Out of the Jaws of Death.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

(CONTINUED.)

My first impulse on reading the telegram was to telegraph to Judith news to Judith, but Mr. Pelham, to whom I had communicated little by little, as my confidence in him increased, all the principal facts of the case, overruled my desire.

"Probably, as you suggest," said he, "Mr. Gordon's name has been omitted for prudential reasons, but there is nothing but to proceed that he is in Dover, and it would be invidious not to act on such, to convey that belief to Miss Bell until we have positive assurance that he is beyond the reach of the Russian police. She does not expect him so soon, and it seems some worth the delay of a couple of days to avoid even the possibility of giving bitter disappointment."

The bare supposition that Gordon might not arrive with Ivan Dontremember inspired me with such poignant regret that I readily yielded to my solicitor's direction, so that a fortnight and all its alternations of hours that clouded my bright hopes.

Mr. Pelham and I went together to Dover, and on Saturday morning, hours before the boat was due, I stationed myself on the end of the pier, straining my eyes over the gray waters. At length a seaman, who knew what I was looking for, pointed out a speck in the distance and told me it was the Calais boat. Nearer and nearer it came, and almost as soon as I could distinguish one passenger from another on the deck I saw a handkerchief fluttering on the bridge, and I made out the stalwart figure of George Gordon. He wore a light colored Inverness that added to his bulk. Presently I discovered the inseparable pipe in his mouth. Then I was sure that it was he.

"That's he—George Gordon," I cried, pointing him out to Mr. Pelham.

"And Mr. Dontremember—do you see him?"

I had forgotten him in my delirious excitement, but now I perceived his elfish figure in a tightly buttoned coat, his appearance made more grotesque by a large fur cap with the lappet turned down and tied under his chin. Then looking at George Gordon again and seeing the grin of delight that spread over his face—a fine brick red from exposure to the wind—I felt that I must burst into tears or laughter or go to some such foolish excess. Even Mr. Pelham smiled in complaisance with me. The only one whose face expressed no joy was Ivan Dontremember's. The voyage had made his complexion livid, and his eyes had the pathetically stolid look of the ape, as if he were at a loss to know what there was in the world for men and women to laugh at.

Then came the meeting, George Gordon taking me by both hands and kissing me on each cheek in the exuberance of his happiness.

"Judith—Is she all right?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," I replied.

"And old Taras?"

"He is with Judith."

His countenance fell as he noticed the change in my expression and the hesitation with which I replied. Ivan Dontremember craned forward to hear my reply, when Gordon asked:

"What's the matter?"

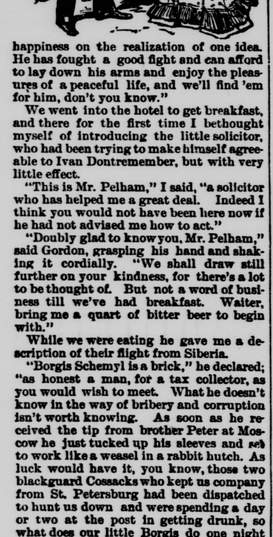
I could not reply. The words choked me. I shook my head, covering my eyes with my hand.

"He has lost his sight," Mr. Pelham said, coming to my rescue. "They have blinded him."

"I told you how it would end," observed Ivan Dontremember, calmly—"exile, mutilation or death."

George Gordon passed his arm through mine, and leading me away said gently:

"Bear up, little woman. We have got him still with us, and now they have done their worst they will leave him in peace. A fine fellow like Taras is not dependent for



happiness on the realization of one idea. He has fought a good fight and can afford to lay down his arms and enjoy the pleasures of a peaceful life, and we'll find 'em for him, don't you know."

We went into the hotel to get breakfast, and there for the first time I bethought myself of introducing the little solicitor, who had been trying to make himself agreeable to Ivan Dontremember, but with very little effect.

"This is Mr. Pelham," I said, "a solicitor who has helped me a great deal. Indeed I think you would not have been here now if he had not advised me how to act."

"Doubly glad to know you, Mr. Pelham," said Gordon, grasping his hand and shaking it cordially. "We shall draw still further on your kindness, for there's a lot to be thought of. But not a word of business till we've had breakfast. Waiter, bring me a quart of bitter beer to begin with."

While we were eating he gave me a description of their flight from Siberia.

