

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

I think it really means—don't you? To leave a mother at all to do...

When's that, ten, now an apple fall from the tree, and that was all...

FOR A FLOWER.

A Story of the Time of the Reign of Terror.

Count Clairville had just given in marriage his only daughter Yolande to the marquis of Kergouet...

The ceremony was over and the church doors were swung open, displaying the high altar decorated with flowers and lights...

"You are accused of conspiring against the republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier...

"I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice threateningly. Carrier cast a furious glance round him...

"Are you the mother of that young man?" "I am," she answered, "and this girl is his sister."

"Yolande de Clairville, Marquise de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the investigation at an end and added briefly: "Condemned to death, all three."

The doomed were now led back to their dungeons, and at nine o'clock at night the executions began.

Marquise de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother. "Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quiet!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreaded pro-consul...

"What is your name?" "Yolande de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?" "Ah, yes, monsieur!" replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?" "I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yolande, eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?" "Sixteen years, monsieur."

"Then you have not yet learned to lie. Listen to me. Here is a letter which I confide to you on condition of your promising me that it shall not be opened until midnight. Moreover, you are not to speak of it to anyone. Have I your promise? Very well. Go!"

The frightened girl took the letter and put it into her bosom and was taken back to the cell, but before she had time to reply to the anxious questioning with which her mother and brother greeted her, a man appeared, carrying a pistol, and led them all to follow him and led them out of the prison.

Then, imposing the strictest silence upon them, he gave his arm to Yolande, while Henri de Kergouet supported his mother's trembling form. In a few minutes the little party reached the river bank, after hurrying through the dark streets of the city, and the royalists realized at a glance that they were not far from the spot where the executions of that day had taken place.

Their guide gave a signal and a man in a boat instantly made his appearance from out of the gloom.

"Get in," said the boatman. In a low tone, and as soon as they were seated he rowed out into the middle of the stream.

"Be brave, little sister," whispered Henri, clasping Yolande to his heart, and then they all waited calmly for their last hour to come. In a few minutes...

entire strength, who made way reverently, the ladies crossing themselves and the ladies removing their hats. As the bier passed the bride, she was filled with pity at the sight of the young still form under the white pall, and taking a sprig of orange blossoms out of her bouquet, she laid it gently upon the bier. The stern mourner saw the act and his expression softened a little; then covering his face again, he broke into low sobs.

"Who is that man?" asked Count Clairville. "It is not known," replied the man addressed. "He is a stranger. He came to the inn a few days ago with his sister. She was almost dead, as any one could see. He seemed to love her very much, and when she died he carried like a heretic and shook his fist at Heaven. This morning I told him it was too early to have the funeral, and that he ought to give the cure time to change his stole after the wedding, but he would not listen to me."

The bridal party moved on, and soon the merry peals of the church bells were changed to a mournful tolling, as the bier passed under the gay floral decorations of the door.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the mourner of a bystander. "The bride? That is Mlle. Yolande de Clairville," was the reply, and the stranger murmured softly: "May she always be happy!" Then he went into the church.

Twenty years passed and the reign of terror began. In La Vendee the war was at its height when the convention sent one of its members to Nantes with instructions to take swift and violent measures against the royalists.

Accordingly, this man, Carrier by name, caused a number of "suspects" to be confined in the Entrepot, a building near the cathedral of St. Pierre; men, women and children were hurried pell-mell into this ante-chamber of the river Loire, and in spite of the daily drownings the prison was ever thronged with victims.

In a large low hall the terrible pro-consul presided at the mock trials. The prisoners were divided into two parties, the accused and the condemned; the former group diminished rapidly, as the latter increased, and at last Carrier resolved to hurry the proceedings by dispensing with all formality in disposing of the victims.

Then the fatal words: "Condemned to death!" were heard repeatedly as the royalists were hurried across the hall.

"Henri de Kergouet!" called the clerk, and a young man about eighteen years of age left his companions and advanced towards the tribunal. He bowed to the judges with as much ease and grace as if he were at the court of Versailles, and seemed to be unconscious of the fact that a cruel death awaited him.

"You are accused of conspiring against the republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier; "you took part in a plot against my life."

The youth turned a frank, fearless pair of eyes toward the speaker, and answered slowly: "I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice threateningly. Carrier cast a furious glance round him, and then Henri Kergouet was hurried away. Two women now stood before the judge, who asked of the elder one:

"Are you the mother of that young man?" "I am," she answered, "and this girl is his sister."

"Your name?" "Yolande de Clairville, Marquise de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the investigation at an end and added briefly: "Condemned to death, all three."

The doomed were now led back to their dungeons, and at nine o'clock at night the executions began. Tied together, two by two, the unfortunates were thrown into boats, taken out on the river and dispatched with sword or bayonet and their bodies cast into the water. This method, however, soon proved too slow to satisfy Carrier, and he caused hundreds of his victims to be driven to a neighboring quarry and shot.

