

A WOMAN'S WAY.

This can be said of a woman's way. And indeed in truth may be denied, She loves him best whom she least can sway.

For he you humble, she cries you may. The key to her heart is a careless pride, This can be said of a woman's way.

Plead with her, fool, till your locks are gray; Follow and close by her steps abide— She loves him best whom she least can sway.

The wise man says: "I will love her, ye; But I keep my strength if she stand denied." This can be said of a woman's way.

Many a swain will her smile obey, But others this precept their path shall guide; She loves him best whom she least can sway.

And he who yields and comes to pray Far better indeed at her feet had died— This can be said of a woman's way.

And I, in a smiling mood I say, Who fate in the old days prophesied:— This can be said of a woman's way, She loves him best whom she least can sway.

—Ernest McGaffey, in Chicago Post.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED. In the open air the squire perused his letter and, after he had done so, turning to his boys, he said:

"It is too true. In a few hours more my Clara would have been left the wealthiest widow in the state, if all accounts of Loyd's wealth be correct."

"Tom thought it very strange that the first thought of his father should be of the wealth that Clara came so near inheriting, and though the fortune of the banker would now descend to Fannie, we will do Clarence the justice to say that he had not even thought of it when his father remarked:

"Your wife, now, Clarence, will probably inherit all." "Poor Fannie," said Clarence, "I must go to her at once."

"We must all go," the squire said, "by the retty boat. They have requested it. Clarence, you and Tom try to console your mother and sister, and get them ready for the trip. Angus Bruce the murderer! I can hardly credit it."

"Strange! most strange!" said Clarence; "he must have lost his mind. But for his flight, I could not believe it."

Arrived at the house, Carr knocked at the door and the widow herself opened it. "Pardon me, madame," said Carr, "but are you the mother of Angus Bruce?"

"That is an honor I may well be proud of, mon. What wud ye wuth Angus Bruce?" "He is a murderer, dame. He last night murdered Banker Loyd in Wilmington."

"It is a lee, mon! A wuked lee! My gin son is na murderer. Sen you hid coteh a murderer, then best thee coteh one a wee bit nearer hame. Cotehet the young Lathrop, then belike thou wilt have the mon."

"Why, Lathrop is the witness who caught your son in the act." "He did na doot. He killet his uncle ahind my Angus beck. I doubt not he do want hees wealth. Aye, and there be mair he wants."

"We have warrants for the arrest of Angus, dame." "Then why dost stand dameing Margot Bruce—why don't thee coteh the lad?" "Where is he, dame?"

"Weel, thou art a sorry mon to ask a nither where her son be, and thou full ready to hang un." "We will surely catch him, Mrs. Bruce—did he pass out in his schooner?"

"A guide captain's place is wuth his schooner, and if thou wilt coteh the lad, why catch un—belike he is not on the sea, he is on the dry land." "When did you see him last, dame?"

"When I looked at hem with my two een." "Is Tobe, the cook, here? We hear he left him behind." "Dost want the kuke? Did Tobe comit murder, too? Come thee in, he is at the wud pile now. I am getting too oold for a kuke, and Angus left the boy behind. Tobe! Tobe!"

"Here I is, missis," said a coal black chunked-darkey of probably 25 years of age, as he came running in. "Tobe, there's officers searching for your meester; they accuse hem of murdering John Loyd. Noo, Tobe, tell the officers where ees Angus Bruce, thy meester."

"Suah, missis." "Mr. Hofficers, I'll tell yer right whar Mars Angus is this berry minute." "Where! Where!" exclaimed both officers at once.

"Will yer gibe me a piece of tobaccoer if-I tells yer." "Yes, if you tell no lie." "I'll tell de God's trute, marster, but ginme de tobaccoer fust."

"Here!" said Carr, "take this, it's good tobacco, too; now, where is he?" "Mars Angus is—in his own skin," and away he flew.

"Come on, Carr," said Officer Briggs, "we can learn nothing here." "Mayhap my dootir wud tell thee, wud see her—nay! nay! thou hast enough—good riddance to thee."