"Borgis Schemyl is a brick," he declared; "as honest a man, for a tax collector, as you would wish to meet. What he doesn't know in the way of bribery and corruption isn't worth knowing. As soon as he received the tip from brother Peter at Moscow he just tucked up his sleeves and set to work like a weasel in a rabbit hutch. As luck would have it, you know, those two blackguard Cossacks who kept us company from St. Petersburg had been dispatched to hunt us down and were spending a day or two at the post in getting drunk, so what does our little Borgis do one night when he had tucked 'em up comfortably on top of the stove but he takes away every rag of clothing that belonged to them—their accouterments, papers, everything, and brings them to us. I squeezed myself into one uniform. Dontremember pads himself out in the other. We were lovely to look at! Dontremember didn't need any further adornment, but it was thought advisable to swathe up the lower part of my face in a great blood stained handkerchief.

"This gave color to the theory that my jaw had been fractured in a desperate encounter with brodyags and obviated the necessity of answering questions on the road, except by mumbled sounds, which Dontremember alone could interpret. When these arrangements were made, we went into the posthouse, where Borgis bound his sister-in-law hand and foot and laid her on the floor with a gag in her mouth, and at his request we served him in the same manner. This was done for the satisfaction of the drunken Cossacks, who, when they awoke from their slumbers, were to conclude that we had broken into the house while they were under the pernicious influence of drink, overpowered the postmaster and stolen their belongings, do you see? Borgis bade us farewell with a wink as he lay on the ground, adding a nod and a grunt to signify that he would like us to shut the door after us to keep out the cold, and off we went.

"The Cossacks' horses were in the stable, saddled and ready. We had only to jump into the saddle and canter away in the starlight. Dontremember knew the road, and we pushed along as if we were after a fugitive and thirsting for vengeance on the rascal who had broken my jaw. At every post we changed horses, but we didn't sleep there. Oh, no; we were much too eager to overtake our fugitives for that. But we made up for it by requisitioning food and shelter at isolated farmhouses and places where there was no likelihood of being troubled by inquisitive officials. We had lots of adventures—pretty risky ones, too—but we pulled through all right and ultimately arrived one fine night at the outskirts of Moscow, where Dontremember has friends. There we were transformed into an American merchant and his courier, who very kindly lent us their passports, and without any further difficulty passed through St. Petersburg and reached Berlin."

When Gordon began his narrative, Ivan Dontremember pulled a book from his pocket and began to read, as though these past adventures had no longer any interest for him, and during the conversation that ensued he still read on. One might have thought him deaf and dumb from his silence and perfect indifference to what was going on. The book absorbed his attention until Gordon, having finished his long meal, said, "Now let us talk about what we are going to do next." Then he quietly marked the place, and having slipped the book in his pocket tilted his chair back, clasped his hands at the back of his head and fixed his eyes listlessly on a stain in the ceiling.

"Yes, let us decide that soon," I said. I want to telegraph to Judith."

"Where is she?" asked Gordon.

"She is with Taras in Surrey."

"Well, we had better go there at once."

I cast an inquiring look at Mr. Pelham. "There is a great deal to discuss, and there may be some legal formalities to transact this morning," said he. "But I think you might go there this afternoon, today being only Friday."

Gordon looked perplexed. Ivan Dontremember, still slowly swaying to and fro in his chair, kept his eyes on the ceiling.

"You will explain what has happened," said I to Mr. Pelham, "while I go to the postoffice."

He acquiesced, and I left the room. It was a private room. At the postoffice I wrote with feverish eagerness my message to Judith.

"He is here. We are coming to you this afternoon. Tell Taras everything."

When I returned to the hotel, Mr. Pelham, with raised eyebrows, was gravely twirling his thumb on his crossed knees. Gordon was pacing the room with violent anger marked on his face, and in striking contrast to him Ivan Dontremember sat with one elbow on the table and his chin in the palm of his hand, idly scraping the crumbs on the cloth into a long line with the breadknife.

"What are you to do with a confounded villain like that?" exclaimed Gordon wrathfully, referring evidently to Kavanagh.

"Well," replied Mr. Pelham, with judicial slowness, "there are two or three indictable offenses. We can take immediate proceedings for his arrest on the charge of forgery. The forcible abduction is another very serious."

"I am not thinking of that," interrupted Gordon impatiently. "What punishment is good enough for the wretch who blinded Taras?"

"That of course depends upon the evidence."

"Evidence!" exclaimed Gordon scornfully. "Must you see an adder strike before you hit him on the head? We know he blinded Taras."

"The presumptive evidence is strong, but I doubt if it is sufficient to obtain a conviction."