Marquise de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother. "Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quiet!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreaded pro-consul, who looked at her earnestly and when they were left alone asked slowly: "What is your name?" "Yolande de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?" "Ah, yes, monsieur!" replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?" "I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yolande, eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?" "Sixteen years, monsieur."

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sometimes they seemed to live their whole life over, to feel again the joys and sorrows of their early childhood, as well as of their recent trials and alarms. Suddenly they saw in the distance the outlines of a ship dimly defined against the dark sky; they approached it rapidly, and, before they had recovered from their amazement, found themselves on board, while their late conductor roared back to the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked Henri, after an astonished pause. "That you are saved!" replied the captain of the ship.

"Saved? How? By whom?" "That is more than I can tell you, madame. All that I know of the matter is that a few hours ago I received a large sum of money and an order to wait here for three passengers who wished to go to England. The order was accompanied by a safe-conduct signed by the pro-consul, Carrier. In a few days we shall, with a good wind, be in sight of the English coast."

The little family, hardly able to believe their ears, looked at each other in wondering delight, and Mme. de Kergouet murmured with a prayer of thanksgiving: "Who can our unknown friend be?" Then Yolande suddenly asked the captain what the hour was.

"It is just half-past twelve, made-moiselle," he answered, and the girl hastily drew out the letter she had received, tore it open and read the first line: "To Mlle. Yolande de Clairville."

"It is for you, mamma," she said, giving it to her mother, but the marquis signed to her son to read it aloud. It ran as follows: "Twenty years ago, on your wedding day, you laid a flower from your bridal bouquet on my sister's coffin. She was just sixteen years old. I wish to pay my debt, and in return for your flower I give you three lives. CARRIER."

Translated from the French for the N. Y. Home Journal.

AMERICANS AND AMERICA.

Wonders at Home That Far Surpass Those of Any Foreign Land.

Every year many thousands of un-American Americans go to Europe to see scenery infinitely inferior to our own, upon which they have never looked. We say there are no ruins in this country, and across the ocean to admire crumbling piles less majestic and less interesting than remain in America.

We read of famous gorges and defiles abroad, and are eager to see them; unknowing that in a desolate corner of the United States is the greatest natural wonder of the world—a canyon in which all the rest of the world's famous gorges could be lost forever. And not one American in ten thousand has ever looked upon its grandeur.

Of course, we know the Sahara, for that it is not American; but you will seek far to find anyone who is familiar with an American desert as absolute and as fearful! We are aware of our giant redwoods in California—the hugest trees in the world—but did you ever hear of a petrified forest covering thousands of acres? There is one such in the United States, and many smaller petrified forests. Do you know that in one territory alone we have the ruins of over fifteen hundred stone cities as old as Columbus, and many of them far older? Have you ever heard of towns here whose houses are three-story caves, hewn from the solid rock?

It seems to me that when these and a thousand other wonders are a part of America, we who are Americans, should be ashamed to know absolutely nothing of them. If such things existed in England or Germany or France, there would be countless books and guides overflowing with information about them, and we would hasten on excursions to them, or learn all that reading would tell us.—C. F. Lummis, in St. Nicholas.

DREAM GLOVES.

The Girl's Latest Fad Is Collecting Men's Old Evening Gloves.

Days when a girl asked every man she met for a socktie for her crazy quilt are passed; she no longer collects his handkerchiefs to make curtains for her windows, and even his match-box is comparatively safe. But now the latest fad is to ask the men for their old evening gloves. "What does she do with them?" the uninitiated quite naturally ask. For "Dream Gloves" is the reply. This is the way of it. Her hands, perhaps, still retain some of the summer tan; perhaps they are rough because she has helped in the housework, or they may be chapped from being chilled. Whatever the cause, the remedy prescribed is "grease and gloves."

Now our dear girl finds her own gloves are too tight for this purpose, and then, generally, she wears hers until they are quite useless. So she thinks she will borrow her brother's evening gloves, since he casts his away after the first appearance of a soil. Then my lady thought it would be so much nicer were she to have his gloves to protect her hands, his gloves to tuck under her pretty cheek, his gloves to dream upon. Hence the origin of the name and the fad. What will be the next?—Music and Drama.

QUEEN FASCH.

Some of the Favorite Dishes of the City Youth.

The fact that dyspepsia is a national disease is scarcely to be wondered at, says the New York News, when one thinks of the peculiar orders which are given every day in the restaurants. In one that is located on one of the side streets of Broadway and is frequented by office-boys and young men of slender salaries, and at the same table with a reporter, sat a sallow-looking youth, and this is the order he gave: "Rice and milk, and stewed cranberries."

The order in itself is not startling, but just imagine mixing the rice and berries together in the milk!