"Throw up the window, lass, and let the foool air out." "Oh, Angus! Angus! my ain son, God be wuth thee lad, and He wud! and He wud!" and Margaret Bruce sank weeping in a chair.

CHAPTER XII. "WHY DO YOU STAND THERE, WOMAN, STARING AT THE BED?" On the third of June the remains of John Loyd were consigned to the grave.

Squire Hill and his wife and son Clarence were present at the funeral; they had been with Fannie since the evening of the 1st, having returned on the Sunshine the evening of that day.

Clara Hill had been too much overcome to attend the funeral, as much as she may have desired to be with Fannie. "My said that the dead man's betrothed was so much overcome by the murder, and the sad death of the man to whom she was so soon to have been united, that she was completely prostrated."

"There is a good round sum to be invested in real estate and bonds—banking business is too confining for my temperament. I must have a more active life. Now a planter's life would suit me; a fine plantation, lots of niggers, a good overseer, fine horses, a pack of hounds, and—well, either Clara Hill or Fannie for a wife. Now Clara Hill has got the most style, Fannie the most money. Clara would be the hardest to manage; then why not marry my little cousin?"

"Why not that is simple enough, Herbert; she won't have you, and then she is engaged to Clarence Hill. Clearly I will have to be satisfied with Clara. I can't antagonize the squire and Fannie and Clarence, for they will have to aid me in capturing Clara. A planter's life requires, first of all—a plantation; I have it! The squire before leaving for home informed me that Kendall was for sale, and I imagine he would be pleased if I would buy it; it joins Orton, and would be the very place. I suppose it would take a hundred thousand dollars to buy the place with the slaves upon it—clearly my \$50,000 would not avail. I'll buy it, though, from funds of the estate, and if the purchase proves a good one, and everything turns happily for me—"

"Why, then, I bought the property for Herbert Lathrop; otherwise I but follow the provisions of the will—there's lots of pickings in this administration business."

"By the way, I must offer that reward, I suppose, for the apprehension of Bruce. It is rumored on the street that I'm to do so, but everything moves off so well that I hope he will not be captured. It would be disagreeable to have to confront him—there was danger in his eye that night as he stood there, with the sheath knife in his hand, when he realized the trap I had set for him. I imagine he would not be a very safe man for me to encounter."

"Strange that the Clara Belle has not been located yet. Bruce evidently is aboard her, or she would have been. If he stay aboard her, and on this coast, it is only a question of time until he be captured. Now, if he would only resist arrest and get shot without my having to confront him it would be well; as it is, all I can do is to hope for a continuance of my former luck. I'll go

down to-morrow and consult Squire Hill. It would be well to show confidence in his judgment, and if it coincides with mine I'll purchase Kendall. Of course, he'll think that I was ruled by him alone; now, that would be a stroke of policy."

Here there was a tap on the livery door, and Herbert started suddenly to his feet. "Why, how the least sound startles me. I must get out of here; this house can't hold me another night. Pshaw! it's but Aunt Mag," and he sank into his seat again. "Come in."

"It was Aunt Mag that entered. In one hand she held a tray, and on it was a pitcher filled with something evidently hot, as the steam was rising from its surface. "Marse Herbert, I brings your hot Scotch."

"How is it, Aunt Mag, that you have taken to bringing me hot Scotch every night since my uncle's death?" "Well, yer see, Marse Herbert, I always brought it to Marse John every night before he went to bed, and now since you have taken his place I brings it to you."

"Taken his place?" "Why, yes, to his very chair. There's where he set, night after night, sipping his hot Scotch down; you've taken his place in everything, perhaps you will take it with Miss Clara Hill."

"Do you think so, Mag?" "Why should you not? It was wealth she was after, you have got it now; I thought I got all of those blood spots off the carpet, they're as plain as ever, let me get a rug and cover them."

"Yes, cover them, Aunt Mag! cover them!" Here Mag opened the bedroom door, and instantly gave a fearful scream, that brought Herbert trembling to his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) ILLUMINATED BIRDS. Some Creatures That Fly Light Their Way in Dark Places. Stories of luminous birds have been related by sportsmen occasionally, but, as far as I know, exact facts and data have never before been obtained on this most interesting and somewhat sensational subject.