"Of course it isn't, and if it were what then! A year or two in prison—is that sufficient for blasting the life of such a man as Taras? You may muzzle a vicious dog, but this is something more than a vicious dog—he is a tiger."

"And tigers are exterminated," observed Ivan Dontremember quietly.

"Still, gentlemen, seven years' penal servitude for forgery," suggested Mr. Pelham, with persuasive suavity. "Seven years I may safely venture to predict."

"A good thrashing suits my views better."

"My dear sir!" expostulated the solicitor, shocked by the lawless views of his new client.

"It will come to that. I don't see anything else that a man can do. I'll thrash him within an inch of his life."

"Leave him an inch. I shall want that," said Dontremember, still scraping crumbs together.

"Really, gentlemen," Mr. Pelham interposed in plaintive remonstrance, "as a legal adviser I cannot countenance your taking the law into your own hands. It is quite illegal and altogether inadvisable from every point of view. Why, he might bring a cross action for assault."

"Long! I only wish he may make some opposition. Thrashing a limp rascal takes the nerve out of your arm."

"Your blood will warm when you begin," remarked Ivan Dontremember.

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Pelham, raising his hands and shaking his head mournfully. Then, brightening up a little, he added coaxingly, "Now, suppose we could get him 14 years?"

"Get him as much as you can," said Gordon doggedly, "but he shall have his thrashing to begin with."

"My dear sir, you quite lose sight of the purpose of punishment, which should never be administered in a passionate, a vindictive, or a revengeful spirit. Our laws are mercifully framed, not to avenge past misdeeds, but to prevent their recurrence. Now, any breach of the peace is calculated to lead to further crime."

"Make yourself easy on that score," said Dontremember. "He will sin no more!"

"I beg you to consider what will happen, my dear sir," said Pelham, making a last appeal to Gordon. "Tomorrow in all probability Mr. Kavanagh will go to Betterford Grange to pay his customary visit."

"That will be time enough. Give him till tomorrow."

"Then, if you still adhere to your present purpose, you will thrash him?"

"I will," said Gordon emphatically.

Mr. Pelham gulped, as if swallowing a very bitter pill, before he continued.

"This proceeding will take place probably tomorrow evening. Tomorrow is Saturday, remember. Now, having regard to the circumstances of the case, what do you think he will do on Sunday?"

"Stay in bed, I should say."

"No, he will not, sir," said Mr. Pelham, his meekness giving place to something like asperity. "He will make shift to get to the office at the Lambeth pottery, knowing that no one will be there on Sunday and that we cannot take legal action against him before Monday. You may be sure that he keeps all his available property in the safe there. I am convinced of this, for I passed the place one night and perceived that a grating had been let in the shutter and a gaslight was directly in front of the safe that it might be under the eye of the policeman on the beat. Over £5,000 pounds of that property belong to you. He will take it and leave the country before Monday morning. Knowing the character of the man, you cannot say that the thing is impossible."

"No, but that's another argument on my side. He may get off with my money, but hang me if he shall get off without that hiding."

"But the hiding, sir, is the very thing that leads to the loss of your property."

"It looks as if I should lose that anyhow," said Gordon.

"But you won't," said Ivan Dontremember in the impassive tone of conviction.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS AND FOES.

George Gordon went out to buy himself an English pipe and some English tobacco—exile had given him a rage for everything English—and the little solicitor, with indomitable perseverance in the cause of law and order, accompanied him with a wheedling murmur of "depositions" and "warrants." As soon as they were gone Ivan Dontremember drew a notebook from his pocket, and opening it pointed to a rough diagram and said:

"There is where you used to live; can you tell me who inhabits the house now?"

Looking closer at the drawing and the lettered parts described below in Gordon's bold handwriting, I saw that it represented a ground plan of the pottery, the yard at the back, Taras's workshop, and our former dwelling house.

"Nobody lives there now," I replied, "the house is empty."

He gave a nod of satisfaction, closed the notebook, put it back in his pocket, and then, with more geniality than he had yet shown, opened a conversation about my escape from Siberia, which lasted until Gordon and Mr. Pelham returned.

Gordon carried a stout stick he had purchased; Mr. Pelham looked as if the end of the world was within measurable distance.

We went together to London, and after lunching there Gordon and I took a cab to Waterloo, leaving Mr. Pelham and Ivan Dontremember behind us. It was a surprise to us when, at the last moment, Dontremember held out his hand and said:

"Goodby, George Gordon!"

"Why, you are coming with us, old fellow!" exclaimed Gordon. "You must come to see Taras."

