.

"I know what you men are after," she said. "Don't ever talk about woman's curiosity again. The whole story is this: Jo Mallison is a woman and Mr. Brown was her lover. They had some sort of a lover's quarrel and parted angry. She made up her mind she was in the wrong, but by that time he had started on another trip. She didn't know where to write to him, but she once heard him say he never missed going to Kingsboro, so she came here in a suit of her brother's clothes and has been waiting for him ever since, poor girl. And they've made up and are ever so happy and are going to be married to-morrow. And I've known about it all the time and I'd have done just what she did if I'd have been her."

This last clause of Mrs. Butler's speech was enough to set Jo Mallison right in everyone's eyes, for Mrs. Butler was one of those women who are trusted by everyone on questions of propriety. But it is doubtful whether her hearers on this particular occasion remembered this portion of Mrs. Butler's wonderful address until it was recalled by some slighting remark made by persons to whom the story was told at second-hand. The men said nothing to each other for several moments. Then Bill Butcher went meekly up to Squire Ripson and whispered:

"I was a fool, squire."

"I was another," whispered the squire.

The interested parties had determined to have the wedding ceremony performed with the greatest privacy, but some one learned from Parson Fish the hour at which the service was to be performed and the news spread rapidly, and the Kingsboro people took the matter in their own hands. They dressed in their best and besieged the hotel, and when the bride saw them through the slates of her window blinds her sense of fun moved her to order that they should be admitted so far as the capacity of the largest room in the hotel would allow.

Thus it was discovered that the bride had discreetly brought a trunkful of her own proper apparel with her, and that she looked simply charming in a neat walking suit and bonnet. Parson Fish made man and wife of Hubert L. Brown and Josephine M. Allison, and then "Jo" kissed and was kissed by all the Kingsboro girls, and by many matrons who seemed to grow younger as they looked into her happy face. As for the men, they looked as sheepish as they deserved to, but they had a new subject for conversation, and it lasted the post office coterie for a full fortnight.—N. Y. Daily News.

—He Was a Little Afraid.—Waggley—"Is this watch adjusted to all positions?" Jeweler—"It is." Waggley—"Well, if there's no danger to a fellow who is awkwardly situated with regard to the sheriff, I'll buy it."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Malignant Abscess.

My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large—

—WITH SIX OPENINGS—

all of which discharged pus. I was induced by friends to give her



and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. J. A. WILSON, Stoughton, Pa.

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READ REMARKS OF THE PRESS:

One of the most entertaining evenings that has so far fallen to the pleasure of our people.—Richmond, (Ind.) Register.

Mr. Morse has a wonderful talent, and the only regret was the end could not be postponed indefinitely.—Memphis Times.

Mr. Morse kept his audience in excellent good humor by his reminiscences and anecdotes, and intensely interested them by his work with clay and crayon.—Chicago Herald.

He said that his lecture was intended for young people, but he had scarcely begun before every one of his listeners, by their demonstra-

tions of applause and approval, made it apparent that it was no too young for them.—An Amazon Gazette.

He is a most instructive and charming talker. His vigorous plea for more of the ideal and beautiful in life, his witty and humorous parenthetical observations, and his breezy blackboard illustrations and swift pictures in clay inspire and amuse and fascinate his audience from the start.—Kosonance (Wis.) News.

His full explanations in every department of the Sculptor's Art were valuable even to ad-

vanced students. Near the close he mentioned an alto relievo of Joseph Jefferson as Chief Punisher. A few scintillating random touches here and there, and lo, we had Rip Van Winkle in all his d d shined glory.—Letter of Robert C. Howard.

During Mr. Morse's stay the young people swarmed around him eager to learn and try hands at modeling and, indeed, quite a display was shown at the lecture of heads that had been made, some of them showing considerable talent. If a lecture was a rare treat to both old and young, and many hope he may

be able to visit Humboldt again.—Humboldt Letter.

Mr. Morse's position as of course, when based on the work of the artist, was a President Cleveland and others, possibly by a number from that company to judge, indicating his art by modeling in clay. Mr. Morse's short address on art full of great of truth, and filled up by a debate on the subject. The whole evening was a display of what Mr. Morse's model of a number of orders for the artist of Kingsboro and beautiful plaques of George Elliot—Herald (Hil) Gazette.

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