A friend in Florida told me that he had distinctly seen a light moving about a flock of cranes at night, and he was satisfied that the light was upon the breast of the bird. Another friend informed me that on entering a heron rookery at night he had distinctly observed lights moving about among the birds.

That herons have a peculiar possible light-producing apparatus is well known. These are called powder-down patches, and can be found by turning up the long feathers on the heron's breast, where there will be found a patch of yellow, greasy material that sometimes drops off or fills the feathers in the form of a yellow powder. This powder is produced by the evident decomposition of the small feathers, producing just such a substance as one might expect would become phosphorescent, as there is little doubt that it does.

The cranes and herons are not the only birds having these oily lamps, if so we may term them. A Madagascan bird, called kirumbo, has a large patch on each side of the rump. The bitterns have two pairs of patches; the true herons three, while the curious boat-bills have eight, which, if at times all luminous would give the bird a most conspicuous, not to say spectral appearance at night.

Some years ago a party of explorers entered a large cave on the island of Trinidad that had hitherto been considered inaccessible. To their astonishment, they found it filled with birds which darted about in the dark in such numbers that they struck the explorers and rendered their passage not merely disagreeable, but dangerous. The birds proved to be night-hawks, known as oil-birds, and in great demand for the oil they contain, and it is barely possible that these birds are also light-givers.

The powder-down patches of the oil birds are upon each side of the rump—Philadelphia Times.

Beethoven and the Ladies. Beethoven never married. But it was from no defect of sensibility that the tribulations which were distributed among many successive housekeepers were not heaped upon the devoted head of a wife. If love be a disease, Beethoven was always ill, or at best but convalescent. No less than 40 ladies save four has he immortalized by his dedications to them. To Bettina von Arnim—Goethe's Bettina—for whom he long cherished a hopeless passion, he once said, after trying over a composition which he had just written: "I made that for you; you inspired me with it. I saw it written in your eyes;" and this is but a specimen of the galantries to which he was addicted. Twice at least he proposed—on one occasion to the lady, who as he found to his mortification, was already the fiancée of his friend Hummel. That marriage would have saved him from a good many worries is certain enough; for it must be allowed that, as Emil Naumann delicately puts it, he "did not possess any aptitude for household management."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Not Mares. Freddie was sent downstairs by his uncle to bring up a pair of tan shoes. The youngster returned with two shoes, one of which was laced and the other buttoned. "That isn't the right pair, Freddie," said his uncle. "I can't wear those. They are not mares. Where are the others?" The little boy looked somewhat puzzled for a moment, and then said: "I don't think you can wear the other pair, uncle; it isn't alike, either."—Harper's Round Table.

That is the Usual Way. "Let me see," ejaculated Mr. Philip Tank, "as near as I can figure it, I only paid \$11 for the whisky and \$38 for the hospital. It reminds me of one of your dresses. The tremens cost much more than the goods."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WASHING A FINE ART.

Washing pretty summer gowns and belongings is a fine art, very easy to learn. A bright day, plenty of water and a little pure soap are the necessary aids in the work. To do it, fill a tub two-thirds full of warm water, dissolve a cake of Ivory soap (which will not fade the most delicate colors), add it to the water, wash the garments carefully through it; rinse first in clear water, then in bluewater; wring, dip in thin starch; hang on the line in the shade. When dry sprinkle and iron on the wrong side. Gowns thus laundered will look fresh for the entire summer.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Civilizing a Chimpanzee.

"A wonderful," said the man who is always earnest, "to see how they can develop the intellects of the lower animals. There is no telling how much we may be able to benefit them by systematic education."

WABASH LINE.

Route of the G. A. R.—How to Get to Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., has been selected as the place of meeting this year for the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, August 23d to 28th. The Wabash Railroad, having short lines from the West and Southwest, via Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, to Buffalo, is well prepared to take care of all G. A. R. Veterans and their friends who contemplate making the trip, and is the only line operating its own trains over its own track from Missouri and Mississippi River points to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and the only line with Through Sleeping Cars from St. Louis to Buffalo via Niagara Falls, without change.