"No, not now. A death's head is not wanted at your feast. Perhaps I shall come to you on Monday—perhaps not," he added, dropping Gordon's hand and turning away wipin a last nod to me. We looked after him in silent speculation, but little thinking that we were to see our friend no more. We found a fly at Woking station that carried us to Betterford. Taras was standing at the gate with Judith by his side. As Gordon stood up in the carriage waving his hat she ran to meet us, leaving Taras. Gordon leaped out of the fly before it stopped, and the next moment she was wrapped in his big arms, standing on tiptoe to reach his lips.

Taras took my hands in silence—we were both greatly moved—but as he led me through the open gate he murmured:

"Brave, dear friend—my unchanged, unchanging Aura! You have come back not to go away again?"

"Never, never," I answered fervently. "Oh, if I may stay with you till the end of my life! That is the wish of my heart, and I have no secrets from you now."

"Ah, you have guarded your secret well, and I was a poor seer not to guess the truth. I could only tell that there was something hidden; that none of us had the true clew to the mystery. But in one thing I was not at fault. I said that you would come back to me, and even you could not shake my faith in that. When Judith told me she must leave me, they would have had me advertise for a companion—a stranger to fill your place. Think of it! They thought me mad when I told them you would come back in time. But you have come, dear, brave, self sacrificing friend. The luck has turned."

The next moment she was wrapped in his big arms.

"I should think it had," cried Gordon, overtaking us, "and not a bit too soon."

Then the two friends grasped hands like a couple of giants and stood smiling in each other's faces—Gordon with a tremulous movement of the lips as he looked at the closed eyes which used to shine upon him and could shine no more.

"Something like a jolly meeting this," he said stoutly as he mastered his emotion. "Worth going to Siberia to feel like this when one comes back, but hang me if I go again!"

"You have no friend to save—that's why," said Taras. "The czar is satisfied. They'll leave me alone now."

"Aye, old chap, but we march out with flying colors and can hang up our swords with pride."

That was the only reference made to the past.

"By Jupiter, what a jolly old place!" Gordon exclaimed as we came in sight of the house. "But what's the meaning of all those shuttered windows?"

"That is the part we have not yet found use for. Eight or nine rooms are about as many as Mere Lucas can comfortably manage."

"The best part of the house is unoccupied," added Judith.

"The best part, do you say? That sounds as if it might be good enough for us. What do you think, partner mine—shall we build our nest here?"

"Like the swallows, without asking whether we are welcome or not?" suggested Judith.

"Yes," said Taras, "and, like them, bringing happiness to the house."

Judith and I went up stairs together. We had a great deal to tell each other. Looking from the window, we saw Taras and Gordon on the lawn. Oh, it was good to see them filling their pipes from the same pouch, strolling across the smooth grass with their arms linked, puffing out clouds of blue smoke, and still better to hear them joining in a hearty laugh.

"It is the first time I have heard him laugh," said Judith. "His patience has sometimes pained me. His endeavor to find a cheerful outlook in the future only proved how persistently memories of the past haunted him, how tedious the present moment was. Now you have changed all that."

"I!"

"Yes, you were more to him than sight. The loss of you was the real grief, not the loss of his eyes. That he looked upon almost as a foreseen calamity—'the chance of war,' as he says. He has always maintained that you would come back. The next room is yours. It was furnished expressly for you, and all that belonged to you in Lambeth is in there. 'Nothing yet from my little friend?' he has asked sometimes after I have read his letters to him. You have always been present here to him. I felt that. It hurt me sometimes to feel that I could never be so much to him as you were. I am sure that my presence irritated him sometimes, and that he was glad to be left alone. In those moments he was thinking of you. Something in my manner compared unfavorably with his recollection of you. I can afford to tell you all this now, dear. At one time it wounded my pride to suspect it, and I would not have confessed the fact to myself, but it gives me joy to tell you all now."

She left me as Mere Lucas tapped at the door and humbly begged to speak to her dear mademoiselle. I wished I could escape also. I thought the poor old woman would never be comforted or cease to beat her ample breast and call herself hard names.

"To think of the indignities, the affronts, the insults I offered you, my dear, my most respected mademoiselle! What a brute I was, what an animal, what an imbecile! To offer you a place as domestic servant in this house; to take you into my own room when I ought to have led you into the best drawing room; to permit myself to eat at the same table with you, and to offer you the little wine and the remains of food that are only good enough for a fool and a dolt such as I am—though certainly they are better than I deserve. And to think that you had behaved unworthily at the very time when you were risking your life to save my dear master, and, what is more, to believe ill of that dear M. Gordon, who could do no wrong to save his life, God bless him—as droll as ever and as kind! But I am richly punished for it, look you, for I broke three things since lunch and let my milk boil over for the first time in my life. Ah, mon Dieu, that it should come to this at my age!"