The next order that was given was: "A cup of coffee and a piece of lemon pie." That sounds all right, but the purchaser, instead of pouring the milk into the coffee, calmly spilled it over the inoffensive piece of pie and began smashing it with his fork until it looked like "floating island." This was topped off with a plate of stewed prunes and the inevitable cigarette.

That youth should be able to devour green apples with impunity.

Another youngster tried to make a meal of a cup of chocolate and some stewed apples. Pretty good foundation for a growing youth. A plate of broth or soup and a sandwich would have been more satisfactory and would have given a little time to his abused stomach.

The last order was a revelation. Ham and beans. This young man actually poured sirup over the beans and sugar over the ham.



"A woman best understands a woman's ills." "The normal life, well being, and happiness of mankind depend upon the physical health and perfection of woman."

"AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE." DEAR MADAM: You speak of using my recent letter as a testimonial—you are perfectly welcome to do so—would that I could influence all suffering women to give your compound a fair trial. I must say to you that it is an invaluable medicine, and, if used according to directions, will prove a certain cure for the diseases it is recommended for. It has been very, very beneficial to myself and daughter.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.



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The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nerve Tonic. It is a full line of E. R. Squibb's preparations, a full line of W. S. Merrill Chemical Co.'s preparations, a full line of Lloyd's Scientific Medicines; Albany Chemical Co.'s goods; and partial lines of all suitable preparations also.

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY. BEST FOR General Household Use.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

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A guaranteed Cure for Piles w/ever kind or degree—External, Internal, 4 or 5, Straining, Hemorrhoids, Curable, Recurrent, or H. Hemorrhoids. This Remedy has positively never been known to fail. \$1.00 a box 6 boxes for \$5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. A written Guarantee positively given to each purchaser of 6 boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the \$5.00 paid if not cured. Guarantees issued by Peck Bros. Druggists Agents, Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A.

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Our treatment positively and radically cures all forms of nervous disorders, muscular weakness, sexual decline, gleet, varicocele, skin and blood diseases. Cures rapid. Charges moderate. Terms cash. Prescribed, safest and surest treatment known. Book describing it, and how you may cure yourself at home, mailed free. DENSON-DUPRE MEDICAL CO., Incorporated under the laws of the State of Mass., 10 Tremont-st., Boston, Mass.

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SAFE, CERTAIN & EFFECTUAL. Used successfully by 10,000 American women who find them indispensable. Durable, and by regular use, prevent "Woman's Blues." "DOFF'S GIANT GLOBULES." Strongest laxative known. Dose: One or Two in 2 days. Prepaid, or by mail. Particulars on request. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

MEN REMEDY FREE ONLY

Prompt Relief—Lasting Cure. Will cure (mailed) Free to any sufferer, prescription to enlarge supply, with parts and complete directions. Particulars on request. Vendors and Importers: Geo. F. Moore, 100 N. W. 10th St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

TRAIN TIME TABLES.

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TRAIN TIME TABLES. CHICAGO JAN. 31

GOING TO CHICAGO. Lv. GRAND RAPIDS 7:30 am 11:30 pm 1:30 pm 3:30 pm 5:30 pm 7:30 pm

RETURNING FROM CHICAGO. Lv. CHICAGO 9:00 am 4:45 pm 11:15 pm

GOING TO CHICAGO. Lv. GRAND RAPIDS 7:30 am 11:30 pm 1:30 pm 3:30 pm 5:30 pm 7:30 pm

RETURNING FROM CHICAGO. Lv. CHICAGO 9:00 am 4:45 pm 11:15 pm

DETROIT JAN. 31

GOING TO DETROIT. Lv. GRAND RAPIDS 7:30 am 11:30 pm 1:30 pm 3:30 pm 5:30 pm 7:30 pm

RETURNING FROM DETROIT. Lv. DETROIT 7:30 am 11:30 pm 1:30 pm 3:30 pm 5:30 pm 7:30 pm

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New York Express. Arrive 6:00 pm. Detroit Express. Arrive 10:00 pm. Mixed. Arrive 12:00 pm. Atlantic and Pacific. Arrive 1:00 pm. Daily. All other days except Sunday.

Sleeping cars on Pacific and Atlantic Expresses to and from Detroit. Parlor cars leave for Detroit 10:00 am, 10:00 pm, 12:00 pm, 1:00 pm, 3:00 pm, 5:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 9:00 pm, 11:00 pm, 1:00 pm, 3:00 pm, 5:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 9:00 pm, 11:00 pm.

Ticket on sale at Union Ticket office, 6th & Monroe street and at Union Depot.

LAKESHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN

Depot, West Fulton street.

Grand Rapids. Arrive 6:00 pm. Detroit Express. Arrive 10:00 pm. Mixed. Arrive 12:00 pm. Atlantic and Pacific. Arrive 1:00 pm. Daily. All other days except Sunday.

TIME TABLE NOW IN EFFECT.

Trains Leave No. 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

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