The Wabash equipment is first-class in every particular and Free Reclining Chair Cars are operated between St. Louis, Chicago and Buffalo without change, and Through Sleeping Cars between St. Louis, Chicago and Buffalo without change. From Kansas City, Omaha and Des Moines, only one change of cars is necessary, via Toledo or Detroit. In addition to above service, there is a Free Reclining Chair Car and Buffet Sleeping Car running through from Kansas City to Toledo without change, where direct connection is made for Buffalo.

Tickets will be on sale August 21st and 22d, 1897, from stations west of the Mississippi River and August 21st, 22d and 23d, 1897, from Mississippi River points and stations east.

For particulars address or call on any representative of the Wabash line or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & F. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Watering Place Echoes.

Cats kills—The bootjack. New-put—A sweet beverage. Old Orchard—The garden of Eden. Bar Harbor—The top of a wrapper. Sara-toga—Mme. Bernhardt's wrap. Rich-field Springs—Standard oil wells. Long Branch—The limb of a banyan tree. Ocean Grove—The mermaid's coral forest. Niagara Falls—A night aggravating place of falls profits.

Old Point Comfort—The north pole in the middle of summer.—Judge.

Next to an Approving Conscience.

A vigorous stomach is the greatest of many blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite and a regular habit of body. Though not always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the most effective invigorants and blood purifiers in existence. This fine tonic also fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies biliousness, constipation and rheumatism.

They Unnily Are.

"Was the count embarrassed, when he proposed to you?"

"Certainly—financially."—N. Y. Journal.

Hill's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

He who seems to make little things matters of conscience will soon be conscienceless in regard to greater things.

I believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

How slow a person seems to read when you are waiting for his paper.—Washington Democrat.

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD YOUR FACE SHOWS IT. It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep. HEED THE RED FLAG OF DANGER. When you see pimples and liver spots on your face. Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD. If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help nature help you! ALL DRUGGISTS. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

SEE THAT THIS NAME IS STAMPED ON Every Pair OF SHOES YOU BUY. IT IS A POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SUPERIORITY. Ask Your Dealer for Them. A. Driesmeyer SHOES. JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

EDUCATIONAL. ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL, KANSAS. Through preparation in Cadet or Business Cadet Department. Term year opens September 1st. Address CHAS. E. BARBER, M. Sc., Head Master.

We Employ You For One Year. To the person desiring the most stable in a REVOLVING WORK at the end of a three month's service at your own choice, we offer a year's engagement at \$2 per week to commence with. For particulars apply to our office. CORP. PORTLAND & 187 COLLEGE, St. Paul, Minn., Chicago, Ill.

GROVES



TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILL., Nov. 15, 1893. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentlemen:—We sold last year 500 bottles of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, we have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, ABNEY, CAIRN & CO.

DES MOINES IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY BEST REACHED VIA CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS ST. PAUL KANSAS CITY

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL THE GENUINE HARTSHORN'S

FITS STOPPED FREE. PERMANENTLY CURED. Incurable Presently by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

WE PAY CASH each WEEK to men all over U. S. to sell MARK TWAIN—cheap best hat. Quick Free—takes no money to try the work. Also want Club Members—get their hats free. History postal: name references. STARK STEBBINS, Louisville, Mo., or Springfield, Mo.

\$12 to \$35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who PER WEEK can give their whole time to the work. Also want Club Members—get their hats free. History postal: name references. STARK STEBBINS, Louisville, Mo., or Springfield, Mo.

Weeks Scale Works, STOCK, COAL, RAY, GRAIN, BUFFALO, N. Y. AND COTTON SCALES.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives relief and cures. Book of particulars sent FREE. S. M. Treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SOUS, Atlanta, Ga.

ROOF IT LA ROOFING—No tarp cheap iron, heat, WATTS FOR SAMPLER. FAY AVENUE ROOFING COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

OPIUM each person seems to read when you are waiting for his paper.—Washington Democrat.