Happily the fear of some further culinary disaster put an end to her sobs and self reproaches, but for a long while after I never passed her without hearing her address herself as a camel, a pig or some other object of contempt.

George Gordon, going to the window after dinner, exclaimed:

"A glorious night, by Jove! How would it be if we went out for half an hour?"

"Very agreeable, I should say," replied Taras.

The idea was equally acceptable to Judith and me, and when we had put on our wraps we joined Gordon and Taras in the garden. Chatting and laughing we strolled down the broad walk in a row, but passing through the gate Taras and Judith took the lead, and in that order we sauntered along the Woking road, Judith, I believe, intending to take the bypath to her favorite seat in the wood.

At the angle of the road Gordon stopped to relight his pipe.

"This is the old box," said he, scratching a vesta. "Do you remember that day when we found there were only two matches left?"

I made no reply, for looking down the road I saw Taras and Judith, who were a dozen yards or so in advance, suddenly stop.

"Bother the wind!" exclaimed Gordon, throwing away the dead vesta and taking out another.

But he paused in the act of striking it, for we both heard a well known voice saying:

"Taras—Judith! Why, this is a surprise for me, and I suppose my coming is for you? I thought I might steal a few hours to satisfy my anxiety."

It was Kavanagh. His voice had dropped from a tone of cheerful astonishment to uneasy perplexity, and he added:

"Has anything happened?"

"Come on," muttered Gordon, catching my hand in his, "we'll show the villain what has happened." And he shook that fine new stick of his.

I heard Taras speaking in a terrible tone as we hurried out, but I could not catch his words. Then we came up and stood before Kavanagh, near enough for him to distinguish our faces in the pale starlight.

"I understand now," he said, with forced composure. "You have come back."

"Yes, come back to call you to account," thundered Gordon. "What have you to say for yourself, you confounded villain?"

"Nothing, if you take that tone," Kavanagh replied, tapping the palm of his left hand lightly with the cane he held in his right. "When you can listen to reason, I shall be able to justify every act that may seem inscrutable to you now."

"You'll have plenty of scope for your ingenuity in that way when you are in the dock. The lawyers will fight you there; here you have to settle matters with me."

There was no mistaking what he meant as he threw off his Inverness.

"Take this warning," said Kavanagh, closing his left hand tightly on his cane and stepping back a pace. "If you attempt to offer violence, the result may be fatal—to you. I am not unprepared to protect myself."

As he spoke he gave the head of his cane a twist, whipped out the rapier to which it was a handle, and throwing aside the stick placed himself in an attitude of defence.

With a cry of terror Judith attempted to throw herself between Gordon and Kavanagh, but Taras, who had caught the sound of the steel, forcibly restrained her.

For my own part, I could neither move nor utter a sound. The long, thin sword was scarcely visible in the dim light. I had heard that Kavanagh was an expert swordsman. It was impossible for Gordon to face him with a stick, and it was impossible that he should close with his adversary without exposing himself to the thrust of that almost unseen weapon.

[To be Continued.]

Mrs. Dow's Sharp Tongue.

Mrs. Mary E. H. G. Dow walked into a meeting of the directors of the street railroad at Dover, N. H., one day, says a Boston correspondent of the N. Y. *World*, and, showing a pocketful of the company's stock, elected herself to the presidency and other offices. Then she left the room with her head in the air.

She became famous throughout New England, but after two years of rule the New Hampshire railroad queen decided to forswear railroading and sold most of her stock. The stockholders recently held a meeting, at which Mrs. Dow was asked to explain an overissue of fifty-three shares of stock, and also how it happened that in the statement of assets and liabilities she gave to Edward P. Shaw to whom she sold 266 shares at $50 each, $800 of the indebtedness of the company did not appear.

Mrs. Dow did not explain as desired, but declared that the company now owes her some $502 on uncollected dividends, not to mention a bill for the storage of an omnibus, the ownership of which the company now repudiates. She said the present management is ruining the road.

The officers told her that she had made $25 on each share she sold, and intimated that she had gouged the company in doing so.

Mrs. Dow objected to the issue of new stock and to electric cars, saying that the latter were dangerous in a thunderstorm.

The meeting ended in a wrangle, but after Mrs. Dow had gone home the directorors met in a private office, elected officers, and fixed things generally to their satisfaction.

LET IT RUN

and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

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An Antidote for Grief.

While Joe Jefferson was down at his Louisiana plantation last year the wife of one of his neighbors died, and Mr. Jefferson called to express his sympathy and regrets. While he was at the house the clergyman arrived to make arrangements for the funeral. Neither the man nor his wife had been a church member. The husband was prostrated with grief, but he aroused himself as the clergyman entered.

"Is there is any particular portion of the Scriptures you would like me to read at the funeral?" the clergyman asked.

The husband sat up, mopped his eyes, and thought for a moment.

"Well, you might try that bit about Samson and the foxes," he exclaimed, finally; "I guess that's about as funny as any of 'em."

Where to Mark Linen.

Regarding the proper place to put the mark on different articles, it is usually understood that a handkerchief is to be marked only in one corner, and that, when ironed, the distinctive corner is to be the one exposed. Table cloths are to be marked in the middles of the end—if with small letters, they are placed near the hem; if larger, at a corresponding distance from the edge. In any case, there should not be less than the height of the letters between the lower edge and the hem of the cloth. Napkins are marked diagonally across the corner; towels at the middle of one end, just above the hem; sheets on the middle fold, two inches from the top hem; long pillow cases at the end, an inch or two from the hem, and square cases at the middle of the top.

THE Neah Bay Indians are one of the most thrifty tribes under the government charge. They have a fleet of 10 schooners and are engaged in a profitable business of sealing, whaling and other fishing. Most of the fleet is now being fitted out for the season's work, and as seals are said to be unusually plentiful off the cape this year, the Indians will probably make a good deal of money. So far this year the weather has been so stormy that only two days' sealing was tried by three vessels and 140 seals taken in all.

AT Mount Vernon, last week, Judge McBride sentenced the Anacortes pirates to terms in the penitentiary, and Deputy Sheriff Castello has started to Walla Walla with them. George Stevens got ten years, McIntosh five and Griffiths one. Stevens made an eloquent plea for himself, but intimated dissatisfaction with the judge. After the sentence he openly swore vengeance against the judge. He is desperate, and many believe he will try to escape on the way to the penitentiary.

A PROPOSITION has been made to the farmers of Clearbrook, Whatcom county, to put in a creamery, if they will guarantee the milk of 200 cows.

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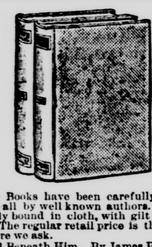

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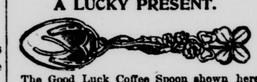
Only the Daughter. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
The Pathfinder. By J. Fenimore Cooper.
Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.
The Pioneers. By J. Fenimore Cooper.
Plutarch's Lives.
Poe's Tales. By Edgar A. Poe.
The Prairie. By J. Fenimore Cooper.
A Prince of Darkness. By Florence Warden.
Queenie's Whim. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
The Reproach of Annesley. By Maxwell Gray.
Rienzi. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.
Romola. By George Eliot.
Rory O'More. By Samuel Lover.
Sartor Resartus. By Thomas Carlyle.
The Scottish Chiefs. By Miss Jane Porter.
The Sealed Packet. By T. Adolphus Trollope.
Second Thoughts. By Rhoda Broughton.
Self Sacrifice. By Mrs. Oliphant.
The Sketchbook. By Washington Irving.
Silence of Dean Maitland. By Maxwell Gray.
Son of Porthos. By Alexander Dumas.
St. Katherine's by the Tower. By W. Besant.
Swiss Family Robinson.
This Wicked World. By Mrs. N. L. Cameron.
The Three Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas.
Tom Brown at Oxford. By Thomas Hughes.
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By Jules Verne.
Twenty Years after. By Alexander Dumas.
Two Years Before the Mast. By R. H. Dana, Jr.
Uncle Max. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Undercurrents. By "The Duchess."
Under Two Flags. By Ouida.
Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackeray.
The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.
The Vicomte de Bragelonne. By Alexander Dumas.
Vivian the Beauty. By Mrs. Annie Edwards.
Wee Wife. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
We Two. By Edna Lyall.
The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle.
Thy Kingdom Come. By Hugh Claridge.
The Witch's Head. By H. Rider Haggard.
The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins.
A Woman's Face. By Florence Warden.
A Woman's Heart. By Mrs. Alexander.
A Woman's War. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
Won by Waiting. By Edna Lyall.
The Wooing O't. By Mrs. Alexander.

A LUCKY PRESENT.



The Good Luck Coffee Spoon shown here bears all the emblems of luck, namely, the four-leaf clover, horse shoe, wish bone, bow knot and forget-me-nots. This spoon is made of **Solid Coin Silver.** One of these spoons makes a beautiful souvenir present.

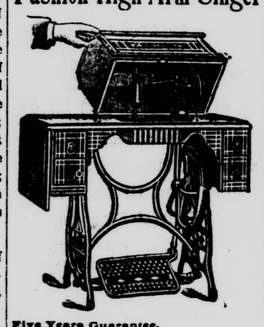
We will give one of these spoons free to any one sending us 4 new paid-up yearly subscriptions, or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.25 in cash; or it will be sold to a subscriber for $2.25 in cash. 20c. postage must be added in each case.

COLUMBUS SOUVENIR SPOON

Columbus Souvenir Tea Spoons are now all the rage; everybody should have one. We show a beautifully engraved spoon, bearing an excellent bust of Columbus and engraving of the vessel of Columbus landing on our shores. This spoon is triple silver plated, oxidized, and the bowl is gold lined; it will be given free for one new paid-up yearly subscription; or it will be sold for 60c. Sent postage prepaid in each case.

—THE—

Fashion High Arm Singer



Five Years Guarantee.
Delivered Railroad Freight Paid.
Full Set of Finest Steel Attachments, in Plush Lined Case.

Our Finest Premium is without doubt the Fashion High Arm Singer Sewing Machine. The "Singer" has stood the test of 40 years and made a princely fortune for its inventor. The "Fashion" Singer, however, is an improvement on the original machine, as it has all modern improvements up to date which are known or found in a first-class family sewing machine.

The automatic bobbin winder winds all sizes of thread on the bobbin as easily as a spool of thread is wound, without care or attention on the part of the operator, except to keep the treadle moving. Owing to the machine having what is termed a tight and loose wheel, the bobbin can be wound without running the working parts of the machine. This is quite an advantage, as it does not necessitate removing the goods from underneath the presser foot, or even unthreading the machine.

The needle is short and straight, thus insuring great strength; it is also self-setting, requiring no care on the part of the operator.

The pressure on the sewing foot is adjustable, and when the foot is raised to remove the work from the machine, it brings into play the automatic tension release. This takes the tension from the thread, and the goods can be removed from the machine without bending the needle or breaking the thread. Every operator on old style machines will appreciate this.

The woodwork is of either antique oak or walnut, at choice of purchaser.

Each machine is furnished with the following accessories and attachments:

Oil can filled with oil, 12 needles, 6 bobbins, wrench, guide and guide screw, large and small screw driver, instruction book, foot hemmer, feller, ruffler, tucker, binder, and a set of 4 hemmers of assorted widths. We also furnish a written guarantee warranting the machine for five years, breakage of needles and shuttles excepted. This shows the great confidence we have in the machine, which we justly claim to be the best value for the money ever offered.

How to obtain this Machine.—We will send this machine **FREE, freight paid** to nearest railroad depot, to any one sending us 40 yearly paid subscriptions, or for 20 paid subscriptions and $10.00 in cash; sold to subscribers only for $24.50 cash, railroad freight paid. Sewing machine agents sell this machine for $35.00 and $35.00.

The following testimonials were furnished us by the manufacturers:

LAFAYETTE SPRIGGS, Quincy, Ky., under date of June 24, 1892, writes: "I have one of your High Arm Sewing Machines. We have had it about 3 years, and it has proven to be just as good as represented. It is said to be one of the best machines in our neighborhood by all who have seen it."

MISS SALLIE MCCLELLAN, Vanceburg, Ky., under date of June 22, 1892, writes: "I received the machine and am delighted with it. It does lovely work. There is not another machine in our town for which I would willingly exchange mine. It is a perfect gem in itself. I think I will be able to send you some orders by fall. Everyone likes this one so much."

HENRY JORDAN, Millersburg, Ky., under date of June 20, 1892, writes: "Your Premium Machine is the best one I ever saw. I would not give it for any of my neighbors', some of whom have paid $60 for their sewing machine. I will tell all of my neighbors about your machines."

National Souvenir Spoons.

EACH SPOON GOLD LINED.

These Spoons are full size and beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and are made of nickel silver and heavily plated with pure sterling silver. They come half dozen in a set, all differently engraved. The bowl of each spoon has a lining of 22 karat gold, which gives them a beautiful appearance; each set is complete in a satin lined case. Nothing could be more appropriate as a gift than a set of National Souvenir Spoons.

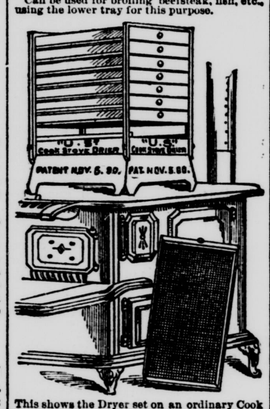
We will Give this Full Set FREE to any one sending us 3 new paid-up yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.00 in cash added; or it will be sold to a subscriber for $2.50 cash; delivered prepaid in every instance.

EVAPORATE . . . YOUR FRUIT . . . AT HOME WITH THE U.S. COOK STOVE DRYER.

We think this is one of our most attractive offers to our subscribers, anyway to those who have a few fruit trees or an orchard.

To the ladies of the household in town or country it is a little gold mine. Thousands of careful, prudent household managers, who have no time or necessity to engage in evaporating fruit for market as a business, but who have frequent use for just such an article as this for making smaller quantities of dried fruit, berries and vegetables for their own use or for sale, will find it the most satisfactory and profitable investment they could make. A lady can easily lift it on and off the stove, as it weighs about twenty-five pounds. It has interchangeable galvanized wire cloth trays, which will not rust nor discolor the fruit, etc., and will last for years. It is made of iron, except tray frames and supports.

Can be used for broiling beefsteak, fish, etc., using the lower tray for this purpose.



This shows the Dryer set on an ordinary Cook Stove.

The "U.S." COOK STOVE FRUIT DRYER OR EVAPORATOR.

THOROUGHLY TESTED AND APPROVED.

LATEST - CHEAPEST - BEST

WEIGHT, 25 POUNDS.

Handsome metal base. Can be used on any kind of stove. Dimensions—base, 22x16 inches; height, 28 inches; eight galvanized wire cloth trays, containing 12 square feet of tray surface.

No extra fire. Always ready for use, and will last a lifetime. Easily and quickly set on and off the stove as needed, empty or filled with fruit.

As a great Economizer and Money Maker for Rural People it is without a Rival.

Has it ever occurred to you that, with a little labor, wasting apples, berries and vegetables can be quickly evaporated, and are then worth pound for pound for flour, sugar, coffee, butter, rice, oatmeal, etc.?

HOW TO OBTAIN ONE FREE.

To any one sending us 10 new paid-up yearly subscribers will be sent FREE, securely packed and crated, one of these U. S. Cook Stove Dryers, with outfit complete; or it will be sent you for 5 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $2.50 in cash added; or it will be sold to subscribers for $5.00 in cash.

In all cases the Dryer will be sent by freight, securely packed and crated; freight to be paid by the receiver, but as the Dryer only weighs 25 pounds the freight charges will be trifling.

Read what people say who have a Cook Stove Fruit Dryer:

TESTIMONIALS.

BROCKVILLE, N. Y.

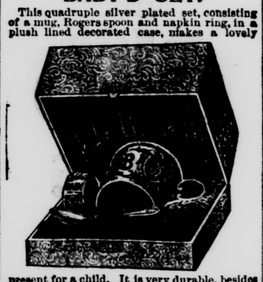
SIRS:—The U. S. C. S. Dryers sold by us this season have given good satisfaction. Mrs. Andrews, of Ellington, N. Y., says she can easily dry 2 bushels a day. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. F. PIER.

LAIDIG, Fulton county, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—We did not get the Cook Stove Dryer until the drying season was nearly over. It is a gem to any one who wishes to dry all kinds of small fruits, and also all kinds of fruits on a small scale. It is marvelous the rapidity with which it prepares green fruit for the sack. No one can describe its merits unless they try one. It is worth the price asked for it for corn alone. Yours truly,
JNO. F. JOHNSON.

BABY'S SET.

This quadruple silver plated set, consisting of a mug, Rogers spoon and napkin ring, in a plush lined decorated case, makes a lovely



present for a child. It is very durable, besides being very pretty. We will give this free to any one sending us 4 new paid-up yearly subscriptions, or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.00 in cash; or we will sell it to a subscriber for $2.25. 30c. must be added for postage in each case, whether as a premium or purchase.

SIZE, 5¾ x 4¾ x 4½ INCHES.

THE PREMIUM CAMERA

**Is the Latest and Most